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## Poetry.

### SUMMER.

Lo! lazy Summer, swarthy, in the sun  
Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the hills,  
Swathing her limbs in hazy warm and dun,  
Where splendors into dusky glimmers run,  
And sultry glory all the heaven overfills.

Not a white dimple stirs the corn,  
Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves;  
Since, wrapped in gold and crimson gleams unshorn,  
Came flashing through the east the regal morn,  
No throated twittering gurgles round the eaves.

Flooded in sunny silences sleep the kine;  
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;  
The quiet farm gables in the rich light shine,  
And there the jangled honeyuckles twine,  
And close beside them sunflowers burn and blow.

Amid the growing heat I lay me down,  
And into visions swarms the moted air;  
Gleams up before me many a famous town,  
Pillared and crested with the regal morn,  
Outthundering in an orient purple glare;

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—  
Babylon and Babylon!—see slow gleams  
Gliming by mosque and minaret—I see the gleams  
Of seas in sunset—slips of strands—  
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;

See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings  
Of silken courtesans—through half open doors  
Catch the spice odors, and the cool of springs  
Leaping forward in a maze of wings,  
See light forms dancing over pearly floors!

Sleeping seragles, and tremulous doves  
Whisking and drowsy splendor all the day—  
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam—  
See thirty panthers splashed in bloody foam  
Leap terrible as lightnings on their prey;

Or stand with Cortez on a mountain peak  
Above the Aztec city—see unrolled  
Gem-throated shores of Montezuma weak;  
See the white streets swarming thick and sleek,  
And sunny temples stretch up by towers of gold;

See silken sails float by, ambrosial,  
Laden with spices, up a Persian glen;  
Or stand on Lebanon, "mid the cedars tall,  
Or hear the soft and silver fall  
Of water down a jut of Durian.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,  
And voices mid the hay-cocks in the glen;  
The sun is setting, and the crimson seas  
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze,  
And all the world is up again!

## Select Tale.

### THE LOST SEAL RING.

"Hotter than a pepper-corn?" said Dr. Gray to himself, as he guided his shaggy little horse round the sharp turn of the road, and checked under the spreading shadow of the giant cherry tree, whose broad boughs were all sparkling with ruby pendants and then walked to the house.

"Hallo!" said the doctor, as he shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked intently in at the kitchen window. There was the trim figure of his pretty daughter standing at the kitchen table, her sleeves rolled back, and a pink checked apron tied about her taper waist, apparently deep in the saccharine mysteries of pie-making.

That was nothing surprising, but Dr. Gray could have sworn that a minute ago the apparition of a young gentleman was manifesting a remarkable degree of interest in the pan of sliced apples and various spice-boxes and sugar-bowls that flanked it; and yet, now that he looked again, Kitty was trimming off the edges of her pie crust all alone!

He walked straight into the kitchen, where the oven fire was glowing so hotly that Kitty's cheeks were like twin carnations, as she worked away at the pies, sitting showers of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg over the juicy slices of July apples, and drenching them in snowy sugar.

"Kit! where's Harton Browne?" Kitty stooped to cut a little star in the centre of the white sheet of pie-crust, where with she was covering her pastry, before she answered, in a low tone.

"I don't know, papa!" "You don't, eh?" said the doctor, quietly purring up his mouth into a shape suggestive of whistling. "I supposed not!"

And the doctor proceeded through the hall into his little office, where sat his hopeful young student, Harton Browne, deep in the ponderous pages of a Medical Dictionary.

"Been hard at work to-day, eh?" said the old gentleman, taking off his Panama hat, and fanning himself with its broad brim.

"Yes, sir," said Browne. "I've written out that abstract you left, and looked over the papers on fractures, and—"

"All right, you're a most industrious fellow," said Dr. Gray. "You don't believe in stopping work on all sorts of frivolous pretences, do you?"

"No sir, said Browne, demurely. "You are convinced that nothing but steady perseverance will enable a man to succeed in the science of medicine?"

"Yes, sir," replied Harton Browne, moving a little uneasily upon his chair.

"Very sensible of you," said Dr. Gray, shrugging his shoulders. "And now—but what are you looking for?"

"My seal ring, sir; I thought it was on my finger but a minute ago. You have not seen it, I suppose?"

"No, not that I know of," said the doctor, taking snuff just as he said it.

"I hope it is not lost," said Harton. "I value it very highly as my father's gift. Where can it have gone?"

"Don't know," said the doctor. "Just give me that list of patients we expect this afternoon and then go and ask Jake to look out for your trinket. That boy has more eyes and ears than most persons, I believe—I know he has more mischief."

Harton Browne adopted his preceptor's suggestion, and the old gentleman was left alone, alternately taking snuff, rubbing his spectacles, and cogitating whether his fair daughter was really deceiving him as to her innocent love affairs.

"Confound it!" soliloquized the doctor, petulantly, "it takes sharper eyes than mine to see through woman-kind's manoeuvres. I'll ferret out the mystery yet, though—hang'd if I don't!"

The brazen throat of the old kitchen clock had just uttered, in a sort of shrill treble, the fact that it was one, past meridian, and dinner was nearly

over at Dr. Gray's. Somehow dinner tasted better in the long, shady dining-room of the Gray mansion house than it did anywhere else, for the climbing honeysuckles at the window stirred so pleasantly in the wind, and held back their green wilderness of leaves to admit such delicious scents of new mown hay and blossom-sprinkled woods that the most delicate appetite could not help being tempted.

And Kitty Gray looked so pretty at the head of the damask draped table, her brown hair brushed back, and her white throat edged with dainty lace, and the faint color coming and going on her cheek like rosy shadows. No wonder Harton Browne looked at her so often: we should have done the same thing had we sat opposite her at the table.

"I'll take another piece of that apple-pie, Kate," said the old doctor, extending his plate. "Capital pie—where did the apples come from?"

"I believe Patrick gathered them from the old gnarled tree that grows up by the south wall of the orchard, papa; the apples hung there like balls of gold just streaked with red on the sunny side, and I baked them this morning."

"Upon my word, you're getting to be quite a little house keeper," said the doctor chuckling. "The first I know, some young fellow will be why—hallo here—what's this?"

For Dr. Gray's teeth, sound and white as ivory, had struck against some foreign substance under the snowy crust of the much praised pie, with a jar that set every nerve on edge.

"Do they make apple-pie now-a-days out of stocks and stones?" demanded the old gentleman tartly. "No—I'm mistaken—it isn't a stone, it's a seal ring!"

And the doctor quietly held up Harton Browne's missing ornament—a heavy cornelian, set in a ring of chased gold. Kitty turned scarlet, Browne looked amazed and confounded.

"How a seal ring should happen to get baked in an apple pie, I don't know," said the malicious old doctor enjoying the confusion of his companions.

"Young people, can you tell me what all this means?" "I can tell you, sir," said Harton, valiantly, seeing that now or never was the time for his coup d'etat. "It means that I am in love with your daughter Kitty, and that if you will give your consent to our union, we will be everlastingly grateful to you!"

"Papa!" whispered Kitty, with her round arms clasped about his neck, "now be good and say yes! I wanted to tell you before, only I—I didn't dare."

"O!" said Dr. Gray, dryly, "I thought I should find things out, by and by, I wish, however, it wasn't beat at the cost of a snapping toothache!"

"May I have her, sir?" pleaded Harton, who had by this time got his arm round Kitty's waist.

"Well," said the doctor, "I don't know that I've an objection. Have it your own way, young people. Only if you have any more courting to get through with, I beg you won't do it up over my apple-pies!"

Harton Browne was a rich man that July afternoon; he had two treasure-troves—a promised wife and a seal ring! And the doctor was happy, for he had found something to tease Kitty about!

### Signs and Symptoms Matrimonial.

When a man is exceedingly willing to give his wife money to go down town shopping—when he is portentously officious in helping her off, and declares that he don't think it is going to rain, even when the pavements are sprinkled with the wrathful drops, we don't believe in him—we are morally convinced that he has got some piece of private mischief on hand. When you will come home you will be certain to find your pet pair of scissors broken, your little tack hammer dislocated, and the floor covered with pine shavings and crooked nails.

Some atrocious self-effort to hold his slippers and ink-bottle, where your rocking chair was won't to nestle, or some rheumatic "stand," poised on three tickety legs, and entirely independent of the fourth, to which he calls your attention as a pretty ornament for your parlors, probably account for his amiable anxiety. When a man declares that he likes carpentering, keep the hammer and nails locked up, as you value your peace of mind—a carpentering husband is worse than an epileptic one!

When your husband calls for a needle and thread "just to put a stitch into the collar of his new shirt," don't humor him. Offer to make all the necessary repairs yourself, but don't trust him with the work-basket, any sooner than you would trust your baby with a Congo leopard. A man's ingenuity at "altering" is perfectly indescribable—no human creature can ever after get into a shirt on which a man has been trying his needle-hand. He will prick his fingers, fracture your thumb, chew up your wax, ruin the material, and finally—ungrateful mortal!—show the transmogrified garments to his bachelor friends, as a specimen of your needle work, and assert under your very eyes and nose that you never yet made his shirts to fit!

When he says the coffee is "excellent, my love!" prepare yourself for something farther. He is probably paving the way for the appalling announcement that he means to go on a yachting excursion to-morrow with Jones and Jackson. When he says that you look "younger than ever with your hair arranged in that way," he only intends to coax you to postpone house-cleaning indefinitely.

When he says, incidentally, that he wonders you don't keep pets, like other ladies—that he should think, for instance, you would like a pretty little dog, you may be sure that he has got some ill-conditioned cur, domesticated at his office, which has scratched up the carpet, and torn up the newspapers, and flown at every one who comes in, until it can't be tolerated any longer.

When he comes home with the toothache, make up your mind to be meeker than Moses, and more patient than Job. Be ready to wait on him uncomplainingly, and if you take the whippers off his face with mustard plasters, and the skin off his throat with boiling sage tea, so much the better. A man with the toothache is only to be subdued by desperate measures!

When he brings home a new flute, and a box of "prime Havanas," and a writing-desk, and a gay silk dressing-gown, you may expect a dissertation on "hard times." He has probably lent a hundred dollars to some wretch, who will flood the house with second-hand meerschaums and Col's

revolvers for three months to come, by way of payment! When he exhibits a disagreeable inclination to get into the kitchen, and imagines that he can boil potatoes and fry ham "as well as any petticoat of 'em all," set the kettle of hot water so that it will chance to tip over on his legs, and contrive the ash-pans so that he may accidentally stumble over their gray treasures once in a while. If this don't cure him, he must be made of asbestos!

When he examines the pockets of his vest before he hangs it up, it is more than probable that there is a surreptitious cigar bill, or a letter from somebody about some old debt that he don't mean you shall know anything of, concealed on the premises. Don't say a word, but keep on the *qui vive*, and if you don't make some discovery or other, it will be very singular.

The fact is, that there never was a man so deep but that a woman was more than his match. Since the days of Mrs. Isaac, Samson and Delilah, the ladies have held their own.—There's no kind of necessity for matrimonial collisions. Keep the wires oiled and well out of sight—don't be blinded by hypocritical amiability and maneuvers. When your domestic ostriches run and hide their heads in the sand, pretend they are entirely beyond your ken.—Watch the signs and symptoms and you won't fail to weather the storms.—[Mrs. Geo. Washington Wyllis.

### Music at Home.

What shall the amusements of the home be?—When there is the ability and taste, I regard music as combining in happiest proportions instruction and pleasure, as standing at the head of the home evening enjoyments. What a never-failing resource have those homes which God has blessed with this gift? How many pleasant family circles gather nightly about the piano; how many a home is vocal with the voice of song or psalm! In other times, in how many village homes the father's viol the domestic harmony, and sons with clarinet or flute, or many voice, and daughters sweetly and clearly filling the intervals of sound, made a joyful noise! There was then no piano, to the homes of this generation, the great, the universal boon and comfort. One pauses and blesses it, as he hears it through the open farm house window, or detects its sweetness stealing out amid the jargons of the city—an angel's kenison upon a wilderness of discord, soothing the weary brain, lifting the troubled spirit, pouring fresh strength into the tired body, waking to worship, lulling to rest. Touched by the hand we love, a mother, sister, wife—say, it is not minstrel of love to child, to man—a household deity, now meeting our moods, sinking to depths we cannot fathom, rising to heights we cannot reach, leading, guiding, great and grand and good, and now soothing to our lower wants, the frolic of our souls reverberating from its keys? The home that has a piano, what capacity for evening pleasure and profit has it! Alas, that so many wives and mothers should speak of their ability to play as a mere accomplishment of the past, and that children should grow up looking on the piano as a thing unwisely kept for company and show.—Rev. J. F. W. Ware.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—A sea captain down east, a regular old salt, relates the following as one of his fishing experiences:—

"Once, with a friend, he went out to catch a halibut. His comrade prided himself on his skill in the business, and a rivalry arose between the two friends as to who should catch the first fish. Having dropped anchor and lines, they waited with fisherman's patience for a bite; but for a long time no came.

At length the countenance of the captain's companion began to brighten up; and presently he called out:—

"I've got one!" He commenced hauling in with great vigor.

"It must be a large one," said he, "a hundred pound fellow, at least. He pulls stoutly I tell you!"

It was indeed evident that a big fellow was at the other end of the line, and it was soon discovered that it was no easy matter to capture him.

"I must let him run," said he, "and tire him out." Accordingly he gave him line, which was carried off rapidly. Soon the excited fisherman began to haul in again, making sure of his victim this time.

"Stand by captain," said he, "with the boat-hook, and hook in his gills when he comes up.—Got well braced, for he's a rouser!"

The captain accordingly braced himself for a tug, boat-hook in hand, and waited impatiently for the moment of capture. His excited companion was yelping eagerly and slowly at the line, lest it should be broken, and eagerly watching for the first appearance of the prize, when suddenly a "seachance" came over his features, and dropping the line, he exclaimed:—

"Jerusalem! Captain, it's the anchor!" The Captain went down in a roar of laughter, and it was a long day before the fisherman heard the last of catching an anchor, playing it out, and letting it run till it got tired.

A MORNING CALL IN CHINA.—When a mere call is contemplated, the visitor sends a sheet of paper, curiously folded, bearing his name and quality, which is his card. The person whom he visits knows by his card whether he should receive him at the gate, in the hall, or in his own room. Presents generally accompany the card. It is customary to pay visits before dining, in order that the fumes of wine may not disturb the persons visited. If the latter does not wish to see his visitor, he does not say he is "not at home," but sends his servant to say that he will not give him the trouble of alighting from his chair. This message is equally polite with our own, and has the advantage of not being a direct contradiction of fact; after this, he sends his card within three days, and the visiting acquaintance, in this charmingly simple and polite manner, is broken off for ever.—Once a week.

In fattening your cattle see to it that they get their food regularly, and just enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger fully, as cattle that are overfed until they are foundered, will be seriously injured by such over-feeding.

A DRUNKEN PHILOSOPHER.—A somewhat noted writer for the Boston press, who died several years ago, was on one occasion found in the street intoxicated, and taken to the watch house, where he was kept over night. On being brought before the police magistrate next morning, he had become partially sober, when the following dialogue took place:—

Magistrate—"Well, prisoner, what do you do for a living?" Prisoner—"I am a public writer."

Magistrate—"And, pray, what do you find to write about?" Prisoner—"A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at."

Magistrate—"Umph! and what do you commend?" Prisoner—"A handsome woman that will stay at home; an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon; and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue."

Magistrate—"What do you censure?" Prisoner—"A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing; a working man who believes in sympathies of professional gentlemen; a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands; the people who elect a drunkard or a block-head to an office."

Magistrate—"What do you laugh at?" Prisoner—"I laugh at a man who expects his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit."

Magistrate—"Oh! perceive that you are an utterer of pithy sentences; now I am about to utter one that will surprise you."

Prisoner—"A pithy sentence from your honor would indeed be a matter of astonishment."

Magistrate—"My sentence is, that you discontinue writing for the term of thirty days, while you rest and recruit yourself in the House of Correction."

So he submitted to the requirements of the Vagrant Act, and retired from the halls of justice, in company with the officer, without another syllable.

DON'T WRITE THERE.—"Don't write there," said one to a lad, who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel.

"Why?" said he. "Because you can't rub it out."

There are other things which men should not do because they cannot rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of the diamond upon glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever.

On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions, deeply engraved, which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the minds of others.

BULL FROG.—Old Dr. Levi Ball, an Episcopalian of Chester, who died six or eight years ago, used to tell of a man and his wife—plain people—bearing the unphonous surname of Frog, and who came to him one Sunday morning, just at church time, to have their child baptized. Without any preliminary observation, they were called up to the font at the end of the second lesson.

"Name this child," said the doctor. "We name it after you, sir," whispered the woman, as she handed him the baby.

"Oh, but," whispered the doctor back, "you named the last one Levi, as I now remember."

"Well," said she, in a hurry, "call this one after your 'other name.'"

And so the doctor did, and christened the baby by the name of Ball.

After the parties got home, and the excitement of the day had somewhat passed off, they began to reckon it all up; and they saw for the first time that it had struck their attention, that their youngest darling was bound to go through life with the cognomen of "Bull Frog."

The following anecdote which has been told of several learned men, originated with the painter Barrett. His only pets were a cat and a kitten, its progeny. A friend seeing two holes in the bottom of his door, asked him for what purpose he made them there. Barrett said it was for the cats to go in and out.

"Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?" "You silly man," answered the painter, "how could the big cat get into the little hole?"

"But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?" "Indeed! so he could, but I never thought of that."

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far west claps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated Scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindus tipped his arrows with flowers; and orange-buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreath before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride; for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb; for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar; for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful pother, but it cannot hurt you.—You have only to keep still and it will die of itself."

If you have trouble, keep it to yourself. A jolly fellow can raise a dollar at any time. A dismal individual on the contrary, could not negotiate a loan of ninepence if his life depended on it.

MARY.—"It seems cruel to kill so many animals for their fur—thirty-six poor squirrels put together to make a muff for us! Poorly—Yes it is cruel. Why didn't the monsters take their skins off without killing them?"

## Items Foreign, & Local.

We regret to learn that the potato blight has made its appearance and a rapid advance in parts of King's County. Between Hampton and Sussex, near the Railroad route, may be seen whole fields blackened by the disease.—Globe.

There are 20,000 persons at present in the service of the United States Government engaged in building new and repairing old vessels for the navy.

The St. John News learns that a movement is on foot to form a Joint Stock Company to build a steamer suitable for traffic between Shediac and the ports on the Gulf north of that point.

A specimen of copper ore, in its pulverized state, is lying at the office of Messrs. Lunt & Pickup, St. John, which is said to yield twenty-five per cent of superior copper. It was obtained from Grand Manan, where it is found on the sea shore.

A farmer in Walla Walla Valley, Washington Territory, last season raised from 50 acres of land, over 30,000 bushels of barley, which he sold for the round sum of \$10,000.

The roof of Messrs. Harrison's grain store, at Portland Bridge, St. John, fell in last week, burying six men in the grain. They were all got out without injury except two men who were said to be somewhat hurt, one of whom has since died.

Among the number who perished in the flames at the burning of the Rainbow Hotel, New York, a few days since, was an old man named McKenzie, who for many years in the early part of this century was secretary of the Duke of Wellington.

There were 20 cases of sun-stroke in New York city on the 9th inst, 18 males and 2 females.

In 1848 the imports into the province of Otago, New Zealand, amounted to £11,869, and the exports were nil. In 1851 the imports amounted to £859,733, and the exports to £84,419.

The Chicago Journal says that since the 30th of June last, over 2000 Norwegian emigrants have passed over the Galena railroad, bound for Minnesota and Wisconsin. Almost without exception they have been hardy, industrious, active and unusually intelligent men.

Joseph Blake, Esq. of Mayville, discovered upon his wheat, a few days ago, that new enemy to our grain crop known as the house. He immediately sowed broadcast over the field two barrels of wood ashes. The operation was followed by rain which effectually cleaned them off.

Silver coins of the time of Bagdad, King of Merca, have been found in a railway cutting, near Crofton, England.

One of the Quebec papers says that the Minister of Militia, hon. J. S. Macdonald, has applied the "broom" to the office of the Deputy Adjutant General, and that by dismissal from this office alone, and without detriment to the public interests, an annual saving is effected amounting to about \$10,000.

The Globe says, some of the Maine people propose a celebration at Popham, Me., under the auspices of the Historical Association of that State, on the 29th inst., in commemoration of the landing in 1607, of the first settlers in New England. We understand that a number of persons have been invited to attend from this city and Province, and that several are going.

Careful experiments show that the strippings, or the last half-pint of milk drawn from the cow, contain more cream than twelve times the same quantity taken from the first part of the same milking. In some experiments the proportion has been considerably greater.

The Lord Bishop of Fredericton arrived there on Thursday, from his late visit to England.

A young man named Thomas McDonald, was killed, while securing some shingles in the Railway train from Richmond to St. Andrews, on the morning of the 9th inst.

The Queen has made a munificent donation of £2,000 to relieve the distress in the manufacturing districts, and the Pasha of Egypt has put his name down for £1000.

The Bishop of Oxford has addressed a letter to the archbishops in his diocese, requesting them to request the clergy of their respective archdioceses to offer prayers for peace in America.

Albert the Good is now the accepted phrase in the English weekly journals, when alluding to the late Prince Consort.

A well-informed Paris correspondent says a good many American families are seriously meditating turning their faces homeward, in consequence of the difficulty of receiving remittances in the present state of the money market.

The Brazilian government is now discussing the question of opening the Brazilian ports to the natives of the world, and of declaring free trade in all ports of its vast empire. According to private letters from Rio Janeiro, the measure would extend to the inland trade all along the course of the Amazon and other great courses of water.

A few days ago Hiram Woodruff drove Mr. Bonner's gray mare, to wagon, one mile in two minutes, twenty-three seconds and a quarter, which is the fastest time any horse ever trotted to wagon. Flora Temple's fastest mile to wagon is 2:25.

The State of Ohio will produce fifteen millions of gallons of sorghum syrup this year.

The militia force of Canada numbers 13,330.—There are 12,000 British troops in Canada. The total force is therefore 25,330.

It is stated that 26 rebel prisoners were shot at Macon, Mo., for having broken their parole, and that more were sent to share the same fate.

The oldest building in Boston, opposite the Old South Church, has been pulled down. It was 200 years old.

Portland, Me., has furnished, since the commencement of the rebellion, 1102 men.

Extensive orders for iron-clad vessels are now in course of execution in England for the Russian Government.

Treasures to the amount of £20,000 has been dug up at Lucknow.

The sugar crop of Barbadoes this season is about 40,000 hids.

It is said that as far as can be ascertained 200 lives were lost by the burning of the "Golden Gate."

The revenues of the Archbishopric of Dublin just vacated by the death of the Lord Primate of Ireland, are £75,000 a year.

In the year 1858—59 the number of men voted for the British Army was 130,135, and the amount voted £11,955,403; in 1859—60, 122,655, and money £13,009,020; in 1860—61, 145,269 men, and £13,792,546; in 1861—62, 146,044 men, and £15,246,160; and for 1861—63, 145,450 men and £15,302,870.

The idea of burning the dead instead of burying them is receiving considerable serious discussion among physicians and other students of the laws of health, particularly in Europe.

## General News.

THE WOOD TRADE.—The shipments of wood goods to English and Irish ports during the past fortnight have been, 519 tons of Birch, 41 of Pine and 3,713,000 superficial feet of Deals—an increase of 125 tons of Birch and 1,743,000 feet of Deals, and a decrease of 447 tons of Pine, as compared with the shipments of the preceding fortnight.

The clearances were: to Liverpool, 6 vessels, of 6,643 tons register, with 5,900,000 feet of Deals; to the Clyde, 1 vessel, of 508 tons, with 69 tons of Birch, 41 of Pine, and 394,000 feet of Deals; to Bristol Channel, 3 vessels, of 1191 tons, with 1,058,000 feet of Deals; to London, 4 vessels, of 1,726 tons, with 2,493,000 feet of Deals; to Hull and Grimsby, 1 vessel, of 684 tons, with 555,000 feet of Deals; and to other ports, 1 vessel, of 507 tons, of Birch, and 215,000 superficial feet of Deals—in all 16 vessels of 11,399 tons register.

In 1860, the clearances from 1st January to the 19th August, of ships engaged in the wood trade, were 191, of 120,000 tons register, with 5,200 tons of Birch, 18,960 of Pine and 81,406,000 superficial feet of Deals; in the same period of 1861 there were 255 ships of 145,646 tons register, with 7,679 tons of Birch, 17,450 of Pine, and 112,482,000 superficial feet of Deals; in the same period of this year, 141 ships of