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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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WHOLE NO. 882

Poetry.

[For the "Sentinel,"

INDIVISIBLE.

BY EDWARD A. CRAIG.

Sweet has been sung, "I think of thee,"
By rhymers old and new;
"Thy form shall never absent be,"
"For life as friend I'm true."
But while remembrance kind is dear,
"Tis cheering more to see
The one beloved lip, nestling near,
"I live for thee."
Our lives are one; nor can divide
Our fettered linking fate;
Not Earth's rough storms nor Death's dread
Tide,
Nor Future's yawning gate:
For if off Time's black battlement,
I first with-thrown shall be,
I know thou'lt feel, "The veil is rent,
I live for thee."
Earth's dreams are short—Eternal life
Comes on with sweeping pace—
Earth's joys are few—Care, toil and strife
Are mistletoes in the race.
Then let our joined walk's World-day
Of Heaven worthy be;
Our hearts lit up to Christ, and say
"We live for thee."
—St. John, N. B.

Select Tale.

THE OLD CART MAN.

I have a mind to tell a little story. That it is brief, may be seen at a glance; and that it is true, I most emphatically avow.
About five years ago or thereabouts, John Ainsly—or, "Pap Ainsly" as he was familiarly called—was the owner of a hand cart, and earned a living by conveying miscellaneous parcels from one section of the city to another, and receiving therefor a reasonable remuneration of fifty cents per load. To designate the occupation in the prosaic language possible, he was a hand-cart man, and when not employed, could always be found, during working hours, at the corner of Montgomery and California streets—his hair and long beard were grey, and his limbs feeble; and if he could not shove as heavy a load through the sand, or up a steep grade, as the stalwart Tenton on the opposite corner, thereby losing many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and the kind-hearted man not unfrequently travelled a square or two out of his way to give an easy job to "Pap Ainsly."

Four years ago last September, (I recollect the month, for I had a note of four thousand dollars to pay, and was compelled to do some pretty sharp financing to meet it,) having two or three dozen volumes to transfer to my lodgings, I gave the task of transportation to "Pap Ainsly." Arriving at my room, just as he had deposited the last armful on the table, and observing the old man look considerably fatigued after climbing three flights of stairs two or three times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy—a bottle of which I usually kept in my room for medicinal and sporting purposes. Although grateful for the invitation he politely declined; I urged, but he was inflexible. I was astonished.

Do you ever drink? Said I.
Very seldom, he replied, dropping into a chair at my request, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

Well, if you drink at all, I insisted, you will not find as fair an excuse in the next twelve months for indulging, for you appear scarcely able to stand.

To be frank, said the old man, I do not drink now. I have not tasted intoxicating drink for fifteen years—since—

Since when? I enquired thoughtlessly, observing his hesitation.

The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well-to-do farmer near Syracuse, N. Y. He had one child, a daughter. While attending a boarding school in that city, when a girl of sixteen years of age—she formed an attachment for a young physician. Acquainting her father with the circumstances, he flatly refused his consent to a union with a man whom he had never seen, and removing her from school, despatched a note to the gallant with the somewhat pointed information that his presence in the neighborhood of Ainsly farm would not meet with favor.

The reader of course surmises the result, for such a proceeding could have but one result. In less than a month there was an elopement. The father loaded his double-barrelled shot gun and swore vengeance, but failing to find the fugitive, he took to the bottle. His good wife implored him not to give way to despair, but he drank the deeper, and accused her of having encouraged the elopement. In three months the wife died, and at the expiration of a year, when the young couple returned to Syracuse from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man had sold his farm, squandered the proceeds and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsly drank himself into frenzy, proceeded to the hotel where they were stopping and attacking the husband wounded him in the arm by a pistol shot, and attempted the life of his daughter, who happily escaped uninjured through the interposition of persons brought to the spot by the report of the pistol.

Ainsly was arrested, tried, and acquitted on the plea of insanity. The daughter and her husband returned to Connecticut, since which time the father has not been heard from. He was sent to the lunatic asylum from which he was dismissed after remaining six months.

In 1851, he came to California. He had followed mining for two years, but finding his strength unequal to the pursuit, returned to the city, purchased a hand-cart, and the rest is known.

Since then, concluded the old man, bowing his face in his hands in agony, I have not tasted liquor, nor have I seen my poor child.
I regretted that I had been so inquisitive and expressed the sympathy I really had for him. After that I seldom passed the corner without looking for "Pap Ainsly," and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had told me.

One chilly, drizzly day in December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble top table at an auction room opposite, proffered to the old man the job of taking it to his residence, on Stockton street. Not wishing to accompany the cart, he had selected the face that probably gave him the best assurance of careful delivery of the purchased article.

Furnished with the number of the house the old cart-man, after a very trying struggle with the steep ascent of California street, reached his destination, and deposited the table in the hall. Lingered a moment, the lady did not surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that her husband (for such he took him to be) had probably by accident omitted to settle for the cartage.

Very well, I will pay you! said the lady, stepping into an adjoining room. She returned and stating that she had no small coin in the house, handed the man a twenty dollar piece.

He could not make the change.
Never mind I will call to-morrow, he said, turning to go.

No, no! replied the lady, glancing pityingly at his white locks and trembling limbs; I will not put you to such trouble, and she handed the coin to Bridget, with the instructions to go and see if she could get it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neighborhood.

Step into the parlor until the girl returns; the air is chilly, and you must be cold, continued the lady. Come, she added, as she looked at his attire and hesitated; there is a fire in the grate, and no one there but the children.

It is somewhat chill, replied the old man following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire.

Perhaps I may find some silver in the house, said the lady leaving the room. For I fear Bridget will not succeed in getting the twenty-dollar piece changed.

Come—I love little children, and the child who had been watching him curiously ran behind the large arm chair, and hesitatingly approached. What is your name dear? inquired the cartman.

Maria, lisped the little one.
Maria! he ejaculated, while the great tears gathered in his eyes; I once had a little girl named Maria, you look very much as she did.

Had you? inquired the child, with seeming interest; and was her name Maria Eastman, too?

Merciful God! exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair, and then dropping into it with his head bowed upon his breast. This cannot be! and yet, why not?

He caught the child in his arms with an earnestness that frightened her, and gazing into her face until he found conviction there, suddenly rose to leave the house.

I cannot meet her without betraying myself, and I dare not tell her I am that drunken father who once attempted to take her life and perhaps left her husband a cripple, he groaned as he hurried towards the door.

You are not going? said the mother re-appearing, and discovering the old man in the act of leaving the hall.

He stopped, and apparently turned his face, but seeming to lack the resolution to do ought else.

He said he had a little Maria once that looked just like me, mother, shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with delight.

The knees of the old cart-man trembled, and he leaned against the door for support. The lady sprang towards him, and attempted to conduct him to a chair.

No, no! he exclaimed, not till you tell me I am forgiven!

Forgiven for what? replied the mother in alarm.

Recognize your wretched father, and I need not tell you he is forgiven.

My poor father! she cried throwing her arms around his neck, all is forgiven—all forgiven!

All was forgiven, and the husband when he returned in the afternoon, was scarcely less rejoiced, than his dear wife, at the discovery.

Whether or not Bridget succeeded in changing the double-eagle, I never learned; but this I do know, it took the honest female all of three months to unravel the knot into which the family had tied themselves during her absence.

"Pap Ainsly" still keeps his cart—for money would not induce him to part with it. I peeped into the back yard of Dr. Eastman, one day last week, and discovered the old man dragging his favourite vehicle round the enclosure, with his four grand-children piled promiscuously into it.

"Massa C. do you know Lawyer—, in do same building whar your office is?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "very well." "Oesh," said Sambo, "he's got the littlest head of any man I ever seed." At this remark, a big, fat, cuffy negro, lounging on a settee, spoke up:—"What use a man got wad a big trunk when he ain't got no clothes?"

A minister having received a number of calls, and hardly knowing which to accept, asked the advice of a faithful African servant, who replied, "Massa go where do most deebel."

What man wants—all he can get—
What woman wants—all she can get.
Dr. Carlyon describes a dinner party as
"a hospitable attempt upon your life."

Anecdote of two Arab Chiefs.

There dwelt upon the great river Euphrates, near the great city of Bassora, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. The enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of an other towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an Anizee hates a Montifee. It fell out that the pacha of Bagdad being apprehensive of the invasion of the Kurds from Kurdistan, sent out an order to the chief of the Anizees to send him forthwith twenty thousand men; and the order was obeyed. The pacha, not placing the same reliance on the promptness of the Montifee chief resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand of him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining the attendance of the chief, and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. "I have taken you prisoner," said the pacha, "fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribes against the Kurds. If you now command that ten thousand of your men shall go to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off, you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet." The chief looked at the pacha sternly in the face and replied: "Your knowledge of the Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent to me for ten thousand of my tribe when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned; but as it is, my reply cannot but be negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so; there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will become its avenger. The Arab may be associated with when tree, but when a prisoner, never."

The haughty pacha looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court yard of the palace attracted the attention of the pacha. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the pacha. It was the chief of the Anizees. "I am come," said he, "to strike off the chains from mine enemy. Had he been taken in an open conflict I should not interpose, but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be the first to strike off his chains. There are twenty thousand lances under my command glancing yonder in your defence; but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe."

The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the Anizees conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said: "We are now again enemies; we have only acted as Arabs should always act to each other; but you are now safe, and with your own tribe, and our ancient hostilities are renewed." With this they parted, and the chief of the "Anizees returned to the defence of the pacha.

Valuable hints on Reading.

The Hon. D'Arcy M'Gee in a letter recently made the following excellent remarks in reference to the subject of reading. He advises family reading aloud, and says—

"By reading with a purpose, I mean the exact opposite, of reading to kill time. It is reading which may be made quite as interesting to many, as the other kind can be to one; it is not open to the reproach of selfishness; and its good fruits are manifold. It is especially applicable to books of history, travel, biography, and such historical novels as Sir Walter Scott's. I will illustrate what I mean in this way: suppose a father or mother wishes to interest the Hugh Littlejohn of the household, and his brothers and sisters in the story, say of King Robert Bruce. While the youthful reader is reading his author, and all the audience are close up with their heads, what is easier than for *Pater or Mater Familias* to have a good map of Scotland on the table, exclaiming from time to time, 'Here is Dumfries, where he slew Conan'—here, near Perth, is where he narrowly escaped capture, in the wood of Methuen! here is Rathlen, where he spent the winter of 1306, a fugitive, in exile! here is Bannockburn, where, in 1314, King Robert won his glorious victory! This method of reading with a purpose would be a very valuable sort of fireside education, and might be applied as easily to Dr. Livingston's travels in Africa, or to the historic books of the Bible, as to the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' As to reading aloud, I will only say this much for it, that a young person having an ear for the music of our language, there can be no better or more natural teacher of elocution, than the sound of his or her own voice."

SPIRITUAL FACTS.—That whiskey is the key

by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

That brandy brands the nose of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailments; while beer brings many to the Bier.

That Champagne is the cause of many real pains.

AWFUL.—The following startling threat was made use of the other day by an excited pugilist: "I'll twist you round your own neck, and ram you down your own throat, until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt-collar sticking out of your eyes."

His opponent felt.

Contrivances of Ants.

A gentleman in the Island of St. Croix instituted several experiments with reference to ascertaining the truth of what he had often been told, of the ingenuity, and apparent reasonings of the ant of that beautiful island. Having slain a centipede, which had been sent him by a friend, he laid it on the window-stool within his apartment, where, though not a single individual of that mischievous race of vermin had been seen, to his great gratification, in the course of a few hours, one solitary ant suddenly made its appearance through a crevice in the casing, attracted, probably, by the odor of the dead body. Shortly after, having surveyed the premises, it disappeared, but speedily returned, with a host of companions, to whom the discovery of a prize had unquestionably been communicated; a more careful survey of the magnitude of the object was evidently instituted; the whole company then disappeared simultaneously through the crack; but an army was put in requisition, for the third appearance was a multitude. Having mounted the carcass, examined minutely its exact position, and satisfied themselves that it was actually bereft of life, and that no danger would be incurred from their premeditated operations, a new and unlocked series of labors was commenced, bearing such a striking analogy to human reason, as manifested in what is commonly called contrivance, that if there is no intelligence in it—why, the metaphysicians have in reservation an unexplored field of observation. Not being able to move the mass entire, they divided themselves into platoons, and cut the body into portions about half an inch in length, which was effectually and skillfully done, between a late hour in the afternoon and the following night, and each piece transported to their citadel, through some contiguous aperture, of sufficient diameter to allow the leads to pass. When the observer arose at daylight, every part had been carried away but the head, which was really moving off toward the hole, surrounded by an immense concourse of admiring spectators, probably on the *qui vive*, happy in the delightful anticipation of future feasts and revellings. On further scrutiny he found that the decapitated head was mounted on the backs of about a dozen bearers, who, like a Roman phalanx with a *testudo* upon their shoulders, were marching off in an orderly manner towards the same orifice through which the rest had disappeared.

A Word for Newspapers.

Nothing is more common than to hear people talk of what they pay newspapers for advertising, &c., as so much given in charity. Newspapers, by enhancing the value of property in their neighborhood, and giving the localities in which they are published a reputation abroad, benefit all such, particularly if they are merchants or real estate owners, thrice the amount yearly of the meagre sum they pay for their support.

Besides, every public spirited citizen has a laudable pride of having a paper of which he is not ashamed, even though he should pick it up in New York or Washington. A good looking driving sheet helps to sell property, gives character to the locality, and in all respects is a desirable public convenience. If, from any cause, the matter in the editorial or local columns should not be quite up to your standard, do not cast it aside and pronounce it of no account, until you are satisfied that there has been no more labor bestowed upon it than is paid for. If you want a good readable sheet, it must be supported. And it must not be supported in a spirit of charity either, but because you feel a necessity to support it. The local press is the power that moves the people.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Honesty and Industry.

Let honesty and industry be thy constant companions, and spend one penny less than thy gains. Then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive; and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole atmosphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand; for independence, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and places thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh, then, be wise, and let industry walk with thee in the morning, and attend the until thou reachest the evening hour of rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny, when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shalt thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the sicken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—*Franklin.*

A New York letter writer tells an old story of August Belmont, banker and politician, to the effect that, being a very passionate man, he once swore violently at the confidential secretary to whom he was dictating. The clerk, being a gentleman, instantly resigned his position. "What will you take," said the millionaire, "to let me swear at you when I please?" The secretary considered the matter, and replied, "You give me twenty-five hundred dollars a year to do your work. I cannot do it and be sworn at also for less than four thousand." "You shall have it," said Mr. Belmont; and the tradition adds that he not only raised the man's salary, but never swore at him again.

How Long People will Live.

We hear much said about the uncertainty of human life, but we are apt to ignore the fact that it is only to man's individual existence that this uncertainty attaches. Nothing is more conclusively established, for example, than that the dread reaper's scythe cuts a clean swath through the surface of our earth every thirty-three years, garnering into eternity, during every century, so to speak, three full successive crops of humanity. Thus every year, as it wings its flight, takes note of the death throes of thirty million mortals, who at the rate of one in every second of time, or ninety thousand each day, experience a change of worlds. Their places are supplied by births in equal number, and this new growth springs up to meet its fate from the same sickle's inexorable sweep. One quarter of all who are born die before reaching seven years of age; only one-half pass their seventeenth year. There is, therefore a natural law of mortality, the operations of which, while they may appear eccentric, uncertain, and irregular, as to individuals, are fixed, systematic, and calculable when applied to masses or communities of men. For instance an English writer has asserted that out of 100,000 persons born at any particular time, a certain number will yield up their life in each year; in other words, the aggregate will be diminished in an increasing but regular proportion till none are left alive. Of the entire number named, only one half will reach forty-five years of age, 60,941 will live to the age of twenty-nine; and out of the survivors exactly one in a hundred will die in the following year. 37,996 will live to be sixty years old; and 1,121 will die in their sixtieth year. So nicely, as well as frequently, have such observations been made, that rules comparatively correct, may even be applied to large numbers of people of the same age. Taking 10,000 persons of the age of fifty-two, we will find that 152 will die before reaching fifty-three, and so on. It is said that, with reference to the whole population of London, the same number of deaths by consumption occur in that city each year, and similar regularity is confidently predicated of the various other contingencies to which life is subject.

Correct Speaking.

We advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of using good language both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible all use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of such language, be abused, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; and to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast, which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

A State not out of the Union.

Is the State of Matrimony. For the benefit of a large number of individuals who are seeking this sacred spot, I will give the outlines, the truth of which thousands can vouch for. The state of Matrimony is one of the 'united' states and never has been 'out' of Union. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side and babies and cradles on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and staying-out late o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, in trying to find a North-West passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry until you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather generally sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading into this state consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against, and you will agree with me in saying, 'So mote it be,' and sing some pleasing song suited to the occasion.—*The Dem.*

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF CAMOMILE.

A decoction of the leaves of common camomile will destroy every species of insect, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of camomile plants dispersed through it. No green-house or hot-house should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or the flowers will answer. It is a singular fact that, if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover, if you plant camomile near it.

The man who would systematically

wilfully set about cheating a printer, would commit a highway robbery upon a crying baby, and rob it of its gingerbread—rob a church of counterfeit pennies—lick butter off a blind negro's "gritter"—paw his grandmother's specks for a drink of whiskey, steal acorns from a blind sow—put green spectacles on his horse and give him shavings to eat, and take the clothes off a scarecrow to make a respectable appearance in society.

A Good Guide.—Every young man is

eagerly asking the best way of getting on in life. The Bible gives a very short answer to the question: "Walk in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous." A great many books of advice and direction have been written, but that is the gist of it all.

TRUE LIFE.—The mere lapse of years

is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep, to be exposed to darkness and to light; to pass round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason book-keeper, and be thought into an implement of trade—this is not life.

Items Foreign & Local.

Oil springs have been found in New Zealand. The population of Sweden, by the last census, was 4,070,061, and that of Stockholm 128,576. The Federal and State taxes in the State of New York amount to \$28 per head, for every man, woman and child in the State. The P. E. *Examiner* has lately come out in a new suit, which makes it one of the finest looking weekly papers published in the Province. In a recent competition in Waterloo, C. W. for the best half acre of turnips and carrots, the prize was adjudged for 54,810 lbs turnips and 99,300 lbs carrots per acre. A sum of upwards of £20,000 has been subscribed towards the cathedral which it is proposed to erect in London to the memory of the late Cardinal Wiseman. Some burglars entered a store on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, on the 6th inst., and carried off iron safe weighing half a ton. They made \$2,500 by the operation. In Cambridge, Vermont, six members of the family of Andre Chase have died with malignant diphtheria within the last week. A mother and daughter were buried in one grave. Among other ingenious contrivances for defrauding the revenue on the Canadian frontier are tin babies, which are filled with liquor and then so dressed as almost to defy detection. The uniform charge throughout Belgium for a telegram is twenty francs, or so much of it as even that low charge is to be reduced at the close of the year. Sir Robert Quenn, the newly appointed Justice to the Court of Queen's Bench, in England, is an American, and was born in the city of New York, where, until recently, his parents resided. The French Government, after long deliberation, has resolved to permit the public sale of horseflesh, subject to the same regulations as ordinary butchers' shops. During the past three months, 22,284 persons were arrested in New York city for various offences, and 17,571 vagrants were furnished with lodgings at the police stations. A party of highwaymen lately stopped Gov. Broward of Tennessee, as he was riding near Nashville, and robbed him of his watch and five hundred dollars. The King of Greece was struck by lightning on board of a Grecian frigate, near Corin, but was restored to health, after having been insensible for some time. Polite circles in the city of Dublin are much exercised at the horsewhipping of a young gallant by a respectable lady whom he accosted in the street. The whipping took place near the clock-house and attracted a large crowd. Gladiators, the celebrated French horse who has carried all before him this year in England, was defeated in the Cambridgehire stakes, mile and an eighth dash. He was weighted at 12 lbs and had no chance of winning. In September the shipments to the United States from Great Britain of principal articles of British produce and manufacture exceeded by £1,736,000 the shipments of the same month in 1864. Some fortunate "prospector" has "struck it" in Ontario. The announcement the *Shipping Gazette* pronounces to be a literal fact, and adds that when the particulars are made known they will astonish the public. The United Kingdom Alliance (against spirit) has not a fund of \$29,000. Sir W. C. Trevelyan and Mr. Whitworth, M. P., for Drogheda, have each subscribed £3,000, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, £2,500. The amount of conscience money received by the Secretary of the Treasury five years ending July 1, 1865, is \$29,876. About one-half of the fund was forwarded to the Treasury by Catholic clergyman, to whom the money was paid in the confessional. It is estimated that about five hundred families have left Quebec with the Government. If each family spent \$1000 a year, and the average would not be below that figure, the loss to the retail trade of Quebec will be equal to half a million of dollars. The death of the fattest man in the world is recorded by the Paris papers. He was a German by origin, and employed as translator of foreign correspondence. His age was forty-two; he weighed five hundred pounds, and latterly was unable to pass through doors of ordinary dimensions. A steel vessel, which has just arrived in the Mersey, is the object of much curiosity and scientific calculation. The ship weathered the frightful cyclone of last year, and her cargo, consisting of twenty casks, each one of which would have sunk a wooden vessel, came out of the war of the elements with only honorable wounds. Since a few odd biscuits, or a little dry light bread, try them slightly, in a sizzling butter, or nice cup full of warm milk and a pinch of salt—When the bread is hot, pour the eggs over it and cook for a few minutes, stir slightly, so that all the eggs may be cooked. This is a nice dish, besides saving the dried bread. Southern lawyers are reaping abundant pecuniary harvests by their charges in drawing up petitions in behalf of Southern applicants for pardon. One Attorney of South Carolina has forwarded upwards of one thousand petitions to the Attorney General's office, for each of which he received the fee of \$25. Since June last the New York banks have increased their circulation from five to thirteen millions, their loans from \$200,000,000 to \$220,000,000, while their specie has declined from sixteen to thirteen millions, their deposits from \$190,000,000 to \$175,000,000, and their legal tender from \$22,000,000 to \$4,000,000. A lieutenant of the Canadian Frontier Service, was promulgating in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him: "Halt! who comes there?" The lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, expressed his ire with an indignant "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance, ass, and give the countersign."

Spain has at last taken active measures

to provide for the abolition of slavery; and as the first step in this great reform, the Spanish Ministry have reported to the Queen that it is the imperative duty of the government to seek the extinction of the slave trade. The American republicans evidently intend to be the last to give up the institution.

A perfectly hairless mare, imported from Africa, has been on view at Cambridge during the last few days. It has no mane and not a single hair on the tail. Its color is of a bluish tint, which in some places is changing to a beautiful flesh hue. The mare has great powers of endurance; it has followed hounds, and has been ridden bareback in a circus.

At a recent burial of a soldier and a young lady in a town near Paris, the funeral authorities made the singular mistake of confounding the two. The lady was interred with military honors, a dragon regiment following her to the grave, while the soldier's coffin was covered with white drapery and flowers, as the symbols of virgin purity, and was carried to the grave by four ladies, a whole galaxy of fair damsels escorting the trooper's remains and chanting funeral hymns.

The proprietor of the Ontario Packing House, in Hamilton has been awarded an extensive contract for supplying pork for the use of the British Navy. This is the first instance, it is said, in which Canada has been drawn upon for naval supplies; and the fact suggests a favorable reputation of her products and the growing importance of the pork producing interests in the country.

General News.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.—The Missouri Democrat of a recent date tells the following story. Mr. James Lumley, an old Rocky Mountain trapper, who has been stopping at the Everett hotel for several days, makes a most authenticated statement to us, and our whole country will produce the greatest excitement in the scientific world. Mr. Lumley states that about the middle of last September, he was engaged in trapping in the mountains about seventy-five or one hundred miles above the Great Falls of the Upper Missouri, and in the neighborhood of what is known as Odette Pass. Just after sunset one evening he beheld a bright luminous body in the heavens, which was moving with great rapidity in an easterly direction. It was visible for at least five seconds, when it suddenly separated into particles resembling a sky rocket in the air. A few minutes later he heard a heavy explosion, which jerked the earth very perceptibly, and this was shortly afterwards followed by a rushing sound, which sprang up about the same time, but as suddenly subsided. The air was almost filled with a peculiar odor of a sulphurous nature. These incidents would have made but slight impressions on the mind of a trapper, were it not for the fact that on the ensuing day he discovered, at the distance of about two miles from his camping place, that so far as he could see in either direction, a path had been cut through the forest several rods wide, strewn uprooted or broken off near the ground—the tops of hills shaved, and the earth plowed up in many places. Great and wide-spread havoc was everywhere visible. Following up this track of destruction he soon ascertained the cause of it, in the shape of an immense stone that had been driven into the side of the mountain. But now comes the most remarkable part of the story. An examination of this stone, or so much of it as was visible, showed that it had been divided into compartments, and that in various places it was covered with hieroglyphics. More than this, Mr. Lumley also discovered fragments of a substance resembling glass, and here and there dark stains, as though caused by a liquid. He is confident that the hieroglyphics were the work of human hands, and that the stone itself, although but a fragment of an immense mass, must have been used for some purpose by animated beings.

Strange as this story appears, Mr. Lumley relates it with so much sincerity that we are forced to accept it as true. It is evident that the stone which he discovered, and which he was unable to separate into particles or explode.

"Astronomers have long held that it is probable that the heavenly bodies are inhabited—even the comets—and it may be that the meteors are also. Possibly meteors are used as conveyances by the inhabitants of other planets in exploring space and it may be that hereafter some future Columbus, from Mercury or Uranus, may land on this planet, by means of a meteoric connoisseur, and take possession thereof—as did the Spanish navigators of the New World in 1492, and eventually drive what is known as the 'human race' into a condition of the most abject servitude. It has always been a favorite theory with many that there must be a race superior to us, and this may at some future time be demonstrated in the manner we have indicated."

A TEMPERANCE REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.—The Lord Mayor of London recently presided at a meeting of the National Temperance League. He was supported by several members of Parliament, and other gentlemen, comprising seventy-one physicians and surgeons, sixty-two aldermen, ninety-three bankers, merchants, and other distinguished men. The League is based upon moral suasion, and is in fact an imitation of the Washingtonian movement which was instituted in this country some years ago, and was productive of great good. The League reformers propose to deal with this question in a practical way, and to warn the working people from indulgence in intoxicating drink by showing them how much they will improve their condition by abstaining from its use. It is not proposed to accomplish by legislation what the experience of years has shown is at least a mere covering of a crime from public view, but it is hoped that the ex will be laid at the root of many of the misuses that happiness is to be found in temperance, cleanliness and regular habits.—*Boston Journal.*

The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, calling attention to Mr. Gladstone's recent speech, which he boasted of decreased taxation in Britain, says—

"What a contrast this is with the condition of things in the United States? Here instead of the taxes having been largely decreased, as in England, the Federal taxes which only amounted in 1820 to \$155 per capita, are now increased to more than \$10 per capita, and the State and local taxes have been increased in