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Poetry.

A SIMILE. Deep in the shade a little brook

Goes rippling on its way;
A fair-haired child in a mossy nook Is close by its side at play.

A little fleet of acorn cups the launches on the tide, And claps her hand in childish glee, As swiftly on they glide.

A little way, and mossy stones The babbling brook divide; Those tinny barks unconscious sail Without a hand to guide.

They strike the rocks-rebound-and then, All trembling from the shock, Some slowly glide adown the stream, Some sink beside the rock!

Just so our plans are mimic barks Upon life's stormy sea, And all who 'scape the treacherous rocks Are help'd, O God, by Thee.

Select Tale.

THE PASTRY-COOK'S SON. Gaspar Galetza would not have been long in Cardinal Maltranto's house unless he had remembered some of his father's instructions; for the cook, who was a great person in his line, so great that he did not envy a living cook in Christendom, soon discovered that the boy knew something more about victuals than eating them. After a moment's consultation with himself, he determined to find Gaspar a situation in the house of the Cardinal, so he accordingly installed him in a position equivalent to that of scullery-maid. Gaspar was not so stupid as his father believed after all, for he soon discovered that diligence, in whatever calling you are placed, ensures success; and if he had only made this discovery two years earlier, it would have been of great advantage to his father. Whether it would have redounded to his own greater glory or success in time in Florence, the Cardinal Maltranto removed grew cheerful when it rose and scattered its rays of to Rome, accompanied by a splendid retinue, the Signora Julio, and Gaspar in the humble capacity

of under cook. There dwelt in those days in the eternal City, a painter and architect whose name was Nicolas Pousin. Nicolas was well to do in the world, a rare circumstance in one of his profession in that city at that time, where a few favorites at the Vatican carried the sway of art and fed upon its produce. las Poussin was a hearty old man; he liked good fall softly on that wall; for the landscapes that while genius pined in obscurity and poverty. Nicocompany; he did not object to a little good wine; and he was passionately fond of good feeding; so when the Cardinal Maltranto invited him to take home his fair niece Julia, he invited him at dinner time, for he knew that that was the most convenient and acceptable time for Nicolas to wait upon him. He was a hearty man, Nicolas, and no matter in what company he was, he did and said every thing with a heartiness] which was wonderful, considering that he lived in beautiful, sunny, fertile

blighted Italy. The Cardinal was a hearty man too, good living and an inactive mind made him so, and his loud ha, ha! was oftener heard than his benedicite. So Nicolas and he cracked their jokes and laughed, for the Cardinal, large as he was, could not impress Nicolas with his dignity so far as to make him very respectful, and Maltranto seeing that Nicolas would be free, determined to be free also, and so they

were two jolly companions. · Thy niece is a fair child, Poussin; a very fair child,' said the Cardinal to the painter, sagely;

' you must deal gentle with her.' 'She is the daughter of my brother's son,' said Nicolas, 'and were she the daughter of my father

and mother, she would know no difference in my love: but as I live by bread-, 'And meat,' interrupted the Cardinal.

'And meat and drink,' said Nicolas, with a nod · these are beautiful nice callops.'

'I prefer a simple decoction of flesh and fowl,' said the Cardinal, authoritavely.

' Of course you do,' said Nicolas, doggedly ; ' but I prefer collops; can you tell me who cooked

'That I can, said the Cardinal, triumphantly;

it was my cook." 'I should have thought so,' said Nicolas; 'will

you do me the honor to produce him. We do not know whether the Cardinal feared

that his culinary professor might be eaten or not, or whether he was cognisant of the fact of Gaspar's preparing the esculent mess in question; but Nicolas Poussin looked very grave indeed, when the youthful cook was presented to him, and when he

home at any cost or sacrifice. 'There is a little tide in the affairs of men,' &e .; ah, so there is! And there is a tide that rushes through their bosoms, cheering, supporting, and propelling them. There is a tide in the big heart of the patriot, warm, free, and strong, that will and must rush or to feed affection's flowers, those ivy clusters of the soul that cling around our home and country.-There is a tide in the dreaming poet's spirit that keeps his bosom fresh, and lashes its borealis light into his gleaming eye. There is a tide in the aspirations of love-warmed latent genius that will shoot upward like the boiling geyser, and change the frozen stream of former years into a

stream of fire. Gaspar Galetza, the colour grinder and cook of Nicolas Poussin, is no longer the Gaspar Galetza of Pisa. Patient, careful, studious, and industrious, he wields the ponderous muller; or, anxious and observant, he roasts and boils to gratify his masters for instruction, but the young man who places and doing, or else thou art a wizard.' removes their easels has an eye and an ear surpas- 'Thou, Gaspar!' said Julio, softly; 'ah, thou sing all. In his lonely little room, with his lamp art truly a painter.' lects the merry laugh of that fair maiden; he relects the merry laugh of the relects the merry laugh of that fair maiden; he relects the merry laugh of that fair maiden; he relects the merry laugh of that fair maiden; he relects the merry laugh of that fair maiden; he relects the merry laugh of the relects the merry laugh of the merry laugh of the merry laugh of the merry laugh o collects the words that amazed yet thrilled him; such a painter.

and he cherishes them because they were the words out in the evening with his niece hanging upon his he knelt before the old man. arm and scholars clustering round him, listening to his instructive yet entertaining words. And alstood laws of perspective, and he treasured them in this shame.' his memory. Sometimes he went forth alone, when 'Ha! ha!' shouted Nicolas, and the tears ran scribe the green foliage, the old crumbling ruins, Gaspar Galetza,' the soft blue sky, and the sparkling waters. Roused from the lethargy of years, taught by a burning smiled on the young enthusiast, 'said I not truly Mothers and wives and children for days were ocinstinct the power that was within him, sustained thou wert meet to be a painter?" by a noble inward self-assurance, he struggled ontensely that he had to pursue it in secret and unas- upon the floor.

Poussin one morning, and played upon the busts and casts that adorned it, as if they sought to vivity the cold and rigid features that were stamped upon the plaster. They were prying, peering observers those streams of light; the ill-executed copies of the careless student could not escape the gleams that fell upon them, and the foils and rappiers that the young sparks slew precious time with, and had huddled into corners when Nicolas was near, were exposed to their glances. Sweet sunbeams! not only into the chamber of the student and saloon of the wealthy satrap did they dance, but into the cottage window they found their way, despite the clustered roses which they kissed as they passed. Into the home of the weary artizan they came, nor shunned his casement though it was worn out and old. they had a mission to perform, and faithfully they did it. The workman leaped from his couch and muttered his matin prayers The husbandman yoked his team and blessed the propituous sun and the children's eyes grew bright as the rays fell brightly on them. Men, birds, beasts, and fish water glowed with the reflex of the sky, and Gaspar Galetza, the cook and color girinder rose from his from fear; he adjusted his raiment, all daubed with the paint he ground, and he looked around his little room with a glance of mingled hope and pride. On the walls of his loney apartment the sun beams fell softly, as they used to do long ago on the groves of his own native Arno. And so they might genius, the productions of his toil-toil that had been subtracted from his health and rest, and his black eye gleamed with the rapture of a soaring mind. 'My beautiful!' he cried, springing towards a picture in which the colouring was most exquisite, the harmony almost perfect, and the perspective faultless. 'My beautiful! thou wilt not always be like thy master. I am content to scrub the pots and pans; but thou my ruined fane, my trees, and flowers, and sky, bright eyes must beam on thee-eyes brighter than the sun.'

"Good morning, Gaspar!" said Ancille Moro, a young an accomplished Venetian, as she passed to the studio. But the colour-grinder was hard at work, and he did not hear the salutation.

'Grind away; give it elbow grease; and don't spare the marble,' said Pietro Franconi, as he and a dozen companions passed the silent and laborious Gaspar, laughing and joking as they went.

· Good morrow, my faithful servitor,' said Nicolas, as he was about to crake a joke with his cook, when a commotion among his students caused him to hurry into his studio. It was then that Gaspar raised his head from his work and wiped his brow. His beautiful black hair fell wildly round his expansive forehead, his eyes shone fervidly, his nostrils dilated, and his lips were compressed. And oh! if Ineza Galetza had then looked upon her son, she would scarcely have recognized in that wrapt

enthusiast's face the lineaments of her darling boy. 'Who did that?' cried Nicolas Poussin as his eager scholars clustered round him and pointed to Gaspar's picture, which hung upon the studio wall. 'I found it hanging when I entered,' said Ancille Moro, 'and thought that you, Signor Poussin,

had painted it for a model.' 'And I, cried Pietro Franconi, 'believe it to b the work of no mortal hand. What beauty! what

· Gentlemen,' said Nicolas, raising his hand impose silence, and pointing to the picture; that's the work of no common artist. Those trees are suddenly brightened up, and would have the boy growing, that water is surely liquid. Ancille Moro, was it done by thee?' and forgetting that he was a teacher, Nicolas caught the young Venetian

> 'Alas, no, signor!' said the youth with a sigh. 'Canst thou tell me aught of this painter, Julio? said Nicolas enthusiastically to his neice as he walked into the studio and looked admiringly upon the picture-' this incomparable painter who steals into our houses to startle and confound us with the

> beauty of his works.' 'Or who, listening to the instructions of his master, embodies and exemplifies them,' said Gaspar, leaving the grinding slab and stepping towards the work which had excited so much pleasure and surprise. 'My master,' added the young man with a modest grace,' if this work has any merit it is due to thee. I painted it; thou didst teach me how.' 'Thou, Gaspar,' cried the young men in amaze-

ment. 'Bethink thee-thou ravest.' 'Thou, pot-boiler and chrome-pounder,' palate. There are many youths who pay Nicolas Pietro Franconi, indignantly; 'it is none of thy

burning on his little table (that lamp is fed from The blood rushed into the face of the youth and the unctuous residum of the meat he roasts), sits he trembled violently; but the voice of Nicolas re-Gasper, night after night, patiently and enthusias- called his wandering senses. 'On my word, boy, tically practising the lessons he has picked up from this is extraordinary,' said the old man. 'This is his master. Bright eyes sometimes gleam kindly one of the most faithful and beautiful transcrips of and patronisingly upon him, but they must regard nature I have seen. Thou shalt boil food for me

of Julio. Nicolas Poussin would sometimes walk par, as the tears started into his lustrous eyes, and

'Name it,' cried Nicolas, vehemently. ' My father is a pastry-cook in Pisa, said the though the meanial youth had to keep his distance, young man, modestly; and he often sighed to as he carried his master's cloak and rapier, yet he think that his name might be borne by a painter. caught some stray reflections upon the ill-under- Will thou allow me to adopt thine to save him of

his avocations admitted of his doing so, and with a portfolio beneath his arm, as his father predicted, echoed his cheerful laugh. 'Yes, my boy! Gaspar But, good God? why dwell on the harrowing piche would wander amidst the classic scenes of the Poussin shall thy name henceforth be, and the pas-Campango del Roma; and he delighted to trans- try-cook of Pisa will yet regret the change from a battle. * * * * * Could the melancholy

At the feast of San Giovanni Decollato, an annual exhibition of pictures took place in Rome. Painters, amateurs, and virtuosi, from all parts of Italy muderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer came to gaze on, or purchase the productions of the and currassier were scattered thickly on the earth. great masters who had just passed away. Raphaels Michael Angelos, and Titians were ranged side by musketry of the inner fires. Further on you trace side with Annibal Caraccis and Parmigianos. Crit- the spot where the cavalry of France and England icism upon these works had flocked into one chanthe signet of unquestionable excellence. But in the which had carried Albion's chivalry. Here the Italy's most gifted sons, three living painters had grandeur and gloom was faithfully and powerfully transcribed by the hand of one of these sons of genthrew its softented lustre over the skies of another: and splendid foliage, and water that seemed to ripple, characterised the works of the third. The landscapes, so beautiful and true to nature, that been vainily made, for there the Old Guard attemplooked as unlike the laboured works of man, that ted to meet the British and afford time to their diswere so destitute even of the appearance of effort, were devoured by greedy eyes. All who had pretensions to taste grouped round them, and singling out their tavourites, dilated on their beauties.

'They are wonderful,' said a stately cardinal, as humble palet. The youth trembled, but it was not of a Neapolitan, whose praise were as lavish as if derful, Signor Barbarini, canst thou tell me who

and self-satisfied smile, that I can. The majestic but they are divided into as many classes as are to scene from the upper Abruzzi is the work of countryman of my own, called Salvator Rosa; that itively commendable. He is very civil spoken, dresto the eye the leveliest hues of summer. He gazed picture with levely and mellow sky is the picture ses neatly, and is temperate in all his habits return could they dispose of their property. on the glowing pictures, the creations of his own of a painter called Claude Lorraine; and this landscape which deceives as you gaze upon it, is from the pencil of one called Gaspar Poussin.' Barkarini exile of Lorraine, and the son of the cook of Pisa, were the three greatest landscape painters of Italy.

> common in Italy-when Jacomo Galetza, grown fat and phlethoric, sat and sunned himself at his shop undergo a process called, 're-christening'—the door. His coronal region was bald, and was protected from the sun's rays by a hat made of the straw you will in London, be sure that the thief is not far persons, when a Sergeant of Police, Discoy, galof Leghorn; nevertheless the perspiration steamed out of his head and face, and ran down the furrows of his cheeks, as if they had been channelled for lustily from his gilt clasped church service, and sing by in her carriage witnessed his courage, and the purpose. He wore a white linen frock, and occupies the adjoining sitting to one's own at the and the next day he received a gold watch bearing trowsers of the same material; and his feet rested most respectable of London churches, may be, for the croher of the donor, and it was that of the Emupon the dressed hide of a calf. Jacomo indulged himself with a two hours' siesta every day, and from the acquaintance of their next door neighbours Ineza, with Giovonni's young wife, would come until they have made a good deal of enquiry, and and put him to rights; for Jacomo was a great obtained considerable information respecting them. man now, being sleeping partner with Giovanni .-He was lying back in his chair one day, his head resting on his breast, and his thoughts wandering life of a 'young man about London' has in nine away to meadows where fat oxen browsed, or dark cases out of ten something of the excitement and cellars where ortolans fed, when he was disturbed adventure of a brigand's or a buccaneer's. The obtain a situation as a chaplain in a regiment, by the clatter of horses' hoofs as they rattled and

pranced in the via. half opening his eyes; 'quick Giovanni.' And Giovanni, and Ineza, and the pretty little Helena, hearing the ejaculation, hurried to the door, and tainty of the career, and the consciousness that it there was Jacomo awake and looking about him in wonder, and there was a gallant company of gay signors and one beautiful signora, who smiled and chatted to a gay cavalier as they pranced up the who trust to the turn of a trump card or the spin other country of Europe except Norway. It apvia, and approached the gazing group. At last they stopped, and the young gallant threw his reins, with a smile, to the lady, and she, kissing her by the setting after Good wood. Pleasant, sun- houses. band, smiled on him as he rode on with the caval- shine, and agreeable, they are totally dovoid of scrucade, and he walked towards the shop of Jacomo. Jacomo doffed his cap to him, he was so gay a youth, and Giovanni bowed to him most obsequiously. Ineza stepped back, and Helena dropped her best curtsey. His cap was of blue Genoese velvet, trimmed with gold lace; and his tunica was His father allows him two hundred a year. of the same material, embroidered with gold; his vest and nether garments were of cream-colored satin, the latter slashed and puffed with crimson caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks colored velvet. He was gaily dressed, and he carried himself proudly, for he was a great painter, and great painters were rare then; but yet he did air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, not support such a retinue as Lafranco, nor bear bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps, and himself so bravely as Salvator Rosa. He doffed his cap to the salute of Jacomo, he returned the bow of Giovanni with interest, he smiled and kissed his fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the hand to Helena, but rushing forward and clasping brooks, and after a day of exhilarating exercise and Inez in his arms, he kissed her passionately, and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acone magic word in her ear. It was a holy talis-manic word—it was 'mother.' Let the reader eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own plumbego has been discovered at Gaspe, on lands and will only hold their position at Manassas a whose heart is fired with filial love imagine a son's frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, belonging to George Desbartas, Esq. emotions, when, with affections unchanged, but feed the pigs, milk the cows, and be a lady when emotions, when, with anections unenanged, but high in the ranks of nature's recognized aristocracy, high in the ranks of nature's recognized aristocracy, of for a wife. But you pining, selewd-up wasphe returns to his mother's bosom to weep the obla- waisted doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music take about one half of that quantity. tion of love upon her breast, and tell her of his murdering, and novel-devouring, daughters of fashfame. Let him imagine the emotions of a mother ion and idleness-you are no more fit for matrimony fame. Let him imagine the emotions of a mother than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen unheard-of barbarity on one very cold day. He chickens to such a son. Inexa wept and so did chickens. The truth is, my girls, you want less actually marched his men to the very brink of the Gasper; and Jacomo, as he hugged his boy to his fashionable restraint and more liberty of action;

Wilt thou grant me a favor, master?' said Gas- Waterloo-The Day after the Battle. On the surface of two square miles, it was as-

certained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth, and the surface trodden down friend L. B. Hill, of Presque Isle, Me., has been apby the cavalry and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels strewed with many a relie of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses shattered fire arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornamets, lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plumes and pennons; musical instrudisplay bore mute testimony to the misery of such appearance of the scene of death be heightened, it grain under cultivation this year than ever before, the soft blue sky, and the sparkling waters. Rou- 'Yes Gaspar Poussin! whispered Julio, as she would be by witnessing the restlessness of the living and it is nearly ready for the sickle. cupied in the mournful duty, and the confusion of submit to the North, we will all become subjects of The youth gazed into her eyes for a moment, and the corpse-friend and foe intermingled as they Great Britain again."

ward in the calling which he loved the more in- then both Julio and Gaspar blushed and looked were—often rendered the attempt at recognizing * * * * In many places the dead lay four nit be commander-in- Chief of the Army, if civilians deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, exposed for hours to the ants in the regular army. the British, they had fallen in bootless essay by the had encountered; chasseur and hussar were internel now, and prescription had stamped them with mingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imgorgeous gallery where hung those idealisation of Highlander and Tiraillieur lay side by sidetogether, and dragoon, with Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer. hung their several creations. Each picture was | * * * On the summit of th ridge, where the marked by some peculiar excellence .- Nature in its ground was cumberd with the dead, and trodden fetlock deep in the mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, and thickstrewn corpses of the mperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoius. Beautiful, glowing, all but warming sunshine leon had been defeated. Here in columd, the favored corps, on which his chances rested had been annihilated: and thereby advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable to a mass of Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had tured. organized companions to rally.

London Thieves.

The thief is generally recognized, we are told, by his wandering eye. In a crowd absorbed by a spec his own urgent and private business. This furnishes a clue to the constables-not an invariably correct he had been a picture auctioneer, and had a very one however, as was proved by the arrest at the old high commission off each .- 'They are indeed won- Crystal Palace, of a group of suspicious looking foreigners, who, on examination, were found to be a detachment of Belgian police, on the watch for the mauvais sujets of their own nation. There are 'That I can,' said the amateur, with a low bow between seven and eight thousand thieves in London, be found amongst honest men. There are characeffect his object - would shrink from violence as from a blunder. A number of thieves will old dust, or a bank robbery-it is not unusual for several of them to post as much as £50 a piece in It was a very pretty day-pretty days are so order to provide the sinews of war to carry on the plan in a business like manner. Stolen watches ones engraved: they are then exported .- Go where from your neighbourdood. We desire to excite no lantly rushed forward, seized the horses by th needless alarm, but even the handsome gentleman in the white neckerchief, who joins in the psalms so all one can know to the contrary an eminent 'bag-

THE FAST YOUNG MAN .- I often think that the moral piracy that would fain board every prize, and haul down every flag; the unceasing endeavour to cutting out expeditions, the unackowledged repulses, quires. the boasted triumphs, the strange freemasonry that exists between reckless men; above all, the uncermust end in a general smash at last; all this invests a fast' young man's life with some inexplicaof a brilliard ball for the very means by which they keep their heads above water day by day; and whose future, morally and physically, is bounded ples, and utterly reckless of consequences-such characters, in short, as are summed up in the

The damsel's delight, and the chaperone's fear,

-Frazer's Magazine. Two MINUTE SERMONS TO THE GIRLS .- Ladies -a dark cellar, why do you not go out into the open with the Southern Confederacy in this conflice." vigour to your frames? Take morning exercise, being taken to the almshouse in Philadelphia, let loose your corset strings, and run up the hills for a wager, and down again for fun; roam the quired by healthy enjoyment. The blooming and would have given the best ortolan in Pisa that it and less sofa; more pudding and less piano; more in." frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your had been otherwise. There was a gay little party waist strings, and breathe in the pure atmosphere, and Jacomo kissed his two pretty daughters, whis- ture designed.

pering to Julio his belief that Gaspar had not been Caleb Whitford, of punning notoriety, once observing a young lady earnestly at work knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was do-

Items, Foreign & Local.

We are pleased to notice the fact that our old pointed Post Master at that place.

It is stated on the authority of an exchange that a man recently hanged in a neighboring State, confessed that his commencement in villany was stopping a newspaper without paying for it.

The crops will be abundant all over the Southern States. Tenesse, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Virginia have a much larger amount o

The Governor of Alabama says, "sooner than

Gen Scott is reported to have said, that he will continue to be appointed over the heads of Lieuten-

Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of cury completed its one hundred and third year of publication, having been establised June 12th, 1858,

by James Franklin, brother of Benjamin. The Prince Napoleon has been elected Grand

A beautiful sight was recently witnessed at Quebec, where forty-five ships, with all their sails set

came in upon one tide. The pulpit of Mr Spurgeon's Tabernacle is quite unique. It is a spacious gallery, with a table, a

enough to accomodate twenty or thirty people. Twenty-four thousand eight hundred and ninetyfive slaves were successfully landed in Cuba last About thirty-six hundred only were cap-

A place in Brazil, called Barbecena, is celebrated for the longevity of its inhabitants. Within a short time three persons have died of the ages respectively of 130, 120, and 111 years. So says the Journal

A very beautiful Bracelet, manufactured by W he listened to the respectful but voluble encomiums tacle, he alone is careless and apathetic, bent on his company to the formal but to the respectful but voluble encomiums his company and private business. This company to the formal business are less and apathetic, bent on his company to the formal business and apathetic bent on his company to the formal business and apathetic bent on his company to the formal business and apathetic bent on his company to the formal business and apathetic bent on his company to the formal business and apathetic bent on his company to the formal business and apathetic bent on his company to the formal business and apathetic bent on his company to the formal business and apathetic bent on his company to the business and apathetic bent on the formal business and apathetic business are also be also grave, was shewn us on Saturday last. The workmanship reflects much credit on Mr. N. It is val. ued at £12-Halifax Sun,

The Montreal Herald estimates the number French Canadians who have returned to Lower Canada within the last month or two, on account of the troubles in the United States, at ten or twelve thousand. The Government Emigration Agent, Mr. J. teristics about the higher class thief that are pos- H. Daley, has information that many more would

The Montreal Advertiser says :- . The United States troubles have destroyed the Nova Scotia plaster trade. This year only 1,000 tons have been told the truth; the poor starved lad of Renella, the sometimes act together, upon the joint stock shipped to the market, against 13,000 for the same When a good thing is in prospect—a term of the year previous. Thousands of tons are ying on the wharves at Windsor worthless."

Not many weeks ago a pair of horses ran away with the carriage of a French gentleman, on the Champs Elysees, in Paris, when the crowd was numerous. The danger was immment to many Quaker City off Charleston harbor. head and stopped them in their flight. A lady pas-

The British Government is going to raise a loan of \$20,000,000 to build railroads and other public works in India.

abolish Sunday funerals.

A methodist minister in Ohio, being anxious to wrote to the Governor,-I am a Methodist preacher of the North Ohio Conference, I am 48 years of the 28th says, "a complete forest of chimnies is 'Dinner for ten!' cried Jacomo, starting up and every advantage fair and unfair, of the chase; the age, and will preach, pray or fight, as occasion re- all that now marks the spot where some two hun-

The report of the Molyneaux Asylum for Blind women has just been issued. There are 4,000 blind women in Ireland, and nearly as many of the other sex. Dr. Wilde, occulist, states that there is cal strength of the class. How many there are greater proportion of blind in Ireland than in any of the imports from Foreign countries. It is said pears from Poor law inquiry now in progress that there are 1,700 blind paupers in the Irish work

RUN THE BLOCKADE -A Washington despatch the most acceptable of which appears to be the imdated June 29th, says that a gentleman from New position of a duty upon tea, coffee, sugar and spices modern artist's description of a promising young Orleans reports that a British ship run the blockade which are now imported duty free. It appears from with several hundred tons of powder and 20,000 the statements in some of the American papers

ing the character of God for the last thirty years, and that, too, in the sacred Biography of his own country, to the extent of one tenth of one per cent. writings; and we confess that we have not come —pale pets of the parlour, who vegitate in an un- up with any point of his character or nature, which easily collectable.— Globe. healthy atmosphere like the potatoe germinating in warrants the belief that he will indentify himself

> Upon searching the person of a pauper who was considerable quantity of gold coin was found sewed up in his ragged clothes. An examination of a some-what heavy bundle which he carried revealed

an additional sum of \$1,600 in gold. The Courier du Canada states that a mine of

A Captain of a rifle company was guilty of an breast, and learned that he was Gaspar Poussin, more kitchen and less parlour; more leg exercise canal, and then cooly commanded them to "fall

The most amusing man is a Frenchman in held in Piza that night. They laughed and chatted and become something as good and beautiful as na- passion. "By gar, you call my vife a woman two

General News.

A young gentleman calling himself the Secretary of General Garibaldi, arrived here last evening, from Pictou. It appears he was bound on some secret mission to the United States, and left Leghorn a few weeks ago, in a vessel bound to Philadelphia; the vessel becoming water-logged put into the Gut of Canso, the Secretary left the vessel, proceeded to Pictou, from Canso, and is now on his way to the United States .- Halifax Paper.

Base Frauds on the Government .- In one instance one thousand barrels, said to contain coffee, was purchased, for which the Government paid about thirty-two thousand dollars, besides the expense of transportation. Thirty-four barrels were opened, and samples taken out and tested. From twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. was sand; the remainder proves to be chickory and peas, burnt and ground. These facts were ascertained by chemical analysis. After the chicory and peas are burnt and ground, and the sand is distributed. the whole On Wednesday, the 12th ult., the Newport Mer- is flavored with the extract of coffee. The sand is put in to produce the weight. The whole of this material did not cost four cents per pound, while the government paid sixteen cents, and the troops were being cheated of their nourishment. New York has the honor of perpetrating this high-handed outrage. This is only one case. Frauds have been detected in articles of pork, beef, bean and pea flour, &c., &c., all of which, are subjects of investigation hereafter .- N. Y. Herald.

A LOOPHOLE IN THE BLOCKADE DISCOVERED .- It desk, and a sofa for the preacher's use. It is large is stated that Sir Alexander Milne, the British Admiral, now cruising on the gulf station, detected an obscure loop-hole about forty miles from Pensacola, at which vessels ran in and delivered supplies to the retels. The Admiral is said to have expressed his fears that if the Southern harbors were not more completely blockaded he should be under the necessity of interfering, in order that the prohibition on British vessels may be removed. This suggestion, according to the N. Y. Times correspondent has induced the Powhatan, Brooklyn, Wyandote, Crusader, Sabine, and others of the fleet, to move about in order to increase the efficiency of the bloc-

ANOTHER GREAT STEAMER. -- Messrs. R. Napier & Sons of Glasgow are now building the steamer Scotia, which is intended to be a consort to the Persia. It will, when finished, be the largest merchant Steamship, next to the Great Eastern, in the world. Her length is 396 feet; breadth of beam, 471 feet; depth, 331 feet; tons burden, 4050. The engines will be nominally 884 horse power, but actually is a great deal more. Her hall is of iron, like the Persia, which vessel she will exceed in eapacity by 500 tons .- Scientific American.

RUMORED CAPTURE OF A \$600,000 PRIZE .- A letter received at East Boston, from Newport, dated June 25th, says, that a prize valued at \$600,000 had been captured and brought to Fortress Monroe. She was a new clipper ship, with 40,000 stand of arms, number of brass rifled cannon, and a large quantity of ammunition. She was captured by the

Boston July 2nd .- Capt. Hollins, late of the 'Susquehana," went on board the steamer "St. Nicholas" at Baltimore, yesterday, in the disguise of a women. After the steamer left the wharf, he seized her with the aid of secession passengers on board, and took her into Fredericksburg, Virginia, eapturing three schooners on the way.

A destructive fire occurred at Quebec on Thursday last, which destroyed more than fifty tenements, and An effort is making by the English elergy to rendered two hundred people houseless. The loss is estimated at \$25,000. The houses were all of wood, and occupied by the labouring classes, many of them owned by those who lived in them, and none of them insured. The Quebec Chronicle of Brunswicker.

UNITED STATES REVENUE .- The New York papers report that the Revenue of the United States Government is being very much reduced by the decline that the duties thus far collected falls far short of any previous season for ten years. The Government now require an abundance of money, and several propositions to compensate for the decrease are made that many influential men are opposed to this mode Parson Brownlow says: "We have been study- of raising a revenue and recommend the adoption of a small direct tax to maintain the credit of the on the assessed value of real estate, a tax which is

The Tribune Special Washington dispatch says-The whole number of rebel troops in Virginia, by a rebel estimate, is 80,000, of which 55,000 are armed, but not over 20,000 can be concentrated at a given point-Manassas Junction-is 18,000. There are 9000 choice men at Yorktown. The number at Richmond do not exceed 6000. Norfolk is regarded is impregnable. They do not intend to make a stand against the Government troops at any point, short time if attacked. It is not their purpose to England exports nearly six hundred thousand engage in a pitched battle, but to harass and pick force is camped from Springfield to Fairlax Court House, mostly in a dense forest between the river and the Little River Turnpike. In this labyrinth they no doubt wish to draw the Federal troops .-The premises of the farmers in the vicinity bave been ransacked and all the grain taken without an equivalent. The 25th Penysalvania regiment has been sent to reinforce Col. Stone, also a battery .-A messenger reports that Col. Stone with the New three several times once more an' I vill call you York 9th, is a few miles this side of Point of rocks. the watch house, and blow out your brains like a Lieut. Chadlin will doubtless be promoted. The Garibaldi Guard will shortly march to Alexandria "Go to thunder," is now rendered-take your or beyond . Lieut. Hamilton H. Dutton, of Mis-