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Poetry.

"I feel I'm growing auld, gude wife."

I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife—
I feel I'm growing auld;
My steps are frail, my e'en are bleared,
My pow is unco baird.
I've seen the snaw o' fourscore years
O'er hill and meadow fa',
And, hinnie! were it no for you,
I'd gladly slip awa.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife—
I feel I'm growing auld;
Frae youth to age I've kept warm
The love that ne'er turned cawd.
I canna bear the dreary thoct
That we man sinder be;
There's aething binds my poor auld heart
To earth, gude-wife, and thee.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife—
I feel I'm growing auld;
Life seems to me a wintry waste,
The very sun feels cawd.
Of worldly friends I've been to me,
Among them the best;
Now, I'll lay down my weary head,
Gude-wife, and be at rest.

The English rural poet, Bloomfield, thus paints the scenes of the hayfield in England:

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along;
Each sturdy mower earnest and strong,
Whose whirling form mid air beats down,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come hither! come, ye light-footed ones!
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each earl awaits and hails you as his own:
Each mow'den brow, that seems to wear a frown;
Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy maid
Hies to the field, the general toil to share:
Meanwhile the FAWN quits his elbow chair,
His cool brick-door, his pithier, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swarth, the quivering lead to rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbr'ous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
Whist unrestrain'd the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulses knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

Select Tale.

THREE LIVES.

(Continued.)

How could I describe our parting—what he had so nearly been made one flesh? What last words he spoke: what hopes, star-like, through our darkness—hopes of a better country, even a heavenly, where the broken threads of this imperfect life shall be woven again into brightness; and, through it all, how he upheld me, strengthened my soul for the conflict—it is all written upon my heart, where only the pitying eyes of the merciful Father can ever read. Let me pass briefly over the agony of that hour.

In two weeks Hugh had resigned his parish and left Woodstock. His reasons no one knew; but, reluctant as were his people to part with him, they found his resolution unalterable.

He went, and even I knew nothing of his destination. We felt it right to separate utterly, to bridge the gulf between us with no knowledge. I never expected to hear from him again. I knew I should not die. I expected to live, and I knew my own life was to forget. For him, he had his work in life, and I believed he would do it. He might live till he was old and gray. I had faith that he would live well; and I believed that I should know him, despite all the scars and changes of his life, when we should meet in the "Silent Land"—the boundless regions of all perfection.

I was unutterably thankful when he was gone. It seemed to me that I could not have borne my fate if he had said where I must see him, hear his voice, breathe the same air. He being gone there was more hope. I could bury the two years I had known him in my heart; and in time and Heaven might lend me aid to set a watch upon memory, and roll a stone to the door of my sepulchre.

Charley Forsyth did not come back. Some business call hurried him away to California, and no one in Woodstock, save my grandmother, knew the secret he had told me—knew that my husband was alive in this world.

On Christmas there came to me a letter. Eight years ago that day I had spoken my bridal vows. It was a strange coincidence which brought me that letter on this very day. I knew the moment I looked at the cover that it was from Fred. My heart beat suffocatingly. My hand trembled so I could hardly break the seal; but somehow I had strength to read its contents. It almost broke my heart, it was so touching so penitent. I had been as much to blame in the past as he, but he took all the blame to himself. He told me how well he had loved me, and how hard he had tried, for the sake of my peace, to live away from me. He had been silent, he said, until it seemed to him the burden of his misery was greater than he could bear. Perhaps he should still have kept silence, for my sake, if he had not known that I would hear from Forsyth that he was alive. He was hungry and thirsty for my love; it was the only hope earth held for him. Still until he heard from me he would not come. He knew that for two years I had thought him dead; perhaps so I had formed some new tie. It so, I need not write to him. Not hearing from me, he would know his fate, and bear it in silence. But if I was still his wife—it could give him any hope—write, and he would come to try and make what amends he could for the errors of years ago.

How doubly thankful I was when I had read that letter that Hugh was gone—that Charley Forsyth had saved me from the sin I had been so near unconsciously committing. A love entered into my soul for Fred, deep and tender beyond words; not such a love as I could have given Hugh Walden, but a tenderness pure and passionate, heightened by remorse, intensified by pity. I wrote him only these words:

"Eight years ago to-day I became your wife. I am your wife still. Come."

When I showed my grandmother this letter and my answer, she looked at me with tears in her kind eyes, as she said,

"You have done right, child. That is your work in life. God will help and strengthen you to make Fred happy."

With the spring he came. His wounds and exposures, his desolate, uncared-for life, had told on

him fearfully. His face retained few traces of its once fascinating charm. A worn, prematurely old man he came back to me, and I gave him welcome. I had resolved in the strength of God, that no coldness of mine should ever chill him; he should never be disappointed in me. Whatever pain my life held I would bear alone; and the remnant of his years I would make happy.

There was something strangely touching in the change which had been wrought in him. The passionate temper, the haughty, indomitable will, where were they? Sometimes I longed to see him assert himself with a little of the old domineering sway; but it never came. When I expressed my desire to continue to live with grandmother he made no objection, but sold the house in Kempton, which had remained unoccupied ever since he went away.

And so we lived on together quietly for two years we three. I think I did make Fred's life happy. I do not think he missed anything from my love. Do you ask if my own lot was wretched? I think nothing but willful sin can utterly darken my life. There was one fountain in my nature, the purest and sweetest perhaps, sealed up. Never more would its bright waters leap and sparkle in the sunshine. But there was much left to enjoy. It is impossible to be quite miserable while one works unselfishly for others. My grandmother was growing feeble, and I found occupation enough in nursing her and attending to Fred. I had no time for profitless musings.

There came a night at last when I was summoned by a sharp, sudden cry of pain. It broke through the stillness of my first slumbers, and I sprang up and hurried to my grandmother's bedside. I saw at once that she was very ill, and dispatched Fred for a physician. A few days followed of intense suffering, born with saintly patience. Just at the last she was a little easier. I sat by her side, and she beckoned me to place my ear to her lips. Faintly she whispered,

"You have done right. Be good to Fred, and God will be good to you."

Those were her last words, her benediction, her farewell. The long-suffering soul was at peace. The willing hands would do no more work for God or man. The kindly heart had thrived with its last impulse of human charity. She could rest now. I think Fred mourned for her almost as sincerely as I did. At any rate he sympathized most tenderly with my sorrow.

I redoubled my devotion to him, now that I had no one else to care for. And there was need of it; for month by month I saw that he was wasting away. His desolate years had done their slow, sure work. Oh, with what bitter pangs of remorse I watched him! How gladly I would have laid down my life to save his! I never could forget that I had refused to ask him to stay when he had waited for my bidding, and I knew how much that obstinacy had cost us both. Sometimes, at his expressions of affection, I felt such a torturing sense of unworthiness as I could hardly bear. Through all he had been faithful to me—had loved me entirely. Sometimes it seemed to me that the only ease for my heart must be to pour it out at his feet—as if I must tell him all that I had felt or die. It seemed to me that that would be another form of selfishness. To tell him that I had loved another would be to put it out of my power to make him happy. For the sake of easing my own heart I had no right to lay his burden on him. The least I could do was to leave him the happiness of believing in my love.

Thank Heaven he did believe in it, and so I was able to comfort him to the last. All through the months of his slow decline I watched by his side. It was pitiful to see how he clung to me. It seemed to be the one agony, which nothing could soothe away, that he must leave me. Looking into my face with those great, mournful eyes, full of unutterable meaning, he would break the silence with his longing cry: "Oh, if you could only go with me, Margery! How shall I live again without you? I have known what that is."

I tried to lead him to the higher love, that could never fail him; but still he clung to me until the very last hour of his life. Did he see in that final hour some strange, soul-subduing glimpse of the heavenly glory? Who can tell? I only know that with a new light breaking sea-like and radiant into his eyes he cried:

"Margery, I am going from you to Him. His love is tender, and in His presence is fullness of joy. Margery, wife, darling, His hands are outstretched—I have no fear. Kiss me now. Let me carry your kiss where I am going."

I bent over him, and pressed my lips to his in a passion of love and woe. Just then how dear he was to me! It seemed to me I could not give him up. I would have held him back from death in my arms, or died for him. But God took him. Even then, with my kiss thrilling on his lips, my arms clinging to him, his soul went out—into the infinite space.

A strange peace came to me as he lay there dead. I felt as certain as of my own existence that he knew all now—held the secret I had kept from him for his own sake only, and had forgiven me. The smile, that last sweetest smile of all, frozen upon his dead lips, calmed me and comforted me, almost as if I heard him speak my pardon. And indeed, if he could read my heart now, he must have known with what late tenderness it was swelling. He was my husband. He had loved me well and faithfully, and he was dead. Did not every claim he had upon my love assert itself? Did I fail to remember his generosity when he left me—his changeless constancy through all those years of separation, his patient tenderness since?

On his grave I planted roses and violets. To me it was a shrine. I went there for my holiest communion with the world where he was.

Six months after he left me there came a packet directed in an unfamiliar hand. It was postmarked at a Western city. I broke it open, and saw a letter directed to me in Hugh Walden's writing, and with it a notice of his death, and a few lines in the stranger hand telling me how he died. In his ministrations among the sick he had taken a malignant fever, and in three days after first sending for a physician was dead. The enclosed letter had been found among his papers, with a request that it should be sent to me. A few more lines there were—a tribute to his usefulness and self-sacrificing devotion, a lament for his loss.

Then I opened his letter. It was as if his soul spoke again to mine when I read it:

"Margery, I should not write you these words did I not know that your husband is dead, and that your hearing from me once more can give pain to no mortal. You have never heard from me in the long silent years which have fallen betwixt us; but I have found means to inform myself, from time to time of your welfare. I know that you have done your duty in God's fear."

"When I heard that you were free, a fond sweet hope stole into my heart—Heaven forgive me if it was a sin—of some day standing once more by your side, looking again into your eyes, hearing again your well loved voice. I know the sad years have changed you. Your eyes would not be so bright; perhaps there is silver in your hair. I think you would not have been less beautiful to me if I had lived to come to you. But God knew best. I was doing His work when I breathed in this fever that was killing me. There is no hope. When I have finished this letter I shall send for a physician. I would not send for one before lest he should forbid these last words to you. But I know I shall never get well. I pray only for strength to write a few lines more."

"I am not sorry to be called home. God judges right, I dare not if I could, choose even the joy of life with you before the blessedness of His rest. And yet, Margery, my heart clings to you. With this fever burning in my veins, swimming in my head, I cannot say what I would. Only this, darling, in this hour of uttermost peril, when very soon my soul will stand before God, I know I did right. It is only a little life, this one of toil and waiting—the life comes after that will never end. Since I left you I have striven to do God's work among the sick and needy—His poor children. You have done it to in your way; and now for me is the end, the rest—for you, waiting. But not for long, not long. Soon for you, too, will the light break over the eternal mountains. It grows dark my sight is dim. Margery, my soul's Margery, good-by!"

The last lines were written in a cramped, irregular hand, as by one who could not see. Do you think I can tell you how I felt as I read them? Is there any language which translates heart-beats?

I recognized God's hand, and I was content that so that beloved life should end. In this world I could never see him again. Hand to hand, lip to lip, we should never meet more. I could not even go to his far-off grave. Yet there was left me the promise of his last words. For me, too, should break the dawn light over the eternal mountains. A blessedness not of earth, and which the world could not take away, was in the thought that I had not sold my birthright for a mess of pottage. I had yet a right to look upward.

They are both dead! One here, with the roses and violets on his grave, and tender tears to quicken them into beauty. The other far away, in a resting-place fashioned by stranger hands, where my steps can never go, or my tears fall. Both dead! I sit among the shadows and wait for my morning, and by my hope is sure.

Confidence in Wives.
If you are in trouble or a quinary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of women has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your sweetheart, or your mother, or your sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verand in all but purely womanly affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions or insight are more subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counselling one to tell his troubles to his wife, we would go farther and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved and many a fortune retrieved, by man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans, and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate it, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his impulses or judgment that she may check and set aright with her almost universally right instincts. "Helpmeet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is helpmeet to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves is confidence—without which love is never free from a shadow.

An Entertaining Agent.
An enterprising travelling agent for a well-known Cleveland tomb-stone manufactory, recently made a visit to a small town in a neighboring county—Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go out and see him, and offer him consolation and a grave-stone on his usual regular terms. He started: the road was a horribly frightful one, but the agent persevered and arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting rails "over in the pasture," about two miles off. After falling into all manner of mud holes, and scratching himself with the briars, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked him if he had lost his wife, the man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear it, and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiable archer, and shot down all of both high and low degree. Informed the man that what was his loss was her gain, and would be glad to sell him a grave-stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was one difficulty in the way.

"Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent.

"Why yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave ain't necessary, for you see the cussed critter ain't dead—she shooed with another feller."

Agent left that "pasture" in a hurry.

The tastes of children are alike all over the world. Girls love something to pet, love and fondle, comb, wash, above all, dress, and—crowning glory and power of motherhood—put to bed. Boys prefer an article with which they can do mischief—a sword, a gun, or a cannon—they like destruction—anything that smokes or smells like gunpowder. As a young friend of mine observed, "If fireworks are so nice, what must a battle be!"

An Off-Hand Joke.

A sturdy sergeant of one of the Massachusetts regiments being obliged to submit to amputation of his hand, the surgeon offered to administer chloroform as usual; but the veteran refused, saying: "If the cutting was to be done on him he wanted to see it." And laying his arm on the table, submitted to the operation without a sign of pain except a firmer setting of the teeth. The operator, as he finished, looked at his victim with admiration, and remarked,

"You ought to have been a surgeon, my man."

"I was the next thing to one afore I enlisted," said the hero.

"What was that?" asked the doctor.

"A butcher!" responded the sergeant with a grim smile, which, despite the surroundings, communicated itself to the bystanders.

The Slave and the Shark.

Some years ago an English vessel on the lookout for slave ships gave chase to a suspicious looking craft. While the pursuit was going on, it was noticed that something was thrown overboard from the supposed slave. She was soon captured and taken into port for trial, but no certain evidence could be produced against her; the ships papers, that is, the writings which every vessel is by law obliged to carry, showing her charter and where she is bound, could not be found; they had evidently been thrown into the sea during the chase. The slave's captain was in high glee, both at his expected escape, and also with the idea of recovering damages for the seizure and detention of his vessel. But before the trial ended, a vessel came into the same port which had followed closely in the track of the chase. Her crew had caught a shark, and in its stomach found a tin box which contained the missing ship's papers, and on this evidence the slave was condemned. The jaws of the shark with the tin box placed inside are preserved in the Naval Museum in England.

Keep the Birth Day.

Keep the birth-days religiously; they belong exclusively to, and are treasured among, the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so small, that it be remembered. For one day they are heroes. The special puddings or cake is made for them, a new jacket or trousers, with pockets, or the first pair of boots are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside little Charlie, who is 'six to-day,' and is 'going to be a man.' Mothers who have half a dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birth-days; they come too often—sometimes when they are nervous—but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by their pet Sues or Harrys, years afterwards, when away from the hearthstone, and they have none to remind them that they have added one more year to the perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them in old-fashioned phrase, 'many happy returns to their birth-day,' they would never permit any cause to step between them and a mother's privilege.

It has often been said, that a woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chafes scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, and is altogether an entertaining, agreeable and lovely companion. We never knew but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose as sharp as a marlin spike. The grey eye is the sign of shrewdness and talent. In women, however, it indicates a better head than heart. The blue eye is admirable, but may be feeble. The black eye, take care!

On the road to Epsom, a moustached youth on the top of a drag, evidently ambitious of being mistaken for "an officer," thus saluted a fat coachman who was gravely driving his master and family:—

"Hullo, you sir! where's your shirt collar? How dare you come to the Derby without a shirt-collar; Jehu growled forth, without lifting his eyes from his horses:—'Ow the dooce could I when your mother has not sent home my washing?'"

Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, put long tailed coats on the boys and turn the butterflies into guineas, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world.

"Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Bold is a handsome man?" "Oh, no! I can't endure him. He is homely enough." "Well, he's fortunate at all events; for an old aunt has just died and left him \$50,000." "Indeed! is it true? Now I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him, and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

"Stockings I can do without so long as I wear fashionable dresses," said a village belle somewhat straightened in her financial resources, "but a bosom pin and kid gloves I must have."

"The man who raised a cabbage-head has done more good than all the metaphysics in the world," said a stump orator at a meeting. "Then," replied a wag, your mother ought to have had the premium."

It is a paradox that you increase the value of a unit ten-fold by adding another to it.

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on the death-bed.

LIFE DEBT.—The man whom you saved from drowning, and the man that never pays you what he owes you, you may consider as alike indebted to you for life.

If a proud man keeps me at a distance, my comfort is he keeps his distance also.

The faces of soldiers coming out of an engagement, and those of young women going into one, are generally powdered.

The character that needs law to mend it is hardly worth the tinkering.

Some people are so fond of ill luck that they run more than half way to meet it.

Fine sensibilities are like woodbine—delightful luxuries of beauty to twine around a solid, upright stem of understanding, but very poor things if they are left to creep along the ground.

Items, Foreign & Local.

A drunken woman in Connecticut set fire to her house, and one of her children was buried to death, and the other so much injured that it will probably die.

Six persons have, within a few months past, committed suicide in consequence of their losses at the gambling tables at Hamburg.

Burney, the engine driver of the train on the Grand Trunk which ran into the Richelieu River, has been committed for trial at the next Court of Queen's Bench in Canada, on the 24th September.

It is asserted in the London Army and Navy Gazette that the sailing vessels in the British navy will never be sent to sea again, there being two hundred and forty steamers in commission manned by 45,000 men.

A novel race took place in Montreal lately between a steam buggy, attached to a circus, and a racing mare belonging to a gentleman of that place. The mare was the winner, but the race is not considered fair, as the engine of the buggy was somewhat out of order. The buggy has two cylinders, the whole weighing 800 lbs. The race was for \$500 a side.

It is said that thirty-five or forty able-bodied young Irishmen came out in the steamer of the Damascus, on her last trip to Quebec, in charge of Federal recruiting agents, and were pushed through from that city to the United States.

A New Jersey paper says the crop of peaches in that State will be the largest ever raised.

In Canada there is a proposition to raise a new regiment for the British service.

Silver has been detected in the saline residue of the water of the Dead Sea, after evaporation.

The Western Australians threaten England with secession if any more convicts are sent there.

There were at the latest dates 10,000 Swiss emigrants at European ports awaiting passage to the United States.

A man in Williamsburg, N. Y., went out on the stoop of his house the other night to get the cool air, got asleep and fell off and broke his neck, causing instant death.

There is said to be a young lady, aged 18, in St. Louis, who has done nothing but eat and sleep since she was 4 years old. She remains awake for 7 minutes twice in 24 hours, and then talks and eats.

In England a few weeks ago no less than eighteen of the immediate descendants of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan attended the marriage ceremony, which was performed in close proximity to the tomb of that remarkable man, between Mr. Francis Thynne, son of Lord John Thynne, and Miss Edith Sheridan.

At Saybrook, Conn., they are catching white fish for manure by the thousands as a haul. Twenty one sharks came in in one net the other day.

The harbor of Sebastopol is nearly cleared of the ships sunk there during the Crimean war.

A mother in the neighborhood of Terre Haute, Ind., put out the eyes of her son by holding a burning coal near his right eye while he slept, destroying the optic nerve with only momentary pain to him. The cause of the act was fear that her son would be drafted into the army, whither all ready two of her sons had gone.

The South owes the North in mercantile obligations only \$300,000,000. New York holds \$150,000,000 of this; Philadelphia \$24,000,000; Baltimore \$100,000,000; and Boston \$7,000,000. No wonder there are merchants and capitalists in the North opposed to the war.

Out in Utah the Saints have cricket hunts. On one occasion a company of men, women and children, to the number of six hundred, turned out to fight these insects which were devastating the wheat fields, and having penned them up, got them on the layers of straw, and burned them by the million. The operation of driving and burning occupied three days and three nights. At another time they drove a host of the crickets into a creek where bundles of willow, and got rid of them in that way.

A junior partner in a firm in India street, Boston, concluded to raise a subtle snipe trap for a stout darkey who was standing on the opposite corner, when he received this reply:—"Lor bless you, I've got eight hundred dollars home for to buy a white man for myself."

For the first time in our varied experience we saw on Tuesday a barrel of flour hauled up Governor street in a "hearse." The public stared but the driver drove on. We came to recollect that flour was five and six hundred dollars per barrel, and that the struggle for bread was one for life or death, we better appreciated the connection between the hearse and the barrel of flour.—*Richmond Examiner.*

At Craig's Mills, near Mechanics Falls, Maine, last week, a man took a mischievous boy and held him over a boiling vat with a threat to throw him in. In struggling, the boy did fall in, and was so severely burned that he died in a few days.

The Richmond Examiner says that on the 18th of June about the size of 20-pounder Parrot shells sold in the market there for \$14 apiece. The same paper has an account of the examination of a man charged with procuring by false pretence, 41 bushels of potatoes and 40 lbs. of butter, valued in the aggregate at \$1,211.

As an illustration of the effects of the drouth, it is related, that near Washington, the other day, a farmer was seen digging up his potatoes and onions with an axe and hatchet, the ground being too hard for the use of any usual implement.

Yung Wing, a Chinese Mandarin, who graduated some ten years since at Yale College, is now in Springfield, Mass., empowered to inspect and purchase machinery of various kinds, with the view of introducing into China the modern improvements in science and arts made by the Western nations.

A very temperate man in London, named Papworth, recently went to bed tipsy, and in the night called for water. His daughter brought him lemonade, in a bottle, and left him. He was found dead next day, with the bottle, which he must have tried to swallow and so suffocated himself, sticking out of his mouth.

The latest musical prodigy in Europe is a Portuguese boy, named Ferreira, who makes a flute out of his hands and plays beautiful music in this way. The notes are produced on the left hand, and his fingers play upon it with his right. The four fingers of the left hand are opened like the letter V—two fingers on each side. The mouth is inserted in the opening, so that the tips of the fingers come near the palm of the left, and the fingers play freely, as it seems in the air. Thus Ferreira produces two octaves and a half of notes.

The Boston Advertiser says that there are 100,000 more women than men in Massachusetts, and it urges several good reasons why female emigration from the State should be encouraged. The excess of women over men when the census was taken in 1860, was 36,970, and the Advertiser estimates that the State has taken away 60,000 or 70,000 more men.

Tingley has been acquitted at Dorchester. We understand that the evidence of his crime was contradictory as to be valueless. So says the Globe.

A runaway minister of the Bey of Tunis has arrived at Paris, amply provided with means. He has taken a sumptuous residence, and his harem is expected to rejoin him shortly.

General News.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.—THE LAST OF THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE.—On the 2nd of June the curtain fell upon the last act of the British protectorate in the Ionian Islands. A correspondent of the Times gives the following account of the closing scene:—

"A small fleet of troop ships and transports clustered around the majestic Malborough; near them a clumsy looking paddle-wheel steamer, with 800 Greek troops, forming the future garrison of Corfu, on board. The harbor was dotted with yachts and pleasure boats; the shores were lined with a dense mass of people of all classes. At eleven o'clock the last remaining regiment in the citadel, the 4th King's Own, marched out, and their guard at the main gate was relieved by a Greek guard of gendarmes. Meanwhile the approaches to the Palace of St. Michael and St. George were choked by crowds of townspeople and villagers for many a mile around, and there was hardly room in the reception-hall, so eager were the people to pay their parting respects to the last of the Lords High Commissioners. When Sir Henry Storks, in a few graceful words in Italian, and in a voice which betrayed his emotion, bade them farewell, at least three-fourths of his audience were in tears, many blubbered outright as they crowded around His Excellency, shaking him by the hand, embracing him, and conferring upon him not unfrequently such salutations which Englishmen generally reserve for the other sex. Nothing could exceed the good temper with which they bore their parting, and even when—freed at length, as he fondly hoped from these overwhelming demonstrations of affection—as he was descending the steps of the Palace, an elderly fat gentleman approached him from behind, flinging his arms about his neck, gave him half-a-dozen smacking kisses, there was not a shade of impatience mingled with the expression of surprise at this unexpected honor. As he passed to the place of embarkation, every man in that dense crowd respectfully uncovered, and a running fire of 'Zitos' masked his progress, interspersed now and then with a cordial 'good-bye, and God bless you, sir,' in an English voice; and when he entered his barge and was rowed away under the last English salute from the batteries, there arose a cheering cheer more loud and more hearty than I should have believed Ionian lungs capable of uttering. At noon the commander of the forces, Sir Robert Garret, accompanied by his staff, mounted to the flag-staff at the citadel, and as the British red ensign was unfurled at the Marlborough's, there were simultaneously lowered, and the blue and white flag of Greece was hoisted in their place. A very irregular salute was fired by the Greek artillery, from what but a minute before had been our saluting battery; the Marlborough replied in splendid style, and the union was consummated. It was very touching to behold Sir Robert Garret, in person, the very friend of an old English general, reverently, almost tenderly, bearing away the colors which had floated over the citadel for half a century. All uncovered and bowed, and as the old soldier passed along he was greeted with many a hearty 'God bless you,' and many an unspoken wish that he might yet live long to enjoy in his retirement his well-earned honors. There is a signal from the Marlborough's; she moves: the strains of 'God save the Queen' arise from all the ships as they follow in her wake, bearing away the last representatives of British rule in the Ionian Islands. Until the last ship has become dim in the distance, crowded with our own men, as with tears in his eyes he waved his hat towards the departing Britons. 'Adesso stemo liberi!' said a young man, as he lit a cigarette by way of inaugurating a new order of things."

The New Zealand war is not progressing favorably. Gen. Cameron, on the 29th April, in his unsuccessful attack upon the Maori position at Taranaki, lost seven officers killed, seven wounded (of whom three afterwards died), twenty-one men killed and seventy-seven wounded. The native loss in killed and wounded was about the same. The military officers killed were all of the 42nd Regiment, and included the Colonel, three Captains, and two lieutenants. The captain of the Esk and the commander of the Harrier sloop-of-war were also killed, and several lieutenants. In the night the enemy abandoned the position they had defended during the day. The loss of officers is very heavy, and disproportionate to the number of men; and the London Times seems to insinuate that it was owing to want of pluck or energy on the men's part. The London Spectator thinks there must have been great emulation between the two arms of the service. It may appear strange that the New Zealanders who are but one remote from the worst description of savage, can maintain their own against the soldiers of England, but the latter are often outnumbered, and at any rate, the rifle in the hands of a New Zealander, behind a breast-work, makes him as dangerous a foe as a Christian.

In reference to the forthcoming draft, the New York World says:—

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