

This shows a deficiency in the dibbled corn of 18 bushels 2 pecks per acre; the difference in the value of the crop is still greater, as leaving out of consideration the extreme prices realized this season; and supposing the broadcast corn to be worth 7s. per bushel, and the dibbled 6s., the value of the broadcast per acre would be £15 15s., and that of the £8 9s. 6d., showing a difference in value of £7 5s. 6d., per acre in corn alone; and if we take into account the deficiency of the straw, the additional hoeing required, and the extra expense of putting in the seed, I cannot, even after deducting the value of seed saved, estimate my loss at less than £8 per acre, or £32 on the four acres dibbled. This was a sufficient lesson to prevent my trying it again to any extent; but as my previous experiments had been with autumn-sown corn, and as I was still not able to account for the deficient germination of the seed, I determined to try a single rood of land this spring after turnips, and to endeavour to make up for the lateness of the season by an extra quantity of seed. I therefore directed the droppers to put not less than half a dozen grains into each hole, and as I superintended the experiment myself, I can state that I could not discover a hole in which were less than six grains, whereas many had eight or ten. This was done on the 25th of February last, and the rest of the field was drilled at the same time with ten pecks of the same kind of wheat as "Hauter's white." The wheat in this instance came up better than it had previously done when dibbled, but yet there were many deficient places; and as I had uniformly failed in procuring a sufficient plant by dibbling, to try fairly the comparative productiveness of thick and thin corn, I determined to hoe out a small piece of wheat where the plant was thick. I accordingly selected a plot of ground immediately adjoining the dibbled rood last mentioned, the plant being very abundant where ten pecks had been sown.

[To be concluded.]

United States News.

St. John New Brunswick, Aug. 24.
Fearful Collision at Sea.—Loss of the barque Iduna, and nearly 200 lives.—The Boston papers contain the particulars of one of the most awful accidents that have ever occurred at sea. On the 9th instant, at one o'clock, in lat 44, 25, lon 58, 30, the ship Shanunga, bound from Liverpool to Boston, the weather being foggy, came in contact with the Swedish barque Iduna, from Hamburg for New York, with two hundred and six persons on board. The shock was so fearful that the Iduna sunk in about half an hour. Immediately after the collision, the Shanunga's boats were put out, and with one boat from the barque picked up thirty four persons only. One hundred and seventy two persons including the master, were lost.—The passengers were composed of industrious Swedes, who were going to the United States, with considerable sums of money in their possession, for the purpose of settling at the West. The Traveller of the 17th says:—
 Captain Patten of the ship Shanunga, which was anchored in the stream. Captain P. is wholly incapacitated, from the depth of his feelings, from entering into any details at present, relative to this melancholy event. He says that no statement could exaggerate the horrors of that awful moment.
 All the survivors that were saved were picked up from the surface of the water. One cause why so few were thus saved was, that almost all of them had, when the cry went round that she was sinking seized their belts of gold and silver and tied them around their waists—thus those who had attempted to save their gold, lost both life and gold, being unable to sustain themselves until the boats could reach them.
 The survivors being entirely deprived of their property by this sudden occurrence, were brought on board the Shanunga in a state of complete destitution. Captain Patten and his mates have done everything in their power to render these unfortunates comfortable, until their arrival here should allow him to state their case to the charitable of this and other cities.
 We are glad to learn that efficient measures are being taken by our citizens to relieve the present distress of these survivors. Mr James K. Mills has sent on board a quantity of clothing for the females; a subscription paper had been started, which already in the active hands of Messrs Audson & Smith, of the merchants' Exchange, has obtained nearly

five hundred dollars. We hear of one case of peculiar distress. A little girl, 12 years old now on board the Shanunga, by this sudden calamity has lost father, mother, and sister. Many families who came from the same village in the old world, and who anticipated settling together in some chosen spot of the new, are thus separated forever.

It is estimated that something like fifty thousand dollars or even one hundred thousand dollars, in specie, belonging to the immigrants, went down in the vessel, or on the bodies of the lost. One individual lost fourteen thousand dollars. The hold of the vessel was full of cargo, destined for New York and perhaps insured there. The vessel was probably insured, if at all, in Europe.

Yellow Fever in New Orleans.—The number of admissions into Charity hospital, from Saturday 24th, up to the 31st ult., at 8 o'clock p. m. was 253. The deaths last week, says the Delta of the 1st, instant, were sixty three, of which thirty eight were from yellow fever. The prevailing sickness in our city at the present time seems to be the yellow fever. We learn that there are many cases under private treatment, and that, if anything the disease is somewhat on the increase.

Colonial News.

Novascotia.

Halifax Morning Post, Aug. 25.
Loss of a Steamer and 44 lives.—After the Walmer Castle had got under sail at Sydney, for London, on the 27th March, an extra to the Sydney Morning Herald containing an account of the loss of the Sovereign steamer, off Amity point, Moreton Bay, New South Wales, was thrown on board, containing the following intelligence.—
 The Sovereign left Brisbane for Sydney on the 3rd of March, with fifty four persons on board, crew and passengers. The cargo was chiefly wool, of which about forty bales, with a large quantity of billets of wood for fuel, lay upon deck; a succession of southerly gales detained the steamer at Amity Point till the tenth of March. The steam was got up on that day, but the appearance of the bar induced the captain to return to his anchorage. On the morning of the 11th the steamer proceeded to the bar, which did not present a dangerous appearance. Two rollers were safely passed over, one of the passengers exclaiming as they were topping the first, "The rails are down;" another as they approached the second, "Here is a five barred gate how nobly she tops!" A third wave had to be surmounted ere they cleared the bar; and as they approached it, the engineer called out that the framing of the machinery and part of the engines were broken down.

The captain, on descending to examine, found the frames of both engines broken close, under the plummer boxes, which were turned upside down. The vessel was at this time drifting to the north spit. There was no wind and the swell tremendous. The steam was let off, and the sail set. The helm was unmanageable. The larboard anchor (the starboard having been carried away with fifty fathom of chain) was let go, but the vessel continued to drag. The rollers broke over the vessel, carrying away bulwarks, and diving about the bales of wool and billets, by which three men were killed, and several disabled. The fore hatches were washed away, and tarpaulings nailed over them, proved no service. The pumps were choked almost at the first. At last after a heavy roll, the fore part of the vessel heeled over, and she went down. Many who had been disabled on board sunk at once; others clung to portions of the wreck, and many to the bales of wool, though the captain called out not to trust to them.

The only persons saved were—Captain Cape, the master of the Sovereign; Mr Richard Stubbs, of Brisbane, cabin passenger; John McQuade, John Neil, and Lawrence Flynn, fore cabin passengers; John McCalum and John Scard, firemen; John Clements, seaman; Thomas Harvey, steward's boy, James McGovern, boy. The cabin passengers lost were—Mr. and Mrs. R. Gore, their two children and servant girl; Mr. Henry Dennis, Darling Downs; Mr. E. Berkeley, Brisbane; Mr. W. Elliott, Clarence river; Mr. Joyner, Sydney. The bodies of Mr. Gore and one of his children, of Mr. Brown, second officer, and Frederick McKellar, a steerage passenger, were all that had come on shore up to the 17th of March. The vessel sunk in four fathoms of water, as the tide was going

out, the bodies of the rest would be drifted out to sea till they met the current that would carry them southwards. The beech was strewn with wood and portions of the wreck. The timber was literally ground to pieces, hardly one plank or beam having been found entire. The wreck of the hull, was sold by auction on the 16th for £14 10s. The total loss of property is estimated at nearly twenty thousand pounds; the notes and money aboard are said to have exceeded the sum of two thousand pounds.

The blight in the potato, and the weevil in the wheat, are committing ravages on the peninsula of Halifax.

The fisheries have been remarkably productive this year, at cape North, St. Ann's, Mainadie, Louisburg, Cheticamp, and the southern coast of cape Breton.

A Mistake.—The Yarmouth Courier says that the vessel reported on shore on the Seal Islands, as a large steamer, is the wreck of the ship Loch-Sloy, she having only one mast, painted black, standing.

Melancholy Accident.—Sixteen lives lost.—On Saturday last a sail boat returning from St. Nicholas to St. Antoine, near Quebec, was capsized and nineteen individuals on board—three men and sixteen females—all were drowned, except two of the men and one woman.

Plunderers.—By the Yarmouth Courier we learn that the wreck of the ship Loch Sloy, near that port, had been plundered of over £100 worth of materials.

Halifax Sun, August 25.

The Season.—Business is very dull in the city at present, little or nothing doing in any branch of trade or industry, the people of the interior being engaged at home in securing the harvest, which we learn is every where bountiful. We anticipate a back fall, however.

Rev. P. G. Davis has recently taken the census of Cape Island, Barrington; following are the exact number. Males, 492; Females, 490; whole number, 982. Church Members, 203; Children under 5 years of age, 189; the aged over 70, 4; Confirmed Cripples, 3: Deaf and Dumb, 1.

On the 21th of June last, 700 miles W. S. W. from Ambriz, Her Majesty's brig Water Witch captured an American Brig having "Beulah" of Portland, on her stern in large white letters. She had on board 508 live and 2 dead slaves.—Her crew were all Brazilians. Was sent to Sierra Leone for adjudication.

We regret to learn that several of our citizens are down with the typhus or ship fever. Too much care cannot be taken in keeping premises cleaned and aired during the present sultry weather.

Coal Trade.—According to present appearances, a greater amount of business will be done at the Mines this season than for many previous years. A large number of vessels constantly throng the piers of the Association; and among them we are pleased to observe now and then one from the neighboring Republic, showing that the value of our coal is appreciated there, notwithstanding the restrictions upon its importation, in the shape of duties. There can be no doubt, indeed, that were these restrictions altogether removed, the Americans would be our most profitable customers. The N. Y. Herald states that the consumption of coal increases so fast as to exceed the capacity of their canals and railroads to convey the article to market fast enough to supply the demand.—C. B. Spectator.

New Brunswick.

St. John New Brunswick, August 24.
 Some idea may be formed of the extent and value of our Fisheries, from the fact, that in the harbour of St. John alone, upwards of eight thousand Salmon have been taken during the present season.

The Essence of Punch.

CONSECRATED COLOURS.

Ladies are held to be the best judges of colours; hence it is, we presume, that a woman is so frequently selected to present a regiment with its spick and span new banner. Now, for ourselves, though we would bow to the judgment of ladies, exercised on colours at Howell and James's, we have little opinion of their choice in barracks. They may know, at the mercer's, what colours may wash well; but all they can possibly predicate of the colors of the English army is, that they will not run. We could wish the gentle creatures to be content with this knowledge. What have they, in the true dignity of their sex, to do with soldiering? What has Venus to do with powder—that is, gunpowder?

However, a banner—being duly blessed by the chaplain to Her Majesty's troops, in Forton and Haslar barracks—was a few days since presented to the 2nd (Queen's Royal) regi-

ment, by Lady Augusta Fitzclarence. First, however, for the blessing: the clergyman thus prays:—

"We now, O Lord, implore Thy protection and blessing on these banners, which we would this day consecrate to Thy service, and the defence and honor of our Sovereign and her dominions. In Thy name, O Lord, do we set up these banners."

We know no prayer akin to this throughout the New Testament. We tax our memory, and can remember no place in which a banner—to wave above fire, bloodshed, rape, and rapine—was "set up" to the spirit of Christianity.

But in time gone by we have put the question, and it may be again preferred—Why bless the banners only? Why not bless the cannon—why not bless the bayonets? In fact, to begin with the beginning, why should not the bishop of the diocese bestow a peculiar blessing on the men and boys employed in gunpowder mills; in the manufacture of the destructive matter to be used in the "service" and in the "name" of the God of Goodness? According to these "blessings," what a sweet-smelling odour must ever reek from the battle-field to the Throne of Grace! What an altar, and what a comely sacrifice, a field of Waterloo with its thousands of stiffened corpses!

The absurdity, the wickedness of this is, that every war is undertaken in the service of the Lord! For instance, we, of course, in the war of independence, cut the throats of the Americans for the service and in the name of Christianity!

As for woman, her attention to colours should be confined to the mercer's shop, and not extended to the soldier's barrack. If, however, the gentle creature must take an interest in things military, let her leave the colors to the clergyman, and employ herself solely upon lint.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.

A weekly paper says that Sierra Leone is to be erected in a District Episcopal See, to which a bishop will soon be nominated. Sierra Leone! Why, this is a covert attack upon the Church, in order to reduce the number of bishops, by removing them quietly one by one. We hope the nomination is not as yet a dead certainty.

DREADFUL EXPLOSION.

A dreadful explosion took place last week in the House of Commons, when a number of bills which had been accumulating for months past, were shattered to pieces, and blown no one knows where. They were of a very dry, combustible nature, and the noise which followed their destruction has been heard more or less all over the country. It is impossible to calculate the extent of the damage; but the following particulars may be relied upon:—

Killed.—The Health of Towns Bill, Railway Regulation Bill, Electors' Bill, Prisons' Bill, &c. &c. &c.

Maimed or Wounded.—The Poor Law Bill, &c.

We have not heard whether ministers are insured. There is a report that Lord John Russell has burnt his fingers dreadfully in endeavoring to carry away the Health of Towns Bill just before it exploded.

SHORT SKETCH OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SEASON AND THE CROPS.

MR. EDITOR,—Sir,—Having just returned from a health seeking excursion, among the hills and valleys of some of the fairest rural districts of this noble province, I send the following rough sketch for publication, hoping that it will not prove uninteresting to your numerous readers, particularly in the city.

The delightful scenery which presents itself to the view of the tourist, on the eastern road from the charming village of Dartmouth to Sculz's, has often been the subject of highly eulogistic remarks in the columns of your paper; and truly such scenes are worthy of the glowing and eloquent description of the poet, the artist and the orator combined. On the one hand the towering mountain, the small though fertile fields redeemed from nature's rudest state, which are seen around the dwellings scattered along the road, and the dense forests in some places extending for miles; on the other hand, the limpid waters of the chain of beautiful lakes, either presenting a calm and mirror like surface, reflecting the various objects on the shores, or slightly rippled by the gentle zephyr, dancing and sparkling in the sun's dazzling rays, or else lashed by the gale into foaming waves—all these varied objects combine to form scenes truly romantic and sublime. But I must pass on and endeavour to describe other scenes which, though not more pleasing to some admirers of nature, yet will doubtless prove more interesting to a majority of your readers. The crops in most of the eastern townships do not, upon the whole, present so discouraging an aspect as many are led to believe. It is very true that those mischievous little insects called weevils are very busy in eating up the wheat on which the farmer hoped to feed himself and family; yet in most places the little thieves seem inclined to divide with the farmer; and it is hoped that his share will not be less than one half.

I have recently spent considerable time among the sturdy farmers, and have witnessed their laborious operations in cutting down and securing the luxuriant growth of grass which their lands have produced, and have also seen a frequent partaker of the substantial and delicacies of their hospitable boards; and I can-