

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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WHOLE NO.—944.

## Poetry.

### THE FIDGETY THING.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,  
A treasure indeed is my wife;  
Such another for bustle and work  
I never have found in my life.  
But then she keeps every one else  
As busy as birds on the wing;  
There is never a moment for rest,  
She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town,  
Her pies are a perfect delight,  
Her coffee a rich golden brown,  
Her crullers and puddings just right.  
But then she is fidgety at the stove,  
Of the care and the worry she brings,  
Of the martyr-like lot she endures,  
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is neat as a pin—  
You should see how the door-handles shine—  
And all the soft cushioned chairs  
And nicely swept floors are mine.  
But then she is fidgety at the dust,  
At a fly, at a straw, or a string,  
That I stay out of doors all I can,  
She is such a fidgety thing!

She doctors the neighbors: O yes!  
If a child has the measles or croup,  
She is there with salve and squills,  
Her dainty maid cravels and soup.  
But then she is fidgety in the spring,  
To physic my blood in the spring,  
And she takes the whole charge of my life,  
O, she's such a fidgety thing.

She knits all my stockings herself;  
My shirt is bleached white as snow;  
My old clothes look better than new,  
But then she is fidgety should I  
Or dust to my trousers?—Oh, I can't  
I'm sure of one sermon at least,  
She is such a fidgety thing.

You have read of a spirit to meek,  
So meek that it never oppresses,  
It won't dare never to seek—  
Alas! I am meeker than Moses!  
But then I am not reconciled,  
The subordinate music to sing,  
I submit to get rid of a row,  
She is such a fidgety thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,  
A treasure indeed is my wife;  
But sometimes I am would be glad  
To lay up my treasure in heaven.  
But then every time she looks at me,  
Most pleasures on earth have their sting,  
She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,  
But she's a fidgety thing.

## Select Cate.

### THE FRONTIER WEDDING.

BY THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

One day in early winter, my husband received a summons to Barke's settlement to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him; as we should be expected to remain all night, and partake of the festivities. It was twenty miles to the settlement; and we reached the log house of Mr. Barke the father of the expected bride, about noon. A dozen tow-haired children were at the door, waiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

Marm! marm! here's the elder and his woman. They're nothing but folks. She's got a man's hat on, and a turkey wing on the front of it. His nose is just like a da's—crooked as a cow-horn squish.

Alas for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose! of which was a little vain.

Sam! cried a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, run out, and grab the rooster; and I'll slap him into the pot. Sal, you quit that chum, and sweep the floor. Kick that corn-dog under the bed. Bill, you wipe the tallow out of that choker for the elder's wife; and be sure about it.

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Barke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat, and bare feet, came forward, wiping her face on her apron.

How'd ye do, elder? How'd ye do, marm? Must excuse my head; ha't had no chance to comb it since last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air, ha't it? Shoo, there! Bill drive that turkey out of the bread-trough. Sal, take the lady's things. Set right up to the fire, marm. Hands cold? Well, just run 'em in Bill's hair: we keep it in a warm purpose.

Bill presented his shaggy head; but I declined, with an involuntary shudder.

Laws! if she ain't actually shivering! cried Barke. Bring in some more wood. marm: take this hot corn-dog inter it's as good as a soapstone.

Bill's useful announced the execution of the rooster, and shortly afterwards he was bounding about in a four-quart kettle, hung over the fire. Sal returned to her chum; but the extraordinary visitor must have made her careless, for she upset the concern, and the buttermilk went swimming over the floor.

Grab the ladel, Bill, cried Mrs. Barke, and help dip it up. Take care: don't put that smart of hair in. Strunge how folks will be so nasty! Dick, do keep your feet out of the buttermilk; it won't be fit for the pigs when t'ie butter's gathered. Drive that hen out, quick; she's picked up a pound of butter already. There, Sal; do try and churn a little more keener. If you are going to be spoiled to-morrow, you needn't run crazy about it.

I advise you to dry up! remarked the bride elect, thumping away at the churn.

By the time I had got fairly warmed, dinner was ready, and you may be sure I did not injure myself by over-eating.

Night came on early; and, under a social talk about the event of the morning, I signified my desire to retire.

Sal lighted a pitch-lamp, and began climbing a ladder in one corner of the room. I hesitated.

and Bill and Dick, and all the rest of ye, duck your heads while the elder's wife goes up. Look out for the loose boards, marm; and mind, or you'll smash your brains out against that beam. Take care of the hole where the chimney comes through.

Her warning came too late. I caught my foot in the end of a board, stumbled, and fell headlong through what appeared to be an impenetrable space, but it was only to the room I had just left; where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms, and set me on my feet, remarking coolly—

What made you come that way? We generally use the ladder.

I was duly commiserated, and at last got to bed. The less said about that night the better. Bill and Dick and four others slept in the same room with us, and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep, and dreamed I was just shot from the muzzle of a Columbiad, and was awakened by Mr. Morrison, who informed me that it was morning.

The marriage was to take place before breakfast; and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder.

She was magnificent in a green calico over a red and white four inches larger than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings, blue stockings, a yellow neck-ribbon, and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a bag behind, and well adorned with the tail-feathers of the defiant rooster before mentioned.

When it was announced that Lem. Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally dived behind a coverlet, which hung across one corner of the room to conceal sunny pots and pans, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord liked one corner of the curtain, and peeped in, but quickly retreated, with a few sharp words from Sally, telling him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue, with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet encased in skin pumps.

Very soon the company began to gather, and the room was well filled.

Now, elder, cried the bridegroom, drive ahead. I want it done up nice. I am able to pay for the job, do you hear? Come Father Barke; trot out your gal.

But Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was, or not at all. We argued and coaxed, but she was firm; and it was finally concluded to let her have her own way. Mr. Morrison stood up, the happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel, "Will you have this woman?" &c., down came the coverlet, enveloping both minister and bridegroom, and filling the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft and cut the strings that held it. Mr. Morrison crawled out, looking decidedly sheepish; and Sally was obliged to be married openly.

To the momentous question, Lemuel responded, "To be sure; what else did I come here for?"

Sally replied, "Yass, if you must know."

Salute your bride, said Mr. Morrison, when all was over.

I am ready to do anything, elder, said Lemuel; but skin me if I know about that, sir! Just show me how, and I'll do it, if it kills me.

My husband drew back nervously; but Sally advanced, threw her arms round his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter.

I run, if I don't do ditto! cried Lemuel; and, hastily taking a huge bite from a piece of maple sugar which he drew from his pocket, he made a dash at me, smashed my collar, broke my watch-guard into a thousand pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss on my nose, greatly to the delight of the company.

Then turning to my husband—

"Now, elder, what is the damage? Don't be afraid to speak."

Whatever you please, said Mr. Morrison.

Lemuel produced a piece of fur. There, elder said he, there's a muskrat's skin; and in the sled is two heads of cabbage. You're welcome to the hull.

My husband bowed his thanks, the young people went to dancing; and Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast; and, at my earnest request, Mr. Morrison got out horse, and bade them adieu. I never could have lived through another meal in that house.

I have since heard that Mr. Lord said that if he had seen the elder's wife before he was married, Sally might have gone to the dikehouse.

"Alas! it might have been."

FALLING IN LOVE.—Sam Slick says:—If you want a son not to fall in love with any splendid gal, praise her up to the skies, call her an angel, say she is a whole team and a horse to spare, and all that. The moment the critter sees her he is a grain disappointed, and says, "Well, she is handsome, that's a fact; but she is not so very, very everlastin' after all." Nothing damages a gal, a preacher or a lake, like over-praise. A boss is one of the oldest things in nature as is help by it.

When a man, whose malevolent and waspish disposition was well known, died a short time since, it was reported by some persons that he had poisoned himself. "What," said a young lady, "surely he must have bitten his own tongue."

An amorous youth went to see his beloved, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last a great snore falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be all deprived of food. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll take one of them."

Old Maids.

We do not suppose that there is a class of beings in the wide world who have been subjected to more obloquy and sneering taunts than the much-contemned sisterhood of old maids. People seem to forget that in their quiet, and unobtrusive lives there is sometimes a jarring chord which should not be too rashly struck by the hand of idle curiosity. And so there is not a fledgling who does not shoot out his first arrows of wit at them, and not a little girl of ten summers who does not confide to her companions that she would rather die than be an old maid.

Women who have bartered the holy promise of their childhood, the truth and love of maidenhood, and all that makes life precious, for an establishment and a name—whose life is a daily even if they do not take the final plunge, when they laugh at the old maid who has chosen a lonely walk in life to a companionship which neither her heart and conscience nor the law of God would sanction and bless. Butterflies of fashion, whose children moan and pine in some dim tyrant's filled nursery—who flatter their poor purposeless lives away, the passing moments only recorded by low follies, or wasted opportunities smile in derision at the old-fashioned garments and quiet, plain face which carries right to many haunts of suffering, and they say: "Oh it is only an old maid, who is always in some low place and with common people."

But they do not see how the low place is made bright by the quiet face transfigured by tender compassion, until it grows like that of an angel, in the tearful eyes, which have found little sympathy and help from the old world.

May even sensible men and good women, half in pity, half in contempt, scatter their pleasantness over the peculiarities of old maids, and lend weight to the odium in which they are held. Have they ever considered the possible causes which, nine times in ten have forced women into a life so unbecoming to their nature? Not the want of beauty or attractiveness, certainly, for we see many homely and disagreeable women willing to think, for one moment, that these "accidents of fortune" would weigh a feather's weight in the scale of destiny.

But we believe that in most cases celibacy has been forced upon them, either by the presence of some stern duty, which admitted of no divided obedience, and required by its exigencies the sacrifice of the nearest and dearest ties; or by the loss of the one man, whose presence was one human being in whose hopes were gathered up. We honor them for the rare fidelity with which they keep their early faith.

Never be afraid of becoming an old maid, fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife, and "single blessedness" is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded life without love. Fall not in love, dear girls—beware! says the song. But we do not agree with said song in this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love or get in love, if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle than a sight so pure, so approaching in its devotion to the celestial? No; fall in love as you see you like, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love and marry; but never marry unless you love. That's the point. Never marry for a home or a husband. Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. With love, the marriage rite is truly a sacrament. Without it, the ceremony is a base fraud, and the sex a human degradation. Marry for love, or not at all. Be "an old maid," if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart; and though the widows may sneer and the jester may laugh, you still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life. For well to do old bachelors have no sympathy. They ought to be taxed nine-tenths of all they are worth to support women and children.

God bless old maids, for all the good they have accomplished in the world and all the evil they have cured. Suffering and sorrow would have been without them and the heart which by relentless destiny has been forced to relinquish domestic happiness only expands into more loving sympathy for the needs of humanity.

Aye, God bless old maids, and as we enter the circulation, we remember one—

"A sweet old maid! pensive and good and kind  
Her great soul fastened in refining fire,  
In a form and face—a saint in mind,  
A very angel in each pure desire;  
A brave, true woman, doing duty here,  
And looking higher."

BROODING.—Old Elwes, the miser, having listened to a very eloquent discourse on charity, remarked, "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of alms-giving that I've almost a mind to beg."

HARMLESS SERPENTS.—A romantic writer calls women's tears "the serpents that wind about a man's neck, killing his best resolutions." Somebody else says he don't object to them kind of serpents.

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful pure, and good thought, which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

An unassuming lover was asked by what means he lost his virginity. "Alas," cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

Guess Farming.

It is a little surprising that notwithstanding the improvement in nearly everything pertaining to farming, so little has been effected towards inducing the mass of farmers to operate in a systematic manner and keep regular record and account of their farm operations and business, generally and specifically. But for one farmer who does so, ninety-nine keep all their accounts "in their head," and consequently are rightly termed "guess farmers," for they never know anything, only guess it is so and so. They don't know whether this, that or the other crop pays best; whether they can afford to sell their produce at such and such a price or not. They can't tell if it is for their interest to continue such a course of husbandry, use such a fertilizer, cultivate a field in such a manner, or at the end of the year are they sure where they are on the profit or loss side of the ledger. They only guess it is about so.

My neighbor, Smith, came in last evening, while I was filling up my record, and said as he noticed my occupation:

"What you doin', book-keepin'?"

"Yes, a little. Fixing up my accounts. I suppose you keep farm accounts; don't you?"

"Me, no. It's too much bother; I can keep my 'counts in my head."

"Don't you think it's better to have something you can rely upon—anybody is apt to forget."

"It's well enough for store-keepers and such to keep 'counts, but I don't see no use of a farmer's doin' it."

"Isn't it as much for our interest to look after our business as it is for the store-keeper to attend to his?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose so, but what's the use of a feller's spending time to write down everything about what he does?"

"It pays, Smith."

"I don't see how."

"Well, see here. How was your corn crop this year?"

"Pretty fair, though the frost hurt it some."

"Shall you plant some more next year?"

"Sartin, I allers plant some corn."

"What for?"

"What for! Why, because—because I allers do."

"Yes, I see. Now, Smith, how much did that field of corn pay you?"

"Pay me! Well, I guess about—"

"That isn't it; do you know?"

"Well, not exactly, but I calculate—"

"Name your loss or lost money in raising that field of corn."

"Dunno as I do for sartin."

"Now, look here, Smith? This is my 'corn field' record. I have written down everything connected with it, and to-day I have summed it all up and I know all about it. Here is the size of the field, the kind of soil, what grew on it last year, when and how many times it was plowed, harrowed and furrowed, and also the amount and kind of manure used, how it was put on and what I used for top-dressing. Then there is the time for planting; time and manner of cultivating, how far apart were the rows and hills, number of stalks in the hill; when the corn came up, and what variety it was; when it was harvested, &c., &c. And here I have got the exact figures the cost and price of everything connected with it; plowing, hoeing and harvesting; the value of the corn, beans, pumpkins and fodder; value of manure, rent of land, and every item set down in full. So I know exactly how much it cost me to raise that piece of corn, and thus whether it pays me to continue raising it under such circumstances.

This is only an example. All other farm operations should be recorded in somewhat the same manner, and then there would be an end of the continual 'guessing' and 'calculating' and ignorance in regard to those things we should know about.

Venice.

Venice is a collection of 117 Isles, divided by 143 canals, connected by 339 bridges, and pierced by 2,650 infinitely narrow and labyrinthine streets. Almost every foot of the city is built upon piles. Each of its 15,000 houses is washed by the sea water, and of its 130,000 people not one ever roves upon wheels down the mainland of this city. Making a broad spiral ribbon of blue sea, three times as wide as Broadway, through the longest diameter of Venice, passes the Grand Canal, the most wonderful water panorama in the world—in no degree like the dull brick facing of the Flemish and Dutch city canals, but a highway to palaces into which are burned the hues of a southern sun, and all the fondness of the Götts blossoms in their architecture. Three bridges only cross the Grand Canal, two of them practical and modern; the middle bridge, famed in all lands, is the Rialto, a high archway of shops and multitudes, under which, like docile crocodiles, gondolas shoot their beaks of steel. Upon the surface of this peopled archipelago there are 293 open places or campi. Most of them were raised to give some churches perspective; but two-thirds of the way down the city where it narrows to almost its smallest girth, lies the only square of greater length than a sling's throw the wondrous Piazza of San Marco.

This piazza is like nothing in America. From the days of Petrarch, who loved it, it has been a marvel. It is a great oblong square, 600 feet long by 230 feet wide, paved with hewn blocks of marble, faced with long arcades, which show gilded eaves and splendid shops of jewelry beneath them; and on the third side, or rather at the head of it, the Cathedral of St. Mark, the patron of Venice, rises, venerable and plentiful of domes, the richest, if not the purest, religious edifice of the world.

Before it caven the bronze houses of St. Mark, part of the plunder of the Crusades, and from the paved space before them, set aside so as not to mar the perspective, rises the great Campanile or bell-tower, nearly a thousand years old and to the height of three hundred and fifty feet—about twice that, if I do not mistake, of Trinity Church on Broadway. A second tower near by holds a zodiacal clock, rung by Moorish giants, and facing it from the opposite corner of the piazza reaches at right angles quite down to the harbor side, the piazza of St. Mark, a small area, flanked with Doge's palace, a grand edifice, many hued built on pointed arches, and reaching on its further end along the splendid quay.

This piazza is closed, almost at the water's edge, by two granite columns, each of a single stone, erected, the one a statue of St. George, the other with a winged lion. Going down between, in past times, the hoary Admirals have been escorted to their gondolas, followed by the anxious dogs, and sailed from the very shadows of these columns to light out the quarrels of the republic on distant seas. Behind the dual palaces are the prisoners of State, whose outlet is the famed Bridge of Sighs, of late the sepulchre of the Italian patriots. From this Molo, or State quay, the view is wonderful of the domes and campaniles on three opposite islands, and the broad, blue paths of the canals, ploughed with swift gondolas. Far down the island is the arsenal where the Venetians fitted out the fleets, as Dante describes them.

This is Venice, a hybrid of islands, palaces, churches, founded by fugitives who grew up sea dogs, and are now to be ushered into the first day of independence.

Old but Good.

The following curses on the "man who won't pay the printer," are old but nevertheless good, and so we launch them out for the benefit of a numerous class of "dead heads," who go up and down the country seeking out victims:—

May he never be permitted to kiss a handsome woman.

May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut burr for an eye stone.

May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing line break.

May one thousand night-mares trot quarter races over his stomach every night.

May every day of his life be more despot than the Day of Algiers.

May his coffee be spoiled, and his wife and children be thrown into the words as prey for the beasts and the fowls of the air, and the devil himself kept secret until a few days ago it was accidentally discovered.

According to the new State Constitution of Missouri a married woman can make a will. A husband may now bequeath a piece of ground and made the title in his wife's name. She dying, a short time ago, made a will bequeathing this property, and a suit now brought is an attempt by the husband to break the will.

The correspondence of the London Telegraph relates the sudden death of a young married woman, while dancing at the Hesperus Club, Vienna. She had scarcely gone half round the great circle of the ball room in a waltz when she fell dead. A short account of a death in a ball room came from one of the Western States.

In Hamilton, C. W., a short time since, the complete bones of an animal, of some unknown species, about the size of a red squirrel, were found in a hole in the wall, which had been in a wall and inlaid state for a long time. That it had lived and died in the muscles of the boy's leg is indisputable, but how it got there is a mystery.

Henry Ward Beecher and a large number of his congregation are about to charter a steamer and spend next summer along the Mediterranean coast and in the Holy Land. \$12,500 to each passenger will cover the expenses to and from board ship, the trip lasting from June to October; \$5 per day, gold, will meet the expenses on shore—or about \$2,000, each, will defray the cost of the entire trip.

A marriage was solemnized in New Bedford last week, between a widower who had been married twice, and a widow who had been married three months standing. The most singular circumstance of the affair is, that the lady's former husband having died abroad, there was some delay in bringing home his remains, and his funeral was attended by the expectant bride in the capacity of chief mourner only one day before the wedding.

There was to have been a brilliant wedding in New Orleans the other night. The bride came, but after waiting an hour it was found that the bridegroom had decamped with a diamond cross worth \$2,500 which he had borrowed of his bride. Being afterwards arrested, confronted with his victim, convicted upon her evidence, and put in prison, he tried to hang himself with his handkerchief, declaring that he did not wish to live any longer.

A huge rock in the Richardson gold mine at Maloe was blasted on Jan. 31st, which revealed a rich vein of gold, far beyond the most sanguine expectations.

The rock taken out will yield not less than \$12,000 to the ton, and the dirt which miners call "dirt crevice," not less than \$60,000.

A company of gentlemen from Chicago have purchased the right to work the mine. They will commence operations in the spring. The mine is covered at present by a large shed, which is guarded by five sentries, who will permit no person on the property.

Our New York Tribune lists off the correspondents to the Paris Exposition of 1867. As follows:—James and Alfred were two good boys, who had little ships, and James' ship sailed over the pond. Alfred was so glad that he asked James to dinner, and they had ginger-bread as a proof that all James' countrymen were so glad Alfred had given him such a nice dinner. But Alfred wouldn't take the little ship, because it was too good for him, and so both boys were glad, and loved their families well, and never quarrelled. For further particulars see comic sketches.

General News.

INTOLERANT ACT OF THE PAPAL NEGOTIATION IN ECUADOR.—The Cincinnati Gazette states that private letters received in Columbus, Ohio, from Quito, Ecuador, give the details of an occurrence there which has excited the indignation on the part of the foreign as well as many native residents of that place. Mr. Neale, the British Minister, died there early last month, and the Papal Nuncio, refused to allow the remains to be interred in Ecuador, claiming that the consecrated ground of the cemetery could not be polluted by the burial of a heretic. The civil government took an opposite position, and ordered the customary respect to be shown to the deceased. Mr. Neale's son preferred, however, to have the body taken to a vault in one of the churches, for the purpose of being embalmed and then sent to England. The funeral services had been ordered, and the procession, consisting of the diplomatic corps, several members of the Ecuadorian Government, a company of soldiers, and others, had reached the gate to the church, when the Nuncio, and the Bishop of Quito ordered it to proceed no farther. The Minister of Foreign Affairs at once ordered the soldiers to tear down the wall in the rear of the church and convey the remains to the vault by that route. But, representative Mr. Gough, backed by the entire corps, protested against such a proceeding, declaring that it would be an insult to the memory of the deceased Minister, and that the civil world, and should not be allowed to proceed through the proper entrance to the church, or not at all. The Ecuadorian Minister then announced that the will of the government should be enforced, and directed the troops to enter the church for the procession. The church authorities offered no further resistance, and the body was placed in the vault. As the funeral party was returning from church they were met by an advertisement bearing a message from the President, providing a military force sufficient to have proper respect shown to the remains of the deceased.

OUTRAGED BARBERS OF THE TEXAS.—Some time ago, it will be remembered, the English steamer Assurance received on board some children, women and old men of Seinos; the captain of the ship permitted to return in a week and take those who wished to find shelter from the barbarity of the Turks. A few days afterward a frigate without colors appeared, surged on the horizon; the fugitives rushed to the sea-shore. When the frigate approached they were enough to land, the frigate launched a long boom over which waved the English flag; the shore was crowded with Christians, who had hastened forth at sight of this signal of safety. At the same moment the vessel fired a salute, and the flag and discharged all her guns upon this unwarlike crowd. This incredible act of barbarity is attested by one of the principal papers of Greece, the Hellenic Press, printed at Smyrna; the committee of that town received a communication, dated the 8th (20th) December, addressed to it in the name of the General Assembly of the Ottomans. According to this letter, the number of "prizes" was considerable, and the act of the heart throbs with indignation; the rights of humanity must be avenged, and it ought to be known whether the commander of the Turkish or the British fleet is guilty of this crime.

The contest in Candia has suddenly been renewed, and another battle has been fought, the result of which was unknown, but may be taken to have been unfavorable to the interventionists; as the news respecting the Candia campaign, dated the 8th (20th) December, addressed to it in the name of the General Assembly of the Ottomans. According to this letter, the number of "prizes" was considerable, and the act of the heart throbs with indignation; the rights of humanity must be avenged, and it ought to be known whether the commander of the Turkish or the British fleet is guilty of this crime.

Public education in Spain is very backward, as may be imagined from the fact that out of a total of 72,157 municipal councillors, no less than 12,479 are unable to read or write. Among the number are included 422 mayors and 938 deputy mayors.

A freedman living near Rivesville, Va., had a quarrel with his wife about a month ago when he deliberately took his little son aged 10 years and chopped his head with an axe. The body was then thrown into the woods as prey for the beasts and the fowls of the air, and the devil himself kept secret until a few days ago it was accidentally discovered.

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Design of Self-Examination.

Give no quarter unto those vices which are of time inward failure, and having a root in thy temper, plant a right and propriety in thee. Examine well thy complexional inclinations. Raise early batteries against those strongholds built upon the rock of Nature, and make this a great part of the militia of thy life. The politic nature of vice must be opposed by policy, and therefore vain honesties project and plot against it; wherein, notwithstanding, we are not to rest in generals, or the trite stratagems of art. That may succeed with one temper which may prove successful with another. There is no commonality or commonwealth of virtue; every man must study his own economy, and erect these rules unto the figure of himself—

Sir Thomas Browne.

Notre.—The following was found posted on the wall of a country post office:—Lost—a red calf. He had a white spot on 1 of his hind legs. He was a she calf. I will give three shillings to everbody who will bring him home."

Dr. Johnson, being once in company with some female scandal-mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to rough, he observed: "It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to riddle her own cheeks, than to blacken other people's cheeks."

General News.

INTOLERANT ACT OF THE PAPAL NEGOTIATION IN ECUADOR.—The Cincinnati Gazette states that private letters received in Columbus, Ohio, from Quito, Ecuador, give the details of an occurrence there which has excited the indignation on the part of the foreign as well as many native residents of that place. Mr. Neale, the British Minister, died there early last month, and the Papal Nuncio, refused to allow the remains to be interred in Ecuador, claiming that the consecrated ground of the cemetery could not be polluted by the burial of a heretic. The civil government took an opposite position, and ordered the customary respect to be shown to the deceased. Mr. Neale's son preferred, however, to have the body taken to a vault in one of the churches, for the purpose of being embalmed and then sent to England. The funeral services had been ordered, and the procession, consisting of the diplomatic corps, several members of the Ecuadorian Government, a company of soldiers, and others, had reached the gate to the church, when the Nuncio, and the Bishop of Quito ordered it to proceed no farther. The Minister of Foreign Affairs at once ordered the soldiers to tear down the wall in the rear of the church and convey the remains to the vault by that route. But, representative Mr. Gough, backed by the entire corps, protested against such a proceeding, declaring that it would be an insult to the memory of the deceased Minister, and that the civil world, and should not be allowed to proceed through the proper entrance to the church, or not at all. The Ecuadorian Minister then announced that the will of the government should be enforced, and directed the troops to enter the church for the procession. The church authorities offered no further resistance, and the body was placed in the vault. As the funeral party was returning from church they were met by an advertisement bearing a message from the President, providing a military force sufficient to have proper respect shown to the remains of the deceased.

OUTRAGED BARBERS OF THE TEXAS.—Some time ago, it will be remembered, the English steamer Assurance received on board some children, women and old men of Seinos; the captain of the ship permitted to return in a week and take those who wished to find shelter from the barbarity of the Turks. A few days afterward a frigate without colors appeared, surged on the horizon; the fugitives rushed to the sea-shore. When the frigate approached they were enough to land, the frigate launched a long boom over which waved the English flag; the shore was crowded with Christians, who had hastened forth at sight of this signal of safety. At the same moment the vessel fired a salute, and the flag and discharged all her guns upon this unwarlike crowd. This incredible act of barbarity is attested by one of the principal papers of Greece, the Hellenic Press, printed at Smyrna; the committee of that town received a communication, dated the 8th (20th) December, addressed to it in the name of the General Assembly of the Ottomans. According to this letter, the number of "prizes" was considerable, and the act of the heart throbs with indignation; the rights of humanity must be avenged, and it ought to be known whether the commander of the Turkish or the British fleet is guilty of this crime.

The contest in Candia has suddenly been renewed, and another battle has been fought, the result of which was unknown, but may be taken to have been unfavorable to the interventionists; as the news respecting the Candia campaign, dated the 8th (20th) December, addressed to it in the name of the General Assembly of the Ottomans. According to this letter, the number of "prizes" was considerable, and the act of the heart throbs with indignation; the rights of humanity must be avenged, and it ought to be known whether the commander of the Turkish or the British fleet is guilty of this crime.

Public education in Spain is very backward, as may be imagined from the fact that out of a total of 72,157 municipal councillors, no less than 12,479 are unable to read or write. Among the number are included 422 mayors and 938 deputy mayors.

A freedman living near Rivesville, Va., had a quarrel with his wife about a month ago when he deliberately took his little son aged 10 years and chopped his head with an axe. The body was then thrown into the woods as prey for the beasts and the fowls of the air, and the devil himself kept secret until a few days ago it was accidentally discovered.

According to the new State Constitution of Missouri a married woman can make a will. A husband may now bequeath a piece of ground and made the title in his wife's name. She dying, a short time ago, made a will bequeathing this property, and a suit now brought is an attempt by the husband to break the will.

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