

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XX.—NO. 23.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

WHOLE NO.—1010.

Professional Cards.

CABLE HOUSE,
Woodstock, N. B.
The undersigned having assumed the Proprietorship of the "Cable House," begs to assure his friends and the travelling public generally, that he is determined to spare no efforts to maintain the character of this house as a first class hotel.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated.
Terms reasonable.
A. H. PARKS.
Woodstock, April 20, 1868.

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

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 23, 1868.

C. F. H. Campbell, M. D.,
(Formerly of the Army.)
Surgeon, Physician and Accoucheur.
Has settled in Woodstock for the practice of his profession.
Residence—At the "Cable House." [14-18]

N. R. COLTER, M. D.,
(L. R. C. P. L., ENGLAND.)
Office and Residence, - - GIBSON HOUSE.
Dr. COLTER has held public appointments in Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas Hospital, London. Consultation as above.
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868—3m-pd-7

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, - - WOODSTOCK.
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jackson-street.
[22-24]

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
ROBERT DONALDSON, - - Proprietor.
PLeasantly situated on the bank of the river, immediately at the steamboat landing, and convenient to the public offices.
Woodstock, March 25, 1868—1y-13

GIBSON HOUSE,
OPEN FOR TRAVELLERS.
QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.

WATSON HOUSE.
THE "WATSON HOUSE," ST. STEPHEN, N. B., is now in complete running order. The House is new, as is the furniture and fittings connected with it, and all the arrangements have been made with a view to meet the wants and promote the comfort of travellers.
The situation is most desirable, close by the Railroad Depot, near the Post Office and Bank, and overlooking the "Cable House."
HENRY RUSSELL, Proprietor.

PARK HOTEL,
KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN.
H. FAIRWEATHER, Proprietor.
This House is new, is pleasantly situated, furnished in a superior manner, and will be kept as a First-Class Hotel.
[24]

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

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, Me.,
N. J. DAVIS, Proprietor.

RUSSELL HOUSE,
SPARK STREET,
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOVIN, Proprietor.
March 18, 1868—13

W. P. DONNELL,
—IMPORTER—
French Brandy, Pure Wines, Holland's Geneva, English Ale and Irish Porter, Tobacco, Segars, &c.
43-1y Main-st., Woodstock, N. B.

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

JOSEPH HORNCASTLE,
SURVEYOR OF LUMBER,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,
For sale of Lumber and all descriptions of Country Produce.
INDIAN TOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Jan. 1868—6m-52

JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,
Hatters and Furriers,
(CRYSTAL BLOCK.)
283, NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

J. H. BOTTRELL, E. H. BOTTRELL.
Hudson Bay Furs, Snowshoes, Moccasins, Indian Cartridges, Whiskey and Retail.

Barnum's EATING HOUSE,
IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.
Portland, Me.
Meals at all hours. Suppers and Collations furnished. Military and Fire Companies at short notice.
Portland, Me., Oct 1, '64

Poetry.

SPRING.

Spring, glad Spring,
What dost thou bring?
Stepping so light,
Smiling so bright,
Scattering sunshine over the plains,
Laughing at winter and breaking his chains,
Wakening the groves with thy balmy breath,
Beckoning to life, and mocking at death.

Spring, glad Spring,
What dost thou bring?
Union of loves,
Coming of doves,
Warblings, and blossoms, and birds, and flowers,
Emerald mantles for fields and bowers,
Spangled with dew-drops of pearly sheen;
Rippling of laughter where sighing hath been.

Spring, bright Spring,
Much dost thou bring;
Mission divine
Ever is thine;
Bidding the clouds and the shadows depart,
Melting the ice from the pent-up heart;
Lightening the soul of its earthly load;
Painting from Nature to Nature's God.

Select Tale.

KATE BOYNTON'S MISTAKE.

A STORY FOR MASON'S AND MASON'S WIFE.

"But where's Ned?"
"Oh! he's gone off to the lodge again. I declare I got quite out of patience with him lately. When we were first married, he never left the house of an evening; but now he's off sometimes two or three nights a week. And he's so aggravating about it, too. He won't tell me a word of what they do, or what they talk of; and if I get out of patience—as what woman of spirit will not at times!—he won't retort, or answer me back, but just says, in his quiet way, 'By-by, dear; I hope you'll get your eyes open some day, and not look at this matter as though you were a child.' As though I were a child, indeed! If I acted half as much like a child as his treatment would indicate, he might have some excuse for it."

And Kate stopped, quite out of breath, as her visitors' "things" were taken off, and gathered into a huge bundle in her arms, preparatory to being carried into another room.
"So Ned has become a full-fledged Mason, has he?" queried John Apthorp, as Kate returned from the other room.
"Yes," answered she, "I guess 'full-fledged' is a good word to use. That is what they apply to geese when they arrive at full maturity, and I warrant it'll grace him as well. They're all a parcel of geese, to spend their time at lodge meetings, whether they're Masons, Sons of Temperance, Sons of Malta, or whatever they may call themselves. Better stay at home with their wives, or take them with them to some lecture or concert or the theatre."

Kate did not stop to think that she had little cause for complaint on this score, for she averaged at least two nights a week at some such entertainment, besides frequently attending a matinee. But women who part from their husbands as Kate had from Ned that evening, seldom stop to reason, and Kate was no exception to the general rule.

"Well," said John, "Masonry is something of a humbug. I wish he were here to-night, so we could make up a hand at whist or euchre." "Nellie, here, said, coming over, that it had been some time since we had had a game."
"So it has," responded Kate; "but there's no telling when Ned will be at home, and I hardly know who I could send for."
"Well, never mind; we'll have some music instead. Do, Mrs. Boynton, let us have some of those last opera gems. I saw you there the other night, and know you must have learnt them by this time."

Thus urged, Kate took a position at the piano, and now lost all recollection of the vexation of the first of the evening. They all loved music, and the evening passed pleasantly. Kate and John were playing a duet when the door opened, and Ned stood upon the threshold.
"Bravo!" he exclaimed, as the music ceased.
"By Jove! if I had known what awaited me here, I don't know but I should have torn myself away sooner."

"And not take a last ride on the goat," laughed John; "or give that cannon-ball an extra roll across the floor. I suppose you can sit down now, without being forcibly reminded of that hot gridiron?"
"Oh, hush!" laughed he, as he shook hands with John and his wife, and looked pleasantly over at his own Kate to see if her impatience had yet worn off. "I hope you have passed a pleasant evening."

"Delightful," answered John. "And of course you have. But I say, Ned, why don't you ask a fellow to join if it is such a grand thing? I've been waiting for an invitation from some one 'in the ring.'"

"I will carry in an application from you any time you wish," responded Ned; "but I shall never urge or even invite you to join."
"Oh! So, like the fox in the first off, you are not advising others to dispense with the tail, eh? I honor you, Ned."

"You misander!"
"Please, Ned, that's a good boy," said Kate, coming over to him, and twining his arms around his neck, "don't go to the lodge again. You're too good, too noble, to be with such a crowd. You're disappointed, and won't acknowledge it, but won't help to get anybody else into the scrape."

"But it's no such thing," said Ned. "It's one of our principles, and one which a good Mason never forgets, to never urge any one to

become a member, so that one can only blame himself if he is disappointed. Do you understand? I am satisfied, and more than satisfied, with my experience inside the lodge-room. But let us change the subject. I don't wish to be the means of bringing discord into the midst of the harmony that existed when I crossed the threshold. Let us have some more music."

Soon all was amiable again and the vexed subject was forgotten for the time, and it was late when John and Nellie Apthorp took their leave.

Edward Boynton and John Apthorp were both bookkeepers in large business houses, and each enjoyed the confidence of the firm he was with. Both houses had all along been considered the most prosperous in the city, but, at one of those commercial panics that occasionally sweep over the country, both houses had been too deeply engaged in speculation, and went down. Both Ned and John had lived pretty well up to their means, they having fastidious tastes, and having an eye to the adornments of art and the pleasures of music and literature. So they both found themselves, in the middle of a severe winter, with about all their means gone, and business still prostrated so that they could find nothing to do. It was especially hard to the poor wives, who had hitherto had all that heart could wish, and now found themselves cramped for even necessities.

Added to other misfortunes, Ned was taken sick about this time, and confined to his bed. His illness was a fever, brought on by anxiety and care. Several persons, who so recollected but slightly, came to watch with him, and others called to make inquiries. She was grateful, and, mistrusting that they were Masons, felt more kindly towards the order, but still regretted the money Ned had spent upon it, thinking, with their empty flour-barrel and purse, how many nice things it could buy. She said as much, a little bitterly, one evening, to one of the watchers who looked at her in a way she could not understand, and then made some remarks about charitable societies not always practising what they preached.

The next day, about noon, as Kate sat eating the last bit of bread in the house after having made the last meal into some gruel for her poor husband, who was still out of his head, the bell rang, and she admitted a stranger, one she had never seen before.

"Does Mr. Boynton live here?"
"He does."
"Mr. Edward Boynton, lately with Small, Pellet & Co?"
"Yes, sir."
"He is sick, is he not?"
"He is."
"Ah! And a little money would not come amiss, to buy luxuries, and so forth?"
"To buy necessities, rather. Oh, sir! But who are you?"
"No matter. You would not know me. He has had dealings with our bank, and there is a balance standing to his credit."
"Money in a bank! He never told me of it!"
"Possibly not."
"But how much? Oh! it is so fortunate!"
"I do not now recall the exact amount. But you can take what you think necessary to-day, and I will enter it into the books."

Two or three times the gentleman came, and each time left a sum of money. The fourth time he came, he said—
"Supposing I should tell you that our books are square now, and no more is due your husband? What should you do?"
"Oh, sir! I do not say so. It is such a mystery and I have been hoping it would continue." The gentleman did not immediately reply; but, after a moment of silence, he said—
"That large painting in the parlor, opposite the door, is a beautiful thing. Mrs. Boynton. What do you call it?"
"Oh! that is 'The Poet's Paradise.' That is poor Ned's favorite."

"Oh! go," he said abruptly, a moment later arising to go, "I hope the balancing of our books will not be a source of inconvenience to you. You have immediate means enough. I presume, to last until Mr. Boynton's recovery?"
After Kate's reluctant and tearful confession, the stranger said—
"I should like the painting I spoke of a few moments since. I would pay you a good price for it."

The struggle was short. Kate finally agreed to let it go, upon condition that Ned should have permission to redeem it at some future time, which was finally consented to, with the promise, extracted from Kate that her husband was to know nothing of it until his perfect restoration to health.

Again and again the stranger came, and offered money for some painting or statuette, until Kate grew to dislike him, denouncing him as the usurer, and with difficulty restraining her tears as she saw her degraded parlor.

At last Ned got round again, and began to grow stronger. But Kate kept the parlor door closed, and never built a fire there, dreading the day of exposure and explanation. She had never before kept a secret from her husband; and the more she pondered on this, the more dreadful seemed its mammoth proportions.

"I've got no more to sell, Mr. Pawnbroker," Kate said coldly one day about this time, as Mr. French, the one that had robbed her parlor, brushed unceremoniously past the servant-girl into the house.

"Softly, Mrs. Boynton," said the gentleman, "Does your husband know of this yet?"
"No sir."
"Well, I thought it would be a good plan to have no more, to smooth it over, when it was told him; and as he is about well now, and

"I will take you to see the gentleman, and perhaps you will tell him yourself," said Kate, a little haughtily, as she ushered Mr. French into the sitting-room, where her husband was, and passed on into the kitchen.

A few minutes later, she appeared at the door, and said—
"Isn't some one at the front door, Ned, dear? I thought I heard a noise."

"I guess I left the door open when I came in," said Mr. French, arising, and intercepting her, as she was about going to see. "Parlone me, madam; it was my neglect, and I will close it. Do not leave your duties."

Mr. French did meet some one at the front door, and ushered him into the sitting room, asking him in a low tone, "Did you see my signal? and is everything all right?" getting an affirmative response.

"My dear," said Ned, the next time she came into the room, "I have invited Mr. French and Mr. Jewett to dinner, after which we shall be pleased to have some music. If Mrs. Brown is helping you to-day, let her build a fire in the parlor."

Poor Kate came near sinking to the floor.

"But," she began, "I am afraid I cannot ring or play to-day. I am not very strong since."

But her husband's kind words reassured her; and, thinking it would help to fill the void of the pictures and statuary, she said no more, but went out, and sent Mrs. Brown in. As that woman passed through, Mr. French, who had changed his position to one near the hall door, said in a low tone, "Whatever you see or hear, manifest no surprise, and keep a tight tongue."

After dinner was over, and a few minutes had been spent in the sitting-room, Ned spoke about the parlor and music.

"Please let these gentlemen go first," said Kate. "I have something to tell you all alone."

"So they went in, and left the husband and wife alone.
"You know, dear Ned," she began, "how much it costs to live, and how little we had to do with when you were taken sick. Your lodge friends were very kind in coming to watch with you, and sending little luxuries; but they never dreamed how destitute we were, and how much we needed necessities, and—
But please don't go so fast," she said, as they had arisen, and were already in the hall; "I ain't done yet. And don't you believe I love you dearly, and care for you, and would do anything to please you?"

"Certainly, Kate. But what is the matter?"
"Oh, if you only knew—"
"Knew what?"
"Knew how I love you. No, not that—How I tried to get along without—"

Here she burst into tears, and could say no more.

"Oh! I can't tell you, after all," she said presently, as they neared the parlor-door—
"You must see for yourself."

"See what?" he asked, as she opened the door, and stepped back, that he might go in first.

"Why, all—"
She stopped in astonishment, as she herself looked into the parlor, and saw "The Poet's Paradise," and the other paintings, and the statuettes on the brackets, and everything else that she had parted with for money. She was speechless, and looked first at her husband, then at Mr. French, and then at the works of art.

"Probably I can explain this best," said Mr. French, stepping forward, telling Ned what the reader already knows, and then telling how he had the things returned to the parlor at a given signal from him, when Kate was in the back part of the house.

"But what about the bank?" asked Kate, smiling a bewildered smile through her tears.
"That was as I told you," said Mr. French. "Mr. Boynton had and now has money on deposit in the bank, which always honors its drafts."

"What bank is it?" asked Kate.
"The Bank of Masonry, which every worthy member always finds a safe investment. Hearing what you had said on one or two occasions, and knowing what your feelings were, I took the method I did to teach you a little lesson. The wife of a Mason may not know the unimportant secret rites of the Order; but she may know of its workings of charity and humanity, and of its brotherly love and pure and unadorned religion. If it had not been to teach you your error, Mrs. Boynton, you might never have known from whence came the savor that aided you through a crisis that is liable to overtake all who dwell in this world of Eternal Apprentices; for our agents do not deal in ostentation, but imitate their Master, who went about doing good, and prating not of it, eighteen hundred years ago."

It is needless to add that Kate found herself in a singing mood, and that an afternoon passed happily that had promised her much sorrow.

"O, Ned!" said Kate a few days later, after he had started in business, "I saw Nellie to-day, and they had hardly a thing left. All their furniture and pictures and dishes, and almost the clothes they have on their back, went before they got through the crisis."

"Well, I am sorry; but that's because they had no money in the bank."

"Nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry," oracularly declared a certain pompous politician, one day lately, on the steps of the City Hall. "How about catching fleas?" asked a wag at his elbow. The politician was floured.

The Wild Tribes of Edinburgh.

At a meeting held on Friday night in Edinburgh, "on behalf of the recently organized Association for the improvement of the condition of the poor," the Rev. Dr. Hanna, who was the principal speaker, gave some interesting details of the manner and customs of the more wretched classes in the Scottish capital. The winter before last, he said, there entered my room a man most miserably clad, and shivering all over. "Are you not a minister?" he said. "I said 'Yes.' With a great tumult of emotion and difficulty of utterance he said his little child had died, and was to be buried on Saturday. He was a stranger, and could get no one to go to the funeral, and asked me to come. 'Certainly,' said I, 'where is it to be?' He answered—'In the close, a little below the Normal School, on Saturday, at two o'clock.' He was retiring seemingly satisfied; but, looking at his miserable condition, he said that he did not like to appear in such dress, and obscurely hinted that I might do something to alter the state of his clothing. I gave him—well, I won't tell what. Saturday came, and the hour came. I was at the place appointed, under good guidance. I sought the close, found the number, and gently tapped at the door. 'Is this the house in which the dead child is?' A gruff voice—'There's no dead child here.' (Laughter.) No, nor anywhere. I was beduped. A brother minister was imposed upon in a like manner; but this time it was a wife to be buried on Saturday. The minister, however, had great difficulty in engaging to go to the funeral. The man most piteously looked at him and said, 'Weel, it's an unco thing that ye canna come to her funeral, for ye're the only man she got guid frae.' (Laughter.) This was a tale the minister could not resist. (Renewed laughter.) He gave the man some relief at the time, and went to the close, as I had done, with a similar result. As showing the scenes of horror that are happening in our city, let me recite to you this case. It occurred not many weeks ago.

The father dies and leaves three grown-up sons. By membership of two friendly societies his family are entitled to £10. The money is got, and spent instantly in drink before the funeral. The sons then take their father's clothes, pawn them, and spend what they get in drink. The mother remonstrates, and she is told that if she don't hold her tongue they would do with her as they had done with the dead, and they did it. They took her clothes. They pawned them. They got drunk with the money, and sent her to bed. Now comes the pawning of the furniture. They dispute about the coat. To settle the dispute, what did these men do? They dragged the dead body from the coffin. They set it up against the wall, having previously agreed that when it was shaken, if it fell on that side one should gain, and if it fell on this side the other should gain.

DUBLIN.—It is a magnificent; its river very pretty; its Park four times as large as Hyde Park, and four times as beautiful; its public buildings, if anything, are a little too ambitious; its cathedral is large enough to seat three thousand, and handsome enough in restoration; its streets and squares are laid out better than our own; its railways are numerous, good, and well managed; its suburban scenery is enchanting and even grand; its atmosphere healthy, pleasant and clear; its markets are excellent and its Crystal Palace is in the city, instead of being eight miles off. You may spend a long day in the most beautiful mountain or seaside scenery between breakfast and dinner in Merrion Square or St. Stephen's Green. That unlucky Irish Channel is the true repealer.—*London Times.*

Milton very beautifully says, "the end of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection."

"Never listen to flatterers," said a mother to her daughter. "Why, mother, how shall I know that they flatter without I listen?" was the quick retort of the young miss.

SCENE IN A PERFUMER'S.—Sentimental young lady to perfumer: "I don't think you forwarded the scent I meant; it seems entirely different to that I ordered." Perfumer, who is very fond of punning:—"Madam! I am sure that what you meant I sent; the scent I sent was the scent you meant; consequently we are both of one sentiment."

TO RENOVATE BLACK SILK.—Rub the silk all over on the right side with a solution of ammonia and water—two teaspoonfuls of ammonia to a quarter of a pint of warm water—and smooth it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron, and the silk will immediately present a black appearance.

An apothecary lately sent in his bill to a lady, which ran thus: "To curing your husband till he died."

When a gal out West is kissed, "she looks surprised, and says: 'How could you?' To which the swain replies: 'It will give me great pleasure to show you,' and proceeds to give a duplicate."

A rich officer of revenue one day asked a man of wit what sort of a thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rascal the advantage over an honest man."

Items Foreign & Local.

A marriage on horseback took place in front of one of the stores, on the public square, at Ottaville, Cooper county, Mo., a few days since. A young couple had come to town having the parson, and hearing he was at one of the stores doing some trading, they rode up in front of it, and without dismounting proceeded to have the knot tied to their great chills, and the amusement of the numerous spectators.

Hon. J. H. Cameron offers to defend Whelan for a fee of \$10,000.

The *Presse* of Milan relates that a man named Panizza, proprietor of several houses in the Strada degli Orefici, having lately died, an inventory of his effects were drawn up, when large hoards of coined money was discovered in different hiding places, there being in one the sum of 100,000 fr. in Genoese doubloons. The deceased had lived a miserable life, often depriving himself of common necessities.

Hellwig is the name of a family in Chicago, and Pevebottom is a son-in-law of the family. It cost Canada \$36,623 to try Fenian prisoners.

A "small but muscular child six months old," is advertised in a London paper, the mother "having no further use for it."

There are at present nine lines of ocean steamers running between New York and Europe.

Brigham Young is having seven State carriages made for him in New York.

Two thousand dollars was paid for the floral decorations at a recent fashionable wedding in New York.

A well known firm in London recently killed one of the largest turtles ever seen in England. It weighed 3 cwt. 12 lbs., and it was supposed to be about 300 years old. Fifty full-sized eggs were taken from it, together with about 200 of smaller size.

Philadelphia is about to decide judicially whether an actor who is to play the part of a drunken man, is justified in qualifying himself thereby by actually becoming intoxicated.

The Sicilian police have captured one of the most ferocious brigands ever yet known. His nature is so bloodthirsty that his own companions were afraid of him, and he has frequently been known to bite off the ears of his victims and eat them. His appearance is frightful, and he bears a stronger resemblance to a gorilla than a human being.

There are 180 cases in the London Divorce court for hearing during the present term; of which 19 are to be tried by special juries, 25 by common juries, and 136 without juries; besides nine standing over by consent.

In 1862 there were about 32 ministers and 2,141 members of the Methodist church in Missouri. There are now about 200 ministers, and 26,000 members, an increase of about 4000 a year. A division of the State into two Conferences is advocated.

A few days ago Mr. Joseph H. Horton, living in East Portchester, N. Y., was "killed" by some friends into the yard of his house to shoot at a mark. He selected the door of an out-house on which he placed his target. He then fired three shots, the last of which was a bull's-eye, and he fell heavily; and going there found Josiah Barnes, a deaf and dumb man, his brother-in-law, lying on the floor in the last agonies of death, the ball having entered his head.

The Dublin district committee of the Wesleyan denomination, consisting of the ministers and laymen of the "circuits" of the body in that city have agreed upon a recommendation to the next Irish Conference in favor of universal disendowment, as against any State endowment of the clergy or institutions of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Nashville *banner* relates as one of the most remarkable features of the recent tornado in Tennessee, that near the house of Adam Owens, about ten acres of ground was blown or torn up to the depth of six or eight inches, and carried off. Two or three heavy griststones were blown to a considerable distance, and the frames are still unharmed. A wagon, weighing 1,900 pounds, and loaded with 125 cedar rails, was forced 100 yards up a steep hill.

We learn that Judge Wilmet has been appointed Governor of New Brunswick. His appointment is not yet gazetted.—*Hat. Reporter.*
A freak of nature has been seen in Arkansas in the shape of a man with three ears. One was on each side of his head, and the third, belonging to another fellow, was between his teeth. A woman of Versailles has been convicted of the murder of her husband by stabbing him with an awl, gouging out his eyes and throwing him into a horse-pond. She laughed heartily.

Yesterday three men were sent down to jail by the Police magistrates. Clinging together they contrived to pay the fine of one of their number, who was entrusted with the coats of his companions and sent out to pawn these, and thus to obtain cash for the liberation of his friends. The liberator, however, proved recreant to the trust reposed in him, and spent the money obtained from the pawnbroker, in drink, got into a quarrel with a fellow, and was sent down to join for a month, the friends whom he had so cruelly betrayed.—*Montreal Gazette.*

It is said that Russia has sent an army of 40,000 cavalry and 300,000 infantry and artillery to the frontier of the Danubian principalities, where they are to be kept ready for a new invasion of Turkey. The Sublime Porte, on the other hand, has ordered a corps of observation of 35,000 men to Slavia, where there was so much hard fighting during the war of 1865-6.

Four young women are preparing for the practice of medicine at Zurich, in Switzerland. Three of them are English and one a Swiss.

Not long ago three children of a number of the Iowa Assembly were burned to death in the destruction of his house. Before this calamity his wife had died suddenly, one of his sons had been drowned, and another was killed by a runaway team.

A SECOND ABYSSINIAN CASE.—A hundred British mechanics have been living in Paraguay for some years, employed as engineers and miners; also several English medical men—These Britons now want to go home; but Paraguay is a kind of large rat trap, easy to get into, and hard to get out of. Lopez will not let the Englishmen go. He has a passion for Englishmen when they are also engineers, miners, artillery, surgeons, or indeed experts in any trade or profession which helps him to strengthen his power.

He treats them well, pays them well; will even provide for their families; he denies them the right of liberty. The engineer who erected the works at Humaita, which have so long resisted the Brazilian fleets and armies, was an Englishman. He wanted to go home, but Lopez refused; and last year, we have been told, in due pair at his dreary imprisonment, the unfortunate fellow blew out his brains.

FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

A stranger in a strange land finds much to wonder at, and so does the Gentle on his first visit to the City of Saints. We wonder what kind of people constitute the masses; we can fancy how most of their bodies look, with a very limited knowledge of human nature, and upon our first advent into "Zion" every face is carefully scrutinized, and conjectures are naturally formed as to what induced them to become Mormons. Any one, by a glance at the organization of "President Young," his round thick neck, full plump countenance, showing the animal propensities largely developed, can readily imagine what converted him to this sect, and a desire to enjoy life, live in ease and affluence, and that too by the toil and industry of his fellow-men, was a sufficient reason for a man of his temperament to launch out on a scheme that promised all this, and wherein there was everything to gain and nothing to lose. To him it proved a success socially and pecuniarily, and he is now daily reaping the fruits of his decided perseverance and tenacity of will has won for himself.

We see the small featured, dapper little Welshman, a grocer by profession, that is prospering in business, and so long as he succeeds in that, he does not care at what shrine he offers his prayers, and another, by his Yankee appearance, probably, to the manor born, engaged in the dry goods, dress, or boot and shoe business, doing well, and his being a nominal Mormon does not interfere with his interests—on the contrary, advances them—we fancy in these men we recognize "policy." Saints, that will follow their religion as far as their interests extend, and are sanctimonious looking individuals; a wrinkled old man with a pale cast of thought, with large reverence for religion and sacred things, we fancy one of the few that are "Sainted." Upon conviction; while another, sparsely built, thin, lipped, saffron colored, small headed Missionary, is a Mormon "because his father was before him." We have heard of a man who remained a bachelor all