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Poetry.

HARVEST HYMN.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

At Carmel's mount the prophet laid
His offering on the altar-stone,
And fire descended from the skies,
And round the holy altar shone;
And thus, when spring went smiling past,
Our offerings on the earth were cast,
And God's own blessing has come down,
Our sacrifice of faith to crown.

No conqueror o'er our fields has gone,
To blast with war our summer bowers,
And stain with blood of woe and guilt
The soil that gives life to the flowers;
But morning dews and evening rain
Have fallen on our beauteous plains,
And earth, through all her realms abroad,
Gives back the image of her God.

Freighted with Autumn's richest tints,
Each hill lifts up its head on high,
And spreads its fruit and blossoms out,
An offering meet beneath the sky;
And hill and plain, and vale and grove,
Join in the sacrifice of love;
And winds and stream, and lake and sea,
Lift high their hymn of ecstacy.

It is the festival of earth—
The flame of love o'er nature burns,
And to the holy heavens goes up
Like incense from a thousand urns;
And oh, let man's impassioned voice,
With Nature's self, in song rejoice,
Until the blended notes of love
Ring from the temple arch above.

Select Tale.

THE COOPER'S COW TRADE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB. JR.

Josephus Allen was a cooper. He had a little shop in the outskirts of the village, where he shaved and thumped away, early and late, working hard to support himself and family. A more honest man never lived,—or at least he was as honest as a man need to be. He owned a respectable dwelling and a few acres of land, and he kept a pig, and some hens, and cow. This brute property being under the especial care of Mrs. Josephus Allen. It was generally acknowledged that nobody's pig was so sleek and fat as was Mrs. Allen's nobody's eggs were so large, and so sure to be fresh, and nobody's butter was so sweet and so yellow. "This is Mrs. Josephus Allen's butter." "Mrs Allen brought in these eggs." Let the shop-keeper thus announce, and the things were bought immediately. And Joseph himself occupied a place equally firm, in the confidence of his fellows.—His word was as good as a bond, and his work was a demand.

One spring Josephus met with a sad misfortune. His cow broke through the floor of the barn and broke her leg—broke it so badly that mending was out of the question. What should he do for another cow?

"You must go and buy one," said his wife.

"But cows must be high this season."

"Never mind. A cow we must have. You ought to get a good one for fifteen dollars—a good new-milch cow.

"Ah, but the fifteen dollars, Mrs. Allen."

"I can let you have ten of it—ten dollars that I have laid up from the sale of butter and eggs."

Thus furnished with the "sinews" of trade, Josephus started forth in search of a cow, and after tramping a whole day without finding what he sought he finally brought up at Mr. John Potman's. He had seen many just such cows as he wanted, but they were not for sale. He had thus far avoided Mr. Potman, because he had no very good opinion of that individuals honesty.—In fact, he knew that John Potman was a man who cheated when he could. Bat he concluded to take a look at Potman's stock, trusting that he knew enough about cows to take care of himself.

John Potman was a farmer, and did considerable business in buying and selling stock, and he also loaned money to needy men at exorbitant rates of interest. He took no mortgages for security. When he loaned money, he wanted a right-out bill-of-sale of some good property, and thus did much stock, in horses. oxen and cows, fall into his hands.

It was in the morning when Josephus called upon Mr. Potman, and when he had made known his want, he was informed that he had come just in the "nick of time."

"I've got just exactly the animal you want," said the stock-trader—"a fine, large cow, healthy and strong; kind and gentle; an easy milker—with a calf three weeks old. I took her only a few days ago, for debt. Come and look at her."

Josephus followed Mr. Potman to the barn, where the cow was pointed out. She appeared to be all that had been represented. She had a large, well proportioned frame, was of a light red color, and was in respectable flesh. The udder was ample, and when Josephus tried the teats, he found that they yielded milk freely.

"Of course," said Potman, there's no milk now, for the calf has taken what he wanted, and the women folks have got the rest. But you see what she is. Did you ever see a better bag?"

"How much milk does she give?" asked Josephus.

"I haven't had a chance to find out exactly," replied Potman. "I've only had her a few days, and the calf has run with her all the time; but the man that I got her of told me she would give, on an average, twelve quarts at a milking, in the height of feed. If I hadn't already more stock than I can feed, I wouldn't sell her at any price. Just look at that calf. Isn't it a beauty?

Josephus was inclined to the opinion that this was the cow he wanted.

"She cannot be very old," he said, looking at the rings on the horns, where the growth of each year is marked.

"The man said she was eight years old," replied Potman, "and I shouldn't call her much younger. I guess she's eight."

Josephus walked around the cow several times, and finally asked her price.

"I ought to have twenty dollars, Mr. Allen.—She's worth it every cent."

Josephus shook his head. He could not pay so much for a cow. Then followed a long discussion upon the value of such an animal; and finally Potman grew generous. He let the cow go for fifteen dollars, though with seeming painful reluctance. Josephus paid the money, and drove the cow home. He did not want the calf, so that very night he sold it to a neighbor, who wanted it to mate one he already owned.

On the following morning the cow was milked and then turned into the pasture. The quantity of milk given on this morning was small; but then it was not to be wondered at. The cow probably missed her calf, and had eaten nothing. At night, however, after cropping the tender grass all day, she would be sure to give a good account of herself.

During the afternoon Amos Bean dropped in at the cooper's shop. Amos was a neighbor, and a very warm friend. He was a farmer in a small way sometimes working at house-building. He soon learned that Josephus had purchased a cow of John Potman.

"I don't undertsand it," said Amos. "Potman is buying good cows. I heard him say, only two days ago, that he wanted four more good milkers for his dairy. What did you pay him?

"Fifteen dollars."

"Cheap enough, st this season, for a good cow. However it may be all right."

"In the evening the cow came from the pasture with about as lank an udder as she had carried away in the morning, and not over a quart of milk could be obtained from her. Mrs. Josephus was horror-stricken, while Josephus stood aghast.

What could it mean? The pasture was one of the best in the country, and the grass was green and tender. Just then Amos Bean came along again He had feared something was wrong from the first. He instituted a pretty thorough examination, and pretty soon an exclamation of astonishment signified that he had found the "mice."

"Look here," said he, pulling open the cow's mouth.

Josephus looked and found that the animal was almost toothless! The front teeth were all gone!

"But," he gasped, "it can't be her age. Her horns don't show it."

"Don't they?" echoed Amos. "Look a little closer. The upper rings have been scraped down, and the surface colored! The cat is out. This cow has been a good milker; but she's got bravely over it now. She must be along towards twenty years old; and I guess that for some years she has been fed on swill."

Josephus was beside himself with pain and mortification.

"By the jumpin' Jonathan!" he swore "I'll go back to John Potman directly. I will make him take the cow, and return my money; and I'll tell him just what I think of him!"

"Don't do any such thing," said Amos, "Potman would only laugh at you. It was what he would call a fair trade; and if you got cheated, he would say it was your own fault. I know him very well. If there's any way in which we can come up with the old rascal, I'll study it out. Just keep quiet until to-morrow, and let me think the matter over. Don't say a word to anybody."

Josephus promised that he would obey the instructions of his friend, and Amos then went away.

The poor cooper did not sleep a wink all that night. The loss of his money was something to one in his situation, but that was as nothing compared with the outrage which he felt had been put upon him. His wife, too, worried a great deal; for she supposed the purchase money of the cow was almost a dead loss; and she also supposed that her husband would be well laughed at for allowing himself to be so cheated.

On the following morning Amos Bean came, and announced that he had thought of a plan by which Mr. John Potman could be corrected.

"I owe the old skin-flint a punishment," said he, "and if you will trust your cow in my hands, I think I'll pay him off for both you and myself.—In the meantime you can take one of my cows until we can make arrangements for getting another one."

Josephus did not stop to ask many questions.—He allowed Amos to take the antiquated animal away and in return he brought back a good cow belonging to his friend.

Amos Bean put the old cow into a close stall, where she could not be seen by the passers-by, and one of his first manipulative operations was to saw off the tips of the horns, and darkened what was left with a mixture of potash, after which he rubbed them down with a little French polish. A bottle of dye-stuff, made of logwood and iron, carefully applied, changed the cow's color from a light red to a beautiful brindle. One afternoon Bean saw John Potman in the store, and he went in and purchased a piece of tobacco. After passing the time of day with his intended victim, he started to go out and then turned as though he had forgotten something. "Ah—look here, Stanley," he said, addressing the shop-keeper, "if Seth Folsom comes in here, I wish you'd tell him he can see that cow this evening. I've got one that will suit him exactly." And with this Amos left the store. He had gone but a few steps, however, when he heard his name pronounced.

"Mr. Bean. Ah—stop a moment. You spoke of a cow."

It was John Potman. Amos had expected this, for he knew that the old rascal still wanted two or three good milkers.

"Yes, sir," said Bean.

"What have you got?"

"A cow that has been left with me by a friend who wants money."

"What is she?"

"Come and see for yourself."

"Where is she?"

"She will be in my yard at sundown this evenin'."

"I'll come and look at her."

That evening, when Amos drove his cattle up from the pasture, he turned the old cow out into the yard with them. A handsomer brindle, in the fading daylight, was never seen, her horns were dark and glossy; and her bag was so full that the milk ran from the teats in streams. In a little while Mr. Potman came. He looked at the cow, and was favorably impressed. He looked at the distended udder, and nodded with satisfaction.

"How old is she?" he asked.

"I think she is eight this spring," said Amos.

"What is the price?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"That's too much."

"Very well. I didn't ask you to buy."

"But—I should like just such a cow, if I could get her at a fair price. Let's have a look at her mouth."

"There it is," said Amos! and he felt perfectly safe in saying so, for he had handled the cow's mouth until she would have it handled no more.—In short, she was afraid of pain.

Potman made several attempts to look into the cow's mouth, but was forced to give it up as a bad job.

"I guess you'll find it all right," said Amos, as he drew up the stool and prepared to milk the aged animal. Mr. Potman stood by and saw the cow milked. He saw a large wooden pail filled to the brim, and then a small tin pail filled beside. It was the largest quantity of milk he had ever seen from one cow at one milking.

"Does she usually give as much as that?"

"I don't think I ever milked less from her at an evening's milking," replied Amos, as he arose and kicked the stool back.

'But twenty-five dollars is rather high Mr. Bean.'

"Well—what of it? You haven't got to pay for her. I don't think Seth Folsom will grumble at the price. If he does, he isn't the man I took him to be."

Amos had turned to go into the house, when Potman called him back.

"Is twenty-five dollars the least you'll take for that cow?"

"Yes, *sir*."

"And can I have her for that?"

"I said so."

"Then she is mine."

And John Potman gave Bean twenty five dollars, and drove the cow home, After tea Amos went to the village, and gave Josephus the money, he had obtained for the cow.

"But," said the cooper, opening his eyes with wonder, "I can't take all this."

"It's all yours," returned Amos· "It's just what Potman paid me for the cow. I told him I was selling it for a friend."

By nine o'clock the story had leaked out in Stanley's store; and before the villagers had separated for the night it had been pretty generally circulated. It was as good as a holiday; for the people knew Potman's deceitful, nigardly character, and it was refreshing to know that for once he had been forced to put on the tight boot.

The following day was a rainy one; and at night when Mr. Potman's cows came in from the pasture, he fancied that his new purchase had changed color most marvelously. She was dabbled all over, as though soused in a vat of old coffee, and the dark liquid was dripping from her hair. Her bag was as lank as a disheloth, with hardly milk enough in it to pay for milking. With an oath and a vigorous assault, Potman managed to get enough view into the cow's mouth to show that the front teeth were all gone! He examined the horns, and found that they had been *fixed*.

"————————! It's the old cow!" I dare not write the opening remarks of John Potman on that occasion. They were awfully profane.

A few days afterwards Potman met Amos Bean in the street. "Bean" said he trying to smile as he spoke, you're a coon!—you did that well. But tell me one thing; I know how you made the old cow's horns shine, and you changed her color; but I don't know how you managed to get that enormous bag of milk on her that night. Will you tell me!"

"Certainly replied Amos. It was all very simple. She'd been fed on barley pudding and oat meal gruel, and had not been milked for five days."

On his way home John Potman rubbed his ear as though something had bitten it.

SQUEAMISH.—A young lady fainted at a dinner the other day because the servant brought a roast pig on the table that showed its bare legs. "What made you faint?" anxiously inquired her friends as soon as she came to.—"The nakedness of the horrible quadruped," sobbed this bashful piece of modesty. "Och an bedad," exclaimed the servant who had brought in the offensive pig, "It wasn't naked at all, at all. I dressed it myself before I brought it in, sure."

A man of unblemished character was candidate for a large constituency, and the following means were used to get rid of him: At a public meeting an elector got up and said; "I demand the exercise of my right to ask that candidate a question. Will he answer me yes or no, like an honest man?" "Undoubtly I will." A most incautious promise, as the reader will guess. "Well, then," said the elector, "I ask that gentleman, "Who killed his washerwoman?" what was the poor man to say? What yes or no could answer the question? He hesitated, and he stammered—but the meeting was against him; he was hustled out of the room, and to this day he labors under the grave imputation in many people's minds of having feloniously accelerated the death of some unfortunate and perhaps ill-used washerwoman.

Father Taylor, the veteran sailor preacher, recently offered the following prayer:

"O Lord guide our dear President, *our* Abraham the friend of God, like old Abraham. Save him from those wriggling, intriguing, politic, piercing, slimy, boring keel-worms; don't let them go—through the schathing of his integrity."

Some men of talent and merit are only pleased with the society of their inferiors, where they find it easiest to shine. This is to calculate very foolishly; since, in striving with a man of ability, we sharpen our own powers—but always degenerate in exercising ourselves with fools,

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SHORT BUT EXPRESSIVE DIALOGUE.—'John where is your master to-day?'

'Recruiting, is he? That's good! where is he recruiting?'

'Up in the White Mountains, sir, recruiting his health.'

'Ah! he's sick, is he? What's the matter?'

'He took cold on account of the draft.'

'That's bad then he won't go to the war?"

'Oh no, sir, he's too 'Wide Awake.'—*Boston Courier*.

Sheridan having annoyed that celebrated beauty and politician, the Duchess of Devonshire, she said to him in a very contemptuous manner, "I don't care for you three skips of a very small insect." The witty Irishman wrote on a slip of paper the following lines, which he handed to her:

"The duchess has said, and in her own house,
She cares not for me three skips of a louse!
I can easily pardon the words she has said,
For ladies will talk of what runs in their head."

Items Foreign, & Local.

A most valuable coal discovery has been made upon lands owned by Alexander Light, Esq., Sussex, within half a mile of the railroad.

The Halifax *Reporter* says the Post Office in that city will in future remain open until half-past 9 p. m., so that the mails arriving in the evening may be delivered the same night.

On the 9th ult. a collision took place on Lake Superior between the steamer *Illinois* and the schooner *Oriole*. The latter was sunk, carrying down twelve persons.

The *Gleaner* says that the sum of £27 was recently raised at a Bazaar held in Newcastle, in aid of the Fair Isle emigrants.

John Collins, charged with the manslaughter of W. Hills, in St. John, has been admitted to bail, himself in £200, and two sureties in £100 each.

A Nova Scotian named Geo. Leizer, about 45 years of age, has been arrested in Boston in the very act of striking off counterfeit notes of the Nova Scotia banks. Captain Sergeant, of the Boston Detectives, assisted the counterfeiter to strike off one note, and then—arrested him. Leizer is said to be a very powerful man and a desperate character generally, and it was with considerable difficulty he was detained after arrest. The Banks must feel considerably relieved to know he is caught. The counterfeit is said to be a remarkably good one.—So says the Morning *News*.

It is said that the Imperial nursery of France will have another inmate before long, to the great delight of "the nephew of his uncle."

Rich specimens of copper ore have been found at Margaretville, in Annapolis County, N. S. The work of mining it is now being prosecuted.

The Westmorland *Times* says that a deaf and dumb child of Mr. Thos. Kinread of Moncton was burned to death on Thursday, the 28th ult, while the rest of the family were absent from the house.

It is said that Gen. Neal Dow, the author of the Maine Liquor Law, at present in command of Fort Jackson, New Orleans, has become quite expert in "liquoring up."

Gold has been discovered at Cape Porcupine, Cape Breton.

A shooner named the Samuel Lane, was upset at the mouth of little Bass River, Nova Scotia, on the 24th ult., and all her crew drowned.

The sum of $600 has been subscribed in Halifax in aid of the National Memorial to the late Prince Consort.

The Marquis of Hartington, eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, and member of Parliament for North Lancashire, and Col. Leslie, M. P. for Monaghan, arrived at New York in the steamer Persia.

A French chemist has made a discovery, by which it is possible to extract alcohol of a very superior quality from coal gas.

The exports and imports of the port of London in 1860 amounted to £375,000,000.

Dr. Stinson, the Ex-President of the Canadian Conference died lately at Toronto. He was a man of deep and ardent piety, and possessed talents of a superior order.

Col. Rodney Mason, of the 17th Ohio Regiment, with all his subordinate officers, twelve in number, has been dismissed the Federal service for cowardice.

An Irish Company is being raised in Bangor, Me. for Gen. Corcoran's brigade.

Over $10,000 were contributed in San Francisco for the sufferers in Ireland.

The *Court Journal* says, notwithstanding speeches, *on dits*, and assertions, it is quite certain that the English Government has made an appeal to that of the Northern States to come to an understanding with the Confederates. The answer cannot be expected till the end of this month.

Frederick City, which is now in the occupation of Stonewall Jackson, is about sixty miles from Baltimore by the railroad line and forty overland from Washington by way of Rockville, Darnestown and Poolesville.

An exchange says, the following contains the gist of the argument is favor of secession:—"If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Union in 1861."

All the horses in Washington have been seized by the Government for its use.

The London *Mechanic's Magazine* states that there are 10,000 miles of telegraph lines in Great Britain; and 12,000 miles of submarine cabel laid in various parts of the world.

Various old and rare books are being reproduced, in London, by means of the new process of photo-zincography, which preserves every beauty, every flaw in the type, every peculiarity of punctuation or division in the arrangement of letters.

The *Lady Le Marchant*, formerly owned by Mr. Desbrisay, of Richibucto, and sold some time ago to the Federal Government, was lately sunk in the James River.—This is the second North shore steamer "used up" on the James River.

A correspondent of the Sackville *Borderer* says that an ox which died lately at Cocaigne, Kent, was dissected by its owner, and a darning needle found in its heart.

A number of families left Washington on Monday last for the North, in view of an apprehended attack.

The list of men subject to military duty in San Francisco contains 27,800 names.

A man named Thomas Hickey was killed in a brick yard near Halifax, on Saturday last, by a bank of earth falling on him.

A St. John Paper says that one thousand patents have been issued in the United States for improvements in ploughs, 750 of which were granted during the past 15 years.

A rich mine of Antimony has been found at Lake George, near Woodstock. Several pure specimens have lately been shown in the City, and it is said that some one or to gentlemen belonging here are interested in it. So says a St. John exchange.

The fight at Baton Rouge extended over an area of about one mile square, and in the centre was a graveyard, where lies buried Zachery Taylor, once President of the United States.

Oxford University, England, has conferred an honorary degree upon Jeff. Davis, President Confederate States.

The government of Bengal has for the first time appointed a native to the office of judge.

It is said that the Emperor Napoleon has decided on fixing the majority of the heir to the throne at fourteen years.

The London Exhibition compared with that of 1851, has exhibited up to the latest accounts, a falling off in numbers of entries, by season and cash tickets. Unless the cash difference is made up in the course of the remainder of the season, there will be a large deficiency in meeting the expense.

The Eastport Sentinel says the catch of mackerel recently has been unusually large. Several vessels returned week before last with full cargoes.

General News.

THE UNIVERSITY.—The lectures of the Michaelmas term of the University were commenced last Monday. At four of the afternoon of that day Professor Bailey delivered an address introductory to the study of Natural Science. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen in the Hall, shewing the general interest that is being awakened in the rising fortunes of the Institution. The best proof, however, that the University is becoming popular throughout the Province, is the influx of fresh blood—young students—from the different counties that has entered within its walls since the beginning of this term. There are at present 35 students—the largest number ever entered—attending the different classes, half of whom are freshmen; and it is expected that the round and classical number of forty will be attained early in the term. This result, no doubt, has been greatly owing to the individual exertion of the President during the long summer vacation.

It is really pleasing to see that the advantages that the University affords are beginning to be better—though still not adequately—appreciated throughout the Province. Before long the fame of it may be expected to draw students from afar. But it cannot be wondered at that the claims of the University should begin to attract attention, for it may well be said that it puts such opportunities of improvements and advancement in the way of the youth of New Brunswick (offers them almost without price) that their natural guardians would be blind and insensate indeed if they did not put them in the way of obtaining the advantage of them.

Professor Bailey's address (which we expect to be able to present to our readers in full next week) was an admirable and able advocacy of the claims of the different departments of human knowledge on the devoted attention of the student, and delighted all who had the pleasure of listening to it. The lecturer, in the course of his address, paid a feeling and graceful tribute to his late predecessor, the lamented Dr. Robb, whose labors—arduous, but not half appreciated because so little really known—have done so much to disclose and make known the mineral treasures of the Province, and of which, the museum of the University (now admirably arranged) remains as a memento and a monument. In treating of the one department to which he more particularly devotes himself, the Professor dwelt upon the practical value of a study of natural history, and of an intimate knowledge of the branches of geology and mineralogy to the inhabitants of this country that is so rich in minerals, and instanced in how many cases a knowledge of the rudiments of these sciences would have prevented ardent but blind searches after nature's hidden wealth, making fools of themselves by taking trash with a spurious glitter for the precious ores.

At the close of the address, the President thanked Prof. Bailey for his able and eloquent address, and himself shortly went over its ground enforcing its precepts. He impressed particularly upon the students the benefits of a study of natural history in awakening and strengthening the powers of observation. By these means a new world was brought within their ken. A close study of nature enabled them to find—

"Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks;
Sermons in stones; and good in everything."

—*Head Quarters*.

THE FRIGHTFUL OCCURRENCE TO THE FEMALE BLONDIN.—On Friday morning at 8 o'clock, Mr. Claremont, Mr. Saal, and Mr. King, met in consultation at Highbury Barn, and it was discovered that the chief injury to the "Female Blondin," is fracture of the neck of the femur (thigh bone), but there are others. She was sensible, and at her own request has since been removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where she now remains an inmate. The unfortunate woman was to have performed last night at Wolverhampton. There was but one feeling expressed, which was, that the sooner these dangerous sensation exhibitions are put a stop to the better. Shortly after 10 o'clock "The Female Blondin" ascended one of the stages connected with the rope, which is about 100 feet in height, and by the aid of blue fires, and attired in a suit of armour proceeded on her previous voyage in mid air. She reached the eastern stage in safety, and again returned, performing the feat of wheeling the barrow a third time. She crossed the rope covered with a sack, and then commenced her final tour to the starting point in the midst of fire-works discharged from each end of the balancing-pole she carried in her hands. She arrived within about 20 feet of the western stage, when the Catherine wheels at each end of the pole had reached their greatest velocity, and at which moment reports were heard and stars of various hues were emitted. At this instant it was plainly observable that there was a fearful oscillation of the pole as well as of the unfortunate performer. A general cry was raised that she was falling, the pole fell from her grasp, and the performer toppled over. For a moment she appeared to cling to the rope either by her legs or hands, but, whether from fright or otherwise, in another second she was seen descending head foremost into the midst of the lofty trees beneath her. The scene of horror and consternation, coupled with the screams of the females present at this moment, may be well imagined, and hundreds rushed to the spot where the poor creature lay at the foot of the tree, completely doubled up and apparently lifeless. Cries for medical aid were raised in every direction, and it fortunately happened that there were a number of surgeons, who, as parochial officers of St. Pancras, had been attending the dinner given at Highbury Barn at the close of the day's proceedings.

It is stated that the proprietors had a foreboding that it would be dangerous to ascend the rope, in consequence of its wet and slippery condition, but, without success, endeavored to prevail upon the Female Blondin to relinquish her performance that evening.—*London Star*.

HORRIBLE MURDER BY A LUNATIC.—A horrible murder was committed on Monday at Sutton, near Weymouth. It appears that a man named John Cox had been under the medical treatment of Dr. Puckett, the parish surgeon, who had resolved to remove him to the County Lunatic Asylum at Forston, but unfortunately the resolution had been incautiously expressed in Cox's presence. On the day in question, Dr. Puckett proceeded with a man named White to Cox's house to remove him; but finding Cox had been very violent and threatened to murder him, he sent White for a cart while he went in to Cox to quiet him, but the lunatic darted at him. Dr. Puckett, however, managed to get outside the door, and held the handle to prevent Cox getting out, on which Cox endeavored to jump out of the window to get at him, but was prevented by some iron bars in front. The deceased incautiously let go the door, when Cox rushed out and felled him to the ground, with part of a bedstead which he had broken up, after which he dragged the body into the house, procured a saw, and deliberately sawed off the unfortunate man's head, right foot and right hand. Cox's father and mother were outside, but were so terrified as to be incapable of rendering any assistance. He then rifled the pockets of the deceased, and took the contents, and afterward threw the mutilated members out of the house into the road, and ran away, but was shortly afterward secured and conveyed to a place of security. The Doctor was over sixty years of age, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. The body was frightfully mutilated and is almost unrecognizable.—*English Paper*.

One of the late survivors of the French colony which shared the exile of Napoleon at St. Helena, has just died in Paris. His name was Santini, and his last employment was to guard Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides. Santini formed part of the Emperor's household, in 1815.

A BEAR RIDE.—Three children of a farmer living in Centreville, Canada East, went out to the edge of the woods in quest of wild cherries, and the eldest boy, aged about 12 years, in getting over a fence, fell on the back of a full grown bear, that was regaling himself with cherries. Bruin frightened at being mounted in this way took to his heels and the boy clung to his back for a few yards, when he fell off, screaming, "a bear, a bear!" Bruin turned round and showed his big white teeth, and then increased his speed towards the woods, while the children ran home as fast as possible.

A LAKE DRAINED FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES.—Lake Halloula, in Algeria, Africa, covering 4,500 acres, has been drained, and the bottom, which is to be devoted to agriculture, is found to be covered by a deep and immensely fertile deposit, similar to the Nile mud. Apprehensions were felt that the putrefaction of the vast numbers of fish, left to perish by the drainage of this sheet of water, would breed disease, but immense flocks of vultures swarmed upon the bottom as the water flowed off, and devoured them.

N. B. & CANADA RAILWAY.—The half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders was held at the Company's Office, No. 5, Whitehall, London, on the 21st day of August, F. Edwards, Esq., in the chair.

The Report, which had been circulated among the Shareholders, was taken as read.

On motion of the chairman, seconded by Mr. Maudslay, it was Resolved—That the Report, with the Statement of Accounts, and Balance Sheet appended thereto, be received and adopted.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Field, it was Resolved—That the Directors be, and they are hereby authorised and empowered to make such financial arrangements, by temporary loans, for meeting the liabilities of the Company, and for providing the necessary plant for the service of the Railway, upon such terms and as they may deem expedient.

Mr. Henry Maudslay, who had recently returned from New Brunswick and Canada, gave a short account of his tour, and reported the condition of the Railway, and the country served thereby, from his own personal observations. He also bore testimony to the necessity of an increase in the Rolling Stock.

On the motion of Mr. Field, seconded by Mr. Tegg, it was Resolved—That the thanks of the Meeting be given to Mr. Maudslay, for the information and explanations he has just given.—*St. Andrews Standard*.

COLONIZATION.—The Bishop of St. John having been on a visitation lately in the county of Carleton, took occasion to visit one of the new settlements colonized by the efforts of the Emigrant Aid Association, of which his Lordship is the President, and, indeed, is the very life and soul. His report of the progress he there witnessed is highly gratifying, and should inspire with new courage and determination those who, having resolved to share in the great advantages offered to them by the Society still hesitate or defer moving for one trifling reason or another. In June 1861 the first tree was felled in the settlement. To-day there are over 80 lots on which improvements have been made, and on 43 lots crops have been grown. The fields of wheat, oats, buckwheat, potatoes, and turnips, his Lordship describes as the most beautiful and luxuriant. In one large field of oats the stumps were so completely concealed from view by the crop that he at first thought they must have been removed. Much of the oats was six feet in height, and the length and breadth and fulness of the heads of wheat was something wonderful. One of those new settlers has now nearly 25 acres under crop, and several have 10 or 12 acres. As a proof of what may be done by a proper system of emigration and colonization, efficiently worked, we may mention that a man named Creaghan, who, with his family came out last year in one of the vessels from Galway, is now one of the most thriving and contented of these settlers. His lease of his farm in Galway had expired, and his parish priest, having seen one of Dr. Sweeny's admirable letters on emigration to New Brunswick, advised him to come to this Province. He did come with his family. He was not able to speak a word of English. His wife could make herself understood, and that was all. They on their arrival applied to the Bishop, who, at once had them sent to this settlement, then just commenced, and when they arrived they were not lost sight of, but such directions and counsel as they, strangers to the country, its climate, and its customs, so much required, were always given to them. This year this man has thirteen acres under wheat, oats, potatoes, turnips, and buckwheat, all splendid crops, and has much ground already chopped for next year, is prosperous, contented, independent, and happy, and very soon he will no doubt be positively wealthy.

This is but one case of the many which want of space prevents our describing, more particularly today. Hundreds of acres are now yielding a bountiful harvest where little more than a year ago the solitude of the dense wilderness was unbroken, and scores of families who, for years, had struggled for a mere living, have the assurance of comfort and independance. How infatuated are the working men who, with such advantages within their reach, and with such examples before their eyes, still cling to the precarious miserable existence of the towns.—*Freeman*.

ARBITRARY ARRESTS.—It is with dismay and unspeakable shame that we, who have supported the administration from the beginning, observe its abuse of its power of arrest. There is no such thing as either justifying or extenuating its conduct in this particular. Every principle of American liberty, every regard for the loyal cause, every sentiment of justice, every impulse of manhood, cries out against it. The man who thinks at all is absolutely staggered that these things can be. They seem like some hideous dream. One can almost fancy that Mephistophiles himself had got access into the councils of the government, and by some device, fresh from the pit, had diverted its energies from the repression of rebellion to the suppression of liberty.—*N. Y. World*.

We have been informed that the firing for the Prince of Wales cup will take place this fall, over the rifle range in the vicinity of Fredericton. This arrangement (if decided on) is admirable, as no place in the Province is better adapted by nature and art for the purpose. Besides, the hundreds of volunteers and visitors who will no doubt attend the shooting will receive, in this city, the accomodation necessary to their comfort, which those who attended the Sussex Vale match last year certainly did not. We trust the volunteers of the Province will muster strong on the occasion in Fredericton, and that St. John, which possesses the greater number of well uniformed, armed and drilled men, will send a representation worthy her position.—*Head Quarters*.

EUCHRE ON THE STRICKEN FIELD.—A member of the Massachusetts 13th Regiment, writing a day or two after the battle of Cedar Mountain, speaks as follows of the proceedings subsequent to the battle:—"Day before yesterday the battle field was under the white flag, and open to all parties. It was a novel sight to see the Yankee 'mudsills' and the secesh lying on the grass side by side, debating the war question. Then you would see a group of four playing euchre—two of our soldiers against two of theirs. The two armies, for the time being, were on the most friendly terms There was no danger of disturbance, as no arms were allowed on the field by either party."

The St. John *Globe* says, a poor, half-crazed individual, named Geo Gibbs, well known about town, was found dead in an alleyway in Water Street on Saturday night.