The Herald.

VOL. I. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1865. NO. 13.

THE HERALD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

At his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

W. T. SULLIVAN,

Assistant Editor.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0

" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING.

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ALMANACK FOR JANUARY.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 4th day, 11h. 30m., morning.
Full Moon, 11th day, 6h. 46m., evening.
Last Quarter, 19th day, 10h. 24m., evening.
New Moon, 27th day, 5h. 18m., morning,

DAY MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets	Day's length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Sunday	7 49	4 19	0 52	9 30	8 30
2	Monday	49	19	1 39	10 42	30
3	Tuesday	49	20	2 32	11 50	31
4	Wednesday	49	21	3 26	morn	32
5	Thursday	49	22	4 24	1 0	33
6	Friday	48	23	5 23	2 5	35
7	Saturday	48	25	6 30	3 11	37
8	Sunday	48	26	7 32	4 13	38
9	Monday	48	27	8 31	5 11	39
10	Tuesday	47	28	9 23	6 4	41
11	Wednesday	47	29	10 7	rises	42
12	Thursday	47	30	10 51	6 1	43
13	Friday	46	31	11 35	7 0	45
14	Saturday	45	33	gv. 35	7 56	47
15	Sunday	45	34	0 42	8 54	49
16	Monday	45	36	1 26	9 50	50
17	Tuesday	44	37	2 6	10 47	53
18	Wednesday	43	39	2 48	11 45	56
19	Thursday	42	40	3 35	morn.	58
20	Friday	41	41	4 22	0 42	59
21	Saturday	40	42	5 21	1 41	2
22	Sunday	40	44	6 20	2 40	4
23	Monday	39	45	7 22	3 40	6
24	Tuesday	38	46	8 23	4 37	8
25	Wednesday	37	48	9 19	5 30	9
26	Thursday	36	50	10 8	6 19	14
27	Friday	35	51	10 58	sets	16
28	Saturday	34	51	11 30	7 11	18
29	Sunday	33	53	morn	8 25	20
30	Monday	32	55	0 34	9 37	21
31	Tuesday	31	57	1 19	10 48	23

THE HERALD

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CHARLES YOUNG, Agent.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., March 21st, 1864.

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(Corner of Queen and Water Streets)

HON. THOMAS H. HAVILAND, President; Wm. CUNDALL, Esquire, Cashier. Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays. Business Hours—From 10 a.m., to 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK, P. E. I.

THE Days of Discount at this Bank will be MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, in each week. Notes to be left with the Cashier on these days before one o'clock.

JAMES ANDERSON, Cashier.

Charlottetown, June 3, 1864. 2m

MAILS.

THE MAILS for the WESTWARD, viz. to Pignish, Cascumpec, Port Hill, Princetown, &c., will, on and after Monday, the 2d November, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, at 4 o'clock, a.m.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.

General Post Office,
Charlottetown, Oct. 28, 1863.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,

KENT STREET, - - CHARLOTTETOWN.

THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated; it is now opened for the reception of permanent and transient Boarders. The subscriber trusts, by strict attention to the wants and comfort of his friends and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.

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JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Nov. 27, 1860.

Poetry.

YELLOW LEAVES.

These yellow leaves all seared and dry,
That rustle in the air,
That on the cold and damp earth lie,
Were verdant clad and fair;
Dancing but lately in their prime,
Where gleamed the summer's warm sunshine.

Born in the fair spring were they,
And nursed by scented hours,
Ah! mark ye now how flat they lay,
Around their undressed bowers;
Their scent is gone, their beauty fled,
Ah! they, alas, are dry and dead.

How oft they tell the tales of time,
Of fleeting life of man;
Of shining scenes from youth to prime,
The withered and the wan;
Of childhood's joys and manhood's fears,
Of seared hopes and funeral tears.

Miscellaneous.

A LOVE LETTER.

The following rapsody was actually transmitted a few days since by an admiring swain to the object of his affections:—

It would be vain were I to attempt to describe the indescribable ecstatic bliss which one spark of the promethean fire of your penetrating eye darted into my soul when first I felt the power of your charms; then it was that my mind, forgetting the lurid glistenings of the thousands of glow-worms which creep along on the terrestrial sphere, became enraptured with the transcendent glory of your angelic brightness. Had I the pencil of Raphael—the sublime, dignified, majestic and anobling powers of a Mylton, —or the thrilling, vivid, spirit stirring conceptions of a Byron—then, indeed, would I attempt to sketch some faint idea of your incomparatable excellencies; but what pencil can describe the graceful lightness of that form, if it be not sinful to call that which partakes more of spirit than of flesh and blood, under the gentle pressure of whose aerial step the fragrant flowers which offer themselves as a verdant carpet for your walks, scarcely for a moment bend their heads, but without loosing their elasticity, and merely crushed by a gentle zephyr, erect themselves, and appear conscious of the honor which your footsteps confer upon them. What paint could give the colouring of those cheeks, of which it would be faint praise to say that they combine the sweetness of the blushing rose with the chasteness of the pure lily. What poetry can depict the symetrical proportion of that fairy-like being which flits over rather than walks on this earth, with all the buoyancy of an ethereal enchantress. What words can describe those exquisitely chiselled out features, whose gentlest smile speaks volumes to the soul, and fills the mind with ten thousand brilliant imaginings of the divine, ineffable perceptions of woman, as concentrated in your bewitching person. Hail, music! thou charmer of the savage breast, let me invoke thy aid in attempting to describe the idol of my soul. But music! where is the music whose most enrapturing symphonies will not sink into harsh inharmonious discord, when compared with the enchanting cadences of that sweet voice. Alas! paints, colors, words, imageries, poetry and music, you are all insufficient, and the portrait which I should draw with your assistance, would always appear a vile daub, while my heart retained the impression of the adorable original. But, oh, I ask myself, can one, so utterly unworthy as I hope to gain possession of this essence of all loveliness. Count it no treason, fair seraph, that I gaze upon you with more intense interest than a miser manifests when gloating over his hoards of filthy lucre. Do not forbid me to love you: for I would not be guilty of disobeying you. Bid me, if you please, to knock out my eye against one of the horns of the moon, ladle the Ganges dry with a teaspoon, or take up one of the pyramids of Egypt with a pair of sugar-tongs, command me to fetch you Snowdon, the Pyrenees, the peak of Teneriffe, and mount Blanc, for a set of chimney ornaments; pagodas, war-junks, chop sticks, and a host of mandarins, in a tea-pot; bid me to convert Mount Etna into a snow-ball, and Vesuvius into an ice cream; bid me to make the Great St. Bernard into a shuttlecock, and the Andes into a battledoré, for your amusement; bid me to fetch you the North Pole for a rolling-pin, the trident of Neptune for a thread winder, or Pompey's Pillar for a bodkin; bid me to count you the grains of sand in the Arabian Desert, measure you a length of a lawyer's conscience, or tell you the height of a coxcomb's impudence; bid me to accomplish a pilgrimage to Jerusalem on my elbows, ride a kangaroo round the edge of a rainbow, or to chop up the sun to make it into wax candles for your bed-chamber, and indeed, command me to accomplish a thousand such trifling difficulties, and, animated by your smiles, I should feel competent for the most herculean task. And though I am modest enough to say that I cannot wield the mighty artillery of Heaven like the thunderer, yet when I see or think of my Venus, I cannot, in the nature of things do otherwise than love like Jove. So whatever commands you may lay upon me, never set me that impossible task of ceasing to love my heavenly captivator. Say but one word, and let that word be hope, and then let the lightening flash and the thunder roll; let the storms threaten and let the wind howl; let her thousand foes lash their fury into a wild hurricane of tempestuous rage! and let the foaming seas of trouble threaten to engulf me in the yawning vortex of irretrievable despair; let friends forsake me and let adversary with her greasy train of poverty and woe pursue me, and render me a miserable object of sport of the fickle jade fortune, yet with the possibility of gaining your love, I feel that any state in which I could be placed, must be not only supportable, but must really be envisable. Your love is indeed the true philosopher's stone. It is the stone that will change all my brass into gold.—*John's Groat Journal.*

A SCENE IN PARIS.—A young boy of sixteen years of age was brought before the Police Court, Paris, charged with stealing and begging on the public streets. He was a bright, fine looking boy, but very poorly clad, and when brought before the judge he fell upon his knees and begged him not to put him in prison; that his mother was sick and starving, and that alone had driven him to steal: that he could not find work; and if he was imprisoned, the disgrace would kill his poor mother. The Judge seemed somewhat moved by the boy's story, but he nevertheless after hearing the evidence, condemned him to six weeks imprisonment.

As the boy was being led away, a poor woman, pale, covered with rags, and hair in disorder, forced her way through the crowd, and tottering up to the boy passed one arm around him and then turning to the judge pushed back her long hair and exclaimed. "Do you not recognize me? Thirteen years since you have deserted me, leaving me alone with my child and my shame; but I have not forgotten you, and this boy, whom you have just condemned, is your son!"

You may imagine the effect this announcement produced on the bystanders. The judge in a loud voice, ordered the woman to be carried from the court, and then left it himself; but joined the poor creature in the street, and carried her off in a carriage.

The Editor of the *Globe*, (St. John, N. B.,) referring to the recent fire in Indiantown, says:—"We have rarely seen a sadder picture of desolation than that which met the eye on Friday evening, from the top of the hill at Indiantown. The spectator, looking down towards the water, saw before him, and on his left, the blackened chimnies of houses which a few hours before were the comfortable abodes of many families.—The whole ground had been burnt over, not a timber or stick remained, and here and there only, a huge heap of coals all glow, sent up a cheerful heat that tempered the biting cold and compared sadly enough with the black desolation everywhere around. The valley on the right was dotted with little groups of furniture. A bed and a sofa in one place; a few chairs half burnt or broken in another; a bureau and some kitchen furniture in another; some bundles of bedding in another—and over each of these a shivering watcher or two kept ward. There were forty or fifty such lots of furniture, all belonging to different persons, scattered about and they more readily even than live burnt ground before us, conveyed some idea of what a terrible thing it is to have a whole district laid in ashes in a few hours.

We read in the St. John *News* that—

The *Head Quarters* states that the river is now perfectly tight and solid, and will likely remain so until the April suns dissolve it.

The principal river in New Brunswick "perfectly tight." Shameful! Where is Mr. Tilley, the Temperance apostle and provincial Secretary? Where is everybody? And then to think that it will remain "perfectly tight" until the April suns (how many) melt it into sobriety. Dear me!

Meinheer Van Dunk attended in Court at New York to get excused from the jury-box. "I can't understand goot Englese, quoth' Menheer. "What did he say," asked the judge. "I can't understand goot Englese," repeated the Dutchman. "Take your seat," cried the judge, "take your seat." That's no excuse: you need not be alarmed, as you are not likely to hear any."

A returned soldier in Chicago, who had both legs shot away, was robbed last week by his wife. She took $700 of his money and his uniform, and decamped, but by the aid of a detective, she was overhauled, together with her booty. It appears she had conceived an irrepressable dislike of her maimed lord, and had demanded a division of the effects; this he refused, and she then decided to appropriate all.

The rope-trick of the Davenport brothers is an old thing, according to the King of Oude, who says that in India it used to be performed in this fashion: the performer was tied neck and feet and put into a sack the mouth of which was carefully secured; he was then thrown into deep water, from which he emerged swimming, free from both ropes and sack. A London paper urges subjecting the Davenport brothers to this test.

This is the style in which the fair ones in some part of Yorkshire convey the hint to backward swains: "Why don't you get married?" said a young lady the other day to a bachelor friend who was down there on a visit. "I've been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply. "Then you haven't been down our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

A lady in Germany lately gave birth to four daughters at once. The husband fled.

The story of a man, who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, is said to be a fabrication.

"GENERAL TOM THUMB."—The little general and his wife, who are now travelling in Europe, attract a good deal of attention. Speaking of the General, an exchange says:—

"Previous to leaving the United States, the general placed his yacht under cover, and sold his fast horses. He is a Freemason and Knight Templar—in fact, he has gone as high in the 'ancient mysteries' as he can go in his country, but is determined while abroad to take as many degrees as money will purchase, and he declares that, if it is possible, he will return to America the tallest Freemason in the continent. His presence will doubtless create much excitement in the masonic lodges of England. During the absence of the general and his family an elegant mansion is to be erected on the ground which he purchased a short time before his departure. The site of their future home is delightfully situated half a mile west of Bridgeport on an elevation fronting Long Island Sound, and commanding a charming and extended sea view. The exterior will be in Oriental style, mounted with gilded domes and minarets. That portion of the interior devoted to his own family will be furnished with articles corresponding in size with themselves, while that part of the house devoted to visitors and friends will be furnished with articles of ordinary size."

FRENCH VERSUS ENGLISH ARTILLERY.—The 'Moniteur de la Flotte' contains the following details as to the effects of the French artillery in forcing the Straits of Simonosaki. The French guns, it will be perceived, is described as vastly superior to the Armstrong Ordnance:—"Our vessels, the Semiramis, Dupleix, and Tanorede greatly distinguished themselves. The Admiral's frigate crushed the enemy's batteries by the rapidity of her fire, not less than 350 shots having been discharged within an hour. The English are in admiration at our artillery, which proved of great assistance to the corvetts stationed at a short distance from the forts. The reputation of the Armstrong guns is decidedly on the wane; the officer who commanded the battery of the English ship Euryalus loudly complained of them. Whilst we were removing the cannon from the forts the Japanese sharp-shooters approached, and the 4-pounder swivel gun of the Semiramis opened on them. Admiral Kuper, Major Roy, of the English Engineers, and the Commander of the Conqueror, were amazed at the percision of the fire from this piece, which placed its shells as correctly as with the hand at a distance of 3,000 metres.'

On the 3rd inst., at Tunis, a cutter of Her Majesty's ship Orlando was upset in a squall and eight officers, three seamen and one marine were lost; one man only, the coxswain, was saved. It appears that on the morning of the 3rd inst., a cutter, having on board Lieutenant Still, Surgeon C. B. Weel, Captain Pritchard, R M. Midshipmen de Grina, Fielding and Kemble, Master's Assistant Hadnill, and Assistant-Paymaster Stratford, together with four seamen, and one marine, left the ship, on a pic-nic party, and while returning at three o'clock in the afternoon, under sail, a sudden squael struck the boat when about a thousand yards from the shore and upset it. Seeing that all hope of assistance was impossible, one of the seamen struck out for the shore, and was the only man saved. He was found the next morning completely exhausted and in a state of nudity, in an Arab hut, by another cutter of the Orland, which, in tow of the French frigate Invincible's steam launch, had been sent in search of the missing boat. Up to the last accounts nothing else had been found but a jacket belonging to Mr. Fielding, and a portion of the mast of the boat, notwithstanding the Orland and gunboat Tyrian had been searching under steam for the missing bodies. The calamity created universal sympathy in Tunis. All the foreign representatives displayed their flags half-mast, and waited upon the English consul-general to express their condolence. Mr. Fielding, one of the unfortunate young officers who perished, was one of the few survivors of the lamentable wreak of her Majesty's ship Orpheus on the coast of New Zealand.

BABES IN THE WOOD.—The following touching story is told by the Melbourne (Australia) corresponden of the London *Times*: "At the station of Mr. Dugald Smith, at Horsham, two boys and a girl aged respectively, the eldest boy nine, the girl seven, and the youngest boy five, the children of a carpenter named Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent out by their mother, as they had often gone out on the same errand before, to gather broom, and not returning before dark the parents became alarmed, and a search commenced. The father, assisted by friends and neighbors in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain. At length, in despair, the assistance of some aboriginal blacks was obtained, the people possessing an almost bloodhound instinct in following up the very faintest tracks. The blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, expatiating, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig, and flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent acting of the objects of their search. 'Here, little one tired; sit down, big one kneel down, carry him along. Here travel all night; dark; not see that bush; her fall on him.' Further on, and more observations, 'Here little one tired again; big one kneel down; no able to rise; fall flat on her face.' The accuracy of these readings of the blacks was afterwards curiously corroborated by the children themselves. On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever being seen alive, the searching party came upon them. They are described as having been found lying all of a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awoke, the eldest tried to sit up, but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only just feebly groan, Father.' The youngest who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, child-like, demanding, 'Father, why didn't you come for us sooner? we were crying for you.' The sister, who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmer, 'Cold, cold.' No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, 'to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold.' The children have all since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and, by their own account, had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and this was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week, in all, nine days and eight nights.'

THE HURRICANE IN CALCUTTA.—Calcutta papers of October 15 are filled with the details of the appalling effects of the late cyclone. Every day brings intelligence of fresh misfortunes. In one district alone (Diamond Harbor), and the country between it and Calcutta, it has been computed that no less than 5,000 have perished, drowned by the land flood of the storm wave. Great exertions were being made by the Calcutta community to organize a system of relief for the survivors of this dreadful visitation. A steamer had been chartered to convey medicines, blankets, rice, and water to the Diamond Harbor districts, left Calcutta on the 4th Oct. for this purpose. The following statement of the destruction of life and property in the town and suburbs of Calcutta is gleaned from reports submitted by the superintendents of the different divisions to the Deputy Commissioner of Police, Captain Reveley. Casualities: Natives killed, 41; do. wounded, 12; pucka houses occupied by natives damaged, 1,838, do. destroyed 18; katcha, do destroyed, 89,412; Europeans killed, 2, do. wounded. 5, do. houses damaged, 2,296, do. destroyed, 29.

BLOCKADE RUNNING FROM THE CLYDE.—We judge by the ever-increasing number of blockade running ventures that leave this country, the trade must be a most attractive because a paying one. By every mail we hear of some fresh capture, or rumour of a capture, by the blockading fleet, but despite all losses the gains to the fortunate ones are so immense that no misfortunes, or series of misfortunes, seem to daunt them. Many of our fast sailing-river steamers have left the Clyde to make in some cases a singular succession of fortunate runs; while others—not a few, indeed—have gone out only to become the prey of the blockading squadron, and thereafter to do duty on the waters of the Hudson or the Potomac. Nearly all our best river steamers have disappeared in this way, and were the many fine vessels built specially for this trade added to them, the list would be a surprisingly large one. The building of blockade runners is now, indeed, a regular branch of the work of our shipbuilding yards. Some idea of the extent to which it is carried on may be gleaned from the following list of vessels that have been built on the Clyde, and left for the Southern States, via Nassau or Bermuda, merely since the beginning of the present year;—From Messrs. Randolph, Elder, and Co.—The Falcon, Flamingo, Ptarmigan, Condor, and Evelyn; Messrs. Thomson and Co.—The Lillian, Little Hattie, Wild Rover, and Emma Hendry; Messrs. A. and G. Ingils—The Helen Denny; Messrs T. Wingate and Co.—Armstrong; Messrs. Larkin and Monsel—Tristram Shandy, Virgin, Banshee, Sussex, Bairne, and Vulture; Messrs. Caird and Co (Greenock)—The Agnes Emily Fry, the Mary, and the Hattie; Messrs. Scott and Co.—Ivanhoe, Elsie Talisman, Marmion, Kenilworth, and Red Gauntlet; Messrs. Denny and Co. (Dumbarton)—the Elba, Charlotte, Hannah, Maude Campbell, and Emily; Messrs. McIntyre, Macintyre, and Co. (Port Glasgow)—Let Her Rip; Clyde Shipbuilding Company (Port Glasgow)—The Beatrice; from the yards of Messrs. Henderson, Coulburn, and W. Simmons, and Co. (Renfrew)—The Lizzie, Tartar, Mary Bowers, Stormy Petrel. This list gives a total of 36 new vessels that have left the Clyde during the last nine months, as was understood to run the blockade. Two of them left the harbor of this city on Friday—The Emma Hendry and the Evelyn—and a third, Kenilworth, was also expected to sail from Greenock on Friday evening. The Captains and the men that form the Crews of these vessels require to have combined nautical knowledge with high courage and skill to many unthought of emergencies. The prize to be won, with the attractive excitement of the game, for game it is, sometimes with heavy odds against the adventurous, players have drawn together a class of men who have all these qualities, and some of whom have already amassed comparative fortunes.—*North British Daily Mail.*

The Government of the Isle of Martinique, by a recent decree, enacts that cod and all other salted fish of foreign countries shall be imported into the Island free of duty, whether in foreign or French ships.

An elephant and bull fight took place lately at Saragossa, Spain. The elephant was walking quietly around when the first bull was released, and rushed at it with all its might. The elephant received his antagonist with great coolness, and threw him down with the utmost ease. The bull rose again and made two more attacks, which the elephant resented by killing him with a thrust of his tusks. The conqueror did not seem in the least excited, but quietly drank some water offered by his keeper and ate several ears of Indian corn. A second bull was then released, and in a few minutes suffered the same fate as the first.

If the Spanish journal, the *Epoca*, be well informed, the efforts of the English bondholders and their organ, the *Times*, to prevent the Spanish Government from raising money in England in order to balance the expenditure and income of the State without having recourse to fresh taxes, have signally failed. The *Epoca* says that "a sum 100,000,000 reals has certainly been obtained by the Spanish Agents in London, and that several French capitalists have offered as much more.

Great destitution at present exists among the hand loom weavers at Glasgow. It has been ascertained that there are no fewer than 663, or nearly one-half of these poor operatives employed, and the poor men and their families are consequently reduced almost to starvation.

The Wallace monument goes on very slowly, as funds are not coming in very fast. £3,000 is the total sum that was required. The monument is now about 140 feet high.

Some few days since a suit was terminated in Hungary, which had engaged the courts in that country for one hundred and eighty years.

Nearly all the celebrated hot springs of Europe, such as those of Aix-la-Chapelle, Baden, Naples, Averne and the Pyrenees, have not declined in temperature since the days of the Romans; for many of them still retain as great a heat as is tolerable to the human body; and yet, when employed by the ancients, they do not seem to have required to be first cooled down by artificial means. This uniformity of temperature has been thus maintained for some two thousand years.

The Madrid "Gazette" states that the Queen of Spain gives direct pecuniary assistance to 3,000 men and 1,967 women, and gives employment of different kinds to 1,984 men, making in all 6,751 individuals. This relief costs her Majesty a sum of 10,926,000 reals. In the number just mentioned there are persons of all classes, from the highest to the most humble.

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—We mentioned in Tuesday's despatch that Mrs. Peggy Fite, who died a few days ago in Wilson county, was one hundred and three years old on the 1st of march last. From Mr. Thomas C. Fite, one of her grandsons, we learn that she was born on 12th of April 1761, and was consequently one hundred and three years old on the 12th of April last. Her husband Leonard Fite, was a soldier in the revolutionary war, and fought through that struggle as a private, having steadily refused promotion. Mr. and Mrs. Fite emigrated to Tennessee from North Carolina, and settled here when this place was known as Nash Lick. In these days Mrs. Fite often assisted in moulding bullets while her husband and others belonging to the "settlement" were defending them-