

The Sentinel.

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 19.

CLIPPINGS.

It was a worthy pastor, who saw with grief and care His congregation go to sleep. Or—which was worse—elsewhere.

He pondered long and deeply. This wise and pious man, And at last hit on a simple And most effectual plan.

Next Sunday, of his sermon The text when he had said, He slipped down the pulpit stairs And stood upon his head.

By thousands flocked the people That preacher great to hear, And the trustees raised his salary To fifty thousand a year. —Unknown Exchange.

In the midst of life we are in debt.—Court Journal.

Of no consequence in society—dumb bellies.—Boston Post.

"MAY MYSELF:" No; a base ball is not a woman's sphere.—Utica Observer.

THE MORMON QUESTION—How many wives can I afford to starve to death?—Buffalo Express.

PUT a boy in cast-iron boots and he'd get his feet wet just the same.—Detroit Free Press.

SEED anything of the chap who professed ad oped—kerchev—widder?—Castile Re-order.

ON KNEES lies the young man's head, when it reclines in his girl's lap.—New-York Express.

RUTH was a good girl, and she had as fine a Booz could be found in those days.—Meriden Recorder.

LADY LYTTON has presented the Viceroy with a son. They have not yet Lytton a name for him.—Boston Post.

WHEN the old folks try to sit out a young fellow and his girl, they get disconcerted every time.—Danielsville Sentinel.

IN the almanac, as not unfrequently in life, the y's are far down in the list; but you will always find them in goodly society.—Boston Transcript.

CORONIAN to Grant: "If you're mad about your reception in Cork, shure ye're going now where ye kin Asia mind about it."—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

THE reason a young man parts his hair in the middle is through fear that the weight of any more than half of it on one side will crush in his skull.—Syracuse Times.

NORAH seems to know what becomes of the humble-peas in winter, but they are on deck and ready to be sat down on as soon as the first barefooted boy appears.—Detroit Free Press.

PUCK wants to know it Queen Victoria was ever a paragrapher. Why, of course she was. Her first issue was a royal joke. You must remember seeing it in the prince.—Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald.

ELI PERKINS says he often runs over to Brooklyn and talks an hour or two to Rev. Mr. Beecher. No wonder Mr. Beecher once feebly remarked, "I even wish that I were dead."—Norristown Herald.

NOW that a bill restricting the immigration of Chinese has passed the House, the woman who supports her husband by taking in washing, can afford to have twins occasionally.—Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald.

WE believe it the duty of this journal to encourage Philadelphia enterprise. Why in the thunder don't some of our furniture manufacturers send the Princess Louise a price-list of oracles?—Phila. Kronikle-Herald.

IN this country a boy has too much to fight against. First, it is his mother's slipping; next, Fourth of July; then green apples; and, finally, Santa Claus, a ricketty pair of skates, and an air-hole in the ice.—N. Y. Express.

IT is exceedingly gratifying to know that there is \$20,000,000 worth of coin in the treasury. It encourages us, you know, and gives us the heart to stave off the milkman and the grocer for another week.—Bridgeport Standard.

"You flatter me," as the orange said to Judge David Davis, when he sat down upon it.—Hawkeye. "You injure me to rise," responded the Judge, as the orange's life blood penetrated the dome of his pantaloons.—Rockland Courier.

PEAK gently, speak gently; no matter how much bigger and now much broader across the shoulders than yourself the other man is, nor how cross he looks, speak gently. The bigger and broader and crosser—the gentler.—Hawkeye.

ONE of the brightest little sons residing on James street hill yesterday saw his father fixing the billiard table with a spirit level. After the old man had finished the job, he remarked, "Now, pa, see if my head's level."—Syracuse Standard.

MRS. WALTON having patented a plan for stopping the sleek of the New York Elevated railroad, an Eastern paper drops the sly remark that "it is a little singular that it should be left to a woman to manufacture silence."—Chicago Evening Journal.

THE day approaches on which the freckled boy will send to the cross-eyed girl over the way a picture of a flat heart stuck through the middle with a barbed stick. He will call it a valentine, and the stick shows how he is stuck on the gal.—New Orleans Picayune.

A NEW YORK editor, under the head of "what we drink," enumerates blue clay, beans, and chicory made to imitate coffee bean. His subscribers wonder why he didn't also include beer and whisky. The blue clay, beans and chicory beverage is enough to kill him.—Norristown Herald.

THE natural softness of mankind is never more strikingly set forth in the supreme pleasure with which the comfortably-housed railway passengers enjoy seeing the train make a farmer's team run away and scrape the troubled agriculturist up against a barbed-wire fence.—Hawkeye.

THE hesitating choice and the tell-tale blush of the fair maiden as she selects the daintiest valentine in the stock, shows that she, at least, means business; while the two-cent arrangement that he has just mailed to her will open her eyes to the fact that he don't.—New Haven Register.

CURRENT TOPICS.

In Florida corn is a foot high.

Cow pleuro-pneumonia has invaded Brooklyn.

English life insurance companies charge an extra per cent. on old bachelors.

Up to the present time over 20,000 silver mines have been located in Arizona.

A man in Illinois has found a way to make good lumber out of compressed straw.

Ten couples live in Bridgewater, Mass., who have celebrated their golden wedding since the first of the year.

Southern papers talk about reclaiming lands and building up industries. Another evidence that the South is solid.

There are now in course of construction five new steam mills along the line of the North Wisconsin railroad in Barron county, Wis.

A man named Baison, who was recently hanged in a Western State, confessed that he murdered two men, whose charred remains were found in the burning sinders of

a camp in the town of Trescott, Me., about 30 years ago.

In the little town of Patchogue, L. I., diphtheria is raging to an alarming extent, there being fully 100 cases and deaths occurring daily.

The total endowment of the public schools of the United States is \$8,000,000, and it is estimated that the average daily attendance is 4,500,000.

American street cars are now running in nearly every large city in the world, and horses continue to be exported from this country to Europe.

Mrs. Horace Broad, a widow, died in Cambridge, Mass., on Sunday, and her daughter died in Boston at the same moment, as near as can be ascertained.

The fifth publication of Behm & Wagner's estimates of the population of the earth, lately published, puts the increase since the last issue at 15,000,000.

The widow of Senator Wade has been gradually failing in health since the death of her husband, and is now very ill. She is more than 70 years old.

It is said Nilsson and her husband are about to separate. Nilsson has lost her property and most of her voice, and she can't afford to keep a husband.

The returns of the first 11 months of the year show that 116,049 immigrants were landed at Castle Garden, of whom 75,147 were aliens and 43,902 citizens.

A Philadelphia physician has just made a discovery which will startle every baby in the land. He has learned that baby-carts are very injurious to babies' health.

St. Louis has 700 lawyers, and this year the law taxes them \$35 per head, thus utilizing a class hitherto utterly unprofitable to the finances of the city and its dwellers.

A colony of Englishmen will settle in Plymouth and Cherokee counties, Ia., during the coming season, an advance agent having purchased some 15,000 acres of land.

Judge Hilton has fitted up a tea room in the basement of the Stewart store in New York, to which the clerks have access from 2 till 4. They can drink all the tea they want gratis.

HISTORY.

But let me first revert to history and incorporate here a synopsis of what has been accepted as the true record of the life and death of the great marshal. Michel Ney was born, January 10, 1769, in Sarre Louis, Lorraine, 25 miles northeast of Metz, now Prussian territory. He was of Scotch extraction and the renowned French soldier, a Herald representative has made a pilgrimage to this region—the old tramping ground of Peter Stuart Ney—and, having spent a week collecting facts bearing upon the subject, and in interviewing aged persons who knew him well, some of whom were his pupils, will now give the results of his inquiries for what they are worth.

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Eighty tons of honey were shipped by the Messrs. Thurber in October last, in the City of Berlin, for Liverpool. This is the largest single shipment of honey ever made from America to Europe.

A man who sued the Cleveland (O.) Sunday Voice for libel, because it charged him with being on record as connected with thieves and rings to plunder the city, has secured a verdict of \$5,25.

There are over 7,000 Americans studying in German schools and universities. The American consul at Wurtemburg estimates that over \$4,500,000 are thus annually expended by Americans in Germany.

Law, physick and divinity are well supplied with feminine members in the United States. The lady doctors number 503, and female dentists 420, while 68 women are preachers, and five practice as lawyers.

A general Badeau, the United States consul general at London, lives at a country seat eight miles out of town. He drives in to his office daily, there being upon his brougham a coachman and footman in dark-blue livery, cockaded hats and fur tippets.

A nervous policeman of East Providence, R. I., went to shoot a vicious dog when the brute sprang upon him, causing a premature discharge of the pistol. The dog escaped unharmed, but the ball entered the lung of a young man, who died a severe wound.

The amount of policies issued by life insurance companies doing business in New York, has fallen off from \$2,114,000,000 in 1872, to \$1,556,000,000 in 1877. The general conduct of business has rendered thousands of policy-holders unable to keep up their payments.

This appears to be a hard winter for thieves, and extraordinary expedients are resorted to obtain possession of other people's property. Within a few nights past, three churches on Long Island have been entered and robbed of Bibles, cushions, carpets and other property susceptible of conversion into ready money.

Eternal Punishment.

[Oxonham on Future Retribution.]

There is something shocking to our natural instincts in the "damnation" of unbaptized infants, understood in a coarse and popular sense, as when, e. g., Calvin or one of his followers speaks, in perfect consistency with the principles of his horrible theology, of "babes a span long crawling about the floors of hell." But no such monstrosity is involved in the Catholic doctrine. Sarpi says that the Tridentine fathers hesitated whether they should not condemn this Lutheran and Calvinist heresy as a formal heresy. St. Baud, who is quoted by Jeremy Taylor, had said and contended before, "No ardor in infusing souls with original justice. But the greatest of all sins is pride."

Unbaptized infants, who have been raised by the condition of original sin and who, dying before the use of reason, have had no opportunity of corresponding with grace, are indeed "damned" in a sense that they can not attain to the beatific vision, for which their natural capacities do not qualify them.

As they had not been raised on earth to the state of supernatural grace, they have no aptitude for the life or supernatural glory. And this is, of course, a most momentous "loss" (or damnation) as compared with the future state of the glorified. But it is no conscious loss to them. Still less does it imply any suffering of body or soul. On the contrary, it is consistent with the highest enjoyment of natural beatitude, and with a natural knowledge and love of God. They are in what would have been Adam's condition if he had neither fallen into sin nor been endowed with original justice. But the greatest Catholic authorities hold that the principle may be extended to the case of adults, especially in heretical nations, who die with their moral and intellectual faculties so imperfectly developed that they may be regarded as, in responsibility, children.

How to Cook a Husband.

[Toledo Blade.]

The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him so as to make a good dish is as follows:

Many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them with conjugal coldness; some smother them with hatred and contention, and still others keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce.

Now it is not supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated in this way, but they are, on the contrary, very delicate when managed as follows: Get a large jar, called the jar of carelessness (which all good housewives have on hand) place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be clear, show him the heat is constant; cover him over with affection and subjection; garnish him with the spice of plenty; and, if you add kisses and other confection, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation.

MARSHAL NEY.

The Duke of Elchingen and the Prince of Moskva.

Strange Theories Advanced as to His Final Fate.

Was the Bravest of the Brave Shot, or Did He Die in North Carolina?

[From the New York Herald.]

TURKEYNSBURG, Iredell Co., N. C., Feb. 5.—From time to time, within the past few years, there have appeared in brief statements, seeming to contradict the account given in history of the ignominious death of Marshal Michel Ney, the leading hero of the Napoleonic era. History records as a fact that Marshal Ney was publicly shot for treason. The belief which is general here, that he was not executed, but that he escaped to America and taught school in the then backwoods of Virginia and North Carolina, and finally died in Rowan county, of the year 1815.

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about 200 pounds. His head was nearly bald, and shaved a neck on one side which he said was a sword wound received in battle, and his face was slightly marked with small pox. Mr. Ney was a good scholar, and possessing the rare faculty of easily imparting knowledge to the young, he was regarded as a first rate teacher. He was a splendid mathematician, and seemed to take great pride in working out difficult problems. His hand writing, (many specimens of which have been shown me by Mrs. Dalton) was simply magnificent, abounding in all kinds of grand and difficult flourishes. Mr. Ney was an expert fencer, and taught his male pupils the art, and after school duties were over he would fence with them for hours, seeming never to tire of the sport.

As a teacher he was very strict, and was despised by his patrons as the best disciplinarian of his day, but at the same time he was very popular with his students, all of whom loved and revered him, and, to use the language of one of them, "would have fought for him and died for him if it had been necessary."

He spent his leisure hours in reading and writing, and would occasionally furnish articles to the press. He took a large number of leading newspapers, and read them most attentively. It was his custom to sit up quite late at night, only sleeping four to six hours in the 24. When questioned by his rural friends in regard to this (to them) strange habit, he said he acquired it in camp while in the army. He was always reticent when with strangers, and, rarely, if ever, spoke of his connection with the French army, even to his intimate friends, unless (as was often the case) the hinges of his tongue were loosened by an extra glass of wine or brandy, when his characteristic reserve would be thrown off; but even then he manifested no boastful disposition, merely speaking sometimes of the grand army and the part he had borne in its campaigns.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE EXECUTION.

On one occasion, when he had become very much intoxicated, he was narrated to Colonel Thomas F. Huston, a brother of Mrs. Dalton, all about the famous retreat from Moscow, amid the snows and across the rivers upon ice; how the ice bridge gave way under his men, and drowned many of them; how they perished from hunger and cold; how the Cossacks hung upon his rear and flanks, cutting off his men and slaughtering those who, from cold and exhaustion, strayed away and lay down in the snow to die; how he marched on foot with his brave men, and finally brought up the famous rear guard with only a hundred and a few hundred, and how Napoleon embraced him and said, "Hast thou not been the bravest of the brave?" At another time, when he was lying on a bed under the influence of liquor, he mumbled to himself the circumstances of his supposed execution. He said it was not true that he was executed. It was true, however, that he was sentenced and was taken out to be shot, but the men who had been detailed to do the bloody work were soldiers of his command, and they had been secretly told to "aim high." He refused to have his eyes bandaged and took his position in front of the platoon and gave the command to "Fire" himself. They fired above him, but he fell, and was pronounced dead by the attendant physicians, who were in the conspiracy, when his body was at once turned over to his friends and secretly conveyed to Bordeaux, from whence he sailed to America, landing at Charleston on the 29th of January, 1816.

CORPORATIVE TESTIMONY.

A few years since Colonel Huston, who heard the above, met in the West, where he now lives, a Frenchman, who related to him the following strange story: Said the Frenchman, "I once belonged to Marshal Ney's command, and after the fall of Napoleon and capture of Ney I deserted the French army, and, making my way to Bordeaux in December, 1815, shipped as a seaman on board a vessel bound for Charleston. When several days out I noticed a man on board whose appearance struck me forcibly, and I thought I knew him. I tried for several days to determine who it could be, and at last it flashed across my mind that it was my old commander, Marshal Ney. I sought the first opportunity to satisfy myself, and the next time the mysterious person came on deck I accosted him and told him that I knew him. He said, 'I am your old commander, Marshal Ney.' In a very gruff tone he responded, 'Marshal Ney was shot at Paris, sir,' and then abruptly, turning upon his heel, he went to his cabin and I saw him no more, though we were 35 days reaching Charleston." This Frenchman's name was Philip Pet