Carleton Place Herald.

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National Anthem.

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save our Queen!
Lord, heal her bleeding heart,
Assuage its grievous smart,
Thy heavenly peace impart,
God save the Queen!

Our Royal widow bless!
God guard the fatherless!
God save the Queen!
Shield them with loving care,
Their mighty grief we share,
Lord, hear the people's prayer,
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God arise!
Bless England's enemies!
On thee we call!
Let sorrow whisper peace,
Bid wrong and anger cease,
Let truth and love increase,
Make evil fall!

In this our nation's need,
With thee we humbly plead!
God bless our Queen!
Her life woe sanctify,
Her loss untold supply,
Thyself be ever nigh
To save our Queen!

THE MAID IS NOT DEAD.

Oh, say not she is dead!
Breathe not a word so dread!
Though still and cold the graceful form reclineth.
Forget the beauteous clay,
High in a purer day—
A more exalted sphere—the spirit shineth.

What though her budding spring
Has felt the withering
Of mortal blight and merciless decay!
What though her life's young morn
Has darkened in its dawn,
Ere she had tasted of the golden day!

A nobler, purer life,
With fadeless beauty rife,
Of deeper consciousness and richer bloom,
Has all this fulness showered
On her young soul, and drowned
Her being with a bliss which knows no gloom.

Ah! why so sadly grieve
That your beloved should leave
Her earthly dwelling for a palace fair?
Your loss to her has been
A boundless gain I ween,
And heaven is richer for the loss ye bear.

For now another gem
Glows in the diadem
Of him who fills the place with glory-beams
Another precious flower
Blooms in the blissful bower;
Another lamb feeds by the crystal streams.

Another minstrel flings
Music from sweet harp-strings;
Another star illumes the spirit land;
Another white-robed form
Basks in the radiance warm;
Another seraph joins the sister band.

Ah, weep! but not in woe;
Rather should joy-tears flow,
That your sweet child hath found a home so fair.
Let hope and faith be strong,
And ye will both, ere long,
In all her joy and all her glory share.

THE TRUE POSITION OF THE IRISH INHABITANTS OF CANADA.

Mr. T. D. McGee, M. P. P., has written a letter to the New York *Tablet*, of which the following is a portion:—

And why should they not? Why should we be cold or indifferent to the face of our adopted country, any more than you are to yours, or the Southern Irish to theirs? Are we less free than you are!—less free than they are at the South? I deny it. We have by our laws a suffrage fixed so low that it may well be called "universal suffrage for married men." We have no State church; no State schools unless we prefer separate schools. Every male is entitled, on the performance of certain statutory labor, to "a free grant" of one hundred acres of land in fee forever. We have a legislature composed of two elective chambers, and a judiciary against which the breath of suspicion has never been breathed. England sends us a Governor every fifth year, but he can do no one act—not even write an official letter without the consent of her council and that council must command the confidence of a majority of our own Parliament. England garrisons our strongholds but she pays her own troops—they neither ask nor receive a penny of Canadian money. We have a free soil, a free press, free parliament free schools free churches. What more can man desire? We are now called upon by our countryman the Governor General to embody, out of our sedentary militia, a company from every battalion and 40,000 volunteers, of all origins, rush to arms under the motto of "Defence, not defiance?" Such is the picture Canada presents as this moment in the eyes of her own inhabitants, and base would be that citizen or subject of such a State, who, having partaken of the blessings of such laws, would refuse to contribute to the defence of such a territory!

I do not say, I do not pretend that we have no social evils, no political abuses in Canada. I grant we have them, and far more than so young a country ought to have or endure But the care of these evils and abuses we claim to be our own work, nor does the natural dissatisfaction they inspire at all resemble disaffection to the ground or frame-work of political society. So far from this, I must respect what I have already said elsewhere. That in my humble judgment "there are not a thousand annexationists all told," between Gaspe Basin and Fort Garry. Of this thousand perhaps ten per cent may be Irish oddities, with three or four dozen demented "Fenians" of last year's importation.

Not only does Canada seem to us who know it to be as free a country for all men as any of the States, but for Irishmen, we who know both countries will find, practically, a much freer country. You will observe, sir, for one thing, that whatever disadvantages may attend a colonial connection it can never be discreditable to have emigrated from the mother county into any of her colonies! And in proof what I thus assert I can declare hand on heart, that during all the years that I have remained in this Province, I have never yet heard the words "Irish" or "Irishman" used as synonyms of reproach—neither substantive, adverb or adjective? who can say as much for New York or New England? or even the emigrant-made Northwest.

We, Irish ought to know well by this time that there ought to be theoretical freedom in any State which can be partically filched away by the tacit consent of society We ought to know that there may be the most intolerable social impression under the symbol of the largest political liberty. Such things have been, such things are; but they do not now exist, whatever may have been the case formerly for the Irish in Canada.

We find here both the theory and the practice of equality before the law. This great city from which I write (as populous now as New York was within living memory,) Quebec, Ottawa, and many other constitutiencies in the Province, are represented by natives of Ireland Catholic or Protestant, No Canadian Cabinet has ever been formed since the establisment of "responsible government" in 1841, that has not had one or more of its members Irish, and one-half of them generally Catholics. Was there ever an Irish Catholic Cabinet Minister in the United States? I dont remember one.

In the very map of the land you may read another recognition of our just claims of equality. You will find there the names of Arran, Armagh, Aughrim, Ballyduff, Ballinafad, Baltimore, Charleville, Cookstown, Derry, Dundalk, Dungannon, Erin, Erinsville, Fingal, Hillsborough, Innistail, Iona, Ireland, Irishtown, Kincora, Kilbride, Kildare, Kilkenney, Lifford, Lurdan, Mona, Moore, Monaghan, Murphy's Falls, Mount St. Patrick, New Ireland, Shannonville, St. Bridget's, St. Patrick's, Sullivan, Tara, Tullamore, Tyreonnell, Tyrone, Waterford, Westmeath and Wexford. Is there anything to equal that array of Irish names on the map of New York, or New England, or the West.

If such antiquated authorities have not gone altogether out of the fashion with your oracles of the secret societies, I would venture to inform them that we have here a fuller and more perfect transcript of those institution which Grattan hailed for Ireland in 1782 with the prayer *Esto Perpetua*! The same, or indeed a larger liberty of legislation than sufficed to make the Irish Senate of the age of most illustrious national assembly in the world; the same parliamentary instructions which O'Connell dedicated his last years of life to recover for Ireland, and which Montalembert ("the O'Connell of France") has deplored as the want of that great Empire. Why, then, I repeat should we not as reasonable men, as ardent lovers of legal, well-regulated liberty, be attached to our free Canadian Constitution, and determined to defend it?

Under these institutions, what are the social characteristics of our Irish population? It is far from my part to draw a parallel between our people here and elsewhere, disparaging to any of them worthy to be known by the national designation. But the plain and fearless truth precious at all times, is vital now; and nothing but the truth palatable or unpalatable, did any of my fellow-emigrants ever hear from me.

Whatever it be from his Celtic sentimentality, or from his long-confirmed religious habit of never putting this world before the next, or from whatever combination of causes it arises, the Irish emigrant, unspoiled by cities, still cherishes in Canada the cheerful sentiment of his best days at home. He does not feel the least degraded in lifting his hat to his priest, magistrate or his neighbor. He fears God and really believes that all power—as all being—comes from God. He has a lurking superstition that human law is to be respected, and the Divine law revered; that obedience is still, even in this fast age, a civic as well as a household virtue. He considers bankruptcy in the light of a moral stigma, where it has not been an unavoidable calamity; he is, in short, what would be called in the best circles of his progressive kindred about New York and Boston, shockingly "old *country-fied*" both as to his manners and his morals. He has escaped radicalism by landing in the St. Lawrence, and keeping well to the North; his character therefore shows but few of those modern improvements which are to be credited to the social attrition his relatives have undergone, to the south of the 45th parallel Here he is still an Irishman proud of the name, not a whit ashamed of his brogue (if he has one,) and not at all out of the conceit with his property and his privileges. He is often—would he were always!—his own landlord. He makes Reeves and Wardens, and members of Parliament. He sometimes has the ambition to fill one of those positions himself and like other men is sometimes worsted, and sometimes wins; but when he is beaten, that it may be in some few Orange localities in the West because of his creed, it is never by any chance because of his country.

All the moral force which can operate on our people in this country—all the pulpits—all the presses— all the men in whom they have confidence—teach and preach from the self same-same text: "Defence not defiance." We like our American neighbors very well—on their own side of the line. We are ready and willing to exchange all kindly offices with them, but we cannot swear by that whereby they swear, nor worship the idols they worship. Those of us who do sometimes speculate on the future of these vast regions, covering one-seventh of the whole continent, can see as we immagine a new northern nation backed by the pole, and resting on the water frontage on the great lakes. We see our North, neither servilely British nor abjectly American, preserving and festering far more of the public wisdom and social habits of our island ancestors than republican ambition was willing to tolerate. We see our north with a fountain of honor in the high place of power, and a spirit of honor diffused among all ranks of the population, We see it, an ark amid the deluge of popular anarcy, Heaven-piloted. To the planting of purified civilization. We see strangers flying to it, not only over the ocean but over the land, not only from the realms of one despotism but from the realms of many. Such is the dream we have dreamt in the long winter nights of the North; wise or unwise it is the dream of neither cowards or of slaves.

I have truly depicted our present position as I understand it; I have dared, perhaps, rashly, to indicate our future. One thing yet possible, I feel assured can have one result and that is, if the Northern States aggressively attack this Province they will either make it more intensly British than than it is, or hasten the day of Canadian nationality, or perhaps produce both consequences from one and the same cause—hatred of themselves. Annex it by brute force they never can till they have first exterminated the present race of inhabitants.

Pardon me Mr. Editor, the unconsionable length of this letter, and believe me, your much obliged and obedient servant.

THMOAS D'ARCY McGEE.

JEALOUSY OF THE WESTERN AGAINST THE EASTERN STATES.

Occasionally we find references in the Western States to hardships under which they labor from their connection with those of the East. They complain that the manufacturing interests of the Eastern States are built up at the expense of the West. The Trade of the past six months affords further proof of this assertion. The stoppage of the cotton supply had not, up to the close of the year, affected the manufactories; and although they are to suffer this year unless the cotton ports be opened, the exhibit of the trade of the last half year is enough to draw forth complaints from the people of the West. All the capital of the country is concentrated in the Eastern States; *there* all the manufactories, representing a capital of $25,000,000, are located. The half yearly dividends paid from June to December of last year, amounted to upwards of a million of dollars, averaging fully eight per cent. per annum. The dividend of the preceding half-year was only $617,900. The business of the banks, railroads and merchants has been equal successful. Nearly all the money expended in the war has gone to swell the coffers of the people of the East; it is their ships that have been sold at enormously high prices to the government; and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers being closed below Cario, and the stream of traffic from the West has been diverted to Eastern railroads. The West has suffered from all this.

The prices of grain, corn and pork have been unprecedently low, hardly affording a bare profit to those engaged in agricultural pursuits. In view of these facts the Cleveland *Herald* says:—"We have been for years at the North-West, helping to build up the mammoth corporations above alluded to, by paying our traffic assessments and contribution for the protection of 'home or New England industry,' which has been immense. We do not regret or envy the prosperity of any section of the Union; we are glad to see it; except so far as it may have originated at our expense, or in a mistake policy upon our part."

This is a mild way of stating the grievance; but when we consider how complete the affairs of the nation are engrossing all minds in the North, it is not surprising that the complaint should not be expressed in stronger terms. But, diluted as it is, it is sufficiently indicative of an evil which is every day assuming greater proportions. The West, is it alleged, has as good facilities for manufacturing as the East; there is as fine water power along the Mississippi and its numerous tributaries as is to be found on the continent. But, so far, it has not been untilled for manufacturing purposes. There is but little capital, as we have said in the West. All the monied men of the Northern Federation live in the eastern part of it; and they are enable to exercise such an influence on Congress as to obtain in their own interest, the passage of such outrageous tariff bills as those which emanate from such men as Mr. Morrill. By such bills as these, capital will be obtained in the East; and the Western States will every year have to complain more and more of the excessive burdens placed upon them for the benefits of others. Can this last? Must the West suffer the prejudicial consequences of the closing up of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and pay much heavier freights than they otherwise would have to pay for the privi of getting their produce carried over Eastern railways? Every county which possess the natural facilities for manufacturing, must, in due course of time, outgrow a certain extent, a purely agricultural condition. The Western States have rapidly increased in population; and the time will come, when they will be brought to an obedience of this natural law. What will be the consequence? Will they submit to an iniquitous system of Protection; and that, too, not for their own, but others' good? Or will they like the Southern State, assert a Free Trade Policy? If they do, there are strong grounds for apprehending that secession will take place this side of the line which now separates the Northern Confederacies. A country which has carried Protection to such an extent as the United States, cannot at once change the policy on which it has for three-quarters of a century been working. It would be utter run. Do these considerations not afford stronge presumption that the United States will, some day, be divided into even more than two Confederacies?—*Leader.*

TREASURY NOTES BY THE CART-LOADS

For some time past we have endeavored to give our readers some definite notion of the abstract law of demand and supply in the matter of the currency, but our labors have just been singularly facilitated by a visible demonstration, rendering signally manifest the occult truth in question. Some curious experimental philosopher, it seems, has taken the trouble to measure bodily a certain portion—less than one-third—of the huge mass of government credit which our city banks in the last summer and autumn so loyally agreed to shoulder.

They are found to consist of 72,829 separate obligations from $50 to $5,000. By careful measurement, they are ascertained to form "*a column* of notes piled single *twenty seven feet* high"—and moreover made a "*large load for the cart* in which they were taken from the sub-treasurer's office."

Now we beseech Congress not to forget, in their legislation so close at hand, that every dollar inscribed on this cart-load of obligations was received by the government in gold that every one of these 72,829 promises bear unblushingly on its face the distinct and solemn engagement of the United States to pay back these dollars with interest.

Can an honest Congress, representing an honest people bow, to consent to suffuse not only the face of these tens of thousands of promises, but that of every man and women in our whole community with burning shame, by basely violating the public faith thus plighted by the cart-load! With the ink scarcely dry on this huge "column of notes twenty-seven feet high," shall it stand forever a column of infamy, to record the dirty legislative leger-lemain which snatched away the promised gold and substituted empty and shadow slips of paper in its place.—*N. Y. World.*

FAILING EYESIGHT

The following, from *Hall's Journal of Health*, will be of interest to those growing old:—

"When shall I begin to wear spectacles?" is the inquiry of all who, having passed the up-hill of life, are making their way downward on the other side. The necessity of glasses comes sooner to some than others, according to the variety of circumstances and conditions which are allotted to human kind; hence it would be useless to name any particular age. The sad necessity, however, comes with timely warnings, each successive one becoming more and more decisive. To the hearty, healthy, temperate and strong, the "symptoms" of needed spectacles begin to make their appearance about the age of fifty years. To our wives, so unwisely industrious as to stitch, stitch, until the bell strikes midnight, under the plea "I have to do it," the indications of failing eyesight are ten years earlier; but whether at fifty or forty, they are the same. Among the very first is an instinctive preference for the larger print; next, and before we are aware of it, it has been found that a habit has been formed of selecting the lightest spot in the room for reading or fine sewing; after a while, a year more, there is either a disposition to put the newspaper farther from the eye, or there is some little adjustment of it necessary in order to enable one to read with entire comfort; after a while, there is a disposition to stop reading for a second or two, and wink the eyes several times, or to rest them by looking at something at a distance, as if to gain more strength to see distinctly the lines and letters read; then comes the feeling of aid given to the eye by placing the finger near the line read, as if to study the paper, or as if to enable the eye to get the line more readily.

Reader, when you find yourself reading by the aid of your finger, thus, you are beginning to be an old man; "gray hairs are upon you;" your sight has begun to fail you, and you should at once purchase glasses. Those made of Brazilian pebble being natural glass, are the best, because they are not so easily broken, and are not readily scratched, and do not gather moisture so soon, hence do not need to be so often wiped; they are more expensive than the common kind.

When spectacles are first worn they should not be employed steadily, only in the early morning or a dim light, or with fine print or sewing.

It is a very bad practice to keep the spectacles on all the time, in order to save trouble for the eyesight fails much more rapidly under such circumstances, and those of greater power must be speedily used. When the sight is beginning to fail, the eyes should be favored as much as possible; this can be done:

1st. By sitting in such a position as will allow the light to fall upon the page or sewing obliquely over the shoulder

2d. By not using the eyes for such purposes by an artificial light, or before sunrise, or after sunset.

3d. By avoiding the special use of the eyes in the morning before breakfast.

4th. By resting them for half a minute or so while reading or sewing, or looking at things at a distance, or up to the sky, relief is immediately felt by so doing.

5th. Never pick any collected matter from the eyelashes or corners of the eyes with the finger nails; rather moisten it with the saliva, and rub it away with the point of the finger.

6th. Frequently pass the balls of the fingers over the closed eyelids, towards the nose; this carries off any excess of water into the nose itself by means of a little canal which leads into the nostril from each corner of the eyes which canal tends to close up, in consequence of the slight inflamation which attends weakness of the eyes,

7th. Keep the feet dry and warm, so as to draw any excess of blood from the other end of the body.

HOW LONG WILL YOU LIVE?

You will live forever.

There are no dead. The blow which struck asunder body and spirit did not end the spirit's life. And so the countless myriads of the past, whose dust has long since mingled with the soil "still live." The men, women and children of Noah's day, and Abraham's and David's—the motley tribes that herded beneath the crescent of the Arabian Prophet—the swarms of Goth and Hull, Tartar and Vandal, that swept the plains of the Eastern world—the red men that roamed the forests of the Western world, and left in mounds and the grown ruins the dim history of their earthly existence—all these are yet alive. They can not die. Immortality is their birthright and inheritance. With the first breath of life they inhaled immortality.

You too are henceforth eternal. The life you have begun is an endless life. You have only crossed the threshold. The countless ages lie before you streched out in immeasurable distance. When you have trod the paths of those years or millions of years which you can reckon up there will still be before you as many more, fresh and now like the first—and so on and forever and ever. As a traveler can discern his pathway winding among the hills till far off on the horizon it seems to end; but when he reaches the place there stretches the path again to the hill top, so will the ages of your endless life lie before you ever the same, age following age, cycle following cycle, till all your powers of computations and measurement have been baffled and silenced—and yet you have scarce begun! The never ending eternity stretches out just as far ahead as when you took the first step of the journey.

How long will you live? You will live forever. And your life there will depend on your life here. Every day, as you complete it, will appear in the years to come—every hour, every moment, as it hurries on its way, leaves a page to be read before the throne. Every word, every act, every thought and feeling of your heart, records itself imperishably in the memory of One who never forgets. You are writing your life for eternity.

In a gallery in Paris, hangs a famous picture by Murillo, of an old Spanist monk seated at his desk. He has begun the chronicle of his life. Death had summoned him before the work was done; but he had sought and obtained leave to return to earth and finish it. You see in the monk's face a more than natural energy. Those sunken eyes had looked "beyond the veil," and gleam with the visions of eternity. The soul within has communed with the unseen world, and beheld face to face "Him who is invisible." And the solemn task is renewed with the earnestness of one who has passed the fading scenes of time, and is absorbed in the realities beyond.

So let the record of your life be written as in the light of eternity. Look beyond and see the unutterable things which shall soon surround you when you stand before your Judge. Behold your endless life—your speedy departure. Oh, heedless soul, I adjure to you to prepare for eternity—and write now such a life record of faith in Jesus Christ and obedient service toward him, as that you may read it in eternity with joys.

ADVERTISE in the HERALD.

DETAILS OF THE LATE BATTLE IN KENTUCKY.

Camp near Somerset, Tuesday, Jan. 21.

The enemy, under the immediate command of Maj. Gen. Crittenden, marched, eight regiments strong, from their camp' last Saturday night. Their mounted grand guards were skrimishing through the greater part of the night with ours. Col. Wolford's cavalry were doing out post duty that night, and by their behavour then and in the battle afterward, completely cleared away the reproach which some unworthy officers have brought upon them. They will always fight well when Wolford is with them. The Tenth Indiana occupied a wooden hill on the right of the road. On the left was a field, stretching down the hill for several hundred of yards. In front of the woods was another field of about twenty acres.

The enemy formed in these two fields' attacking the Indiana troops both in front and upon their left flank. A section of Capt. Standart's battery had been brought up, and was stationed in the road. The attack here was made about 7 o'clock in the morning. Col. Manson coming up to the position just after the attack began, and seeing that his men must be overpowered before the other regiments could come up, ordered his men to fall back, which they did in good order fighting as they went. Capt. Standart reluctantly gave up the privilege of "giving the enemy one good blizzard" from that point and retired too.

Immediately to the rear of the woods where the Tenth were stationed is another field, with a steep descent to a ravine, and then comes another dense forest. On the left of the road the clearings continue to the ravine, the sides of which at that point are covered with a growth of scrub oaks and other timber.

After crossing the river another field lies on the left of the road. The Tenth retired through the field on the right of a road and through the woods for about a hundred and fifty yards, to the rear of the ravine. At this point. Col. Fay's fourth Kentucky came up and formed along the fence which separates the road from the field on the left. There is no fence on the right of the road at that point. The two regiments here formed in the shape of a 'V,' its point toward the enemy advancing from the ravine, behind which they had reformed after their temporary success in the first attack. For nearly an hour they tried to break that 'V,' but failed.

What rebel regiments came through the woods to atack the Tenth at this place, I have not learned. Those which attacked Col. Fry were Battle's Tennessee and the Fifteenth Mississippi, the "Wigfall Rifles," and the "Mississippi Tigers," as they love to call themselves. These were the crack regiments of the enemy, and they sustained their reputation. Again and again they charged across the field, but were always met by the terrible fire of the Kentucky fourth and driven back.

At the point of this "V" died Gen. Zollicoffer. He fell nearer our camp than any other man of his army. He was with Battle's Regmient, his own home friends, born and brought up around Nashville. A short distance from him, to the right a party of his men had broken from their comrades and were herding together like frightened deer. Col. Fry's men were just about to fire on them. Col. Fry himself was at the right of his regiment at the point of greatest danger. Gen. Zollicoffer was on foot and within a few feet of the Colonel. A gun-coat concealed his uniform. Seeing the condition of his men as the Colonel road up, Gen. Zollicoffer said to Col. Fry, "Colonel you would not fire upon your friends, would you?" Col. Fry supposed, from the General's manner and remark, that he was one of our officers, and at once replied, "Certainly not, Sir; I have no such intention." He turned and rode a few steps, when one of the General's aids fired at him, wounding his horse. Believing that he was tricked, Col. Fry at once wheeled and fired at the General. The latter raised his hand to his breast and fell dead. Another ball struck him at the same moment, I believe, in the arm.

Here, too, fell young Bailie Peyton, son of a venerable man, well known to the nation. Young Peyton like his father, struggled long against disunion. He was hissed and insulted last May for telling his love for the old Union.

The death of their General does not seem to have greatly disheartened the enemy. They continued their attacks with as much vehemence as ever. The Second Minnesota Regiment came up and formed along the fence, on the left of the Fourth Kentucky. The rebels still extended their line to flank us, on that side. The Fifteenth Mississippi charged up to the fence, and the men in the two regiments fought hand to hand, catching hold of each other's guns, and trying to drag them through and over the fence, but it was all in vain.

McCook's gallant Dutchmen came up to support the Tenth, forming on the right, and with them, driving the enemy out of the woods over the ravine, up the hill, across the field to the right of the road. The Fourteenth Ohio, which with the Ninth had marched all night to get to the battle, together with the two Last Tennessee and the Twelfth Kentucky regiments, were coming up. The enemy themselves were in danger of being outflanked and cut off from their retreat. Standart's Battery was in full play, with deadly effect, in their centre. Kinney's and Whitmore's were advancing. There was no help for it, the day was lost to the rebels, and they must retreat. They were pushed back, flying as they went across the fields. Our deadly minie balls told fearfully upon their ranks; yet the loss was not all theirs. Many of our brave fellows dropped. Col. Wolford's horse was shot under him, as he charged upon their centre. Bob McCook was wounded, and his horse shot under him. But a bullet through the heart would hardly stop him.

On they went. The enemy is driven through the woods, where an hour and a half before they nearly surrounded the Tenth, the heroes of Rich Mountain. Many regiments are completely broken, and run for the forests on the left. Wood's Alabama Regiment breaks for a swamp, and scatter there. It has a home look to them, and is a safer place than the roads or the fields. Some regiments act together, and form in a field a mile to the rear of their first position. But Standart's shells, thrown from the hill where the section was so nearly taken, begin to fall among them. They fly again, pursued by our victorious troops. For the third and last time they form, only to be scattered as before.

After this the route is complete. Panic stricken, they fly in all directions. The pursuit is pressed up to the very intrenchments of the enemy. Two of their pieces have been taken. The third, which they took with them is only saved to be left behind in their flight across the river. Our cannon open on their camp, our shells falling into their most effective battery, killing four of the men at their guns and driving the rest away. The darkness of nightfall only prevents a general assault, and our troops lie down, hoping in the morning to complete the good work of that Sabbath, a work which they had not sought, for they were resting that day, preparatory to the attack which General Thomas had intended to make on Monday.

I rode over the battlefield in the evening. Our men were burying the dead, but many still lay ghastly where they fell. The wounded had all been taken up. The same kind treatment was extended to the enemy's wounded which was given to our own. The universal remark which they made to me as I passed through the hospital was:—"We never expected to be treated so. We have been misled. We expected to be served like dogs should we fall into your hands. You are kinder to us than we would have been to you." The only difference was in the burial of the dead. Those of the enemy were laid together in common pits. Our own were buried in separate graves, and on many of them I saw young cedars already planted by their comrades.

Besides one of the graves prepared for the enemy's killed, I noticed several lying ready to be interred. One poor boy lay in the exact position, as I was told, in which he was found; he rested on his side, his head resting on his right arm, while his left hand was loosely closed on his right elbow. His eyes were closed, and he looked as though he had just fallen asleep.

I need not tell you how we marched that night, through the horrible mud, nor how our boys have been dropping in all day, worn out with fatigue, disappointed because they had all the labor with none of the glory of victory, and only consoled by the promise that a few days more will see us on the way to Tennessee. There is nothing to oppose us now. Crittenden's army is no longer, and never again will be an army. Totally demoralized, scattered to the winds, they will go home or be captured piecemeal. We wait only for our provision train and the means of crossing the river.

And now my long and imperfect story of the battle is ended. I fear that I have not given in all things a correct account of it, but I have done my best to do so. If I have given the credit of this, the most decisive victory of the war, to some regiment which properly belongs to others, or have made mistakes in my account of what they all did, I can only say to them that if they will but let me know when they next have a fight in time for me to be there, I will tell exactly what they do, and give them all full justice.

HOUSEKEEPERS' RECIPES.

To Make White Indian Meal Cakes.—I read one of your receipts for making "Indian cakes" to my wife, from one of your late numbers, and we had a laugh over it.

Annexed is her mode of making them: To enough white meal for breakfast add sufficient salt, then mix entirely with boiling water, to the consistency of a stiff batter, and bake immediately on a hot griddle, well greased—the batter to be put on the griddle with a large spoon, one spoonful for each cake. No mixture of Indian meal can exceed these cakes in delicacy of flavor. This is the way we make them down in Deleware. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

To Broil a Fowl.—Split the fowl down the back, season it very well with pepper and put it on the gridiron with the inner part next the fire, which must be very clear. Hold the gridiron at a considerable distance from the fire, and allow the fowl to remain until it is nearly half done; then turn it, taking great care that it does not burn. Broil it for a fine brown. A duck may be broiled in the same way. If the fowl is very large, half roast it, then cut it into four quarters and finish it on the gridiron.

Indian Meal Muffins.—To a quart of meal pour boiling water, stirring constantly, until a thick batter; let it cool; while warm, add a small teacup of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of yeast, with two well-beaten eggs; set it in a warm place for two hours, then stir it smooth, and bake in small cakes on a griddle; when one side is a rich brown, turn the other; lay them singly on a hot dish, and serve. These may be made without the yeast, and baked as soon as mixed.

Muffins.—Mix a quart of wheat flour smoothly with a pint and a half of lukewarm milk, half a teacup of yeast, a couple of beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, a couple of tablespoonfuls of lukewarm melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise. When light butter your muffin cups, turn in the mixture, and bake the muffins to a light brown.

For Killing Rats.—Mix some unslacked lime with corn meal, and place it where the rats may accidentally find it. They will soon become very thirsty, and upon drinking water, the lime slacks and swells the rat till it kills him. In the Bahama Isles, sponge is fried and placed in their way; they eat it, drink, swell burst and die. Lime and meal should be, of the first one part and meal two parts, well mixed together and dry.

Starch.—There is no better way for making nice starch for shirt bosoms, than to boil it thoroughly after mixing, adding a little fine salt and a few shavings of a star or spermaceti candle; the star or pressed candle is quite as good as sperm. Let the starch boil at least ten minutes, and it, will give a gloss if neatly ironed, fully satisfactory.

Mince Pie Without Meat.—Four soda crackers, four cups of water, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of chopped raisins, half a cup of vinegar, one lemon grated, citron, nutmeg, allspice, cloves, cinnamon, etc.

Cleaning Paper Walls.—The prudent house wife who, on account of "hard times," has decided not to re-paper the sitting-room, as desireable, will find the old paper very much improved in appearance by simply rubbing it well with a flannel cloth dipped in oatmeal.

To Clean Knives.—One of the best substances for cleaning knives and forks is charcoal, reduced to a fine powder, and applied in the same manner as brick dust is used. This is a recent and valuable discovery.

In a speech on behalf of a blind asylum the orator gravely remarked, "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!"

A New Remedy for Small Pox.—A medical journal reports an interesting discussion at the Epidemiological Society, upon a paper sent from Nova Scotia, by Mr. Milne, Surgeon in the Artillery. Capt. Hardy, of the Royal Artillery, an accomplished and intelligent officer, who has been for years among the Indians, says that "the old squaw's remedy has long been known to them as an infalliable cure for small-pox," and that "the Indians believe it to be successful in every case. From the information gathered from the Indians, the following observations have been carefully sifted:

In the case of an individual suspected to be under the influence of small-pox, but with no distinct eruption upon him, a large wine glassful of an infusion of the root of the plant "sarracenia purpurea," or pitcher plant (several specimens of which, including the root, were exhibited on the table,) is to be taken. The effect of this dose is to bring out the eruption. After a second or third dose, given at intervals of from four to six hours, the pustules subside, apparently losing their vitality. The patient feels better at the end of each dose, and in the graphic expression of the "Micmac," "knows there is a great change within him at once."

In a subject already covered with the eruption of small-pox in the early stage, a dose or two will dissipate the pustules, and subdue the febric symptoms. Under the influence of the remedy, in three to four days the prominent symptoms of the constitutional disturbance subside, although, as a precautionary measure, the sick person is kept in camp until the ninth day. No marks of the eruption (as regarding, pitting, &c.,) have been left in cases examined if treated by the remedy.

With regard to the medicine acting (as is believed by the Indians) in the way of a preventive, in these exposed to infection, it is curious to note, that in the camps where the remedy has been used the people keep a weak infusion of the plant prepared, and take a dose occasionally during the day, so as to "keep the antidote in the blood."

A discussion followed the reading of this paper, in which Mr. Mason, Dr. Copland. Dr. Waller Lewis, Dr. Babbington, Dr, Morehead, Dr. Milroy, Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. Lord, and Dr. McWilliam took part. All of the speakers concurred in the desirability of requesting Mr. Milne to procure a further supply of the root of the "sarracenia purpurea," with the view of having its anti-varioloid properties tested in this country.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Newark, Jan. 23.—John Cruver was hung at Newton, N. J., this noon, for the murder of Allan L. Killinger. He made a confession. Cause—Rum.

How much is embraced in the above brief telegraph notice! Murder first, with all its fearful attendant circumstances—a soul ushered into the presence of its maker without a moment's warning. Then the trial and condemnation of the murderer. Then the execution, and the flight of the murder-stained soul to judgment, followed by the shrieks and prayers, it may be, of an agonized and heart-broken mother. Then the cause—RUM. What a sad tale. What an amount of food for reflection, and yet our men in power bow their necks, and smile upon traffickers in that which causes thousands of murders.—*Recorder.*

Distress in Ireland.—With reference to the "Irish Famine", a merchant of this city suggests that its extent is possibly exaggerated,—and he furnishes us with a copy of a Produce Circular, dated Dublin, 31st Dec., 1861, from which we quote what is said about Potatoes. Our correspondent says, "the writers of the circular are most trustworthy and cautious people, and their report is conscientious and reliable.":—

"Potatoes.—A very important part of our staple food, we regret to say, has again suffered much from the old blight, but not, however, to such an extent as had been expected early in the harvest. We estimate (taking Ireland as a whole) that we have nearly as many potatoes as in 1860, but inferior in quality. In no part of the country do we expect to see a deficiency of food, and we believe that the amount of prevailing distress has been overrated; and it is worthy of remark that our present price of Maize, the largest consuming article of food for the poor, is five shillings per quarter below the price of this time last year."

Concerning the harvest last year in Ireland, the same circular states that there was a deficient one:—

"Wheat.—Deficient in yield as compared with 1860, and very little better in quality. Our farmers are now beginning to see that the climate is every year less adapted to the growth of Wheat, and that they cannot compete with foreign grain, but can occupy their ground much more profitably in grazing. Oats and Barley an average crop as to quantity, but inferior as to quality."

Of course, no reference to the reported want of fuel could be expected in a grain circular; but as to Potatoes and Indian Corn, the statement given above is important at this juncture,—leading to the belief that, whatever may be the scarcity of turf, the alarming deficiency of food has been much magnified.—*Witness.*

Death from Felling a Tree.—Thos. Thompson a new settler in the Township of Clarence, was killed by a tree on Friday, 17th inst. Deceased, with his companion, had felled a tree, which lodged in another; he went under to cut the latter, and seeing the tree beginning to fall, he, no doubt, became stupified, as in retreating he kept in a line with the falling tree, and was caught. This death of a young and promising man, far from home and kindred, is another warning of the caution required in felling trees, particularly for new settlers, who are often too fearless when so engaged. This is the second death which has occurred in Clarence within a few weeks, in the same way.

The following is a copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club:—"Subjecks of discussion. Is dansin morilly rong? Is the readin' of fictishus wurks commendable? Is it neccessary that femalls shud receave a thurry educashun? Ort femalls to taik parts in polytix? Dus dress constitute the moril parts of wimin'?

A man who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark.

Why is a division in the Congress scarcely better than a street fight? Because it ends by the eyes or the nose having it (ayes or noes).

According to the articles of war, it is death to stop a cannon-ball