

The Carleton Place Herald
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
AT CARLETON PLACE, BY
JAMES POOLE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
To whom all communications, remittances, &c.,
should be addressed.
Only One Dollar a Year.
IN ADVANCE.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:—
Six lines and under first insertion, 75 cents and 20 cents each subsequent insertion; above ten lines, 10 cents per line for the first insertion; and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions to be specified in the order. Advertisements without special directions inserted until ordered to be discontinued.

For the Carleton Place Herald.

Suggested on reading the Price Poem on the Centenary of Burns, by J. A. Craig.

The gauntlet's thrown, what battle dare we meet?
As on their ranks the old invincible
With weapons fit to silence every foe,
That into world's annals the name of Burns,
A high-souled warrior with a powerful arm,
Has placed a polished spear upon his shield.
Destruction's blast in vain is hurled,
The glorious pile unmov'd defiant stands,
Far dearer than the dome of wealth which sleeps,
The dear bought life of him who sleeps,
Finner and higher still the pile will grow,
As long as man sing o'er his name.
Great Master Builders from the North and South,
Will bring their priceless gems of varied hue,
The East and West their tribute will bring forth,
Of rarest rubies dazzling to the view,
And yet not so bright, when Burns lies low,
Home pure and glowing from his native hills.
The spreading tentile that are round it cling,
Like flames of bright wreaths that croud it round,
With useful virtues 'mid grand deeds it sing,
May from its sides by ruthless hands be torn,
They cannot reach the structure, in its midst,
With its pedestal and its base.
Burns had his fallings, yet he failed in living,
A life of spotless purity below,
And kindred claims that those that need forgiving,
To save from ruin the soul of the nation,
Yet were no home-spun texture, stubborn pride,
His imperfections from the world to hide.
O how he failed, there's proof past contradiction,
Teaching lessons that no tongue can reveal,
Like him true sorrow for the poor's affliction,
Or heartless gladness at a brother's weal,
Such frailties they would bury in the dust,
The honest's grave declares the stolen trust.
The lowly Cotter sits beneath their vision,
When to the sacred page he humbly turns,
The Patriot cries aloud, but still he feels,
What's faith or freedom, if returned by Burns?
Still as of old they cry, with haughty brow,
"Stand by, for I am better than thou."
Fair Women's charms in their no less revealing,
For them the artist's pen in vain may flow,
The beautiful sighs on their fragrant feelings,
Like moonbeams dancing on a bank of snow,
By their defective copies we're made men,
A Highland Mary, nor a Lowland Jean.
Their fabrications view, like those of vision,
Must from the brightening dawn for ever fly,
Myths of the past, without shedding any
And with themselves in dark oblivion lie,
From their dust and dust Truth and Justice turn,
To call fresh flowers to the soil of Burns.
MAJOR PEARSE.
Bago, C. W.

THE BATTLE AT EDWARDS' FERRY.

(From the N. Y. Times Correspondent.)
Edwards' Ferry, Upper Potomac,
Sunday—6 P. M. Oct. 20.

The Union troops have commenced shelling the rebels on the Virginia shore across the river. The fire commenced at 4.35 this afternoon, from Van Allen's Battery of two Parrot guns—12-pounders—the shells going over the river to the Virginia side, to the north of Goose Creek. Their explosion is very distinctly heard. Seven shells have been thrown within ten minutes, without eliciting any response from our friends across the water. The direction given to the shells is varied so as if possible to find out the location of the rebels, who are supposed to be concealed in a thick wood on the southwest, on the hill, and apparently a mile from the mouth of Goose Creek. They brought no answering shot from the shore.
At five minutes to 5 P. M. the battery in charge of Lieut. Frink, situated in a field to the southeast and some quarter of a mile from the ferry, also opened with shell, the two batteries keeping up the fire with rapidity, each missile exploding beautifully. Just as the sun is going down, the first Minnesota and Second New York come down over the hill, and take the road to the ferry. The sun sets gloriously, reflecting its rays from the thousands of bayonets which line the road. The firing is renewed from both Van Allen's and Frink's Batteries. The troops are marching to the river with the intention either of crossing or of making a feint to do so, with a view of trying what effect the movement may have upon the enemy.

Something which resembles the sound of a drum-corps is distinctly heard from the Virginia side. The troops are drawn up along the bank in open order, and three miles in the distance. There goes a boat load of troops across the river, which looks like a real movement. The two companies, after landing, were recalled, but at 12 o'clock these regiments crossed over, encamping on the Virginia side.

Monday Morning, Oct. 21.

The engagement has been continued this morning. At daylight, portions of the Massachusetts Twentieth, Col. Lee, and the Massachusetts Fifteenth, Col. Devens, not over 300 in all, crossed over three quarters of a mile below Conrad's Ferry. They crossed the island, which at this point is about 150 yards wide, and three miles in the distance. These two companies—viz., I and D, commanded respectively by Captains Bartlett and Crowsingh—met with no opposition on landing, and pushed on until they had reached the open space. This company (H. of the Fifteenth Regiment) went ahead as skirmishers, and as a single of 45 degrees, the top of which was an open field by a country of 70 feet, and the first volley, wounding ten and taking two prisoners. The company charged on them, and drove them back but were in return driven back by a large cavalry force, besides a Mississippi rifle company. This ended the contest for the morning; but a struggling fire was kept up on both sides until 1.30 P. M., when the rebels renewed the engagement with great fury. They attacked in front and on the right flank. At this time Gen. Baker's Brigade was arriving. They consisted chiefly of the Philadelphia Zouaves, under command of Col. Bazier, Col. Vaughan, of the Rhode

Island, has also arrived, and with the greatest difficulty succeeded in getting one of his six-pounder guns up the ascent, being obliged first to dismount the gun. This piece, with the two mountain howitzers belonging to the Twentieth Massachusetts, were all heavy guns out of the field. The fire was kept up from the right flank and front with great activity, the rebels raining a perfect storm of balls upon the Union forces. The Twentieth, although mostly raw recruits, stood the enemy's fire like veterans. A story prevails here [at Edwards' Ferry, where I am now writing] that our forces yesterday lost four out of six pieces of artillery after crossing into Virginia. It is not generally credited here.

Gen. Stone sent an order last evening to hold the island at any cost. The artillery and heavy cavalry in consequence, remained on the canal line. The last mail we learn that another Cavalry or horse regiment was sent to the island this morning, if possible.

If I write, the rebels are firing from their side of the river. Possibly an engagement is now going on. The Sixteenth Indiana and Third Pennsylvania have passed down the river. The firing increases, and affairs look like a general engagement to-day. We are where the rebels could reach us easily with shells. There is another camp of the Twentieth Massachusetts just arrived—Capt. John Saunders, of Salem. The space surrounding the ferry is now compact with men and horses.

The rebels were five to one of the Union force and the latter were finally ordered to leave the field. The retreat was made after the Bull Run pattern, with slight improvements, the men rolling, sliding, and almost tumbling down hill, to escape the galling fire which now assailed them from all points. The rebels were constantly reinforced, screaming like fiends at each onset. Before retreating they threw the six-pounder down the hill into the river. The howitzers were left on the field, and fell into the enemy's hands. The Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts suffered very severely, losing a large part of their numbers in killed and wounded. The Tammammy Regiment covered itself with glory. Capt. O'Meara often rallied his command, throwing defiance into the very teeth of the enemy, and showing the rebels that he could scream equal to the worst of them. Capt. O'Meara took charge of the landing, and refused to let any but wounded men enter the boat, ordering the sound troops to go back and pepper the rebels. His conduct was very gallant throughout, evincing a true and lofty courage. Lieut. Messer took command of the sound troops, and continued to fight over the hill. Several times the rebels fired upon him as he was crossing with the wounded men. The fourth boat load was captured, by the men rushing into it in too great numbers, and the whole party about fifty in number, well and wounded, were precipitated into the stream. Ten of the party, at least, were drowned. A great many tried to swim the river, and sank from exhaustion. One half of those who are missing were drowned in this manner. It is not yet known how many of our men have fallen into their hands. The destruction of life has been far greater, in proportion to the numbers engaged, than at Bull Run. The head of Col. D. Fifteenth Massachusetts, said that when he was swimming across, he saw at least one hundred persons also making the same effort to escape from the tender mercies of the rebels. Among them he observed Col. Devens. There were many crying for "help," but he thinks not more than two-thirds reached the island in safety. He himself gave out when several rods from the shore, and sank to the bottom, but contrived to walk ashore.

I arrived at the ferry, and crossed over shortly after 3 o'clock P. M. Only three sound were in use, carrying up fifty men each, and occupying at least thirty minutes in getting each load over. I met wounded men returning in three comrades' arms, and bleeding from feet, legs, and arms, and every one in a state of exhaustion. I was engaged in conveying them to a comfortable place in a large shed near the river, and proceeded toward the scene of action. Soon I reached an old farm house, which was used as an hospital. Groups of soldiers and persons not in uniform were crouching behind a corn-crib, built upon a hill to shelter them from bullets, which were now being fired from the shore, and sent to the bottom, but contrived to walk ashore.

I was dark before the conflict closed, and I then retraced the river and worked until this hour, (7 a. m. Tuesday morning), in transporting the wounded in boats and litters to places of safety. I took my horse and rode to Edwards' Ferry, where I obtained a canal boat, in which a large quantity of hay was placed for the comfort of the wounded. I reached the ferry, and by 2 o'clock this morning we had about forty wounded soldiers on board, and quietly proceeded to the ferry. Some fifty wounded were taken to a barn half a mile from the line of the canal. A large number who could not be removed remained at the farm house on the island, and the multitudes were left dead and dying on the bank of the old Dominion, their groans waking mournful echoes from the hills and woods. The officers have suffered severely. There is a way of ascertaining the actual number of casualties.

Lieut. Messer, of Company D, Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, who was among the first to gain a position on the Virginia side, about 4 o'clock a. m., in the rear was the following description of the localities. The landing which was made in a bateau carrying only 28 men at a time, was a steep, clayey bank, ten feet high, very slippery. Having gained the top of this muddy bank, they struck a path which they followed to the left for about one hundred yards, when they fired right, went up over the hill, at an angle of 45 degrees, the top of which was one hundred feet above the river level. Here they came to an open space 150 yards wide and 200 long, which was surrounded on the right, left and front, with a dense forest, in which the enemy were strongly posted, but entirely protected from view. The rebels fired right, went up over the hill, at an angle of 45 degrees, the top of which was one hundred feet above the river level. Here they came to an open space 150 yards wide and 200 long, which was surrounded on the right, left and front, with a dense forest, in which the enemy were strongly posted, but entirely protected from view. The rebels fired right, went up over the hill, at an angle of 45 degrees, the top of which was one hundred feet above the river level. Here they came to an open space 150 yards wide and 200 long, which was surrounded on the right, left and front, with a dense forest, in which the enemy were strongly posted, but entirely protected from view.

Four of the smartest telegraph operators on the Grand Trunk left on Saturday for the seat of war, having accepted a situation under the United States Government. A young man who left the Company's service a short time ago has been promoted to the important position of principal telegraph operator to Gen. McClellan. He accompanies the General on all his movements, carrying with him a portable machine and a coil of wire, so that he can at any moment when near the main wire of any line communicate intelligence to the War or any other Department at Washington. The fact that Gen. Stone was known to have crossed

at Edwards' Ferry with a strong force (it was between three and four thousand men) with the intention of attacking the rebels in the rear, gave them great courage. How dangerous must have been the enterprise, and how gallant the men who were sent to meet them—fighting in momentary expectation that they should hear the roar of friendly cannon in the enemy's rear. The reason why the reinforcements did not arrive in time to co-operate is not yet explained. A story prevails here [at Edwards' Ferry, where I am now writing] that our forces yesterday lost four out of six pieces of artillery after crossing into Virginia. It is not generally credited here.

Gen. Stone sent an order last evening to hold the island at any cost. The artillery and heavy cavalry in consequence, remained on the canal line. The last mail we learn that another Cavalry or horse regiment was sent to the island this morning, if possible.

If I write, the rebels are firing from their side of the river. Possibly an engagement is now going on. The Sixteenth Indiana and Third Pennsylvania have passed down the river. The firing increases, and affairs look like a general engagement to-day. We are where the rebels could reach us easily with shells. There is another camp of the Twentieth Massachusetts just arrived—Capt. John Saunders, of Salem. The space surrounding the ferry is now compact with men and horses.

The rebels were five to one of the Union force and the latter were finally ordered to leave the field. The retreat was made after the Bull Run pattern, with slight improvements, the men rolling, sliding, and almost tumbling down hill, to escape the galling fire which now assailed them from all points. The rebels were constantly reinforced, screaming like fiends at each onset. Before retreating they threw the six-pounder down the hill into the river. The howitzers were left on the field, and fell into the enemy's hands. The Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts suffered very severely, losing a large part of their numbers in killed and wounded. The Tammammy Regiment covered itself with glory. Capt. O'Meara often rallied his command, throwing defiance into the very teeth of the enemy, and showing the rebels that he could scream equal to the worst of them. Capt. O'Meara took charge of the landing, and refused to let any but wounded men enter the boat, ordering the sound troops to go back and pepper the rebels. His conduct was very gallant throughout, evincing a true and lofty courage. Lieut. Messer took command of the sound troops, and continued to fight over the hill. Several times the rebels fired upon him as he was crossing with the wounded men. The fourth boat load was captured, by the men rushing into it in too great numbers, and the whole party about fifty in number, well and wounded, were precipitated into the stream. Ten of the party, at least, were drowned. A great many tried to swim the river, and sank from exhaustion. One half of those who are missing were drowned in this manner. It is not yet known how many of our men have fallen into their hands. The destruction of life has been far greater, in proportion to the numbers engaged, than at Bull Run. The head of Col. D. Fifteenth Massachusetts, said that when he was swimming across, he saw at least one hundred persons also making the same effort to escape from the tender mercies of the rebels. Among them he observed Col. Devens. There were many crying for "help," but he thinks not more than two-thirds reached the island in safety. He himself gave out when several rods from the shore, and sank to the bottom, but contrived to walk ashore.

I arrived at the ferry, and crossed over shortly after 3 o'clock P. M. Only three sound were in use, carrying up fifty men each, and occupying at least thirty minutes in getting each load over. I met wounded men returning in three comrades' arms, and bleeding from feet, legs, and arms, and every one in a state of exhaustion. I was engaged in conveying them to a comfortable place in a large shed near the river, and proceeded toward the scene of action. Soon I reached an old farm house, which was used as an hospital. Groups of soldiers and persons not in uniform were crouching behind a corn-crib, built upon a hill to shelter them from bullets, which were now being fired from the shore, and sent to the bottom, but contrived to walk ashore.

I was dark before the conflict closed, and I then retraced the river and worked until this hour, (7 a. m. Tuesday morning), in transporting the wounded in boats and litters to places of safety. I took my horse and rode to Edwards' Ferry, where I obtained a canal boat, in which a large quantity of hay was placed for the comfort of the wounded. I reached the ferry, and by 2 o'clock this morning we had about forty wounded soldiers on board, and quietly proceeded to the ferry. Some fifty wounded were taken to a barn half a mile from the line of the canal. A large number who could not be removed remained at the farm house on the island, and the multitudes were left dead and dying on the bank of the old Dominion, their groans waking mournful echoes from the hills and woods. The officers have suffered severely. There is a way of ascertaining the actual number of casualties.

Lieut. Messer, of Company D, Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, who was among the first to gain a position on the Virginia side, about 4 o'clock a. m., in the rear was the following description of the localities. The landing which was made in a bateau carrying only 28 men at a time, was a steep, clayey bank, ten feet high, very slippery. Having gained the top of this muddy bank, they struck a path which they followed to the left for about one hundred yards, when they fired right, went up over the hill, at an angle of 45 degrees, the top of which was one hundred feet above the river level. Here they came to an open space 150 yards wide and 200 long, which was surrounded on the right, left and front, with a dense forest, in which the enemy were strongly posted, but entirely protected from view. The rebels fired right, went up over the hill, at an angle of 45 degrees, the top of which was one hundred feet above the river level. Here they came to an open space 150 yards wide and 200 long, which was surrounded on the right, left and front, with a dense forest, in which the enemy were strongly posted, but entirely protected from view.

Four of the smartest telegraph operators on the Grand Trunk left on Saturday for the seat of war, having accepted a situation under the United States Government. A young man who left the Company's service a short time ago has been promoted to the important position of principal telegraph operator to Gen. McClellan. He accompanies the General on all his movements, carrying with him a portable machine and a coil of wire, so that he can at any moment when near the main wire of any line communicate intelligence to the War or any other Department at Washington. The fact that Gen. Stone was known to have crossed

TROUBLE WITH JAPAN.

The widely extended commerce of Great Britain, the vastness of her interests in every land and in every sea, however largely they go to the making up of the national greatness, always ensure a plentiful crop of quarrels. England is never at peace with all the world. Each twelve months bring a war of some kind. This year there has been fighting in New Zealand with the natives, and in Africa some great black king—whose name I forget—has lately to bow the knee, having received a severe chastisement for misdeeds committed, of which no one in England appeared to have heard until news of the commencement of the war, and of the conclusion, simultaneously arrived. By the last mail we learn that another Cavalry or horse regiment was sent to the island this morning, if possible.

If I write, the rebels are firing from their side of the river. Possibly an engagement is now going on. The Sixteenth Indiana and Third Pennsylvania have passed down the river. The firing increases, and affairs look like a general engagement to-day. We are where the rebels could reach us easily with shells. There is another camp of the Twentieth Massachusetts just arrived—Capt. John Saunders, of Salem. The space surrounding the ferry is now compact with men and horses.

The rebels were five to one of the Union force and the latter were finally ordered to leave the field. The retreat was made after the Bull Run pattern, with slight improvements, the men rolling, sliding, and almost tumbling down hill, to escape the galling fire which now assailed them from all points. The rebels were constantly reinforced, screaming like fiends at each onset. Before retreating they threw the six-pounder down the hill into the river. The howitzers were left on the field, and fell into the enemy's hands. The Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts suffered very severely, losing a large part of their numbers in killed and wounded. The Tammammy Regiment covered itself with glory. Capt. O'Meara often rallied his command, throwing defiance into the very teeth of the enemy, and showing the rebels that he could scream equal to the worst of them. Capt. O'Meara took charge of the landing, and refused to let any but wounded men enter the boat, ordering the sound troops to go back and pepper the rebels. His conduct was very gallant throughout, evincing a true and lofty courage. Lieut. Messer took command of the sound troops, and continued to fight over the hill. Several times the rebels fired upon him as he was crossing with the wounded men. The fourth boat load was captured, by the men rushing into it in too great numbers, and the whole party about fifty in number, well and wounded, were precipitated into the stream. Ten of the party, at least, were drowned. A great many tried to swim the river, and sank from exhaustion. One half of those who are missing were drowned in this manner. It is not yet known how many of our men have fallen into their hands. The destruction of life has been far greater, in proportion to the numbers engaged, than at Bull Run. The head of Col. D. Fifteenth Massachusetts, said that when he was swimming across, he saw at least one hundred persons also making the same effort to escape from the tender mercies of the rebels. Among them he observed Col. Devens. There were many crying for "help," but he thinks not more than two-thirds reached the island in safety. He himself gave out when several rods from the shore, and sank to the bottom, but contrived to walk ashore.

I arrived at the ferry, and crossed over shortly after 3 o'clock P. M. Only three sound were in use, carrying up fifty men each, and occupying at least thirty minutes in getting each load over. I met wounded men returning in three comrades' arms, and bleeding from feet, legs, and arms, and every one in a state of exhaustion. I was engaged in conveying them to a comfortable place in a large shed near the river, and proceeded toward the scene of action. Soon I reached an old farm house, which was used as an hospital. Groups of soldiers and persons not in uniform were crouching behind a corn-crib, built upon a hill to shelter them from bullets, which were now being fired from the shore, and sent to the bottom, but contrived to walk ashore.

I was dark before the conflict closed, and I then retraced the river and worked until this hour, (7 a. m. Tuesday morning), in transporting the wounded in boats and litters to places of safety. I took my horse and rode to Edwards' Ferry, where I obtained a canal boat, in which a large quantity of hay was placed for the comfort of the wounded. I reached the ferry, and by 2 o'clock this morning we had about forty wounded soldiers on board, and quietly proceeded to the ferry. Some fifty wounded were taken to a barn half a mile from the line of the canal. A large number who could not be removed remained at the farm house on the island, and the multitudes were left dead and dying on the bank of the old Dominion, their groans waking mournful echoes from the hills and woods. The officers have suffered severely. There is a way of ascertaining the actual number of casualties.

Lieut. Messer, of Company D, Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, who was among the first to gain a position on the Virginia side, about 4 o'clock a. m., in the rear was the following description of the localities. The landing which was made in a bateau carrying only 28 men at a time, was a steep, clayey bank, ten feet high, very slippery. Having gained the top of this muddy bank, they struck a path which they followed to the left for about one hundred yards, when they fired right, went up over the hill, at an angle of 45 degrees, the top of which was one hundred feet above the river level. Here they came to an open space 150 yards wide and 200 long, which was surrounded on the right, left and front, with a dense forest, in which the enemy were strongly posted, but entirely protected from view. The rebels fired right, went up over the hill, at an angle of 45 degrees, the top of which was one hundred feet above the river level. Here they came to an open space 150 yards wide and 200 long, which was surrounded on the right, left and front, with a dense forest, in which the enemy were strongly posted, but entirely protected from view.

Four of the smartest telegraph operators on the Grand Trunk left on Saturday for the seat of war, having accepted a situation under the United States Government. A young man who left the Company's service a short time ago has been promoted to the important position of principal telegraph operator to Gen. McClellan. He accompanies the General on all his movements, carrying with him a portable machine and a coil of wire, so that he can at any moment when near the main wire of any line communicate intelligence to the War or any other Department at Washington. The fact that Gen. Stone was known to have crossed

WINTERING LATE SWARMS.

In the Co. Gen's, Aug. 25d, "A Young Farmer" asks, "Is there no way to preserve a late swarm of bees over winter, or must they be taken up after the old fashion?" I could say both yes and no to this question. I must know its conditions to give the proper answer. The simple fact of being late, has no effect on its wintering qualities. I have had swarms after the 15th of August that wintered without the least trouble, having provided themselves with everything necessary from the flowers. I have had them in May that failed to do so, and were lost in consequence. If a swarm in addition to being late is small, and has constructed but few combs, and has but little honey, which I suppose is the kind of swarm meant by A. Young Farmer, the chances of successful wintering in this latitude (43 deg.) are very few, and I would advise that all such be taken up if the owner has not philosophy to put up with a loss. By killing the bees of such a hive now, as soon as the weather is settled, and getting them out between the combs, and setting the hive and contents away in good order for another year it would be valuable—worth just as much to a new swarm as so much honey and comb of its own making.

But should it be desired to keep a colony, however remote the chances of success might be, I give some of the requisites for four directions. First, a colony of bees is important. If too few, add those of some condemned stock or swarm, or unite two or more small ones, smoking to prevent quarrelling, with tobacco or puff-ball, and confine them to the hive some two or three days. Another equally important item is honey. The hive should have combs sufficient to hold enough for winter—less than less should be disposed of as above. Feeding should be done sometime in October, after the brood has all matured. Let it be done in as short a time as possible, otherwise the new brood that the feeding will induce them to rear will consume too much of it. Not much less than twenty or twenty-five pounds of contents—bees, comb and honey—will be sufficient. Surplus boxes full set on the hive, with a hole for communication, will be quickly in a short time, and still more quickly if the caps are out from the ends of the cells, before putting them on. The bees taken from a hive and put in a box will answer just as well. Strained honey, if taken from a healthy hive, will do to feed without any preparation. Put it in a shallow dish with some floating material to keep the bees from drowning, and set it on the hive. If the dish is very smooth at the sides, something must be put by them to climb the sides of the dish when they begin feeding at this season, particular care is requisite in all cases to have the box cover fit closely, to keep out robber bees from other hives. They are quite apt to scent the honey and make an effort to carry it away, and sometimes when we have fed enough to bring the hive up to the required weight we find it lighter than when we began. When honey cannot be had, sugar may be substituted manytimes with good results; but this had better be fed as commenced through the winter. The hive is taken to a dark, warm cellar, turned bottom up, and the edges of the combs, which should be kept some shallow dish set on them. Syrup made of good white sugar as near the consistence of honey as possible is poured in. Two or three gills is enough for a week. The dish will be fastened to the combs very soon, and should not be broken loose till done feeding, as it disturbs the bees, which should be kept as quiet as possible while in the house. Whenever a pleasant day occurs, suitable for the bees to fly, all that have been fed should be set out for an airing. We cannot get the food of an exact consistency of honey, and it will sometimes—quite often—produce dysentery, making it necessary for them to have an opportunity to take the hive whenever the weather will admit. Such as were fed in October often leave some of their honey unsealed that will sometimes sour and induce the same effect. If pleasant days occur once or twice a month, so that they can fly, such fed swarms will for a long time be quite as useful to suit. Country Gentlemen.

M. QUINCY. St. Johnsville, N. Y.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A CANADIAN VESSEL.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser says the schooner Anna Craig, of Cobourg, Canada, Captain Wm. Ross, loaded with 15,500 bushels of wheat from Chicago, bound down, was off Twin Rivers, Lake Michigan, on the night of the 17th inst. The wind commenced to blow from the north-east; they bore up to run back to Milwaukee for a harbor; they made a mistake and took Port Washington for Milwaukee; mistook the light on the bridge pier for the harbor light at Milwaukee (our readers will understand there is no harbor at Port Washington, only a pier running out into the lake); and ran on the north side of the pier, discovered their error, and let the anchor go under foot; brought up along the shore on the beach; swung around alongside the pier; got a hawser out, ran it to the end of the pier and hoisted off, leaving the schooner adrift. The vessel was blown back; ran back into Milwaukee, and is now discharging there to go into the dock. Her cargo of wheat is all lost. Her cargo is apparently unharmed. The mistake was a queer one to make, and shows the importance of having persons on board vessels acquainted with the navigation.—The escape from the loss of vessel and cargo was a lucky and remarkable one.

CHANGE OF MURDER.—Two men of the name of Hitehook, father and son, of the township of Sheffield, were committed to gaol yesterday on a coroner's warrant, charging them with murder in shooting a man named John Stone, who was a prisoner when they tried him at the Assizes which commenced on Monday. There are ten other persons now lying in gaol to be tried on different charges.—Kingston News.

On Thursday the case of Thomas Brand the young man arrested on a charge of manslaughter, for having unwarrantably started the train which caused the fatal collision on the Welland Railway in May last, was tried at the Welland Assizes. The trial occupied the whole day. The judge charged the jury rather strongly against the prisoner and a verdict of guilty was returned. The sentence was deferred.

A very large sale of butter was made at Detroit on Wednesday 23rd, at 84 cents per pound.

It is not fair to us to laugh at the poor Yankees. If they have their Bull's Run, they haven't worse, every year our Cowes Regatta?—Punch.

DISASTROUS FIRE IN TORONTO.

WELSH STREET METHODIST CHURCH BURNED DOWN.

One of the most disastrous fires which has occurred in Toronto for a lengthened period took place yesterday morning on Elm street, and we regret to state, resulted in the total destruction of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, three houses and a large quantity of other property. A few minutes past two o'clock a dense volume of smoke was observed issuing from the stable in rear of the residence of Mr. G. L. Beardmore, leather merchant, situated on the corner of Terauley and Elm streets. A brisk breeze was blowing at the time from the north-west and the flames were fanned by the wind and spread with fearful rapidity, and at great personal danger those on the ground succeeded in rescuing a cow that was in the stable: a valuable horse, however, perished, as it was impossible to reach it owing to the great heat and smoke. The neighbors at once went to work to get Mr. Beardmore's property as it seemed impossible to save the residence of that gentleman. The greater portion of the furniture was rescued from the devouring element, although much of it was destroyed in the hasty removal. Owing to the high wind which prevailed the burning pieces of wood and shingles were thrown on the roof of Elm street Wesleyan Methodist Church, situated to the east and in a few minutes the roof of the edifice was in a blaze, and everyone on the ground felt certain that it would be destroyed. At this time many persons rushed into the burning building, and the cushions, hymn books and other property were brought out. An attempt was made to reach the Sabbath school library in the basement, but the persons who made the attempt were driven back by the smoke, and the valuable library and the organ in the gallery were destroyed with the sacred edifice. A minute or two only elapsed after the alarm when the horses had been attached to the steam fire engine, the fire lighted, and the machine on its way at a rapid rate to the scene of the conflagration. Ten minutes afterwards the suction pipe was attached to the hydrant at the corner of Yonge and Crookshank streets, the steam up and the engine ready to commence work. A number of the hand engine were also soon on the ground. There appeared however to be a good deal of delay in laying down the India rubber hose from the suction pipe was attached to the hydrant at the corner of Yonge and Crookshank streets, the steam up and the engine ready to commence work. A number of the hand engine were also soon on the ground. There appeared however to be a good deal of delay in laying down the India rubber hose from the suction pipe was attached to the hydrant at the corner of Yonge and Crookshank streets, the steam up and the engine ready to commence work.

It was found that some miscreant had in the most dastardly manner cut the hose, so that a great body of water was wasted, and the result was that the fire spread to the eastward before it was detected, that justice be so richly deserved would have been meted out to him on the spot, and police were at once put on guard to prevent any further tampering with the hose. Meanwhile the fire had communicated with the large double house belonging to the trustees of the church, and the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and Rev. Mr. Dorey, by the activity and praise worthy efforts of many persons, the greater portion of the furniture and a number of the books in the libraries of both gentlemen were rescued. At this time, half-past two o'clock, the air was filled with myriads of sparks and pieces of wood, which were driven higher and higher by the wind and it was at one time feared that the furniture which had been deposited on the south side of the street in a field would be ignited. The fire cast a lurid glare all over the city, and the flames soon mounted to the top of the spire of the church, and in a few minutes it fell to the ground with a crash, and was speedily followed by the walls, the building being completely gutted. Meanwhile a steady and powerful stream of water from the steam fire engine had been brought to bear on the residences, of Rev. Messrs. Elliot and Dorey, but the object of the Chief Engineer was to endeavor to prevent the fire spreading to the two-story brick house, occupied by Mr. J. H. Wyatt on the east. In this he fortunately succeeded, only one window and a portion of the roof being scorched, a second stream from the steam engine brought to bear on the burning building, and the fire was completely destroyed by Mr. Beardmore, the Wesleyan Methodist Church and the parsonage, adjoining. The two last named buildings, as also the furniture in the parsonage belonged to the trustees of the \$10,400 in the Royal Canadian Insurance Company's offices. There was, however, a heavy debt on the church, which will not be covered by the amount of insurance. Rev. Mr. Elliott and Rev. Mr. Dorey had their personal effects and libraries insured. The house tenanted by Mr. Beardmore belonged to the March estate, and it is stated that the policy of insurance was allowed to expire a short time ago. The building was valued from \$3,500 to \$4,000, Mr. Beardmore's furniture is amply covered by insurance in the "Royal." He also lost a valuable horse, carriage, sleigh, and a quantity of harness. The total amount of property destroyed could not be valued less than \$25,000. From the appearance which the fire presented when first observed, and the fact that the hose of the steam fire engine was out the moment it commenced work, it seems evident that an incendiary had been at work.—Globe.

A KING FOR MEXICO.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times, under date of Oct. 11, writes as follows:—

It seems now beyond doubt that O'Donnell has been overruled, or has changed his mind, and that there will be a common action between France and Spain, and I suppose with England in the affairs of Mexico. A rumor which circulates to-day seems to indicate at the same time that the interference is not to be confined to a mere protection of nationals. The said rumor speaks of the idea put forward by the Emperor Napoleon, of getting the Italian question, by getting Francis II. made King of Mexico. The question is only whether the Mexicans would be very thankful for the gift, which would be almost worse than the evil from which they suffer at present. In the meantime orders have been given to arm the squadron destined for Mexico with rifled guns.

The following particulars relate to the recent homicide in the township of Sheffield. Alexander Johnston having exchanged a horse with Abraham Woodcock and subsequently repented the bargain, went on Sunday night, the 17th ult., to the premises of Woodcock and took away his former horse from the stable. In the morning Mr. Johnston was discovered in the neighboring road quite dead and with a gun shot wound in the back of his back. Mr. Abraham Woodcock and his son Sydney, a young man of twenty, are held for trial.

The Quartermaster General of the Federal army has a receipt to the Secretary of War says that the troops on the Potomac are suffering from want of clothing, the men being obliged to do night picket duty barefooted, wearing only the shoddy blouse of the army, and that the clothing and blankets were placed to-day in depot they would hardly supply the demand. It was on this account that orders were sent to England for cloth.

Some Canadian papers are finding fault with the management of the money received by the municipalities from the electric revenue fund. It is said that the practice is to send the money to the province interest, and that by this means it has got into bad hands and been lost. The case is the same with public as with private funds, and it is not generally known that the money is sent to the province.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company have made an arrangement with the Portland Car Company by which they obtain the use of one hundred additional freight cars which are much needed.

The New York Tribune says:—"We learn from an unquestionable commercial source in this city that two English sailing vessels entered the port of Charleston, S. C., a few weeks ago, there being at the time no blockading ships before that port. Lord Lyons now demands of the Secretary of State that these vessels be allowed to leave Charleston unmolested, on the ground that at the time of their going in there the blockade was not effective."

The official report by flag-officer McKean, commanding the Gulf Blockading Squadron, of the attack upon his vessels by the Confederate fleet below New Orleans, shows that if it had been vigorously followed up the most important results would have ensued. The Richmond was so seriously damaged that she was in danger of sinking.—The Tennessee was abandoned by her officers and crew, and a lighted slow-match placed in her magazine to blow her up, when went out by accident; and she was only got off at last by throwing her guns overboard.

One of the daughters of Governor Douglas of Vancouver Island, eloped and was married at Port Townsend, on the 14th of September, to Charles Good of Victoria.—The runaway couple escaped from Vancouver Island in the schooner Explorer, which, upon arriving at Port Townsend, was boarded by a Justice of the Peace, who proceeded to tie the knot. A. W. Drake, of Victoria, who had pursued the bride, arrived too late to prevent the marriage, and just in time to be kept a safe prisoner by a sympathizing crowd until the ceremony was performed.

Firewood in Montreal has reached the enormous price of 37 cents for a cord. Quite a number of citizens [say the Pilot] are disposing of their wood stoves, replacing them by coal-burners. A ton of best anthracite coal will provide fire for one stove for a month; a cord of best maple will barely supply a stove for a fortnight, when the cold weather has fairly set in.

The New York Sun reports that the most unblushing licentiousness prevails among the soldiers in the neighborhood of that city. On a visit to the camps, officers, who are married men, were found to be attended by loose women, whom they design to take to the seat of war with them. Soldiers were found imitating their example. Attempts had been made to teach the soldiers of duty of the camp. But it was no go. The soldiers knowing what the habits of their officers were, insisted on their rights.

The first of the Confederate States postal stamps were issued on the 18th, and were eagerly bought up. The new stamp is green with a lithographic likeness of President Davis within a double oval border, surmounted with the inscription "Confederate States of America." Outside of the circle "Postage," and at the lower edge the denomination, "five cents."

A most remarkable accident took place the other day in the neighborhood of London. A gentleman was awaiting the arrival of a train at the station, when a large plank, weighing upwards of a hundred weight, was hurled by the violence of the wind a distance of twelve feet against the soldier's station, and the train which at the moment entered and by which he was struck, thrown upon the track, crushed under the wheels, and so severely injured that death soon ensued.

The hotel at Alexandria in which Colonel Ellsworth was shot by the proprietor, is now a mere shell, everything having been carried away by troops and visitors. The remains of the colonel, which were taken from the ruins of the hotel, and placed in a coffin, and sent to the place of his burial. This illustrates the strong passion of the American people for "relics."

The criminal calendar at the approaching Assizes will be an unusually heavy one. Prisoners are now in