Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W. T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number.

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE] GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1864. [VOL. XVI.—NO. 49

NOW, LOOK HERE!

You who have promised to pay your subscriptions in Wood. We want it badly, and you will much oblige by telling Tommy or Billy or some one to hitch up and bring the *Signal* man some good dry maple or beech. We ask you what the result would be if we came to the office some morning and found the De'il frozen stiff as a beetle? Don't put it off until March next, like good fellows!

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., JAN. 1, 1863.

THE MERIDIAN.

How far away seems the Meridian line of Life, to the youth who, with warm, passionate longings, looks forward to the time when he too shall take his place in the busy, moving, restless World, which spreads so invitingly beyond the sphere of his present existence. Although he is told by those who have partaken of a full measure of the "husks and kernels" of the world's good and bad that his boyhood will be looked back upon as *the green spot of life*, he is unsatisfied. He roams the fields in spring-time, inhaling the sweetest of Nature's perfumes—with elastic tread he crushes the crisp fallen leaves of autumn beneath the grand old trees, and he seizes upon the *beautiful* without dreaming of *decay*. The *beautiful*, intangible perhaps, vague, but little understood, permeates his being, and bathes his soul in a delight which is ineffable, nay *sublime*, because it is by some mysterious relation connected with the *remote*. In the vast World beyond lies the realization of his boyish daydreams. Emancipated from the schoolroom, he shall there find scope for his untried energies—work to perform,—battles to fight and *win—some fresh, pure heart to love*, (does she wild violet, whose perfumed lip he kisses, teach him this?) and most glorious of all, he shall climb, and struggle and conquer, until at last his brow will be crowned with the prize of his life's Ambition. Dear, *intelligent* reader, was it not so with *you*, years ago? Were you not thus eager to rush into the strife, never doubting for a moment that you would find the world all that your fresh young imagination painted? And the question we often ponder over, as we approach the Meridian, or descend the declivity *beyond*, is, Do not those aspirations of youth, in the main, turn to "dust and ashes," as the prospect enlarges, and the experiences of the world thicken around us? In how many cases out of ten, or out of a *hundred*, is the youthful desire to find Love and individual appreciation *fully satisfied?* Who can tell us how often *that* pleasant hallucination is dispelled by the saddening discovery of vain affectation, duplicity, hollow-hearted conventionality in the Object? How often does the loftiest ambition sink down into a vulgar, commonplace struggle for existence? How difficult the attainment of Fame, or place, or honor, or power. Fame, we soon learn, even if it is within our reach, often comes too late to *feed hungry children—place* falls to the lot of the man who can "pull wires" more adroitly than another who may, after all, have been eminently fitted for the position, but who labored under the false impression that the reward would be given to merit, even though its possessor should not have a host of powerful friends—and *power* is not always wielded by the wisest in the community. Alas, the great World, that is, society in its active, superficial, everyday aspect, contains very little poetry.—Opinion jostles rudely against opinion through the Press, and from the Pulpit, on the street and in the mart,—scandal runs about and spares not; no, neither *age* nor *sex*—the interests of men clash, and thus heart-burnings are engendered and kept alive—and permeating the whole fabric is a *mutual distrust*, the degree and influence of which every reader may easily decide for himself. The current language of the streets, when it is not rank blasphemy, is, to use the sententious words of an orator of the present day, "*Such are facts;*" said facts almost invariably relating to *dollars and cents*.

But, while it is certainly the case that thoughts similar to these occur to nearly every person who approaches the meridian of life, we do not wish to be accused of cynicism, for we are amongst those who believe that there are, after all, many redeeming qualities in the world around us. Beneath this intensely practical surface we know there beat many kindly hearts.—Ever and anon we stumble upon some act of disinterested charity, and we frequently hear a generous sentiment thrown out in *cold blood*, so to speak. No, the world is not quite so bad as it seems! There are many redeeming traits, and there is sufficient good to save us from misanthropy.—By striving to do good to our fellow beings, and by directing our attention to noble objects, we may realize that life is not the waste it is represented to be—that the "dust" may be pierced by many tender blades of sentiment, and the "ashes" cover many a living spark. What if opinions do jostle each other. There is something glorious in the conflict! Scandal, like the spider, will ultimately devour its own devilish brood. Interests may clash, but here and there you will find men who act upon the principle of "live and let live." Beneath many a domestic roof there are to be found hearts that can love "leal and true," through sorrow and joy; it requires, perhaps, more discernment than Cupid always has at command to discover them, but they are there, nevertheless. Oh, yes, there is a great deal of happiness left in the world yet. Let's search for it, smoke a pipe of peace with all mankind, (the operation can be performed *mentally* if we love not the insiduous weed) and though we *do* approach the Meridian, "The music of rippling waters among the green vales of Home,' may be the music of the present, as well as a sweet reminiscence of the past. Then shall we gather strength to descend the *other side*.

Just at this point the Editor's constant Horror thrusts his inky visage into the sanctum with the remark, "We're pulling up for to-morrow, sir, New Year's, sir, you know, and we want *copy!*"

Arrival of the "Adriatic."

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Dec. 29.—The steamer Adriatic, from Galway, 22nd, arrived here at 3 o'clock this afternoon—five days later than 'City of Manchester.'

The government employees at Sheerness, who assisted in fitting out the Rappahannock for the Confederates have been discharged for violation of the neutrality law. The names of persons serving on any Confederate vessel who belong to the naval reserve, are ordered to be stricken from the list, to forfeit all privileges and not to be allowed to re-enter the service.

The steamer Vanderbilt returned to Cape Town and remained there till Oct. 22nd, and then visited Perquin Island, the rendezvous of the Confederates, where she seized the British Bark Saxon, in British waters, it is said on supposition that she was laden with the cargo of the Federal ship Conrad.

The Saxon was sent to New York with a prize crew. It is reported that the mate of the Saxon was shot by Federal officers.

President Lincoln's message and amnesty proclamation was generally regarded as impracticable.

The Liverpool *Post* says that Lord Lyons in a message to Earl Russell, predicts the termination of the war in three months.

The message of Jeff. Davis is regarded as showing no signs of yielding on the part of the South.

It is stated that the Confederate Government have made due provision for the payment of the £75,000 cotton loan bonds to be drawn for in March.

The Confederate financial European Agent writes to the London *Morning Herald* to show that the Richmond authorities are taking measures to support their credit, and in answer to the complaint that cotton is purchasable cheaper with sterling than with the bonds of the loan, Mr. McRae says the Richmond authorities contemplate and will probably prohibit the exportation of cotton except such as is pledged by its own obligations.

The London Daily *News* talks of a probable general election within six months.

The London *Times* looks upon the message as warlike, and says the effect of the whole document, amnesty included, resembles that of the last battle. The offer of peace is on terms that cannot be accepted. The whole question still depends on the fortune of war. It may be gratifying to the North to be formally assured that the Government is strong and successful enough to offer an amnesty, but it is evident Lincoln anticipates no pacific result, nor does the Secretary of the Treasury, who looks forward still to two years' war expenditures. Commercial circles in New York appear to share his misgivings, the premium on gold having risen under the message.

Polish telegrams continued to report engagements and insurgent successes. Three insurgent leaders had been hung at Lizzla.

Breadstuffs market generally inactive.—Flour quiet; Wheat heavy; Corn quiet and steady; mixed at 29s.

The Emperor Napoleon had made a brief pacific speech in response to the address of the Senate. The paragraph in the address relative to Mexico met with some objection, but it was finally adopted, after the ministerial statement that the Government was approaching the establishment of a stable Government in Mexico at a firm, resolute and rapid pace. The paragraph relative to Poland and the European Congress was debated at length, and produced a strong anti-Russian sentiment and counter protest against going to war with the Poles.

The French Senate has finally adopted the address in its entirety.

The Holstein question remains without change It was supposed that Denmark would not forcibly oppose the Federal execution. It is fact stated that the Danish troops will be withdrawn from Holstein, but that the King of Danmark will not acknowledge the Federal execution.

The *Daily News* awaits the arrival of the full message before giving an opinion.

The *Morning Post* thinks Lincoln must be joking, and says he should have remembered that a Confederate army was encamped within 100 miles of Washington before he ventured to debate such terms of amnesty.

The *Morning Herald* ridicules the proclamation, and denounces the vindictive spirit of the profered amnesty which it says offers nothing which could be withheld if the last Southern town had been taken and the last Southern regiment cut to pieces. The real object is to establish a pseudo state government wherever secure foothold can be found.

GAMBLERS IN WASHINGTON.—There are more gamblers in Washington at present than there have been at any time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Within fifteen minutes' walk of Willard's there are not less than twenty first-class establishments, where money is lost and won in thousands nightly—principally lost, so far as outsiders are concerned. Blacklegs from every city in the Union are here—from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, and every game known to Hoyle, and many not known to that illustrious standard, is prosecuted with vigor, from dark in the evening until daylight in the morning. Faro is considered the most statesmanlike medium for ridding a Congressman of his cash on hand. New arrivals from the West confine themselves to poker for awhile, but soon graduate into the higher branches of the strategic science of tiger-fighting and before they have served half a term at the National Capital are abundantly qualified to emulate Mr. Green in an exposition on the subject of gambling, having learned by dear experience that it is one of the most costly pleasures of the age.—*Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.*

NEWS FROM BAHAMAS.

Yankee Insolence and Outrage.

(From the Bahama Herald.)

A gross outrage has been committed on the rights of British subjects, which, if not promptly resented by the home government will inevitably bring our flag into contempt in every foreign port.

On the arrival of the steamship Corsica at the port of New York, on her last trip from Nassau, she was boarded at some distance from the city by a gang of Custom House officials, who coolly proceeded to search the persons and baggage of her passengers for rebel correspondence. In this manner all of her passengers who were from this port were forcibly deprived of their private papers, money, bills of exchange, &c., on the plea that they were rebel agents and emissaries.

Mr. George C. Woif, of the firm of A. Wolf & Co., of this city, was a passenger, called to New York by the serious illness of his wife; he had with him gold, bills of exchange, railroad bonds, amounting, in the aggregate, to nearly nine thousand pounds sterling, all of which, together with his private papers and his pocket book from his pocket, were forcibly taken from him.

Mr. Wolf, who is a British subject, immediately made application for redress to E. M. Archibald, Esq., her Majesty's consul at that port. Several days were spent in fruitless application to the authorities, who, with the hope of sharing in such a valuable prize, through the United States revenue laws, which give the Collector, Surveyor and Naval Officer of the port one-third of the amount of confiscations, were unwilling to remove their clutches from the fancied spoils. No satisfactory reason for the seizure could be obtained from the Collector, nor could Mr. Wolf succeed in forcing him to have a proper inventory of the property seized taken in his presence. All sorts of frivolous excuses were made by the officials for the purpose of forcing by delay some secret offer of money consideration, by Mr Wolf, for the release of the property.

Mr. Wolf honorably determined to sacrifice his property rather than submit to the blackmailing system universally practised by the United States Custom's officials at New York, among whom Naval Officer Denison usually acted as the jackall.

Application was made at once to Lord Lyons, our Ambassador at Washington, who promptly laid the matter before Mr. Seward for investigation, and demanded immediate reparation for the injury.

When the Corsica left New York the investigation was proceeding, and we have no doubt that the black mailing propensities of the Customs officials at New York will experience a check, which will produce a salutary effect, and prevent the recurrence of similar outrages in the future.

The rendition of Mr. Wolf's property, and of the damages he may sustain by the detention, will not remove the insult to our flag.—Several British merchants who were passengers on the Corsica were subjected to similar outrage. The whole commercial community of these colonies have a direct interest in expressing their indignation at the insult.—Their commercial credit may be jeopardised at any moment by a repetition of the outrage, and its repetition can best be prevented by a prompt appeal to the home government through a public meeting, which we respectfully suggest as the best and quickest means of obtaining a fair expression of sentiment on the subject.

Reciprocity.

There is a considerable probability that the United States will give notice of the termination in one year of the Reciprocity Treaty, as soon as the ten years for which it was made have expired. At least, we infer this result from the general tone of American papers, which, so far as we know, without exception, think the treaty disadvantageous to the United States. In this we are convinced they greatly err; but erroneous opinions are just as potent to effect legislation, as correct ones. Let us then consider what would be the effects upon Canada of the abrogation of the treaty.

In the first place, the market for the surplus wheat of both the United States and Canada, is Britain; and it is the price there which governs, in ordinary circumstances, the price on this side of the Atlantic. Now, as Britain can be reached more cheaply by the St. Lawrence route than by any other, it is obvious that the withdrawal of the Reciprocity would not perceptibly affect the price of wheat; with the exception of finer qualities of white wheat and flour, for which fancy prices are paid by the Americans.

Barley, oats and rye would suffer severely, were Reciprocity withdrawn; as the United States are the great market for these grains, which we cannot export to Europe, and of which we only consume a small part ourselves.

Pease would not be effected by the change as they go to Europe.

Cattle, hogs, beef and pork, should not be much affected by the change, as we import from the States as much, probably, as we export; and Britain is the ultimate market which regulates the price, in some measure, for both countries. The same may be said of butter, cheese, lard, and tallow.

The question whether our lumber interests would suffer, depends on the question, whether the United States have a sufficient supply of pine timber within themselves. If they have, we would lose an extensive and profitable market. If they have not, they would just have to pay whatever duty they put on in addition to our price.

The abrogation of the reciprocity treaty would enable our Finance Minister to levy a considerable duty on tobacco.

The Lower Province fishers would be affected considerably by any duty on fish admitted into the United States, but they would not be interfered with so much by American lishermen.

The free use of the St. Lawrence has been in the main, a dead letter, but few American vessels availing themselves of it. Indeed, the trade of the St. Lawrence would be more likely to gain than lose by the change, for whi st this route would doubtless have as much gain from the West as before, the grain would probably come this way in larger proportions.

Whilst, then, the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty would be a loss to both countries, perhaps it would not injure Canada so much as many fear.

"MAY YOUR SHADOW NEVER GROW LESS."—"What do you mean?" said I to an ex-ambassador, who had passed a long time in Europe.—"What do you mean by the salutation, may your shadow never be less? "We live," answered the khan, under a very hot sun in Persia, and we retire to the shadow for repose and peace. The power of a great man gives rest and tranquility to many, for none dare to injure or molest those whom he protects. So we call that power his shadow, and hope for our own sakes as well as his that it may never diminish."—*All the year round.*

A man in Hampshire had the misfortune to lose his wife. Over the grave he caused a stone to be placed, on which in the depth of his grief he had ordered to be inscribed:—'Tears cannot restore her therefore I weep.

European Armaments.

Some startling statistics, exhibiting the immense expenditure of men and money in sustaining the "armed peace" of Europe, have just been published in a report of M. Legoyt, chief of the statistical bureau of the French Ministry of Agriculture, Commerce and Public Works. According to this statement, which, from the author's position, may be considered perfectly reliable, Austria keeps up an army of 467,000 men, which costs her 336,000,000 francs; France an army of 573,000 men, which costs 688,000,000 francs; Prussia an army of 214,000 men, which costs her 156,000,000 francs; England an army of 300,000 men, which costs 677,000,000 francs, and Russia an army of 1,000,000 of men, which costs 529,000,000 francs. That is, out of the total budget of each of those States, an expenditure of thirty-seven per cent. in Austria, or more than a third; thirty-three per cent. in France, thirty in Prussia, thirty-nine in England, and forty two in Russia. Let us also mention Italy, where 329,000,000 francs are expended in keeping up a force of 314,000 men; Turkey, weighed down by an army of 424,000 men; Denmark and Sweden, the first with 50,000 and the second with 67,000 men, by which their budgets are increased to thirty-seven and forty per cent. respectively. The other secondary States follow in an analogous proportion. Switzerland is the only European State that neither increases her army nor her budget. M. Legoyt, adding together the effective to cope of all the European armies, according to estimates which he considers rather below than superior to the reality, arrives at the fearful number of 3,815,347 men, and an outlay of 3,5000,000,000 francs.

The work in question, the publication of which just at this time would seem to be intended as an argument in favor of the project of a congress, then makes the following interesting comments upon the above stated facts:—

"Now let us for a moment suppose that by an understanding between the great Powers, a disarming in the proportion of one half was effected. Immediately 1,907,924 men of from twenty to thirty five years of age—constituting the flower of the population of that age—are restored to labor of peace, and at once a saving of 1,600,000,000 francs is effected on the totality of European budgets. With that sum Europe might add annually to the railways at present existing, 10,000 kilometres (6,250 miles) at the rate of 150,000 francs the kilometre; she could in a single year complete her entire network; she might establish in every commune, and even in each section of the communes, a primary school. These great improvements once realized, she might, if she decided on maintaining the same sum in her budget, apply it to the progressive reduction of her public debt. The annual interest of the different States being about 2,335,000,000 francs, and that interest, capitalized at the average rate of four per cent., representing a capital of 57,500,000,000 francs, it might be paid off (not calculating the compound interest) in about thirty six years. If, on the contrary, the countries interested preferred applying the 1,600,000,000 francs thus economized to the reduction or suppression of the taxes which weigh most heavily on the production or consumption of articles of necessity, what an alleviation to the people it would be, and what a stimulus would it give to business. We have said that 1,998,924 men in the prime of life would be restored to the arts of peace. There would be also, in that happy event, an efficacious prosperity for Europe. In fact, calculating the average daily wages of these 2,000,000 working men at two francs each, and supposing that those wages represent a fifth of the value produced, this army of peace, hence-forth enrolled under the banner of labour, would create a daily value of 2,000,000 francs, and an annual one of 7,500,000,000. This is not all. A consider able amount of capital, now employed in the fabrication of the objects necessary for the equipment and arming of those 2,000,000 men, would become disposable and might be applied to other branches, incomparably more useful, of the national industry. Lastly, the keeping at home of 2,000,000 young men would have the certain effect of bringing about, at least temporarily, a notable reduction in the rates of labour, and of giving an impetus to production in all its forms. Setting economical considerations aside for a moment, we will signalize the advantage to the country of maintaining the taste and habit of labour in a considerable number of adults who are now confined by garrison life to idleness and its fatal consequences. We may also mention the interest for order and public morality or preserving the family bonds which are more or less broken by the absence, for six or seven years, of those 2,000 sons who are annually taken from their homes by the recruitment."

Heenan and the Police.

The manner in which the pugilist Heenan avoided the police is thus stated by the London *Sporting Life*:—

"Ever since Saturday the residence of Heenan was carefully attended by the local constabulary, and so attentive did they at length become that no more than the hair was required for Jack McDonald to put his wits to work to counteract the wished for attentions of the 'blues.' Jack's advice was taken, and acted upon by Heenan making tracks across a couple of turnip-fields to the New Stand, where a conveyance with post-horses took him with all speed from the reach of danger. The next move was to blind the talented 'locals' as to the fact of the bird having flown. This was accomplished by John's brother, Timothy, having his moustache shaved off, and dressed *a la* the real Simon Pure, and as there is a remarkable likeness between the brothers, while J. C. Heenan was on the high road for London. Master Tim was receiving the polite attentions and *surveillance* of the talented 'bobbies,' who, as the time arrived, were relived at their guard at stated intervals. Tim, to keep up appearances, took a matutinal gallop, still attended by the 'peelers,' who saw the whole of the proceedings. When the Bury train arrived and the fraternal dummy reached the station, the wires were put in action at once to flash the news that Heenan was off for town. A carriage was on the siding, and that was taken possession off *pro tem* by McDonald and Co., who received an ovation with hearty good wishes from the Newmarket folks. A bolt from the shanted carriage was made, and after a short walk up the line, the lot at last were safely housed in a comfortable carriage, and in due time were started for London. All went right until Cambridge was reached, where enquires were made by a magistrate for McDonald, who had an interview, and was informed, in most courteous terms, that if the fight would take place in Cambridgeshire, no pugilist would in future be allowed to train at Newmarket. While this comedy was being played out, the veritable Heenan was fast asleep at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, where he had four hours' comfortable rest after his hurried trip from Newmarket. Heenan was not visible in London, as he was kept on the extreme quiet, and passed the night before the fight in the neighborhood of the Bricklayer's Arms, from whence he took his departure on Tuesday morning."

☞Never attempt to talk much about that which you do not understand.

A Horrible Story.

The London *Times* of the 10th contains the following:—

For some years past rumours have been current in Falmouth that the brother of a man named Porter, living in comfortable circumstances, had been kept for many years in close confinement in a small room at the back of the premises in which Porter and his family reside. Heartrending cries and howls have been repeatedly heard by the neighbors, especially on cold winter nights; but, although the sympathy of many was aroused, no one deemed it his duty to inquire into the circumstances of the case, not dreaming, probably, of the horrors that were to be revealed.—Rather more than a year ago Dr. Byrne, a well-known medical practitioner from the county of Durham, now residing in this town, was compelled to seek the warm climate of Falmouth for his health, and incidentally heard these rumors. Not satisfied to allow the matter to remain uninvestigated, he collected all the evidence he could, and was so satisfied that the case was one demanding a strict inquiry, that, with a most praiseworthy decision, he communicated the facts to the Home Secretary, who at once appointed him special commissioner, and sent down two other commissioners, who, in company with Dr. Byrne, went to Porter's house on Thursday last and demanded admission to his brother. Porter himself was absent, but, after some little parley with the other inmates, Dr. Byrne, who had obtained some insight into the plan of the premises, led the way through the house across a yard and across a flight of steps, where, concealed from view round a corner, they found a door which admitted them to the den in which the lunatic was confined. The sight which met their gaze was too revolting to be described with all its horrid details.—The place consisted of four bare, wet plaster walls, with a small window on one side, and the door by which they had entered; a doorway opposite, formerly communicating with the house, was plastered up, so as to cut off all communication, except by the flight of steps at the back. In one corner of the room was a wretched truckle bedstead, with cross pieces of wood, rotten with filth, about six inches wide and the *same distance apart*. On these bare boards was crouched a being more resembling a baboon than a man, drawn and cramped, from long exposure and suffering, out of all form of humanity, stark naked, and with only two old rotten bags for a covering. I have said like a baboon, from the peculiar form into which the limbs were drawn; the knees almost touched the chin, and were pressed close down upon the breast, I imagine for warmth; the hands clinched and brought up close to the chin; the arms closely pressed against the sides. The knee and hip joints were anchylose; the elbow joints were also stiffening. The floor and the walls were one mass of accumulated filth; the floor rotten with it, the stench horrible; and there are circumstances of the case too dreadful for publication. For upwards of twenty years the tender mercies of his nearest relatives have consigned him to this living tomb—not a rag to lie upon, not even a wisp of straw; nothing but the naked board, and the two old bags to cover him. Would a raving maniac be consigned to such a doom? God forbid! What, let us ask, is the mental condition of this poor wretch? Simply imbecile. A most mild, benevolent expression of countenance, a child like submission to all that is done to him, no symptom of violence or even anger of any kind, and strong indications of intelligence in many things, even after these weary years of neglect and cruelty. Yesterday, in company with Dr. Byrne and some friends, I visited the poor creature, for the purpose of getting a sketch of the remarkable position in which he had remained for so many years. The arrangements being then complete, two intelligent keepers from the county asylum washed, dressed, and took him away to that admirably conducted establishment at Bodmin, where, we fervently hope, that both his mental and bodily condition may be soon improved "Of all the moving incidents of the case, not the least was the scene on emerging from the house. Many hundreds of people were collected around the conveyance to which the keeper carried him like a child.

"My God! can that be a man?" "God bless you, Dr. Byrne!" were the exclamations that burst from the lips of the multitude. Few eyes were dry, especially when some who had known him when a strong intelligent youth passed forward and shook him by the hand. The Commissioner stated that in an experience of forty years they had never met with a case so awful.

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

MATRICIDE EXTRAORDINARY.—A trial involving revolting disclosures has just taken place at Chester, England, in which the criminal, a female, has been sentenced to death for poisoning her own mother by repeated doses of arsenic. The woman Holt, it appears, had contrived by fraud to effect an insurance on her mother's life, and it was to secure a paltry sum of money represented by the policy that this appalling crime was committed. The body of the deceased was found after death to be saturated with arsenic.

☞At the great International Poultry Show, held lately at Birmingham, England, there were nearly 1,800 pens of poultry shown; and amongst the most successful competitors was Mr. Henry Lane, plumber, of Milk street, who succeeded in the Spanish class in taking the first prize and silver cups for old birds the first prize and cup for young birds, the first for pullets, and second for young cocks; thus winning the two great prizes, a thing unprecedented in the annals of poultry. The judges remarked that he was the more deserving the honors he had gained, as they were the best birds they had ever seen; and, to confirm their remarks, two hens were sold for 22 guineas, two pullets at 20 guineas, and the young cock at 10 guineas; and we hear that Mr. Lane refused 30 guineas for another cock and hen, thus securing for five birds, the enormous sum of nearly 70 guineas.—Bristol *Daily Post.*

M. About, in a recently publication says of an avaricious man, that "it has been proved that, after having kindled his fire, he stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them."

Don't Rock the Baby.

If all the ultimate consequences of one's acts are to be laid to his charge, the man who invented rocking cradles for children rests under a fearful load of responsibility. The downright murder of tens of thousands of infants, and the weakened brain of thousands of adults, are undoubted results of this invention. To rock a child in a cradle, or to swing him in a crib, amounts to just this:—The rapid motion disturbs the natural flow of the blood, and produce stupor or drowsiness.—Can anybody suppose for a moment that such an operation is healthful one? Every one knows the dizzy and often sickening effects of moving rapidly in a swing; yet wherein does this differ from the motion a child receives when rocked in a cradle? It is equivalent to lying in a ship berth during a violent storm and that sickens nine people out of ten. A very gentle, slow motion, may sometimes be something, though always of doubtful expediency; but to move the cradle as rapidly as the swing of a pendulum three feet long—that is, one a second—is positively a cruelty. We always feel like grasping and staying the arm of the mother or nurse who, to secure quietude, swings the cradle or crib with a rapidity equal to that of a pendulum a foot long. If any mother is disposed to laugh at our suggestions, or consider them whimsical, we beg of her to have a bed or cot hung on cords, then lie down in it herself, and have some one swing it with the same rapidity that she allows the cradle to be rocked. What she will experience in both head and stomach, is just what the infant experiences.

We insist that this rocking of children is a useless habit. If not accustomed to rocking they will go to sleep quite as well when lying quietly, as when shaken in a cradle. If they do not, there is trouble from sickness, or hunger, or more likely from an overloaded stomach; and though the rocking may produce a temporary stupor, the trouble is made worse thereafter by the unnatural means taken to produce quietness for the time being.—*American paper.*

THE BUGBEAR SHELLING OF CHARLESTON.—The Charleston *Mercury* thus describes the jolly effects of the shelling in that city:—"It is curious, as well as gratifying, to see how cool our citizens take the Yankee shelling of the city. The people go to and fro much as usual. The ladies do not forego their usual promenades; and when a shell falls, the crowds gather about the sullen monster, and watch its fragments, with a curiosity which is not in any whit lessened by their sense of danger. The young girls and boys, when they hear the whizzing, look up and cry 'There it goes!' or 'Here it comes!' with a superb feeling of confidence in Fate, if not with an absolute sense of superiority and contempt. When a house is struck, which is rather a rare thing, they examine the hole, measure its dimensions, and even calculate the rate of progress which the enemy will make in shelling down our ancient city. They say, 'at this rate it will require thirty guns, constantly in play for three years, to batter us into a cocked hat.'"

"LIVERY SERVANTS" IN NEW YORK.—The *Sunday Times* says, spitely: "In the Central Park, the other day, we counted forty carriages driven by servants in livery. Twenty five years ago it would have been difficult to find—setting aside the attendants of foreign ministers—half that number of livery servants in the United States. Every year we ape more and more the rare show splendors of European aristocracy. We shall soon have as much gold-lace on our gingerbread as they. It seems to us that, some thirty years ago, such beings as plain republicans existed.—Where are they now? The late William L. Marcy, when Secretary of State, issued a manifest against putting court suits on the backs of American ambassadors. Since then we have got into courtly ways at home. Tinsel, trumpery and etiquette reigning supreme at the seat of government. Look at the quarterings of some of our *new* first families. The panels of their carriages display coats of arms that you would hardly know from a shed of those that date from the days of the Crusades. To be sure, if you have studied heraldry, the blazoning of some of the escutcheons strikes you as contrary to the rule of arms.—We have seen one or two that looked as if they had been executed by Rouge Sanglier, the mock pursuivant sent by William de la Marck to Charles of Burgundy, whose ignorance of this art was exposed by the Duke's herald, Toinson d'Or. But the colors were vivid and the varnish new and shiny, and nobody—save the nobody who is answerable for this paragraph—noticed the mistake. We are getting along finely. By and by we shall have lords and ladies, perhaps something *higher*—who knows?"

☞A prodigiously fat man named Banting, has published in the London papers an account of his struggles against corpulency. He went through every known process for reducing himself, but with out effect, and he was almost driven to despair, when Solomon advised him to cut off bowls of bread and milk, in which he indulged. He did so and thus succeeded in bring himself down to the standard of ordinary men.

☞From a late number of the *Japan Commercial News*, published at Kanagawa, Japan, it appears that they have first-class English hotels now at that place, and that the first foreign concert ever given in Japan came off in September last, when a Mr. Chisholm, a Scotch musical artist, assisted by a lady vocalist, "astonished the natives," who attended in large numbers. The *Commercial News* is a paper of respectable size, well filled with news and advertisements. It mentions that Kanagawa is full of spies of the Prince Satsuma, and that foreigners apprehend further trouble from that turbulent Daimo.

THE DEVIL'S COFFEE MILLS IN THE ARMY.

B. F. Taylor, the correspondent of the Chicago *Journal* with the army of the Cumberland, writes:

Did you ever see one of the devil's coffee mills? Well, I saw ten of them to-day, like the immemorial blackbirds, "all in a row." I refer, of course, to the "Union Repeating gun," invented by a man who once hailed from Illinois, but now dates from Dixie—an implement that might do tremendous execution in skirmishing were it not as liable to get out of order as a lady's watch. Imagine a big rifle mounted upon a big pair of wheels, and swung easily upon an arc of a circle by a lever under the gunner's left arm so as to sweep the rascals like a broom. Imagine a coffee mill hopper, where the lock ought to be, and a crank to match. Then here is a little copper box fitting the hopper. You fill it with a dozen or twenty cartridges, clap it into the hopper, and the thing is ready for business. The gunner seats himself comfortably behind the gun, elevates or depresses it with a touch, and takes sight. Before his face as he sits, attached to the gun barrel, is a steel shield about the shape of an overgrown shovel, and inclined a little towards the miller, so that a shot aimed affectionately at his head, glances and flies harmlessly away. Through the centre of this shield is a narrow slit—*a la* Monitor turret—which enables him to take sight.

Now, all things ready, the diabolical grist of bullets in the hopper, the gunner—if he is a gunner—with the rudder under his left arm, turns the crank with his right hand, and the play begins. I saw one of them work; it was tick, tick, tick, sixty to the minute, as fast as you could think; no brisk little French clock ever beat faster. When the barrel gets hot, there is another in the chest, when the grists are all out and the battle over, you pack the whole affair in a sort of travelling trunk, slip in a pair of a axles, with a horse between them, in a twinkling, and trundle it off as lightly as the cart of a Bowery butcher boy. but soldiers do not fancy it. Even if it were not liable to derangement, it is so foreign to the old, familiar action of battle—that sitting behind a steel "blinder" and turning a crank is—that enthusiasm dies out; there is no full play to the pulses; it does not seem like soldiers' work.

The Commerce of the Lakes now and One Hundred Years Ago.

From the Buffalo Express.

There were, during the season of 1766, four vessels upon Lake Erie, viz: The Gladwin, Lady Charlotte, Victory, and Boston. The two latter laid up in the fall near Navy island, and one of them was burned accidentally Nov. 30th.

During the year 1767, the Brunswick, Capt. Alexander Grant, made her appearance on the lakes. John Brown, Captain of the 2nd Battalion of Royal Americans, was in command at Niagara; Capt. Soyer, Engineer; Neil McLean, Commissary of Stores and Provisions; and Edward Pollard, Sutler.

1768.—The Hudson River opened March 7th. April 26th, Sir William Johnson visits New England for his health. In June, Major Rogers, becoming embarrassed financially endeavored to settle his accounts by cutting off the garrison at Mackinac, and carry the guns of that fort against Detroit, and then join Hopkins in the Mississippi, but was arrested and sent in irons to be tried at Ontario. In October, Mr. Eliles returned from Detroit to Schenectady with 150 packs of furs Dec. 5th, the harbors on Lake Ontario were closed by ice, and the stores destined for Fort Niagara were detained at Ontario.

176.—Henry White, of New York, who had the control of the King's vessels on Lake Erie, writes to Captain Grant, who was then the commodore on the lake, requesting him to give Mr. Campbell's freight the preference. Thereupon, Phyn & Ellice, of Schenectady, and Sterling & Porteous, of Detroit, commence building a vessel at Detroit. This vessel was built by contract with Mr. Tyms, of New York. Richard Cornwall, of New York, was the carpenter, Gregg, Cunningham & Co. furnished the rigging. Col. Stevenson, in command at Niagara, helps forward the stores of this new vessel, which was named the Enterprise.

The boatmen that went with the rigging and stores from Schenectady to Detroit were to have each £20 and ten gallons of rum.—They were seventy days on Lake Erie, and two of the number perished from hunger, and their bodies kept for days exposed to decoy eagles and ravens. They returned to New York, February 12th, 1770. by the way of Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg.

In May, 1770, the Charity was launched at Niagara. Upon Lake Erie were the Gladwin, Lady Charlotte, Brunswick, and Muskanungee.

This year, the Duke of Gloucester, Secretary Townsend, Samuel Tutchet, Henry Baxter,—Cruickshank, Sir Wm. Johnson,—Bostwick, and Alexander Henry, formed a Company for mining copper ore on Lake Superior, In December, they built, near Sault de Sainte Marie, a barge, and laid the keel of a sloop of forty tons. The Shipyard was at Point aux Pins, three leagues from the Sault.

SINGULAR DREAM.—A lady came from New York yesterday to attend the christening of her little grandson During the evening she lost the setting of a valuable diamond ring. The house was thoroughly searched, and still no trace of the lost valuable could be found. Early this morning a lady friend who was present at the party came to the house, saying she had a most singular and vivid dream in which she plainly saw the diamonds lying hid behind the leg of a stove that stood in the room, and could not help calling to see whether it was so or not. Upon looking in the place designated, they found the missing treasure! This, like the dream of another person in this city not many months ago, in which was correctly revealed the lost body of a drowned boy, with the hands still tightly clinging to some timbers, deep down beneath the waters at Daniel's dam, shows that dreams are not sometimes to be disregarded In the last case mentioned, a most vigorous and prolonged previous search of the river, throughout a considerable length, had failed to find the lad's body.—*Hartford Times, 7th.*

Some one asked the philosopher Fontenelle, when *ninety five* years of age, which twenty years of his life he regretted the most.—'I regret little,' he replied; 'and yet the *happiest* years of my life were those *between the fifty fifth and seventy fifth*. At fifty years a man's fortune is established, his reputation made, consideration is obtained, the state of life fixed, pretensions given up or satisfied, prospects overthrown or established, the passions for the most part calmed or cooled, the career nearly completed, as regards the labors which every man owes to society; there are fewer enemies, or rather fewer envious persons who are capable of injuring us, or because the counterpoise of merit is acknowledged by the public voice."

☞Patience is the real genuine unction of the soul, enabling it to accomplish great and noble deeds.

A Sad Story of the War.

On the cars we met an old man. The snow of seventy-one winters had whitened the hair of his head, and bleached his beard to a patriarchal whiteness. And this was the story told us as the cars bore us rapidly along:

Twenty years ago, September last, he settled on a farm near Elgin, Ill. He brought from Wayne County, New York, a wife, whose heart, through all years of married life, had been but part of his own—five sons and a little money. With the money he bought a prairie farm—with his family he was happy, year after year he prospered. His sons grew to be men—his wife grew more dear and dearer to him as time grew apace, and in time grandchildren prattled at his feet and clambered into his arms.

The war broke out. One by one his sons answered the call of a needy country, till only one of the five sons remained at home. At Lexington, his youngest son, a lieutenant, fell dead, as side by side he stood with Mulligan rallying his troops.

At Pea Ridge, another son fills an unknown grave.

At Shiloh, another son fell beside the cannon he had helped to capture, and a soldier's grave was his final resting-place.

His wife, broken-hearted at the loss of her youngest boy, sank into a fit of melancholy, and on Thanksgiving Day, he bore her he had loved so long and well, to her last earthly resting-place. His junior in life, she will be his senior in Heaven, where God grant, they may meet. Still his cup of sorrow was not full. At Fredericksburg, another son, while leading his company up a street, fell, his head nearly severed from his body by a fragment of a shell.

At Murfreesboro, his only remaining child was mortally wounded, and died in the arms of a comrade, his dying wish was to be buried by side the mother he too so well loved. A dispatch had reached the old man, and with feeble stay, he was *en route* to gather in the last of his loved sons.

As he told his plain story in humble words, the earnestness of grief caused many a tear to fall down the furrowed and wrinkled cheek. He was a plain man—his life had been spent on a farm, and for years it was a happy one. We could not keep the tears back as they rolled down his own. God pity him. All alone!—*La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat.*

During the last