

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Kitty's Choice.

A wealthy old farmer was Absalom Lee, He had but one daughter, the mischievous Kitty; So fair and so good and so gentle was she, That lovers came wooing from country and city. The first and the boldest to ask for her hand Was a trimly dressed dandy who worshipped her; She replied with a smile he could well understand, "That old man is no Ape for the sake of his skin!"

The next was a merchant from business retired, Rich, stout and gruff, a presuming old sinner; Young Kitty's fair form and sweet face he admired, And thought to himself, "I can easily win her." So he showed her his palace, and made a bluff bow, And said she might live there, but wickily then, Kitty told him she long ago made a rash vow, "Not to marry a bear for the sake of his den!"

A miser came next; he was feeble and bold In claiming his fair form and sweet face he adored; He said she'd not want for a home while his gold Could pay for a cabin to give her protection! Half vexed at his boldness, but calm in a trice, She answered, and thanked him, and blushing then, Demurely repeated her sage aunt's advice, "Not to marry a hog for the sake of his pen!"

The next was a farmer, young, bashful and shy, He feared the bold wooers who came from the city; But the blush on his cheek, and the light in his eye, Soon kindled a flame in the bosom of Kitty. "My life will be one of hard labor," he said; "But darling come share it with me if you can." "I suppose," she replied, gaily tossing her head, "I must marry the farm for the sake of the man!"

Select Tale.

THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERS. A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

While sitting alone in my London office one dull, dark, drizzly October afternoon, indulging in the luxury of a quiet smoke, the door opened in a timid, hesitating manner, an old wrinkled, grey-headed, grey-bearded man, poorly and shabbily dressed, shuffled in, and throwing the glance of a man who was still a keen, restless, suspicious black eye over my person, said in a subdued and what sounded like a humble tone, that he had called to see Mr. George Larkin.

"That is my name, sir," returned I; "pray step forward and take a seat."

The old man seemed to hesitate a moment, eyed me sharply, glanced warily about the apartment, and then observed, as he walked forward and sat down near me:

"I hope we are alone, Mr. Larkin, for my business concerns only two selves."

"We are quite alone, sir, as you see."

"But sometimes, I am told," he continued, hesitatingly, "these kind of places—I beg your pardon! I mean no offence to you—sometimes, I say, I am told, these places are contrived for secret listeners."

"But I have assured you, sir," I replied, rather coldly, "that we are alone here, and if you doubt my word, perhaps you had better carry your secret, whatever it is, away with you."

"Well, well," he rejoined, somewhat hastily, "never mind—I will take your word—I will trust you. And I have good authority for doing so, too!" he added, partly smiling and partly addressing me. "You see, Mr. Larkin, as there is to be confidence between us, it is no more than fair to tell you that I have been to a magistrate, asking for a trusty and secret police agent, of superior cunning and intelligence, and that Mr. George Larkin was named as the individual on whom I could rely in every particular."

"I am much obliged to the magistrate, whoever he is, for his good opinion and recommendation," I answered, with a slight bow. "And now, sir, if you are satisfied, I am prepared to hear your communication."

Again the old man hesitated, and eyed me keenly and turned somewhat pale at the thought of what he was about to divulge; but at last, as if pressed by necessity, he seemed to put his scruples aside, and said:

"Mr. Larkin, I am an old man, as you see, and perhaps a rather eccentric one, as you may discover. Old as I am, I am alone in the world, having neither wife nor child, and only some distant relations, who do not care for me nor I for them. Poor as I look, and as everybody believe me, (here he glanced his keen eyes suspiciously around him, leaned forward, and whispered in my ear.) I have gold—much gold—gold enough to—Well, no matter!"

I looked at the old man as he paused, and said, while debating in my own mind whether he was sane or a monomaniac:

"Well, sir, what has this gold to do with me?"

"Let me confess to you," he pursued, "since I have resolved to trust you, what I have never told to mortal ear, that I love gold—adore gold—worship gold—and that I am what the world, if it knew, would call a miser."

"Then you are to be pitied!" said I.

He fastened upon me a strange, startled searching look, as if he doubted the sincerity of my words, the sentiment of which was beyond his comprehension, it being impossible for him to understand how a miser, a man having actual heaps of gold, could be in any degree a subject of pity.

"Yes," he resumed at length, "I never saw any human being that I liked as well as myself; but gold, silver, money, the coin of the realm, of all realms, I like better."

no one could open without the key and secret of him who had locked it. This done, I sold all the property which I had inherited, converted it into gold, put the gold into leather bags, (another expensive luxury!) and secretly deposited them into my safe. Since then I have dressed like a beggar, and lived alone with my gold, the sight of which has given me hours of rapture, and the jingle of which has filled my ears with a delight which I cannot express.

"Well, sir—well, sir," continued the old man, fairly trembling at the thought, "I now come to the painful business which has brought me here! Ah me! ah me! I wonder it has not driven me mad! For years, Mr. Larkin—for years, sir—I have lived alone with my gold, and kept my own secret, and nobody found me out; but of late, sir, (Heaven be merciful!) I have been robbed—robbed, sir—of my gold—of my gold, Mr. Larkin!"

"Then I suppose you are now a poor man?" said I. "How was your house broken into? Give me the most minute particulars—for it is often by the merest trifles that our detectives are able to get the clue that leads to the greatest results."

"Ah! there it is, sir—there is the mystery!" groaned the old man. "You are mistaken, Mr. Larkin, in supposing that I am literally a poor man, or that my house has been broken into at all, so far as I can discover. No, sir—no! The money has been taken—several times—a bag at a time—and yet nothing has been disturbed. My doors and windows, which I have always bolted as well as locked, I have never found unbolted or unlocked, which must have been the case if any one had come in that way. And then my safe is always found just as I leave it, and the key fastened to my body by its iron chain. The first bag of gold I missed, (O! Lord be merciful!) was about two months ago, and I could not believe it was gone till I had counted the remaining bags over and over, perhaps fifty times. Then I tried to believe I had taken it out myself, and mislaid it, and I spent two days in searching the whole house—every nook and cranny—very likely and unlikely place. Well, sir, a week went along, and another bag was missing. Horrible mystery! Since that I have lost three more—the last one last night—and human nature can endure it no more! Oh, sir! find out the thief, and restore me my missing gold, and I will—will—worship you, sir!"

I smiled at the idea of getting a miser's worship in return for my trouble in detecting a mysterious thief and restoring the owner a large amount of gold, and I said, facetiously:

"Unquestionably what you offer is very valuable in your estimation, but neither a miser's blessing nor curse will pass current for rent, food or clothing. No, Mr.—"

"Brandish—Stephen Brandish."

"No, Mr. Brandish, if I undertake this business of detecting this secret thief, and getting back your money, or any portion of it, I must be paid in gold—gold, sir—gold—for I, too, like gold—though for what it will buy, and not to worship."

For a long time we could not agree upon terms; but at last, having got that matter settled to my satisfaction, I entered with great zest into the penetration and unravelment of what was really a very wonderful mystery. That night, after dark, I made my appearance at the miser's house, and, being admitted and the door secured, I began my inspection of the premises. I went up to the roof and down to the cellar, searching minutely all the walls, floors and ceilings, for some possible place where a thief might enter or secret himself. The house was an old crazy structure, sure enough; but I found nothing to give me a clue to the mystery. The doors and windows were all bolted on the inside, and the bolts, I assured myself by a close examination, were all sound and in good order. In the cellar was a well, from which the old man drew what water he used, and I satisfied myself there was nothing suspicious about that. Then I went round the walls, and tried every stone of any size, to see if it might be removed; but all were fast and solid. At last I came to the money safe, which was curiously built in the ground, with the iron door upward, like that of a scuttle, and which was effectively concealed by scattering dirt over it.

"I must see the inside of this!" said I, "there may possibly be an excavation underneath."

"Oh, sir," returned the old miser, trembling at the thought of exposing his riches, "you will not take advantage of an old man! you will not take advantage of an old man! you will not betray me! you will promise this—you will swear it!"

I might have got offended at this question of my honesty from another; but I took into consideration the peculiarities, the idiosyncrasies of the afflicted miser, and readily promised all he required, even going so far as to take an oath of secrecy. At last, after much hesitation and demurring, he ventured to expose the interior of the safe to my gaze. It contained twenty-five heavy bags of gold, with a large amount of silver thrown in loosely; but the bottom, sides, and all parts of it, save the iron door, were composed of thick granite, perfectly cemented, and had never been disturbed since being put together.

My inspection of the premises was now completed, but without gaining the slightest clue to the mystery of the robberies. I could discover no place where any one could have entered, and there was certainly no one now concealed in the house. I questioned the miser as to who had visited him; but he positively declared that himself excepted, I was the only one he had permitted to cross his threshold since taking up his solitary abode there. I was at a stand—I knew not what to suggest—Had not one bag been missing—or had he only been robbed once—the matter would have seemed susceptible of some rational solution; but to be robbed five several times, at irregular intervals, and the thief to be so forbearing as to take only a comparatively small portion at each time, and then without leave no trace, save the loss of his having been there,—this was that puzzled and perplexed me exceedingly. I finally went away, at a late hour, promising to give the matter my serious consideration, and the old man agreeing to communicate with me immediately on the occurrence of anything new.

Three days after he again appeared, in a half distracted state, and declared that, during the night previous, he had been robbed of another bag of gold. Again I repaired to his house, and made a thorough search, going from cellar to roof and from roof to

cellar, examining everything, even to his old rotten straw bed, but only to end as wise as I began. I made him open his safe again, and saw with my own eyes that only twenty-four bags remained; and I knew from his appearance that the missing money was really lost, since it was not possible for any one to counterfeit such wretched grief and terror as his countenance, language, and manner expressed. The money was gone; but who was the thief? and by what mystery had he made his entrance and exit, and opened and closed the safe?

In a few days the miser was robbed again; and, in spite of all I could do, he continued to be robbed at longer or shorter periods, for several months—until, in fact, only ten bags of gold remained. By this time he was wasted almost to a skeleton through grief at his loss, and I had become so nervous and superstitious that I looked to see a ghost every time I visited the dwelling. What could it mean? I had spent days and nights in the house—had arranged matters so that I could come and go as I pleased, at all hours, secretly and openly—and yet, though I had used this freedom, and been constant a spy upon the premises, I had failed to detect the slightest clue to the thief. Surely it could not be the work of human hands! and the thought of the supernatural made my blood run cold.

One night I retired to bed, terribly perplexed with this mystery, and, after rolling and tossing about for a long time, I fell asleep, and dreamed I was in the miser's house, on the watch, and that I saw him get up, go to his safe, unlock it, take out a bag of gold, drop it in the well, rebolt his safe, and return to his bed.

"That is it!" I cried, leaping out upon the floor. "I have it now! The wretched man is a sleep-walker, and has all along been robbing himself! Why have I not thought of this before?"

I dressed in haste, and set off, night though it was, to ascertain the truth of my new conjecture. I reached the gloomy house, went in, and found the miser was not in bed. I hurried down stairs, and by the light of my lantern, beheld him stretched out on the ground, near the well, with a bag of gold in his hand. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. I touched him, but he did not stir. I stepped down, took hold of his wrist, felt his pulse, and started up in horror.

"He was dead! He had died in the act of robbing himself! By the false god he had set up, the God of Heaven had destroyed him!"

It was a case for the coroner, and I summoned him.

But the mystery was solved, my dream had revealed the truth, and the missing bags of gold were all found at the bottom of the well. The whole was taken possession of by the authorities, and I received my just due for the services rendered.

The Mr. Russell who now represents the London Times here, is the same gentleman who was sent by that journal to Ireland, to report O'Connell's speeches during the Repeal agitation. At the meeting in Kerry, O'Connell gave Russell permission to take a verbatim account of the oration. The "Laborer" informed the assembled audience, that "until that gentleman was provided with all written conveniences, he wouldn't spake a word." All being ready, Dan commenced his speech in the Irish language, to the irrepressible horror of the editor, and to the infinite delight of all Kerry.

THE SMART LITTLE GIRL.—In a school, way down in Dixie, whose teacher prided himself upon his skill in imparting to his pupils a correct knowledge of spelling, upon a certain examination day, when the trustees and parents were in attendance upon the exercises, the whole school was put through a course of spelling. The word Aaron was given out by a visitor.—After numerous comical attempts at it, it was correctly rendered by a little girl, who cried out:

"Big A little a—r—o—n—Aaron!"

In the course of a few minutes all went gaily as a marriage bell, every word being spelled correctly. At last some one gave out the word Gallery. This was rather a "power," being out of the regular track of words spelled in the classes. Many unsuccessful attempts having been made, by-and-by a rough urchin, whose eyes fairly twinkled with the unexpected triumph spoke out in clear, ringing accents, mindful of the previous victory:

"Big Gal little gal e—y—Gallery!"

It is needless to say that that effort closed the exercise in spelling, and literally brought down the house.

KEN RETORT.—An old bachelor was rather taken aback a day or two since, as follows:—Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman—

"Before I would ever kneel to a woman I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it."

And then turning to a young woman he inquired "Do you not think it would be the best I could do?"

"It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

THE KING AND THE POTTER.—In 1558 Henry 111. then King of France, finding he could no longer withstand the clamor for Palissy's execution, and reluctant to sacrifice the old potter, whom he had known and respected from his boyhood, visited him in prison. "My poor Master Bernard," said the king, "I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you. They must be burnt to-morrow, and you, too, if you will not be converted." "Sir," replied the fearless old man, "you have often said that they felt pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king! These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royalty. The Guisards, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay!" Not many months afterward, the two fair girls were led to the stake, singing praises to God, as they received their crowns of martyrdom. A year later, in 1559, in his eighty-first year, Bernard Palissy, the potter, died in the Bastille.—The art of Doing our Best.

General News.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.—The following letter has been handed over for publication:

HALIFAX, N. S., May 1, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: By inserting the following facts in your paper, the British public will be enabled to learn with what contempt their flag is held by the people of the Federal States of America.

On the 14th of April, 1862, while on the passage from Cienfuegos, Cuba, to this port, (lat. 23° 40' North, long. 83° 10' West, at 1 P. M.) I observed a ship on my port beam, running in a direction apparently for the purpose of crossing my vessel's bows. I thought she might want to communicate with me, but as she showed no colors I took no notice of her. She kept on towards us until 6 P. M. She was then about a mile astern of us. She then fired a gun, but as she showed no colors I took no notice of it—keeping on my course. After a short time she fired a second gun. I then hoisted the British ensign. Some four or five minutes after a third gun was fired, and a round shot fell a short distance to leeward of my vessel. I then shortened sail, tacked, and stood towards the ship, which now hoisted the flag of the Federal States. When within speaking distance I was ordered to heave to, and when I demanded to know by what authority he obliged me to heave my ship to, he repeated the order, and fired a fourth shot which passed within a few feet of my head. On being asked again if I would heave to, I answered in the affirmative, not wishing to have my vessel sunk by her guns. When I got my ship in position to heave to, I was lying under her lee quarter. My vessel was boarded by an armed boat's crew, accompanied by two officers, who demanded to see my papers. After examining them, and the vessel's hold, they took their departure, ordering me to lay still until they ran their flag up and down, which they did in about fifteen minutes after. I then proceeded on my voyage.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c., J. B. CONROD, British brig "Dart."

[We understand that our correspondent has laid his case before the senior naval officer on this station, who has communicated with the Admiral, concerning what must be considered in the light of an outrage to the British flag.—Ed. Halifax Jour.]

MR. BROWN IN SCOTLAND.—The Aberdeen Journal of April 24th contains a report of a lecture on New Brunswick by Mr. Brown, in that city. It concludes as follows:

He would not invite all such of the hardy sons and daughters of Aberdeen and Aberdeenshire as had a desire to possess a farm that they could call their own to come over, and we would give them the land—they could themselves make the farm afterwards. He would advise them to go in the spring. There were Emigrant Agents at the seaports ready to advise and assist them. He recommended a frigate steamer to sail with passengers from Glasgow about the middle of next month, under the direction of Messrs. Handyside & Anderson, Glasgow. It was known, he said, that last year the Rev. Mr. Glass had engaged to get out a number of emigrants to New Brunswick, but, owing to some disappointments about the passage, only a part of them went. He (Mr. Brown) could assure them that the tract of 10,000 acres called Glassville, was excellent land, and that those who had settled there were much pleased with it.

THE SEWARD-LYONS TREATY.—The new treaty for the suppression of the African slave trade, which has been unanimously ratified by the Senate and now awaits an exchange of ratifications with Great Britain, would, in ordinary times, afford matter for general discussion before the public. It not only treats of a difficult problem which has embarrassed the Government for forty years, but it affects a principle upon which our countrymen have ever been particularly sensitive, to wit, the right of search. It is well known that our practical dealing with the African slave trade has been beset with just this dilemma: we could not concede the right of search which Great Britain assumed to exercise by virtue of the law of nations, and yet the habitual resort of slaves on the coast of Africa, when coming in sight of English cruisers, was to raise the colors and stripes, and thus run clear. This evil the Seward-Lyons treaty seeks to stop by providing for a mutual right of search, expressly based on the treaty, and carefully qualified by its provisions. The end seems to us to be well attained—and it is certainly important enough to incur the risks of a trial.

There are four important limitations to the reciprocal right of search thus provided for. In the first place it shall never be exercised except by vessels of war, authorized expressly for that object, according to the stipulations of this treaty. Secondly, it shall be exercised on merchant vessels alone, but never within the limits of a settlement or port, or the territorial waters of the other party. Thirdly, the manner of the search is rigidly prescribed, requiring the exhibition of his certificate by the officer making the search, who cannot be below the rank of Lieutenant in the Navy, and where the search is unavailing, the entry of particulars on the log book. Fourthly the search is only to be exercised within two hundred miles from the coast of Africa, and the territorial waters of the other party. Finally, the latitude and within thirty leagues from the coast of the Island of Cuba. Vessels seized are to be taken in for adjudication before mixed tribunals, in which both nations are represented, sitting at Sierra Leone, at the Cape of Good Hope, and at New York. The two high contracting parties engage mutually to make good any losses which their respective subjects or citizens may incur by an arbitrary and illegal detention of their vessels.

The ratifications are to be exchanged in London in six months from the 7th of April, and the treaty is to run ten years from the above date, and further, until the end of one year after either of the parties shall have given notice of an intention to terminate the same. The promptness with which our Government has ratified the treaty is an earnest, we presume, of the certainty with which its course will be followed by that of Great Britain. The latter having expressly renounced the claim to a general right of search, about four years ago, the qualified arrangements of this treaty cannot be considered as a concession to the old British claim. They are simply those necessary sacrifices required for the complete suppression of the African slave trade, upon which our Government, at length, is firmly resolved, and of which it has already given one unprecedented proof.

In this view the treaty will undoubtedly meet the hearty approval of the loyal people of this country. It does not demonstrate its effectiveness during the next ten years, then we must try something else, for the African slave trade has got to stop.—Boston Journal.

THE FRENCH MINISTER'S VISIT TO RICHMOND.—Richmond papers are confident that the object of Count Mercier's visit to that city is to ascertain what commercial treaties the Confederate Government is disposed to make with France. The Examiner says:

We know not what treaties the government may be disposed to make, but we do know what the people would applaud to the very echo—namely, a treaty securing to France for a given number of years an equal right to our enormous carrying trade with our own vessels, provided she will raise the blockade and give us the same access to her arsenals and factories that our enemies enjoy. We want arms and we want munition. Had we possessed a sufficient supply of these two indispensable requisites to the successful prosecution of modern warfare, in the beginning of the war, we should have put an end to it long ago.

FARMS, CROPS, &c., OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Statistics gathered by the Census enumerators respecting the farms, crops, and other agricultural matters, are deserving of special notice. The first item of information to which we shall refer is the Hay Crop. We find the tables state that last year there were 283,401 acres of land under Hay in the whole Province, on which were cut 324,150 tons, or an average of 1 1/4 tons to the acre. The heaviest returns appear to have been in Westmorland County with 35,303 acres producing 44,237 tons, and in Sanbury 12,838 acres producing 15,233 tons—an average in each County of 1 1/4 tons per acre. The lowest return was in Kent County, 11,635 acres which produced but 9,218 tons. A larger quantity of Hay was cut in King's than any other county, viz.: 56,094 tons off 62,525 acres; and the smallest quantity in Restigouche—4,517 tons off 3,992 acres.

The next crop we shall take up is Wheat. The total quantity under cultivation was 20,112 acres, and the total yield 279,775 bushels, which gives us an average yield of 13 9/10 bushels to the acre. The heaviest returns were in Sanbury where the crop is not a leading one, there being but 135 acres under Wheat, producing 2,506 bushels, or an average of 18 5/8 bushels per acre. Charlotte comes next in heavy yield—139 acres, 2,564 bushels; average 18 1/2 bushels. In Restigouche there were 448 acres yielding 8,140 bushels; average 18 1/4 bushels. In the Counties where it is raised most extensively it does not appear to have yielded quite so much to the acre on an average. Thus in Carleton there were 1,656 acres in Wheat, producing 27,103 bushels—an average of 16 1/2 bushels to the acre; Northumberland 2,895 acres yielding 44,714 bushels—average 14 1/2 bushels; Gloucester 4,147 acres, 56,572 bushels, average 13 1/2 bushels. Westmorland 3,438 acres, 45,285 bushels, average 13 1/5 bushels. The largest quantity grown in any one County was in Gloucester; the smallest in St. John County where there were only 12 acres under cultivation, producing 206 bushels or an average of 17 1/5 bushels, which is a pretty good yield.

The whole number of acres under Barley in the Province was 5,227, producing 94,679 bushels, an average yield of 18 1/2 bushels to the acre. The most was raised in Westmorland and the least in Queen's. The whole quantity of Buckwheat raised was 904,321 bushels off 41,936 acres, or 21 1/2 bushels to the acre. In King's County there were 12,308 acres producing 244,451 bushels; and in Carleton 7,814 acres yielding 198,883 bushels. These two Counties produce larger quantities of this grain than any of the others. The crop of Indian Corn seems to be very slight, namely 17,420 bushels off 635 acres, or 27 1/3 bushels to the acre. A quantity of Rye raised is also quite small—57,504 bushels from 3,944 acres, or 14 5/8 bushels per acre; King's raised 15,167 bushels of this, and Queen's 11,445; and in one County (Gloucester) there was just 1 acre under cultivation which produced the large yield of 63 bushels. None whatever was raised in St. John County.

As Oats is a leading crop in the Province we give a more detailed statement of it than we have given of some others. The following table shows the number of acres under Oats and Potatoes in each County and the yield in each. The names of the Counties are given in alphabetical order:

average of 18.9 bushels per acre. Charlotte comes out 2.94 bushels in heavy yield—139 acre, 2,406 bushels; in Restigouche there were 146 bushels to the acre, 146 bushels. In the other counties the average was 14.8 bushels. In those counties where it is raised extensively it does not appear to have yielded much more than to much to the acre on an average. Thus in Carleton there were 1,650 acres in Wheat, producing 27,103 bushels—an average of 16 bushels to the acre; Northumberland 2,895 acres yielding 44,714 bushels—average 14 bushels; Gloucester 4,147 bushels—average 14 bushels; Kent 175,272 bushels—13.9 bushels; Westmorland 45,408 acres, 45,285 bushels—13.3 bushels; Victoria 104,730 bushels—26 bushels. The largest quantity grown in any one County was in Gloucester; the smallest in St. John's County where there were only 12 acres under cultivation, producing 206 bushels or an average of 17 bushels to the acre, which is a pretty good yield.

From the above it will be seen that the average yield of Oats was 27 5/8 bushels to the acre. Carleton, King's, Westmorland and York contain more than one half of all the land in the Province that was under Oats last year, and produced more than half of the whole crop. Carleton County stands at the head of the list, with respect both to the extent of land devoted to growing this grain, and the quantity raised; while St. John is the least. The greatest yield per acre was in Restigouche, 34 1/2 bushels, and in Carleton, 34 bushels. The remainder of the Oat table speaks for itself.

With regard to Potatoes the general average per acre was 107 1/4 bushels. The largest quantity was raised in Westmorland County; Gloucester and Kent came next. The heaviest yield per acre was in Northumberland, 137 1/2 bushels; the next in Restigouche, 131 1/2 bushels.

The whole quantity of Turnips reported is 634,364 bushels from 3,310 acres, an average of 9 1/2 bushels to the acre. The largest quantity grown in one County was in York, 91,478 bushels from 510 acres.

Having thus noticed the leading features in the leading crops we cannot do better than compare the average yield per acre with the statement published by Professor Johnston in his report upon the Agricultural capabilities of New Brunswick. But it is only right that we should first explain that the Professor's figures are based upon statements of the yield of crops furnished him by gentlemen in different parts of the Province, and not upon actual observation. Professor J. gave the maximum, minimum, and average yield per acre:

the Counties and the yield in each. The names of the Counties are given in alphabetical order:	
OATS.	
	acres. bushels.
Libert,	3,010 78,967
Marlton,	14,575 494,583
Charlotte,	4,620 116,916
POTATOES.	
	acres. bushels.
	1,695 200,247
	2,349 212,562
	2,124 225,098

From this statement our readers will perceive that while the recent statistics do not present our "agricultural capabilities" in so favorable a light as those compiled by Professor Johnston (but for the correctness of which that gentleman does not vouch) we are yet ahead of the State of New York in almost every crop; for there is good reason for believing that agriculture in that State has not improved much since 1845. It appears, then, that even with the system of farming in vogue—and in some Counties it is certainly in a primitive state—our soil yields heavier returns than the State of New York where all the latest and most improved modes of culture are practised. This fact should stimulate our farmers to still greater exertions, as it is well known that our land is capable of producing very much larger returns than have yet been taken from it in any part of the Province. A word to the wise is sufficient.—News.

Among the anecdotes narrated of the Japanese ambassadors, during their stay at Versailles, it is said they presented a cigar to each of the policemen. The cigars were composed of tobacco, opium, and they made the smokers quite drowsy. The next police inspector who passed was surprised to find his men asleep at their post.

LARGE ALMONDY.—In a divorce suit at New York, brought by Mary Ann Singer, against Isaac M. Singer, the noted Sewing Machine Needle maker, the Court ordered her an allowance of \$8000 per annum, alimony, and her counsel a fee of \$750. It was given in evidence that Singer's income was \$209,000 a year.

EMIGRANTS.—The Elizabeth from Londonderry, Ireland, arrived on Tuesday after a fine run of 23 days. This vessel brought in all 126 passengers who are chiefly North of Ireland people; but there are four or five persons—perhaps 20 altogether—from the Isle of Skye, bound to Prince Edward Island. Upwards of fifty others left in the steamer Relief on Wednesday morning for Portland; whether they intend to locate in Canada or the States we do not know; but at all events they appear to have left Ireland without any intention of remaining in this Province. This is somewhat singular, but we suppose nobody here is to blame for it. We must expect this kind of thing as long as the "Canadian News and New Brunswick Herald" of London—which the Province helps to keep up—does all it can to assist Canada by puffing it up and libelling New Brunswick; and as long as Emigration Commissioners appointed by the British Government at the principal English, Scotch, and Irish seaports, are allowed to act as special agents for the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and direct the stream of emigration to that part of the British Provinces in particular, as is well known to be the fact.—News.

DISAPPOINTED GOLD SEEKERS.—The Nova Scotia papers have been for some time past, telling great stories of gold discoveries, and a great many have been led to immigrate thence to try their hand at the diggings. But it seems the Dorado, to those who are not wealthy, is a very poor one.