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NO. 31.

Poetry.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT.

"Husband, you busy thinking,
Past and present ever flanking;
Take a penny for the thought
Strike a bargain. Is it bought?
Let me know."

"Tis a fancy over-wrought!
He it so.
I remember long ago,
Cupid's dart
Struck my heart;
On the landing of a stair,
Strung his bow.
And I'm still actually feeling
(For the wound is never healing)
All the smart
Of the blow."

"And a maiden fresh and fair,
Sitting yonder in the chair,
Saw him do it;
Held me by her eyes and hair—
By the magic of her art—
Held me there
While he drew it."

Now you know,
Pay for hearing—Only this:
Take it back, and give a kiss,
One of many."

Select Tale.

THE BLACK SPOT.

It was at a ball at Hong Kong, that Ching-Lung the Chinese commander or steward, called the attention of the doctor of the Rifles to a small spot on the cheek of the fair young bride of Capt. G. Doctor Rogers was a man who knew China well. The two men's eyes ranged across the ball-room, in the door-way of which they stood a little apart, and fixed on Mrs. G. The eyes of several loungers followed theirs by a common impulse. What did they see? Surely no terrible sight, but a young, happy, high-bred English-woman, radiant with beauty, health and gaiety, crowned with flowers, and sweeping through the ball-room like its queen. What was there in all this to make our old Ching-Lung purse up his expressive Chinese mouth, and Doctor Rogers lift his eyebrows, and bite his lips, with a brow that knit with a spasmodic involuntary anxiety? Something his ruffled brow, the Doctor stepped from his place, passed Mrs. G., and looked full and steadily on her face. She looked surprised and a little annoyed, but presently turned away smiling. She thought the Doctor, no doubt, an odd, rude old gentleman. Very much compressed were the Doctor's lips, and very often did the frown of care return to the Doctor's brow, as he threaded his way through the crowd, most of whom had some slight or merry remark to bestow on so popular a character, until he reached the place where Capt. G. was talking to the Colonel's wife and two other ladies seated on an ottoman. The Doctor drew George aside—they were old friends—and begged as a particular favor that he would take his wife home, away from the ball, but without alarming her.

"Alarming her!" said George, quite in the dark as to the other's meaning. "Why, what a Blue-Beard you would make me turn out, Doctor. She's engaged twelve deep, I'll be bound, and it wants an hour of supper time, I can't get her away. Besides she's not tired. Why should she go you know?"

To this Dr. Rogers merely answered that he begged, as a favor, that Captain G. would take Mrs. G. home. It must be done, and would be for the best. And being hard pressed for his reason, the Doctor said Mrs. G. was about to be ill. It was his duty to ask her husband to take her away from the crowded room.

Capt. G. laughed incredulously at first, but it was a hollow and forced laugh. It was plain that he did not believe in his own disbelief, and he knew the good old *Madoc* too well to suspect him of jesting on such a point. His voice quivered a little as he asked for an explanation.

"Well, if you will have it," said Dr. Rogers, laying his hand on George's arm, "there's something wrong with your wife. Old Ching noticed it first, and told me of it, and I have seen it myself, and I have seen such a thing twice before, and both times in China. Pray Heaven that this may not end as it did in those two instances!"

"Speak out, man, you torture me!" said Captain G., gasping for breath and very pale.

"It is a trifling matter, in appearance at least," replied Dr. Rogers, gravely and kindly; "it's a small black spot on your wife's cheek—on her left cheek—that is all, and—"

"And what is it? For the sake of all that's sacred, what is it?" asked G. quite fiercely.

The Doctor, noticing how quickly the group was increasing, drew his friend a few paces back, and whispered something in his ear.

The effect on George was terrible. The brave, strong man trembled visibly, and shook from head to foot, while his bronzed face became of an ashen paleness. Then, followed by the Doctor, who vainly tried to keep pace with him, he hurried up to the place where his wife was wheeling in the mazes of the waltz. He strode recklessly in among the dancers; his wild haggard looks and brusque gestures caused some confusion and surprise. His wife saw him, and started, and with a word to her partner stood still. How beautiful she looked! flushed and excited with the dance, crowned with flowers, richly, yet tastefully dressed; how, too, her fair, fresh, English bloom contrasted with the pallor of most of the other pretty women present; how her softly bright blue eyes rested with wonder on G. with apprehension for him, lest he should be ill. Certainly, if one of these two were in mortal danger, any observer would have selected the husband as the one who bore the marks of it. But G. was careless of that. All his soul was in his gaze, as he beheld, in the centre of his wife's blooming cheek, a small black spot, not much larger than the head of a pin, and quite circular. It did not distinguish her; only a keen eye could distinguish it, and when seen, it resembled one of those "beauty patches," with which the belles of the last century used to give an additional piquancy to their charms. Yes, there it was, the black spot the Doctor had described.

By a great effort G. smoothed his features, and tried to smile, as he begged pardon of the company. He had interrupted them very rudely, he said—they had all left off dancing by this time—

and he begged they would go on, and not mind him. The musicians had ceased playing; he waved his hand impatiently; they went on. His wife approached him, her partner beside her, a Naval Commander, who did not feel at all disposed to forego the rest of his dance with the queen of the ball.

"Was he ill?" she asked in an anxious whisper. "No, no," he was not ill; but he wished she would come away—come home with him directly. He would give no reason. His manner was irritable, unusual. The young wife looked at him with surprise; tears gathered in her blue eyes; but she was not without spirit, and she dashed them proudly away. She could not leave yet, she said; she was engaged for several dances. If there was no reason to be given for leaving so abruptly, she could not be so unkind to her partners. And in a moment more the Commander whirled her off.

G. stood and bit his lips. She danced once, twice, thrice more. G. stood motionless watching her, the Doctor at his elbow. It was said, agonizing to poor G., to watch that glorious creature, and to know that she bore on her face the mark of what? Even the doctor shrunk from telling G. all he feared. Her momentary burst of hurriedly pride was over; the sight of her husband's anxious face disturbed her; her gaiety fled; the compliments of her partners were unheard—she begged to be excused; left the gentleman on whose arm she leaned, and came up to G., with a sunny smile.

"I will be good now, and come home." The doctor whispered to G.—to introduce him. G. hurriedly complied. His wife recognized the old gentleman who had stared so pertinaciously at her; his eyes observed her still. He whispered a word to the Captain. George tried to be calm as he asked his wife if she—if she was aware that there was a small black spot, a mere speck, on her left cheek. She blushed and laughed. Yes, she saw it in the glass when dressing. She could not rub it away. She thought it would go of itself. It had annoyed her a little because it looked so like one of those absurd patches, but she hoped nobody noticed it.

"Excuse me, madam," said Dr. Rogers; "it may be of more consequence than you are aware of. I am an old doctor, and may be allowed to ask questions. Does it give you any pain?"

"None—none at all." The Doctor looked graver still.

"There is a glass nearly opposite. Please to look and see if it has not increased in size."

The lady, half frightened, complied.

"Yes, it has indeed—it is four times as large as it was, almost as large as a pea—how tiresome!"

"One more question," said the Doctor. "Have you any idea what brought it?"

"None," answered Mrs. G. "George, love, I think I would rather go."

"Think again," pressed the Doctor. "Has any reptile—any insect?"

"Yes, Dr. Rogers," answered the now fast paling beauty; "yes, but no! that could not be it, and I was silly to think twice of so trifling a thing as the bite of a fly."

"A fly? What sort of a fly?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"One of those black flies that were in the verandah, a tiresome buzzing thing; it stung me very sharply just there, on the left cheek where the spot is. I thought nothing of it when the pain went off. It was a long sort of fly, with a shining body and glistening greenish wings."

"The Bal-Tee! the Black Jupiter fly! I know it. Ching knew it," said a hoarse, grumbling voice close behind.

It was the old *comprador*, half horror-struck, half vain of his sagacity! Hastily they drew her from the room, wrapped her shawl around her, and hurried her home. The music struck cheerily up, the dance went on, the supper succeeded, (a very sumptuous affair,) and then followed more dances, but by degrees the mirth languished and a sort of uncomfortable feeling of apprehension and gloom pervaded the guests. Strange whispers, muttered hints went round; the very Chinese servants had an ominous look. By degrees almost everybody became aware that some mischance had befallen the fair young English-woman whom they had just welcomed among them. None knew the exact truth, but all had some inkling of it. Then, too, there was a fellow-feeling, perhaps half selfish, among those exiles in a sickly clime; the insidious pest that strikes one to-day may strike another to-morrow. Accordingly the high spirits of all ebbed away and the ball so gaily begun came to an untimely close. Two or three officers went to see the Doctor in his quarters, late as it was, to learn the truth. The Doctor was absent. He was at Captain G.'s bungalow, his servant said. He had sent for his portable medicine chest. Also the physician to the forces, and the marine surgeon, had been called up. The next morning, when most of the officers were at breakfast in the barrack mess-room, a subaltern entered hastily.

"Have you heard about poor Mrs. G.?"

"What? Dead?"

It was even so. She had been cut down in the very prime of her beauty, like some queenly flower. It was awfully sudden. It threw a gloom, for awhile, even over merry, sickly, festival-loving Hong Kong. It broke her husband's life and hope at a blow. He never was seen to smile after her loss; he left the Rifles, exchanging into a regiment that was serving in Upper India, and died of fever in the Terai. Poor George! I have taken some liberties with the names of those concerned, but there are not a few living who will be able to recognize, under this mask, a too true tale.

Now, to clear up the seeming mystery of the *Black Spot*. There is a fly which, for the mischief it does, is known and feared throughout the East, and which is usually called the *Baal-Fly*, or *Jupiter Fly*. Its bite is most generally fatal to cattle. It is identified with the *Baal-Zebub* of Scripture, the type under which the Arch Enemy was depicted. The fatal Tsetse-Fly of Central Africa, which Dr. Livingstone has so well described, the *Baal-Fly* of Syria, and the *Baal-Tee* of China, are akin, in appearance and effects, while the names, even, are singularly identical. This fly is seldom very hurtful to the human race, except when it has been lately feeding on carrion, and thus communicates the morbid virus of decomposed animal matter to the veins of a living being. This occasionally happens even in Europe, and in the case of the common house-fly and the "buzz," or greenish carrion fly. But this is rare indeed, and only three or four cases of death ensuing from such bites are recorded within the last six or seven years on the continent of Europe. In the East, with a sun peculiarly adapted to the hastening of disease, the deaths from this insidiously administered poison are more frequent, and the poison itself is more virulent and rapid. It was in this manner that poor Mrs. G. met her death. The *black spot*, unnoticed at first by all eyes save her own, and neglected by herself, was the mark of incipient mortification, the centre of the gangrene that spread and spread, painfully but inevitably, until what had been a scarce seen speck proved sufficient to cut short that fair young life. The Doctor took blame to himself for not having insisted, in defiance of ordinary rules on the young lady's quitting the ball-room at once, but he hoped that he might be mistaken, and a wish to spare G.—as much as possible, made him hesitate in speaking out. But it was the opinion of all the medical men on the island, that when the *comprador* first called the Doctor's attention to the mark of death on the face of the doomed beauty, the mischief was beyond remedy. At length, all that skill and care could do, was done; but this was one of the saddest of the many cases when science stands by, impotent to save, beside the death-bed.

"Bite Bigger Billy."

Walking down the street we saw two very ragged boys with bare toes, red and shining, and tattered clothes upon which the soil of a long wear lay thick and dingy. They were "few and far between"—only jacket and trousers—and these solitary garments were very unbecomingly, and objected to a union, however strong the autumn wind hinted at the comfort of such an arrangement. One of the boys was quite inebriated over a half withered bunch of flowers some person had cast away. "I say, Billy, warn't somebody real good to drop these roses just where I could find 'em, and these so posy and nice? Look sharp, Billy, and may be you'll find some by-and-by—Oh, jolly! Billy if here ain't no half a peach, and tain't much dirtier neither. Cause you hain't got no peach, you may bite first. *Bite bigger*, may be we'll find another 'fore long."

That boy was not cold, nor poor, and never will be; his heart will keep him warm, and if men and women forsake him, the very angels will feed him.

"Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long." What a hopeful little soul! If he finds his usefulness illly repaid, he will not turn misanthrope, for God made him to be a man: one to bear his own burdens uncomplainingly and help his fellows besides. Want cannot crush such a spirit, nor flit stain it, for with him and about him the spirit of the Christ-child dwelleth always.—*American Agriculturist*.

DOMESTIC CANNIBALS.—Back-bitters. Every art is best taught by example; good deeds produce good friends.

An envious man repines at his neighbor's life as much as if he supported him.

He who feels his own deficiencies will be a charitable man for his own sake.

One never regrets doing a polite or kind thing, no matter how it is received.

A man acquires more glory by defending than by abusing others.

Of what use is it that a woman can prate about Bacon, if she cannot cook pork?

Which is the Queen of roses in the garden? The rose of the watering pot, for it rains over all others.

Happiness must arise from our own temper and actions, and not immediately from any external conditions.

There are some human tongues which have two sides, like that of certain quadrupeds, one smooth, and the other rough.

Why is a bad shot like an amusing fellow?—Because he is the boy to keep the game alive.

KINDNESS. A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain—it is a seed which even dropped by chance springs up a flower.

An important reason for benevolence is, that though you may forget your own joy from being accustomed to it, the joy of others seems ever something new.

Good nature is of daily use; but courage is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity.

Men often dread poverty the more, the farther they are removed from it, as the more giddy the height to which we have attained, the more frightful yawns the gulf below.

Success.—There is no greater obstacle to success than trusting in something to turn up, instead of going to work to turn up something.

PLAINTIFF OR DEFENDANT.—On a trial at the admiralty sessions, for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asked one of the witnesses which he was for, plaintiff or defendant.

"Plaintiff or defendant?" says the sailor, scratching his head, "why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant, I come to speak for that man there," pointing at the prisoner.

"You are a pretty fellow for witness," says the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means?"

Some time after, being asked by the same counsel what part of the ship he was in at the time—

"Aboard the binnacle, my lord," says the sailor.

"Aboard the binnacle?" replied the barrister, "what part of the ship is that?"

"Ha, ha, ha," chuckled the sailor, "aint you a pretty fellow for a counsellor," pointing archly at him with his finger, "not to know what aboard the binnacle is!"

A facetious gentleman, travelling in the country, on arriving at a road-side inn in the evening, was met by the ostler, whom he thus addressed:—"Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment; and when the Aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality."

The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying, "Master, here's a Frenchman wants to see you."

How the 'Thunderer' regards the Confederate States.

The London "Times," the great "Thunderer" of British opinion, does not give much aid and comfort to the rebels of the Cotton Confederacy. We quote as follows from one of its recent articles:—

"The men who devised and directed the great plot of secession knew well that they must appeal for recognition to the world without. On the reception given to their appeal it would depend whether their ports would be frequented or deserted, whether the coercive measures of the North would be seconded or ignored, and whether in short the new Confederacy could establish itself successfully among independent nations. This question they fancied they could decide beforehand in their own favor. They believed themselves indispensable to the world. They conceived that the manufactures of Europe, and of this country especially, depended absolutely on the product of their soil. They were the cotton-growers of the world, and as the world could not do without cotton, it could not do without them. There was considerable warrant for this presumption; but what is the turn which events have actually taken? Instead of being frightened into acquiescence and approval, instead of closing with any terms for the continued supply of cotton from Charleston, Europe has decided rather on looking about for fresh markets.

The measures which have been taken, and the propositions which have been made on this point since the beginning of the rupture constitute one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the present age. There has been a positive scramble for the place which the Southern States of the Union were supposed to be vacating. The office of producing raw material for British cotton-mills is eagerly and clamorously sought after. In Asia, in Africa, in America, and in Australia people are ready and anxious to undertake the duty. Egypt, Ethiopia, Abbeokuta, India, New Grenada, and a dozen other countries besides, are competing for our orders. Which tenders may be ultimately successful we shall not now inquire, but one thing is certain, and that is the absolute monopoly of the Southern States will be lost. Their most lucrative privilege will have been forfeited by their own act, and, whatever position they may secure on the American continent, they will undoubtedly lose their command over the markets of Europe.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—The Great Earthquake.—A letter from Lima says that commerce is exceedingly dull on the whole coast, there being but two American ships at Callao and twelve at Chincha Islands. The guano agents have ceased chartering any more for that trade, because the warehouses of England and the United States are reported to have a full supply for three years.

The Congress of Peru has opened up the Coolie trade to the ships of all nations, the only restriction being as to the number, which must not exceed one to each registered ton of the vessel's capacity. The preamble sets out with reciting the reasons for the adoption of this law, and recites the fact of the abolition of African slavery, since which many valuable estates had been abandoned for the want of labor, &c. We copy the following account of the great earthquake:—

"The last mail brings the most heart-rending accounts of the total destruction of the cities of Mendoza and San Juan, from the effects of the most terrible earthquake recorded in modern times. The principal shock was so severe that it was felt throughout all Chili. In Santiago, some six or eight days' distant, the people all ran into the streets, but I believe little harm was experienced there.

At Mendoza the first shock took place at a quarter to eight, p. m., on the 20th of March. The greatest movement of the earth was from the South, increasing as it went North, and appeared to be repelled by another from North by West. At Mendoza this shock continued about six seconds, and in that short space of time the whole city, containing more than 12,000 persons was levelled to the ground, and fully two-thirds of the entire population buried in the ruins. Many of those who escaped are badly wounded, and very many more must die! Not a house remained standing after the first shock.—Of 100 prisoners, but 8 escaped from the prison, and they immediately organized into a band of robbers, and now prey upon the living and the dead. Twelve hundred Chileans who were banished from their own country for political offences, were residing in Mendoza, and a large portion of them were buried in the ruins. The survivors are in a hopeless state of want. It is not known how far the destructive influences of this terrible convulsion of nature may have reached. The most fearful apprehensions are entertained of its effects. So great was the agitation, that even the fences were levelled to the ground for miles around Mendoza."

THE MASON AND DIXON LINE.—Many people refer to this notable line; which is generally understood to be the division between free and slave states, without a knowledge of either its origin or locality. It is the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. Frequent disputes have arisen between Penn and Lord Baltimore in reference to the boundary of their respective Provinces. Years of dispute was the consequence. In 1760 both parties became tired of the dispute, and an agreement was made in consequence of which Jeremiah Dixon and Charles Mason were appointed to run the line, in 1761, which has since borne their names.

STAINED GLASS.—This beautiful art, of which there are so many specimens in the ancient cathedrals, and so comparatively few in the more modern received such a check at the Reformation as to have led to the supposition that the process of manufacture was entirely lost. "This was true to some extent but a gradual revival, however has since taken place and an excellent specimen of the art has just been produced by Mr. Charles Gibbs, sen., of Marlborough-road, in the memorial-window to the late Earl Waldegrave, which has been placed in the chancel of All Saints' Church, Hastings. The subject is the Crucifixion; and thirty figures are finely depicted: the various effects in which are produced by embodying the colours in the substance of the glass while in a molten state.—*London Times*."

General News.

The Fighting Zouaves.

A regiment, calling themselves the 'Fighting Zouaves,' has been organized in New York City. It is composed of the most desperate men to be found in that metropolis. A New York paper thus speaks of this regiment:—

The Union Volunteers or Fighting Zouaves, commanded by Colonel William Wilson, ex-Alderman of the First Ward, were uniformed on Wednesday, and temporarily quartered in Tammany Hall. They are a hardly looking set, and the Blood-Tubs and Plug-Uglies of Baltimore had better keep out of their way. John Creighton goes as Lieutenant Colonel. In Tammany Hall, on Wednesday evening, there were present 861 men at roll-call, and the extraordinary proceedings which took place are worthy of record. They were ranged around the hall three deep, with Colonel Wilson and the other officers in the centre of the room, all clad in their grey shirts and pants, which, with the addition of a common brown felt hat, brogans and leather belt, completed their uniform. They carry a short knife, about seven inches in length, between a sort of bowie knife and butcher knife in shape. Many also have revolvers, of which it is intended that each shall be armed with one or two, as well as a slung shot and Minnie rifle. All the men being ranged against the walls, Colonel Wilson with a drawn sabre in one hand and the American flag in the other, stood forth unencumbered and addressed his men amid deafening cheers.

After a short adjuration to the flag, for which he declared his devotion, he called upon all to kneel and swear with him. Waving the banner and flourishing his sabre, he knelt on one knee. All present knelt with him and repeated the oath, which he put, to them, to support the flag, and never flinch from its path through blood or death. He said he would lead them to Baltimore, and they would march through it or die; at which they all arose with a tremendous yell, flung up their hats and brandished their glittering knives amidst prolonged and frantic cheers. He then denounced death to the Baltimore traitor secessionists and Plug-Uglies, and said they would leave a monument of their bones in the streets of Baltimore. Amid yells of "Death to the Plug-Uglies," he illustrated with his sword how they should bear their way, and said, though he should be the first man slain, he had but one thing to ask, which was that each of his followers should secure his man and avenge his blood. That they would do this, he again called upon them to swear, and marching around the hall holding up the flag and the sword, and accompanied by two officers, the one on the right bearing a banner inscribed:—

The Union Battalion of Zouaves.
Death to Secessionists.

The other officer on his left holding up, in both hands, a bowie knife and revolver. Wilson shouted to them to swear, and they responded with shouts of "blood," "blood," "we swear."

The band then struck in with the 'Star Spangled Banner,' which they all sang in chorus, as well as also 'Dixie's Land,' altered to read with a few variations:—

"I wish I was in Baltimore,
Away, away," etc.

The men composing this unique battalion are probably the most determined, resolute, daring, and unscrupulous body ever embodied in a military organization, and the officers are nearly all professional soldiers who have served either in Mexico, Nicaragua, or elsewhere. On Thursday morning this remarkable corps were transferred to Staten Island, where they are to be drilled and instructed in camp duty while waiting for their arms and equipments, which ought to have been furnished several days ago. On marching through the streets they bore a white banner inscribed, "Death to Secessionists."

The Meanest of Traitors and his Heroic Wife.

The New York Times says:— It will be remembered that Lieut. Abner Smead, of the First Artillery, was sent a few weeks since, by Lieut. Slemmer, to Washington, to apprise the Government of the absolute necessity of supplies and reinforcements at Fort Pickens. Forgetful of all obligations of honor and duty, Lieut. Smead took Montgomery in his way northward, and having submitted his despatches to the perusal of the rebel authorities, proceeded to Washington, whither news of his treason having anticipated him, he was not shot, as he deserved to be, but simply struck from the roll of the army.

The wife and children of Lieut. Abner Smead, together with the families of several of the officers on duty in the South, were at Fortress Monroe.—The Lieutenant hastened from Washington to obtain his family, and remove them southward, but his movements were not so rapid but what his crime had been reported before him. When therefore, he presented himself at the Fort, he was refused admission, the officer on duty declining to "admit a traitor" within the walls of a Federal post; the only favor conceded being that he might have an interview with Mrs. Smead without the walls.—That interview the unhappy miscreant is not likely to forget. Attended by few female friends, one of whom furnished the account which we give of the scene, the lady met her husband, and in terms of scorching eloquence reproached him with his shame.

"Go home with you!" she exclaimed. "Never! Our paths in this world are hereafter separate. I disown you. A coward and traitor, you are no husband of mine. Henceforth you are to me as dead. As long as I live I shall wear mourning, and be as a widow; and rest assured I shall educate our children to execrate and despise your memory as that of a recreant and traitor."

Turning with these words, the noble and patriotic woman re-entered the Fort, and gave way to her very natural feelings. We may add that Mrs. Smead is, like her disarmed husband, a native of Georgia, and that while the latter went southward to obtain the reward of his treason, the former, with her children, has come North, passing through this city on Tuesday, and is now at Morristown, N. J.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The Reporter says:—We regret to learn that Mr. John Agnew was drowned yesterday morning, at the parish of Kingleter, by falling off a raft. He leaves a wife and five children.

It is said that the London pick-pockets have trained dogs to such accurate operation, that they jump up at a gold watch, seize it, snap the chain, and bolt off to where their master is waiting.

The army of France numbers six hundred and eighty seven thousand, one hundred men.

ESCAPE OF CRIMINALS.—The Christian Watchman says that last Saturday seven of the most notorious characters in the Penitentiary attempted to effect an escape from the Penitentiary. Among them were the murderers young Slavin and Manford, McCarron who attempted to kill and rob Welch a few years ago, and four other scoundrels imprisoned for various offences. Five of them succeeded in getting off all of whom have since been recaptured.

A letter received in St. Louis, from the wife of Bishop Polk of Louisiana, says his house was burnt over his head on the night of the 12th April, by his negroes; also the residence of Bishop Elliott.

TRAITORS APPREHENDED AND PENISHED.—A letter from a member of the 7th N. Y. regiment says six secessionists were caught on the 27th, two of whom were shot on the morning of the 28th, and another was to be shot next morning. Several rebels have been arrested for tearing up the railroad track.

We learn from Canadian exchanges that Signor Blitz is now performing in Canada. The Montreal Pilot says of the performance of the learned canary birds, "we have never witnessed any entertainment which gave so entire satisfaction; it is truly wonderful to see to what perfection the little feathered creatures have been trained—they fire off pistols, draw wagons, walk slack ropes and go through other astonishing feats in a manner which indicates the perfect control under which the Signor has brought them. To the ladies the entertainment is particularly interesting."

INDIAN WARRIORS.—The Sioux and Chipeways tender to the United States, in behalf of themselves and 300 other warriors, their services against rebellion. Having heard that the Cherokees had sided with the rebels, they could not remain neutral.

The Russian Census just completed, gives 70,000,000, as the total population, the women being in excess of the men to the number of 1,750,000.

The value of the U. S. Government property destroyed at the Gosport Navy Yard, to prevent its falling into the hands of the rebels, is estimated at \$5,000,000.

A panorama of the Bible is on exhibition at Montreal, it is said to be an excellent painting.

The Volunteer Rifle Corps of England now number 140,000 men.

VERY GOOD.—The Mattapan Register suggests to those dear women who are weeping over the absence of a husband or lover who has gone to defend the flag of his country from the insults of traitors, that the only tears appropriate at the present time are volunteers.

T. W. Anglin announces himself a candidate for the city and county of St. John at the approaching election.

A Virginia paper says that Henry A. Wise is "sound to the core." "Oh, yes," says Prentice, "sound to the core, but that's rotten."

A little boy named Lee, son of George Lee teamster, has been missing since yesterday morning, and it is feared that he has fallen into the River.—*Reporter*.

A conspiracy for marching off thirty rank and file of the soldiers in this garrison to the United States, was detected yesterday morning just in time to prevent its execution. It is said that a sergeant named Kinney, is in consequence now in irons.—*Reporter*.

EXTRAORDINARY BALLOON JOURNEY.—The following despatch, dated Columbia, S. C., April 22, is published in the Richmond Whig:—

Lowie, the celebrated aeronaut has just arrived here. He left Cincinnati on Saturday morning at 4 o'clock, in his balloon. His destination was Richmond, but at 1 o'clock on Saturday, 9 hours from the time he left Cincinnati, he came down in Union District, S. C., having accomplished a journey of 1200 miles. He brings Cincinnati papers of Saturday morning, containing notices of his intended departure.

ELECTION RIOTS IN NEWFOUNDLAND. The following telegram was received by Mr. Hoyt, on Monday:—Pictou, May 6.—Newfoundland line of Telegraph still in the hands of mob. They would not allow the repairer to put it up. Cannot get particulars of riots, but several persons have been killed and wounded.—Several districts disfranchised by proclamation of Governor.

It is suggested that Virginia, the "Mother of Statesmen," has long since been "passed bearing."

The News estimates the population of St. John including Portland and Carleton at 35,000.

A Canadian gentleman states that a sympathetic war feeling with the North is aroused in Canada, and that six hundred men from Quebec and a large number from Montreal are coming to Boston to enlist in the regular United States Army.

The Montreal Gazette says that quite a number of telegrams have reached that city to ascertain if rifles and other military stores could be purchased here for the Volunteers of the Federal Government. The answers were in the negative, owing to the want of a sufficient supply in the market.

IMMIGRATION.—Two families belonging to the State of Maine, dissatisfied with the condition of affairs in the neighbourhood "Union," have recently removed with all their worldly possessions to this Province and settled at St. Martin. There is said to be a growing feeling in New England in favor of emigration to the British Provinces. We shall probably have a large addition to our population from this source, within a few months, and of the best kind.—*R. Intelligencer*.

SOLDIERS FROM ANOSTOCK.—S. L. Carpenter, Esq. of Presque Isle, was in town this week. He returns from Bangor to enlist a company of 100 men, for a new regiment, to be raised independent of the ten regiments called out by the Governor. The company is to be composed of picked men, healthy and able bodied—none less than five feet, ten inches in height admitted. We understand that a recruiting office will soon be opened in this place, when we have no doubt the required number will readily be mustered.—*Houlton Times*.

It is mentioned, as a proof of the great excitement in Washington, that the gambling houses are nearly all destroyed.

The tide of emigration seems to be still flowing steadily into Anostock.