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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO. 869.

Poetry.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY TENNYSON.

Is it the frost that glitters so white?
Is it the wind in yonder glen?
No! no! there are tents on the mountain-height,
And that is the marching sound of men.
Bright o'er an army the morning shines,
Gleaming as o'er a ruffled lake;
Dark lie the cannon along the lines,
Like hurricane clouds before they break.
Over the wild hill and over the valley,
Wildly the clarion calls to the rally!
Floated banners forth! bright as the sunset!
Blow, bugles, blow! blow for the onset!

Is it a ruin old and gray,
That glimmers in dusty twilight so?
A ruin whose walls and people lay
Mingled together in dust below,
O'er which a moon of lurid red
Wanders in smoky vapors lost?
No! no! 'tis the shadowy field of the dead,
And the wreck of a discomfited host.
Over the hill and over the valley
Never shall clarion call to the rally!
Drop, banners, drop! drop like the willow
Weep, angels, weep! o'er the soldier's pillow!

THE TWO PETTICOATS.

O, the red, the flaunting petticoat,
That courts the eye of day,
That loves to flare and be admired,
And blinks from far away,
It may delight the roving sight,
And charm the fancy free;
But if the wearer's half as bold,
Till pass and let her be,
With her red, her flaunting petticoat,
She's not the girl for me!

But the white, the modest petticoat,
As pure as drifted snow,
That shows the gaze in crowded ways,
Where follies come and go;
It stirs the primrose on its path,
Or daisy on the lea;
And if the wearer's like the garb,
How beautiful is she!
With her white, her modest petticoat,
O, she's the girl for me!

Select Tale.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S RESCUE.

If you were to hunt the wide world over you would scarcely find a lovelier landscape than the scenery around Lake Albert Lee presents, especially at the season of the year when Will Cranston and I first saw it. The gentle prairie land sloped gracefully down to the waters edge; where the lake lay bathed in golden sunshine, its surface flamed into gentle ripples by the scented prairie winds, dancing and flashing in the light, as if for very gladness at the beauty around. The woodlands were just beginning to put on all the glory of autumn; and here and there, scattered over the hillside in little groups, or drooping over the margin of the lake, the golden leaved poplars shook their bright tops in the wind, or the young oaks grew crimson as sunset clouds with the young light that came pouring through their branches; while silver white, hazel-brown and untouched green on every side mingled their more sober colors.

Will and I, weary by a long and almost fruitless hunt, had thrown ourselves down upon a large rock, crowned with poplars, that overlooked the lake and the surrounding landscape, and I was fast losing myself in a delightful reverie, induced by the warm bright beauty of the world around, when Will drew my attention to the lake, where a young Indian girl was just launching her canoe from the opposite shore. She pushed boldly out into the lake, and I sat idly watching the flash of the tiny waves which followed in her wake as she came gliding over the water, when Will again tapped me on the shoulder, and whispered—

"Ned, watch that cluster of bushes yonder, close by the lake."

I was all eager earnest now, and turning my attention toward the place indicated, I saw their tops were slightly, occasionally, as though agitated by some object underneath. The girl in the canoe appeared to be making almost directly for that particular suspicious cluster of foliage, and at last struck the shore, certainly not more than three yards away. She sprang lightly out upon the shore, and began pulling the canoe towards the shelter of the bushes, when suddenly up sprang five brawny greasers with a whoop that fairly raised us to our feet; and while two of their number proceeded to secure their prisoner with strong strips of leather, the other three danced around her with the most extravagant manifestations of delight.

"Now, then, Ned," said Will, "that's altogether too bad to allow them devilish Indians to scalp and murder that girl, as they are sure to do if we let them alone."

"Well, Will," said I, "what can we do to prevent it? We can't fire upon them now, even if it were prudent."

"But, see here, my boy, before we discuss that subject any longer, let's step a little farther back; it might spoil our plan to be discovered just now. I'll tell you Ned, said Will as we halted a little farther out under the shadow of the trees, let's follow them red devils and if we find no better way, we can rub out a few of them at least."

"And get rubbed out ourselves, perhaps," I replied.

"Well, my lad, I am willing if you are. We can't die but once," was the philosophic rejoinder; "as well now as ever; and it goes considerably against my conscience to see them cussed red niggers of Sioux murder that young squaw just because she is a Chippeway. But see here, Ned, they are moving away."

I stooped to peer through the thick foliage of young trees and vines, and saw that they were indeed upon the move. The captive walked between two of the Indians with a step firm and proud, and seemed to us either to regard her fate with perfect indifference or to be entirely resigned to it. The Indians took their way along the

valley below us, and disappeared in the depth of the forest upon our left.

We watched them until they passed into the shadows of the wood, and then taking their trail followed them till just as the day began to wane into twilight, when upon turning around a high rocky bluff we came suddenly upon a dozen or more of them seated around their camp-fire, smoking and talking, and among them the same Indians we had seen at the lake; but the girl was nowhere to be seen. Fortunately for us we had not been discovered and stepping quickly back into the shadow of the rocks we held council together as to what was to be done. We decided to wait and watch their proceedings, and, indeed it was all that could be done just now.

Securing ourselves among the rocks where we could still see and not be seen, we waited nearly a half hour before anything definite occurred. Evidently they were debating as to what was to be done with the captive. First one tall, brawny savage would rise and harangue the group, then another, with fierce, approving gesture, apparently advising some different, perhaps more cruel treatment. Finally the council broke up, and exultant shouts and gestures and a general muster in the centre of the valley, followed.

"Some devilry is afoot now," muttered Will under his breath.

Two of the Indians now conducted the young prisoner from one of the tents, into the midst of the crowd.

We watched eagerly for some glance of her among the excited throng, but saw nothing till suddenly a bright flame of light shot up from their centre, followed by demon like yells and shouts of triumph.

We both sprang to our feet and looked into each other's faces with mute horror. The mystery was solved.

"God!" hissed Will through his shut teeth, "the wretches are going to burn her."

Before I had scarcely time to think or act, he had drawn his knife, and glided from his place among the rocks, dashed through the now scattered and dancing circle of savages, leaping over the pile of burning fagots, and the next moment, before the Indians had time to recover from their astonishment, he was flying down the valley with the young captive on his shoulder, very much as he would have carried a bunch of venison.

The Indians gave pursuit with a regular chorus of whoops and yells, and I, scarcely knowing what I was doing in my excitement joined at once in the headlong chase.

I dashed onward among them unnoticed in their rage and haste, until I caught sight of Will but a few rods ahead of the foremost and apparently losing ground, as indeed he could scarcely help doing, encumbered as he was with the young girl. Staining every nerve for the effort I ran up behind him just as the foremost Indian had raised his tomahawk to dispatch him. I gave him a savage thrust in the face with my clenched fist, that sent him reeling to the ground, and shouted—

"Up to the rocks, Will! quick for your life!"

He turned at the word and bounded up the bluff, I followed closely in his rear. We took refuge upon a huge block of limestone that lay against a solid wall of rock, and jutting out into the lake, where a young Indian girl was just launching her canoe from the opposite shore.

I cut the things upon the girl's wrist, and drawing my revolver, which I fortunately had in my belt, I gave the benefit of its contents to the foremost of the rabble, who were now yelling and thronging up to the very base of the rock. There were but two places where they could reach us. On one side of the rock, where partially imbedded in the higher ground, it met the perpendicular sides of the cliff. Will sprang to one of these places as he saw them coming up, and brandishing his knife he dared them come on, while the girl, who had snatched up my knife as I dropped it for my revolver, stood guard over the other. I stood upon the other end of our tower of refuge, above their reach, generously pouring the cold lead into their ranks, and tumbling them over right and left.

The Indians had left all their weapons at their camp, but a few tomahawks and knives, and finding these availed them nothing against our strong defence, and dismayed at the havoc we were making among their number, they made a stampede for the shelter of their camp.

The night had now fairly set in, moonless and with just sufficient light to enable us to retrace our way to the lake, where we left our captive to pursue her own way to the Chippeway camp, as she assured us that it lay just beyond the bluff upon the opposite shore of the lake, while we made the best of our way to ours.

It may be necessary to add in explanation that the girl had wandered away from the camp not knowing the proximity of the Sioux the deadly enemies of her tribe, and that the Indians, her captors, were probably a small scattered party sent out to ascertain if their enemies were in the vicinity, and spying the girl had concealed themselves to capture her. It is somewhat curious, but nevertheless a fact, that an Indian can tell to what tribe another belongs as far as he can discern him.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they lose, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practise, that makes them good.

The difference between the married and divorced is exceedingly slight, consisting merely of the exchange of a couple of letters, the married being united, and the divorced united.

A word upon being Remembered.

We all love to be remembered. One of the saddest thoughts in connection with death is the contemplation that we may one day come to be forgotten—that a race will arise, not only that "knew not Joseph," but know not even where he is buried. Like music that grows fainter and fainter on the breeze, the remembrance of most of us will gradually melt away. One last gentle strain, left in some dear friend's heart, will linger on awhile; but that, too, will cease. The inscription may remain unread, unnoticed, and unheeded over, on our graves, and those who indited it will themselves have passed away. For all that, it is pleasant to be remembered even whilst we live. My spring flowers will all be withered and done with by autumn; but I would not be without their fragrance now. And many little acts of remembrance are like spring flowers—very cheap, perhaps, but very full of sweet incense. It is one of the most precious pleasures to be remembered by others from the cradle to the grave. The letter on a child's birthday, opened by the tiny hands and preserved until it is as grubby as that of a beggarly letter, is a source of exquisite delight. The visit in the lonely hours of affliction, with the incense-laden nosegay left on the mantle, and the few words uttered to the heart, will never be forgotten. The little act of thoughtful kindness when we least expected it touched the heart with tender joy. How precious these things are to most men, and how pleasant to us all. Still the thought is saddening that a great many lives are very solitary. God places men sometimes where the tendils of their life seem to have no human wall to cling to, where no neighboring friendship can support and succor them. "He setteth the solitary in families."

Sometimes it is a young man in a house of business; sometimes a servant in a family;—and sometimes a delicately-reared girl, as a governess in a great city, far away from the precincts of the village home. Dear reader, when we consider the loss of the Great Father, let us not forget the solitary. Some men occupy a post where it is a need-be that they should be solitary and separate. Such a man was Nebuchadnezzar. The dark days of the captivity had come; Jerusalem wore the garments of sackcloth and sadness; her Temple, once God's beautiful house, was a desolate mass of disordered ruins. At that epoch there wept, lashed, and prayed before the God of heaven the bold and pious Nebuchadnezzar. How graphic is the picture of his position as given in the page of inspiration! He came to Jerusalem, and went by night to the gate of the valley before the dragon-well, and viewed "the walls of Jerusalem, which were broken, and the gates thereof, which were consumed by fire." In the solitary grandeur of his consecrated task he rebuilt the walls; with one hand he grasped the sword, and with the other he piled the stones; and this was the ejaculation of his heart—"Remember me, O my God, for good!" Wherever we may be—whatever may be the magnitude or the minuteness of our task—it is no small consolation to the Christian heart to feel that the righteous are had in Divine remembrance.—Yea, though I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh on me.—The Quaker.

The Labors of Dissipation.

It is said that the gay and fashionable belles of Paris work harder than the men at the galleries. Think of a young married lady, going out night after night, coming home on Monday say at one o'clock, on Tuesday at four, on Wednesday at midnight, on Thursday at three, on Friday at four, winding up the week's work on Saturday by coming home at broad daylight at seven o'clock, and commencing the next week with an afternoon concert, a dinner, and a soiree! Some women have successfully cultivated the habit of sleeping in the afternoon, or taking an extra dinner at four or five o'clock, then go straight to bed after it, sleeping till half-past eight or nine o'clock, when they are awakened by their maid, and proceed to the business of dressing.

How Girard became Rich.

His neighbors, the merchants of Philadelphia, remember him as a very rich man. Many of them thought they could do as well as he, if they only had the luck. But the great volumes of his letters and papers preserved in a room in Girard College, show that his success in business was not due, in any degree whatever, to good fortune. Let a money-making generation take notice, that Girard's principles inevitably produce Girard results. The grand, the fundamental secret of his success, was that he understood his business. He had a personal, familiar knowledge of the port which he traded, the commodities in which he dealt, the vehicles in which they were carried, the dangers to which they were liable, and the various kinds of men through whom he acted. He observed everything, and forgot nothing. He had done everything himself which he had occasion to require others to do.

To Keep Babies Quiet.—An exchange gives the following *modus operandi*: As soon as the squallier awakes set it up, propped by a pillow, if it cannot sit alone. Smear its fingers thick with molasses; then put half a dozen leathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the leathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep; as soon as it awakes again apply more leathers, and in the place of innumerable sleepless nights there will be silence and enjoyment unobtainable.

A conceited packman called at a farm-house in the west of Scotland, in order to dispose of some of his wares. The good wife started by his southern accent, and his high talk about York, London, and other big places. "An' whaur come ye frae yerself?" was the question of the goodwife. "Oh, I am from the Border."

"The Border—Oh! I thought that; for we say that the *selridge* is the weakest bit o' the wab!"

I know not which of these two I should wish to avoid most—the soffer at virtue and religion, who, with heartless villainy, butchers innocence and truth; or the pietist, who crawls, groans, blubbers, and secretly says to gold, thou art my hope! and to his belly, thou art my god!—Lanier.

An honest German in Philadelphia, listening to an account of a married woman's elopement with "another man," the other day, got greatly excited over it, and spluttered forth with the greatest vehemence: "If my wife runs away with another man's life, I will shake him out of her preaches, if she be mine own fader, by Shorge!"

An Algerine Wedding.

Moorish ladies are usually married at or before the age of thirteen; and I was informed of some curious particulars by an English lady who was present at one of these marriages, the families on both sides being of the highest Moorish birth. The young lady was very lovely, and under the age of sixteen, among whom were my informant and a few French ladies, surrounded the bride, whose head, as usual, was wrapped in a sack, and led her, a few hours after dark, to her future home, where they were received by the mother and female relations of the bridegroom. The poor child, weeping bitterly, was then undressed, carried by her attendants into a bed, where she was commanded to sleep for an hour or two while they ate their supper! The European ladies were served apart with coffee, cakes, and confectionery; while the Moorish ladies (some of them very beautiful) were closely seated in a circle on an immense low cushion, and on their knees a long napkin which extended round the whole party, in the centre was a sort of low circular table which moved on a pivot, and on which the slaves placed one dish at a time, out of which each lady took a mouthful with her fingers, and with a slight touch made the dish revolve to her next neighbor. The dishes succeeded one another to the number of more than twenty, when the whole was carried off, and at eleven a slight refreshment was taken to the bride, after which the ceremony of dressing her commenced. Every lady present was requested to take some slight part in this important operation, and my English friends consisted in plating on of an immense number of little tresses into which her long black hair was divided, with a diamond trembling at the end of each. Her face was then *envelé*, and a star of golden-leaf fixed on each cheek, as well as on her chin and the tip of her nose. Rows of the finest pearls were being round her neck, increasing in size until the lower row reached to her waist, and which were of the size of small nuts. Her dress was of cloth-of-silver, with the usual muslin trousers, and a sort of crown of diamonds on her head. By two in the morning all was ready and the room prepared, when the finishing stroke was put to the whole by *gunning down her eyes*, which were not to be opened until the following morning, when she might see her husband, and not till then.

At two o'clock the slaves introduced the bridegroom, a handsome youth of nineteen, dressed in pale grey silk profusely ornamented with silver and diamonds. He took his place under a canopy, to which the bride was also guided by her mother, and placed by his side. His mother then poured a few drops of rose-water into the bride's hand, which the bridegroom drank; and then her mother poured also a few drops into his hand, and guided it to her daughters mouth, and she drank it; upon which they were pronounced man and wife, and the company immediately separated.

Influence of Affection.

There is a good deal of canting about involuntary affection in the world, and all that; but a young lady should never let such foolish notions enter her head. She should allow the pride of conscious strength of mind to keep her above every foolish, vain, and nonsensical preference towards this precious fop, and that ideal attendant on a lady's will. She should lay it up in her heart as an immutable principle, no love can last if not based upon a right and calm estimation of good qualities; or at least, that if the object upon which it is lavished be not one whose heart and whose head are both right, misery will surely be her portion. A sudden preference for a stranger is a very doubtful kind of preference, and the lady who allows herself to be betrayed into such silly kind of affection, without knowing a word of the man's character or his position, is guilty of an indiscretion which not only reflects unfavorably upon her good sense, but argues badly for the nature and groundwork of that affection.

Don't complain.

Don't complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy you could be something if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned to you. God understands his own plans, and knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most depreciate as fatal limitations and obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances and discouragements are probably God's opportunities, and it is no nothing that a patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No: a true to all such impatience. Choke that devilish evil which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do His work, in your lot, in your sphere, under your own lot, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your own good, but really consistent with it.

A Stretchy Yarn.

We were running down from Barbados, and the lady passengers were admiring the beautiful flying fish, when one turned to Jack Lacy, who had the wheel, and inquired—

"Jack, do those beautiful fish ever grow any larger?"

"Why, yes, marm. Down there at the Cape Verdes, they grow as long as that minnast."

"Indeed! And do they fly like these?"

"Not 'zactly, marm. They flies longer and higher. Some on 'em fly just like eagles all day, and more'n two miles high. One day Bill Fawcett was sleepin' up in the foretop, with his dinner port wide open, and one of 'em Cape Verdes flew right slap down his throat."

"Why, Jack, that was singular. A fish as long as that minnast flying down a man's throat?"

"Beg pardon, marm, can't talk much at the wheel, I 'speck Bill must ha' stretched like blazes, or else my yarn has."

In a pool across the road in the county of Tipperary, is stuck up a pole, with this inscription: "Take notice that when the water is over the board, the road is impassible."

Needs a word on punctuation—that private in the army who sent a letter to a little girl at home, closing with, "May Heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

Items Foreign & Local.

A pretty little girl of 16 years committed suicide near Hoboken, the other day, to escape the scolding of her sisters.

The returns up to the 1st of August show that the attendance at the Dublin Exhibition since the opening has amounted to 300,000.

A Chinaman recently sold a woman in Australia for \$500. He paid \$50 for her in China.

The human body has twenty-eight miles of drainage through its seven million pores.

As showing the value of land in the City of London, it is noted that a piece of land, occupying a site of 2,500 feet, in Cannon street, at the corner of Swinburn Lane, was sold at auction the other day for £30,000.

Whole oil has advanced 20 per cent, in the United States since the news of the late operations of the Shenandoah were received.

The Ohio National Bank was robbed on the night of the 20th ult. of \$70,000 to \$100,000 in Government bonds and specie deposits.

During six months of the present year the value of small fire-arms exported from England to other nations was £186,440.

The earth, on the 10th ult., reached that portion of space which, in the opinion of Mr. Allcott, the meteorologist, is by some mysterious law, favorable to the production of meteoric bodies.

At the general election in England a Mr. Hardy was elected for two constituencies—Oxford University and Leominster.

Scotland only returned 9 Conservatives to Parliament, or less than one-sixth of her representation.

The *Utica Herald* says a daughter of the old Duke of Wellington, whom her father disinherited for marrying against his wishes, passed thro' that place with her husband recently.

The height of an iceberg, seen late in July last, could not have been less than 90 feet, and there are 8 feet of ice below the water for every foot above, its total height must have been 816 feet.

The *North British Mercury* says. The Queen of the Sandwich Islands is in England, an object of public interest. Her grandmother, it is said, died of Capt. Cook.

Small pox has made its appearance in Picotou, N. S.

It is said that Gen. Fremont, at the head of a company of Eastern men, is about to purchase an extensive tract of mineral lands in the State of Missouri, with a view of erecting an establishment in St. Louis for the manufacture of railroad iron.

The citizens of St. Louis have subscribed \$30,000 to be expended in the purchase of a mansion for General Sherman.

Rumor comes from South Carolina that the negroes are arming for a general massacre of the whites.

Two of the Saratoga mineral springs have lately been sold to Congress for \$30,000, and the Star for \$85,000.

The N. Y. *Tribune* is printed on paper made from Bamboo, and looks very handsome.

A farmer in Michigan loses \$5,000 by one hundred acres of peppermint.

The colored prostitutes in Richmond are very numerous and increasing rapidly. They were detected sleeping before the war was to be commenced.

John Welch, a rich Puttville miner, is dead. He began with a pickaxe and left off with an income of \$614,863.

At Colyton, in the west of England, a man has in his possession the unburied corpse of his mother, who died five years ago. When she died he had a leaden coffin made with a glass plate let in. He deposited the coffin in a shed, and from time to time goes there to look upon the face of his mother.

The examination of an English burglar, who was about to be shot, while attempting to escape in Hoboken, last week, disclosed the fact that he had been a professional thief for the past thirteen years, and had never before been arrested.

The New Bedford *Standard* is losing faith in the President. It does not rely upon the appointment of Mr. O'Brien, a N. C. Democrat, it says, to be Naval Officer at New York, and intimates that Mr. Johnson's future policy indicates a betrayal of the Republican party.

Six persons have been arrested at Batavia, N. Y., on a charge of incendiarism. Two of them confess that, during the past year, the gang have fired more than twenty buildings, in pursuance of deliberate plots made at the shop of one of their number, who is foreman of a book and ladder company.

Dr. Lanester, one of the metropolitan corner-men, makes the appalling statement that there are 12,000 mothers in London—in the capital of the most religious country upon earth—who have murdered their own children. Infanticide—actual willful child murder—is terribly frequent in England.

In England this year the Wesleyan Church numbered 303,827 members, being an increase on the previous year of 1,152. During the year 5,557 members of society here died; 21,219 have removed to other creeds; 18,793 new members have been received into the church; and 49,463 persons have been admitted on trial for church membership.

A Mr. Storer, who had been in the military service, was the victim of a most singular case. He was a soldier, and was taken prisoner by the enemy. He was then taken to a place where he was kept for some time, and then he was released. He was then taken to a place where he was kept for some time, and then he was released.

A French-Canadian woman, with a handsome face, called herself Mile. Josephine De Vanier, creating quite a sensation at Staten Island, where she had been seen near the Clinton House to the property in the vicinity of the Niagara Falls gas works.

An effort is to be made to reach the sunken steamer *Powhatan*, by means of diving bells to secure the treasure that went down and any bodies that may be in the wreck. In the sale of this ill-fated steamer there is an immense amount of money belonging to the Express companies, commercial men and passengers.

A young woman of quality in England recently rowed a boat 10 miles in six hours.

General News.

A TRAP TO CATCH BURGLES.—A London paper publishes a description of a curious invention designed to catch safe burglars. The deprecator no sooner commences, in perfect ignorance of the secret arrangements, to force open the door, drill the lock, or move the safe, than by so doing he sends a telegraphic message to the nearest police office, exhibiting the number of the safe he is attacking, and this number, registered in the police books, has opposite to it the address of the house in which the robbery is being effected. The apparatus is the invention of M. Barb, and is a very simple affair. An instrument termed the "communicator" is fitted inside the safe; it consists of a small bolt, which is forced back upon a coil spring when the door is closed, and which in opening or moving the door, is instantly set in motion. In connection with this, bolt wires are led through the bottom or the back of the safe, and concealed in the wall, or inclosed within gas or water pipes, and communicating with the street telegraph wires, are connected with the alarm and generator of the police station.

The effect of tampering with the door or other part of the safe is to sound the alarm bell at the police station, and to exhibit on the face of the instrument the number of the safe. Arrangements are of course, made to obviate the possibility of a false alarm, and ordinary and legitimate occasions of using the safe, by simply placing the apparatus out of gear; at the pleasure of the owner he may leave his premises perfectly confident that electricity will keep a tireless watch over the property left in his custody.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The speculations of the English papers on the cause of the cable failure possess considerable interest. It appears to have been the general opinion that the loss of insulation which started the electricians on the 21st instant was caused by a magnetic storm, and not by any fault or defect in the cable itself, and that the cause of the failure was the magnetic storm. Instead of turning back to cut out the supposed flaw, the cable might have long before been safely laid and in working order. The *New York Herald* has received from the Atlantic Cable Company from England which comprises some very curious facts relative to the accident to the cable.

A very extraordinary incident occurred with reference to the submarine cable which was laid between Great Britain and the Kingdom of Holland, a distance only one hundred and thirty miles, some years ago. The cable was safely laid and for a time worked satisfactorily. But soon after the insulation was lost. The company was at a loss to know the cause for the sudden failure, and accordingly they had the cable hauled up and examined; when, to the surprise of every one, it was found that a large mail had been driven through it. It was removed and the cable re-laid.

Subsequently a person called on the manufacturers and informed them that he had been hired by a certain firm, which was a disappointed applicant for the contract, to insert a wire in the cable, and to cut it at a law suit in the English court, which was tried at Westminster, and a verdict of ten thousand pounds damages was obtained against the parties who were proved guilty of this outrage.

It is a curious coincidence that the first flaw discovered the other day in the Atlantic cable should have been caused by a piece of broken wire which was found inserted in the heart of the cable and introduced on a distance of the electric cable. But it is a still more extraordinary coincidence that the firm which endeavored to obtain the contract for the Atlantic cable and was unsuccessful is the very same firm which employed the man to drive the mail in the Holland cable.

These facts may suggest a new theory as to the cause of the late failure in the middle of the Atlantic.—*Boston Herald.*

WHAT SOUTH CAROLINA HAS LOST BY THE REBELLION.—The Charleston *Daily News* thus sums up the losses of South Carolina by the war:—

Of \$15,000,000 in bank stock all is lost. Of \$5,000,000 in circulation, the market value is not more than twenty per cent. Of three insurance companies, all are ruined. Of \$20,000,000 in railroads no dividends can be expected. Of 5000 houses in Charleston, 1500 have been burned, and others almost irreparably damaged. Of estates and decedents and minors, and of property in litigation four-fifths are represented by Confederate securities, and are therefore valueless.

Of our many merchants, lately of large capital and unblemished credit, few have been able to pay the small debts against them at the beginning of the war. Of the many large and valuable estates in Beaufort District and the adjacent islands, all have been abandoned and many have been sold for taxes. Of the large cotton estates, still further from the seaboard, many have been deserted. Of the cotton on hand at the beginning and raised during the war (amounting in value to at least \$20,000,000) the larger portion has been taken or destroyed. Of the stocks, houses, logs, cattle, farming implements, utensils and furniture, and silver ware, all but an inconsiderable amount have been consumed, destroyed or taken.

Of the money in the hands of our citizens at the commencement of the war, or accruing from the sale of property, or the practice of professions, or the payment of debts, all has been invested in securities, of which nine-tenths have no possible value. Of the funds of churches, colleges, charitable institutions and societies, all also, or nearly all, have been sunk. Of the lands of the state, not held by the government, little has any market value. Into this frightful gulph of ruin has also been swept the value of four hundred thousand slaves, estimated a few years since at \$200,000,000. And thus, therefore, of the \$400,000,000 worth of property in the State in 1860, but little more than \$50,000,000 now remains.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION.—THE most curious collection of individuals outside of a theatrical group is seen in the U. S. Court at Buffalo, where a case is being tried to determine whether professors of spiritualism are subject to the license tax for practicing jugglery. The Income Commissioner thinks they are not entitled to it; but the spiritualists indignantly deny that their marvellous manifestations are mere tricks and impostures, and of the other public performers of jugglery and sleight-of-hand have the honesty to confess. The Court is now sitting gravely to determine the important difference between these rival claimants for public favor and besides all the presiding judge, magicians, necromancers, known to the world, there are assembled all the old women of both sexes, who see ghosts in the dark, and converse with spirits through the legs of a table. It is a curious collection of humanity, embracing the extremes of human credulity and deception.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

PEDESTRIANISM.—The attention of the residents of Kingston is at present taken up with the performance of a noted pedestrian, named Alfred Ellison, who has undertaken the feat of walking 300 miles in six consecutive days. He is accompanied on his daily beat of fifty miles by the editors and reporters of the several papers, and on the home stretch each evening the remainder of the population turn out to accompany him to the goal. At last accounts the pedestrian had accomplished his fifth day's performance in good style.—*Canada Paper.*

A GRAVEDIGGERS' STRIKE.—The *Courier & State of Loire* says:—"Supernatural news reaches us from Autun: the gravediggers have struck! The people of Autun must not, therefore, die, unless they wish their bodies remain unburied. We see no other way of opposing the pretensions of men who live by other people's deaths. Such a result as this was scarcely supposed could be produced by the law on coalition."

LIVING IN NEW YORK.—Disarding all fancy, the facts of the case, the expense of a single day's living for a small family—say four or five persons, the following list, which is a fair estimate of the average prices paid by housekeepers, fully attests:

Butter, per lb. 44 cts.
Steaks, per lb. 33 cts.
Lamb, per lb.