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NO. 39

Poetry.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON HIS DEMAND FOR 300,000 MEN.

We're coming, Father Abraham, we're coming all along,
But don't think you're coming it yourself a little strong!
Three hundred thousand might be called a pretty tidy figure;
We've nearly sent you white enough, why don't you take the nigger?

Consider, Father Abraham, and give the thing a thought,
This war has just attained four times the longitude it ought.
And all the bills at Ninety Days as you have draw'd so free,
Have been dishonored, Abraham, as punctual as could be.

And gained amazing victories, or so at least we're told;
And having whipped the rebels for a twelvemonth and a day,
We nearly found 'em liquoring in Washington in May.

Now, really, Father Abraham, this here's the extra ounce
And we are almost sick, you see, of such almighty bounce;
We ain't afraid of being killed at proper times and seasons,
But it's aggravating to be killed for Mac's strategic reasons.

If you'd be so obliging, Father Abraham, as to write
To any foreign potentate and put the thing polite,
And make him loan a General as knows the way to lead,
We'd come and fight Jerusalem and snakes! we would indeed.

But as the matter stands, Old Abe, we've this opinion
So, Father Abraham, if you please, in this here game of chess,
You'd better take the black men against the white, I guess,
And if you work the niggers off before Rebellion's slain,
Which surely ain't expectable—apply to us again.

Hereditary bondsmen, he should just be made to know,
He'd convenience us uncommon if he'd take and strike a blow.
The man as will not fight for freedom isn't worth a cuss,
And it's better using niggers up than citizens like us.

So, Father Abraham, if you please, in this here game of chess,
You'd better take the black men against the white, I guess,
And if you work the niggers off before Rebellion's slain,
Which surely ain't expectable—apply to us again.

Select Tale.

THE RIVER-SIDE REFORM.

Wallace Arnold had reached middle age. He had a wife—one of the most faithful and loving wives—and four children. These children, inheriting from both father and mother good mental and physical points, were remarkable for their excellent traits of character; and in the school, and in the social circle, they occupied positions in the highest rank. Wallace was a machinist by trade, and by the invention of several useful articles, upon which he had secured patents, he had managed to make considerable money without very hard work. Yet he worked hard enough sometimes. He was not afraid of work, though there were times when his work was sadly neglected.

In a word, Wallace Arnold was in the habit of yielding to the spirit of dissipation. When the evil spell was upon him, his manhood was sunk; his noble character was clouded; his wife and children were forgotten; and the entreaties of friends were unheeded. And he seemed to be going on from bad to worse. As he grew older his spirit became more frequent and of graver character. In other years he had been jovial and good-natured under the influence of liquor; but lately the effect had been different. Now, when he became intoxicated, he was apt to be ill-tempered and ugly; and on more than one occasion had he abused those who loved him, and who depended upon him. It had come to be so that he could not go away from town, on any errand of business or pleasure, without returning intoxicated. His wife had pleaded with him; his friends had tried to persuade him; and the clergyman, an honest, well-meaning man, had visited him and talked with him. But all to no purpose. He had the organ of benevolence too largely developed to insult the minister when he was sober; and yet the interference of one who came with the air of spiritual authority did him no good.

Wallace's family suffered more than tongue can tell. When his children had been younger—when too young to realize the degradation—the darkness at home had been less; but now that they were old enough to feel the shame, the suffering was intense. And this was not all. Wallace Arnold's mother suffered with an aching heart. He was her first-born, and her favorite; and now that her head was tinged with the silver of age, it was hard—O, very hard—to see her noble boy so fallen! On her benediction she prayed—prayed daily—that God would save her son. And in the holy depths of her mother's soul she cherished the hope that all would yet be well.

It was in early spring, before the snow had gone from our New England hills, and Wallace Arnold's mother was visiting him. He went away to a neighboring town on business, and came home drunk; and for nearly a week he continued the debauch. On Sunday morning the family met in sorrow and distress. Wallace was not able to be up, and breakfast was eaten sadly without him. After breakfast his wife and his mother went into the little sitting-room, leaving the children in the kitchen. The bed-room was close at hand, where Wallace lay, apparently sleeping under the prostrating influence of his debauch. His mother crept to his bedside, and imprinted a kiss upon his disfigured brow. A sigh escaped from her bosom, and a hot tear fell from her eye. She glided back to the sitting room, where she sat down by the side of the weeping wife.

"Ellen," she said, "let us hope for the best—Wallace will not always be so."

"Alas!" replied the wife, "I can hope no more. I see what the end must be. He will never reform; he cannot. As long as he lives he will have these spells."

"No, no," said the aged mother. "It cannot be. He is too good; he is too noble; O, it will not be so! Let us treat him kindly and lovingly; let us meet him, when he joins us, as though he had not shaken our confidence."

"I will do that, mother; I will do that willingly; but your hope is not my hope. I fear he will never wholly reform. The habit is too firmly fixed; it is a part of his very nature."

"No, no," cried the mother. "It is not a part of his nature. His nature is above it. It is a per-

version of his nature; and the habit is in direct antagonism to his soul. As true as God lives our beloved will yet be a man!—Don't cry, Ellen."

"O, I cannot help it. It is dreadful! dreadful!"
Wallace Arnold had not been wholly asleep. He knew when his mother came and kissed him, and heard the conversation which had taken place in the sitting-room. His mind was yet too dull to take much impression from the words which had been spoken, but they were not to be lost from his memory. When he finally came out he was met with warm affection, and not a word was said concerning his sin. A few days afterward his mother went away, and he was strong enough to resume his work.

The month of June came, and one lowery, sultry morning Wallace announced his intention of going back among the hills after some trout. Ellen trembled like an aspen when she heard this. For nearly three months her husband had been steady at his work, and now she believed another of the fiery ordeals was to come. He never went off a fishing without coming home the worse for liquor. As he spoke of going away, she could see that he was nervous and uneasy, and that the old appetite was upon him. She knew the signs—alas! she knew them too well; and when he had collected his trout implements, and gone away, she went to her chamber and sat down and cried.

Wallace went to the tavern and hired a horse, and he also bought a pint of brandy, which he took in a glass flask. He could not go a fishing without the brandy. In fact, if he had told himself the truth, he would have acknowledged that he was yearning more for the liquor than for the fish. And yet he promised himself that he would not get drunk. He fancied that he would control himself, and come out all right on the next morning.

Away he went, up among the hills, to the bank of a dashing, rocky river, where he knew that trout were plenty. He fixed his pole, attached his line, and adjusted the bait, and then he sat down upon a rock and drew forth his flask. The stopper was withdrawn, and the flask was half way to his lips; but as the fumes of the brandy reached his nostrils his hand was stayed, as though by some invisible power.

What was it?
A Sabbath morning—a mother's kiss upon his burning brow—a mother's sighing prayer—a wife's despair, and yet a wife's undying love—a mother's hope—a mother's trust in the final triumph of her son's noble soul.

From out the chamber of memory, like a vision called up by the wand of the magician, came that scene. And that was not all. The scene of many years—scenes dark and drear—came in course before him, and he lived the agony over again. He saw his children growing up to man's estate—saw them bowing their heads with shame. His mother, with her gray hairs turned into a whiter silver in her sorrow; his wife, with her heart bleeding in its agony of despair; his children, with their young lives embittered, and their fair heads bowed.

The flask was still held midway between his lip and his lips, and out of its weird depths seemed to come the dark and terrible pictures of the past.

"Shall I touch it?" he whispered.
There was a hesitation. The flask quivered, and the dull, death-red liquor shook and bubbled.

"What good can it do me?"
The flask was still, and the death-flood quiet.

"It can do me no good!" he answered himself, quickly and boldly.

"Shall I touch the accursed stuff any more?"
This question was asked in a loud tone, as though the soul that urged it was struggling for liberty.

Again the scene of the Sabbath morning passed before him:—The mother's kiss—the wife's despair; the mother's hope—the wife's fear. And now he remembered the very words his mother had spoken. They came to him, as though whispered by some angel presence; and he repeated them aloud to himself:

"It is not a part of his nature. His nature is above it. It is a perversion of his nature; and the habit is in direct antagonism to his soul. As true as God lives, our beloved will yet be a man!"

As Wallace Arnold repeated these words, he placed the flask carefully upon the sand, and then rose to his feet. It was one of those moments when the whole future of life hangs upon a single flash of human will. And may it not be that a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their tubs and casks repaired, buying but very little work. "I stood it well enough, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old bung-hole, to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quit the business in disgust."

A young man being asked by the lady to whom he was paying his particular address, "What rules of housekeeping he meant to adopt," replied, smiling upon his fair one:—"The rule of multiplication by small numbers."

In Major Winthrop's life in the Open Air, published in the Atlantic Monthly, there is this opinion about trout, taken from a Maine fisherman and myologist:—"Dreftful notional critters trout be," he said, "ollus bitin' at whodger haant got. Orful contrary critters—jess like finimals. Yer can catch a flumm with a feather, yer ter be catelohed; ef she haant ter be catelohed, yer may scoup ther hul world dry 'ad yer haant got her. Jess so trout."

"Can you tell me how the Saloon is spelt?" was asked of a cockney by a Philadelphian. "Certainly," said the Londoner with a look of triumph, "there's a hess and a hay, and a hell, and two hoos, and a hen."

Out of 2,300 million parts of light and heat given out by the sun, the earth receives one. The whole heat emitted by the sun in a minute would be competent to boil 12,000 millions of cubic miles of ice cold water.

An ambitious barber advertises himself as a "Professor of Decoracapillaturation and Depilacrostation."

What fruit does a newly-married couple most resemble?—A green pear.

Scene in a restaurant—"Waiter, if you call this bread, bring me a brick. I want something softer."

There is a man in Jersey so lazy that he has an artist hired by the month to draw his breath with a lead pencil.

both together—that brought the warm light to her face?

The afternoon wore away, and the sun was sinking towards the western hill-tops.

Hark! He is coming. It is his step upon the door-stone—his tread in the porch. The door opens—a form erect—a face proud and happy—in one hand a disjunct rod, and in the other a magnificent string of speckled trout.

"What! My mother! O, God bless you—I am glad you are here!"

The rod and the trout were flung down, and the son wound his stout arms about his mother's neck and kissed her, and welcomed her again and again. Then he turned to his wife, and when he had kissed her, he turned and picked up his trout.

"See," he cried, "you have come just in season to have a rich treat; and while Ellen is making ready for the cooking, I will go and clean a few of these for supper."

As he spoke he went out into the shed, and when he had got ready for work he found his wife standing by his side.

"What is it?" he asked, as he noticed how eagerly she gazed upon him.

"My darling, what is it?" he repeated, drawing his arm about her.

She rested her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears.

"Speak, love. What is it?"

"O—Wallace—my husband—I don't know! I cannot speak. O—do you tell me—what is it?"

"Give me a clue to what you mean, darling."

"You will not blame me, Wallace. I know that you went away this morning under a cloud. You carried brandy with you. One of your friends told me so."

"And now you wish to know how I have come home in the sunshine, eh? I'll tell you, Ellen."

He drew her to his bosom, and when he had kissed her, he said:

"I took a devil with me this morning, but upon the river-side two angels visited me. My mother and my wife came to me—came to me as I saw and heard them on a Sabbath morning many months ago. The devil I crushed at my feet, resolved that his power over me was at an end. The angels I took to my heart of hearts, with a firm determination that their love should find me true and faithful for evermore!"

From the open doorway the grey-haired mother glided forward, and hung upon the neck of her first-born, mingling her tears with those of the enraptured wife; while the son, seeming to rest for a moment over the distant hill-top ere it closed its daily course, poured a rich flood of golden light upon the blissful scene.

That was years ago. To-day Wallace Arnold is a noble, happy man, honored and respected by all who know him. His children are proud of their father; his wife clings to him with warmest devotion, and blesses him for his truth; and his mother, with head grown whiter in years, but with heart that can never grow old, thanks God every day that her first-born is spared to her in the heavenly bloom of true and virtuous manhood!

A MILITARY WAG HANDSOMELY OUTGENERALLED BY A CLERGYMAN.—Watty Morrison, a Scotch clergyman, was a man of great wit and humor. On a certain occasion he entertained an officer at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow that was sent to the halibuts. The officer offered to grant his request if he would in return grant him the first favor he would ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this, and the officer immediately demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The clergyman agreed to it, and a party of gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was necessary in the baptism of children, and said:

"As I am a minister of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church."

"Certainly," said the Major, "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well, then, Major, I begin by the question—do you acknowledge yourself to be the father of this puppy?"

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the officer threw the candidate for baptism away.

The customers of a certain cooper caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their tubs and casks repaired, buying but very little work. "I stood it well enough, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old bung-hole, to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quit the business in disgust."

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Items Foreign, & Local.

On Her Majesty's visit to Germany it is understood she will be surrounded entirely by her own household, and no foreign domestics will be employed in the castle she has selected for her retreat, where she will be able to enjoy without interruption the society of her children and grandchildren.

A flock of ninety-six sheep, belonging to a farmer named Sautrey, residing at Sarres (Haute-Loire), France, was attacked a little while ago by a band of wolves, which killed twenty-three and worried twelve others.

Oranges, which were introduced into New South Wales soon after the colony was founded, are now exported there to the value of £80,000 a year.

The Liverpool Fund for the relief of the distressed operatives in the manufacturing districts amounted to the handsome sum of £29,639 11s. up to last week.

The Emperor Napoleon, on the occasion of the fete of the 15th, granted pardons, commutations, or reduction of punishment to 1063 persons condemned for different offences. The National Guards in the Department of the Seine have also shared in His Majesty's clemency, 148 having been relieved from their disciplinary punishments.

It is calculated that the actual strength of the Austrian force now in Venetia is 120,000 men.

The total valuation of Boston, Mass., is \$275,957,200. The rate of taxation has been fixed at \$10 50 on the \$1000.—The total valuation of Halifax, N. S., is \$14,000,000, and the rate of taxation has been fixed at \$5 27 on the \$1000. The total valuation of the real and personal estate of St. John N. B., is \$14,331,150, and the rate of taxation, (excluding the water tax) is \$3.30 on the \$1000.

The smallest watch in the London Exhibition is a minute affair, smaller than a pea, set in a ring for a lady's finger; it goes for six hours, and may be purchased for the pretty little sum of £250!

A Havana letter says that the famous diamond wedding, as many prophesied, has turned out badly and that Mrs. Oviedo is at Havana, separated from her husband. A formal separation has been agreed upon, the lady to receive \$4000 per annum and to live in the United States. She has had a sorry time of it with the Cuban graybeard.

The trade of France has increased from 4,600,000 tons in 1852, to 7,600 tons entered inwards and outwards in 1861.

The wheat crop of Minnesota this year will produce 6,500,000 bushels, which will allow the State to export 5,000,000 bushels. Other crops are in a fine condition—running over with plenty.

A Scottish newspaper says that "poor Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is in the final stage of consumption, and that probably before many weeks pass away, a noble country will have to weep for the loss of one of her noblest and most gifted men."

£287,000 of the postal currency has been issued, yet but little of it has found its way into Maine.—There is a penalty of \$500 for selling or passing it at a premium.

The Confederate government have recalled Messrs. Mason and Slidell.

Sailors are so scarce in New York that thirty dollars per month has been offered in several cases without effect, and vessels are now lying in the harbor loaded, and cannot sail for want of seamen.

A review of all the troops in the garrison of Quebec took place on the 5th inst. on the plains of Abraham. The Governor General and Lord Mulgrave were present.

The conscription measure has produced and will produce the most extraordinary effects. It seems among other things, to have a very pernicious effect on the sight of adults in the United States liable to the conscription. In fact, the Boston Pilot assures us that in the City of Philadelphia there have been sold, in one store alone, 3000 pair of green spectacles to people who were never before suspected of feeble sight.

One day last week a perfect cloud of ants passed over the peninsula of Halifax. The clothing of persons in the vicinity of the "stampede," as well as the fences and roofs of houses, were, in some instances, covered with these insects.

A bill has been passed in the Kentucky Senate providing that where a wife attempts to take the life of her husband, the husband shall be entitled to divorce.

Last week sixty-five vessels cleared from New York for Europe, carrying one million one hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and fifty-one bushels of grain, and forty thousand one hundred and thirty-eight barrels of flour, in addition to large quantities of provisions and assorted merchandise.

A pascal candlestick, a relic of Archbishop Thomson's, has, after seven centuries of adventure, reached a safe haven at last, in the Kensington Museum. It was purchased for £680.

It is stated that Lord Lyons will probably return to Washington in October.

The editor of the Halifax Presbyterian Witness, now in London, states that the colony of Victoria expended no less than £80,000 last year, on its articles and its court at the International Exhibition.

A band of gypsies—five men, four women and a number of children, with four covered wagons, two horses and a good watch dog—have arrived at Dartmouth, Halifax, and encamped there.

In the House of Lords, lately, Lord Shaftesbury expressed his belief that "there is more cotton lying idle in India than would keep going all the mills in Lancashire." He added that, according to his information, the quantity of this precious article ready for market is about six million bales.

Spain is waking from her long lethargy. She has commenced the construction of railroads, and the Government has just nominated a commission to organize an industrial exhibition.

A new large tubular bridge has lately been completed on the Berne and Lausanne Railroad, near Fribourg, Switzerland. It is 1230 feet long; the tube weighs 1,200 tons, and the piers are 250 feet high.

It has been ascertained by direct experiment that arsenic, opium and other poisons are injurious to plants as well as to animals.

The force of Darius at the battle of Arbela numbered not less than 1,000,000. The Persian host of 900 men in this battle; Alexander the Great about 500. So says Diodorus.

The visitors from the rural districts of England to the International Exhibition now average five thousand a day.

Old England seems to possess almost as much vitality as some new countries. In 1828 there was not a solitary habitation at S. abam Harbor, in the county of Durham, now it contains 10,963 inhabitants, and about 700,000 tons of coal were shipped from it last year.

Parson Brownlow, preaching in Chicago, told his audience to enlist in the Federal ranks, assuring them that every one who died on the field of battle, in the cause of the Union, went straight to heaven; while those who held back and would not fight for their country would some day "wake up in hell."

The St. Andrews Standard says, the potatoe crop in this section is unusually good and the quality of the potatoes excellent. The disease has not made its appearance to any extent.

General News.

THE BAYONET CHARGE OF SATURDAY.—A correspondent who was on the field and witnessed it, gives the following thrilling description of a bayonet charge of Heintzelman's corps at the last battle of Bull Run:

There was a bayonet charge. Let those who want to know what is the sublimest moment in the physical existence of man look at a division when the order is given that is to hurl it silently and stealthily, but sternly and steadily, into the jaws of destruction, whence it can escape only by breaking the very teeth of the death which threatens it. It is more than passionate blood which, at the word leaps through the veins with such hot impetuosity that roughly corded nerve and brawny muscle quiver under the fresh life impulse. It is spirit, soul, that gush up warm and eager from the heart and pour through the old blood channels with such vibrating tumult that the dark, dim veins close flush along as bright and sparkling as if their flaming were the mantle of new fermented wine: it is the capacity for high and glorious things, for suffering, and daring and death, which, latent before, and felt as but faint and fragmentary asprings in the common droning of life, now springs into an omniscient and full-blown existence. You do not know what they are—the capabilities of life—of the North, who tread their little daily rounds, in and out, and have no ambition beyond the bounds of wealth and ease. You are dreaming, all of you. You think yourselves bowed down when you groan under ponderous realities; by a truer paradox you may stand erect when the spiritual weight of a real manhood settles on you. Let me strap a knapsack on you instead of a ledger; give you a pistol for a pen, and put a bayonet into your hands which before held a yard stick.

Now stand in the ranks and wait for the word. It comes. "Charge bayonets!" Off! and God be with you! Fight your way steadily; it is for your honor! If you fall, the glory of this cause and the sublimity of this scene will brighten your eye in spite of the death glaze, and hold high your hopes even when life is ebbing; if you struggle through you are a man forever—a man on a large scale of character; a man of intensely concentrated force; a man who has his more the glimpses into the magnificent possibilities of the spirits within him.

Such are made the men of Heintzelman's entire corps d'armee who escaped the chance of their glorious charge. They have lived ages in moments; they have passed through the most horrible ordeal that can test the stuff of manhood, and they have a courage beyond gold or emeralds, and a sense of honor and a deep insight of life; for it is not bordered closely and heavily with death?

The men were by no means fresh when they were submitted to this trial. They had fought through the greater part of a most fatiguing day. They had been without provisions or rest since early morning, and it was but madness to refuse the chances of meeting reinforcements in the rear. The awful crash of the battle was still around them, a superior artillery was hurling havoc into the ranks. Musketry was increasing its deadly volleys and there began to be symptoms of a flanking movement.

It was under such circumstances that Heintzelman's corps charged. It made a decided difference in the noise of the field, diminution of sound was almost a hush; for, though the enemy were blazing away as rapidly as ever, it is the guns immediately about one that fill one's ears. For an instant the great line advanced; this suspense was too horrible; it must be filled with action, and of some kind; mortal man cannot stand it; for God's sake let the great gap of inaction be crammed—with death, if nothing else. "Steady, men!" A resumption of the line; but also an increase of the adverse firing. Again a hush. "Steady, steady, men." Aye, brave till you are worse, brave captains and lieutenants; but these seconds are confusion, you must give these men something to do; you must steady them by action. And here comes enough; aids gallop down with orders that bring every man to his most threatening position. Then the cheering words of the commanders as they dash down the lines. Then a wild waving of swords by one shoulder strap as the final word is given, and the column starts forward. Slowly at first, and rather lamely—joint stiff with fatigue. But as the distance to the foe is shortened the pace is quickened; faster and faster move that steadily advancing column, till, on a run like a deer's with leap and shout more like savage creatures, they hurl themselves right into the midst of the expected foe. What passed there no man can tell. They are not those who fill with death sealed lips than are those who came out unharmed. The excitement is too great for memory to hold any ground; all faculties are swept away in the one wild thirst for blood, blood. We can only say, that after a short but desperate struggle, the rebel fell back—not only and not in a hasty retreat, but in a hasty and lawless turmoil as only terror can create. The day was won. The blood and bravery of Heintzelman's stout fellows won it. The plaudits of a grateful country be with them! It was the boldest and grandest charge of the war. The honor of all history must be with them.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.—A man named Cassius DeDosh, while employed by the Messrs. Ramsey, of Prose Hill, during the last hay season, fell from a load of hay, and in descending struck the prong of a pitchfork, which entered his arm near his wrist, and forced its way up parallel with or between the cords of the arm, and broke off leaving 8 1/2 inches of the steel buried among the tendons. The extraordinary part is, that DeDosh suffered no immediate pain, and was surprised as to the whereabouts of the fork time. His surprise was still further increased when he endeavored to bend his arm, and which he was unable to do, as the prong had penetrated a few inches above the joint—thus stiffening the arm. The piece of metal was extracted by Dr. Jarvis, and the man suffered but little injury, being able to commence work in a few days. We examined the time, and had the facts from the Messrs. Ramsey.—Dosh's Weekly P. E. I.

THE ANTIMONY MINE.—Mr. John Henneberry, of Indianapolis, who discovered the mine of Antimony at Lake George in Lower Prince William, York County, has left a sample of the mineral with us. Specimens were furnished to Dr. Jackson, a Boston chemist, who pronounced it a superior article, and this mine the only one in America. Mr. Henneberry states that he found the mine last fall, and has traced the vein—which is two feet wide in many places—to a considerable distance. It is expected that arrangements will be made to work it before long. We might add that the lease of the property was obtained in March last by Mr. Henneberry from Messrs. Donnelly and McLean.—News.

GRAT TROTTERING.—The Bonnet Mares, Lady Palmer and Peersless, ran a match, merely to show their paces, on the Centreville Course, with 311 1/2 lbs. to vaggon, when Peersless made two miles in five minutes and two seconds—the fastest time on record. Flora Temple trotted the same distance, with 100 lbs. less weight, in five minutes and seven seconds.

NEW LEGAL ASSOCIATION.—A society has just been instituted by the members of the Bar in this city, under the title of "The Law Society of Saint John, N. B." No question can be entertained as to the desirability, nay, the necessity of having a Law Library here, to procure which will, we understand, be the first thing done. A Reading Room in connection with the Library, is contemplated, and means generally will be taken to advance the interests of legal education.

Steps of this kind have met with success in several of the Canadian cities, and it is our hearty wish that the present Society may flourish as much as its promoters can desire.

At a meeting held on the 2nd inst., the following gentlemen were elected officers—Messrs. J. W. Weldon, Q. C., President. Hon. Chas. Watters, Sol. Gen., Vice President. G. Sidney Smith, Esq., Treasurer.

W. M. Jarvis, Esq., Secretary. A. Rainford Wetmore, Esq., Q. C., Henry W. Frith, Esq., and J. R. Macchane, Esq., Committee.—Despatch.

THE WOOD TRADE.—There is not much change in the Wood Trade in the English market. It is any, it is for the worse. From Messrs. Gibbs, Bright & Co's. Liverpool Circular, of the 6th Sept., we note that the cargo of the "Cavour," sold at an average of £8 by private contract; the cargo of the "Francis Hilyard" had also been disposed of at £8 by private sale; the cargo of the "C. E. Smith," from Bangor, brought 47s. 6d. The "Malvern" from St. John, 17s. 3d. 1/2, about the same price; also from St. John, was sold at the same price; while the cargoes of "The Morning Star," from Shediac, and "Malta," from St. John, by 47 1/2s. Eight vessels cleared from St. John between the 22d and 30th Aug. inclusive, and are now on their way to this port; and three are loading for the same destination.

Messrs. Farnworth, Jardine, & Co., say in their Circular of Sept. 5th:—

PINE TIMBER.—Of Quebec, 66 feet average has been sold at 154d per foot, and from the Yard 80 feet at 1