The Examiner.

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"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

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LITERATURE.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the happy days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on the sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns,
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes,
The casement slowly glows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
Oh death in Life, the days that are no more.

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud of the folds of her bosom shaken,
Over the woodland brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed,
To wood and field.

THE MANIAC DOCTOR.

It must be confessed that it is a very provoking thing to receive a letter on Christmas morning calling you two hundred miles away, "on immediate and important business." Yes, it's a very provoking thing indeed—at least so I found it, both in anticipation and in very deed; but there was no help for it. Snooks, my lawyer, wrote and told that if on the 25th I was not at C—— I should probably lose —— never mind what; but something which induced me to pack my portmanteau in all haste, send for a Hansom, and drive to the X. Y. Z. station.

When I arrived there I found that I was just too late for the train I had come to catch, and the next night one would not start for three quarters of an hour. Inwardly cursing my ill-fortune, I went to the waiting, and endeavored to make myself as comfortable as I could; but despite of all my attempts, I think I never knew time to pass so slowly in my life, except a certain twenty minutes about which I am going to tell.

Although, as I said, the time went very slowly, nevertheless it did go; and in process of time, I found myself snugly ensconced in the first-class carriage, which had but one occupant besides myself, a cheerful-looking old man, with grey hair, and a strange, restless look about his eyes. Directly I got into the carriage he addressed me in a familiar way:—

"A merry Christmas to you!"

"The same to you," said I, rather gruffly, as I was not in the best of humors, and did feel inclined to be cheerful or neighborly with him.

"Why bless me, sir," said the old man renewing the attack, "you haven't got anything wherewith to keep yourself warm on this cold winter's day; allow me to offer you one of my travelling wrappers. I always take care to be well provided with such things when I go on a journey," and my companion took from his side a rolled up rug, unrolled it, and taking a small mahogany box from the folds, he threw the rug to me.

"Thank you, sir," said I, feeling in spite of myself a shade more cheerful.

"Oh, no thanks, no thanks, I do it for my own benefit, not for yours, I assure you, sir."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why I have a comfortable face opposite me, and besides the grand experiment, you know."

"What grand experiment?" I asked somewhat startled by the man's excited manner.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he said, colouring violently; "only that's to say—exactly, are you a Free Mason?"

"No."

"Not a Free Mason! Why bless me, you ought most certainly to become one of them, sir."

"Why so?"

"Because you would then know that they have got a sort of—that is to say—in fact, a secret."

"I know that already."

"Really I declare you are the most extraordinary man I ever met; well, I have a secret too, and that's my grand experiment," said he.

"As it is a secret I suppose you will not tell it."

"Oh yes, I will though, but perhaps I had better not, never mind. I'll tell you: it is simply this—to discover what are the feelings of different persons on different occasions, sir."

"I should hardly call that an experiment," said I.

"Wouldn't you now; curious that; very curious; for to tell the truth I don't myself know whether I am quite justified in calling it an experiment. But enough of the matter for the present; may I ask where you are going to?"

"To C——"

"Have you any friends there?"

"None, I am sorry to say. I am called there on some disagreeable though important business."

"Then may I have the pleasure of your company at dinner when we arrive there?" he said.

"Thank you, sir, I shall have the greatest pleasure in accepting your kind invitation."

"By the by, do you know how many times we stop before we reach C——, sir?"

"Only twice, as this is an express train; once at M——, at two o'clock, and the second time at F——, at five."

"When are we due at C——?"

"At half-past six."

"Thank you."

Thus, for a time, our conversation ended, but we often renewed it, and I began to regard my companion as a clever, kind-hearted, though rather eccentric old man.

Some time after we had passed M—— my eccentric friend composed himself for a sleep, and soon he was snoring; and it was not long before I followed his example; but my dreams were troubled; first of all I dreamt that I was fighting against overwhelming odds, and then I was taken prisoner and bound. Then I dreamt that I was being hung; then I was being handcuffed; and, last of all, a great weight was upon me and that something was pressing heavily upon my chest. I then awoke with a start to find myself bound hand and foot, with a rope around my neck, and fastened to the umbrella, in such a manner that if I should struggle the least I should choke myself; and my fellow traveller standing over me, with one knee on my chest.

"What are you doing?" said I; but my sentence was cut short by a gag, which my eccentric friend thrust into my mouth and tied behind my head. He then stood off to look at his handiwork, his eyes flaring like those of a wild beast, and his whole frame trembling with excitement.

"Now," said he with a loud laugh, "now I shall be able to try my grand experiment! Now I shall be able to find out if we can extract a man's heart while he is alive without killing him. Twice have I failed, but the stars have told that the third time I shall not fail. Oh, fame, glory, immortality, I have you in my grasp. What, pitiful fool, do you turn away and tremble? If you die, you will die a glorious martyr to science, and if you live, you and I will share the glory of this grand discovery."

From this ridiculous rhodomontade I could perceive that my pleasant and eccentric travelling companion was a raving maniac. What was I to do? I could not move hand nor foot, not even speak; and the mad man was arranging on the seat in front of me a collection of bright steel instruments, which he took from the mahogany box I mentioned before.

Was there any hope for me! I tried to remember how long it was after we left the M—— station, before we went to sleep, as I thought that if we could only get to F——, the maniac would be discovered and I should be delivered from the horrible death that now seemed imminent; but as I had been dozing some time before I went regularly off to sleep, I found I could not in the least remember the time we passed.

After some time spent in preparing his instruments, my persecutor began to prepare me by unbuttoning my vest and baring my breast. At length everything seemed to his satisfaction; he took up a sharp, keen-bladed knife. I shall never forget my sensations when I saw that little glittering instrument, so soon to be dyed with my blood.

I felt a cold shudder run through my body, and I longed to close my eyes; but they seemed to be kept open by a horrid fascination.

After trying the knife, and preparing a cloth, and giving one final look at his instruments, my eccentric friend pressed his finger close above my heart, and said in a calm tone:—

"This is how I am going to manage it, my friend. I am first going to cut a circle above the heart with this knife; it will not hurt much, and I shall only just cut through the skin, and the knife is exceedingly sharp. I shall then proceed to dig deeper with this instrument, and shall finally extract the heart with this."

The reader may imagine my sensations during this cold-blooded recital, for I am utterly unable to describe them; but when the sharp steel first penetrated my breast, and I felt the warm blood flowing out, all my past life seemed to pass before my mind in a moment of time, only to make my desire of still living, and the horror of such an ignominious death, tenfold.

Slowly the sharp knife ploughed up my flesh, making my blood freeze in my veins, and my eye-balls burn and feel ready to burst from their sockets; and now I felt my reason gradually leaving me; the strain upon my nerves was too much; they must give way; but I considered that if they did, my only hope would be gone, for if I moved I would be choked with the rope around my neck.

Slowly the knife, impelled by the steady hand, continued its deadly course; and now the circle was nearly accomplished, when I felt the speed of the train gradually diminishing. A ray of hope illuminated my breast. I looked into my companion's eyes to see if he, too, noticed that we were nearing the F—— station; but he was too intent on his horrible work to notice anything that occurred.

At length he leaned back in his seat, and said:—

"There is now only about an inch more, and then I at once shall begin the deep cutting."

Only an inch; and the station was yet some way off. Only an inch. My life hung on a thread.

It was not long the experimentor admired his diabolical work; he soon fell to it again. But I saw the lights of F—— station flash past the window of the carriage; I saw a strange arm seize my tormentor; I heard an appalling cry like that of a baffled wild beast, and I became insensible.

For some weeks after this I lay between life and death, in a brain fever, brought on by the excitement and fear of those twenty minutes.

I afterwards learned that my pleasant travelling companion had been a doctor and surgeon; but when he was a young man, and just married, having performed an operation on his wife to remove a cancer, of which she afterwards died, he went out of his mind, and had been ever since attempting to escape to perform the dreadful experiment which so nearly resulted in my death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION AT SEA.

The British Consular Chaplain at Batavia, writing under date of the 1st of February, says:—

"Last evening I was told that the *Ida Elizabeth*, a Dutch vessel, Captain Doren, from Java, just come into this port, had on board an English captain whom she had picked up in the last stage of exhaustion at sea. Hastening on board, I saw the rescued man lying on a couch, his face pale and thin, hands and feet bandaged, but with a calm and thankful countenance he related the following facts as well as his weakened state would permit:—He, Captain John Casey, was the commander of the *Jane Lowden*, owner, Mr. Thomas L. Seaton. The vessel, with seventeen men and a cargo of wood, was proceeding from Quebec to Falmouth, and encountered no less than four heavy gales, the last on December 21, in lat. 46 deg., long. 33 deg. W., which completely disabled her, the fearful seas mounting 40 feet high, such as he had never seen before, carrying off everything on deck, and every soul on board was washed out of her. Nine of the crew were thus lost, but the captain and the rest of the men managed to regain the ship, notwithstanding it was dark, being 6 o'clock, a. m. They all took refuge in the maintop, which measured 5 ft. by 4 ft. While there the vessel capsized, immersing them in the waves, but they held on, and she righted herself, the cargo being only of wood. The vessel was gradually driven to 17 deg. W. longitude, during which time the poor sufferers, having endured the pangs of hunger, and now tormented with raging thirst, had the agony of seeing ten vessels in the distance successively pass on their course. Death from three causes stared them in the face: first from the vessel breaking up, as she was hourly going to pieces; then from the chance of collision during the dark and tempestuous nights; and, lastly, from starvation. In spite of the captain's prohibition, some of the men stole down while he was asleep during a temporary lull, to try and slake their maddening thirst with the sea water, but this only increased their torment and brought on delirium. Two men became violent; and the captain was obliged to strap them down, in which state they expired. One poor lad, William Thomas, of nineteen, died on the 12th day after the vessel was struck, in a quiet delirium, calling repeatedly on his mother to give him a drink and shut the door to keep out the cold, and extending his hand to shake that of imagined dear friends, he sank peacefully to sleep. Another, Hugh Rice, died about the 11th day from exposure and the effects of drinking salt water. It may be well to give the names of the rest of the crew. Edwin Mabley, chief mate, leaves a destitute family at 24, Green-street, Plymouth. Samuel Bird, second mate, address not remembered, leaves a wife and children in England. John Abrey, aged 86, cook, leaves a wife only. Henry Pope, address unknown, 17 years of age, was the main support of his widowed mother, and the eldest of six children. Evan Davis, washed overboard, leaves a family at Pembroke-docks, Millford. Francis Martin, aged 25 or so, married, died after 15 days' exposure and starvation; becoming delirious, he proposed eating the dead body of one of the crew, which the captain forbade. Alfred Bolton, who had run away from Liverpool, aged 16 or 17, died delirious, after drinking salt water. John Pugh, who married a fortnight before sailing, was drowned. James Griffins, James Connelly, of Glasgow, Thomas Geak, all young lads, were drowned, William Maitland, of Plymouth, young and unmarried, died after fourteen days of exposure and starvation. Thomas Bowen, married, died after fifteen days. The last of the crew who died by the captain's side was James Beatt, the carpenter; he was hopeful till almost the last, talking within an hour of his death, which did not take place till the eighteenth day. As the poor fellows sank one after another, all dying apparently in their sleep, their bodies were dropped off the maintop on to the deck, but the last body the captain kept twenty hours by his side. The temptation to open a vein and drink the dead man's blood was strong upon him; but he firmly resisted it, and lingered on for ten more long, long days, sustaining life by drinking as much rain as he could collect by tying his cravat round the mast, and when it became drenched, sucking it. The tar thus absorbed with the rain, he justly thinks, helped to preserve him from utter exhaustion. The fact, too, of his being better clothed than his crew, he thinks, may also account, humanly speaking, for his marvellous preservation. He wore three woollen shirts, two pair of stockings, two pair of trowsers, and sea boots, three coats—one of which was waterproof—a cap, and waterproof hat.

On the 28th night he laid himself flat on the maintop, as he expressed it, resigning himself to his doom, whatever it might be, perfectly conscious of his critical condition, yet not losing all hope, or his reason, though his brain became so weak that he often heard voices calling, sometimes in most piteous accents, 'Captain! Captain!' On one occasion, he said, he distinctly heard a voice say, 'Captain, your forecastle is blown away.' So distinct and clear was it that he exclaimed, 'Who are you?' and then 'I can't help it.' He said he still felt that God who had extended his mercy to him so long could still save his life, and he again prayed that a vessel might come to his rescue. The following morning, the 18th of January, his patient hope was realized, for the *Ida Elizabeth*, unknown to him, had neared the wreck the previous night with the intention of destroying next morning so dangerous an object. Captain Casey, having now for the first time sighted the ship, raised his feeble arm to display his colours. Captain Doran on seeing this unexpected sign of life, had the exhausted man carefully conveyed on board the *Ida Elizabeth*, where, according to his prayer, a doctor was ready to receive him, who, with the captain and crew, showed him the sympathy and attention of brothers rather than strangers. In nine days they reached Nieuwe Diep. During the passage the doctor kindly wrote to Mrs. Casey, who is living at Padstow, Cornwall, and has a young family. The day after the arrival of the *Ida Elizabeth*, Captain Casey was removed to the Marine Hospital here, and placed in a most comfortable apartment, one assigned to naval officers. He is under the skilful treatment of Dr. Sachs and Dr. de Kander, who, with the attendants, show him every possible kindness and consideration. It is hoped that in a fortnight or three weeks he may be able to return to his home, and that his blackened, frost-bitten fingers and toes may be cured without amputation."

DEBTS OF LOYAL STATES.

The report made by representative Blaine, of Maine, from the select committee on the debts of the loyal States, includes data upon the subject from all the States except California, Oregon and Nebraska. The sum total of such debts, as far as ascertained, is $467,954,364. The reports of the governors of States were not exact or in full, but approximate; and it is believed that the total amount is not less than $475,000,000. The debts of the States, as reported, are as follows:—

Maine	$12,632 580
New Hampshire	13,125,000
Vermont	8,896,759
Massachusetts	47,809,827
Rhode Island	6 500 772
Connecticut	17,386,151
New York	111,005,953
New Jersey	26,786,421
Pennsylvania	53 527,395
Delaware	1,140,000
Maryland	8,650,448
West Virginia	2,000,000
Ohio	64,867,813
Indiana	22,334,967
Illinois	30,000,000
Michigan	12,000,000
Wisconsin	12,240,000
Kansas	818,000
Minnesota	2,518,361
Iowa	2,200,000
Missouri	9,446,675
Kentucky	2,150,537

This does not include the amounts raised by State taxation or by individuals.

THE NUMBER FORTY.—Has the number forty any mystical meaning? Henry Cornelius Agrippa makes it the number of expiation. It very often occurs as a period of time. It rained forty days and forty nights at the Deluge. The Israelites wandered forty years in the wilderness. Moses was in the mount forty days. Goliah defied the armies of Israel, it is said, for forty days. Our Lord was forty days in the desert, and, as commemorative of this, we have the forty days of Lent. Then in Scotch law there are the forty years' prescription (*usucapio* of the civil law), forty days' residence for establishing a domicile, and an inhibition must be recorded within forty days. In the canon law there were the forty days during which an excommunicated person might seek absolution. Although a measure of prominence is certainly given to the number of *forty* in the Bible, we do not apprehend that it is there invested with any mystical meaning.—*Notes and Queries.*

High words have passed between the two wings of the Republican Party in the States. Henry Lloyd Garrison, in a speech at Brooklyn, said:—We have not a sober man in the Presidential chair, and it would have been far better for Seward to have died beneath the assassin Payne than have survived and forwarded such a besotted telegram to the Presidential leader of the rebel and copperhead forces of the country."

THE SINGULAR DISCOVERIES IN THE SWISS LAKES.—The peasants who dwell on the shores of the lakes of Switzerland had often stated that, at a short distance from the land, rows of stakes might be seen through the water, emerging from the mud of the bed. No interest was, however, attached to this phenomenon till about eight years since. At the end of 1853, the water of the Lake of Zurich sank considerably, and the thrifty proprietors of land on the bank proceeded at once to add to their estate the portion of the lake-bed left bare, by constructing permanent dykes against the return of the water. Whilst these works were being carried on, a row, or rather system, of stakes was discovered at some little depth below the surface. Excavations were begun at this spot, and the result was to disinter a great variety of objects which proved that a large number of human beings had once had their dwellings once supported over the water by stakes. Curiosity having been once aroused, researches were prosecuted not only at Obemeilen, where the first discovery was made, but all over Switzerland. It was gradually established that the mud near the shore of almost every single Swiss lake supplied similar evidence. At some primeval period a population of considerable density had lived in huts constructed on stakes which rested on wooden supports driven into the bed, just as the Malays in Borneo and the Siamese at Bangkok may be seen living to this day. A wonderful number of articles pertaining to the daily life of the forgotten races have been brought to light. In some places the materials of the dwellings have been preserved in the mud—the floor of hardened earth and the twisted branches and the bark which formed the walls. Arms have been discovered in great quantities, tools from saws in flint to needles in bone, ornaments, children's toys, the remains of stored-up fruit of various kinds—nay, even a cellar or receptacle full of corn, and a loaf of bread composed of bruised grain, and preserved by carbonization. By the side of these relics are found the bones of animals whom they slew in the chase, many belonging to species extinct before the rise of history or barely mentioned in it. The urns, the bison, the elk, and the beaver, furnished them with food and with the materials for some of their most ingeniously constructed utensils. So plentiful and perfect are the remains found in the Lakes that much more has been learned concerning the daily life and manners of men whose existence was not suspected ten years ago, than is known of races which have left a famous name in history or traditon.

TERRIFIC COMBAT WITH A TIGER IN SOUTH AFRICA.—One of the family of Nel, residing on Mr. Cromley's farm, near the Koonap, had a fearful conflict with a tiger on Monday morning last. Mr. Nel had been annoyed for some time by baboons, and took his gun on the morning in question with the view to shoot some of these depredators. On descending a kloof he was surprised to see a dead bluebok, and at a short distance further another dead buck of a different species. Looking cautiously around he spied a large tiger in a bush close at hand, and, rising his gun to his shoulder, he fired. The shot only grazed one of the brute's paws, and the infuriated animal at once sprang upon his assailant, who was knocked to the ground, and the gun forced out of his hand. Nel, seeing it was a struggle for life, courageously grappled with his foe, and, being uppermost at the commencement of the struggle, endeavoured by main force to hold the tiger by the ears. A blow from one of the tiger's paws, however, convinced Nel that he had overrated his strength, or underrated that of the fierce brute—as he was driven back some distance, when the tiger again closed with him, and fastened on his right shoulder, bringing him to the earth, this time undermost. Fortunately the blow of the tiger's paw knocked Nel to the spot where he had first dropped his gun, and, summoning all his force and resolution to his aid, he managed to lay hold of his weapon with his left arm, his right being utterly powerless. The tiger still held Nel in his teeth, and was making great havoc with his body—a minute more and all would be over; but Nel was determined to make one struggle more, and getting his gun (fortunately a double-barreled) against the body of his fierce antagonist, while the latter still retained his hold, managed to pull the trigger of the remaining barrel with his teeth. The shot told—the tiger rolled over dead, and Nel was saved—saved at least from instant death, for the poor fellow was so dreadfully lacerated that he with difficulty got home, and now lies in a precarious state from the wounds received in his terrific struggle.—*Fort Beaufort Advocate.*

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—Joseph Crele, who was probably the oldest man in the world, died in Caledonia, a little town in Wisconsin, on the 27th of January last, at the age of 141 years. Twice three score and ten years may be called a ripe old age. He attained an age greater by 20 years than that enjoyed by the next oldest man of modern times, Jeane Claude Jacob, a member of the French National Assembly, who was called the "Dean of the human species," and who died at an age 121. This man bore arms at Braddock's defeat, was an old man when Jackson defeated Packenham at New Orleans, venerable when Taylor whipped Santa Anna at Buena Vista, and yet was not too old to rejoice when Lee surrendered to Grant.

Joseph Crele was born of French parents, in what is now Detroit, but which was then only an Indian trading nation, in 1725. The record of his baptism in the Catholic Church in that city establishes this fact beyond a doubt. He was a resident of Wisconsin for about a century, and was the "oldest citizen" in that State beyond dispute. Whenever the "oldest citizen" was alluded to, every Wisconsonian declared Joseph Crele was the man meant. He was first married in New Orleans in 1755, after having grown to be a bachelor of 30. A few years after his marriage he settled at Prairie du Chien, while Wisconsin was yet a province of France. Before the Revolutionary war he was employed to carry letters between Prairie du Chien and Green Bay. A few years ago he was called as a witness in the Circuit Court of Wisconsin, in a case involving the title to certain real estate at Prairie du Chien, to give testimony in relation to events that transpired 82 years before, and many years before the litigants were dreamt of. In person he was rather above the medium height, spare in flesh, but showing evidences of having been in his prime—a century or so before—a man of sinewy strength. Of late years a haunting sense of loneliness overwhelmed and seemed to sadden him. The only weakness of mind which he ever betrayed was in the last year or two of his existence, when he remarked with a startling air of sadness, that he feared that perhaps "Death had forgotten him," but he would always add, with more cheerfulness, that he felt sure "God had not."

A ROMAN HERO.—In the war between Rome and Carthage, the Consul Regulus was taken captive. He was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining and sickening in his loneliness, while in the meantime the war continued, and at last a victory so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison if there should neither be peace nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true hearted Roman cared for his city than himself—for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came to the outside of the gates of his own city, and there paused, refusing to enter. "I am no longer a Roman citizen," he said; "I am but the barbarians' slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls."

His wife Marcia ran out to greet him, with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave; but he continued in spite of all entreaty, to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he had loved so well. The Romen Senate, as he would not come in to them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

The ambassadors spoke first; then Regulus, standing up, said, as one repeating a task, "Conscript fathers, being a slave to the Carthagenians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace and an exchange of prisoners." He then turned to go away with the ambassadors, as a stranger might not be present at the deliberations of the Senate. His old friends pressed him to stay and give his opinion as a Senator who had twice been Consul, but he refused to degrade the dignity by claiming it; but at the command of his Carthagenian masters, he remained, though not taking his seat.

Then he spoke. He told the Senators to persevere in the law. He said that he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would be only to her advantage, not to that of Rome, and therefore he strongly advised that the war should continue. Then, as to the exchange of prisoners, the Carthagenian Generals who were in the hands of the Romans, were in full health and strength, while he himself was too much broken down to be of service again, and indeed he believed that his enemy had given him a slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made. It was wonderful, even to Romans, to hear of a man thus pleading against himself, and their Chief Priest came forward and declared that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity.

But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. "Have you resolved to dishonor me?" he said. "I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go; let the gods take care of the rest."

The Senate resolved to follow the advice of Regulus, though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice. His wife wept and entreated in vain that they would detain him; they could merely repeat their permission for him to remain; but nothing could prevail with him to break his word, and he turned back to the chains and death he expected as calmly as if he had been returned to his home.—*Book of the Golden Deeds.*

MARSHAL CANROBERT REVIEWING TROOPS.—At Compiegne, some two or three years back, Marshal Canrobert related a fact which redounded to his credit. At a review of the British Army in the Crimea, the Duke of Cambridge, who was to have inspected the troops, observing the Field-Marshal approaching with his staff, requested him to assist, and to take the right, whereupon the Marshal acquiesced. When they came to the drooping of the colors, Canrobert's blood thrilled in his veins at seeing the names of several of our victories over the French; however, having undertaken the task of reviewing our troops, he accomplished the arduous and painful duty imposed upon him, and went down the line without evincing the slightest emotion. When he related this incident there were several general officers present, some of whom ventured to expostulate. The Marshal said, "There is no use in expostulating and endeavouring to conceal the fact; but those victories inscribed upon the colors were won by the British troops against us."—*Capt. Gronow's Last Recollections.*

A SECOND WILLIAM TELL.—A blacksmith, named Coles, of Ilminstea, has performed a feat which rivals that ascribed to William Tell. A child, aged seven years, named Burridge, whilst playing with his brother, aged twelve months, placed over his head an iron band similar to that used for the nuts of cart-wheels. The child's neck began to swell, and when the parents discovered it they were horrified to find that it was impossible to remove the band, and speedy suffocation was imminent. Coles was called in, and suggested the desperate idea of hammering off the iron with a sledge, and he successfully completed his dangerous task. Whilst one person held the legs and another the head of the little one. Coles fearlessly smashed at the ring and severed it. A false blow of half an inch, and instantaneous death must have resulted. It would be impossible to describe the joy of the parents at the success of the bold black-smith.—*Court Journal.*

The annals of the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, N. Y., reveal most fully the fact that drunkenness is by no means confined to the lower classes. The asylum was partially opened in 1861, and up to 1864 there had been 7,145 applications from every State in the Union, and from Europe, Mexico, and the British Provinces, &c. Of these 520 are opium eaters. Of the whole number 30 were clergymen, 8 judges, 197 lawyers, 226 physicians, 340 merchants, 680 mechanics, 456 farmers, 240 gentlemen, 805 women. It was stated at the late Temperance Convention at Saratoga, that the names of thirteen hundred rich men's daughters in New York are on the list of applicants for admission to the asylum! What a commentary is this on the terrible consequences of the prevalent habit of social drinking!

There is a peculiar people at Wallingford, Ct, who style themselves communionists. They ignore rum, tobacco, tea, coffee, pork, swearing, quarreling, wrangling, gossiping, backbiting, lying, cheating and defrauding,—all of which is well as far as it goes. Unlike the Mormons, they have but one "affinity" at the same time, with whom they "live" so long as they both can agree—when they are "divorced," not by a decree of courts, but by mutual consent.

A TURISH LADY UNVEILED AT A BALL.—A singular incident, says the *Opinion Nationale*, marked the second ball at the Tuileries. The wife of Saviet Pasha, the ambassador of the Porte, appeared in a European costume, and with her face uncovered. She is perhaps the first Turkish lady that has thus openly discarded the national prejudices of her countrywoman. She wore an elegant Parisian toilette, and danced several mazurk as with perfect grace and distinction.

Paris fashions state that many ladies are trying to bring in still shorter waists than those of the last season, and the skirts, unreasonably wide at the lower extremity, are as far as possible made to assume the appearance of being flat round the body by means of large folds front and back. The long white kid gloves, too, have been seen once or twice, but, besides their real ugliness, they would be so expensive that there is a pause in adopting them.

It is said to have been the request of the late Bishop Fitzpatrick, just before he died, that when dead no flowers should be put around him. "Devote flowers," he said, "to the sanctuary and to the young, but do not mingle their purity with the earth's corruption."

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

THE FENIAN PLANS.

The following we take from the New York *World* of recent date:—

The Fenian Circles are at this time intensely excited with regard to the opening campaign of the Brotherhood against Canada and the British Provinces.

All eyes turn to General Sweeney, who is ready to develope his theories of action. He is believed to have the most practical ideas of war; and having already large stores of arms, a treasury, and transports, he is concentrating upon himself the enthusiasm of those Irishmen who are weary of talk and ready for work.

We visited some of the leading Fenian Circles yesterday, and obtained the following suggestions, which it is believed embody the entire Sweeney programme for the invasion of our British neighbors' territory:—

GRAND STRATEGY—THE PARTITION OF CANADA.

Expeditions for the invasion of Canada will rendezvous at Detroit, Rochester, Ogdensburgh, Plattsburg, and Portland. The forces assembled at the first two named points are to operate conjointly against Toronto, Hamilton, and the west of Upper Canada. From Odgensburg and Plattsburg demonstrations will be made against Montreal, and ultimately Quebec; Kingston will be approached by Cape Vincent, while Portland will be the general place of embarkation for expeditions against the capitals of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

THE BASIS OF OPERATIONS.

The Canadian and Provincial borders once crossed, bases of operations will be established in the enemy's country, so that international quarrels with the Washington Government may be evaded. There are to be lands chosen at the head of Passamaquoddy Bay, St. John's, on the Chambly, close to the foot of Lake Champlain; Prescott, on the St. Lawrence; Wolf Island, at the head of Lake Ontario; Hamilton, Coburg, Goderich, Windsor, in Upper Canada. These places are all within convenient distances of the United States, and afford by water an easy retreat, as well as cunning receptacles for fresh American levies.

THE FORCES AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE FENIANS

The Sweeney government calculates to have, by the first of April, fifteen millions of dollars at its disposal, in ready cash. This will give transportation and maintenance for one month to thirty thousand men, a greater number than were ever before mustered to the conquest of the Canadian possessions. Of this force, eight thousand will carry the line of the Grand Trunk Road west of Hamilton; five thousand, crossing from Rochester to Coburg, will be prepared to move either east, in time to act jointly with three thousand men from Wolf Island, upon Kingston, or to take part with the western detachment in the capture of Toronto. All this, it is believed, will be the work of two weeks. Thus intrenched securely in Upper Canada, holding all the routes of the Grand Trunk, with sufficient rolling stock secured to control the main line, the Fenians hope to attract to their colors fifty thousand American Irishmen, and equip a navy on Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario. The avenues to return so being secured, thirty thousand men, under General Sweeney, will move down the St. Lawrence upon Kingston, simultaneously with ten thousand men by the lines of the Chambly, and these will converge upon Montreal; in the meantime isolated expeditions from the rendezvous at St. Andrew's will reduce St. John and Halifax, these furnishing depots for privateers and ocean men-of-war to intercept British transports and effectually close the St. Lawrence, Quebec will thus fall by the slow conquest of time; or, if the resources of the garrison should be greater than the patience of the invaders, the same heights which two Irishmen have scaled before, will again give footing to the columns of the Brotherhood.

THE PLAN OF INVASION IN DETAIL.

At Chicago the Fenians already possess five sailing vessels, a tug, and two steam transports; at Buffalo, they are negotiating for vessels; at Bay City, Michigan, and at Cleveland, they have other crafts in process of refitting; these will simultaneously raise the green flag, and stand ready to succor the land forces. Goderich, Sarnia, and Windsor, will be simultaneously occupied, all the available rolling stock seized, and the main line of the Grand Trunk cut at Grand River, to prevent the passage of cars and locomotives to Hamilton. The geographical configuration of the western half of Upper Canada will permit of a few thousand men holding the entire section of country between Coburg and the Georgian Bay. These are connected by a chain of lakes and water courses, and the country affords subsistence for a vast army. Horses sufficient to mount as many cavalry as the Brotherhood can muster, quartermasters' teams in quantity, and a vast amount of lake shipping will at once, be the property of the organization. The country will at once be reduced to a grand military department, with Hamilton for the capital, and a loan advertised for. While this is being negotiated, General Sweeney will push rapidly forward on the line of the Grand Trunk, in time to superintend the fall of Montreal, where ocean shipping will be found in great quantity. With the reduction of Montreal a demand will be made upon the United States for a formal recognition of Canada, whose name is to be changed at once to New Ireland. While this is being urged, the green flag will scour all the bays and gulfs in Canada; a Fenian fleet from San Francisco will carry Vancouver and the Frazer River country, to give security to the Pacific squadron, rendezvousing at San Juan, and the rights of belligerents will be enforced from the British Government by prompt retaliation for the cruelties of British courts-martial.

"SINEWS OF WAR"—THE FENIANS.

Under the above heading the N. Y. *World* furnishes an account by one of its Reporters of Fenian operations. This account contains the following:—

"The most astounding intelligence is yet to be told of the movement. As it was known to the different Fenian circles supporting Roberts and Sweeny throughout the country, that a movement was to be made between the twenty-fifth of March and the fifteenth of April, against the Canadian provinces, it was deemed advisable to call secret meetings of the circles, for the purpose of ascertaining from the members how much money they were prepared to pledge to the movement, and also to find out the number of men ready to take the field when called upon, provided that the call was not delayed beyond the first of May, 1866. The meetings were held under the strictest and most fearful pledges of secresy, and the result was most cheering and gratifying to Gen. Sweeney and his coadjutors in the grand work. Our Fenian reporter by dint of stratagem, managed to get a look at a schedule of the amounts of money offered, and the number of men under organization for the great purpose, with the contribution of arms and equipments. As it would be impossible to give a complete list of the patriotic loans offered and the number of men with arms in their hands, who are ready all over the United States, we will give the net results of what the largest cities and towns are doing, and what they intend to do. All the contributions which we give and the men proffered, are ready for use and acceptance by the 25th of this month, and it is understood that General Sweeney has signified his acceptance of the contributions and men. With these a blow will be struck at once, without waiting for O'Mahony to conquer Ireland. Chicago offers three regiments of infantry, two battalions of artillery, and 8,000 stand of arms, and a naval brigade of 1,000 men for service on the Lakes. St. Louis gives twenty-five hundred volunteers, and a battery of artillery, with fifteen thousand pair of army brogans. Cincinnati promises five thousand volunteers and two battalions of artillery, one Irish merchant giving his whole hog crop of the year toward the cause. Philadelphia has two Fenian regiments organized, and proffered two more with six thousand overcoats of the United States army regulation pattern. Boston will furnish twelve hundred men for sixty days' service, completely armed and equipped. The factory girls and Irish artisans of Lowell will put a battalion of infantry in the field, also completely equipped, and each girl of Irish descent contributes one month's wages toward arming the battalion. Indianapolis is to give two hundred and fifty men the means to reach Montreal, and the weapons to defend themselves from the attacks of the British soldiers on the frontiers. Cleveland is not behind, and the old officers of the Seventh Ohio volunteers have organized a regiment of eight hundred men, all of the officers having seen service. Newark, twelve hundred men. Patterson, two hundred and Trenton two hundred and fifty soldiers. The Fenians of Baltimore will place one regiment of infantry and a battery of six guns at the service of General Sweeney. Columbus, Ohio, offers four 12-pound Parrot guns, and Pittsburg not to be behind, is in the field with two light-draft gunboats, five hundred men, one thousand pair of horse blankets and a silk flag. Rochester, N. Y., is ready with two hundred men and two artillery forges, and the Empire City itself outstrips all competitors in patriotism with six thousand men, fifteen thousand stand of arms, and thirty thousand pair of army shoes; in addition to four gunboats and eight hundred cavalry sabres. Richmond, Virginia, one hundred and fifty men and six new gun carriages. Detroit, five hundred men and one hundred barrels of gunpowder. Milwaukee, two hundred men and two hundred muskets, and Memphis, Tennessee, one hundred Enfield rifles and three pieces of cannon, with three hundred men of stalwart build to transport them safely to Canada. New Orleans offers a battery of artillery, and Savannah and Charleston will furnish conjointly one thousand men and their equipments. This is but a brief resume of the contributions in kind from the more prominent cities, but as will be seen below, the dollars are not wanting; each locality pledging itself to furnish in good faith the sums opposite their names:—

Chicago, $600,000; St. Louis, $300,000; Albany, $150,000; Philadelphia, $200,000; Pittsburg, $75,000; New York, $500,000; Baltimore, $200,000; Richmond, Va., $60,000; Lowell, Mass., $60,000; Boston, $300,000; Portland, $75,000; Harrisburg, $40,000; Syracuse, N. Y., $25,000; Buffalo, $100,000; Troy, $80,000; Milwaukee, $42,000; Detroit, $36,600; Racine, $10,000; Hartford, $50,000; New Haven, $30,000; Cincinnati, $250,000; Wilmington, Del., $10,000; New Orleans, $100,000; Savannah, $120,000; Charleston, $105,000; Washington, D. C., $250,000; Indianapolis, Ind., $80,000; Springfield, Ill, $250,000; Brooklyn, N. Y., $300,000; Louisville, Ky., £86,000; Toledo, Ohio, $10,000; Cleveland, Ohio, $100,000; Burlington, $200; Bridgeport, Conn., $26,000; Jefferson, Mo., $15,000; Keokuk, $5,000; Patterson, N. J., $25,000. This is but a brief exhibit of the contributions for the crusade, as it is impossible for us to make room for the one-fiftieth part of the contributions which are to carry on this modern cresade."

FENIANS.

The New York *Times* thus discourses on the Fenian projects:—

It is true, we look upon these proceedings as partaking largely of the ludicrous—indeed so absurd are they generally thought to be, that any serious interference by our Government would seem even more ridiculous than the vagaries of the Fenians themselves. But, however absurd, they continue to make themselves believe that they are in real earnest, and look upon their machinery of government as something partaking of actuality, that ought not to be laughed at. They have their centres, and consequently their circles and circumferences; they have set up the skeleton of a government, and have certain ghost-like officers, known as (or rather called) Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and—what is more important—a Secretary of the Treasury. They have taxed those who would stand it, and levied forced or voluntary contributions from the credulous and the ignorant, in the stable and the kitchen, to support this bastard Government; they have sent envoys extraordinary to Affghanistan, to the moon, and to Ireland, (the latter travelling "incognito"); they have held hundreds of meetings, and made thousands of speeches; they have wrangled and quarrelled, and fought with fists in scores of places, (outside of Ireland); they have belaboured each other with all the pungent vituperation for which their race is notorious; they have swamped the wide columns of the newspapers with "ex-parte" statements of their differences; they have gone through the ridiculous motions of holding a Congress—the grand central power of legislation and direction for the Republic of Ireland, held—not in Ireland—but in Pittsburg, Penn., a safe four thousand miles from the shores of Galway, and as many hundreds from any water upon which a British man-of-war is allowed to float.

The effect of all this blather in America, upon the victims in Ireland, can be briefly stated. The British lion, apprehensive that there may possibly be some fire where there is so much smoke, takes this new Irish bull by the horns, gently, growls out a suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*, frisks his royal tail over the Green Isle, stamps his imperial foot, and Fenianism in Ireland is a matter of history. Yet they will bluster and cavort here; they will speechify, brag, beg—do anything but go over to Ireland to fight. They will denounce British tyranny, and be especially eloquent upon violations of law. All the while they will be labouring to embroil this Government with that of Great Britain, to bring about some collision that may make "England's necessity Ireland's opportunity." But coolness will rule. We have no reason to favor England; but we have every reason to be jealous of our own honor. That England winked at Alabamas is no example for us. We are to deal justly and honorably by all peoples, even by our most active enemies; and particularly we must be careful that no actual military expedition against a nation with which we are at peace should be organized and set in operation within our jurisdiction. The reader will naturally say that this Fenian folly is simply contemptible; that there is not a possible shadow of fight in the whole crew. That may be so; but three thousand miles away the picture may have a different aspect, and men who do not know the real character of the blustering braggarts who are engineering the movement, may be deceived into giving them credit for courage and sincerity. The sooner that error is dissipated the better. As for Ireland herself, she is now reaping the bitter fruit of the wicked and selfish machinations of her pretended friends on this side of the water.

We are glad to perceive that our esteemed friend and fellow-countryman, the Rev. P. L. Madden, (son of the late Dr. Madden of Arichat,) has been successful in erecting a handsome Church in Peekskill, a rising and flourishing manufacturing town on the banks of the Hudson, and about thirty miles from New York city. From the fact that Father