

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

TERMS, \$1.50 if paid in advance.

NO. 43

Select Tale.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY. (AN AMERICAN SKETCH.)

I never shall forget the commencement of the Temperance Reform. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. One Sunday at church a startling announcement was made to our people.—The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter. The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child.

The night came, and I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat, and we passed across the green to the church. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern keeper, and round him a number of friends.

For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair house-full. All were seriously watching the door, wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in and took a seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in church at all.

Two men at last came in, went to the altar, and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness pervaded the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in build, the other tall and well-formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet good-natured look, as he leisurely looked round upon the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, looking giant-like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white; his brow deeply lined with furrows; and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and restless, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low sigh aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush came and went over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar over the right eye. The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.

The pastor rose, under the gallery, and attacked the position of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement, as madmen and fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honoured usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

Whilst the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward, as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat, the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelled as he inhaled his breath through his thin dilated nostrils. To me that time, there was so nothing awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his eye upon the tavern-keeper, who quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low tremulous tone commenced. There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had been fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vividly before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends!—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night, which hangs like a pall of gloom over the country." With a thrilling depth of voice, the speaker continued:—"O God! thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank Thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up, on which the drunkard can look and be healed; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honour and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker was slow and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others, like rain-drops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes and continued—

"Men and Christians!—You have just heard that I was a vagrant and fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good; hear me, and be just."

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow at my heart, and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and desolate ocean, and all my life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home, or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred or home? It was not so once. No one could withstand the touching pathos of the man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own. No, my friends, it was not so once! Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine—now mine no more."

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart, and his finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the di-

rection where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements. "I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed down with sorrows, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife—a fair angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes as true as a summer sky, and heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away their brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fibre was broken. I once had a noble, a brave, and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet tender blossom, but my hand destroyed it, and it liveth with one who loves children."

"Do not be startled friends; I am not a murderer, in the common acceptance of the term.—There is yet a light in my evening sky. A spirit—there rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honour. The child-like angel visits me at night-fall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange interest, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strange emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness, and home, to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply. I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence, I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale, and her steps grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home, and rioting at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread. One New Year's night, I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was yet up, and shivering under the covers. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek. At this moment the child in the cradle awoke, and sent up a famishing wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James!—have had none for several days. I have none for the babe. My once kind husband must starve?" "That sad pleading face, those straining eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I—yes, I struck her a fierce blow on the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity, as I felt I had done wrong. I had never struck my Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both hands in her hair."

"God of mercy, James!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance: "you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie!" and she sprang to the cradle, and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hurled her into the darkness and storm. With a wild Ha, ha! I closed the door, and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast, and the sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not yet complete. I turned to the bed where lay my elder son, snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear he called by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers in my side-pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil, which I was, I shut the door upon my arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had risen from his seat, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and large drops standing out on his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and never have I since beheld such mortal agony pictured on a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had had a dreadful dream, but I involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a heavy sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—O God! how horrible! it was my dear wife and the babe, face to face, dead. The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it; her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white check. The frost was white in its half-opened eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all who were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of love and broken pathos, the old man continued:—"I was arrested, and for months raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my bosom. O God, no! I am not a fanatic. I wish to warn others not to enter the path which to some has been so fearful and dark. I would see my wife and children beyond the vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell, as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge.—My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it

eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye upon the paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."

My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson." The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with red and death-like paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange!" muttered the old man. "Pardon me, Sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up the left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes. Both reeled and gasped—"My own injured son!" "My father!"

They fell upon each other's necks and wept, until it seemed that their souls would flow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and sad faces around me.

"Let us thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man; and kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loth to leave the spot. The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grandchild on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His "fanaticism" has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

Shaving a Millionaire.

Let any man become immensely wealthy by his own exertions, and straightway you shall hear numerous anecdotes illustrating the means he attained his riches, the effect they have upon him, his disposition of them, or his sayings, peculiarities and eccentricities.

Astor, Girard and Billy Gray have furnished illustrations for many a clever sketcher. We heard a few clever anecdotes the other day of Billy Gibbons, a new Jersey millionaire, one of which we will give our readers.

It seems that Billy while in a country village in which he owned some property, stepped into a barber's shop to get shaved. The shop was full of customers, and the old gentleman quietly waited his turn.

A customer who was under the barber's hands, when the old man came in, asked the knight of the razor, in an undertone, if he knew who that was, and on receiving a negative reply, he informed him in a whisper it was—

"Old Billy Gibbons, the richest man in the State."

"Gad," said the barber, "I'll charge him for his shave."

Accordingly, after the old man had that operation performed, he was somewhat surprised, on asking the price, to be told—

"Seventy-five cents."

"Seventy-five cents?" said he, quickly, "isn't that a rather high price?"

"It's my price," said he of the latter-day, independently, "and as this is the only barber's shop in the place them as comes into it must pay what I ask."

A short time after he was in close conversation with the landlord of a tavern hard by, and the topic of conversation was barber's shops.

"Why is it there's only one barber's shop in town? There seems to be nearly work enough for two."

"Well, there used to be two," said the landlord, "till last winter when this new man came up from the city and opened a new shop, and as everything in it was fresh and new, folks sort of deserted Bill Harrington's shop, which had been going on for nearly forty years."

"Wasn't it a good barber?"

"Well, as for that," said the landlord, "Bill did his work well enough and cheap enough, but his shop wasn't on Maine street like the new one, and didn't have so many pictures and handsome curtains, and folks got in the way of thinking that the new chap was more scientific, and brought more city fashions with him, 'till the truth," said the landlord, stroking a chin swollen with a beard resembling screen wire, "I never want a lighter touch or a keener razor than Bill Harrington's."

"City fashions—eh?" growled the old man, "So the new man's city fashions shut up the other man's shop?"

"Well, not exactly," said the landlord, though things never did seem to go well with Bill after the new shop opened; first one of his little children died of a fever, then his wife was sick a long time, and Bill had a big bill to pay at the doctor's; then as a last misfortune his shop burned down one night, tools, brushes, furniture and all, and no insurance."

"Well," said the old man, pettishly, "why don't he start again?"

"Start again?" said the communicative landlord. "Why, bless your soul, he hasn't got anything to start with."

"H—m—m! Where does this man live?" asked the old man.

He was directed, and ere long was in conversation with the unfortunate tinsmith, who corroborated the landlord's story.

"Why don't you take a new shop?" said the old man; there is a new one in the black right opposite to the other barber's shop."

"What," said the other, "you must be crazy. Why that block belongs to Billy Gibbons; he'd never let one of those stores for a barber's shop; they are a mighty sight too good. Besides that, I haven't got twenty dollars in the world to fill it up with."

"You don't know old Billy Gibbons as I do," said the other. "Now listen to me. If you can have that shop all fitted up, rent free, what will you work in it for by the month? What is the least you can live on?"

This proposition somewhat startled the unfortunate hair-dresser, who finally found words to stammer out that, perhaps, twelve or fifteen dollars a month would be about enough.

"Pshaw!" said the old man, "that won't do—now listen to me. I'll give you that store, rent free, one year, and engage your services six months,

all on these conditions. You are to shave and cut hair for everybody that applies to you, and take no pay; just charge it to me, and for your services I'll pay you twenty dollars a month, payable in advance—pay to commence now," continued he, placing two ten dollar notes on the table before the astonished barber, who, it is almost unnecessary to state, accepted the proposition, and who was still more surprised to learn that it was Billy Gibbons himself who had hired him.

In a few days the inhabitants of that village were astonished by the appearance of a splendid new barber's shop, far surpassing the other in elegance of appointments, and in which, with new nugs, soaps, razors and perfumes, stood a barber and assistant ready to do duty on the heads and beards of the people. Over the door was inscribed—

WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON.

The people were not long in ascertaining or slow in availing themselves of the privileges of this establishment, and it is not to be wondered that it was crowded and the other deserted. The other held out some weeks, suspecting this free shaving (for Bill kept his secret well) was but a dodge to entice customers away, who would soon be charged as usual; but when at the end of six weeks he found Billy working away as usual, charging not a cent for his labor, and having money to spend in the bargain, he came to the conclusion that he must have drawn a prize in a lottery, or stumbled upon a gold mine, and was keeping a barber's shop in fun, so he closed his shop in despair, and left the place.

Meanwhile "Billy Harrington" kept on busy as a bee, and one fine morning his employer stepped in and without a word, sat down and was shaved; on rising from his chair he asked to see the score for the six months past. The barber exhibited it, and after a careful examination, the old man said—

"Plenty of customers, eh?"

"Lots of 'em," said the barber; "never did such a business in my life!"

"Well," replied Money Bags, "you have kept the account well. I see I've paid you \$120 for services—all right—and there are \$300 charged for all shaving that applied; now this furniture cost \$108. Here it is. Now you own this furniture, and are to have this shop rent free six months longer, and after to-day you are to charge the regular price for work, for your pay from me stops to-day."

This of course the barber gladly assented to.

"But," said the old man on leaving, "take care you never cheat a man by charging him ten times the usual price for a shave; for it may be another old Billy Gibbons."

A QUEER PEOPLE.—Chambers' Journal, discussing a recent book of missionary travels in Africa, thus alludes to one of the tribes which are found in that terra incognita—

"But the strangest of all are the stories told of the Dokos, who live amongst the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Sussa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on mice, ants and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits, they let their nails grow like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easy to tear in pieces their favorite snakes. They do not marry, but live indiscriminate lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little maternal instinct. The mother nurses her child for only a short time, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it. The Dokos are invaluable as slaves, and are taken in large numbers. The slave hunters hold up bright coloured cloths as soon as they come to the moist warm bamboo woods where these human monkeys live, and the poor Dokos cannot resist the attraction thus offered by such superior people. They crowd round them, and are taken in thousands. In slavery they are docile, obedient, with few wants and excellent health. They have only one fault; a love for ants, mice and serpents, and a habit of speaking to Yee, with their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yee is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical manner, when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food. The Dokos come nearest of all people yet discovered to that terrible cousin of humanity—the ape."

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1861.—Every day now adds visibly to the growth of the stupendous structure which is being bolted together with such rapidity at South Kensington. Of the thousands of columns, girders, brackets and railings of cast iron, nearly one-fourth are already actually in their places. The remainder are being rapidly forwarded, and all are to be delivered on the ground before the 30th of September, at which time the delivery of the iron work for the exhibition of 1861 was just commencing. In all, about 4,000 tons of cast iron will be required, and it reflects no small credit on Mr. Barrow, of Stavely, who has been intrusted with this portion of the works, that he has been enabled to complete all these castings of first-rate quality in such an exceedingly short time. The columns are of unusual size and strength. There are 1,100 of them, and it laid end to end, they would reach from South Kensington to the Crystal Palace at Norwood. Early in October, the Picture gallery will be all roofed in, so that the walls will have ample time to dry before the grand opening on Thursday, the first of May next. By the 12th February, the building will be completed and formally handed over to the Royal Commissioners—a happy occasion, which we hear, will be duly celebrated by the great contractors, Messrs. Kerr and Lucas, with a kind of fete in the centre nave. After the 30th of September, no further applications for space will be received by the commissioners no matter from what quarter they may come.—London Paper.

ECONOMY.—Old Mrs. Darley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years, by only knitting new feet to them every winter and new legs to them every other winter.

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights; a Yankee will do either to suit his customers.

Items, Foreign & Local.

Our thanks are again due Messrs. Vanwart and Stephenson for late Boston papers, by "Tobin's Express."

The Emperor of the French has decided upon adding 10 more iron-clad steamships to his navy.

The steamship Edinburgh, which arrived at New York on the 6th, brought 1200 bales of cotton and 34 barrels of turpentine.

The Marchioness of West-minster has presented to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital the gold watch worn by Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. It has been placed for exhibition in the painted Hall, in a case containing the coat and waistcoat worn by the deceased in the same engagement.

H. A. Holland, Advocate, of Richmond, was convicted before Judge Short in Queen's Bench, at Sherbrooke, (Canada), a few days ago, of altering a Record of the Circuit Court, and sentenced to imprisonment in the District Jail for the space of 18 months.

Mr. Russell of the London Times was Pittsburgh, on Friday, week on his way West. His travelling companion is General Bell of the English army.

THE LATEST.—Quebec is going right away to old Nick. It has the Pope for Mayor, is getting a Monk for Governor-General, and is about losing its Head. What next?

Eighteen cents on a dollar is the rate of assessment in the city of London for current year.

A bomb has been invented in Cincinnati which contains eleven explosive shells, and these inner shells contain each a number of explosive bullets. It is said to be the most destructive and death dealing article of war which has yet been tried.

Wilkes' Spirit states that M. Bergier, the billiard player, made \$8,000 by his exhibitions in this country.

Prince Salem, of Prussia, has been appointed Colonel of the Kentucky cavalry, now at Washington.

The World says, "recruiting for the Regular U. S. Army is very nearly extinct, so far as New York is concerned."

\$3000 per day is the price paid by the Federal Government for the steamers Atlantic and Baltic, recently chartered.

The Secretary of the Treasury informs the New York Bank Committee that he is spending \$200,000 daily, or \$8,400,000 a week, and therefore requires money with rapidity.

A late German writer says that the people of the United States can blow up more steamboats and use more tobacco than any other five nations in the world.

The Toronto Leader calls on the Government to institute criminal proceedings against the Federal agents for recruiting there for the Northern army.

We learn from the Halifax Chronicle that H. R. H. Prince Alfred arrived at Halifax in the steamship Niagara from Liverpool.

Among the novelties in New York churches is a hydraulic engine for blowing the organ.

A Parsee merchant lately died at Bombay, whose sworn wealth was equal to \$42,500,000, American money. This is the largest fortune ever left by a British subject not a nobleman. The Marquis of Westminster, who owns one-half of the "West End" of London and other immense estates, has property equivalent to \$1,200,000,000, of American money.

The flags presented with so much ceremony, to the Fire Zouaves on their departure from New York, were recently found in a pile of rubbish, in the suburbs of Alexandria.

The New York Sun newspaper was sold by auction at the Merchants' Exchange, on Tuesday, to A. M. Morrison, for \$35,000.

American papers say that the United States Secretary of War is becoming impatient with the expenses of bands of music for the army, as it already amounts to a sum that will make this single item of expenditure \$4,000,000 a year.

The corn crop of the United States in 1860 was estimated at 371,000,000 bushels; in 1850, 600,000,000; and in 1860, 900,000,000 bushels.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin's list of business changes in the United States give five failures and suspensions in Boston, five in New York, four in Philadelphia, and twenty five in other places; a total of forty three for the week.

The Fredericton Reporter says, we understand that Gold has been discovered on the South Branch of the Oromocto in the County of Sunbury. A portion of the quartz picked up lately has been sent to Boston for chemical examination, and has realized \$6,000 for the finder.

We are happy to learn that Col. Rankin, a member of Parliament, lately authorised by the United States Government to raise a regiment of Lancers in Canada, has been arrested for the violation of the Neutrality laws.

Dr. Russell of the London Times was arrested at Wilmington, in the county of that name, in Illinois, for shooting game on the Lord's Day, in contravention of the Sunday law, and fined fifty dollars, half of which goes to the School fund.

The number of spindles in Ireland, running on the manufacture of flax, is 550,000, employing 27,000 people.

It is stated that the income of the Sheriff of New York city is \$200,000 a year, which is pretty good for those times.

A boat belonging to one of the French ships of war in the port of Halifax was run down by the Dartmouth steamer on Saturday night, and one man drowned. There were six in the boat at the time.

A man named Paul Tartaway was fined \$100 at the Police Court at Halifax, the other day, for endeavouring to persuade a man-of-war-man to desert, and having in his possession seamen's clothes belonging to H. M. service.

A tunnel is in process of construction under the bed of the River Indus, in India. It is to be 7,215 feet long, and lighted by gas. The cost will not be less than \$2,500,000.

General News.

INTERESTING FROM ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.—Intelligence by mail from Mesilla is to the 10th of August. Lieut. Col. Baylor, of the rebel forces, had issued a proclamation, taking possession of Arizona in the name of the Confederate government and declaring the offices of all United States officials vacated and annulled. News reached Mesilla on the 8th of the abandonment of Fort Stanton by the U. S. troops, who set fire to the fort in several places before leaving, but a party of Arizonians immediately took possession of the premises and extinguished the flames. The property and stores in a cool climate are estimated to be worth \$300,000. The fort is built of stone, and the garrison had been busily engaged for several months in fortifying it. The garrison was five companies of U. S. regulars. A battery of flying artillery was abandoned unharmed, consisting of four six-pounders and twelve pounders. A large amount of ammunition was saved. There is said to be full supplies for six months for a six-company post.

COTTON FOR A COLD CLIMATE.—Under this head an American paper remarks as follows:—

"A new rival to the cotton fields of the South is receiving attention at the hands of the press. It is a new kind of cotton plant or tree which survives in a cool climate, and is called the Scotch flax. The flax has been discovered by Mr. A. C. Kendall of Maryland, near the fortieth parallel of latitude, and that the ground around the tree was then covered with snow. It is perennial, and lives many years. It may be propagated either from seeds or cuttings. About the third year it begins to yield a crop of balls without seeds, which are not produced in much perfection until the seventh year. In the immediate vicinity of the size of our peach-trees, and the first one observed by Mr. K., about 18 feet in height, bore a crop which he estimated at nearly one hundred pounds. Mr. K. is confident that this tree can be cultivated wherever Indian corn can. In its general qualities the fibres of this plant has been pronounced by cotton buyers equal to the best Scotch flax, and some bales of it have been sold in South America for 15¢ per pound. The yield is great. With favorable soil and situation, 2000 pounds can be raised per acre, while Mr. K. claims that half that amount can be depended upon on an average. Five hundred pounds per acre is held to be a good yield at the South. 'Important, if true!'"

STRANGE NEWS.—It is stated that the present unhappiness of the Empress Eugenie is caused by the fact that she has not been recognized by any lady of royal rank except by Queen Victoria. The Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, furthermore says:—"Many people laugh at the invention, but nothing of the sort, however wild and improbable, is ever breathed about in Paris, without meeting belief in one quarter or another; and you will find no people ready to affirm that the Prince Imperial has no more right to be regarded as 'the dynasty' than the Count Luis or the Count San Jago, the sons of the Duchess of Alba."

GREAT LOSS OF PROPERTY BY FLOODS.—The Buffalo Commercial of Monday says that the damages caused by the great rain that commenced on Thursday night, and continued almost incessantly for 36 hours in that section of New York, are ascertained to have been immense, and in the immediate vicinity of the city the ravages of the flood were terrible. Buffalo and Cazenovia creeks overflowed their banks, sweeping away mills and bridges, inundating farms and dwellings, and annihilating the crops of hundreds of acres. The damage to the railroads was great. The details, as given, exhibit a great destruction of property. The Prince Imperial storm was felt in all its fury throughout the western part of the State. Much damage also occurred on the Hudson river.

IMPORTANT CHARTER OF STEAMERS.—The N. York Express of last week, said:—"It is understood to-day that the agents of the Government have determined to charter every available steamship in port, for immediate service. Three steamers in the Havana trade have been taken up; also two of Vanderbilt's steamers, and two of the late Collins line. It is said that 14 steamers in all have been already secured."

AVULS TRAGEDY.—The English papers received by the Niagara, publish the following extract from the Melbourne Age of the massacre of two Nova Scotia Missionaries:—

"By telegram from Sydney, we have intelligence of the brutal murder of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, of the Nova Scotia Mission, by the natives of Eremanang—Eremanang, the name of the place, which it will be remembered, John Williams was killed in 1829. The intelligence was conveyed to the Rev. Mr. Cutbush, by letters from Lifu. The particulars are as follows:—It appears that in consequence of the measles which had been raging among the islands with fearful mortality, the natives of Eremanang determined to kill all the white people on that island, looking on them as the cause of the disease. Gordon was aware that the natives intended taking life, but thought that a little time would change their purpose. About noon on the 20th May, nine Benaki natives, of whom the chief Lova was the leader, called at the mission-house, and inquired for Gordon. They were informed that he was working at a house which he was building as a winter residence. They then went towards the place. Eight of the men concealed themselves, while the ninth went further down, to inveigle Mr. Gordon into the trap laid for his destruction. He had unfortunately sent all the boys away to gather grass for the roof of a new house, and was unattended, when Naraba Lova, who was his friend, and asked for some calico for himself and others of the party, who, he