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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 dune,
Where splendors into dusky vapors run,
And sultry glory all the heaven fills.

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

Flooded in sunny silences sleep the knee;
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;
The quiet farms gables in the rich light shine,
And round them gilded 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 organ purple glare;

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—
Babel and Babylon—see slow streams
Gilding by mosque and minaret—I see the gleams
Of fountains in sunsets—slips of strands—
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;

See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings
Of silken courtesans—through light open doors
Catch the spice odors, and the eol of springs
Leaping forward in a maze of winds,
See light forms dancing o'er peary floors!

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

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

See laden sails float by, a Brazilian,
Laden with spices, up, or Amazon,
Or stand on Lebanon, 'mid the cedars tall,
Or hear the soft and silver fall,
Or water down a jiv of Darien.

But! 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 busy world is up again!

—London Athenaeum.

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 branches were all sparkling with ruby pendants and then walked to the house.

"Hallo!" said the doctor.

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, wherewith 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 pursing 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 briskly as he did anything else.

"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!" sobriqueted 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, post 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 laked 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—didn't dare."

"O!" said Dr. Gray, dryly, "I thought I should find things out, by and by, I wish, however, it wasn't be 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 is 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 pair of scissors broken, your little tack hammer dislocated, and the floor covered with pine shavings and crooked nails. Some atrocious self erected 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 collars of his new shirts," 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 tumbler, 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 whisks 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 Colt'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, is it not ministrant 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 stooping to our lower wants, the folic 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 name 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.—Get 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 up pulling carefully 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.*

A DRENKEN 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 I 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, his 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 clasps 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 blighted 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 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 Maysville, discovered upon his wheat, a few days ago, that new enemy to our grain crop known as the locust. 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 Bagred, King of Mercia, have been found in a railway cutting, near Croynod, 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 twice 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 Paala of Egypt has put his name down for £1000.

The Bishop of Oxford has addressed a letter to the archdeacons in his diocese, requesting them to request the clergy of their respective archdeaconries 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 12,330.—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 soon to share the same fate.

The oldest building in Boston, opposite the Old South Church, has been pulled down. It was 206 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 £11,955,463; in 1859—60, 122,655, and money £15,999,029; in 1860—61, 145,269 men, and £12,732,546; 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.

Owing to the American war, preparations have already been made in England and Scotland to sow ten times the breadth of flax that ever was sown; and it is said that Ireland will have about a fourth of its surface covered with flax this year.

Items Foreign, & Local.

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 1,742,000 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, 6 vessels, of 1191 tons, with 1,058,000 feet of Deals; to London, 4 vessels, of 1,728 tons, with 2,493,000 feet of Deals; to Hull and Grimsby, 1 vessel, of 684 tons, with 655,000 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 1861, 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 81,496,000 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 feet of Deals; in the same period of this year, 141 ships of 93,665 tons register, with 2,921 tons of Birch, 9,802 tons of Pine, and 73,833,000 superficial feet of Deals. Comparing the shipments so far in 1862 with those of last year up to the same period, we find a falling off of 114 vessels, of 48,991 tons register, and 4,785 tons Birch, 7,648 of Pine, and 34,269,000 superficial feet of Deals.

There are in port 32 ships of 25,775 tons, against 27 ships of 25,177 tons, at the same time of 1861, of which 15 are loading for Liverpool against 14 in 1861.—*Morning News.*

BAD STATE OF THINGS.—Some ten or a dozen Bohemian families, who settled, or attempted to settle last fall upon public lands in the neighborhood of the Apohqui (Railway Station), returned to their homes by the morning train yesterday, having come to the conclusion (for the purpose of taking a fresh start, or leaving the Province altogether) that the wilderness was no place for a poor man to take his family with the expectation of making even a bare living. Having spent what little money they had, and could not find any other means of obtaining a tolerable existence for a whole year, they now feel that it would be a waste of time as well as substance to attempt to hibernate any longer. Now it seems to us that had a proper Government Emigration scheme been prepared and enacted years ago, not only for the emigration of emigrants, but for the assistance of those who had landed upon our shores, these Bohemians might have been saved to the country, and perhaps a number of others been induced to follow them into the woods from their own distant homes. For example, we have the name of a gentleman belonging to Minuidu, upper part of the Bay, who a few years since, located about a dozen German families upon his own lands, and found emigration to be such a time as this, he was not only benefited himself by their labor, but the families were kept together and enabled to live; and as they gradually became acquainted with the country and its ways, they branched out for themselves, one family at a time, and are now, we are told, all doing well. We ask, then, why could there not be some such plan, by which whole families, or small communities, may be planted in the wilderness—a plan which would afford funds enough to keep settlers over the first year or two, upon conditions of their fulfilling certain obligations? Or, why not authorize the Emigration Agent to see that each family is provided with a stipend in the country, and to be kept at the expense of the Province, until such time as they have been done? But we believe there are several ways to get hold of emigrants—at all events to hold on to them after they come to the Province. Now persons cry out loudly about the advantages of emigration and population to a country; but as regards our own, there is certainly a lack of spirit in the proper quarter for the attempt to be made, which we so generally desired. These Bohemians, very likely, will now take their departure for Canada, where they will be taken by the hand in the right sort of way.—*Id.*

The shipments of flour and wheat (considering a barrel of flour equal to five bushels of wheat) from the port of Chicago, for the opening of navigation in the present year to July 19, amounted to 9,603,815 bushels, and from Milwaukee, in the same period, 9,650,811 bushels. These are nearly 50 per cent greater than the exports of last year.

According to a rain gauge kept at Fort Gaston, Klamath county, Oregon, the fall of rain at that point from September 16, 1862, a period of 9 months, reached the enormous amount of 129 inches and a fraction over! Only that of 101 feet of rain in 9 months.

LEAD MINES.—We notice that the schooner Anna sailed for New York on Friday last week. This lead (several hundred tons) is the result of mining operations which have been going forward lately near the Suspension Bridge, under the superintendence of a Mr. Correll, who is agent for the firm of C. & J. Seabury, extensive manufacturers of black lead in New York city. A quantity of this material was sent to front, at such time as this, and was found to answer well for certain manufacturing purposes.—*News.*

"Want of Candor," is the name which the N. Y. World gives to misrepresentations which, it alleges, the telegraphic offices of the Federal Government have been guilty of in furnishing the details of the Culpeper battle. The World asserts that the Federals were defeated in that fight, and it very properly asserts that "it is not befitting either the dignity of the Government or the character of our Generals to countenance representations which are not supported by facts."—*Id.*

A coloured man named Moses Hedges died at Bloomfield, King's County, a few days since, who is known to be over 100 years of age. He came to this Province with one of the Loyalist families in 1776, having been a slave previous to that on a Southern plantation.—*Id.*

A New York paper says that some idea of the freight business on the Erie canal may be obtained, when it is stated that a lock near Syracuse was damaged last week so as to impede navigation, and in 24 hours thereafter the stream for 15 miles was covered with boats unable to move.

Peter Carney, a farmer residing at Skerry, Ireland, was fired at on Saturday by another farmer and wounded in the left breast. A man named Loran has been arrested, and committed for examination by the magistrates. Some dispute as to the right of possession of a house and a few acres of land which the latter sold to Carney, who has not paid up the entire purchase-money, is alleged as the cause.

Corn stalks, well secured and cut fine, furnish an agreeable and healthy food for horses and neat cattle—for the latter, if, when cut, they are scalded by pouring on warm water, they are almost equal to what they are when green, especially for cows, causing them to produce milk of almost the richness of June. They are worth, when well cured, \$6 per ton, when hay is worth \$10.

Mr. Win. Ball, baker and flour merchant, Salem, Mass., commenced business in 1812, and during his fifty years operations, up to his retirement at the time since, 273,231 barrels of flour passed through his hands, of the value of \$1,829,915.61.