

# The Carleton Journal.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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WHOLE NO.—915.

## Poetry.

### TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,  
Before the fire are drying;  
Two little pairs of feet  
In a trundle bed are lying.  
The tracks they left upon the floor  
Make me feel much like sighing!  
Those little boots with copper toes!  
They run the liveliest day  
And oftentimes I almost wish  
That they were miles away;  
So tired and I to hear so oft  
Their heavy tramp at play.  
They walk about the new ploughed ground,  
Where mud is plenty lies;  
They roll it up in marbles round,  
They take it into pies.  
And then at night upon the floor  
In every shape they lie.  
To-day I was disposed to scold;  
But when I look to-night,  
At those little boots before the fire  
With copper toes so bright,  
I think how sad my heart would be  
To put them out of sight.  
For, in a trunk upstairs I've laid  
Two socks of white and blue;  
If called to put those boots away,  
O God, what should I do?  
I mourn that there are not to-night,  
Three pairs instead of two.  
I mourn because I thought how nice  
My neighbour 'cross the way  
Could keep her carpets all the year  
From getting worn or gray;  
Yet well I know she'd smile to own  
Some little boots to-day!  
We mourn our wear and tear  
Over our weary feet;  
But how we speak to little ones  
Let each of us beware;  
What would our friends be to-night,  
If no little boots were there!

## Select Tale.

### MY COUSINS.

I was at home at last, after ten years of wandering. At home, yet alone in the world—though I had everything except friends, I would have given all for something to love—some one to love me.  
A stranger in my native place, and still an invalid from the effects of the terrible Indian fever which had prostrated me, I dreaded living in the old house occupied only by servants.  
I had an uncle in K—, whom I had not seen since a child. He had married a widow with two little girls.  
I wondered if he had not yet room in his heart to find a place for the nephew he used to love. I longed to be among friends, and thought I might find them in Uncle James and his family. I wrote to him, inviting myself to go out for a short time, adding that I would start that very day. In truth, I was afraid to await an answer, lest some troublesome circumstance should shut me up at home. But when fairly on my way I troubled myself somewhat about my probable reception, and devoutly hoped the two little girls would be decently quiet.  
It was night when I arrived in K—. Uncle James met me with a hearty greeting at the station, and after a very short drive, ushered me into his well-lighted sitting-room, and introduced me to his wife and two daughters.  
Mrs. Gray, Uncle James's wife, was a fair-looking woman, of soft and pleasant speech, and won my heart immediately by her gentle, motherly ways.  
Bel, the eldest daughter, was a tall, graceful girl, with a complexion like wax, and clear, dark eyes, which dropped their rich lashes heavily over her exquisitely-rounded cheek; and the most beautiful and perfect hand that ever sported with a needle, toyed gracefully with the knitting she seemed to be intent on.  
I could not help watching its white, glancing beauty. Indeed, I was so much taken up by thoughts of Bel, that I scarcely bestowed a glance upon Ethel, the second daughter, who need not have been contrasted with Bel's beauty to be called plain.  
At supper, which was soon announced, I could not notice the difference between the two.  
Ethel was not only plain, but exceedingly awkward, while Bel was the embodiment of grace.  
Uncle James and Aunt Mary talked to me about my journeyings, my lonely return, and other things, but I'm sure I couldn't have repeated a word the next moment, so perfectly engrossed was I by the beautiful eldest daughter.  
The heat of the summer was gone, and it was the pleasantest time in the year for the long, delightful rambles we took over field and hill.  
Ethel scarcely ever accompanied us, but one day we had all been rambling in the wood that skirted Round Pond, a beautiful sheet of water that lay near Uncle's residence, and as we strolled homeward we stopped to look over the bank into its quiet depths.  
"Oh, Bel, do you see those beautiful flowers further down the bank? How fresh and bright they look! Can you not get me some?"  
"Oh, Bel, it's dangerous! The bank is steep, and he would be sure to fall!"  
Before Ethel had finished her remonstrance I was half-way down, holding by the twigs growing there, and grasping for the flowers.  
The bank was not only steep, but there was no firm foothold on it. I slipped and fell.  
I awoke and lay languidly on my pillow, without wish or power to raise my head.  
Suddenly voices in the next room met my ear, and I could but hear what they were saying.  
"Do, Bel, go in and stay with him while I help mother finish the baking, for I am afraid he may need something."

"Poh! he will not know it if he does! He is delicious all the time. How can I read in there, and he all the time raving about somebody or other?"  
"Oh, for shame, Bel! You know he means you! When he was well you were glad to lay by your book, interesting as it might be, for him."  
"Of course, and shall be again when he comes to his senses. He is rich, and worth putting up one's book for. But if you think I'm going in there to read now, you're mistaken; so go yourself, if you're afraid to leave him!"  
I heard a soft footfall in my room, then some one bent over me (I had shut my eyes as though sleeping) and close to my forehead was bent a soft cheek—*well, too*. It was only for a moment, but it thrilled me, knowing those fears had fallen for me.  
As she turned to go noiselessly out, I opened my eyes. Yes, it was Ethel, gliding softly away. I heard her say as she entered the other apartment:  
"Oh, Bel, he is sleeping sweetly! I am so thankful! Now I'll help mother to finish, and then I'll go and sit by him while he sleeps."  
"No, you needn't. I'll go and change my dress and comb my hair, and go myself. Perhaps he will know us when he wakes."  
Then I slept, and when I opened my eyes again, I saw Aunt Mary and the girls sitting in the room at work.  
Aunt Mary came to the bed and laid her hand on my forehead, saying tenderly:  
"You have been sick a long time, but you are better now, and must be very careful. Do not talk, but let everything rest till you are a little stronger."

I was going to ask some questions in regard to my illness, but shut my lips again, and kept quiet; but my gaze wandered to Bel, who sat near me. She raised her beautiful eyes, full of tears, from her work, and smiled, then dropped her long lashes again and worked on quietly.  
I did not watch the soft, white, fitting hands as it had once been my joy to do, but my glance wandered to the window where Ethel sat, and though she did not raise her eyes, I watched her as she worked.  
Her face, it seemed to me, was thinner than I had ever seen it before, but her light-brown hair was brushed back in the same glossy waves from her white forehead.  
I fell asleep watching her, and dreamed that she was trying to pull me out of the water, but Bel held her back, and she kept calling on me to get her some flowers which I could not reach.  
Several weeks passed, during which I gained strength rapidly. Bel was all attention, and was always alone with me in the forenoon.  
Once it would have filled me with joy to have her near me; now I cared no more for her than I should for a great beautiful waxen doll, and I hailed the afternoon with pleasure, for it always brought Aunt Mary and Ethel. One of the girls read aloud, and thus the hours passed very pleasantly.  
At last I was able to go about again. The leaves had all fallen, and everything looked blank and drear out of doors.  
I told them one morning as we sat at breakfast that I must soon go home. I read the coming winter, and should not have the heart to go home alone after the snow came.  
Aunt Mary and Uncle James protested that I should stay all winter, and Bel joined her soft, pleading voice, and as she laid her little snowy hand on mine caressingly, there was something in her face that told me I need not go alone.  
Ethel said nothing, and I did not dare look at her to read what I hoped her face expressed. I thanked them all, but did not say whether I would stay.  
"If I return alone, Uncle James, it will be because Ethel wills it. Say, Ethel, must I go back alone, or will you go with me?"  
She raised her beautiful eyes, but they could not bear my look of admiration and love, and she bent her head over upon the table and sobbed aloud.  
In another moment we were alone, and I went and leaned over her and laid my hand on her head.  
"Ethel, Ethel, do not mind what I said. Forget it. Do not distress yourself, because you give me pain. If you do not love me I can go away, and you must forget all about it."  
Up, like a flash, came the sunny brown head, and a broad, beautiful smile flushed over her face.  
"But I do love you, Cousin Gerald. What then?"  
I began to see how matters stood. I caught her in my arms and clasped her close, then held her off that I might look at her. She bore the scrutiny, blushing and smiling through her tears.  
I will not attempt to tell the many foolish things I said and did, for what matters it? We were married and went home between the snow fall, and the dreary old house has assumed a new aspect since the sunshine has been fitting through its great dark rooms. Love is a wonderful beautifier, they say, and Ethel, too, has grown pretty beneath its magic influence. Her sunny hair lies in the same shining waves across her forehead, and her happy, cheerful face beams with an undying beauty. Her smooth, white, shapely hands could bear comparison with Bel's own. But do I love my little darling better for that? No indeed! But she is a true, loving woman—my own 'pearl of price.'

Some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order that they may sweep the cash out of their pockets—just as people sprinkle the floor before sweeping.

The printer's malady—out of 'sorts.'

### The Dissipation of Youth.

Dissipation, though an evil, is an evil best got through in youth. If there are wild oats to sow, let them be sown early; for bad habits later in life become fixed habits and the rake at 30 is irreclaimable. Parents are needlessly alarmed at the wildness of their sons. Look at the young Contabs and Oxoniens, who, after getting deeply into debt, learning more slang than Greek, becoming first-rate 'dragsmen,' or incomparable scullers, instead of senior wranglers, are pronounced by parents 'worthless scamps,' for whom no hope is possible. What do these young men become? Scamps? No; good, upright, manly Englishmen; specimens of the finest race in the world—English gentlemen. A few turn out badly, but they are the exceptions. Look at the mass of English gentlemen—interrogate their youths, and see from what youthful extravagances these men have emerged to become the first of citizens. Is this a defence of dissipation? No; it is simply saying, that as youth is foolish and exuberant, its acts will be folly; but when youth passes away, it carries with it the cause of all this folly, and parents should not despair. Instead of despairing, they should observe. There is a critical period in the young man's life, when he may be turned to anything that is good. It is then that his future profession or avocation will have power to wean him from his habits. It is then his character begins to consolidate. Of all influences capable of directing him in the right path, none is so powerful as that exercised by woman. If he loves her is saved.

### A Modest Young Man.

We love a modest unassuming young man wherever we find him—in a counting room or a law office—at the bellows or the crank—or at the roll stand or the type case—or a calm-bank or in the pulpit. Among a world of brass and impudence, he stands out himself—showing to others that he had at least a good bringing up and knows what belongs to good manners. Ask him a question, and he will not give you a snappish answer, or look cross enough to bite you. If you are looking for anything he will take pains to find it for you, if he can.  
When in company with others, he does not usurp all the conversation, and endeavor to call the attention of others to himself by boisterous language. He listens attentively to his seniors and modestly advances his opinions. We love such a man—me do sincerely—and his company we do highly prize. If he meets you in the street, he pleasantly bows and bids you good morning. You do not find him standing at the corners using profane words, or at the entrance of churches on the Sabbath. He quietly enters his pew and takes his seat without a flourish. He goes to hear and not to see. Such young men there are in the city. We often see them. You will find them in some of our printing offices, workshops and other places where to work and earn one's living is honorable. When they come upon the stage of active life they must succeed—it cannot be otherwise. We would give more for a modest unassuming young man, for all the practical business of life, than for a score of brassy, impudent rascals, who are not worth the bread they keep from moulding.

When Dr. Rush was a young man he was invited to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American Revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr. Morris, who on his appearance apologized for detaining them by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders—  
"Well, Mr. Morris," said the doctor, "How did you like it?"  
"It's too smooth and tame for me," Mr. Morris replied the doctor, "What sort of a sermon do you like?"  
"I like, Sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that kind of preaching which drives a man into the corner of his pew and makes him think the devil is after him."

A novel way of making change was recently discovered at Hong Kong, in China. An American having complained to a native judge of a tailor who had cheated him, the official sentenced the culprit to fifty blows with the bastinado—a sentence which at once executed—and charged the American fifty cents costs. The judge not being able to change the dollar given to him by the American, the latter lawlessly took him to take it out in the same manner. Accordingly the tailor was again tied down and received fifty more blows, thus making up in own person the required change.

A GENTLEMAN.—In the true definition of a gentleman it is not meant to draw a line that would be invasions between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, generous and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and candid in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement; such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the fillers of the earth.

Let a man live as long as he will, the first thirty years of his life will always seem the longest, and the daily routine of after years pass like the sounds of a clock, while the hands on the movements within, mark the passage of time to others, till the weights have run down, and the pendulum stands still.

An honest Hibernian, trundling along a handcart containing all his valuables, was accosted thus: "Well, Patrick, you are moving again, is it?"  
"Faith I am," he replied, "for the times are so hard it's a dale cheaper hiring handcarfts than paying rints."

### Evasive.

Patrick, before he became joined in the bonds of 'holy wedlock' with Bridget, was in the service of Father McNulty. One day that good priest expected a call from a Protestant minister, and wished some excuse to get rid of him. So calling Patrick, he proceeded to give him instructions.  
"Patrick," said he, "if that minister comes here to-day, I do not wish to see him."  
"Yes, yer reverence."  
"Make some kind of an excuse and send him away."  
"What shall I tell him if he comes, yer reverence?"  
"Tell him I'm not at home."  
"Would ye have me tell a lie to him, yer reverence?"  
"No, no, Patrick; but get him out some way—give him an evasive answer."  
"An evasive answer, is it? I'll do it, ay, course, yer reverence."

The matter thus arranged, Father Mac retired to his library, and Patrick went about his duties. About dusk in the afternoon, the worthy priest came out of his room and found Patrick in unusually good spirits.  
"Well, Patrick," said he, "did the minister call to-day?"  
"Yes, sir."

"And did you get rid of him?"  
"I did, sir."  
"Did he ask if I was in?"  
"He did, sir."  
"And what did you say to him?"  
"I gave him an evasive answer."  
"An evasive answer, Patrick?"  
"Yes, yer reverence."  
"And what did you say to him?"  
"He axed me was ye's in, and I told him was his grandmother a donkey?"

### The Work of Glaciers.

In the days of the great glacier epoch, when a thick ice field swathed Britain with its continuous mantle, even as Greenland is now covered, the glens and valleys were particularly liable to attack—and more especially during the latter part of the glacial era, when the rigors of the Arctic climate began to yield, and the temperature sensibly to increase. Then great glaciers slid from the highest summits down the glens with a slow but irresistible force, grinding away the irregularities of surface, and leaving it planed, smoothed, and polished. Such was the force of these monstrous ice masses estimated as having been sometimes more than 2000 feet thick, that even hills were unable to stop them, as we have plenty of proof from the striations or groovings of the rock faces, that the glaciers mounted over hills of 600 or 700 feet which happened to stand in their way. With such forces as these, it is easy to imagine how the material of the valleys must have been carried away both from the sides and bottoms; and as the temperature became still higher, and the glaciers small in size, and retreated backwards, the traces of it were left in enormous mounds of rubbish, known as moraine heaps, at the entrance of the glens and vales, which were caused by the deposit of the shudred material, as the ice melted and could no longer sustain the weight of it.—*Once a Week.*

An old toper, after indulging freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse. The animal not fancying his familiarities, suddenly reared, and the disciple of Bacchus found himself sprawling in an adjacent mud puddle. Gathering himself up as composedly as his situation would allow, he shouted to his son John, who was standing by.  
"John, did you see me kick that 'ere boss?"  
"Why, no, dad, he sock kicked you!"  
"Reckon not, John. One or t'other of us got badly hoisted. Taint me, John, for I'm here!"

One day a woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching some alleged oppression by an officer of the Church. Brigham, like a true politician, assumed to know her; but when it became necessary to record her case, hesitated and said:—"Let me see, sister, I forgot your name." "My name's the indignant reply. 'Why I am your wife!' When did I marry you?" The woman informed the 'President' who referred to an account book in his desk, and then said:—"Well, I believe you are right. I knew your face was familiar."

"They say I am growing old because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The eyes are dim, but the eyes are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live. But I am young; younger now than I ever was before."—*Dr. Galtier.*

FAILURE.—The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be the best. As to the amount of result he may see from his particular work—that's a tremendous uncertainty: the universe has not been for the gratification of his feelings.—*Felix Holt, the Radical.*

Manners are what vex or soothe; exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us; by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality they aid morals, they supply them, or totally destroy them.

Child stealing is largely practiced in New York.

## Items Foreign & Local.

There are 80,000 monks in Spain.  
Joseph B. Hall's Job Printing Office was one of the three which escaped the fire in Portland.  
There are nine hundred steam railroad corporations in the United States.  
A turtle has been caught in Australia seven feet in length and weighing 700 lbs.  
There are 150,000 Tyrolese in the Austrian army, who can shoot straight to the bull's eye.  
Her Majesty the Queen has been suffering from an attack of whooping cough.  
More than three-fourths of the civilized world are engaged in killing one another.  
Thread is made in New Orleans from the stalks of the cotton plant.

The rice business in New York amounts to \$30,000,000 per annum.  
A gentleman in New Hampshire, aged 80 years, has been used for \$10,000 for breach of promise.  
One hundred and fifty-eight burial permits were issued in New York on Tuesday.  
The steamboat lines between Boston and New York now carry about ninety thousand passengers a month.  
It has just been brought to light in France that a descendant of the famous De Guise family, the heir of his honors and his name, is a cab driver.  
After one year from this date the annual cost of the public debt of Great Britain will be lightened by more than half a million sterling.

The entire abundance of reptiles in Newfoundland is cited as one of the most agreeable concomitants of 'wild sports' in that island.  
Dr. Donnell has a squash vine in his garden, in Houlton, that has grown twelve feet in fifteen days, or about ten inches each day.  
For finding and returning \$20,000 in gold in the streets of New York recently, a young man was rewarded with two dollars.  
In the little village of Blakeney, in Gloucestershire, there are three persons living in three adjoining houses, whose names are Steele, Penn, and Holder, respectively.  
In the London Divorce Court, recently, a labourer, of Plastow, obtained decree of divorce on the ground that the respondent was the sister of his deceased wife.

Up to Friday evening the Mayor of Portland had received contributions amounting to \$147,655.72. The erection of wooden buildings has been prohibited on the sites of the burnt streets.  
Two officers of the 7th Royal Fusiliers have returned to Quebec from a hunting trip to the island of Anticosti, where they killed, among other animals, seven beavers.  
The Hartford Courant says that a lady of that city has recently fallen heir to the immense fortune of \$55,000,000, by the death of some relative in England.

Last year a number of Welsh emigrants formed a colony in Patagonia. By recent advances it is rumored that a large proportion of the settlers have fallen a prey to famine and want of water.  
The *Victoria Express* says: We have great pleasure in being able to state that the work on our grammar school will be commenced with our ordinary delivery.  
Col. Harding, of the 22d Regiment, reviewed the men at the Camp last week. He, like Gen. Doyle last year, spoke in high terms of the whole arrangement. He was, no doubt, in earnest.

Our readers will please remember the Bazaar to be held in the beautiful grounds of the hon. case in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on the 29th August next. It will certainly be a grand occasion.  
Prince Christian has had conferred upon him the title of Royal Highness. The Prince has also been made a major-general in the British army, by which an interesting addition is made to his income.

Frenchman has obtained a divorce from his wife in Paris, on the ground that, after absenting himself for twenty-three days, she refused to give an account of her proceedings during that time.  
The Duchess of Wellington, according to Constitutional usage, had tendered her resignation on the retirement of Lord Salisbury, but her Majesty has, however, been advised to retain her Grace's services as Mistress of the Robes.

At Bernhuth, in Saxony, the inhabitants were required, among other contributions, to furnish twenty-two thousand five hundred 'masses' of beer and two hundred and twenty-five thousand cigars every three days for the Prussian army.  
The revenue collected at St. Andrews in June, '65, was \$1,412, but in June, '66, \$3,904. The revenue of the port of Halifax in June, '65, was \$381,075, and in June '66 the enormous sum of \$511,550.

A Parisian has conceived the notion of opening a cabinet, at an expense of a hundred, to give a million of money spread out in gold pieces. He thinks he will have a rush of visitors, as the curiosity to know what a million is like is universal.  
The *Lansport, Indiana, Journal* says: "A young lady from the country yesterday pronounced the street under a new hat and tiding skirt, before a great multitude, and behind a mob of boys and a new baby. She looked the acme of bliss."

Immense deposits of a kind of substance resembling coal are found at Hatley and Wollongong, in New South Wales, yielding one hundred and forty-seven gallons of oil to the ton. A company has been formed for the manufacture and sale of the oil.

Field Marshal Wrangel, who fought against Napoleon I, and commanded the Prussian army at the beginning of the late Schleswig campaign, had his name relieved from all active duty, has left for the front, to die, as he says, on horseback.  
A 'millionaire' advertises to the following effect: *Le Petit Paris*: "A foreign gentleman, elderly, but a millionaire, and the owner of mines, desires to marry a young French orphan, or even a natural family tie, and completely without fortune."

Her Majesty, while driving in the Highlands, recently overtook a poor man carrying a heavy bundle, and apparently much fatigued. With womanlike thoughtfulness and consideration, the Queen made him get up alongside of her coachman, and gave him a lift for several miles.

The Postmaster at New York has issued an order, providing that after the end of the present quarter, all lottery policy and ticket dealers, gift jewelry houses, immoral pictures and bookellers, and all known public swindlers, will not be permitted to have boxes at the general post office.

The Senate of the United States having ordered that the new Tariff Bill, as prepared in the House of Representatives, should stand over until next December, the committee of the Senate have reported a new bill. This one proposes to repeal the fishing bounty laws. It also provides for the continuance of the regulations for carrying goods in bond through New York, Boston and Portland for the British Provinces.

The Boston Advertiser says: On the 29th ult., a man named Motts made a wager of \$40, that he could stand on a post for twenty-four consecutive hours. He accordingly began at ten o'clock in the morning. After he had been standing several hours his feet began to swell, and it became necessary to cut his boots to ease the pain. Later in the day the swelling extended to his legs, and at half past eight o'clock in the evening he was suffering from numbness of the feet and limbs, and was rubbing the edges of his legs and applying whiskey to excite the circulation. Fortunately this unusual spectacle drew so large a crowd that the police finally intervened and forced the man to get down.

## General News.

THE KINGDOMS AT WAR.—The following information concerning the territorial extent, population, military and naval power, &c., of the several countries now at war, may, at this time, be interesting to some of our readers.  
Prussia.—The Area of Prussia is at present 108,212 English square miles, or about equal to the combined territory of Georgia and Florida. The population, according to the census of 1864, was 19,304,843, but little below that of the Northern States of the Union. Its army discipline has long been the admiration of the world. The Army, on a war footing, numbers 900,000; and its Navy consisted, in 1865, of 37 steamers, 8 sailing vessels, 40 rowing vessels; total, 84 war vessels.

The reigning King is William I., born in 1797, who succeeded his brother Frederick William IV. in January, 1861.  
Austria.—The Austrian Empire, as at present constituted, is divided into 19 provinces, the Area of which is 256,512 English square miles, with a total population of 36,794,000 souls. This population is divided with respect to race and language into no fewer than twelve nationalities. Austria is one of the great military powers of Europe, her army, on the war footing, being over half a million of men. The navy, however, is comparatively small, consisting, in 1864, of 39 steamers, with 636 guns, and 11,940 horse power, and 20 sailing vessels. The present Emperor, Francis Joseph I., was born in August, 1830, and was proclaimed King and Emperor of Austria, the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I., and the renunciation of his father, Francis Charles, December 2, 1848. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army in the Italian campaign of 1859.

Italy.—The Kingdom of Italy has an Area of 98,784 English square miles, with a population, according to the last census, taken in the spring of 1864, of 21,703,710 souls, being an average of 220 inhabitants to the square mile. The military organization of the Kingdom is based on conscription, the standing army consisting of more than 200,000 men on a peace footing, and more than 400,000 on a war establishment. The navy of the Kingdom consisted, in 1865, of 98 steamers, of 20,700 horse power, with 2,100 guns, and 17 sailing vessels, with 283 guns, altogether 115 men of war, with 2,432 guns. The reigning Sovereign, Victor Emmanuel II., was born March 14, 1820, and is the eldest son of King Charles Albert, of Sardinia, and Archduchess Theresa of Austria. He succeeded to the throne, on the abdication of his father, March 23, 1849, and was proclaimed King of Italy, by vote of the Italian Parliament, March 17, 1860.

THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION.—The German Confederation was organized in 1814 upon the ruins of the German Empire, which had been dissolved in 1806. The origin and representative of the Confederation in the Federal Diet, consisting of plenipotentiaries of the several German States, and formerly located in the free city of Frankfurt. They have together an area of 242,887 square miles, and a population of over 46,000,000 people, exceeding the aggregate population of British America, the United States, Mexico and Central America, and being in Europe inferior to that of no country except Russia. The Federal army numbers about 700,000 men.

With the present Congress, there is little prospect that the Union of the United States will be established on its old basis. Eleven States are excluded from the National Council, and for seven months Congress has persistently denied them the right of representation, he determined, if it could not be done, to exclude them from the House. It was, of course, studied; but it was well studied. There was a literary style about it that reminds one of his father's finished taste, and which contrasts, most happily, with the slovenly sentences of the late Prince of Wales. The Prince also did justice to his style of thought to the occasion.—*Nonconformist.*

BUSINESS IN ENGLAND.—Messrs. Farnworth & Jardine, under date Liverpool 6th, say that no improvement has taken place in the state of the market, and descriptions of Wood still continuing much depressed in value, notwithstanding the low stocks that are held by the trade and the not unfavorable state of business generally in the country; still so long as the bank rate of discount remains at five per cent., buyers avoid as far as possible entering into trade engagements, and consequently the demand is likely to be limited. They also report the sale of a cargo of Deals from Sheddah at £7 7 6, and a cargo of St. John Pine at £7 7.

By late returns it is shown that in two cities in Canada there is at least \$85,000 invested in machinery for the manufacture of tobacco. These establishments now employ 550 men to whom is paid annually \$119,340. The annual duty paid to the Government by these establishments amounts to \$226,400, and excise tax, they further contribute to the Government by consuming in their manufacture 300 hogsheads of sugar, contributing \$10,000 to the revenue, and 1,600 cases of liquors, contributing \$5,000. The number of boxes used in packing is 28,000 annually, requiring 357,000 feet of lumber.

English papers, received by mail, contain the following announcement:—"The Queen has been pleased to appoint the Hon. Arthur Hamilton, Esq., C. M. G. (now Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick) to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Trinidad and its dependencies. Her Majesty has also been pleased to appoint Chas. Frederick Rothley, Esq., to be Assistant Justice of the General Court of the Bahamas Islands."

A novel insurance case has been decided in Missouri. The question arose upon the following facts proved:—A building is insured against loss by fire, it falls down, being heavily overladen with merchandise; the fall occasions fire, which destroys the fallen material. Query—Is the insurance company liable? The court decided that the building insured having fallen, ceased to exist as such, and that it ceased to exist by reason of a peril not insured against, and hence the company was not liable.

On Wednesday the Journal said:—"By a telegram from Bangor we learn that the stockholders in the E. & N. A. Railroad have elected Messrs. G. K. Jewett, Dale, Rowe and Thompson, of Bangor, and Messrs. C. M. Gilman of Orono, James Emery, of Boston, and G. B. Brink, of Camden, N. J., Directors. Mr. Jewett is President, and Noah Woods Treasurer. The construction of the road is to be prosecuted with vigor."

Deals are quoted by last mail at an average of £12 6 per hundred for spruce. Particulars as follows:—16 feet and upwards, 3x11 and 3x15, £15; 3x7, £12 6; 2x12, £12 6; 2x17, £17 10. Soundings, £6 10. Deals from New Palms, 70s. The cargo of the *May* sold at £13 2; of the *Blonde*, at £17 11, both from St. John; and of the *Empire Queen*, from New River, at £7 9.

PORTLAND, July 11.—The Portland Mutual Insurance Company, which has been reported as losing only \$100,000, cannot lose less than \$400,000. It has been in operation many years, taking risks on houses at very low rates, mostly among the poor, and it is clear that it will be able to pay about 25 per cent. on the loss. The will fall very rarely upon the widows and orphans and poor classes, who have insured in this company.

THE BURNT DISTRICT.—The burnt district in Portland was accurately surveyed on Monday, and found to cover an area of three hundred and twenty acres, so thoroughly burnt that it is believed scarcely ten cords of charred wood could be gathered from the ruins. It is stated that some seventy children have been born in Manly Hill since the fire.—*Dr.*