

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 24.

Our Queen and Constitution.

SAMUEL WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1886.

WHOLE NO.—909.

Poetry.

OUR GOOD OLD FRIENDS.

When I dream of the friends of my youth,
And the hearts that were dear to me then,
I turn with a sigh to the days gone by,
Yet I love to recall them again;
When I dream of the joys that were mine,
Of the hearts that were gentle and true;
My heart still bends to my good old friends,
And I sigh when I bid them adieu.

CHORUS:

My heart still bends to my good friends—
To my good old friends of yore;
And I turn with a sigh to the days gone by,
And the hearts that will greet me no more.

When I think of a mother so kind,
And the heart to my childhood so dear;
Wherever I roam, I dream of that home,
With a sigh that will melt to a tear;
When I think of the hand that led me forth,
And the footsteps that followed me on;
The eyes that smiled when I called me a child,
But have faded and left me alone.

CHORUS:

My heart still bends, &c.

Select Tale.

THE STOLEN LETTER.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

(Continued.)

The first thing, of course, was to have a look at the enemy. I wrote to Davager, and informed him that I was appointed to arrange the matter with him. He could not conveniently call till between six and seven in the evening. I had nothing to do but to wait and give certain instructions before he came to my boy Tom. There never was such a sharp boy of fourteen before. I settled it with the boy that he was not to show when Mr. D. came; and that he was to wait to hear me ring the bell when he left. If I rang twice he was to show the gentleman out. If I rang once, he was to keep out of the way, and follow the gentleman where ever he went. Those were the only preparations I could make to begin with; being obliged to wait, and let myself be guided by what turned up.

About a quarter to seven my gentleman came. I tried at first to take the measure of him in a whispering, confidential way; but it was no go; I paid him some compliments, but he was not to be flattered. I tried to make him lose his temper; but he kept it in spite of me. It ended in his driving me to my last resource—I tried to frighten him.

"Before we say a word about the money," I began, "let me put a case, Mr. Davager. The pull you have on Francis Galiffa is that you can hinder his marriage on Wednesday. Now, suppose I have got a magistrate's warrant to apprehend you in my pocket? Suppose I have a constable to execute it in the next room? Suppose I bring you up to-morrow, the day before the marriage—charge you only generally with an attempt to extort money, and apply for a day's remand to complete the case? Suppose, as a suspicious stranger, you can't get bail in this town? Suppose—"

"Stop a bit," says Mr. Davager, "suppose I should not be the greenest fool that ever stood in shoes? Suppose I should have given a certain friend of mine a certain place in this town? Suppose the letter should be inside the envelope, directed to old Galiffa, with a copy of the letter directed to the editor of the local paper? Suppose my friend should be instructed to open the envelope and take the letters to the right address, if I don't appear to claim them from him this evening? In short, my dear sir, suppose you were born yesterday, and suppose I wasn't?" said Mr. Davager, and winks at me again.

He didn't take me by surprise, for I never expected he had the letter about him. I made a pretence of being taken aback, and to be ready to give in. I was to draw out a document which he was to sign. He knew the document was stuff and nonsense as well as I did, and told me I was only proposing it to swell my client's bill. He was wrong there.

The document was not to be drawn out to gain money from Frank but from Mr. Davager. It was an excuse to put off the payment of five hundred pounds till three o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Tuesday morning Mr. Davager said he should devote to his amusement, and asked me what sights were to be seen in the neighborhood of the town. When I told him he went out.

I rang the bell once—waited till he had passed the window—and looked after Tom. There was my jewel of a boy on the opposite side of the street, setting his top going in the most playful manner possible! Mr. Davager walked up the street. Tom whipped his top up street too.

In a quarter of an hour he came back. Mr. Davager had walked to a public house just outside the town, in a lane leading to the high road. On a bench outside the public house there sat a man smoking. He said "All right?" and gave a letter to Mr. Davager, who answered "All right!" and walked back to the inn. The hall he ordered hot rum and water, cigars, slippers, and a fire to be lit in his room. After that he went up stairs, and then Tom came away.

I now saw my road clear before me, not very far off, but still clear. I had bought the letter in all probability for that night, at the Galiffa Arms. After tipping Tom, I gave him directions to play about the door of the inn, and if Mr. Davager went out, or Mr. Davager's friend called on him, Tom was to let me know. He was also to take a little note from me to the head chambermaid—an old friend of mine—

asking her to step over to my office on a private matter of business, as soon as her work was done for that night.

When the head chambermaid came, it turned out that Mr. Davager had drawn her attention rather too closely to his ugliness, by offering her a testimonial of his regard in the shape of a kiss. I no sooner mentioned him than she flew into a passion; and when I added, by way of clinching the matter, that I was retained to defend the interests of a very beautiful young lady against the most cruel underhand treachery on the part of Mr. Davager, the head chambermaid was ready to go any lengths, that she could safely, to serve my cause. In a few words I discovered that Boots was to call Mr. Davager at eight o'clock the next morning, and was to take his clothes down stairs to brush as usual. If Mr. Davager had not emptied his own pockets over night, we arranged that Boots was to forget to empty them for him, and was to bring the clothes down stairs just as he found them. If Mr. D.'s pockets were emptied, then, of course, it would be necessary to transfer the searching process to Mr. D.'s room.

I waited till Tom came home. His report was uncommonly short and pleasant. The inn was shutting up. Mr. Davager was going to bed in rather a drunken condition. Mr. Davager's friend had never appeared. I sent Tom (properly instructed about keeping our may in view all the next morning) to his shake-down behind the desk.

At half-past seven next morning, I slipped quietly into Boots's pantry.

Down came the clothes. No pockets in trousers. Waistcoat pockets empty. Coat pockets with something in them. First, handkerchiefs; secondly, bunch of keys; thirdly, cigar case; fourthly, pocket book. Of course I wasn't such a fool as to expect to find the letter there, but I opened the pocket book with a certain curiosity, notwithstanding.

Nothing in the two pockets of the book but some old advertisements cut out of newspapers, a lock of hair tied round with a dirty bit of ribbon, a circular letter about a loan society, and a couple of verses not likely to suit any company that was not of an extremely free and easy description. On the leaves of the pocket book, people's addresses scrawled in pencil, and betts joined down in red ink. On one by itself, this queer inscription:

MEM. 5 Along, 4 Across.

I understood everything that those words and figures, so I copied them off into my own book. Then I waited in the pantry till Boots had brushed the clothes, and had taken them up stairs. His report when he came down was, that Mr. D. had asked if it was a fine morning. Being told that it was, he ordered breakfast at nine, and a saddle horse to be at the door at ten, to take him to Grimwith Abbey—one of the sights in our neighborhood, which I had told him of the evening before.

"I'll be here coming in by the back way, at half-past ten, says I to the chambermaid.

"What for?" says she.

"To take the responsibility of making Mr. Davager's bed off your hands for this morning only," says I.

"Any more orders," says she.

"One more," says I. "I want to ride Sam for this morning. Put it down in the order book that he's to be brought round to my office at ten."

In case you should think Sam was a man I'd better tell you he was a pony. I had made up my mind that it would be beneficial to Tom's health if he took a constitutional airing on a nice hard saddle, in the direction of Grimwith Abbey.

"Anything else?" says the head chambermaid.

"Only one more favor," says I; "would my boy Tom be very much in the way if he came from now till ten, to help with the boots and shoes, and stand at his work close by this window which looks out on the staircase?"

"Not a bit," says the head chambermaid.

"Thank you," says I, and stepped back to my office directly.

Tom came back to the office, and reported him mounted for his ride.

His friend had never appeared. I sent the boy off with his proper instructions, and then slipped into the inn by the back way. The head chambermaid gave me a signal when the landing was clear. I got into his room without a soul but her seeing me, and locked the door.

Mr. Davager had taken one of the best rooms at the Galiffa Arms. I searched, to begin with, everywhere, and taking more than an hour about it. No discovery! I now looked to the carpet. I felt all over it with the ends of my fingers, and nothing came of that. Then I scraped it over gently and slowly with my nails. My second finger stuck a little at one place. I parted the carpet at that place, and saw a thin slit—a slit about half an inch long, with a little end of brown thread, exactly the colour of the carpet ground, sticking out about a quarter of an inch.

The pattern of the carpet was bunches of leaves and roses speckled over the ground at regular distances. I reckoned up the bunches—ten along the room and eight across it—when I had stepped out in the centre, there were five one way and four the other.

It was not at all difficult for me to now understand the words "Mem 5 along, 4 across." I now heard a footstep outside the door. It was only the chambermaid.

"Haven't you done yet?" she whispers.

"Give me two minutes," said I, "and don't let anybody come near the door."

I took a little pull at the thread and heard something rustle. I took another pull, and out came a piece of paper. I unrolled it—and there was the letter!

I immediately bolted off with it to my friend Frank, and he in his turn bolted off to show the young lady. She first burnt the letter, and then went into hysterics in his arms. I saw them married on Wednesday; and when they went off in a carriage and four to spend the honeymoon, I went off on my legs to open a credit at the Town and County Bank with a five hundred pound note in my pocket.

As to Davager, I can tell you nothing more about him, except what is derived from hearsay evidence, which is always unsatisfactory evidence, even in a lawyer's mouth.

He, I have since been given to understand, left the Galiffa Arms that night with his best clothes on his back, and all the valuable contents of his dressing case in his pockets. I am not in a condition to state whether he went through the form of asking for his bill or not; but I can testify he never paid it. When I add to these fragments of evidence that he and I have never met since I jockeyed him out of his bank note, I have about finished my statement.

Husbands and their Wives.

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good-bye, dear," in the tones of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, providing always that the wives are appreciative, and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and the "good-bye, dear." Some husbands, however, leaving home, ask—centrally—What would you like for dinner, my dear? knowing all the time that she will select something for his particular palat, and off he goes.

Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation, and waving an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window. Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lion, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that they can find sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence. When, on retiring, some husbands come home jolly and happy, unsundered by the world; some sulkily and sultry with their disappointments.

Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents. Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa until bed time. Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted at nothing short of a child's falling down stairs or the house taking fire. "Depend upon it," says Dr. Spooner, "that home is the happiest, where kindness, and politeness, and attention is shown—of course all the responsibility rests with them, and temptation finds no footing there."

N. Y. Methodist.

A Frenchman's Opinion of English Girls.

This is the cry of a Frenchman, a distinguished French writer, M. Taine, raised after contemplation of the young ladies of England: "Nothing more simple than the young girls; among lovely things there are few so lovely in the world; well-shaped, strong, sure of themselves, so thoroughly sound and open, so exempt from coquetry! Impossible unless one has seen it to imagine this freshness, this innocence. Many of them are flowers—flowers just bursting into bloom; only the morning rose with its pure and delightful tints, with its petals studded with dew drops, can give an idea of it; far in advance this of the beauty of the South; with its distinct, finished, fixed outlines, constituting a definite design; all the reminders of the fragility, delicacy, continual flow of life; eyes full of candor, blue as violets, looking without consciousness of what they are looking at; at the slightest emotion the blood diffusing itself over the cheeks, the neck, even down to the shoulders, in purple tinted waves; you see emotions flitting on these transparent flushes like the varying tints that play upon their meadows; and this virgin purity is so genuine that you feel an impulse to lower your eyes in respect. And yet, all natural and artless as they are, they are not languid and listless; they enjoy and can bear active service like their brothers; with their hair floating in the wind, they are to be seen, when only six years old, galloping on horseback, and taking long walks. In this country of action fortifies the physique; maturation and the heart becomes more simple while the body is becoming more sound."

Secrecy—Penny, in her picturesque raving, may tune her lay in favor of solitude; may boast of her little empire within, and the sweet converse with inanimate creation; but reason interrupts these ideal joys, and says—the mind cannot long be its own companion without becoming its own enemy. Trees and brambles are but poor society; we pine for one who will think as we think, or induce us to forsake our own opinions for his.

MUTUAL GRIEF.—Two widowers were condoling together on the recent bereavement of their wives; one of them exclaimed, with a sigh: "Well may I bewail my loss for I had so few differences with the dear deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first."

"There I surpass you," said his friend, "for the last day of mine was happier!"

Want of employment is the most irksome of all wants.

New Way of Paying a Subscription.

A correspondent of the *Lancashire* gives the following amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the papers. The lesson is worth pondering over by a good many men: "we wot of."

"You have been at home, of course. Well, I will send you my paper for one year, for the proceeds of a single hen for one season. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen will pay a subscription; perhaps it won't, but I make the offer."

"Done," exclaimed Farmer B. "I agree to it," and appealed to me as a witness to the affair.

The farmer went off apparently much elated with his conquest; the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled round, and the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved in his orbit as of old; but the farmer received his paper regularly; and, regaled himself with the information from it, and said he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information.

Sometime in the month of September, I happened to be up again in the office, when who should enter but our friend, Farmer B.

"How do you do, Mr. B.?" said the editor, extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a bland smile; "take a chair, sir, and be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," he answered, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B. looked backward and forward, twined his thumbs abstractedly, and spit profusely. Starting up quickly, he said, addressing the editor, "Mr. D., I have brought the proceeds of that hen?"

"It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor, as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my whiskers down."

When at the wagon, the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products of the hen, which on being counted amounted to eight pennies, worth a shilling each, and a number of dozens of eggs, making in the aggregate, at the least calculation, two dollars and fifty cents more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it too. I don't miss this from my roof, yet I have paid for a year's subscription and over. All folly, sir; there is no man but can take a newspaper; it's charity, you know, commences at home."

"But," resumed the editor, "I will pay for what is over the subscription. I did not intend for this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay."

"Not a bit of it, sir; a bargain is a bargain. I am already paid, sir—doubtless paid. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will relate to him the hen story. Good day, gentlemen."

American Girls.

The young American girl of our times is a creature who has not a particle of vitality to spare—no reserved stock of force to draw upon in cases of family exigency. She is exquisitely strong, she is cultivated, she is refined; but she is too nervous, too witty, too sensitive—she burns away too fast; only the earliest of circumstances, the most watchful of care and nursing, can keep her within the limits of comfortable health; and yet this is the creature who must undertake family life in the country where it is next to an absolute impossibility to have permanent domesticities. Frequent change, occasional entire break-downs, must be the lot of the majority of housekeepers—particularly those who do not live in cities. "In fact," said my wife, "we in America have so much to get out of the way of womanhood that has any vigor or outline or opulence of physical proportions that, when we see a woman made as a woman ought to be, she strikes us as a monster. Our willowy girls are afraid of nothing so much as growing stout; and if a young lady begins to round into proportions like the women in Titian's and Giorgione's pictures, she is distressed above measure, and begins to make secret inquiries into reducing diet, and to cling desperately to the strongest corset—being as her only hope. It would require one better educated than most of our girls are, to be willing to look like the Sistine Madonna or the Venus of Milo."—*The Atlantic Monthly*.

A Strange Custoin.

A correspondent writing from Vienna, the capital of Austria, relates the following concerning the burial customs of the Imperial family: "We had stepped into one of the churches to see the splendid tomb erected by Canova to the remains of Queen Christina, of Sweden, when we were told that in an adjoining chapel were to be seen the hearts of all the deceased members of the Royal family. So following our guide through a dark passage, down a pair of stairs, into what was called the Lorette chapel, we were permitted to look through an iron grating into a circular cell, where on two shelves were arranged fifty-two hearts, each contained in a silver vase or urn, and arranged in order of descent. The urns were of different sizes, the one containing the heart of Maria Theresa being nearly twice as large as any of the others. We were told that when anyone of the reigning sovereigns died, the heart is put with this curious collection in the cell under the church, and the bodies committed to another church in the city, and the intestines to another."

Why did you leave your last place?

Inquired a young housekeeper about to engage a new servant. "Why, you see na'm," replied the applicant; "I was too good looking; and when I opened the door, folks took me for the mistress."

The Influence of Habit on Sleep.

Seamen and soldiers, from habit, can sleep when they will, and wake when they will. The Emperor Napoleon was a striking instance of this fact. Captain Barclay, when performing his extraordinary feat of walking one thousand miles in as many successive hours, obtained, at last, such a mastery over himself, that he fell asleep the instant he lay down. The faculty of remaining asleep for a great length of time is possessed by some individuals. Such was the case with Quin, the celebrated player, who could slumber for twenty-four hours successively; with Elizabeth Owen, who slept three-fourths of her life; with Elizabeth Perkins, who slept for a week or a fortnight at a time; with Mary Lyell, who did the same for six successive weeks; and with many others, more or less remarkable.

A phenomenon of an opposite character is also sometimes observed, for there are individuals who can sustain on a surprisingly small portion of sleep. The celebrated General Elliot was an instance of this kind; he never slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. In all other respects he was strikingly abstinent, his food consisting wholly of bread, water and vegetables. In a letter communicated to Sir Gilbert Sinclair, by Mr. John Gordon, of Swinney, mention is made of a person named John Mackay, of Skerry, who died in Strathgave, in the year 1797, aged ninety-one; he only slept on an average four hours in the twenty-four, and was a remarkably robust and healthy man.

The great G. of Prussia, and the illustrious surgeon, John Hunter, only slept five hours during the same period. The celebrated French General Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane, that during a whole year's campaign he had not above one hour's sleep in the twenty-four.

Good Coffee.

To have really good coffee that strengthens and stimulates, the beverage must be strong—strong in distinction to weak; not dense enough to bear an egg. Persons of weak digestion find that weak coffee creates flatulence, and is a burden grievous to be borne, while the reverse is the case with strong coffee. A tea-cup full of ground coffee will make five to six cups as strong as it should be. Of course, there are stomachs which can bear turpentine, but they are happily in the minority.

Coffee should never be brought into contact with iron. Tinned coffee-pots, that have been used for some time, are apt to get on the surface, so that the iron in the tin plate is made of comes through. When this occurs the coffee will be bitter and black, for it attacks iron, forming an acid very quickly. This any one can see by putting a few drops on a case knife.

Above all, to have good coffee, the pot must be scrupulously clean. It should be scalded every morning before using, and once a week a lump of soda as large as a walnut should be put in the pot and boiled thoroughly. The result will surprise many who thought their vessels were clean.

All Equal Here.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington, that once when he remained to take the sacrament at his parish church, a very poor old man had gone up the opposite aisle, and reaching the communion table, knelt down close by the side of the duke; some one—a pew owner probably—came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, and whispered to him to move further away, or to rise and wait until the duke had received the bread and wine. But the eagle eye and the quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand and held him, to prevent his rising, and in a reverential undertone, but most distinctly, said, "Do not move—we are all equal here."

Honorary Church Members.—Two-thirds of the members of my church," says a pastor, "are honorary members. They don't come to prayer meetings; they don't attend Sunday school; they don't add to the life of the church; they are the passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on the books; they are honorary members."

Good Advice.—Carry yourself respectfully toward your superiors, friendly toward your equals, condescendingly toward your inferiors, generously toward your enemies, and lovingly toward all.

Jennie June says that in almost every instance where a man marries a sensible woman, it is after he has met with a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool.

It is a shame," said a starving corset-maker, "that I, who have stayed the stomachs of thousands, should be without bread myself."

Mankind should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets the shorter her horns become.

A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot house.

Many gain favour because their civility is not dreaded, and others because it is.

Most men know what they hate, few what they love.

Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of insincerity itself.

He that loses his conscience has nothing that is left worth keeping.

St. Croix sends out two million dollars' worth of manufactured lumber yearly.

The Croton Aqueduct is the largest in the world, and cost \$12,500,000.

Items Foreign & Local.

Grey silk, of a leaden tint, is very fashionable in Paris.

Strawberry festivals are all the rage in South-western cities.

A little boy in Iowa poisoned his infant sister to keep her still.

Recently 55,000 white fish were dragged in at one haul in New Haven.

The embroidery on the new styles of chemises must not be more than five inches deep.

The fifth son of the Earl of Shaftesbury is minus £20,000 by the bankruptcy of Pinto, Perez & Co.

It is computed that ten thousand shops are open in London every Sunday.

A negro preacher was fined \$5 in Cairo, the other day, for expounding the gospel with his fists, on the head of one of his flock.

A Paris architect, borrowing an idea from the Romans, has invented a brick which renders time and completely resists humidity.

The "floating notes" in the air of a railway are proved to be little particles of iron that had evidently come from the wheels and rails.

It is rumored that the King of Italy will take the command in chief of the Italian army, with General De la Marmora as chief of staff.

An old resident says that on the 7th June, 1816, snow fell that whitened every street in the city of Quebec.

Idea (says Voltaire) are like heads—men get them when they grow up, and women never have any.

The Ouellet is the Majesty's intention to create Prince Albert a pair of the realm under the titles of Duke of Edinburgh and Earl of Kent.

Some persons never alter almost the age. They die into the stream of the past and don't come up again; their heads stick in the mud at the bottom.

The Quebec Towboat Company intend putting four steamers in the Gulf this summer, to carry passengers and freight between Quebec and ports in the maritime provinces.

A correspondent of the *New Orleans Times* states that Admiral Somers will soon prepare an account of his adventures on the high seas for the press.

Oregon has a population of 65,000—27,000 females to 37,500 males. England, the central city, has 5,000 inhabitants. There are 140,000 acres under cultivation in the State.

About 3,000 Mormon emigrants are expected at New York this season from Europe—1000 from Norway and Sweden, about 1700 from Britain, and the rest from different parts of Europe.

In 1856, when the yellow fever visited New Orleans, 5,000 supporters of the grip shops died before a single temperate man was attacked; and in the same year out of 900 deaths by cholera, only three were known to be temperate.

Samuel Kennedy, the last survivor of the Wyandott massacre, died near York Springs, Pa., last week. He was 93 years of age, and was carried away by his mother from the horrid butchery when five years old.

Sea-collecting is now a passion and a fashion in Paris. In one day in 1881 nine thousand impressions of seals of various royal and celebrated personages sold for ten thousand francs, the average value per seal being about twenty-four cents in American currency.

The Black Assize is a common designation of the sitting of the court held at Oxford in 1557, during which Judges, juries and counsel were swept away by a violent epidemic.

The plague that devastated Europe during the fourteenth century was called the "Black Death."

The Southwestern of England Railway Company possesses a monster engine, named the Colossus. It has been built to draw a train of eighty loaded wagons eighty miles in three hours, each loaded with a weight of about ten tons. It can drag nearly one thousand tons from London to Southampton with almost the speed of a bird flying.

There are rumors of a wide spread conspiracy in Russia, of which the late assassination of the Czar was only a premature development. Great anxiety is said to prevail in Government circles; the police are on the alert, and the newspapers have been warned to be very careful in their articles.

The inhabitants of Tasclenkov have voluntarily resolved to free their Russian slaves, as a compliment to the Czar, having learned that the Russians had emancipated their serfs in reference to his wishes. The Russian papers cite this as a proof of the civilizing influence of Russia in the East.

Baron Rogers has written another letter to Mr. Anglin, in which he states that he feels morally certain that Mr. Anglin's mission North would have led to bloodshed, had not the case of the old Currier and Gilman-Rankin contests, but for his influence and that of Johnson and Mitchell. It is a dignified, able letter.

A society has just been formed in London under the patronage of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to commemorate the memory of the late John Brown, Christianity among the Arabs. A young Christian Arab, named Yohanna El Kiro, has been well educated in England for the ministry, and is to be sent out to Palestine, accompanied by an English physician of approved piety.

A hard-boiled and vindictive husband named Johns drowned himself in London, with this note in his pocket:—"Mrs. Johns, when you receive this I shall be no more. I have the cause of my misery. I shall never trouble you again. The act I have committed will deprive you of all benefit of either Club or insurance." At the inquest Mrs. Johns said her husband was "a brute."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* states that a Mr. Disman of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, has discovered a process of hardening copper, an art which has been lost since the days of King Solomon. It is well known that the ancients possessed the art of hardening copper and making it equal to the best of steel, but for nearly three thousand years all knowledge of the method has been in oblivion.

The indictment against Mr. Davis contains but one general specification, which is to the effect that he conspired with others on the 15th day of June, 1864, by force of arms, to overthrow the government of the United States. The bill is signed by L. A. Chandler, United States Attorney for the District of Virginia. Mr. Davis is indicted under the act which in case he is found guilty, limits the term of imprisonment to ten years.

The northern overland telegraph enterprise is a gigantic affair. Through British America 1200 miles; through Russian America 900; across Behring Strait 183; across the Gulf of Anadyr 210; and thence overland to the mouth of the Amoor River 1,800; or a total of 4,294 miles. At the Amoor it is to be continued by a Russian line connecting it with Irkutsk, through Western Siberia, communicating with Nijni-Novgorod and Moscow, and thence to St. Peterburg. The capital involved amounts to ten millions of dollars.

An eccentric wager was made at the late Paris races between two English gentlemen. One of the terms of a particular bet was that the lesser of the two should provide for the support of the poorest societies of the French capital. These persons were to be all of about the same height as the betters, and to be between 40 and 50 years of age. Lord R., the loser, is the proprietor of British haggardness, and being indisposed to mix with persons not suitably attired, gathered his brigade of paupers at an outlying establishment, where he had them provided from head to foot. In the