

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XVI.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N.B., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

NO. 17.

Poetry.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

By D. FLORENCE M'CARNEY.

Ah! my heart is ever waiting,
Waiting for the May;
Where the pleasant rambling
With the blooming hawthorn branches,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is ever waiting,
Waiting for the May.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May;
Longing to escape from study
To the young face fair and rosy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.
Ah! my heart is sick with sighing,
Sighing for the May;
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Of sweet flowers that are dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sick with sighing,
Sighing for the May.
Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May;
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-worn willows,
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.
Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May;
Spring goes by with wailing warnings,
Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings,
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbes away.
MAN IS EVER WEARY, WEARY,
WAITING FOR THE MAY.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS

GOOD FOR ALL CLIMATES AND WEATHERS.

"If you want to render your husband happy, blame him for everything he does, right or wrong; scold him for doing this or that, before you know whether he did it!" (Supposed to be ironical, but true, nevertheless!)

Certainly—you can't scold amiss my dear woman! If he hasn't done this or that, he has probably done something else. Scolding clears the domestic atmosphere—you have to keep up a perpetual cannonading, or there will be a revolt!—Husbands get terribly unmanageable sometimes, unless they are kept up to the mark. Don't lose any time about it, either. Once let a man hoist up the flag of independence, and unless you haul it down for him, in double quick time, you're a lost woman!—Once allow him to suppose that he's master of the house, and first you know it will be, "Minnie bring me a match for my cigar, that's a dear!"—or "Minnie just look for my cravat, will you?" or even "Minnie, I've brought Jones and Howard home to dinner—couldn't help asking 'em—your needs make any extra parade but just get a few others, or a lobster, or something!" That's the way you'll be victimized! Once begin waiting on him, and you'll have business for the rest of your life. Put him down and keep him there. How? That's a pretty question to ask—"the hows" are as thick as mosquitoes on an August evening. Blame him for everything he does—make up your mind not to be satisfied under any circumstances whatever. If it rains, blame him because the sun don't shine—If it puts his newspaper in one corner of the mantelpiece, scold him because he didn't put it there—If he laughs above his breath, put your hands up to your ears, and ask him "if he supposes you were made without nerves?"—If he frowns call him an ill-natured brute. If he brings home tickets for the opera, tell him you had set your heart on going to the theatre. If he talks to a lady, turn jealous, go into hysterics—if he joins a knot of gentlemen, tell him "it's very plain that his poor wife's society has no longer any charms for him." If he invites friends to your house, tell him that "you don't keep a hotel"—if he doesn't invite them, tell him he is an unsocial bear, who would like to keep you alone the whole time. If he has a cold in his head, deluge the house with soap and water, and scrub-brushes—if he suffers from tooth-ache, insist on having every window in the room open, on account of the "fresh air." If he is fond of a roast turkey, see that cold pork is on the table instead—if he likes coffee, discover, all of a sudden, that it is not healthy, and substitute milk and water! Don't give him his own way in any one particular—contradict him on all occasions—tread on his toes whenever he is going to say anything, and then fret at him for being "so silent and sulky." Never allow him to wear his best clothes—put him on a diet of one shirt a week—keep the "change" and deal it out to him with the half dime—groom at his extravagance, whenever he buys a new hat, and hunt in all his pockets for strong cigars, champagne corks, pea-nuts shells, or any such silent witnesses to his depravity. Why, if you don't keep up this system of intimidation, he might actually be imprudent enough to chuck you under the chin or pull your curls, or even kiss you once in a while! He might get dinner waiting half a minute—he might steal one of your little handkerchiefs out of the bureau-drawer, when he couldn't find his own yellow bordered handkerchief—he might elevate his feet on the parlor mantle—he might imagine home was a palace, to enjoy himself in—he might be insane enough to suppose that a wife liked to wait on her husband!

There's no telling what he might not do, or say, or think, if he were not judiciously snubbed!

Just follow up this system, however, and you'll be pretty sure to take the starch out of him. Don't get discouraged if he is a little stiff and "set in his way" at first, two or three months of the discipline will make him as limp as an old dishrag.—You may be obliged to fight one or two pitched battles but that's of no consequence. You have always one great resort—if the day is going against you, turn on the tears! He can't go sniveling about the house with red eyes and swelling nose—you can! Tears will subdue a man when the rest of the feminine artillery won't! Try it just once and see!

That's the way to break them in, girls! No failure, and warranted to cure the worst cases—no better receipt in the whole conjugal pharmacopoeia for transforming a high-spirited young fellow into a meek, umbrella-carrying, bill-paying, cradle-rocking machine, who knows his "place" and never speaks, unless his wife says he may!

The devil tempts all men; but the idle man tempts the devil.

A Thrilling Incident.

We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who is always lucky, had won five consecutive numbers, which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and he hesitated to play; this the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly a master of the game, that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey; what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body-guard.

"Hush!" responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

"For the love of God sit quiet!" rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life, move not."

We exchanged looks. He continued, "Remain quiet and all may yet be well. I have a cobra capello round my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs; but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party that individual might already be counted as a dead man—so fatal is the bite of that dreaded monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents in India, namely, in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position, so rigid was his look, and so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten the fatal bite. We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round!" murmured Maxey; "I feel him cold—cold to my limb; and he tightens! For the love of Heaven call for some milk! I dare not speak loud. Let it be placed on the ground near me; let some be spilt on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir, Northcote—you moved your head; by everything sacred, I conjure you not to do so again! I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them I died blessing them—that my last prayers were for them—the snake is winding itself round my calf. I leave them all that I possess—I can almost fancy I feel his breath!"

The milk was brought and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the frightened servants drew back. Again Maxey spoke:—"No! it is no effect on the contrary—the reptile clasped himself tighter—he has uncoiled his upper hold. I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back, and give the bite of death with more fatal decision. Receive me, O Lord! and pardon me; my last hour is come! Again he pauses. I die now; but this is past endurance—ah! no—he has undone another fold, and loosens himself. Can he be going to some one else?—we involuntarily started. For the love of Heaven, stir not—I am a dead man; but bear with me. He still looses. He is about to dart! Move not, but beware. Churchill, he rails off that way. Oh! this agony is too hard to bear! Another pressure and I am dead. No! he relaxes! he relaxes!"

At this moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had uncoiled himself; the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved!—saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair, and fell senseless into the arms of his servants. In another instant, need it be added, we were all dispersed; the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried, more dead than alive, to his room. That scene I can never forget, it dwells in my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless imbecility, and sunk into an early grave.

A Molting Story.

No other class of men in any country possess that facetious aptness of inflicting a good-humoured revenge which seems to be innate with a Green Mountain Boy. One winter evening, a country store-keeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up his window-shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon. "Say Seth!" said the store-keeper coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes. Seth had his hand upon the door, his hat upon his head. The roll of new butter was in his hat, and he was anxious to make his exit as soon as possible. "I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon how, on such a night as this, a little someone warm wouldn't hurt a fellow; come, sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation for "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This resolution, however, was soon settled by the rightful owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him upon a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes, that while the country grocer sat before him there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in this place, sure enough, the store-keeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain Grocer, as he opened the store-door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. Without, you'd freeze going home such a night as this." Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up, declaring he must go. "Not till you have something warm, Seth; come, I've got a story to tell you too; sit down, now," and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormenter.

"Oh! it's confounded hot here," said the petty thief, again attempting to rise. "Sit down," don't be in such a plaguy hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back in his chair. "But I've got the

cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be going," continued the persecuted chap. "But you mustn't tear yourself away in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgety," said the rough grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's a Christmas goose—(It was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And Seth, don't you ever use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste with; fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in nature to baste a goose with; come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke, as well to melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up as though he had been dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red hot stove before him.

"Dreadful cold night this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if it was warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here let me put your hat away!"

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat; "No! I must go; let me out; I ain't well; let me go!"

A greasy catarnet was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth, if you will go," said the humorous Vermont; adding as Seth got up into the road, "Neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a nippence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter!"

The Wonders of the Port of London.

A recent number of *Chambers Journal* contains some facts and statistics with regard to the trade and commerce of London, which are so marvellous in appearance that they might be esteemed fabulous were it not for the figures which accompany them, and the respectable source from which they emanate:—

The custom house port of London extends from London bridge to the North Foreland on the Kent coast, and the Naze on the Essex coast, including not only the Thames, but the wide estuary below the river. This mighty port has grown up gradually. There were no docks in London until the present century, which has witnessed the expenditure of twelve millions sterling in the construction of docks on either side of the Thames. Six thousand ships now enter these docks annually, and the cry is "still they come!" All the docks are filled though some do not pay well.

There are shipped off now yearly from the port of London alone, commodities to the value of thirty millions sterling, beside those from other parts of the United Kingdom, and there is imported still a larger quantity of colonial produce. The ships which actually belong to the port of London are not less than 8,000 in number, averaging about 300 tons each, or 900,000 tons of commercial shipping in all—a stupendous quantity to enter and depart from one single river. It is a quarter of the total amount for the whole Kingdom. Five hundred of these are steamers, and one-half of all the mercantile steam navy of England belong to and is registered in the port of London. No less than 30,000 ships enter the port of London yearly—more than 80 per cent! Some of these ships make many voyages, but there are 30,000 arrivals with 30,000 cargoes. The vessels average 200 tons each, giving us an aggregate of 6,000,000 tons.

The coasting trade of London is most wonderful. Of the 30,000 vessels just named, 18,000 bring cargoes from other British ports, and 9,000 of these go back empty, mostly to coal ports. Five million tons of coal are burned annually in the metropolis, and about 12,000 cargoes of coal are brought into the Thames annually—one every hour, and a handsome surplus over. The spread of railways from London has had very little effect in diminishing trade by other modes of conveyance. The canal boats carry more than before railways was constructed, and the number of carriages and horses employed in Great Britain, the use of which railways were designed to supersede, is greater than it was before those railways were made. But the grandeur of the foreign trade of London strikes the imagination still more forcibly.

All the corners of the earth seem to be brought to a focus in the river Thames. Twelve thousand ships now enter there yearly, bringing nearly 12,000 cargoes of all that the earth can produce of value and beauty. Every forty minutes during the year a ship passes Gravesend, bringing stores from some colonial or foreign clime, in many cases much more than London's own proportion. For instance: seven-eighths of all the coffee brought to all the parts of the United Kingdom; seven-ninths of all the live stock; one-half of all the sugar, tobacco, wool, fruit, rice, hides and skins; nearly one-half of the bacon, ham, barrelled salt meat, butter, cheese and lard; five-sixths of all the spices, and not less than fifteen-sixths of all the tea. London consumes just as much of all this as she wants, and sends the rest into the provinces and abroad.

It is truly wonderful where all the commodities go to. 100,000 pounds of pepper every year—the sound of the world makes one sneeze—24,000,000 bushels of corn, 1,000,000 hundred weights of flour and meal, and more than 1,000,000 of oil and oil cake, entered the Thames alone in one recent year. Two ships every day, or thereabouts, of the average capacity of 700 tons, enter the Thames from India and China alone. The export trade is enormous. No less than ten or eleven millions sterling are in the form of clothing and materials for clothing; £1,000,000 in boots and shoes; £1,000,000 in mi-

linery and haberdashery, £1,000,000 for apparel and slops, all go from one port in one year! Some of the items of imports are very curious. Think of whole ship loads of Dutch eels, in cargoes of 20,000 pounds each, coming to London; oxen fattened for the London market in Schleswig-Holstein; Ostend butter and Ostend rabbits, which are sure to find a market in spite of the home supply.

Two million emerald oyster shells were once brought over to London in a ship for the sake of that beautiful lining which constitutes the mother-of-pearl used for many fancy and ornamental purposes. One fact most instructive is observable in this vast trade of the port of London, viz: whatever is brought over, in whatever ship, from whatever place, and by whatever persons, it is sure to find a market. The price may be beaten down if the demand is languid but they never think of saying, "We don't want any."

Notwithstanding the vast commercial importance of London, the great American trade is mostly with the grasp of Liverpool, because the Mersey is nearer to America than the Thames, and cotton is much needed in Lancashire, and because the chief articles sold to America, such as metals, hardware, earthenware, &c., are fabricated nearer to Liverpool than to London. In the trade with Australia, too, Liverpool beats London, as measured by the relative population of the two places.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KISSING.—What's in a kiss? Really when people come to reflect upon the matter calmly, what can we see in a kiss? The lips part slightly, and touch the cheek softly, and then they just part, and the job is complete. There is a kiss in the abstract! View it in the abstract!—take it as it stands!—look at it philosophically! What is there in it? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while millions upon millions have been plunged into misery and despair by this kissing; and yet, when you look at the character of the thing, it is simply pouting and parting of the lips. In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will, to what country you will, you are perfectly sure to find kissing. There is, however, some mysterious virtue in a kiss after all.

A ROMANCE: CHIEFLY RHYMED.—They meet in the street, and they sigh passing by. Meet again, and its plain that they're both nothing loath man and wife to be for life. "Dear," says he, "you love me?" "Yes I do. Pray do you love me too?" "Fondly!" "La! ask mamma!" Off he goes to propose, and receive mother's leave. Ma says "yes." You may guess what joy he enjoys various trades by whose aids 'tis his wish to furnish for his spouse a fit house. When that's done, they are made one, by a priest; given a feast; set off soon—honeymoon—blossoms, kisses, mister, missie—what a tale of true love this is.

The following neat and beautiful reply was made by the late Daniel O'Connell, in response to a toast given in compliment to his wife, who was the object of his long and affectionate attachment. The English language could furnish nothing more touchingly tender and graceful; "There are some topics of so sacred and sweet a nature, that they may be comprehended by those who are happy, but cannot be possibly described by any human being, all that I shall do is to thank you in the name of her who was the ever cheerful companion of my many years; and who is the sweetest solace of that 'ere and yellow leaf' age at which I have arrived. In her name I thank you; and this you may readily believe; for experience, I think, will show to us all that man cannot battle and struggle with malignant enemies, unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable—unless the honey of human life is commanded by a hand that he loves."

A HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR ANOTHER.—"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of £100 a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, measter?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old, she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Do they?" said the farmer; "well, write again, and say, and if my wife marries again, I will give and bequeath to her the sum of £200 a year. That'll do, won't it, measter?"

"Why, it's double the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer; "it is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again."

"Aye," said the farmer, "but him as gets her, deserve it."

A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoiler of wealth, the destruction of reason. He is the thief of his own substance, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's sorrow his neighbor's scoff, his own shame. He is a spirit of unrest, a thing below a beast, and a monster of a man.

A schoolmaster in one of the neighboring towns, while on his morning walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig trough. "Why," said the schoolmaster, "Mr. —, have you not furniture enough yet?" "Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect to board the schoolmaster this winter and am making preparations."

Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand organs, we have heard all these tunes, but unlike these instruments, they are not new barrelled so easily.

Mr. Day advertises the loss of his dog; Brown hopes he will succeed in finding him; for if "every dog has his day," he doesn't see why every Day should not have his dog.

A romantic young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

Nothing is lost on a journey by stopping to pray or to feed your horse.

The more music you can make on one string, the less it will cost you to keep your fiddle strung.

Items, Foreign & Local.

There are estimated to be about seven millions of Jews in the world.

There are 5,000,000 spiritualists in the States. Henry Clay's widow died recently, aged 83.

Maine has a Foreign Immigration Association, with a capital stock of \$50,000, mostly paid up. Sir Walter Scott knew a man who recollected the mail from London reaching Edinburgh with a single letter.

Black snow fell in Parkersdorf, in Austria, a short time since.

The imports of foreign dry goods at New York for the month of March, 1864, were \$12,635, more than double that of 1861.

Recently there was a great official ball in Paris, at which there were 3,000 persons present, and not a woman in crinoline.

The tomb of Voltaire was recently examined and found to be empty, and no one knows where lie the remains of the Prophet of the French Revolution.

Over 4,500 letters were mailed at the Presque Isle Post Office last quarter, 2,000 more than the preceding quarter.

The amount of appropriations made by the Maine Legislature for the current year, is \$4,707,914.

Artificial limbs are now made of vulcanized rubber.

Garibaldi and his sons were expected in England; great preparations were making for his reception. Enthusiastic meetings had been held in England sympathizing with the Poles.

Canada boasts of a militia force of 25,010—Upper Canada has 15,780 militiamen, and Lower Canada, 10,230.

The subscriptions to the Danish Relief Fund in Liverpool have now nearly reached the sum of £1,000.

A London letter to the *Round Table* says that during the months of January and February the sun did not shine out in England.

The census of 1860 gives the United States a population of 31,453,321.

9,184 males, and 3,918 females, were arrested in Montreal during the year 1863.

The Winthrop House, Boston, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 5th inst.

A Canadian farmer has realized a profit of \$500 on 20 acres of flax, or \$28 an acre.

There was a sad scene in the Boston police court on Tuesday. Twenty-three women were brought in at one time, charged with the crime of being drunk, most of them charged with being common drunkards.

A gipsy fortune teller at Detroit, Michigan, swindled a farmer, well to do, but very glib, out of \$2,500 under promise of giving him a boundless fortune.

A man was convicted of blasphemy in a town in Canada recently, and sentenced to three months imprisonment at hard labor and to pay a fine of five dollars.

Don't kill sparrows. It is computed by English naturalists that they carry to their young no less than fifty grubs per hour, or 3000 weekly.

A London surgeon put a dog to sleep with chloroform, and taking out a piece of skull had inserted a watch case, through which he can see the changes in the brain produced by sleep.

W. D. Ticknor, Esq., the eminent Boston publisher of the firm of Ticknor & Fields, died suddenly at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia April 10.

Dr. Livingston was neither murdered or badly wounded, as lately reported. A letter under date of the 10th inst. was received on Monday last from the Dr.'s brother, John Livingston, Esq. of Listowel, County Perth, saying all was well.

The door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow-men is shut.

So perfect were the Egyptians in the manufacture of perfumes, that some of their ancient ointments, preserved in an alabaster vase, in the mud-room at Alawick, still retains a very powerful odor, though it must be between 2,000 and 3,000 years old.

A Portland paper states a singular fact in connection with the losses of ocean steamships belonging to the Montreal line. It seems that in every instance the vessel that has taken back to Liverpool the effects of a wrecked steamer of this line has been the next in succession to become a victim.

M. Bessemer, the inventor of the process common to the manufacture of steel, now says he can produce a block of iron, twenty tons in weight, from cast iron, in twenty minutes.

There is a bill before the New York Legislature to make strikes illegal. The working men of New York are opposed to it, and last Thursday afternoon 15,000 of them had a meeting to denounce it. A clever conundrum, stated to be the composition of one of the Royal family, is now going the round of society in London. It runs thus:—My first ex-presses numbers; my second magnifies numbers; my third multiplies numbers; and my whole destroys numbers. The solution of the riddle is found in the word—*Colenso*.

A capital sell came off at a masquerade ball recently in Boston. Two wealthy merchants were paying their devotions to a young lady in magnificent costume, and on the strength of it marrying a woman, whose money she secured after the wedding and decamped with.

A son, the property of Mr. Laurence Donovan, March Road, St. John, had on the 25th March, 1864, a litter of 15 young; on the 12th October, 15 more; and on the 23rd of March, 1864, a litter of 20, making in all 50 within a year, and reared in 31.

The Queen has evinced her sympathy for the sufferers at Sheffield by sending to Mr. Roebuck a very kind letter in which was enclosed a cheque for £200. The Prince of Wales has also contributed £200 and the Princess £50.

The London *Daily Telegraph* announces in prominent type that the Queen will soon make advances towards resuming her position in Court life.

PORTLAND WRECKERS.—The Portland *Courier* says:—Nothing has occurred in this vicinity for long years that has more powerfully operated to strengthen our belief in human depravity than the scenes connected with the wreck of the *Bahamian*. If another cargo of equal extent, variety and richness should be cast upon our shores, it is hard telling who would be saved.

A couple in Eaton, New Hampshire, who have been married sixty years, have had no occasion during this time to call a physician on account of disease. They have had eleven children, and from 1827 to 1863, but one death occurred in the whole family.

The following, says an English paper, is an extract of a letter just received from Melbourne: Professor Newmaker, on a three years' scientific visit from Bavaria, tells us that in 1865 a comet shall come so close as to endanger our earth; and should it not attach itself (as one globe of quicksilver to another), nor annihilate us, the sight will be most beautiful to behold. During three nights we shall have no darkness, but be bathed in the brilliant light of the blazing train."

General News.

SHOCKING FATALITY.—A few months since a hundred persons sat down at a festive celebration in the Hartz mountains, where pork in various forms was the principal food. Of these, eighty persons are in their graves, and of the remainder the majority linger with a fearful malady. This strange event has led to the discovery that this food was charged with flesh worms in all stages of development, or *trichina*, found in the muscular tissues of the survivors, and traced to the pork. These flesh worms are not killed by ordinary cooking, and multiply rapidly by thousands. A great alarm exists in Germany, and the eating of pork in many places is now entirely abandoned.

The annual official volume just issued of statistical tables relating to the British possessions beyond the four seas shows us territory exceeding 4,000,000 of square miles, and containing a population of about 145,000,000 souls. There is India, with its 933,722 square miles and 135,634,244 people; the North American Colonies (not reckoning the immense Hudson's Bay and River territories), with their 498,169 square miles and 3,305,872 people, the West Indies, with 85,511 square miles and 1,081,687 people; Australia and New Zealand, 2,582,078 square miles and 1,333,338 people; and there is Ceylon, and Cape Mauritius, and the rest.

THE WOOD TRADE.—The clearances of wood goods at this port for ports in Great Britain and Ireland for the fortnight ending 12th April were 6 vessels of 4,577 tons burthen, carrying 321 tons birch and 3,830,000 feet of deals, sent as follows:—to Liverpool, 3 vessels of 2892 tons, with 321 tons birch, and 3,343,000 deals; to Bristol Channel, 1 of 493 tons, carrying 439,000 superficial feet of deals; to Ireland, 2 of 1185 tons carrying 1,048,000 superficial feet of deals. The total shipments from 1st January to 12th April of this year have been in 35 vessels of 30,467 tons, carrying 2385 tons birch, 3,323 tons pine, and 21,287,000 feet of deals; in the same period of 1863, 32 vessels of 25,634 tons burthen, carrying 1861 tons of birch, 2,172 tons of pine, and 18,335,000 feet of deals; in the same period of 1862, 27 ships of 19,694 tons, with 340 tons of birch, 2814 tons of pine, and 14,565,000 feet of deals.

The amount of deals sent to the port of Liverpool so far this year has been 12,333,000 superficial feet, against 8,601,000 feet in the same period of 1863, and 10,015,000 feet in that of 1862.

There were in port yesterday 11 ships of 11,844 tons, against 17 of 14,047 tons here at the date last year, of which 4 are loading for Liverpool, against 5 in 1863.—*Globe* 13th.

THE TRUE VALUE OF A GREENBACK DOLLAR.—The popular mind is abused, to a great extent, with a false idea of the true value in gold of a dollar of Treasury currency. Many persons who have noticed gold quoted at, for instance, 60 per cent. premium, were of the opinion, that their dollar, greenback was worth in gold just as many cents less the dollar. This notion is erroneous and easily proven. A dollar is one dollar, when worth 60 per cent. more than a dollar Treasury note, is evidently worth 160 100ths of the latter, which is worth 100-160ths of the gold dollar, or 62½ cts. in gold. Consequently with one dollar in Treasury paper, you can purchase 62½ cts. in gold. The proof of this is, that 62½ cts. plus 60 per cent. of itself, or 37½ cts. is equal to one dollar. We think this explanation will considerably enrich, in their estimation, many persons who think that, when gold is at 60 per cent. premium, their dollar in Treasury currency is worth only 40 cts. in the precious metal. The following table, showing the precise value of paper in gold, with the latter at various points of premium, may be of interest to many:—

GOLD AT	THEIR VALUE IN GOLD
110	90 10-110
120	83 1-3c
130	76 12-13c