

# The Carleton Sunfire.

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## Poetry.

### SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone;  
Something, unaccomplished still,  
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside on the stair,  
At the threshold, near the gates,  
With its meadow of its prayer,  
Like a meadow it waits.

Waits, and will not go away—  
Waits, and will not be gained  
By the eaves of yesterday  
Each to-day is heavier made.

Till at length it is, or seems  
Greater than our strength can bear—  
As the burden of our dreams,  
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,  
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,  
Who, as northern legends say,  
On their shoulders held the sky.

## Select Tale.

### MOTHER OF PEARL.

I.

I met her in India, when, during an eccentric course of travel, I visited the land of palatkins and hookas. She was a slender, pale, spiritual-looking girl. Her figure swayed to and fro when she walked, like some delicate plant brushed by a very gentle wind. Her face betokened a rare susceptibility of nervous organization. Large, dark, gray eyes, spanned by slender arches of black eyebrows; irregular and mobile features. A mouth large and singularly expressive, and conveying vague hints of a sensual nature whenever she smiled. The paleness of her skin could hardly be called paleness; it was rather a beautiful transparency of texture, through the whiteness of which one beheld the under glow of life, as one sees the fire of a lamp hazily revealed through the white ground-glass shade that envelops it. Her motions were full of a strange and subtle grace. It sent a thrill of an indefinable nature through me to watch her moving across a room. It was perhaps a pleasurable sensation seeing her perform so ordinary an act in so unusual a manner. Every wanderer in the fields has been struck with delight on beholding a tuft of thistle-down floating easily through the still atmosphere of a summer's day. She possessed in the most perfect degree this aerial serenity of motion. With all the attributes of body she seemed to move as if disembodied. It was a singular and paradoxical combination of the Real and Ideal, and therein I think lay the charm.

Then her voice. It was like no voice that I ever heard before. It was low and sweet—but how many hundreds of voices have I heard that were just as sweet! The charm lay in something else. Each word was uttered with a sort of dove-like "coo"—"pry do not laugh at the image, for I am striving to express what after all is perhaps inexpressible. However, I mean to say that the harsh gutturals and hissing dentals of our English tongue were enveloped by her in a species of vocal plumage, so that they flew from her lips—not like pebbles or snakes, as they do from mine and yours, but like humming-birds, soft and round and imbued with a strange fascination of sound.

We fell in love, married, and Minnie agreed to share my travel for a year, after which we were to repair to my native place in Maine, and settle down in a calm loving country life.

It was during this year that our little daughter Pearl was born. The way in which she came to be named Pearl was this:

We were cruising in the Bay of Condotehy, on the west coast of Ceylon, in a small vessel which I had hired for a month's trip to go where I listed. I had always a singular desire to make myself acquainted with the details of the pearl fishery; so with my wife and servants and little namesake child—she was only three months old—on whom, however, we showered daily a thousand unvarnished love-titles, I set sail for the grounds of a celebrated pearl fishery.

It was a great although an idle pleasure to sit in one of the small coasting boats in that cloudless and serene climate, floating on an untroubled sea, and watch the tawny natives, naked, with the exception of a small strip of cotton cloth wound around their loins, plunge into the marvellously clear waters, and after having shot down far beyond sight, as if they had been lead instead of flesh and blood, suddenly break above the surface after what seemed an age of immersion, holding in their hands a basket filled with long, uncouthly-shaped bivalves, any of which might contain a treasure great as that which Cleopatra wasted in her goblet. The oysters being flung into the boat, a brief breathing spell was taken, and then once more the dark-skinned diver dived down like some agile fish to recommence his search. For the pearl-seeker is by no means to be found in the prodigal profusion in which his less aristocratic brethren, the Mill Ponds and Blue Points and Chinkipins exist. He is rare and exclusive, and does not bestow himself liberally. He, like all high-born castes, is not prolific.

Sometimes a fearful moment of excitement would overtake us. While two or three of the pearl-divers were under water, the calm glassy surface of the sea would be cleft by what seemed the thin blade of a sharp knife, cutting through the water with a slow, even, deadly motion. This we knew to be the dorsal fin of the man-eating shark. Nothing can give any idea of the horrible symbolism of that back fin. To a person utterly unacquainted with the habits of the monster, the silent, stealthy, resistless way in which that membranous blade divided the water, would inevitably suggest a cruelly swift, unapprehensible, relentless. This we knew exaggerated to any who has not seen the spectacle I speak of. Every sea-faring man will admit its truth. When this ominous apparition became visible all on board the fishing boats were instantly in a state of excitement. The water was beaten with oars until it foamed. The natives shouted aloud with the most unearthly yells; missiles of all kinds were flung at this Scava of the ocean, and a relentless attack was kept up on him until the poor fellows groping below showed their mahogany

faces above the surface. We were so fortunate as not to have been the spectators of any tragedy, but we knew from hearsay that it often happened that the shark—a fish, by the way, possessed of a rare intelligence—quietly bided his time, until the moment the diver broke water, when there would be a lightning-like rush, a flash of the white belly as the brute turned on his side to snap, a faint cry of agony from the victim, and then the mahogany face would sink convulsed never to rise again, while a great crimson clot of blood would hang suspended in the calm ocean, the red memorial of a sudden and awful fatality.

One breathless day we were floating in our little boat at the pearl fishery watching the diving—"We" means my wife, myself, and our little daughter, who was nestled in the arms of her "ayah" or colored nurse. It was one of those tropical mornings the glory of which is indescribable. The sea was so transparent that the boat in which we lay, shielded from the sun by awnings, seemed to hang suspended in air. The tufts of pink and white coral that studded the bed of the ocean beneath were as distinct as if they were growing at our feet. We seemed to be gazing upon a beautiful portiere of variegated tuff. The shores fringed with palms and patches of a gigantic species of cactus, which was then in bloom, were as still and serene as if they had been painted on glass. Indeed the whole landscape looked like a beautiful scene beheld through a glorified stereoscope. Eminent real as far as detail went, but fixed and motionless as death. Nothing broke the silence save the occasional plunge of the divers into the water, or the noise of the large oysters falling into the bottom of the boats. In the distance, on a small narrow point of land, a strange crowd of human beings was visible. Oriental pearl merchants, Fakirs selling amulets, Brahmins in their dirty white robes, all attracted to the spot by the prospect of gain (as fish collect round a handful of bait flung into a pond), bargaining, cheating, and strangely mingling religion and lucre. My wife and I lay back on the cushions that lined the after-part of our little skiff, languidly gazing on the sea and the sky by turns. Suddenly our attention was aroused by a great shout, which was followed by a volley of shrill cries from the pearl-fishing boats. On turning in that direction the greatest excitement was visible among the different crews. Hands were pointed. White teeth glittered in the sun, and every dusky form was gesticulating violently. Then two or three negroes seized some long poles and commenced beating the water violently. Others flung gourds and calabashes, and odd pieces of wood and stones in the direction of a particular spot that lay between the nearest fishing-boats and ourselves. The only thing visible in this spot was a black, sharp blade, thin as the blade of a pen-knife, that appeared slowly and evenly cutting through the still water. No surgical instrument ever glided through human flesh with a more silent, cruel calm. It needed not the cry of "Shark! shark!" to tell us what it was. In a moment we had a vivid picture of that unseen monster, with his small, watchful eyes, and his huge mouth with its double row of fangs, presented before our mental vision. There were three divers under water at this moment, while directly above them hung suspended this remorseless incarnation of Death. My wife clasped my hand convulsively, and became deathly pale. I stretched out the other hand instinctively, and grasped a revolver which lay beside me. I was in the act of cocking it when a shriek of unutterable agony from the ayah burst on our ears. I turned my head quickly as a flash of lightning, and beheld her, with empty arms, hanging over the gunwale of the boat, while down in the calm sea I saw a finny little face swathed in white sinking—sinking!

What are you to paint such a crisis? What pen, however vigorous, could depict the pallid, convulsed face of my wife, my own agonized countenance, the awful despair that settled on the dark face of the ayah as we three beheld the love of our lives serenely receding from us forever in that impassable transparent ocean? My pistol fell from my grasp. I who rejoiced in a vigor of manhood such as few attain, was struck dumb and helpless. My brain whirled in its dome. Every outward object vanished from my sight; and all I saw was a vast translucent sea and one sweet face, rosy as a sea-shell, shining in its depths—shining with a vague smile that seemed to bid me a mute farewell as it floated away to death! I was roused from a trance of anguish by the flitting of a dark form through the clear water, cleaving its way swiftly toward that darling little shape that grew dimmer and dimmer every second as it settled in the sea. We all saw it, and the same thought struck us all. That terrible, deadly back fin was the key of our sudden terror. The shark! A simultaneous shriek burst from our lips. I tried to jump overboard, but was withheld by some one—little use had I done so, for I could not swim a stroke. The dark shape glided on like a flash of light. It reached our treasure—in an instant all we loved on earth was blotted from our sight! My heart stood still. My breath ceased; life trembled on my lips. The next moment a dusky head shot out of the water close to our boat—a dusky head whose parted lips gasped for breath, but whose eyes shone with the brightness of a superhuman joy. The second after two tawny hands held a dripping white mass above water, and the dark head shouted to the boatmen. Another second and the brave pearl-diver had clambered in, and laid my little daughter at her mother's feet. This hero was the shark! The man-eater! This hero in sun-burned hide, who, with his quick aquatic sight, had seen our dear one sinking through the sea, and had brought her up to us again, pale and dripping, but still alive!

What tears and what laughter fell on us three by turns as we named our gem rescued from the ocean "Little Pearl!"

II.

I had been about a year settled at my pleasant homestead in Maine when the great misfortune of my life fell upon me. My existence was almost exceptional in its happiness. Independent in circumstances, master of a beautiful place, the natural charms of which were carefully seconded by art; married to a woman whose refined and cultivated mind seemed to be in perfect rapport with my own; and the father of the loveliest little maiden that ever tottered upon tiny feet, what more could I wish for? In the summer

time we varied the pleasant monotony of our rustic life by flying visits to Newport and Nahant. In the winter a month or six weeks spent in New York party-going and theatre-going, sufficed us with the rapid life of a metropolis, but gave us food for conversation for months to come. The intervals were well filled up with farming, reading, and the social intercourse into which we naturally fell with the old residents around us.

I said a moment ago that I was perfectly happy at this time. I was wrong. I was happy, but not perfectly happy. A vague grief overshadowed me. My wife's health gave me, at times, great concern. Charming and spirituelle as she was on the majority of occasions, there were times when she seemed a prey to a brooding melancholy. She would sit for hours in the twilight in what appeared to be a state of mental apathy, and at such times it was almost impossible to rouse her into even a moderate state of conversational activity. When I addressed her she would languidly turn her eyes on me, drop the eyelids over the eyeballs, and gaze at me with a strange expression that—I knew not why—sent a shudder through my limbs. It was in vain that I questioned her to ascertain if she suffered. She was perfectly well she said, but weary. I consulted my old friend and neighbor, Doctor Meloney, but after a careful study of her constitution, he proclaimed her, after his own fashion, to be "sound as a bell, Sir! sound as a bell!"

To me, however, there was a funeral tone in this "bell." If it did not toll of death, it at least proclaimed disaster. I cannot say why those dismal forebodings should have possessed me. Let who will explain the many presentiments of good and bad fortune which waylay men in the road of life, as the witches used to waylay the traveller of old, and rise up in his path prognosticating, and, it may be, cursing.

At times, though Minnie, as if to cheat speculation, displayed a gaiety and cheerfulness beyond all expectation. She would propose little excursions to noted places in our neighborhood, rustic "sprees" as it were, and no eyes in the party would be brighter, or no laugh more ringing than hers. Yet these bright spots were but checkers on a life of gloom. Days passed in moodiness and silence. Nights of restless tossing on the couch. And ever and anon that strange furtive look following me as I went to and fro!

As the year slowly sailed through the green banks of summer into the flaming scenery of the fall, I resolved to make some attempt to dissipate this melancholy under which my wife so obviously labored. "Minnie," I said to her, one day, "I feel rather dull. Let us go to New York for a few weeks."

"What for?" she answered, turning her face round slowly until her eyes rested on mine—eyes still filled with that inexplicable expression! "What for? To amuse ourselves? My dear Gerald, how can New York amuse you? We live in a hotel, each room of which is a stereotyped copy of the other. We get the same bill of fare—with a fresh date—every day for dinner. We go to parties that are a repetition of the parties we went to last year. The same thin-legged young man leads 'the German,' and one could almost imagine that the stewed terrapin which you get for supper had been kept over since the previous winter. There is no novelty—no nothing."

"There is a novelty, my dear," I said, although I could not help smiling at her languid dissection of a new York season. "You love the stage, and a new and, as I am told, a great actor, has appeared there. I, for my part, want to see her."

"Who is she? But, before you answer, I know perfectly well what a great American dramatic novelty she is. She has been gifted by nature with fine eyes, a good figure, and a voice which has a tolerable scale of notes. Some one, or something, puts it into her head that she was born into this world for the special purpose of interpreting Shakespeare. She begins by reciting to her friends in a little village, and, owing to their encouragement, determines to take lessons from some broken-down actor, who ekes out an insufficient salary by giving lessons in elocution. Under his tuition—as she would under the instruction of any performer of that abominable art known as 'elocution'—she learns how to display her voice at the expense of the sense of the author. She thinks of nothing but rising and falling inflections, swimming entrances and graceful exits. Her idea of great emotion is hysterics, and her aim of by-play is to roll her eyes at the audience. You listen in vain for a natural intonation of the voice. You look in vain on the painted—over-painted—face for a single reflex of the emotions depicted by the dramatist. Emotions that, I am sure, when he was registering them on paper, flitted over his countenance, and thrilled his whole being as the auroral lights shimmer over the heavens, and send a vibration through all nature! My dear husband, I am tired of your great American actress. Please go and buy me half a dozen dolls."

I laughed. She was in her cynical mood, and none could be more sarcastic than she. But I was determined to gain my point. "But," I resumed, "the actress I am anxious to see is the very reverse of the too-truthful picture you have painted. I want to see Matilda Heron."

"And who is Matilda Heron?" "Well, I can't very well answer your question definitely, Minnie, but this I know, that she has come from somewhere out west, and fallen like a bomb shell in New York. The metaphor is not too pronounced. Her appearance has been an explosion. Now you, *blase* critic of actresses, here is a chance for a sensation! Will you go?" "Of course I will, dear Gerald. But if I am disappointed, call on the gods to help you. I will punish you, if you mislead me, in some awful manner. I'll—write a play, or—go on the stage myself."

"Minnie" said I, kissing her smooth white forehead "if you go on the stage you will make a most miserable failure. A good critic never yet made a good actor, and, *vice versa*, an actor, good or bad, never yet was a good critic."

[To be continued.]

"Gentlemen," said a tavern keeper to his guests at midnight. "I don't know whether you have talked enough or not; but as for myself I am going to shut up."

Where one thousand are destroyed by the world's frowns, ten thousand are destroyed by its smiles.

## He Died Rich.

People said this everywhere, when the morning papers announced the death of John Russell, President of the —Bank. They said it on Wall street, where they count wealth by hundreds of thousands, and they said it in elegant parlors, and by luxurious breakfast tables, all over the squares and avenues in the great city; they said it too in dark alleys and squalid homes where all his thousands could not buy back to the millionaire one hour of the life that was to them a burden and a misery. Everywhere it was the same story. "He died rich."

His family and his friends thought so as they gathered around the bedside of the dying man; and you, reader, would have thought so too, if you could have looked around that chamber into which death was entering with his footfalls and ghastly presence. Oh! it was a princely room. Rare pictures flashed the wall that winter day with the glory of Arcadian summer; the fairest blossoms of Southern May were piled thick upon the costly carpet; and the daintily embroidered drapery fell in soft, crinkled clouds from the massive bedstead. And the owner of all this magnificence lay there dying; and through all his life of more than three score years he had toiled and struggled for this—to die rich. He had bought lands and sold them, he had sent richly freighted ships to foreign ports, he had owned shares in the railroads and stocks in banks, and now—

Ah! there was an angel who stood at the bedside of John Russell in that dying hour, and the man had nothing out of all his life to give him; no generous, noble, self-sacrificing deeds, which would have been pearls and gold, and all precious jewels in the hand of the angel; so he wrote down at the last chapter of John Russell's life, "He died poor."

And John Russell saw the words as his soul followed the angel on that journey which sooner or later we must take, and he knew then, for the first time, that all the labor, and toil, and struggle for life on the earth, had only brought him this verdict at the bar of the Kingdom of Heaven, "He died poor."

"He died poor." A very few persons said this of an old man who lay in a back chamber of a dilapidated building, whose solitary window looked out on the back garden of John Russell's residence. The floor was bare, and there were only a few chairs, a table and a low bed in the room. By its side stood an old black woman, whom the dying man had, occasionally, furnished with an armful of wood or a loaf of bread. She moistened his lips with water, or held the tallow candle close to his dim eyes so he might once more see the lights of the world. He had not a dollar upon the earth; his wife and children had gone before him; his friends had deserted or lost sight of him, but the grateful old black woman whom he had saved from starvation.

But the angel with the book stood there too, and looking over the old man's life, he saw how many good and gentle and generous deeds brightened every year; how he had been kind to the suffering, and forgiven such wrongs as make men fiends, and striven through all the trials and temptations of his long life, to be true to God and himself. So the angel wrote under the last chapter of this man's life, and every letter shone like some rare setting of diamonds, "He died rich."

And the old man knew it too, when he stood at the silver gates of the Eternal City, and they led him in, and showed him the inheritance to which he was heir.

There was the house not made with hands, with its columns of pearl, and its ceilings of jasper, with its pleasant rooms, and its lofty halls, and its mighty organs, from which peal forever the notes of praise to our God.

There, too, was the pleasant landscape with its green avenues, its golden pavilions, its trees waving in the joy of eternal leaves, and its silver meadow lands, sloping down to the river of eternal waters. He was heir to all these things, for he had laid up for himself a crown of glory in the kingdom above where "moth and rust doth not corrupt."

## A Lawyer's Retaining Fee.

Mr. Barchard, the revival preacher, went about the village to enlist the wealthy and influential to attend his preaching, in order to give some *clat* to his meetings. In the course of his perambulations, one day, he fell in with Bob S., an attorney of some reputation, and very famous for his wit and readiness at repartee.

"Good morning, Mr. S.," said the "Evangelist;" "understanding that you are one of the leading men of the town, and a lawyer of high standing, I have called upon you in hopes to engage you on the Lord's side."

"Thank you," replied Bob, with an air of great sobriety, and with the most professional manner possible—"I thank you, I should be most happy to be employed on that side of the case, if I could do so conscientiously with my engagements; but you must go to some other counsel, as I have a standing retainer from the opposite party."

The itinerant was amazed, piqued and nonplussed, and departed without attempting to suppress his laughter.

ILLUSTRATING BY EXAMPLE.—A priest was asked by one of his parishioners to explain to him what a miracle was. He bade the man pass before him while he might think of an answer. Giving the inquirer a severe kick, the sufferer turned and asked what that was for. "Did it hurt you?" said his reverence. "Yes," was the reply. "Well, it would have been a miracle if it hadn't," concluded the interpreter.

A curious rector, in a well-known Northern county, was in the habit of not commencing divine service till he had satisfied himself the squire was duly ensconced in the family pew; but happening one Sunday to omit ascertaining the fact, he commenced. "When the wicked man—" but was instantly stopped by his faithful clerk, who exclaimed, "Stop, sir, he aint come in!"

We must not hide our faces in the lap of the familiar Past when the strange Future holds out her arms and asks you to come to her.

Patience is a tree whose roots are bitter, but the fruit is very sweet.

Prentice says it is to be wished that gold would join the temperance society, and never get high.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

It is thought that at least 100 of the men who arrived in the Galway Steamer, at Boston, on Sunday night last, will be enlisted into the service of the United States. Among them are some discharged soldiers of the British army.

It has been proved successfully that Petroleum is superior to coal for generating steam, and in every way better adapted for steam vessels.

Sixty persons have recently been converted in Sing Sing prison, New York.

The streets of Quebec, Canada, are to be lighted by coal oil lamps.

It is said that the machinery of England can accomplish more than all the hands on the globe. No wonder, then, that she grows rich and powerful.

We are pleased to learn that the health of Robert Jordan, Esq., is rapidly improving.

John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, has drawn, in the Art Union of London, Ross's picture of "Leaving Home," valued at 100 guineas.

Upwards of £7,000 was collected for the Wesleyan Missionary Society in a small congregation of about 150 persons at Liverpool at a meeting recently.

A proposal to make a tunnel under the Mersey at Liverpool has been mooted. The cost is estimated at £400,000.

The Turkish Government is arming, with heavy rifled guns, the forts that defend the Dardanelles and Bosphorus.

Sir Edmund Head was elected governor of the Hudson's Bay Company at their meeting on the 24th ultimo.

There appears to be a regularly organized system in operation in Montreal for recruiting for the Federal army.

A few days ago, Henry Baker, a grave digger, was engaged in digging a deep grave at the Bromp-ton Cemetery, when the sides gave way, and buried him, he was taken out dead.

On Saturday last, a woman in Montreal while in *determen* *trances*, out the throat of one of her children, and then attempted to commit suicide.

A young man named James Sentorago, a clerk in a store, in Cincinnati, was fined \$20.54 on Tuesday last for kissing a married lady against her will.

Of the Government horses that stampeded from Camp Stoneman last week, 1,000 valued at \$140 each were drowned in the Potomac. Bad for Uncle Samuel.

A crippled woodcutter at Banker's Hill, Australia, whose wife was lately receiving outdoor relief from a benevolent society, has been discovered by advertisement to be the heir of a baronetcy and considerable landed property. It is pleasant to hear that the woodcutter's wife, now "my lady," is a "person of superior education."

In July, 1778, a couple were living in Essex, England, who had been married eighty-one years, and whose husband being one hundred and seven, and the wife one hundred and three years of age. At the Church of St. Clement Dances, in 1772, a woman of eighty-five was married to her sixth husband.

It is reported that a well known cotton lord in Glasgow, Scotland, cleared the sum of £70,000 off a single speculation in sugar.

Gen. McClellan was formally nominated for President of the United States, at Philadelphia, on Thursday last; and Hon. Wm. B. Campbell, of Tennessee, Vice President. The nominations have been made by a portion of what was formerly the Bell-Everett party.

It is reported that Madame Schnell, a fortune teller of Louisville, and her two children, were lost on the steamer Sunny Side. She had accumulated \$70,000 by the practice of her art, but failed to read her own fate.

A Mormon priest named Nichols made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and thought he would experiment a little with it. He first cut off his dog's tail and applied some of the salve to the stump. A new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some to the piece of tail which he cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which cut was worse, at least Nichols said so.

A man was arrested in Bangor the other day for horse stealing. The next day he was wanted in another county for robbery and attempted murder, when it was found that the officer had taken him out, enlisted him in the army, and pocketed his bounty as a reward.

Fears are entertained that the Atlantic cable will not be laid next year, as it had been intended to lay it by the many expedients on the plans in the construction of the cable have consumed much time, and are likely to consume a great deal more before they are done with. It will therefore be impossible for the contractors to complete the construction of the whole cable in season to lay it in the summer of next year, and as it can only be laid in the summer, a portion of the work will probably have to be delayed until the summer of 1865.

The N. Y. Tribune now proposes to use up the Southern Confederacy by the 1st of May next. It says: "Military inebriety or treachery may postpone—as they have so often postponed—the overthrow of the rebellion, but we shall be disappointed if there is a trace left of the Southern Confederacy on the 1st of May next."

There has been a severe snow storm on the Western Plains. Many persons are believed to have perished from cold, and cattle by thousands have died from lack of food. A large number of trains are out, and great anxiety is felt for them. At Leavenworth, on the 18th, snow was 14 inches deep, and so drifted that the roads were blocked.

The Canadian Government has determined to establish two military schools—one at Toronto, and the other at Quebec—for the purpose of enabling officers of militia, or candidates for commissions or promotions in the militia, to perfect themselves in a knowledge of their military duties, drill and discipline.

Menagerie animals are expensive pets. A full grown lion from fifteen to eighteen pounds of hay and two bushels of oats per day when he is travelling; when standing still he gets no oats, but an additional hundred weight of hay. Two barrels of water moisten each elephant's daily hay.

A robber recently broke into a house at Debreczin, Hungary, there being only the daughter, aged 17, of the occupier at home, except an old man, whom he killed on entering. He demanded her father's property, and told her she must die, lest she would cause his arrest. Seeing that he was in earnest, she begged to be allowed to die by a swift poison, to which he consented. She took a bottle from a shelf, uncorked it, raised it to her lips, and then suddenly dashed the contents into his face and eyes. He fell howling to the floor and next day died. The bottle contained oil of vitriol.

A great deal of scientific speculation is being had as to the possible speed which may be obtained by ships with the new, immensely long iron crosscut spars, which will enable a vast spread of canvas to be raised, which can be folded in a trice from the deck with a very small steam engine working the necessary apparatus. It is hoped to get a consecutive twenty miles an hour out of sailing vessels, and commence a new era in nautical matters.

An old building in Jeffersonville, Indiana, is the scene of a horrible disclosure. On taking up the old floor, the remains of several young women and an infant were discovered. They had lain there for 30 years. The house was formerly a hotel, and many crimes were known to have been committed in it. Many girls were decoyed there and ruined, and the bodies were doubtless those of some of them who had been murdered.

## General News.

SIR WILLIAM ARMISTEAD'S 600-POUNDER GUN.—This monster gun, which weighs about 22 tons, is 15 feet long over all, and has a bore of 13½ inches—was submitted to a trial at Shoeburyness on Thursday. It carries a conical cast-iron hollow-headed shot weighing 510 lbs., or a shell of ordinary construction weighing 600 lbs., and capable of containing a bursting charge of no less than 40 lbs. of powder. The charge used on Thursday with shot was 70 lb., with shell 60 lb. By the time every thing was ready the interest of the spectators had reached the highest pitch; and it was amid exclamations of surprise and wonder from even veteran artillerymen, that the men serving the gun put into it an assumed home first the powder, looking like a tolerable bolster, and next the conical cast-iron hollow-headed shot, measuring nearly 30 in. in length, by 3 in. in diameter. The shot is first placed in a cradle and lifted to the mouth of the gun by means of moveable sheer ladders provided with blocks and pulleys. The cradle hinges on to a couple of shocks on the mouth of the piece, and holds the ponderous shot in the proper position for being rammed home. The gun was given one degree of elevation, and the word passed that all was ready. The last bugle call was sounded, and the great gun was fired off for the first time. The ponderous shot burst from the mouth of the piece with a terrific rush and roar, striking the sand at about 700 yards from the shore, leaping and dashing onward, ricocheting five or six times, and finally burying itself near the 4,000 yards target. After nine rounds had been fired with the solid shot, three rounds were fired with blind shell, and the range obtained the first shot was 1800 yards, and the second 1890 yards, the elevation being five degrees. The steel shells, which are to be employed for the gun, and which will possess penetrating powers superior to ordinary solid shot, will contain 15 lbs. of powder, or about equal to the charge of powder for a 68-pounder. This monster gun will be able to send one of these steel shells a distance of 1800 yards, and on striking an object, its effects will, it is said, be equal to those of placing the muzzle of a 68-pounder close to or through a ship's side or fort, and firing into it with a full service charge. Notwithstanding that the men were new to the gun, it was worked with comparative facility, and after the first two or three rounds, the time required for loading and firing was ten minutes. Twenty men were sufficient to wash, load, and fire the piece. The recoil ranged from 9 ft. to 9 ft. 6 in. The result of the trial was considered satisfactory in the highest degree. Taking into account the weight of the gun and of the projectile, the comparatively small charge of powder, the range and accuracy attained, the War Department have full reason to be satisfied with the gun. The 600-pounder's ultimate range with higher degrees of elevation, and with 75 lb. of powder, may, says the Morning Post, be safely set down at 10,000 yards, or as falling short by two or three hundred yards any of six miles.

THE AMERICAN DEBT.—We see a curious calculation in an American paper, to the effect that the estimated value of all the property of the United States, real and personal, is about thirty thousand millions, of dollars, and that the national debt, at the end of 1864, amount to four thousand millions, or about one-seventh of the whole. This will not, of course, represent the entire expenditure, there being much destruction of private property besides, but it is a fearful proportion. The seventh acre, seventh square, seventh dollar, &c., of every man's property will thus be clean gone? But the result of the calculation is that the whole debt of the United States will, in the event anticipated, just amount to the valuation of the slaves some three or four years ago. The slave-holders asked their Northern opponents—Are you prepared to pay us four thousand millions, which is the market value of our slaves? Well, the North will soon have the price, and a great deal of her best blood vessels. Will she obtain the equivalent?—*Quebec Mercury*.

On the 18th instant joint resolutions were offered in the House of Representatives of the Virginia Legislature, concerning President Lincoln's late message and proclamation of emancipation. "They declare that, as the people of Virginia went into rebellion with their eyes opened to the responsibilities of the act, and are satisfied in suffering much more for independence than they have already done, they spurn with contempt the proffer of pardon and amnesty; that the terms offered are degrading to freedom, and that the people are destitute of patriotism and will be so regarded and treated by the authorities; that the State of Virginia has indignantly intimated her rebel destiny with other States of the Confederacy and will share their fate, accept no offers and make no terms of peace which do not preserve to them rebel States, the same rights, privileges and independence; finally, that though the difficulties now seeming to environ the Confederate States appear great, there is no just cause for alarm, because they are not so distressing or embarrassing as those which threatened the failure of the revolution of our fathers, in 1775, and the same prudence, energy and independence, finally, and the mercy of an all-wise and beneficent ruler, will accomplish the independence of the Confederate States."

Poland's fight, against all odds, in defence of her guaranteed rights—and every day adds to the huge catalogue of the crimes and cruelties of Russia. There is not an atrocity that afflicted despotism ever perpetrated since the world was made, which the Russians have not produced in Poland since the outbreak of the insurrection. Innocence is no defence against the cruelties of Mouravieff and Berz. Vicious punishment is their rule. It is a brother join the insurgents his sister is scourged and expelled. If a son be in arms against the oppressor, his father is hanged or his mother sent to Siberia. Priests and nuns are the special object of Russian enmity and their persecution satisfies a political, national, and schismatic animosity.

A shoemaker of weak intellect went into a shop in Birmingham on Wednesday, and asked to see some saws. Several were produced, and he chose a fine-toothed saw and began sawing away at his throat. The woman who was serving him screamed out, when he stopped and looked at her, after which he recommenced more vigorously. The saw was taken from him, but he had almost severed his head from his body. There is little hope of his recovery.

The Times' New York correspondent has come to the following conclusion: "Every month, every day, the war is prolonged, till the death knell of the peculiar institution of the South; every day adds strength to the uncompromising Abolition party, and compels the Democrats and the modern Republicans to resign themselves, and acquiesce in the inevitable."

NOVA SCOTIANS IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.—A gentleman of this city has a letter from his brother, now in Boston, after serving some time as a soldier under the Lincoln Government, stating that the muster roll of United States forces, lately published, shows the names of no less than five thousand two hundred Nova Scotians in the ranks of the Northern armies.—*Halifax paper*.