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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Poetry.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

[It is ascertained by inspection of the registered of many countries that the uniform proportion of male to female births is as 21 to 20; accordingly in respect to marriages, every 21st man is naturally superfluous.—Smith's Treatise on Population.]

I have long been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to wed;
But now it is perfectly clear
I am under a natural ban;
The girls are already assigned—
And I'm a superfluous man.

These clever statistical chaps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world,
Is twenty to twenty-one;
And hence in the pairing you see,
Since wedding and wedding began,
For every consensual score,
They've got a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddy rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fall of a conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in scores
To nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me—
For I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am a churl,
To solitude over-inclined;
It isn't that I am at fault
In morals, or manners, or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I am still with the bachelor clan?
I merely was numbered amiss—
And I'm a superfluous man.

It isn't that I am in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man, with a wife,
Is uglier far in the face;
Indeed among elegant men
I fancy myself in the van,
But what is the value of that,
When I'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern,
The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return;
This idle to quarrel with fate,
For struggle as hard as I can,
They're mated already, you know—
And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,
With women so pretty and plenty,
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the twenty;
But yet, when the average lot
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be the best
That I'm a superfluous man.

Select Tale.

THREE LIVES.

(Continued from our last.)

There was a year and a half after that of calm, placed friendship between us. I was scarcely conscious how necessary he was growing to me. I never thought of the possibility of marrying again. My first marriage had been so hopeless, so miserable, had ended in such untold bitterness and desolation, that I forgot I was free, and only twenty-seven.

It almost frightened me when Mr. Walden asked me to be his wife. It was a day in early spring. Violets were opening their blue eyes in the cloths—birds were singing in the bows—the tender green of bursting leaf and springing grass was everywhere. We went out to ramble a little while among the spring sights and sounds, and, walking by my side, he told me how unconsciously he had learned to love me. He had looked upon me at first as one consecrated and set apart from human ties by sorrow; but with his more intimate knowledge of me I had grown into his heart until he knew now that I held in my hands every hope of his life on earth. Could I love him? Could I stand beside him before God and give him my life?

Then, in that moment, my own soul's secret flashed suddenly into the light. This was love—this that I felt for him—this that I had never felt before. For me, even for me, the sun of life had not set. It was spring for me as well as for the year. After my long winter again would come song of birds, and blooming of flowers. I turned toward him and stretched out my hands. His grasp closed around them firm and fast. "God has given me my heart's desire," I heard him murmur—then, to me, with a half-jocular eagerness.

"Are you sure, Margery? Is there no doubt no misgiving? You know what love is not—are you certain you know what it is?"

Yes, I was sure. I told him so. At last I had learned the sweet secret—the passionate bliss, for which every human heart waits, and, if it comes not in this world, laments as for a lost birth-right.

How happy I was! What a day it was that day! Sitting there, thirty-five years old, and all alone, again its glory bathes earth and sky—its music, subtly sweet, throbs through the silence—its bliss makes my heart beat with the old, passionate pulses. I was too happy, perhaps. I wonder, sometimes, if to every life is apportioned only a certain measure of joy—a cup just so full—and, if we drain it all in a day or a year, we must thirst in vain forever after for the magic wine?

When the sun set Hugh went home with me. In the soft spring twilight he led me in front of the chair where my grandmother sat with placid hands folded upon her lap, and the silver hair shining softly above her quiet brow.

"I have asked Margery to be mine, and she has promised. Have we done well?"

"Truly, my children, I believe Heaven made you for each other. May the God you both serve bless you and your love, and make smooth before you the paths of your life!"

We both bent before her as she rose and laid her dear, trembling hands on our heads; and her blessing made us feel as if our love was holy.

What a summer followed that night! We were not to be married till the Autumn; for I insisted—I hardly knew why myself, though afterward I felt it was God's guidance—on waiting till Fred had been dead two years. Besides, my bliss, just as it was, satisfied me fully. I feared any change might mar its perfection. Our betrothal was kept secret. I wanted to escape the curious comments of Hugh's parishioners. It seemed to me a bliss with no stranger had any right to intermeddle. I do not know whether any one commented on our being so much together. No one surely, had any

right to complain, for he neglected no other duties for my sake. It was only when his day's work was over that he came to me, and we tasted the delights of full confidence, love unquestioned and unquestioning. I found again the youth that had left me at twenty. I was joyous enough to sing with the summer birds. I saw bluer skies, brighter stars a faire earth.

So the summer went by us with flying feet, and the autumn came.

One autumn night my lover soon to be my husband, bade me good-bye. He held me in his arms a moment and left some long, fond kisses on my lips which fearlessly kissed him back again, for our wedding-day was nigh.

We had been sitting at the door together, and after he was gone I sat there still, watching moon and stars, and thinking how happy I was. The door behind me was open into the sitting room, where my grandmother was alone through the twilight. All had been still so long that I started when I heard the sound of her aged tremulous voice.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

I knew she said the words to herself, musing among the shadows on the night to which she was drawing nigh, and without any thought of me. Still they struck me with a sudden chill—a sort of presentiment of coming doom. For the first time I remembered that I held my happiness by a frail thread after all. An accident, a step off the river's brink in the darkness, a stroke of summer lightning, a few days of fever—how easily could my world be made a blank! Gone was the glory of the light. A cold wind seemed to rise from the grave-yard, whose white stones I could see gleaming in the moonlight a quarter of a mile away and blow toward me mockingly—menace and defiance in its breath. I rose with a shudder and went in, closing the door behind me.

Soon I went to bed, and still I seemed to hear that long, defiant blast, blowing up from the rest of the dead, keening outside. It lulled me into a strange, unquiet slumber, visited by troublesome dreams, but from which I did not awake till morning.

All that forenoon I moved about as one under a baleful spell. I scented trouble in the air. I knew some sharp sudden stroke was coming. But all the forenoon the house was still. Not even a neighbor broke our solitude. When dinner was over my grandmother went to her own room, as was her custom, for a little rest. She did not hear therefore, when a visitor came to the door and asked for me.

I went trembling into the parlor, where he had been shown, and found there Charley Forsyth. I knew him at once, though I had not seen him since I was fifteen, and despite the bronzed face and heavy, slightly grizzled beard. I went up to him and called him by his name.

"So you know me," he said, as if surprised and pleased at my recognition. "I thought I should have to tell you who I was. I have come to bring you strange tidings. Can you bear them—listen to them calmly?"

I knew then what he had come to say as well as I knew when all his story had been told. I shivered with sudden cold. I shook in every limb; but I shut my hands tightly on the arms of the chair in which I was sitting. I would keep still; I would hear all calmly. I would not weep or cry out. I could not speak, but I motioned to him to go on.

"I have misled you most cruelly," he began, "but most unintentionally. When I escaped from the Indians I believed that I left Frederick Hartright dead upon the field. It was to save my own life that I fled without burying him; but I thought he was past all human help. I believed this until three months ago. In a journey over the mountains I came upon him face to face. I had heard him speaking, and knew his voice before I saw him. I spoke to him, and he could not deny his identity. He had escaped in some mysterious way from the jaws of death; he said it was by no wish or effort of his own. Since then, knowing that I thought him dead, he had lived in solitary places, and tried to avoid every chance of our meeting. When I asked why he had chosen to be dead to all the world I could win no reply from him except that so far, he had always been a curse to every one he loved, and he thought the kindest thing he could do would be to keep out of the way, and darken no one's sunshine. This is the sole confidence he ever bestowed on me. I do not know whether you and he are alienated; I could only guess it from his resolution to pass for dead and keep himself out of sight. I had meant to come home before—I wanted to see father and mother once more before they died—but this matter hurried me. I made my preparations as rapidly as I could, and here I am, to set all right, so far as I can, and atone, if possible, for misleading you so unwittingly two years ago. Cousin Margery, can you forgive me?"

"I do not see that you are to blame," I forced myself, out of justice, to say; but it came hard. What an awful calamity his unintentional misstatement had been to me! My tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth, and it was only by a painful effort I could articulate. I got up and took a glass of water from the table, and drank a swallow. Then I could speak better.

"You have been kind, Cousin Charles," I said; "will you be yet kinder? Does any one know you have been here?"

"No one. Fred told me you were in Woodstock, and I came here without going to Kempton. You are the first person who has recognized me since I set foot in Connecticut. I must be off for Vermont as soon as I can, and see if they'll know me there. My heart is hungry for a sight of the old home-stead, and the old faces."

"Will you go, then, without seeing any one here even my father? When you have made your visit at home come back and see us all. I can bear better by-and-by to have all this talked over. Just now I want a little time to realize it myself, and know where I stand."

So he went, and all the dreary afternoon I sat and waited. I did not make any plans, or think at all what I was going to do. My powers seemed all paralyzed by the suddenness of the blow. I only sat silent, and thought over and over again one terrible thought: it would be a sin to love Hugh any more; my dream was over. A few times my grandmother, who had come down soon after Cousin Charles went away, spoke to me; but finding me disinclined to talk, as her way, was, she let me alone.

Just at night when I knew it was time for Hugh to come, I went out and walked a little way along the path to meet him. Soon I heard his quick, glad footstep; saw his face wearing the eager, loving brightness of meeting. Slowly I went forward. He took my hands and bent to kiss me. I turned my face away, and said—I suppose my tones sounded husky and strange—

"You must never do that again, Hugh; never in all the world!"

"Never kiss you again, Margery! and you, in three weeks more, to be my wife! Are you mad, my darling?"

"No, I am not mad," I said, dearly; "I wish I were."

Then I told him all the truth.

When I was done he looked into my eyes.

"Margery," he said, I believe Heaven meant us for each other. Your grandmother said so once, and she is a good woman. Do you think I can give you up? That man does not seek or claim you. He has been away from you four years and over. You can get a divorce easily enough; and we will outlive this storm, and be happy yet."

How his face glowed—how his eyes claimed me with loving looks which thrilled down to the core of my poor, quivering heart! Had I got to do all? Must all the courage, the renunciation, the resolve be on my side—and I so crushed, so weak?

"Have I not heard you say," I asked, "that divorces were wicked? Were they wrong for others and right for you and me?"

His face grew pale. He looked at me helplessly—almost hopelessly.

"I don't know, Margery. I have said divorces, save for the one cause God's law mentions, were a sin. But I may have judged wrongly. It seems to me now that I did. I can not think any other way so great as for a man and woman voluntarily to give up the pure joy which is every soul's birthright—bright their lives—the power of being good or happy. God help me, Margery! I don't know where I am."

"Go home," I said; "go now, and ask Heaven for counsel. Come to me in the morning, and tell me what to do. Remember, if you are my lover, you are also my minister—God's messenger; and that you will have to answer before him for the way you guide any soul which lays its life in your hands."

Without another word he turned away. I listened to his footsteps going slowly and sadly back over the path along which they had come with such eager joy. Then I went in, and kneeling by my grandmother's side I told her my story. When I had told all, I said,

"Grandmother must I give up Hugh? What is right?"

"For a woman who hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband as long as he liveth," he solemnly through the twilight shadows fell her voice, saying slowly those words from the book which to her was sole authority in all vexed questions, all doubtful issues. I was answered. I only sobbed, half unconsciously, from the depths of my desolation.

"It is so hard!"

And then I felt on my forehead the touch of her quivering lips, and as she drew me close into her pitying arms she whispered,

"It is the Lord's doing, and He doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men."

With the morning came Hugh. When I saw his pale, resolved face I knew that that night's vigil had taught him. I told him the question I had asked grandmother, and the words of authority in which she had answered. He looked at me with eyes full of an unflinching misery.

"She is right, Margery. Since Frederick Hartright lives he is your husband. I have no right to urge you to set aside your marriage vow. I will never dare again to say what is wrong for another; but for us, let us choose the safe side. Better to be parted here than to buy this world's happiness with the sacrifice of God's peace."

Concluded in our next.

Worth of a Soul.

In the town of D—live two farmers, named Jones and Atwood. Their farms join; and, as is often the case, a quarrel arose about a certain side-hill line-fence. The quarrel resulted in a lawsuit, in which neighbor Jones, having (as Atwood claims) sworn the most tremendous lies on trial, gained the case. A short time after notice was given out that there would be preaching on a certain evening in the school-house. On the appointed evening the neighbors assembled. The preacher, having finished his discourse, from the text, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" invited any one of those present who wished, to make a few remarks on the text. Brother Jones arose and commenced his remarks by saying—

"What shall a man give for his soul?—How much is it worth? Can any man here tell me how much a soul is worth?"

Before he could proceed further, neighbor Atwood jumped up, and, with finger pointing to Brother Jones, said, in a shrill, piping voice which penetrated every corner of the room—

"I know what one man's soul is worth. It's worth just one rod of half-sin!"

A middle aged farmer and his wife were enjoying an evening coolly together, when the conversation turned upon religious matters, as described in the Bible which he had opened before him.

"The Wife," said the farmer, "I've been thinking what happy society Solomon had in his day, with so many wives, &c., as is represented."

"Indeed!" replied the wife, somewhat miffed, "you had better think of something else, then. A pretty Solomon you would make—why, you can't take proper care of one wife. What a pretty figure you would cut then, with a dozen wives, and all of them as spunky as I am!"

The farmer silently took his hat, and went out to the stable to feed the cattle for the night.

The celebrated David Crockett, on visiting a meagre, was comparing the countenance of a monkey to that of one of his fellow members of Congress. Turning, he saw the gentleman had overheard his remarks; so to make matters pleasant, he said, "I do not know which to apologise to you or the monkey."

True Story of the Kilkenny Cats.

During the rebellion which occurred in Ireland in 1798 (or may be in 1803) Kilkenny was garrisoned by a regiment of Hessian soldiers, whose custom it was to tie together in one of their barracks two cats by their respective tails, and then to throw them face to face across a line generally used for drying clothes. The cats naturally became infuriated, and scratched each other in the abdomen until death ensued to one or both of them, and terminated their sufferings. The officers of the corps were ultimately made acquainted with these barbarous acts of cruelty, and they resolved to put an end to them, and to punish the offenders.

In order to effect this purpose an officer was ordered to inspect each barracks-room daily, and to report to the commanding officer in what state he found the room. The cruel soldiers, determined not to lose their daily torture of the wretched cats, generally employed one of their comrades to watch the approach of the officer, in order that the cats might be liberated and take refuge in flight before the visit of the officer to the scene of their torture.

On one occasion the "look-out-man" neglected his duty, and the officer of the day was heard ascending the barracks-stairs while the cats were undergoing their customary torture. One of the troops immediately seized a sword from the arm-rack, and with a single blow divided the tails of the two cats. The cats, of course, escaped through the open windows of the room, which was entered almost immediately afterwards by the officer, who inquired what was the cause of the two bleeding cats' tails being suspended on the cloths' line, and was told in reply that "two cats had been fighting in the room; that it was found impossible to separate them; and that they fought so fierce that they destroyed each other with the exception of their two tails," which may have satisfied Captain Schummeckel, but would not have deluded any person but a berry Prussian.—Notes and Queries.

SYDNEY SMITHS WIT.—Of all the many pretty things spoken in play by Sydney Smith, that obese angel of English wit, none throws so amiable a light on the essential vein of his intellect—its playfulness—as that recorded in the story of the pretty girl and the sweet peas. It is a story that will bear any amount of repeating. "Oh! Mr. Smith," the pretty girl said, who was paying a visit to his garden with a party of friends and pointing to some sweet peas: "those sweet peas have not yet come to perfection."

"Then," said Sydney Smith, stepping forward and taking the young beauty by the hand, "permit me to conduct perfection to the sweet-peas."

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares:

"There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a greasy nose, three little trout, one shoe, the other having been used for a boot, until it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love making, when the sensation is new to him."

"He's only a printer," was the sneering remark of a leader in society. He was only a printer! Well, what was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer!—What is Prince Frederick William, who married the Princess Royal of England? He, too, is only a printer!—Who was William Caxton—one of the fathers of literature? He was only a printer!—What is Charles Dickens, Geo. D. Prentice, M. Thiers, Douglas Jerrold, Bayard Taylor, George P. Morris, N. P. Willis, J. Gales, C. Richardson, and King. They, too, are all printers! What was Benjamin Franklin? Only a printer. Everybody can't be a printer—Brains are necessary!

Alexander Dumas is said to have recently written in a letter to his publisher: "To forget what I have written the moment it is printed is one of the great faculties which Heaven has given me. Were I so fortunate as to remember I should repeat what I have said—Imagine what 'damnable iteration' I should have been guilty of had I repeated what I had said, for you know I have something like 1200 volumes."

THE GRAVE.—It brings every error—covers every defeat—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious thought that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering before him.

Nigger, who am de fus man dat interduced salt periwinkles into de navy?"

"Dar, now, you's too hard for dis colored individual."

"It was Noah, nigger, when he took Ham 'board his ark."

"I believe the jury have been inoculated for stupidity," said a testy lawyer. "That may be," replied his opponent; "but the bar and the court are of opinion that you had it in the natural way."

Josh Billings deposed, among other good things, "that yer kant judge a man bi hiz religion any more than yer kan judge hiz shurt bi de size of de koliar and ribbands."

Bulwer thinks a man's nature is shown by the way he shakes hands; that he may have the manners of a Chesterfield, and smile very sweetly, but yet may chill and steel your heart against him the moment he shakes hands with you. But there is, he says, a cordial grasp which shows warmth of impulse, unhesitating truth, and even power of character—a clasp which recalls the classic trust in the "faith of the right hand."

Two friends meeting, one remarked, "I have just met a man who told me I looked exactly like you."

"Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied his friend.

"Don't trouble yourself," said he, "I did that myself at once."

Heart-troubles, in God's husbandry, are not wounds, but the putting in of the spade before the planting of seeds.

Items, Foreign & Local.

137 Waterloo officers still survive.
Mr. Renan, it is said, is engaged in writing a pamphlet entitled "Ma Situation."

At the fashionable restaurants of Paris, the fruit, instead of being served in dishes, is introduced growing on the plants.

A fair Duchess wore diamonds on the occasion of the late Caledonian Ball of the value of nearly £100,000, and still nothing could surpass the quiet grace of the wearer.

The oldest volunteer in England is Mr. C. T. Tower, a country gentleman in Essex, who took part in a review sixty years since, at which George III. reviewed them.

A volume of "Vacation Tours," to be published by Macmillan & Co. of Cambridge, is to contain "Wilderness Journeys in New Brunswick," by his Excellency the Hon. Arthur Gordon.

M. Renan is about to bring out a new work—a history of the Virgin Mary—which is to appear next month.

Mrs. William Evers, of Mercer, Canada West, has a large snake in her stomach which has been growing there for four years or more. When the reptile is hungry, it comes up in the throat and has to be satisfied, or Mrs. Evers strangles.

It is said the negro boot-blacks in Washington earn ten dollars a day.

The Orthodox Church in Augusta was struck by lightning on the 18th, set on fire, and totally destroyed. Total loss \$25,000; insured for \$5,000.

Fifteen hundred cigar makers were thrown out of employment in New York city by the tobacco tax.

The Cunard steamer "China" made the passage home to Liverpool in seven days.

Jacob Webster, the Chief of the Six Nations in New York, lately went to visit some Canada Indians, got drunk, had a fight, and was killed.

All the places of amusement in Petersburg have been closed by order of the Confederate Government. All the males attached to the companies have been conscripted and sent to the rifle pits.

The price of board at the principal hotels in Boston, is to be \$4 per day, on and after the 25th inst. There is a continuous line of gas lights in England sixteen miles long. This is between Oldham and Manchester.

In the township of Waterloo, (C. W.) a German named Clinkemann was the other day tearing down an old barn, from which he fell head foremost to the ground, breaking his neck, and yet he still lives the body being cold and dead, the head lives, the man being able to see, hear and speak. It is impossible he can recover, but how long he can remain in this dreadful state before death steps in to put an end to his sufferings it is for the scientific to decide.

The Bridgeport Farmer says that the expenses of the government, under Lincoln's administration, are as follows:

\$1,000,000,000 a year!
83,333,333 a month!
20,833,333 a week!
3,000,000 a day!
155,000 an hour!
2,083 a minute!
35 a second!

Thirty-five dollars at every tick of the clock!

There are at present four hundred paymasters in the Federal army. Their salaries amount in the aggregate to about \$1,000,000.

A couple of miners at Washoe fought a duel recently, with pick-axes for weapons. They were placed a rod apart, and advanced at a given signal. One hurled his pick at his antagonist and buried it in his eye. The wounded man lingered some days in horrid agony.

The loss by the great conflagration which has been raging in the lumber country, in the northern part of Wisconsin, will amount to \$150,000. In many instances whole villages were destroyed.

A tape-rim ninety feet long was taken from a patient in New York, Pa., last week. The physicians occupied three hours in removing it.

The Hon. George Brown, the new President of the Canadian Executive, has been unanimously returned for South Oxford.

Several newspapers in New York State have suspended on account of the pressure of the times.

The *News* says, The Lizard story, which appeared in the columns of our "lusty offshoot," turns out to be a shameless hoax. The concocter of the canard never sent a copy of the letter to the *Gleaner* as he said he did; and Dr. Jack never received nor wrote about any lizards as was stated.

A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between £50,000 and £60,000. He proposed soon after and was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

A French paper says that by an accident charcoal has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn the pain subsides immediately. The remedy is cheap and simple, and deserves trial.

The Portland *Argus* says, "A gentleman in this city owed a tradesman a bill of \$4.20. He handed him \$5.00 for payment and received his bill receipted and over \$9.00 back in change. The \$5.00 was in gold."

The Washington *Republican* is informed by an officer who is a returned prisoner from Texas, that a terrible drought prevails there, extending throughout that whole region, and, in fact, into Louisiana. The prairies of Texas are absolutely so parched that the earth is cracked into fissures, rendering it hazardous to journey on horseback by night. Cattle are dying there by thousands.

The Petersburg *Express* gives an account of the capture of a party of 32 Union cavalry men by seven Confederates. The cavalry men had stopped at a farm house in the neighborhood of Red Oak, in Brunswick. A Capt. White, of the Confederate army, who resided in the neighborhood, was at home on a furlough, recovering from a dangerous wound. He gathered six of the neighboring farmers armed them with shot guns, and they made a rush upon the Yankees while they were so far removed from their arms that they could not reach them. Every one of them were captured, much to their mortification, and sent off prisoners to Georgia.

At Plymouth, England, on the 13th May last, a waterman named Mc-Coy, while sailing through the Sound, was shockingly injured by a shot from the Citadel during artillery practice. The Coroner's Jury, after a careful investigation brought in a verdict of manslaughter against Major General Hutchinson (the General commanding the district). They said that they considered him guilty of great negligence and indifference to the public safety, and this was the cause of Mc-Coy's death. The Coroner accepted the verdict, but said that he did not concur in it, because the law did not bear it out. Major General Hutchinson was not brought to trial. In the meantime he is admitted to bail.

The problem of suspending life by freezing seems to be accumulating data. Perch and mullet have been brought from Lake Champlain frozen perfectly solid, and on being put into a tub of water, have come to life "as lively as ever." A female convict in Sweden is in ice on experiment. A man was found lately in Sweden who gave signs of life after being frozen for nine months. The power of stopping while the world goes on may be the next wonder. Ice houses may soon be advertised with comfortable arrangements for skipping an epoch, or waiting for the next generation.

General News.

AMERICAN COMMERCE SWIFT FROM THE OCEAN.—Under a somewhat similar head, the New York *World* sums up the damage done to American commerce by the *Alabama* and her consorts. It says:—

The sinking of the *Alabama* by the *Kearsage* naturally attracts attention to the immense damage inflicted upon American commerce by the rebel privateers directly, and indirectly by the negligence of those in whose hands has been entrusted its honor and protection. At this time, then, it is not out of place to present to our readers the fact and figures, and furnish a complete record of the changes that have taken place in our commercial affairs since the outbreak of the rebellion, and the coming into power of the present administration. If any American, with an honest pride in the vastness of extent and resources of his country, can read this plain, unvarnished tale without a blush, we must have deviated so far from the teachings of our history and become so infatuated with the madness of the hour, that he could see the United States turned over entirely to the jurisdiction of foreign powers without a sigh.

The annexed table gives a comparative view of the tonnage of the commercial marine of the United States at different periods:—

Year.	Reg. Ton.	Whaling Ton.	Coasting.	Steam.
1820	619,047	35,891	539,080	
1830	576,075	38,911	516,978	64,471
1840	809,764	136,929	1,176,994	201,339
1850	1,585,711	146,016	1,755,196	525,948
1860	2,548,237	185,728	2,672,964	