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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Poetry.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And tho' with a nervous dread,
Of the pile of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed,
There's the meals to be got for the men in the fields,
And the children to send away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and the wood
Was as wet as wet could be,
And there were puddings and pies to be baked,
And a loaf of cake to be made,
And the day was hot and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what think you I told Ben Brown,
Called the farmer from the well,
And a blush crept up to his bronzed brow
And his eyes half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near
He smiled and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek,—"was this: that you were the best
And dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field and the wife
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day,
And the pain in her head was gone and the clothes,
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her head was light and the butter was sweet
And golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all cried in a breath
"Tom Wood has run off to sea;
He wouldn't I know if he'd only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said,
"It's so sweet to labor for those we love
It's not strange that maidens will wed."
—*Priscilla Weston.*

Select Tale.

DARK SPOTS IN LONDON.

One of the Missionaries of the London City Mission gives a harrowing picture of one of the most degraded districts in the east end of London, near the docks:

Go into many of the homes of the poor, if homes they may be called, what wretched hovels they are! Houses let out in tenements wherein six, and even more families reside, and where the promiscuous associations of the sexes destroy all sense of decency and decorum. Such a state of things as this, not simply affecting the surface of society, but penetrating its very depth, saps the foundation of the social fabric, yea, the very vitals of society, tends greatly to increase a social evil which every good man and woman deplores—an evil the gigantic strength and dimensions of which the Christian philanthropists of this country have unitedly attempted to grapple with, in order that the fearful and ruinous course of some might, under the divine blessing, be arrested. It is with evils of this nature that the London city missionary has to come in contact. Day by day he has to wade through this sink of pollution like a scavenger to open the sluices of the gospel fountain, that the water of life may flow down this filthy and morally polluted and almost putrid sewer, in hope of delivering some who are fast sinking in its mire. Such a sewer as this is Ratcliff Highway, with its gin-palaces and long-rooms, contiguous to which are hundreds of houses of ill-repute, the haunts of the fallen, of ruined innocence and unblushing shame, the scenes of cruelty, horror, suicide, and murder. . . . I have seen families ruined and mothers broken-hearted. But blessed be God! I have seen, through the instrumentality of the City Mission, virtue restored, homes made happy, the intemperate unslaved, the infidel reclaimed, and sinners converted to God.

Perhaps in further describing the state of morality and religion in St. George's-in-the-East, I cannot do better than insert an extract from an article published in the *Church and State Review*, under the title of "London in the Nineteenth Century." I do this the more readily because, from my own personal knowledge of this part of London, every "nook and corner" of which I am more or less acquainted with, I can endorse all that the writer states. But I would also add that while the writer needed three detectives to protect him, the missionary needed three to protect him. The paragraph to which I refer is as follows:

"We have quite lately had brought before us the experiences of one who had seen the hideous heathenism of London from nightfall almost till the fourth small hour. It was supposed to see not only all that was bad, but to see it all at its very worst. Whitechapel was reached before the evening was old, and three detectives did the honors of the introduction. We are not going to tell all that was seen; but we may at once say that nothing like the reality of the scene could be ever told. The intention was to miss nothing, and the experiences of the police decided that this would be the best achieved in St. George's-in-the-East. Neither by night nor day is there any full light in the occupation of the thief in the horrible dens of those tainted streets. They reached the outskirts in a cab, and then they were in the presence of crimes that have scarcely even names. A moment of separation from the police, and it is not likely the experiences of that night would have traveled beyond the spot where they were gathered. By only a special mercy would they have been granted their lives when they lost their clothes. As they went on the police pointed out the thieves who were of mark, and those who were mere beginners of considerable promise. They stopped before one house where all the crusts that are begged in the street are turned into the gin. The infamy of all seemed very equal, but in the competition the men were clearly surpassed by the women. Everybody blasphemed at intervals, except the women, who never stopped at all. It occurred to those who went there that night to ask it was always as bad as that? And the answer of the detectives was, that it was ten times worse on Saturdays and Mondays. If everybody swore, and cursed, and scoffed, and blasphemed on the 'off' nights, it was not easy to believe what their occupation could be on the other five. There were old men and old women, everything that is made after the image of God down to the little child; and the foulness of all was equal. It was fearful to hear the words that rolled from the lips of the crone who was full of

years and spirits; but it was agony to hear the curses stream from the baby mouths when midnight had passed, and it was far away in the morning "This is the worst street in London," said the chief officer; "there is no man, woman, or child here who is not either a thief or learning to steal. There is not a woman who is not a harlot or does not mean to be one. Were I to leave you for a moment you would be surrounded and stripped."

Here Satan holds his seat, and, apart from few Christian missionary efforts which are put forth here, all is darkness and death. Surely the missionary who has to labor on a spot so unhallowed, needs the sympathy and prayers of the Church that God may uphold and strengthen him.

WOOLEN CLOTHING.

The healthful clothing for our climate, the year round, is that made of wool. If worn next the skin by all classes, in summer as well as winter, in incalculable amount of coughs, colds, diarrhoea, dysenteries and fevers would be prevented by the use of a woollen garment to keep the natural heat about the body more perfectly, instead of conveying it away as fast as general use of linen and flannel garments do; as also cotton and silk, although these are less cooling than Irish linen, as any one can prove by noticing the different degrees of coldness on the application of a surface of six inches square of flannel, cotton and linen to the skin the moment the clothing is removed. The reason is, that wool is a bad conductor of heat, and linen is a good conductor.

It is more healthful to wear woollen next the skin in summer, because it absorbs the moisture or perspiration so rapidly as to keep the skin measurably dry all the time. It is curious to notice that the water is conveyed by a woollen garment from the surface of the body to the outer side of the garment, where the microscope shows it condensed in millions of pearly drops; while it is in the experience of the observer that if a linen shirt becomes damp by perspiration, it remains cold and clammy for a long time afterwards; and unless removed, will certainly cause some bodily ailment.

In the night sweats of consumption, or of any debilitated condition of the system, a woollen flannel night-dress is immeasurably more comfortable than cotton or linen, because it prevents that repulsive dampness and chilliness of feeling, which are otherwise inevitable.

The British government make it imperative that every sailor in the navy shall wear woollen flannel shirts in the hottest climate. The shrinkage of woollen garments in washing, whereby they become hard, impervious and board like, has prevented their more general use; but there are three ways of preventing this, to a greater or less extent; either let about one-fourth the material be made of cotton; have it dyed red, or some other color, before it is woven; or, if it is greatly preferred that it shall be white, exercise proper care in the process of washing. To prevent white woollen stockings from shrinking, have woollen stretchers made of the size and general shape of the foot, and let the stockings remain on them until perfectly dried; or before rinsing the stocking, double it so as to fold at the heel and lay the foot on the leg, then roll it tight, and ring it crosswise.

In washing all woollen garments, put them in very hot soap-suds-water, so as to be covered; then when cool enough to allow the hands to be put in, simply press it about with the fingers or hands, and before taking the garment out, make the water for rinsing several degrees hotter than that from which it is to be taken, but instead of rinsing the water out, or twisting it about in the water, raise the garment out of the water, up and down a good many times, and then lay it over a line and let it drip dry. This process will, to a considerable extent, prevent fulling or shrinkage, and is worthy of being communicated to every person who expects to be a housekeeper.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

How they nurse Children in Japan.

In the valleys between the ranges of hills and the bay, leagues of continuous terraces may be traversed filled with a busy, but not overworked, and seemingly a very contented and good-humored people. Children and dogs abound everywhere. Until the former can walk, they are generally secured to the back of the mother, so that, while these pursue their daily occupations, their arms are left free.—Unfortunately (so it seems to the looker on) the poor babe's head is left equally free, the body only being supported by the sort of pocket in which the baby is deposited; and consequently, with every movement of the parental trunk, it rolls from side to side, swaying, to and fro, as if a dislocation of the neck must inevitably be the result. Vain fear! The mothers know better. Children have been nursed through twenty generations precisely the same way. The babies themselves, may possibly by use, grow to like it; and certainly they rarely cry or give any other token of dislike. What will not us reconcile us to in this life? But the mothers are not the sole guardians of the infant progeny. It is a very common sight, in the streets and shops of Yeddo, to see a little nude Cupid in the arms of a stalwart-looking father, nearly as naked, walking about with his small burden, evidently handling it with all the gentleness and dexterity of a practised hand. It does not seem there is any need of a founding hospital, nor has any intelligence reached me of infantile—save in exceptional cases—though so common in China, especially in the case of female children.

A couple were engaged to be married the other day in Chicago, and every preparation was made to celebrate the nuptials, but the bridegroom did not appear. A messenger, however, brought the news to the waiting party that he had been drafted in New York and could not leave. The reply of the young lady was worthy of the occasion. With tears glistening in her eyes, and her heart ready to burst with grief, she turned to the company and said:—"I don't keep a durn: there's plenty more men in the world, any how!" The meeting adjourned.

A girl who had become tired of single blessedness, wrote thus to her swain:—"Dear Jim, cum rite off, if your comin at all. Edward Keiderman is'n sisten' that I shall have him, and then as how he bugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."

Physiology of Tea Drinking.

That tea has an influence over the tissues of the body is now among the things admitted in Physiology. This influence is of a conservative nature, and its value to the poor can scarcely be overrated. To them tea is virtually tissue, and makes a supply of food, that would otherwise be inadequate to maintain the weight of the body, sufficient for that purpose. Doubtless an unlimited supply of food capable of replacing any effete tissue would be preferable to a substance which simply goes to prevent tissues from becoming effete, but this is impracticable—the unlimited supply of nitrogenous food being a thing that as yet neither Providence nor politicians have given to us. Doubtless, too, alcohol has, in common with tea and other substances, this power of retarding the waste of the tissues of the body; probably it acts differently, and certainly it is open to strong objections which cannot be made against tea. This preservative power of tea over the tissues has not hitherto been explained. Perhaps it may not be altogether unconnected with another influence of tea, which we propose to notice—namely, an influence over the temper, or rather the mood, or speaking physically, after our fashion, over the nerves.

Nothing affects the wear of tissue more than mood, and tea has a strange influence over mood—a strange power of changing the look of things, and changing it for the better; so that we can believe and hope, and do, under the influence of tea, what we should otherwise give up in discouragement or despair—feelings under the influence of which tissues wear rapidly. In the language of the poor, who in London, we are told, spend an eighth of their income in buying tea, it produces a feeling of comfort. Neither the philosopher nor the philanthropist will despise this property of tea, this power of conferring comfort or removing ennui, of promoting those happier feelings of our nature under which we can do most and bear most. There is no denying the considerable dependence of our moods and frames of mind upon substances; and as moods are important as muscles, as they affect as largely a man's ability for the great ends of life, we cannot regard the cheapening of substances—when devoid of noxious qualities—as other than a most important benefit to the poor, and a most interesting experiment for medical observers to watch.

Tea is indeed a great fact in our present mode of life. It has been the making of an additional meal amongst us since the "good old days" when people lived on three meals a day. Justice has scarcely been done to the magnitude of the change which has happened since the time when gentlemen—aye, and ladies, too—took beer to their early breakfast, when they dined at eleven, supped between five and six, and went to bed at ten. Tea and coffee have been the principal causes of this revolution.

One of the most important results of the use of tea is the prolongation of the social evening. At the time of evening leisure it gives the feeling of morning lightness and freshness. It has something like the effect of sleep upon us. It removes that heaviness which follows the principal meals and would like us to bed at "ten." It postpones the hour of sleep. As a consequence of the postponement of the hour of sleep, follows inevitably the postponement of the hour of waking. Early rising has probably no such enemy as tea. There are not a few people who breakfast when their fathers used to think of dinner, who dine when their fathers supped, and who take their evening cup at the hour when ready for bed. No doubt there is some evil in all this, but there is more good. The mere alteration in the hours of sleep, or even the taking of an additional hour for that purpose, are not necessary evils. The question of evil or good turns upon the character of our waking hours, and we believe are not saying too much for our present life when we say that life never was so active and fruitful of good results as now. Of course the increased consumption of tea which is to happen may involve some physiological consequences of a disagreeable nature, but not many; for the class to whom the cheapening of tea will be the greatest temptation are not troubled with "nerves." They have so little hard work to do, and so little of luxury in their lot, that the addition of a little good tea to their fare can only be a great comfort and a great boon, for which they will bless the name of Mr. Gladstone.—*Lancet.*

Fish as Food.

There is much nourishment in fish, little less than butler's meat weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing considering how, from its soft fish, is more easily digested. Moreover, there is, in fish, a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, viz: iodine—a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular disease, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which the civilized, the highly educated and refined are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that, in the majority of fish, the proportion of solid matter—that is, the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of a aqueous part—is little inferior to the several kinds of butcher's meat, game or poultry. And if we give attention to classes of people classed to the quality of food they principally subsist on, we find that the ichthyophagous class are specially strong, healthy and prolific. In no class than that of fish-eaters do we see larger families, handsomer women, more robust and active men, or a greater exemption from the maladies.

WESTERN NEIGHBORS.—"Where is your house?" asked a traveller in the depths of one of the "old solemn wildernesses" of the great West. "House?" "I ain't got no house." "Well, where do you live?" "I live in the woods—sleep on the great Government purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi!" And he added: "It's getting too thick with folks about here. You're the second man I've seen within the last month, and I hear there's a whole family come in about fifty miles down the river. I'm going to put out into the woods again."

"Parson I beg you will not mention the unfortunate circumstance again," as the hen-pecked husband said when the parson told him that he would be joined to his wife in another world, never to be separated from her.

A Popular Danish Story.

In the village of Ebberup, in Funen, there lived a very wealthy farmer, who had to go one day to Assens with a load of barley; so one of his neighbours a cottager, asked leave to go along with him for the sake of fetching home some goods in the empty cart. The farmer had no objection, so the cottager followed the cart on foot, and as it was a very hot day, he pulled off his worsted stockings and wooden shoes, and stuffed them under the barley in the back of the cart. It happened to be Sunday, and they had to pass close by a church on the roadside. The man had got a little way behind the cart, so that he could hear that the minister was in the pulpit. It struck him that as the farmer was driving very slow, he might as well turn in and hear a bit of the sermon; he could soon make up to the cart again. He did not like to go so far into the church that the minister could see him, so he stood inside the door. The Gospel for that day was about the rich man and the beggar. Just as the traveller entered the church the minister shouted out, "But what became of the rich man?" The Ebberup man thought that the minister was speaking to him, so he stepped forward and said, "No! I drove on to Assens with a load of barley." "No!" thundered the minister, "he went to hell." "Mercy on us!" cried the other, running out of the church, "then I must look after my shoes and stockings!"

The Smiths.

John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels; and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin, it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smoothed it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithi; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt, the French flatten it out into Jean Smeets; and the Russian sneezes and barks Joniof Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade at Canton, he becomes John Shimmit; if he chambers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahnne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscans, he becomes Tom Qu Smithi; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiowski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jhon Schmid; when he goes to Mexico, he is booked as Joniof P Smithi; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns to Ion Smikton; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yeo Seef.

"Blue" White Letter Paper.

The practice of bleaching the paper pulp had its origin in a singular accidental circumstance, which not merely as an historical fact, but as forming an amusing anecdote, is perhaps worth mentioning. It occurred about the year 1790, at a paper-mill belonging to Mr. Buttonshaw, whose wife, on the occasion in question, was superintending the washing of some linen, when accidentally she dropped her bag of powdered blue into the midst of some pulp in a forward state of preparation, and so great was the fear she entertained of the mischief she had done, seeing the blue rapidly amalgamating with the pulp, that allusion to it was studiously avoided; until on Mr. Buttonshaw's inquiring in great astonishment what it was that had imparted the peculiar color to the pulp, his wife, perceiving that no great damage had been done, took courage and at once disclosed the secret, for which she was afterwards rewarded in a remarkable manner by her husband, who being naturally pleased with her advice, and submitting to her improved make to the London market, immediately presented a scarlet cloak, (somewhat more congenial to taste in those days, it is presumed, than it would be now) with much satisfaction to the sharer of his joys.

Beauty of the Prairies.

It is difficult to record one's impressions of the prairies. There is something weird in the still, unchanging monotony. The eye follows the level sweep of land till it meets the horizon, but the horizon seems strangely near. One can hardly associate an idea of grandeur with this isolated circle of yellow land, walled in by the near horizon, and in the autumn season stark and dead. To me the sense that it seems to impart is that of fear—the dim, nameless fear of being valued and imprisoned. Perhaps it may be lack of faith. I cannot believe that beyond the gray horizon are waving woods and rivers and villages; that the lonely ocean breaks on distant shores; the world seems shrunk to this, and this seems an epic of desolation. Over and beyond the glimmering lines of mist that separates the earth and sky, there is nothing. Long-reaching solitudes of space and cloud—starless, sunless, unpeopled and inane. How strangely colors sway the imagination! The corn is ripe and golden, each stalk a lyre of plenty. There are, in the foreground flowers, and about us the hum of bees; there are myriads of butterflies, with softly waving wings; every near detail is suggestive of life; the strong, abundant promise of the harvest lies in the lulling rustle of the corn; but yet the yellow clamor of the autumn whispers of solitude, desolation and the desert.

Ada Clare, who says a good many sensible things remarks that "as long as men prefer a small foot in a woman to a kind heart, and an hourglass waist to a tender soul, women will continue to torture their feet and squeeze their ribs out of place, and their hearts and souls will remain what they too often are shallow pools, withered and dried up or filled with stagnant and bitter waters."

The difference between having a tooth properly drawn by a professional surgeon, and having it knocked out miscellaneously by a fall upon the pavement, is only a slight verbal distinction, after all—one is dental, and the other acc-dental.

"It is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

When the dove, says an Arabic legend, came back to the ark, its feet were covered with red mud. Noah prayed that they might always be red, and they have remained so till this day.

Items, Foreign & Local.

Over 1,000 bushels of blueberries have been gathered on Granite Mountain on the borders of Sebago Lake, Me., the present season.

Over 100,000 bales of Confederate cotton have been captured near Natchez.

A child eight years of age was attacked, killed, and hidden away by a loup cervier, at Decoto, Ill., lately.

An old gentleman in Readfield, Me., 78 years of age, hoed, for his day's work, the other day, 1784 hills of corn.

Six hundred Federal officers are confined in Libby Prison, Richmond. Among them are surgeons and chaplains, and all are anxious to be exchanged.

The last London Times notices the launch of four large war steamers, simultaneously, on the river Tyne. The same builder has 10,000 tons of iron shipping on the stocks, besides orders on hand nearly reaching 40,000 tons.

The relief bark Mary Edson, sent to Ireland by Mr. A. T. Stewart, with provisions for the starving poor, returned to New York lately, bringing 139 passengers free of expense to them.

Miss Dr. Harriet N. Austin, of Danville, N. Y., has come out in favor of ladies riding on horseback astride. The present style of riding, she says, is unsafe, ungraceful, unhealthful and unnatural.

The length of the monster cucumber now in the garden of Judge Wilcox, at Frederick, is 7 feet 5 inches, and its diameter at the thickest part, 4 1/2 in.

The Russian Government has instituted a prosecution against a young gentleman in London, for writing in England for the insurgent army in Poland.

The only citizen who will represent Winchester, Conn., under the present draft, by shouldering a musket, will be a negro; and he has tried every hook and crook to get rid of it. The town is strongly Republican.

It is estimated that the conscripts will cost the Government between \$4,000 and \$5,000 apiece. The same amount would have procured as volunteers five times the number of men.

A Scotch paper says a remarkable calm has lately prevailed on that side of the Atlantic. The sea was as smooth as a mill pond for days, and one vessel was becalmed for 14 days, 158 miles off the Irish coast.

At a Court held at the Isle of Wight, 27th July, Her Majesty approved of forty-one acts, passed by the Legislature of this Province at the last Session.

The most favorable accounts of the crops come from Ireland, and the harvest in England is said to promise better than any for the last seventeen years. We record this news with great pleasure.

It is stated that pauperism is again increasing in Lancashire. The report has produced quite a sensation in England.

There is good reason to believe that England will before next March, have at command a means of daily, if not hourly, communication by telegraph with Madras, Calcutta and Bombay.

New York, Sept. 9. Winster & Smith's *European Times* of the 20th contains the following paragraph:

It was rumored in Washington the other day that four of the monitors had been seriously damaged in the attack on Charleston; also that the censor had been at work suppressing news from that quarter.

Baron Rothschild was recently chased in his carriage for two hours by 14 dogs and three miscreants, mounted and armed to the teeth. He had been visiting the grottoes of the Sierra Morena.—Fortunately he reached Nenzibar in safety.

Mr. Galiga, the travelling correspondent of the *London Times*, has emphatically been refused permission by Secretary Seward, to accompany the army of Gen. Meade. The reason assigned by Mr. Seward was that the *London Times* is a "traitorous sheet."

The list of victims at Lawrence, as it now stands, looks up 137 killed, 22 wounded, and three missing. It is thought the killed will reach as high as 150. A number of bodies were completely burned up. The loss in property will reach near \$1,000,000.

A writer thus estimates the expenses of a five months' visit to the Old World: A first class passage from America to Liverpool, costs \$80; the passage back by the same line, \$79; travelling and board in England and France, \$119.42; the tour of the continent, \$100.18; fees and fares to waiters, hacks, etc., \$15.45; thus making the total amount, of \$400 for five months.

The water works of Liverpool, England are extensive. The gathering ground of the water extends over about ten thousand acres, the water from which is retained in several reservoirs when full, are calculated to contain three billion gallons. The water is raised through filter beds, six in number.

A new rifled cannon, called the Ferris gun, has just been tested at West Point. It is so constructed as to admit of more than the ordinary charge of powder, and the initial velocity of its shot was shown to be 2,000 feet per second, the highest rate ever attained by cannon shot, exceeding the celebrated Whitworth gun. The length of its range has not yet been ascertained.

The American Government has issued stringent orders within a short time against allowing any vessels to pass out of the New York Narrows after sundown and before daybreak. This order is enforced so rigidly that steamboats are not allowed to pass. One night lately the revenue cutter compelled a pleasure excursion, which proposed going round Staten Island, to return within the harbor.

In Portland on Tuesday last a well meaning but unfortunate gentleman, observing some laborers using a sledge-hammer, in what he considered a very awkward manner, stepped up and took the tool to show them how to do it, but in swinging it he struck his leg between the knee and ankle and broke it short off.

Some newsmen were felt yesterday at the announcement that the Alabama had gone to Cherbourg for repairs and that the Florida is moving about the British Channel to take in tow one of the steam rams now in the Mersey for the use of the Confederate Government. If this be so, a war between France and the Federal Government is deemed inevitable, and if war ensue, can England keep out of it?

TOMATO MEAT PIE. Cover the bottom of the pudding dish with bread crumbs, then make a layer of cold roasted mutton, cut in small pieces, then a layer of tomatoes sliced, then another layer of bread crumbs, another of meat, another of tomatoes, and then cover with bread crumbs and bake till the crust is brown. Season with salt and pepper to your taste. It will bear high seasoning. Serve hot and a better relishing dish is not often met with.

CRAB APPLE JELLY. Jelly from any other tart apples can be made in the same way as the following—apples, however, should first be sliced. The crab apples have a very delicate flavor—better for jelly than that of other apples.

Put them in a kettle with just enough water to cover them and let them boil four hours, then take them off the fire and rub them through a colander; this will separate the seeds and skin from the pulp; then strain them through a dinned bag. Then to each pint of the juice thus strained, add a pound of white sugar and boil for twenty minutes—meanwhile, if necessary, then fill your glasses or moulds, and let them stand for two or three days in the sun till sufficiently hardened.

General News.

NEW BRUNSWICKERS TO BE SHOT.—From parties recently from Boston we learn that five young men, belonging to this city, were to have been shot in the early part of this week for desertion. We could learn but two of their names. George Mills, enlisted as substitute and received the bounty, and then attempted to desert. They were tried at Fort Independence. At the time Mills listed he was warned by his friends not to desert, as it was impossible for him to escape, he was so well known to the public. They, in hunting for him, searched the house in which he boarded from one end to the other.—*Post.*

We are told that the George Mills mentioned above formerly resided in Jacksonville, in this County.—*Ed. Sentinel.*

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.—His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor in Council offers for competition to each Battery, and Company of Volunteer Militia, a Silver Medal: to be fired for under the following Regulations:—

1. The ranges and rules to be the same as those established this year for the competition for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup.

2. The best shot of a Battery or Company not to be entitled to the Medal unless he shall have made eight hundred points.

3. The return of the competition to be forwarded to the Office of the Adjutant General, on or before the 15th of November, after which date none can be received. A Certificate is also in each case to be sent, by the Officer commanding, to the effect that the competition took place on the day fixed and that day only—that it was conducted according to the Hythe Regulations, and at Targets of the regulation size.

In order to ensure punctuality in forwarding these Returns, His Excellency wishes to call the attention of Officers commanding the 24th February last, published in the Royal Gazette of the following day, wherein reference is made to the irregularity with which the Returns were sent in last year, and notice is given of future rigid adherence to the regulations established.

INQUEST.—An Inquest was held yesterday (Sunday the 6th inst.) before Thomas L. Simmons, and John Hea, Jr. Esq., two of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of York, in view of the body of John Giammen, of Fredericton, Baker, who was found drowned upon this City a little above Scott's Mills. The Jury returned a verdict as follows:—"The Jury find that the deceased was found drowned, but as to what manner, by his own act or otherwise, they are unable by the testimony to determine."—*Com. to Farmer.*

REMOVED DESPATCH OF TROOPS TO CANADA.—A rumor was current in military circles at Chatham on Monday that, in consequence of the menacing news recently received from America, the Government intended to despatch some additional troops to augment the forces already in British North America. The troops at present stationed in our North American dependencies include the first battalion of the Scots Fusiliers, the 1st battalion of the 16th regiment, the 4th battalion of the 60th Rifles, the 62nd Regiment, the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade and the 10th battery of the Royal Artillery, forming the garrison of Montreal; the 1st battalion of the 15th Regiment, and the 63rd Regiment, at New Brunswick; the 3rd battalion of the Military Train, the 15th battery of Royal Artillery, the 4th company of Royal Engineers, and the 2nd battalion of the 16th Regiment, at Nova Scotia; the 30th Regiment, at Toronto; and the 4th Regt., at Kingston.—*Portsmouth Times.*

Our gold mining interest is still a growing one. We have in our undoubted authority that a party of four men, in four months, realized over four thousand dollars worth of gold from a single claim, known as the "Prepper" lead at Bentway. At Oldham, about 15 miles to the eastward of Bentway, 65 oz. 14 dw. of gold was taken from a ton and a-half of quartz. Another party on the "Carpenter" lead, had ten tons of quartz crushed on the 1st inst., which yielded 60 oz. 12 dw. of pure gold, the result of 44 days' labor. We have also good accounts from Sherbrooke, Wine harbor and Oldham.—*Nova Scotian.*

The Quebec Gazette says that considerable excitement has been caused on the South Shore parishes by extensive gold discoveries at St. Francois de la Beauce. It appears that along the banks of the Riviere Gilbert, in the third concession of that parish, the richest deposits have been found. A correspondent of Le Canadien, writing on the 14th says that within the last six weeks about \$12,000 worth of gold has been taken out. A man named Ferrel Poulin, with three companions, a Nova Scotia boy, realized the amount \$1,100. Some of the nuggets are said to be worth between \$200 and \$250.

MEXICAN NEWS.—The steamer Constitution, at San Francisco, brought dates from the City of Mexico to the 23rd July. A portion of the United Mexican and French troops had moved 60 miles westward from the Capital to Cuernavaca. The intentions of Triunfante, recognizing the Confederate states were continually foreshadowed by the Imperial press, the recognition to take place as soon as the news reached Mexico that Maximilian accepted the crown.

The news from the Juarez Government is unimportant. Juarez was understood to be buying himself in encouraging German expeditions, some of which were led by Americans.

Queen Victoria indulged her whim for privacy to such an extent that, in taking passage for Germany, she embarked at the pier within the Woolwich dockyard, that which was previously closed to the public, and orders given that if a workman or clerk looked from a window while her majesty was passing through the yard in a close carriage, he should be instantly dismissed from employment.

The Pneumatic Despatch Company, which has carried Her Majesty's mails through a part of the city of London for the last five months, proves to be such a decided success that contracts have been made for an extension of the line. The new tube will be fifty-four inches in diameter, and will be half miles in length. Thirty trains per day have been run with perfect regularity, and this number can be indefinitely increased, without any appreciable difference in expense. In the experiments made, 172 trains were run in a day, each train averaging a ton and a half in weight, though they might have been loaded much heavier. The expense of conveying them was equal to 1d. per ton.

NARROW ESCAPE OF BLONDI.—The Seville journals state that during a performance in that city a few days since the celebrated Blondin was near losing his life, and only owed his escape to the presence of mind. While performing he had on a head-dress, to which was attached a piece of fireworks in the shape of a wheel. When that was lighted it assumed a rotary motion so violent that Blondin was unable to resist the movement, and feeling his danger let go the barrow he had been driving before him, as well as his balancing pole, and endeavored to undo the strings which attached the burning head-dress to his neck. He dropped from the rope, keeping himself suspended from it by one leg, while he divested himself of the apparatus, the fireworks still exploding. At length he succeeded, and came down in safety, amidst the cheers of the spectators.