

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XV.

WOODSTOCK, N.B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

NO. 47

Poetry.

[Published by request.]

FADING FLOWERS.

Oh, the flowers that I saw in the wildwood,
Have since dropped their beautiful leaves,
And the many dear friends of my childhood,
Have slumbered for years in their graves,
Oh, the bloom of the flowers I remember,
And the smiles I shall never more see,
For the cold chilly winds of December,
Stole my flowers, my companions from me.

Other roses may bloom on the morrow,
And many a friend have I won,
Yet my heart is not part but with sorrow,
When I think of the ones that are gone.
'Tis no wonder that I'm broken-hearted,
Or stricken with sorrow should be,
We have met, we have loved, we have parted,
My flowers, my companions, and me.

Oh, how dark looks this world, and how dreary,
When we part from the ones that we love,
Yet there's rest for the faint and the weary,
Where friends meet with lost ones above.
Yet in Heaven I can but remember,
When from earth my proud soul shall be free,
That no cold chilly winds of December,
Can part my companions from me.

Select Tale.

THE LOWLY LADY.

The sad but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the aisles of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the cornet, glittering upon the cushion of crimson velvet, and all the insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone could have drawn such a crowd together; but a deeper interest was marked on every countenance, and the firm voice of the minister had filtered more than once as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child—a little tender infant who had died in its first unconscious helplessness. Every one thought of the father, standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and drew the infant on her bosom closer to her breast as she gazed around on the mournful pomp and the little coffin, and the young nobleman, childless and worse than widowed—ah, yes! worse than widowed! as he stood there, and followed with his eyes the movement of the men then placing the coffin of his child in the open vault below him. That church was a place of agonizing recollection to the young Earl of Derby. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and, as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage, he could not help recalling the day, when his beautiful and modest bride had clung in trembling bashfulness to his arm, when he had there for the first time called her his wife. "I am sick of all this pomp!" he said to himself, as he entered the wide hall of his own magnificent residence, attended by his train of servants and met by the obsequious bows of the men who attended his funeral; "I am sick of all this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I were a poor, hard-working peasant, with some honest hearts to care for me! I am heartily tired of your great people."

Not many weeks after the funeral of the noble house of Derby, a solitary wayfarer man stopped at the turning of the little foot path, which led down the sloping side of the hill overlooking the village of H— He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning, and had not yet found the place where he would rest for the night. "Here, at least, is a happy scene," he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. About fifty or sixty persons were scattered, in careless groups, about the pleasant green. Some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of elms—others were crowding around the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. "At least, I may witness their enjoyment though I cannot share it," he said; and in a few moments he was standing beneath the trees on the green.

But, although he was not recognized as the Earl of Derby and disguised by the attentions paid to his rank and station, he found the familiarity of vulgar minds and low manners not quite so agreeable as he had perhaps expected. Quietly he turned away from the noisy scene. He passed over the old bridge, which crosses the clear and shallow stream, and turned down a lane, the banks of which were overgrown with wild flowers and straggling bushes of birch, sufficiently high and thick to meet over-head to form a perfect bow of grateful shade. A poor woman was returning home through the lane with her children, her infant sleeping soundly on her breast, and a curiously hunched undertaker his cheeks with puffing at a little painted trumpet, which had all the charm of novelty and noise to him. The young mother looked so hot and tired, and withal so good humored, that the earl could not resist asking her if she would direct him to a lodging.

"Not in that merry village we have just left," he said, "for I am unwell and tired."

The woman pointed to a little path, not very far from the spot where they stood, which turned suddenly out of a lane into a wood, overhanging the river, and directed him to follow it through a large corn-field and up a very steep, sandy lane, and then for about half a mile over; but such directions are tiresome enough when one is obliged to listen to them to learn one's own way—here, they would be even more so. Besides, I am not sure the earl attended to the poor woman, for he lost his way. He walked on, wrapped in his own melancholy thoughts, but soothed, in every sense, by the cool fresh air, the gurgling flow of the river, and all those distant sounds, which, in the quiet fields, on a fair calm evening, fall so sweetly indistinct upon the ear. But the sun had set before the wanderer awoke to the recollection of the purpose before him; he saw green and sloping hills, many stately trees, and the same calm river flowing gently below, but no house. At last, where the leafy shade was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, quaintly-shaped chimneys, opposed against the glowing sky. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the farm-house, when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly; and he heard the sound of untroubled weeping.

A hazel copse separated him from the meadow whence the sound proceeded; but, on peeping through a little opening, he saw that a young girl was sitting on the bank of the meadow on the other

side. For a little time she continued weeping—only for a little while—then clasping her hands together, she raised her head, and her whole heart seemed to look up to heaven in her meek and steadfast gaze.

Still she sat there, almost without stirring, except that once or twice, she looked down upon the green grass, and her hand dropped, half forgetfully and half playfully, among the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance beside her, as if she was pleased with, but scarcely knew she noticed them. Just then the rich song of the nightingale burst upon the stillness of the evening and stole away her ear; and though her thoughts seemed yet to linger on about the subject which had made her weep, she listened till at last she smiled—and so, minute after minute passed away, and gradually she forgot all about her trouble, and the only expression upon her fair face was one of innocent gladness.

Let no one suppose that, in this fair country girl we have met with a maiden of gentle birth, brought down to a low estate by the hard uses of adversity; nor any wonder of her native village, gifted with talents of the highest order. Oh, no! Lucy was none of these. Who was she? A fair and happy maiden of low birth—if to be born of poor and honest parents be low birth; of no accomplishments or education beyond reading, and—let me remember—yes, she could write. She read well, for her voice was full of natural melody; and practice, and genuine feeling and above all, piety, had made her very perfect.

Lucy's features were not beautiful; but their modest, innocent expression, was better than more beauty. Her hands were not the whitest in the world, though delicately, nay, exquisitely shaped; their palms might have been softer—but if it might have been said of her, as of the fair and happy milkmaid, "she makes her hand hard with labor," it might have been well added, and "her heart soft with pity," for they who knew her say she was the kindest creature that ever lived, and speak of a gentle and winning courteousness of manner that gave a charm to every look and every word she uttered. But although she was one of nature's own sweet gentlewomen, and unaffectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor uneducated country girl. There was one, however, who soon began to find new hope—new life, in the society of Lucy: one who, in spite of all the pride of aristocracy of his habits, and his prejudices, began to feel it a privilege to be addressed as a familiar friend by the pure minded maiden—who felt in his inmost heart, the influence of her modest, cheerful piety, and paid her, from his heart, the homage of respect and love that was the sweeter from being half made up of gratitude.

He could not help smiling, when he made his proposals in due form to the relations of his sweet Lucy; for they did not choose to have their child thrown away upon one, who, for aught they knew to the contrary, might be little better than a beggar, or a sort of, (they did not say the word), "vagabond." They doubted, and questioned, and wavered, and questioned him again, till the earl began to feel uncomfortable, and to stammer and blush; and thus, in fact to make them really suspicious—for he had forgotten to provide against his most probable issue of his suit to them.

"You see," said an old uncle, at last, who was the best spokesman and the head of the family—"you may be a very good sort of a young man, and I have nothing to say against you; but you are, or at least have been, till now, when you're plucking up a bit, a poor, sickly, idle body; and, suppose you fall ill, or take to no kind of employ, and have nothing coming in of your own whys, Lucy's fifty pounds, and the hundred that I shall leave her, when, please heaven! I die, will go but a very little way. I tell you what," he said, "brother and sister" (turning to Lucy's parents and looking very wise), "don't be in a hurry to give your consent: Lucy, though I say it, is as good a girl as any in the land, and fit for a lord—yes! I say it again, (though you seem to smile, young man,) fit for any lord in the land."

Lucy had been very busily plucking the withered leaves from a geranium, which her lover had given her; but now she turned round, pale and trembling, for she feared the effect of her uncle's harangue upon her father, who was apt to be as positive as his brother. She trembled, and her heart throbbled with agitation, for she cared not if he whom she loved were penniless, but she felt that, without the consent of her parents (servants of God, and kind parents as they both were) she could not marry him. She turned—as gentle, loving daughters will, on such occasions—to her own tender mother, and she had not to speak; her mother could read her looks, and she could not resist the tears that rose so suddenly into the soft eyes of her dutiful daughter. Mothers, or wives, I mean to say, have a winning way of their own—particularly mild, submissive wives, such as Lucy's mother; and with what her own influence as a wife, and her own woman's wit, or (in truer words) calm good sense, it was soon agreed that Lucy should marry her love on this condition: that the answer to a certain letter to be written by him, for a character, etc., proved satisfactory.

In due time, to the very day, a letter arrived directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were quite satisfied; and now Lucy, who had been, at times, unusually silent, recovered her cheerfulness and went about the house singing (so her mother thought) like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford—for so he called himself—was married to his Lucy and all the fair and modest girls of the neighborhood were waiting round the church door, to fling baskets full of flowers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

He heard the blessings of many poor, aged creatures who lingered about in the sunshine of the churchyard, upon his humble, yet lovely bride. Every one who met them on that happy morning, smiled upon them and blessed them.

"High rank, heaps of gold, could not buy such blessings as this!" he said to himself, but his sweet and pious Lucy has won the love of every heart. These people, too, have known her from her childhood!"

"That is a grand place indeed!" said Lucy, as toward the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice; "but does our road lie through the park?"

"Not exactly through the park," he replied; but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and the housekeeper for years and I am sure we shall find them civil, and willing to show us a little attention in their power, and we have time enough, though the sun is getting low for we are just at home."

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said.

"Well? all these large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture are very grand," said Lucy, "but my eyes ache with looking at them. I like this garden a great deal better, what a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbor of honeysuckle so near the house?"

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length she said:

"I wonder if the Lord of this grand place is happy? Is the Earl of Derby a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free spoken to the poor? Is he a married man?" she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face.

"How many questions have you given me to answer, Lucy! let me consider. Yes, he is a married man; he married, not many months ago, a young country girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy!"

"Poor thing!" said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

"Why do you sigh, my own dear wife?" he demanded. "Do you envy that poor country maiden?"

"Do I envy her?" she replied, in a voice of tender reproach, "what a strange question! Do I envy any one?" and, as she said this, she drew more closely around her the arm which encircled her slender waist; "would I exchange my husband for any one?" she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face. "I sighed in pity for the poor young lady, for a lady she is now, such a change is enough to turn her head!"

"Would it turn yours, Lucy?" he said.

"Perhaps it might," she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner. "But is she really happy?" Does she love him for himself alone?"

"My sweet Lucy," and, as he spoke, his wife thought that he had never seemed so tenderly respectful toward her; "my sweetest Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions. You smile, I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, you alone!"

"But first," said Lucy, very artlessly, "you must make me Countess of Derby; I must be lady here."

She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the castle towers, a bell began to toll. Clifford rose up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service; then leading the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them as their future mistress, the Countess of Derby, his wife.

Lucy did not speak—she could scarcely stand; the color forsok her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend everything. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her; then, with an effort that was very visible, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat her natural and modest self-possession, and raising her innocent face, she coursed to the ground and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which, perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of Derby led his wife to his own seat and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons and stately banners of the house of Derby above her; but, perhaps, of all the high-born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with an humbler spirit, than that LOWLY LADY.

A Big Sell.

A countryman went into a store in Boston the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor had entrusted him with some money to spend to advantage, and he intended to do it where he could be treated the best.

He hadn't been used very well by traders in Boston, and he would not part with his neighbor's money until he found a man who would use him about right. With the utmost civility the store-keeper said:

"I think I can serve you to your liking. With what do you want to be treated?"

"Well," said the farmer with a leer in his eye, "in the first place I want a glass of toddy," which was forthcoming. "Now I will have a nice cigar," says the countryman. It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted, and throwing himself back, his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Dutchman.

"Now what do you want to purchase," says the keeper.

"My neighbor handed me two cents when I left home to buy him a plug of tobacco. Have you the article?"

"The keeper sloped instantly, and the next that was heard from him was that his sides were shaking and his face on fire, as he was relating the tale to his friends down town.

NEGRO SERMON.—"There are," said a sable orator, addressing his brethren, "two roads to dis world—the one broad and narrow road, that lead to perdition; and the other a narrow and a broad road, and that leads to destruction." "What I say is true; hearer; say it again." "I say my brethren, there are two roads to dis world—the one a broad and a narrow road, that leads to perdition; the other a narrow and broad road, that leads to destruction." "It dat am the case," said his sable questioner, "dis cullud individual takes to the woods!"

The mirage of the desert paints the things of earth in the heavens. There is a more glorious mirage, which, to the eye of the Christian, paints the things of heaven upon the canvas of earth.

Butter at the old Price.

Somewhere in Connecticut there is a family by the name of Barstow, who were never noted for cleanliness. On the contrary, the name was proverbial for filthiness. They were farmers, and Mrs. Barstow was engaged in the dairy business. Each week she posted to a village near by and disposed of her butter to Squire Walker, who dealt in country produce and groceries. Ere long she learned that she did not get but half as much for her butter as her neighbors were receiving, and this aroused her usually quiet temper, and she determined to demand an explanation of Squire Walker the next time she went to market. So the following week, with her regular amount of butter, she presented herself at the grocer's counter and said:—

"Squire Walker, what are you paying for butter to-day?"

He opened her boxes, and after a careful survey of the contents, replied:—

"Twelve and a half cents."

"Twelve and a half cents," she repeated. "How is it that you pay Mrs. Perkins twenty cents a pound, and only allow me a ninny-pence—and this you have done all along?"

"Well," says the squire, coloring up, and hesitating on each word, "the fact is, Mrs. Barstow, your butter is not so clean as hers, and I find it hard work to get rid of it at that price even, when people know who made it."

"Oh! if that is all that is required," she replied, with a confident air, "I will show them that I can make as good butter and as clean butter as anybody."

Mrs. Barstow, all excited, hurried home, notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the afternoon, and seizing the milk strainer and wiping the perspiration from her face, exclaimed to her daughter:—

"Betsey Ann, Squire Walker had the impudence to tell me my butter was not so clean as Nancy Perkins', and now I mean to show him that I can make as clean butter as she."

"Do tell! I think I should try, mother," replied Betsey Ann, sympathetically.

Mrs. Barstow commences skimming her milk and pouring the cream into her tall, old-fashioned churn. It was all in but the last pan when, mounted upon a stool, she was reaching after that; but, unfortunately she slipped, and one of her dirty feet went down into the churn, until it brought up on the bottom, scattering the contents in every direction. Extricating herself as soon as possible, she commenced scraping the cream from her limb and throwing it back into the churn, and remarked, in a slow deliberating tone, to her daughter, who was laughing in a very unbecoming manner at her parent:—

"Well, Betsey Ann, I guess my butter will have to go at the old price once more?"

Japanese Fishing.

During the last days of April the sea shore was lined with natives of both sexes who were busily engaged in catching a curious species of fish, which it seems, visits these parts for a few days at this season of the year. The mode of catching the fish was novel and interesting. Each fisherman has a pair of decoys—that is, living fish of the same kind as the intended prey. A long line was attached to each fish, being fastened to the skin on the top of its head. The slack of this line was wound up on a piece of wood, and unrolled at the pleasure of the fisherman. Then a net was fastened to, and slung between two bamboo poles, these forming two sides of the triangle, was open, with the mouth of the net hanging beneath it, and in this state it was pushed forward into the sea. The line was now unrolled, and the decoys were sent forth into deep waters, to make friends with other members of the tribe who were still free. A sufficient time was allowed for these gay decoys to get a congregation around them, and to expatiate on the luxuries of the land, the fisherman hauls the line gently home until the decoys and their near friends, who have followed them, get into the water above his net. The net is then lifted rapidly upwards out of the water, and decoys and decoyed are entangled in its meshes. The latter are taken out and put in a basket on shore, while the former are sent to sea again in search of new friends.—Yedo and Peking by Robert Fortune.

Extraordinary if True.

In 1844 a young man left a village near Chamouny, on a pilgrimage to the Convent of St. Bernard, in consequence of a vow made before gaining the bells of the village. After leaving the Convent, he went to several places and bought some linen with the intention of smuggling it across the Sardinian frontier. To do this he had to go by an unfrequented track. He started on his perilous journey, and was never heard of again until a few weeks ago, when a shepherd who had lost his way, on jumping across a glacier, saw a wonderful sight. The rays of the sinking sun illuminated a gulf of ice, looking like a vast crystal cavern, in the midst of which was the figure of a man, lying flat on his back, with apparently open eyes, and hands folded across his breast, and with a large parcel, serving as a pillow, under his head. The shepherd hallooed at the top of his voice, and then screamed; but not a voice answered from below. At break of dawn next morning a party of mountaineers guided by the shepherd, and provided with ropes and axes set out for the spot. The chrysalis sarcophagus was soon found, and the boldest of the company was let down to the icy depths, from which he brought in his arms the body of a young man, frozen, and hard as stone, yet looking still fresh and lifelike. Attached to the corpse, by a mass of ice, was a parcel containing a new piece of linen; while a watch in the coat pocket of the dead man, with broken glass, but not otherwise damaged, showed the hour of noon. Two elderly peasants at once recognized the features as those of the pilgrim of Passy mysteriously lost nineteen years ago. Enshroued in ice, decay had not yet touched his flesh, and he had lain undisturbed in his chrysalis coffin while a generation of men passed away over his head. The pilgrim dead nineteen years, was carried to his former home, and left at the cottage of the young widow of Passy now young no more, but an elderly gray-haired woman. The son who had never before seen his father, made him a wooden coffin, and, to honor his memory, kept the body lying in state for twenty-four hours.

Items, Foreign & Local.

Astonishing as it may appear, in a penitentiary in Canada, recently, it has been discovered, that a gang of rogues had been making bogus coin; within that institution, in the carpenter's shop, during regular working hours. One party peached, implicating the school master of the prisoners as having induced him to engage in the counterfeiting.

An English gentleman was recently called to the French bar in Paris; this is the second practicing lawyer—English—at that bar.

In April, 1864, Shakespeare's 300th birth day arrives. The event will be commemorated suitably in various parts of the world.

The last prescription in New York produced less than 13,000 men, instead of 60,378 called for.

A Berlin merchant, returning from a long journey, saw a funeral proceeding from his own house, and was informed on enquiry that it was that of his wife. He leaned back in his carriage and died instantly. He had been married but a few weeks.

The pneumatic engine in London carries 120 mail bags daily through its tube, in 55 seconds, a distance which would occupy ten minutes time of the mail carts.

Four thousand nine hundred bales of cotton, which arrived at New Orleans in a single cargo on the 31st ult., were worth about two millions of dollars. The total enrolled strength of the British volunteer force is 1,300 cavalry, 23,000 artillery, 2,500 engineers, and 132,000 riflemen—total 159,000.

While much remains to be done before the French can be firmly constituted in their Government in the capital of Mexico, adhesions are being constantly made, and probably all the difficulties in the way of French occupation of the country will speedily be removed.

It is said that no less than five attempts at negro insurrection have been made in Georgia since July last, and numbers of these people have been shot, hanged, or burned.

Horses to the value of \$200,000 have been imported from Canada for the American Government, during the past 3 months.

The St. John Globe says that on the 10th inst., A. Cushing & Co., of that city, shipped for Barbadoes and Providence, 400,714 boards, 16,000 hats, and 14,000 pickets.

The failure of the potato crop appears to be pretty general throughout the Northern States.

Incendiarism is becoming rife in Halifax. A number of attempts to fire buildings have been detected.

There is a coal mine in England nineteen hundred feet in depth—the deepest one in the world.

Sixteen years ago there were scarcely any railways in Ireland, now there are about fifty hundred miles of railway in that country, constructed during that time, at a cost of twenty-six millions sterling.

James Callender, the mulatto, who murdered the wife and two children of Geo. A. Jones, of the town of Otis, Mass., under the most horriifying circumstances, was executed in the Jail at Lenox, Mass., on Friday last.

The custom formerly in use of drinking, in her own shoe, the health of the woman they loved, is one of the most original traditions of the enthusiastic gallantry of the Poles.

A prostitute in Cincinnati, who stabbed herself in the heart with a dirk, lived five days after the deed, to the amazement of the surgeons.

The New York Herald says that nearly twenty millions of letters passed through the New York Post Office during the year ending Sept. 30, of which two and a half millions were foreign.

The Medical Inspector of the Federal Regular army is said to be a Nova Scotian—Dr. Pines, of Wallace.

Nevada Territory is about to apply for admission to the American Union as a State.

Two papers have recently been started in Quebec named respectively "The Saw" and "The Dag-gor."

A mason at Harrisburg, Pa., while dressing a block of stone, found a large petrified rattlesnake inside.

It appears that the custom house heretofore made a distinction between soda and salutaris, the former being liable to a duty of 15 per cent, while the latter entered free. Recently some doubt having arisen as to whether a quantity of goods entered was salutaris or soda the Government issued instructions, so says the Globe, to the Treasurer's in future to levy 15 per cent upon all kinds of salutaris.

Thus a New York paper tells of the prevailing colors of the cloaks worn by ladies of that city. Bright yellow cloaks, with scarlet hoods, purple cloaks with orange hoods, and striped and checked cloaks with crimson hoods.

A new steam propeller is being experimented with in Canada, fanners instead of paddles being used.

A couple respectively 70 and 80 years old were recently married in St. John.

A fine Arabian horse, a present to Jeff. Davis, has arrived in the Confederate States.

Two hundred and forty millions of matches are consumed in England every day.

In Washington, D. C., a short time since, a horse named "Thunder" ran a distance of three miles in five minutes forty six and a half seconds.

A female in St. John has lately been "doing" some of the merchants of that city by appearing to faint while being waited upon, and while the kind-hearted tradesman is flying round to procure restoratives, appropriating some of his goods to her own use.

At the recent democratic ratification meeting in Cooper Institute, New York, on the 7th inst., the audience cheered long and loudly for the Poles, and evinced their feelings for the Russians by groans and hisses.

It is reported that Vallandigham, in his exile, has taken to the too free use of alcoholic stimulants.

The number of teams connected with the army of the Potomac is 8,000; if placed in a single line they would reach over 60 miles.

Among the items of fashion for the Parisian ladies for the coming season, feminine whiskers are mentioned.

It is computed that nicotine produced by one year's growth of Tobacco of the whole world would destroy every living creature on the face of the globe; it is proportions were administered in a single dose.

Some of our country readers may like to know what it costs to provide for a great ball in New York, and how much stuff they eat. The following are some of the figures of the late Russian Ball in New York:

Dresses, lace, &c., bought for the occasion, at a moderate average,	\$250,000.
Muscatine purchases at same,	50,000.
Jewelry,	1,000,000.
Bouquets,	3,000.
Coffers, friseurs, &c.,	2,000.
Supper for two thousand with wine,	20,000.
Expense of Academy, decorations &c.,	10,000.
Carriages,	5,000.
Twelve thousand oysters—10,000 poulette and 2,000 pickled.	
Twelve monster salmon—thirty pounds each.	
Two hundred and fifty turkeys. Four hundred chickens.	
One thousand pounds of land oysters.	
One hundred pyramids of pastry. One thousand large loaves. Three thousand five hundred bottles of wine.	

General News.

WOODSTOCK RAILROAD.—John M. Wood, of Portland, the former contractor for building the Penobscot (river) Railroad from this city to Oldtown, brought in question the right of the European and North American Railway Company to acquire the title of the former road by the purchase of its franchise and bonds. A hearing was had before Judge Davis at Portland, Sept. 10, 1863, on Mr. Wood's prayer for an injunction. This hearing established the validity of the purchase, and the injunction was denied. This line from Bangor to Oldtown—13 miles—is an expensive section, and has been graded at a cost of \$338,000.

A contract has been agreed on with the Maine Central Railroad for operating the road as far as last as built. As the work of construction on the line at Bangor goes forward, the Maine Central Railroad follows on with its trains; and in this way the work will go on in future to the mouth of the Mattawamkeag, and to the boundary, connecting with the St. John line, with a branch to Montreal.

There has been much time and labor spent during the past in perfecting the plans for the commencement of this work, and we are glad to know that the company has the means to complete the line to Oldtown.

We trust that measures will soon be taken to extend the line of this road beyond Oldtown. The interests of the State and of the people of this section demand that we should have rail communication with the northern and eastern sections—and we rejoice that there is renewed activity towards this end. Let the people aid the movement by all means in their power.—Bangor Times.

HEAD QUARTERS, FREDERICTON, 10th November, 1863.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDER.—His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to approve of the transfer of Lieut. William F. Dibblee from the New Brunswick Yeomanry Cavalry to the First Battalion Carleton County Militia.

Commissions signed by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief:

St. John Volunteer Battalion.

Captain Robert William Crookshank, to be Major, 3rd November, 1863.

Second Battalion King's County Militia.

Edward Bond Bear, Gent., to be Captain, 6th November, 1863.

Robert Thomson, Gent., to be Lieutenant, 6th November, 1863.

Edward Arnold, Gent., to be Ensign, 5th November, 1863.

First Battalion Carleton County Militia.

Lieut. William Fyler Dibblee, to be Captain, 3d November, 1863.

THE WOOL TRADE.—The clearances of wool-goods at this port during the fortnight ending yesterday were in 21 vessels of 13,388 tons, carrying 575 tons Birch, 670 tons Pine and 11,000 tons of deals.

They were sent as follows: to Liverpool, 5 vessels of 5,075 tons burthen carrying 200 tons Birch, and 4,2