

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 20.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

WHOLE NO.—956.

Professional Cards.

Dr. EDMUND L. HOVEY
INFORMS his friends and the public that he has commenced the practice of his profession in this County. Dr. Hovey has made Medicine the study of his life, and has had some experience in its practice in this County. During the past few years he has had the advantage of receiving instruction from representative men in the various branches of the Art, and in several of its many systems. He has also been in a position to study Surgery and Anatomy, during the continuance of the late Civil War in the United States, in some of the largest hospitals.
Residence, next below the Baptist Church.
Woodstock, July 18, 1866. [39]

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.
Residence—Three doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
Office—In the Medical Hall, King Street, next door to the Post Office.
Woodstock, April 22, 1865.

Dr. C. P. Connell,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Scales.
Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
1—6m
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

J. J. CHRISTIE,
Importer and Dealer in all kinds of
Leather and Shoe Trimmings, Crimps, Boot
laces, Laces, &c. wholesale & retail.
42 King St., St. John, N. B.

Wm. H. Knowles,
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN—
Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Bags, &c.
ON HAND and made to order, Ladies and Gents
Travelling and Bonnet Trunks.
Waterloo Building, a few doors north of Trinity
Church.
No. 49, GUYARD STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
17—[20]

C. L. RICHARDS,
Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,
4, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.
[19]

W. P. DONNELL,
—IMPORTER OF—
French Brandy, Pure Wines, Hollands
Geneva, English Ale and Irish Porter.
Tobacco, Segars, &c.
43—17
Main-st., Woodstock, N. B.

PHILLIPS HOUSE.
THE subscriber, having taken a house at
East Florenceville, is prepared to accom-
modate the travelling public. No pains will be spared to make parties comfortable
who favor him with a call.
J. PHILLIPS, A. C. PHILLIPS.
East Florenceville, Oct. 25, 1866—14.

Surveying.
THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends
and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed.
It would likewise acknowledge the assistance
he has now prepared, with enlarged experience and
greatly increased facilities to attend to the various
branches of his business, as a Surveyor of Land.
Parties entrusting him, &c., to his care may rely
upon his best attention being given to further their
interests. He will also receive and make advances on
LUMBER at Service Mills, when desired.
STEPHEN H. STEVENS.
Indian Town, St. John.

GEORGE C. HUNT, JR.,
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Paints, Oils, & Varnishes, Glass, Putty,
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR
MEDICAL USE.
Dye Woods and Dyed Stuffs Generally
Medicines warranted genuine, and of the best qual-
ity. Customers will find our Stock complete, compre-
hending all articles it is impossible here to enumerate.
and all sold at moderate prices from English Town.
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Coldbrook Iron Works,
Warehouse, No. 9, North Market Wharf, St.
John, New Brunswick.

**ON HAND—A large stock of CUT NAILS of all
sizes; CUT SPIKES from 4 to 8 inches long.
Wrought Ship's Spikes, Railroad Spikes made to order—
these Nails and Spikes are manufactured of BEST
Refined Iron.
Consumers of Nails and Spikes will find it to their
advantage to purchase those manufactured at the
"Cold Brook Iron Works," as they are far super-
ior to those manufactured from English Town.
W. H. SCOVILL.
St. John, May 1.**

**Neptune's
Hair Dressing Saloon.**
Office formerly occupied by Wm. Connell.
LADIES' HAIR BRAIDS, made by
WM. NEPTUNE.
SHAVING, done by
WM. NEPTUNE.
HAIR CUT and SHAMPOOED, by
WM. NEPTUNE.
HAIR and WHISKERS DYED, by
WM. NEPTUNE.
Woodstock, Feb 1

**COLPITTS'
New Photographic Gallery,**
Over the Post Office,
KING STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

THE subscriber begs respectfully to direct the atten-
tion of the public to the above GALLERY, which
he has recently opened, and he has justified in assuring
all wishing Pictures, that he has every facility for pro-
ducing

LIFE-LIKE LIKENESSES,
such as ordinary Cartes De Visites, Ambrotypes, Per-
sotypes or
LIFESIZED PHOTOGRAPHS
IN OIL. Old Faded Daguerotypes Copied
and Enlarged to any size. Particular attention to
Ladies' Children's Pictures. Ladies and Gents are in-
vited to call and see for themselves.
T. R. COLPITTS, Agent.
Aug. 17.

CONFECTIONERY.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
THE SUBSCRIBER having secured the services of
a good Confectioner from Canada, is now prepared
to fill all orders in this line he may be favored with.
There will be no delay in filling orders as I intend to
keep a large stock always on hand, and will sell to
the trade at
Saint John Prices.

All Confectionery warranted pure. All kinds of
reasonable FRUIT, &c., always on hand. Orders from
Woodstock and surrounding country respectfully solici-
ted.
CHARLES A. SAMSON.
Fredericton, March 22, 1867.—1214.

Hotels.

PARK HOTEL,
KING SQUARE.....ST. JOHN.
H. FAIRWEATHER,
Proprietor.
This House is new, is pleasantly situated, fur-
nished in a superior manner, and will be kept as
First-Class Hotel.
International Hotel,
ST. ANDREWS.

THE INTERNATIONAL
is furnished and kept in such a
way as to meet the wants, con-
venience and comfort of the
travelling public.
It is pleasantly situated near
the head of the Steamboat
Wharf, and is thus the most conveniently located of
any house in St. Andrews.
Parties of one or more, calling either for a meal or
for a lengthy stay, will find here all the comforts of a
home and all the accommodations of a First Class
Hotel.
EDWIN HATCH,
St. Andrews, Sept. 1, 1866—17
Proprietor.

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest
notice for any point.

THOMPSON HOUSE.
Grand Falls, N. B.
THIS HOUSE is new, pleasantly
situated, and fitted with all the modern
appliances for the convenience and
comfort of travellers. Terms reasonable.
W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

PREBLE HOUSE,
(situated on Congress corner of Preble street.)
PORTLAND, ME.
THIS is the largest HOTEL in the
State, possessing all the modern im-
provements, and is first-class in every
appointment.
C. H. Adams, Proprietor.

**Barnum's
EATING HOUSE,**
IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.
Portland, Me.
Meals at all hours. Suppers and Collations fur-
nished to Military and Fire Companies at short notice.
Portland, Me., Oct. 1, '65

AMERICAN HOUSE.
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

WAVERLY HOUSE,
73 KING STREET, ST. JOHN.
The WAVERLY HOUSE is situated in
the most central as well as most healthy part
of the city; is furnished with all the modern
improvements and conveniences, and affords every
advantage to transient as well as permanent boarders.
It has for many years enjoyed the reputation of a first
class Hotel. The present Proprietor, who has been
connected with the establishment for several years,
trusts that a share of the extensive patronage bestowed
upon it during the lifetime of the late Joseph Stan-
mell, Esq., may be extended to it under his manage-
ment.
Attached to the Waverly is a commodious Stable
and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Coach on call at all hours, for conveyance
to Steamer, Railway Station, &c.
JOHN GUTHRIE, Proprietor
St. John, Aug. 12, '66.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
HOULTON, MAINE.
The above house, centrally located
on Main Street, has recently been fitted
up for the accommodation of the travel-
ling public. Strangers and others visiting this section,
either on business or pleasure, will find good accommo-
dations at this House.
A stable is attached, and a faithful hostler always
in attendance. Stages leave here for all the principal
routes of travel.
JAS. MARTIN, Proprietor.
Houlton, Me., Aug. 12, '64.

CUT NAILS CUT SPIKES.
WROUGHT SHIP SPIKES.
GALVANIZED SHEATHING NAILS.
NOW IN STOCK:
CUT NAILS and SPIKES, all sizes
Wrought Ship's Spikes, for quality of Iron and Finish
are equal to the best American Nails.
W. H. SCOVILL.
Feb 10, No. 9, North
Wharf, St. John.

Leather! Leather! Leather!
THE undersigned has on hand, and intends con-
tinually keeping a full assortment of LEATHER,
such as
Sole, Harness and Upper Leather,
Saddles, &c. The quality will be found
superior, and prices as low as possible.
Highest Prices paid for hides and skins.
JAMES BAKER.
Woodstock, April 5—4f.

Western Insurance Company,
(Limited.)
FIRE AND MARINE.
LONDON.
CAPITAL—£1,000,000 Sterling.
INSURANCES against loss by Fire effected upon
every description of property, at Premiums as low
as compatible with safety to the assured.
Claims settled on reasonable proof of loss, with
promptness and liberality.
This office has been doing an immense business in
St. John the past year.
WM. M. CONNELL, Barrister-at-Law
Agent for Woodstock and Carleton Co.
W. C. PERLEY, Solicitor, St. John,
Agent for New Brunswick.

CARY BROTHERS,
—DEALERS IN—
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES, FLOUR,
HARDWARE, BAR IRON & STEEL.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Plows, Stoves and Castings.
COURT STREET, HOULTON, ME.
THOS. CARY, JEFFERSON CARY, GEORGE CARY.
We sell Stoves and Plows of the most approved
patterns, very low for cash.

**BROWN'S
VERMIFUGE COMFITS**
or
Worm Lozenges.

Poetry.

YOUNG GRIMES.
BY D. F. SHILLABEER.
Old Grimes is dead—that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
But he has left a son who bears
The name that old Grimes bore.
He wears a coat of the latest cut,
His hat is new and gay;
He can not hear to view distress,
So turns from it away.
His pants are gaiters—fitted snug
Over patent leather shoes;
His hair is by a barber curled—
He smokes cigars and chews.
A chain of massive gold is borne
Above his flashy vest;
His clothes are better every day
Than were Old Grimes' best.
In Fashion's orbit he constant walks,
Where he delight doth shed;
His hands are white and very soft,
But softer is his head.
He's six feet tall—no post more straight—
His teeth are pearly white;
In habits he is sometimes loose,
And sometimes very tight.
His manners are of sweetest grace,
His voice of softest tone;
His diamond pin 's the very one
That old Grimes used to own.
His moustache adorns his face,
His neck a scarf of blue;
He sometimes goes to church for change
And sleeps in Grimes' pew.
He sports the fastest "cab" in town,
Is always quick to bet;
He never knows who's President,
But thinks "Old Tip" is yet.
He has drank wines of every kind,
And liquors cold and hot;
Young Grimes, in short, is just that sort
Of man—old Grimes was not.

Select Tale.

THE WOMAN IN BROWN.

"Money! More money! Mrs. Wilde, I
am perfectly astonished!"
"It isn't for myself, Eugene," faltered the
timid little wife, flushed up to the roots of her
hair; "but the ladies in the church are trying
to make up a sum for poor soldiers in hospital,
and—"

"Twenty-five dollars!" slowly enunciated
Mr. Wilde, as if every syllable were a hundred
pound weight buried at his defenceless partner.
"For the soldiers? Do I pay taxes,
Mrs. Wilde, or do I not? Are my resources drawn
upon by the Government every day in the year,
or are they not, for this very object? I am
not made of gold, Mrs. Wilde, whatever you
may think; I assure you that it is only by the
practice of the most rigid economy that I am
able at the year's end to bring my expenses
within my annual income. Besides, I very
cordially disapprove of these outside charities.
It's Government's business to provide for the
sick soldiers; I can't afford to pay the debts of
the whole War Department; and what's more,
I won't!"

Eustace Wilde was standing in front of a
garment clear cut fire, on the hearth-rug, but
tuning up his gloves for the daily down-town
jaunt that opened his day's business, a hand-
some, stylish-looking man, with a silky black
moustache and a portly figure attired in gar-
ments that fitted him on only Broadway suits
can fit; while Maggie, his wife, sat before the
coffee-urn in a pretty morning dress of buff
gingham, with her linen cuffs, and a little white
collar tied with maize-colored ribbon. She had
a very sweet face, shadowed with heavy brown
hair and bright hazel eyes, in whose translucent
depths there lurked just a gleam of piquant
fire; but however, there was a weary, careworn
look about the delicate-moulded features, a tired
droop of the lashes, and a dark ring under the
eyes, that made one instinctively remember
patient Martha of old, who was "burdened with
many cares."

She took up her little port-monnaie with a
disappointed face, to replace it in the pocket of
her black silk apron.
"What shall I tell the Committee, Eustace?"
"Tell them, Mrs. Wilde," said her husband
dogmatically, "that at the present scale of pri-
ces economy is the chief duty of us all—the
soldiers will, I have no doubt, be cared for by
the proper authorities. I must decline to sub-
scribe. You observe, my dear," he added,
glancing at a bank note that lay on the shining
damask tablecloth, "that I have already placed
housekeeping funds for the week at your
disposal. I must beg of you to use proper
discretion in its expenditure."

"Five dollars is not enough, Eustace," said
Mrs. Wilde, with a stolid courage born of dis-
peration.
"Not enough!"
Maggie raised her eyebrows a little impati-
ently.

"If you think, Eustace, that five dollars
will pay the butcher, settle the baker's account
and the ice-man's bill, and then leave enough
for daily marketing expenses, I should like to
have you remain at home and take charge of
the finances yourself—that's all!"
"My dear, you must purchase cheaper arti-
cles."

"But, Eustace, you know how fastidious you
are about your meals."
"That has nothing to do with the question,"
said Mr. Wilde, a little shortly. "We must
economise, my dear—we must indeed."
Maggie Wilde coloured and bit her lip—
Economise!—when she had sat through all the
sunny hours of yesterday, over a weary
work-basket, mending little dresses, and darn-
ing socks, and retreating her own bonnet to
save unnecessary expenditure. Economise!—
when she wore her old shawl, and made over
her old dresses, and heard the children's les-
sons, to dispense with a governess's salary?

Poor Maggie! It was hard to be accused of
extravagance, under these circumstances. A
quick answer trembled on her lip, but she
forced back the angry words, and answered in
a subdued tone:
"Indeed, I try not to be extravagant, Eus-
tace."

"But you must be, my dear, or else where
in the name of common sense does all the mo-
ney go? I never spend anything."

"Don't you?"
"Never; my dear—never. Depend upon it
the escape valve is somewhere in the house-
keeping. It would be much better to devote
your energies to domestic economy than to be
running about collecting money for the soldiers
—very much better, Maggie. And, moreover,
I cannot very well let you have any more this
morning; my funds are running decidedly low."

"You had fifty dollars in that pocket-book
the day before yesterday," said Maggie, quietly.
"And I have used but ten of it."

"Ten? you must have had more than ten."

"Not a cent," said Maggie firmly.
"The coal bill. I paid the coal bill out of
it, and that was twenty, you remember, Mrs.
Wilde," said Eustace, triumphantly.

"Then where are the other twenty dollars?"
Mr. Wilde twisted himself a little as though
his pearl-colored overcoat were rather a tight
fit.

"Business, my dear; you can't be expected
to understand anything about business mat-
ters."

"But what particular business?" persisted
his wife.
"Maggie," said Mr. Wilde, solemnly, "this
isn't the purpose at all. A woman's mind
isn't adapted to comprehend business relations;
she should confine herself to the one grand
thing, economy. Reduce your expenses; bring
everything within the narrowest possible outlay.
I think it would be a good plan, my dear, to keep
a little account of your daily disbursements,
and I could glance over it every night, and
check off any little items that struck me as
clearly superfluous."

Maggie's dark eyes began to sparkle omi-
nously; she played nervously with the golden
circle of her wedding-ring.

"You would find no item of that description,
Mr. Wilde."

"You think not, I have no doubt; but we
men seldom understand the nice distinctions of
economy, and—"

But Mrs. Maggie rose quietly to her feet,
and walked out of the room, slamming the door
behind her with a good deal of vehemence.
The slender thread of her patience had been
strained to its utmost tension, and had snapped
under its lash.

She sat down, and—of course—cried heart-
ily.

"And I was so sure that money for the
poor soldiers," she thought between the bright
drops. "It seems so little for us to give
them, when they are doing and enduring so
much for us! I can't not brook this—I must
not! Eustace has harped quite long enough
on this particular string—it must be put
and to! There is some difference between
pinching parsimony and judicious economy. O,
Maggie Wilde! if woman's wit don't help you
out of this perplexity, you deserve to sink into
a mere household drudge, whose idols shall be
gold, silver, and copper!"

How heartily the red arch of her lips curved
—how defiantly the brown eyes glistened
against their moisture! Beware, Mr. Eustace
Wilde—your wife will be a match for you yet,
although you rejoice in a beaver hat and a
moustache, and the superb consciousness of
manhood, while she is nothing but a woman!

"Bridget," said Mrs. Wilde, coming into
the kitchen, where her Milanese cook was chop-
ping pieces of some elaborately made dish,
wherein the heart of Eustace Wilde delighted,
"will you lend me your old bonnet and cloak
to-morrow?"

Bridget stared in open-mouthed astonish-
ment.
"Sure ma'am, and who would better want
in 'em? They're not decent for the likes of
you."

"Never mind; I wish to borrow them for a
particular reason, and your old brown dress
also, if you will lend it."

"You're welcome as flowers in May, ma'am,"
said honest, puzzled Bridget; "but it's a queer
fit they'll be for you, darned, an' patched, an'
faded."

But Mrs. Wilde only laughed.
The rain was patterring drearily against the
breakfast-room window the next morning, as
Eustace Wilde sauntered slowly in, but Mag-
gie's chair was empty.

"Where's your mistress, Mary?" he asked
the waitress.

"She's breakfastin' with the children, Sir.
Master Charlie's got the tooth-ache, and won't
be quiet without his mamma stays."

"Maggie spoils these children, thought Mr.
Wilde, shrugging his shoulders. Breakfast
was rather a dismal meal without his wife's
bright face opposite him, and he did not linger
long over it.

"A bleak day," he soliloquised as he opened
his umbrella, and strode forth into the rain
and wind. "It's a good thing the stages run
only a block off."

He took his seat, unfolded his morning paper,
all unconscious of the shabby dressed woman,
veiled and wrapped in a coarse brown coat, who
entered the stage at the next corner. Nor did
he observe that she descended at the same
street where he pulled the check-string to
alight.

As he entered the covered stairway leading
to his office, in a massive marble building, a
bluff-looking man advanced to meet him.

"Look here, Wilde, I've been waiting here
these fifteen minutes, and I'm in a dudge of a
hurry, too."

"I am a little behind time this morning,"
said Eustace, shaking the rain drops in a dingy
shower from his umbrella. "Come up to the
office, Hall."

"I can't; I haven't a minute to stay. I
just came round to see if you could pay that
little bill."

"What bill?"
"Why, your share of the supper at D—'s,
and the rail afterward."

"Oh! yes—yes. Well, how much is it?"
"Only a trifling eight dollars."

Mr. Wilde leisurely opened his pocket-book,
and placed one or two bills in his companion's
hand.

"That's right, I believe. A very unpleas-
ant day. Good-morning, Hall!"

He ran briskly up the long flight of stairs,
two steps at a time, while the shabby woman
who had been standing just outside the thresh-
old during the colloquy, as it waiting for some
body, came into the vestibule to escape the
driving rain.

"Give us a box of your very finest cigars—
tip-top!" bawled Jeany Stokes, the office-boy,
diving into the tobacco-store next door.

"Quick! our boss is in a hurry. Ten dol-
lars! that ain't much for a good article. I say
you might give me one for myself; I always
get Mr. Wilde's cigars here."

"Take it, then, and get along with yourself,"
said the man of smoke. "What can I do for
you, men?"

"A penny worth of Scotch snuff," that was
all the shabby woman in the faded brown cloak
wanted. But even through the dingy veil her
eyes sparkled—she must have been very fond
of Scotch snuff!

(Concluded next week.)

A Novel Currency.
During the first year of the war, when change
was scarce, and some large firms were issuing
currency of their own, a farmer went to a store
in a neighbouring town, and bought some goods,
and gave the merchant a five-dollar bill, of which
he wanted seventy-five cents back. The mer-
chant counted out the amount and handed it
over to the farmer. He looked at it a moment
and inquired: "What's this?"

"It's my currency," said the merchant.
"Wal, 'taint good for nothing where I live,"
said the farmer.

"Very well," replied the merchant, "keep
it until you get a dollar's worth and bring it to
my store and I will give you a dollar for it."

The farmer pocketed the change and depart-
ed. A few weeks after he went into the same
store and bought goods to the amount of one
dollar, and after paying over the identical
seventy-five cents, he took out a handful of
pumpkin seeds and counted out twenty-five of
them, and passed them over to the merchant.

"Why," said the merchant "what's
this?"

"Wal," said the farmer, "this is my cur-
rency, and when you get a dollar's worth,
bring it out to my place and I will give you a
dollar for it."

The Old Newspaper.
An instructive lesson may be drawn from
the columns of an old newspaper. You meet
with names that seem once to have been on
every tongue, but now are never mentioned;
authors of new books, which the reviewer con-
fidently handed down to the admiration of all
other ages, but which somehow have failed to
reach our age; popular preachers, whose ser-
mons have sent no echo to our ears; politicians,
who fill whole columns of the paper, but have
long since retired to an undiscoverable privacy;
swarms of dukes, princes, generals and cap-
tains, who played prominent parts in the tra-
gedies or farces of those days, but of whom we
were totally ignorant until we saw the old
newspaper. What a severe critic is time!

With what a ruthless hand he blots out the
praises of other journalists! How quietly he
shuts down his extinguisher upon lights that
the world said would never go out!

A BAD ILLUSTRATION.—Judge —, who
is now a very able Judge of the Supreme Court
of one of the great States of the Union, when
he first "came to the bar" was a very blun-
dering speaker. On one occasion, when he was
trying a case of replevin, involving the right
of property to a lot of hogs, he addressed the
jury as follows:—"Gentlemen of the jury,
there was just twenty-four hogs in that drove—
just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as
many as there are in that jury box." The
effect can be imagined.

Mrs. Palmita, in her speech at the Women's
Right Convention, said that it had been argued
that women were the wickedest portion of man-
kind, which position she triumphantly refuted
as follows:—"A rib taken from a man was
formed into woman, and as one bone of his
bone and flesh of his flesh. If one rib was so
wicked, what a mass of wickedness the whole
man must be!"

Near Philadelphia lives a hale and hearty
man, possessed of the most sensitive feelings.
When his wife goes into the yard and saws
wood for half a day, he sits by the fire with
tears in his eyes.

"What is it that has two buildings, two
trees, two animals, and two fish? The human
body—viz., two temples, two palms, two calves,
and two soles."

"A lawyer," said Lord Brougham (in
a facetious mood), "is a learned gentleman,
who rescues your estate from your enemies, and
keeps it himself."

Items Foreign & Local.

It is anticipated that, nearly 20,000 Norwe-
gians will pass through Canada this summer.
Colorado has 24,000 inhabitants and a newspa-
per for every 2000 of them.

It has been decided not to rebuild the Lindell
Hotel recently destroyed by fire in St. Louis.
The trial of John H. Surratt is fixed for the
20th of May.

An association to promote complex education
is being formed in London.
A procession of 1,000 poverty-stricken people
recently passed through the streets of London.

Lady Emily Peel has presented Sir Robert
with a first-born son, after eleven years of mar-
riage.
Mr. J. L. McNeill has been appointed Assis-
tant Teacher in the Training School in the room
of Mr. John Mills resigned.—Journal.

The fact of next year being "leap year" has
added £18,000 to the estimates for the British
army. That is one day's pay for the forces.

With four freights of respectively 1 pound, 3
pounds, 9 pence and 20 pence, a number of pounds,
from 1 to 40, may be weighed.
The receipts of the Old Fellows' fraternity
during the past year amounted to eleven hun-
dred thousand dollars.

A swarm of locusts has again settled over the
Island of Sardinia, so that this year's crops will
probably be destroyed, if these were those of last.
The coronation of the Emperor of Austria as
King of Hungary is to take place at Pesth on
the 26th of May. The fetes on this occasion
will last three days.

Irwin Davis, formerly waiter in a Springfield,
Illinois, hotel, is now a San Francisco millionaire,
enjoying an income from a single silver mining
company of \$30,000 to \$40,000 a month.

The Count de Greffulhe, reported the richest
man in France, died on the 7th of April, at the
age of ninety-two. His fortune is estimated at
from forty to sixty millions of dollars.

At Liverpool, England, on the 24th inst, two
women in different localities, each carrying a
grandchild down a stairway, stumbled and fell.
In each instance the child was unharmed, but
the women died the same evening. The name
of each woman was Elizabeth Fleming.

The Romish clergy from different parts of the
United States are about visiting Rome, for the
purpose of attending the convocation of bishops,
called to determine who of those who suffered
death in China shall be enshrined as saints.

It is generally remarked by travellers that the
wheat crop looks splendid all over the West.
There was never better promise of an abundant
yield; especially in this case in northern In-
diana, where an unusually great breadth of land
has been devoted to staple cereals.

A drunken woman in Paterson, N. J., dashed
her little boy head foremost upon the sidewalk
and afterward flung him through a window into
the street, where he was picked up insensible
and remained so several days.

The birth of a son to the Princess Christian
(Princess Helena of England) raises the total of
Queen Victoria's grandchildren to ten—six
grandsons and four granddaughters. The Prin-
cess of Russia has three sons and a daughter;
the Prince of Wales two sons and a daughter;
the Princess Louise of Hesse, two daughters,
and the Princess Christian, one son.

At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical
Society, Sir Roderick Murchison announced that
an expedition for the exploration of the unknown
interior of Greenland was being organized and
conducted by Mr. Edward Whymper, of Alpine
celebrity, and Mr. Robert Brown, an accom-
plished naturalist and explorer of the Rocky
Mountain slopes.