

**Soldiers' Correspondence.****A Subject of Importance to All.**

As a great moral good, affecting our interests for Time and Eternity, Temperance demands the earnest attention of every one laboring for the good of the race, and Intemperance, the opposite evil, should be fully considered. Much as has been said and written upon this point, there yet remains a vast and rapidly-accumulating field of facts—stern, startling, soul-sickening facts—from which the writer or speaker may glean the material for an absorbing sketch or a thrilling oration. Who among us that has reached the age of maturity cannot recall some one, perhaps many instances of the baneful effects of intoxicating liquors. In some cases how fearful the remembrance, of a near relative, a father or a brother, perhaps some dear friend, under their maddening influence. How fervent were the prayers that went up to the Throne of Grace, that He would exercise an Omnipotent control over the loved one, and give him the needed strength to overcome the Demon of Evil who is relentlessly forcing him down into the unfathomable abyss of misery, where kind friends, good advice, and all laudable ambition are forgotten, and the poor wretch sinks lower and lower; no friendly hand to interpose, and save him from the fate to which he is madly hastening, the acme of human degradation and guilt, a Drunkard's Grave. Not a loved one near to compose the distorted limbs, and close the eyes in death, when the "fell destroyer" shall choose him for a victim. Those eyes which will no more flash with drunken rage and hate, nor gleam with an intelligent thought or a loving smile. How sad the picture, yet how true! How earnestly you labored with the erring one, and, oh, how you strove with him, in his calmer moments, to abandon "the sin which had so easily beset him," and resolve to consult his best interests by controlling his wayward appetite and, breaking off all connection with his former dissolute associates, commence anew a life of domestic tranquility and virtuous happiness.

What a long catalogue of degraded crimes, of misery and misfortune may be traced to this accursed fountain-head, and how many of the "bright and shining lights" of this and former generations have been partially eclipsed, aye, totally darkened by this foul blot upon our enlightened civilization. Yet few in number are the advocates of Temperance, where legions should be found, who would be willing to go "into the highways and byways" on a saving mission to the poor outcasts who frequent the thoroughfares of our cities and towns, and are to be met with wherever man has yet dared dispute the sway of Nature, and made for himself "a habitation and a name." Let our ministers, and other guardians of the public morals, take up "the swelling theme" more earnestly than heretofore, and determine to give at least one "word in season" toward the glorious end to be accomplished in the freeing of mankind from the chains of a Slavery more debasing and destructive, both to mind and body, than that from which our nation is now being so rapidly freed. With this vice of Intemperance, now acting as an incubus upon our national prosperity and advancement, once removed, and with that grand victory over armed traitors and treason which all loyal men are looking forward to with hopeful hearts, who can doubt but that we will soon be enabled to take that high rank among the nations of the world which our boundless re-

sources, enlightened form of government, educated and progressive population, and comprehensive Constitution and laws so justly entitle us. May the time speedily come when we shall be a free, happy, prosperous and temperate nation.

W. P. G.

**The Fatal Rifle.**

A party of men may be easily frightened, and their number materially lessened by a single sharp shooter. A fact which is fairly illustrated in the following from a late London journal. Mr. M'Kerdy, a gentleman, speaking to a volunteer meeting at Lesmahagow, told the following anecdote:

"Many years ago, when travelling on the continent, I had a servant, an old Prussian soldier, who related to me the following remarkable circumstance—

"In 1813 or 1814 he belonged to a corps of one thousand men of small arms, operating as a guard on the right bank of the Rhine, while the French were in possession of the country on the left of the river. The season was early in autumn, when the weather was delightful, and the harvest just gathered in.

"One afternoon the corps bivouacked near the river for the advantage of water, and the place was considered perfectly safe from attacks, as the opposite bank was a vast plain of corn stubble, without a single fence as far as the eye could reach; an advancing army, therefore, could be most easily seen. The river was unfordable, and about 200 yards broad.

"The troops, therefore, considered themselves perfectly safe from attack, and set about preparing their supper, and making themselves comfortable for the night, when a shot was heard from the opposite bank, and a cry from the bivouac that a man was wounded. Every soldier started instantly to his legs, and looked across the river, but no one could see even the vestige of an enemy, which greatly surprised all, as there was no covert, and the yellow stubble was especially well adapted to show the smallest object for a considerable distance from the river.

"While the whole corps were thus gazing, a puff of smoke was seen rising about fifty yards from the stream, followed by the report of a rifle and another soldier dropped wounded. In a moment, without the aid of an officer, about one hundred men rushed to the water and commenced firing at the spot where the shots came, although nothing but the stubble was to be seen.

"Soon there was another report, followed by the fall of another man, which so exasperated the whole force that nearly every soldier set about firing at the spot from which the puffs of smoke were seen to arise. By this time all were convinced that the mischief was done by a single gentleman.

"Some eighteen shots had been fired by the rifleman, and seventeen men had been killed and wounded, when to the great satisfaction of all, a man was seen to spring from the stubble, a shot having hit him, but this did not take place until many thousand had been fired at him.

"Here is an evidence of the power of the rifle. The man had laid down in a slight hollow, so small that it was not perceptible across the river, and there brought down seventeen men, while he lay in almost perfect safety. He nearly routed a little army."

GOOD-NATURE, like the little busy bee, collects sweetness from every herb; while ill-nature, like the spider, collects poison from honeyed flowers.

**Death of Walter Savage Landor.**

On the 17th of September last there died at Florence, and amid the scenes with which he had been so long familiar, the aged poet and eccentric philanthropist, Walter Savage Landor. The details of the circumstances of his death have not yet come to hand, but the mere fact is all that is essential. The news will surprise no one, for Landor had long since outlived the usual span of time allotted to man's life.

He was the son of wealthy parents living at Ipsley Court, in the county of Warwick, England, where he was born in 1775. He passed his earlier school days at Rugby, and received his college education at Trinity, Oxford, enjoying all the time the advantages of a private tutor, and every other educational benefit that money could procure.

Mr. Landor's literary productions are rather those of an accomplished literary amateur of education and refinement than of a professional author. With every advantage of wealth and position to induce a life of graceful and useless idleness, it is surprising that he wrote at all; and as it is, none of his works bear the deep impress of writers who have been sharpened or spurred on by misfortune or oppression. It is difficult to imagine a more delightful life than Landor has passed. Education and parental care in youth; adventure and romance in early manhood; a middle age spent in domestic privacy, and an old age surrounded by family and friends—the whole career, moreover, enhanced by the possession of a fortune which relieved its possessor from fear of the future or thought of the morrow.

**The Zouave's Treasury.**

If one half of what is said of the Zouaves is authentic, they are the most singular body of men in Christendom. Their propensity for the whimsical was well illustrated on the late fete Napoleon. During the march of the troops along the boulevards and on the Place Vendome, public attention was fixed on an elegantly equipped little dog, strutting jauntily at the head of the regiment of Zouaves of the Imperial Guard. From each side of his tiny saddle a box in the shape of a canteen was suspended—thus presenting the appearance of a mule laden with panniers, and on each of these boxes was written "The Zouaves' Treasury." But these words were to every one but themselves an enigma, which they solved by relating the following story: The dog was called "Magenta," because on the day of the terrible battle of that name, he was found in a house from which the affrighted owners had fled, and which had been destroyed by French projectiles. One of the party, out of pity and because of the creature's gentleness, adopted him. The dog's fidelity, accompanying them on the march, to the bivouac, and even to the field of battle, insured him kind treatment from his new masters, and, after having partaken their perils, it was natural that he should share in their triumphs. Nay, more, to manifest their kindness for their protegee, they attached to his head several of the bouquets that were showered on themselves during the morning. And this characteristic interpretation was given to the inscription on the dog. "Magenta, to make himself useful," said one of the soldiers, "must carry something." "That's true," said another, "but as he is not strong, we must give him that which is lightest for us to bear." "Then let us entrust to him our money," added a third. And this was the origin of the sentence "The Zouaves' Treasury."