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Poetry.

HOPE.

What is hope? The morning gale,
That bears upon its wing
The perfume of the thousand flowers
Of life's fresh, blooming spring.

What is hope? Life's noontide sun,
In summer's blushing prime,
That, with its tints, so brightly gilds
The feathered wings of Time.

What is hope? The mellowing breath
Of autumn's gentle gale,
That ripens for the reaper, Death,
The wanderer of Life's vale.

What is hope? Life's waning moon,
When wintry storms arise,
That through the vista brightly seen,
Conducts us to the skies.

Select Tale.

DAISY MAYNESWORTH'S LIFE.

The chill autumnal wind was cold in the darkening streets, as Dick Hardy passed through them on his homeward way, with his basket of apples hanging heavily on his tired arm. Past warming tenements—through lonely wastes of thick and bare fields, with clusters of rude shanties here and there—and as the twilight gathered darker, the prospect seemed to grow still gloomier.

"Hallo!" ejaculated the boy as his foot struck against something lying close against the ruinous fence, in the sere grass, "what's this?"

He bent to examine the strange little bundle—it was the old story, a forsaken baby!

But very, very pretty, with peach cheeks, flushed by slumber, and wondering wide open eyes, blue as the sky at noonday. And the little pink hands were folded on the breast, in all the unconscious royalty of babyhood, and the silky golden hair was lying in curves upon its waxen forehead—poor little one, already so sadly adrift upon the wide waters of the world!

Even as he did so, the baby smiled in his face—and he remembered a baby, whose brief life had been even shorter than that of the violets which had blossomed for years upon its grave in the far New England churchyard—the baby par excellence of that home which was now but a memory—and he folded his ragged coat around the little waif, muttering—

"I won't leave it to be knocked around, and maybe starve to death in some poorhouse!"

"What on earth has he picked up now?" exclaimed Mrs. Higges, the tutey gossamer of the tumble-down old tenement where Dick, with scores of others, put their heads at night, to scatter like so many ants in the morning. "It's a baby, as I live!"

"Yes, it's a baby," said Dick, setting down his basket of apples, and brushing the sleeve of his disengaged arm across his streaming forehead. "I found it down by those empty lots—can't you let me have a cup of milk for it, Mrs. Higges?"

"Milk? yes!" returned the dame, giving her cap-strings a jerk. "but you'd better take it round to the nearest station-house!"

Dick shook his head.

"I am going to take care of it myself."

"You take care of it?" echoed the woman in falsetto accents, "a pretty idea! Better learn to take care of yourself first!"

It really was not a bad suggestion, and Dick winced under it accordingly. But Mrs. Higges, womanlike, administered the cup of milk, even while she scolded, and ended her animadversion with a curt lesson on the propriety of holding babies in a perpendicular posture, which the boy treasured up in his brain for future use!

Dick Hardy had found something to care for!

The great City hall bell had just boomed twelve, and the clerks in the vast wooden houses were scattering right and left, like a flock of sheep, in full pursuit of their dinners. Only one remained—the youngest clerk of all, whose scant salary scarcely afforded restaurant luxuries. But his dinner, eaten upon a bale of goods, was relished with piquant sauce unknown to Soyer or Ude—health, appetite and good humor, while opposite stood a small water with the tin pail swinging from her dimpled arm. And while Dick Hardy devoured the sandwiches, and drank deep draughts from the mug of coffee, his little adopted sister looked on in high glee!

The small waif of the roadside had grown into a most beautiful child of six years old, with shining brown curls, and eyes like living sapphires, full of liquid light, and expression. Her cheek was nothing on earth but the satin pink petal of the wild rose, and the small scarlet mouth dancing with roguish dimples, was never at rest for an instant.

"Drink more coffee, Dick," said the little fairy, "I made it. Is it good?"

"Excellent," quoth Dick, ostentatiously snatching her lips. "Why you're getting to be quite a little housekeeper, Daisy!"

Daisy clapped her small hands and laughed—a silver little laugh like the ripple of a tiny brooklet over terraces of mossy stone—and then she stood on tip-toe upon the bale of goods, to kiss Dick, and pulled his hair into the right curl, and at last, being lullid down from her elevated position, she scampered away with the dinner-pail, as light as a fluttering turt of thistle down.

The next minute the outer clerks began to drop in one by one, and the temporarily interrupted flow of the business current commenced again, in the house of Maynesworth & Co.

But the little *te-ate-ate* had had one more observer than the performers were aware of. The window leading into the private office of Mr. Maynesworth had been opened the while, to admit fresh air into the close little sanctum, and the childless widower had beheld the whole interview with a sort of envy, finally turning away with an inexpressible yearning for some tender heart to breathe round the sameness of his life!

All the afternoon the sunshiny curls and rosy mouth of Daisy danced like a plantainogoria between him and the ponderous ledgers and piled up

letters that should have received his undivided attention, until at length he pushed them all aside, exclaiming pettishly:

"It's of no use!" And he turned to ring a small bell that stood on the table beside him.

"Send Harry here," he said to the messenger who answered the tinkling summons.

Dick obeyed accordingly, and entered the sanctum with a curious thrill of uncertainty as to whether he were about to be promoted, reproved, or cashiered on the spot, those being the usual results of a summons to Mr. Maynesworth's office.

"Hardy," said the merchant, abruptly, "who is the little girl who brings your dinner to you?"

"My sister, sir—that is, a child I brought up," said Dick, coloring to the eyebrows.

"Brought up?" repeated Maynesworth, interrogatingly, and Dick told the whole history of little Daisy.

"Hum—ah!" commented Maynesworth, when he had finished. "I wish to adopt that child for my own—have you any objections?"

Dick grew pale, and a sick feeling came over him—Part with Daisy? Never. But ere he could open his lips to announce this decision, sober second thoughts came to the rescue. Should he selfishly prefer his own pleasure to Daisy's permanent welfare? In the same second, his mind's eye saw Daisy removed to that sphere of life which her beauty seemed made specially to adorn—and the gloomy loneliness settling forever round his own solitary home. He conquered this pang at his heart, the risk-taking hushiness in his throat, and answered bravely:

"I can have no objections, sir, to any plan which will promote the child's well-being."

"Right," said Mr. Maynesworth, approvingly, "you are a young man of very sensible views. I have taken a fancy to the little girl, and I will adopt her as my own. Meanwhile—"

"I—I suppose I can see her sometimes," faltered Dick, his heart sinking within him.

"Oh, certainly—as often as you like!"

The merchant nodded his head, in token that the interview was at an end, and Dick slowly left the room, feeling like one whose treasures have all been spirited away from him, he scarce knows how! But it was best for Daisy—and he tried—Heaven knows how vainly—to reconcile himself to the idea of their approaching separation.

And years passed by—but the sore spot in his heart ached still.

The roses were all in bloom in the terraced gardens of Mr. Maynesworth's country seat, their white, and crimson, and gold-colored profusion sprinkled with the spray from warbling fountains, where borders of violet pansies and perfumed heliotropes glowed in living mosaic around the marble basins. It was a pretty place—and the carved pillars of the house, gleaming through the dense shrubberies, seemed like the portals of some fairy castle, so exquisite were their proportions.

Only two persons were walking in the shadow of the bowery clime-trees—Mr. Maynesworth and his adopted daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen.

"Don't tease me any more about Colonel Chester, papa!" said the young lady, softly, stopping to kiss away the words of reproof that might have trembled on the gentleman's lips. "I don't like him—and I never shall!"

"But, Daisy, my darling, why not?"

"Why not? That's very unfair of you, papa, to expect a woman to give a reason for everything. I'm sure I don't know why—only he has such big feet, and such little eyes!"

"Nonsense, Daisy," said Mr. Maynesworth, trying very hard not to laugh.

"And he talks so pompously, and—he isn't a bit like Dick Hardy!"

"My dear," said the merchant gravely, "I wish you would get out of this habit of comparing all the gentlemen of your acquaintance with Mr. Hardy, as a standard of excellence!"

Daisy pouted, and bent her lips, as she bent over the clear water of the fountain.

"He is a very worthy young man," pursued Mr. Maynesworth, "but you must recollect, my love, that your stations in life are widely different!"

"Papa!" said Daisy, looking up, with tears in her eyes, and a bright color in her cheek, "when I was without a friend in the world, Dick Hardy—well, then, Mr. Hardy, if the appellation pleases you better—loved me and cared for me, and it would be very ungrateful if I ever forgot his affection in those days of trial. And I never shall forget it, papa, and I like Dick Hardy better than any one else in the whole universe!"

Mr. Maynesworth looked dismayed, but the next instant the effect of his impending moral lecture was ruined by Miss Daisy's bounding off over the lawn to meet a gigantic Newfoundland dog. Mr. Maynesworth gazed with spectacles and coughed dubiously, muttering:

"She is a saucy, provoking, affectionate little darling!"

Alas, poor Dick Hardy! If some one of the brown-winged birds, darting in and out amid the surrounding foliage, would only have assumed the proverbial mission of "little bird," and carried to his ear a bit of that conversation, how it would have relieved his aching heart. But the birds minded their own business and not Dick Hardy's, and so he kept on, treasuring up Daisy's chance smiles, and grieving over her coquettish slights and omissions, and solemnly believing that she cared less for him than for any other created being. And why should she waste a thought on him—she, the beauty and heiress! Very good reasoning, Mr. Dick, but very poor comfort!

So the days passed on until Mr. Maynesworth's death left Daisy the sole heiress to all his vast estates, and when Dick paid his visit of condolence, he thought she looked more radiantly lovely than ever in her deep mourning robes.

"I have come to tell you good-bye, Daisy," he said, after a little while, having worked his courage up to the proper point.

"Why, Dick, what do you mean?"

"Simply that I have been very unfortunate in business, and I think I shall perhaps succeed better in England. So I have concluded to go thither, and build up my fortunes anew."

Daisy played with the jet necklace about her snowy throat, as she murmured softly some regretful phrase.

"The fact is, Daisy," pursued Dick, "I am low spirited and unhappy—perhaps change of air and scene would prove beneficial to both these maladies."

"Dick," said Daisy, suddenly rising up, "do you know that your cravat is tied very much on one side, and your coat collar turned in?"

"Are they," said Dick, smiling faintly.

"To be sure—you're growing shockingly careless and neglectful of yourself! The fact is, Dick, you need somebody to take care of you!"

"Very probably," said Dick, laughing, "but what am I to do? Advertise for some old lady to adopt me?"

"Nonsense, Dick! You need a wife."

Dick Hardy turned crimson; surely it was cruel of Daisy thus to wound him. Still he strove to answer lightly.

"And how am I to get a wife? Shall I follow my former suggestion of an advertisement in the papers? Ah, Daisy, the old woman I care for would never dream of becoming my wife, and I have a serious foreboding that my life will sink into the sere and yellow leaf of old bachelorhood."

"Dick," whispered Daisy, "sooner than have you do that, I would—"

"What?"

"Marry you myself!" laughed Daisy, laying her crimson cheek on his shoulder, and beginning in the same breath, to cry!

"Daisy, my heart's darling, is it possible that—"

"You blind fellow," sobbed Daisy, half angry and wholly charming, "where have your eyes been all this while?"

And Dick Hardy clasped the beautiful girl to his breast, uncertain whether he was not in a blissful dream, but quite sure that if that was the case, he did not care about waking immediately!

However, it was sober, waking reality, and they were married, and upon the wedding day Dick put into her hands a tiny paper, tied with blue ribbon, containing a lock of golden hair, which he had cut from the head of the little babe by the wayside!

This is the true story of Daisy Maynesworth's life—with the life of Mrs. Richard Hardy we don't pretend to be acquainted.

THE HABIT THAT MAKES OR MARS US.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so our habits formed; no flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest bursts the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

HOME COMFORTS.—Wealth is not essential to neatness. We have visited a large, showy house, in disorder from cellar to garret—nothing homelike, nothing inviting; and on the other hand we have seen a low log cottage, whitewashed outside, and embowered with roses, a model of neatness and comfort inside, with its white window-curtains, and every article of furniture handsomely arranged.—This was owing to the excellent housewife. But while skill and labor within are so important in this great element of high civilization, namely Home Comfort, the surroundings of the house under the care of the owner, should never, for a day be forgotten.

Remember—the highest mark of civilization is attention to domestic comforts, domestic happiness, and to elevating the condition and character of the female members of the family.

CONSTANCY.—A young British officer in India who was shockingly mutilated and disfigured in battle, after mature reflection, requested a comrade to write to his betrothed in England, and release her from the bridal arrangement. Her noble answer was worthy of a true woman:—"Tell him if there is enough of his body left to contain his soul, I shall hold him to his engagement."

At a late meeting the following "dry" toast was given, (the author of which was "battered" when he reached home): "The Press—the Pulpit and Petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals, and the last spreads considerable."

"What might your name be?" a Quaker was asked. "It might be Belzebub, friend," was the reply, "but it isn't."

TO OBTAIN FLOWERS FROM BULBIOUS ROOTS IN THREE WEEKS.—Put quicklime into a flower-pot till it is rather more than half full, fill up with good earth; plant your bulbs in the usual manner; keep the earth slightly damp. The heat given out by the lime will rise through the earth, which will temper its fierceness; and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained at any season.

The Court of Divorce has been engaged in hearing a case, brought by a mother to dissolve the marriage of her son, on the ground that he was a lunatic at the time of the marriage. A crusty old bachelor testifies that that plea will not be granted, as it may separate half the young couples in the country.

"What is your fare, cabby?" said a stout gentleman, alighting from a cab. Cabby: "One shilling, sir." Gent: "One shilling! What an imposition for so short a distance!" Cabby: "I'll take an oath it is my proper fare." Gent: "Will you; I am a magistrate; proceed. (Cabby is sworn) There, that will do; the shilling I shall keep for the affidavit."

"Let each one strive with all his might To be a decent man, To love a neighbor as himself, Upon the golden plan, And if his neighbor chance to be A pretty female woman, Why, love her all the more—you see, That's only acting human."

"There now!" cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau—"there! Gram-pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles! What will he do?"

Miss Jimping says that cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then putting the whole into an old bachelors' beam.

Items Foreign, & Local.

The total number of sick and wounded soldiers in the various hospitals in and around Washington is 14,500. The hospitals in Alexandria and vicinity contain about 8,000—making a grand total of 17,500.

Canal freight on wheat from Buffalo to New York has advanced from sixteen to twenty cents per bushel, and proportionately on corn, with a prospect of a still heavier charge.

A large and very valuable lead of gold—the richest yet found—has been discovered at Ballarat, Australia. One machine and a half of wash dirt gave 335 ounces of gold.

Miss Nightingale, who has during the summer been hard at work upon the plans for the future training hospital for nurses, has been obliged to cease her labors for the present from ill health.

The Barbadoes Globe says, that within the last three months, three women, in the parish of Claret Church, in this island, were delivered of nine children—three at a birth to each—and they are all doing well.

The Paris Pays of the 29th of August states that a despatch from China announces that the leader of the Taping has called all his people to arms to resist the English and French, who were menacing Nankin, his capital.

Distress continues amongst the operatives in Lancashire. In Belgium thousands are literally starving beside the highway.

A Federal soldier who was wounded at the battle of Centerville, just at the point of death declared that he shot twice at Gen. McDowell during the engagement. An indelible suspicion of the treachery of that officer is seated in the minds of his men.

The Lord Lieutenant of Monmouthshire (Lord Llanover) allows no intoxicating beverages in his harvest gathering. This is the second year in which his Lordship's corn has been harvested on the test-tube principle.

John Henley, a sturdy Union farmer near Saint Louis, lately captured two of his own sons who were going to join the rebel guerrillas, and delivered them over to the Provost Marshal of St. Louis.

The Prince Jerome, with French troops on board, was burnt off Gibraltar; no lives were lost.

Foreign gossip tells us that the ex-King of Naples is looking for a daughter-in-law, in consequence of the ghost of his mother having appeared to him, and warned him not to give up one iota of his rights, as he will in a short time regain them all.

An extraordinary cricket match was recently played at Kennington Oval, between the All England and the Surrey Club. All England made 503 in their first innings; they kept in, with marvellous batting, two whole days.

Some German gentlemen have arrived in Canada, and are negotiating for a tract of land for the settlement of 3,000 of their countrymen.

A sleeping car has been built for the New York and Erie railroad, which is of nearly twice the length of ordinary cars, and has several state rooms including a sumptuous apartment designated "Bridal Room," fitted up after the style of Western steamboats.

The Hon. John H. Gray has been appointed by the Governor of P. E. Island, Colonel of the Volunteer force there.

Washington Bartlett, of New York, denies that his daughter, of "Diamond Wedding" notoriety, has separated from old Ovidio, her husband, or lives unhappily with him.

It is said that in Andover, the smallest town in Connecticut, with a population of only 500, the draft took nearly every man in the place. "Women rule there" now—if they never did before.

The Pioneer says that the crops in upper Aroostook never looked better than this season, but that there is great difficulty in obtaining help to harvest many of the fields of grain. "So many of the young men have gone to the war that many persons are utterly unable to secure their crops; and it is feared that serious loss will ensue from this cause."

The St. Andrews Standard says that a new disease has appeared among young children in that town, during the past three weeks. It begins with a cold and ends with a high fever. The Standard states that under judicious treatment many of the little sufferers are recovering.

The Boston Journal learns that Com. Devans and other officers of the U. S. ship *Albatross*, in Bermuda lately, were hoisted at in the streets of that place, and the ship after remaining in port 24 hours went to sea by order of the Governor.

An American steam fire engine has been ordered by Havana, to cost \$5,420.

The following appears in the London Telegraph:—"To Messrs. Mason and Shidell, of South America. If either of the above gentlemen will communicate with George Hale, 35, Southampton-terrace, Waterloo-road, Lambeth, they may learn something, in the providence of God, may very soon rid their country of every Northern invader."

A letter from St. Helena announces the capture by a British war steamer of a slave, and the rescue of six hundred negroes. It is reported that several thousands of slaves are in the barracks on the coast, ready for shipment when opportunity offers. "A steamer is reported to have escaped with 1500 slaves, shipped at Wydah."

A telegram to the Liverpool Mercury of the 6th inst., announces the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The manufacture of Ball-Cartridges at Woodstock is ordered to be reduced 100,000 per week.

The other day, as a New York regiment was about to depart, a private carelessly discharged his pistol, killing a lady, wife of an officer, who stood near. The lady had been married but the day before.

The whole vote of Maine last year for Governor was 100,503. This year it was \$7,000.

A large meeting was lately held in Montreal, (presided over by the Lord Bishop) to take steps to raise a public subscription in aid of the destitute working classes in the manufacturing districts of England. The sum of \$7,940 was subscribed in fifteen minutes.

The Pictou Standard reports Mr. J. C. Fredericks cleared out of that town without paying the Printer, which our contemporary very properly says is one of the dirtiest acts of which the would-be dramatist could be guilty.

The notorious Major Yelverton has married a milliner, and the two have gone to Australia as Mr. and Mrs. Edwards.

An attempt was made to set fire to the Connecticut State Arsenal a few nights since. The incendiary, though fired at, escaped.

The five great lakes of North America have lately been surveyed, and it is found that they cover an area of 90,000 square miles. The total length of the five lakes is 1534 miles.

A photographer in Paris asserts that by a new process of his own he can produce a perfect picture of the bottom of the sea.

The Great Eastern had a hole 8 feet long and three feet wide made in her bottom, by striking on a rock in Long Island Sound. She remains at Flushing, N. Y.

General News.

THE ARSENAL EXPLOSION AT PITTSBURGH.—The Pittsburgh Chronicle of the 17th gives the sad details of the explosion in the laboratory of the United States Arsenal Buildings in that city. About one hundred and fifty girls were in the building at the time. The explosion occurred at about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th. The building was blown to atoms, and the bodies of the inmates carried high into the air. The greater number, however, perished by fire while lying under the ruins of the shattered buildings. Altogether, about eighty lives are reported to have been lost.

Ascending the side of the hill toward the laboratory building, the first building, the first object that attracted the attention was the body of one of the victims, partly covered with a sheet. It was lying where it fell, nearly three hundred yards from the scene of the explosion, and presented a most horrible spectacle. The flesh had been blown, as it were, from the bones, and with the intestines lay a tangled mass, while the face was horribly mutilated, and the corpse little better than a shapeless pulp. From the hair it was evident that the body was that of a female, but her identification was out of the question. Higher up lay another disfigured in the same frightful manner, and badly burned besides, and around as far as the eye could reach lay fragments of human remains—here an arm, there a leg, here the intestines of some unfortunate creature, and there the pelvis, and so on.

At the lower end of the grounds is situated a very lengthy building, in which some three hundred girls were employed. On hearing the first explosion, the girls rushed frantically for the doors, and it was with difficulty the foreman could keep them in the building. When the second took place the girls became so terrified that they could not be restrained, and they rushed to the windows, broke them open and precipitated themselves to the ground at a distance of some thirty feet. They ran round the grounds shrieking, some of them bleeding from wounds obtained in jumping through the windows, and the sight they exhibited was enough to strike terror in any one. Some of them ran in the direction of their homes, and did not stop until sheer exhaustion compelled them to rest.

The horrors of the scene presented at the great destruction of life were heightened by the screams of relatives and friends upon discovering the remains of some loved one whose humble earnings contributed to their comfort. Again, others were frantically rushing from one charred body to another, looking in vain for a daughter or a sister, who was employed in the ill-fated building. There was not a particle of clothing left on a majority of them, and mangled and disfigured as they were, it was utterly impossible to identify them. The very stockings were torn from their feet, rings from their fingers, and, in some instances, nothing but a headless trunk remained. Nevertheless many were identified by their hair, by a sweep of the dress they wore, &c., but the greatest number can never be fully recognized.

That some of the unfortunate girls were thrown high in the air by the explosion, is evidenced by the fact, that on the branches of some of the trees around the building pieces of dresses were to be seen which must have been torn from their bodies in their descent.

STATEMENT OF GENERAL GARIBOLDI.—The following letter from General Garibaldi, relating to the unhappy conflict at Aspromonte, will be read with interest:—

"ON BOARD THE DUKE OF GENOA, Sep. 1. They thirsted for blood, and I wished to spare it. Not the poor soldier who obeyed, but the men of courage who cannot forgive the revolution. The revolution is not a party; it is a principle which disturbs the conservative digestion—and for having contributed to the reestablishment of our Italian family."

"Yes, they thirsted for blood; I perceived it with sorrow, and I endeavored in consequence to the utmost to prevent that of our assailants from being shed."

"I ran to the front of my line, crying out to them not to fire, and from the centre to the left, where my voice and those of my aides-de-camp could be heard, not a trigger was pulled. It was not thus on the attacking side. Having arrived at a distance of 200 meters, they began a tremendous fire, and the party of Bersaglieri, who were in front of me directing their shots against me, struck me in the waist, one in the left thigh, not dangerous, the other in the ankle of the right foot, making a serious wound."

"As all this happened at the opening of the conflict, and I was carried to the skirt of the wood after being wounded, I could see nothing more, a thick crowd having formed around me while my wound was being dressed. I felt certain, however, that the end of the line which was at my litter, and to that of my aides-de-camp, not a musket was fired. As there was no firing on our side, it was easy for the troops to approach and mingle with ours and when I was told that they wished to disarm us, I replied that the men might disarm themselves. The intentions of my companions were, however, so little hostile that I only by this disarmed the crowd some officers and regular soldiers."

"It was not so on our right. The Piccinetti, attacked by the regular troops, replied by a fire upon the whole line, and although the trumpets sounded to cease firing, there was at that spot a smart fusillade, which lasted not more than a quarter of an hour."

"My wounds led to some confusion in our line. Our soldiers, not seeing me, began to retreat into the wood, so that little by little the crowd round me broke up, and the most faithful alone remained. At this moment I learned that my Staff and Colonel Pallavicini, who commanded the regular troops, were negotiating upon the following considerations: First, that I should be free with my Staff to withdraw where I pleased. (I replied, 'On board an English vessel!') second, that, having arrived at the seashore, the rest of my companions should be set at liberty. Col. Pallavicini conducted himself as a vigorous and intelligent chief in all his military movements, and he has not been wanting in respect or courtesy towards me and my people. He showed his grief in having shed Italian blood, but he had received peremptory orders and had to obey them. My arrangements had been purely defensive, and I had hoped to avoid a conflict, seeing the very strong position that I occupied, and entertaining the hope that the regular troops had received orders less sanguinary. If I had not been wounded at the outset, and if my people had not received the order under all circumstances to avoid any collision whatever with the regular troops, the contest between men of the same race would have been terrible. However far better as it is. Whatever may be the result of my wounds, whatever fate the Government prepares for me, I have the consciousness of having done my duty; and the sacrifice of my life is a very little thing if it has contributed to save that of a great number of my fellow countrymen."

"In the hazardous enterprise in which I and my companions have thrown ourselves, with heads bent, I hoped nothing good from the Government of R. R. R. But why should I not have hoped for less? On the part of the King, having altered in nothing the old programme, and having decided not to alter it at any price? What affects me most is this fatal distrust, which contributes not a little to the incompleteness of national unity. However it may be, I once again present to Italy a solemn protest of having done my duty. Once more my many generous young men have been offered as a holocaust to the holiest of causes—pure from all vile and personal interests."

G. GARIBOLDI.

THE NORTH SHORE.—The *Gleaner*, speaking of the weather and the crops in the North, gives the following encouraging report:—

"We are pleased to hear from our section of the country, that the Crops generally, if not luxuriant, are ample. Potatoes are better than they have been for years, being but slightly affected in a few districts. The Wheat has suffered some from weevil, but it will turn out a full average crop. Oats and Turnips will yield a large return. The hay in some places was light owing to the dry, cold weather experienced in the early part of the season, and from the want of proper culture and lack of manure, but on the whole was a full average crop. There is great cause for thankfulness to an all-wise and benevolent Providence, for a large measure of abundance which the earth will yield this present season. The crop of Fruit, particularly of Apples and Plums is beyond all precedent. The principal drawback is the wet weather, which retards the harvest, and prevents the late crops coming to maturity."

WEALTH OF GREAT BRITAIN.—A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* estimates the property of Great Britain and Ireland in 1858:—

Real Estate	£3,200,000,000
Personal Property	£2,775,000,000
Total	£5,975,000,000

which is in round numbers twenty-nine thousand millions of dollars—about \$1,000 to each inhabitant.

The last census returns the wealth of the United States was estimated at sixteen thousand millions of dollars—about \$500 to each inhabitant.

The tax for the support of the British Government amounts to a little more than one per cent of the whole wealth of the Kingdom. This is in addition to city and other local taxes, the church tithes, poor rates, &c. The public debt is four thousand millions of dollars—about 14 per cent of the wealth of the nation.

SUSSEX MINES.—The *News* has learned from the Sussex "Mines," that a hole has been dug some twelve feet in depth, and that a horizontal vein of beautiful coal, some sixteen inches broad, has been found, and other veins are apparent. The prospects are as encouraging as they were on the first discovery; and in a short time we expect to be able to write more positively.—*Globe*.

MAN OVER THE FALLS.—This day week a log canoe was seen poised on a rock over Grand Falls, and as a man named Legassy was seen using this canoe the same day, it was supposed that he had gone over the Falls, and was lost. The *Guardian*, however, thinks that he has been playing a game of possum, as he is under bail for a felony; and that he has rammed the country.—*Id.*

In an article published by us on Wednesday on the Inter-Colonial Railway, we said the road was to be built by a Commission. We are told that this point was not definitely settled by the delegates, but if a Commission is agreed upon it will be chosen in the manner we have indicated. The agreement is conditional; we are waiting in making it absolute; but our readers will recollect that we were careful to assert that our statement might not be correct.—*Id.*

MERITORIOUS ACT.—On Tuesday forenoon a little son of Widow McNeill fell over the wharf into Loch-sha Ship, the side being full at the time. The poor little fellow had gone using the third time, when Capt. Edwin Hooper, who was coming down the wharf, being apprised of what had happened, without a moment's hesitation, although heavy and corpulent, plunged in and bore the drowning child to the surface. A few seconds later and life would have been extinct. The captain cannot be too highly praised for this act.

A number of gentlemen met in the St. John Hotel on Saturday evening for the purpose of organizing a company to establish grounds similar to the "Fashion courses" of some of the leading cities in the United States. The intention is to have grounds where the speed of horses can be tried, as well as for rifle practice, and similar purposes, as occasion may require. The contemplated grounds are situated on the left bank of the river, and are now being surveyed on the "McCookery road." A committee was appointed to examine them, and call a meeting at an early day.—*Morning Telegraph*.

RECRUITING IN IRELAND FOR AMERICA.—The Tipperary correspondent of a Dublin journal alleges that there are agents at present at Ireland, in connection with the Federal Government, covertly recruiting for the American service. During the last fortnight several gentlemen were alleged to have been so enlisted, left Thurles and travelled on route for New York. It is also asserted that, through the agency of the "Phoenix Club," recruits have been had in some other localities for the prosecution of the war with the Confederate States. A rumor is afloat that an officer who fought in the Papal brigade in Italy, and was a member of Tipperary, has obtained a commission in the Northern service, through the influence of Archbishop Hughes, and that he is to start in a few days.

AMERICANS IN CANADA TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.—The London (C. W.) *Free Press* says that "in the East Riding of Elgin a large number of American citizens have resided for years, and have heretofore abstained from taking any part in the settlement of political questions, and have contented themselves by enjoying the privileges and protection of our institutions, while they continued loyal to the United States. During the past few days, however, a great change has been by some means effected upon them, and no fewer than ninety of them went before the Magistrate at the sittings of the County Court for the County of Elgin, held at St. Thomas and swore allegiance to the Crown and dignity of our beloved Victoria."

PROPORTION OF MALES AND FEMALES IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the U. S. census of 1862 there were at that time about 730,000 more males than females in the United States, a fact unprecedented in the course of our civilized nation. In most of the older States there is an excess of females; in Massachusetts, 37,000 more females than males; while in Illinois there is an excess of 82,000 males; in Texas, 39,000; in Wisconsin, 43,000; in California, 67,000; and in Colorado there are 20 males to one female.

IRON GENPOWER.—In the year 1850, Mr. March, an able chemist connected with the Royal Arsenal, discovered that it is an invariable rule with iron bars to rust. The knowledge of this fact is of great importance, as it may account for many spontaneous fires and explosions.

A ploughman was hung at Warwick Edge, recently for shooting his fellow servant in the back while bent over the wash tub, according to his own confession, because she never would draw him enough beer! He also stated that if he were committing the crime he "tossed up" whether he should kill the girl or not, and the chance lighting of the instrument he tossed decided the poor girl's fate.

Two sisters named Munia and Maria Granata fought a duel at Naples a few days back from motives of jealousy. The combat took place with the national weapon, the knife, one of the