

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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NO. 41

## Select Tale.

### THE SERPENT OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY GEORGE D. REDFORD.

I was young, gay and thoughtless, when Lina Hamilton was wedded to Baldwin Ray, after the ceremony that made them one, receiving the congratulations of the numerous guests that surrounded them. I saw nothing but sunshine and happiness in the future, and expressed as much to an old lady who happened to be near me, one who had lived much in Lina's family.

"How beautiful Lina looks to night, in that simple white muslin dress, which by the way is not much whiter than her fair arms, neck and brow," I said; "and what a contrast they present to her glowing cheek, deep blue eyes and dark auburn hair. Just see Mrs. Blenn, how cunningly those white roses peep out from among her glossy curls, and how happy, yet thoughtful, she looks."

"Yes," said the old lady, sadly.

"And Baldwin, I'm sure I never thought him handsome, but he really looks well to-night. His gray eyes sparkle with pleasure, when he looks upon his pretty bride; and he evidently regards her as something very dear and precious. I always thought him cold, reserved and taciturn, and I told him so, but he seems to be lively enough now. Won't they be a happy couple, Mrs. Blenn?"

"I hope so," said the old lady with a sigh.

"You sigh as if you doubted it; can you tell any reason why they shouldn't?"

"Yes, I see a serpent in their little paradise, coiled among the sweetest flowers; let them beware or it will coil around their hearts," she replied, in a boding whisper.

"What put such a silly idea as that into your head?" said I indignantly. "They seem to love each other dearly; few young people around us have more to begin the world with than they, and where will you find the bughar in their future prospects?"

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes; one that is worth keeping."

"Sit down here in this corner, then, and watch the newly wedded pair for half an hour, and you will ask no more questions, and keep your own counsel," she said, and then turned and walked away.

Provoked at her doubts, and aware of the impertinence of the act, I mused a moment, and then, from motives I could hardly define, suffered myself to drop into the seat and look and listen as she had me.

The substantial wedding feast fashionable in those days was soon disposed of, the viands removed, and their places supplied by wines and other liquors, in which it was then customary to drink the health of the married pair, who must, perforce, out of politeness, pledge all who thus proposed it.

I was very near them, and after a while heard Baldwin say, in a tone too low for their ears:

"We must get away from here, Lina, or we shall get tipsy. I never drank so much wine before in my life."

"O, wine will never hurt any one," said Lina, gaily, "and people would think us singular if we refused to pledge them on our wedding night."

"They had better think that than worse," he returned, glancing uneasily at his young wife, who I now discovered was gaily and carelessly tossing off glass after glass of the rich liquor, I should only have tasted.

As I gazed, I remembered all at once how often I had unthinkingly seen her do it before, in fun—that her father's well filled decanters had always held a tempting and prominent place in the household—that alcoholic stimulants were the family medicine in every little ailment, and as I thought of it all, a suspicion of Mrs. Blenn's hidden meaning dawned upon my mind, awakening much more than an idle fear for Lina's happiness.

As this was long before the great temperance reform was thought of—when liquors were the great staple for entertainment, in every household, it was less noticeable, and unnoted by others; but before the evening was over, my newly awakened eyes detected an unusual lightness in Lina's behavior, that sadly pained me, as well as I feared, her new-made husband. And when, towards the close of the evening, while mirth, and jest, and song, and the gay dance occupied the heads and hearts of almost every one, I saw her talking gaily with Harry Moore, a young man she was said to have discarded for Baldwin's sake, and he watching them from afar with jealous eyes, I trembled for their future happiness. For some time he stood watching them, with the demon flashing and glowing in his eyes, as uneasy apparently as a caged lion, then he went to the sideboard, tossed off two or three glasses of wine, and then out into a dark entry where he could watch them unobserved, as he thought, though I could see his fierce burning eyes fixed upon his fair bride, with a look that made me shudder. I got up, took a circuit among the guests till I came to Lina, in whose ear I whispered:

"Beware! jealous eyes are upon you."

As she turned to look after me, her eyes fell upon the dark form of her husband in the deep shadow, and the smile and the glow in which her face was wreathed vanished, and a moment after she was by my side.

"You saw him," she whispered, tremblingly.

"Yes."

"O, what shall I do?"

"You are innocent of all thought of harm, Lina, I know it. But go to him at once, if you value your happiness."

She hesitated. I saw she felt a new-born fear of him; but at last she went: and when she returned half an hour afterwards, she looked pale, grave and thoughtful; and so she remained until the bridal was over. For some time the memory of what I had seen that night haunted me like an evil conscience; but after they had removed to their new home, and Lina was called the model housekeeper, and he the best young farmer in town, and that a happier couple could not be found, I began to think my fears were idle; and when I removed to a distant part of the country, where I seldom heard from them, I dismissed all fears concerning them from my mind. Years passed away before I returned

my old home once more; but when I did, one of my first inquiries was for Baldwin and Lina Ray. "O, they are going to destruction as fast as time can carry them," said my friends. I was deeply shocked, because I had supposed they were doing well.

"Yes, and just now, too, they are in deep affliction. One of their six children lies dead, and another is dying of one of those dreadful diseases to which children are liable."

By a few rapid questions I got the whole story. Baldwin had become a confirmed toper, and was sometimes literally drunk; and his wife was more than suspected of the same failing, though till quite lately it had been a great privacy in the neighborhood. As soon as possible I went to assist them in their great affliction.

And O, what a sad, sad change was there! That thin, delicate, fair young bride of ten years ago, transformed into the coarse-looking, bloated, red-faced woman, with scarcely a trace of her former beauty left. She was undoubtedly worn down with watching, anxiety, grief and fatigue, though that could not fully account for the state in which I found her. She revived enough after a while to know me, and in a maddening way related her troubles, though I felt that the worst was unrelated still.

The second child was dead, and laid by the side of its poor little mate in the parlor. Baldwin had gone to the village, and the women of the neighborhood were making preparations for the double funeral, while two of the younger children lay sick in the room adjoining. It was truly a house of mourning. Presently Baldwin returned, and I saw as soon as he entered the room that he had been drinking, and my nerves were all in a tremble through fear of some violent outbreak. He looked old, haggard and bleary-eyed; his face and clothes were spattered with mud, and he presented quite as striking a contrast to his past appearance as that of poor Lina herself.

"There is that cursed bundle,"—tossing one into Mrs. Blenn's lap—"but my devilish wife stumbled over something, and threw me and that slippery budget over her head, or tail, I don't know which, and landed us in a puddle," he said, in a drawing tone, and with a hiccup at the end of every sentence.

Mrs. Blenn opened the bundle, and there were the two little shrouds neatly done up, but thoroughly soaked in muddy water. She looked blank enough at this discovery; but Fanny Grey, ever ready in expedients, said she could wash and do them up before they were wanted for the funeral next day, and so that trouble was disposed of.

Baldwin now took of his hat and coat, and proceeded to examine his saddle-bags, when a new disappointment awaited him. Several jugs and bottles of liquor that he had bought for the funeral (it was customary to treat at funerals in those days), were all smashed up, and the contents had undoubtedly gone to swell the contents of the mud gutter.

"B—! I've lost the whole of it!" he exclaimed with a violent oath. "I'll whip that devilish mare within an inch of her life if she ever cuts another such caper."

We saw plainly enough how it had happened, and I trembled for poor, weak, guilty Lina when his eye fell upon her.

"Ah, there you are snoring and half drunk as usual," he said, going up and shaking her rudely.

"The beast that was washed would always return to her wallowing in the mire, and you are like her. Get up and get me some supper."

She started up in a fright, with one child clinging to her breast and another to her skirts, but seemed too stupid to understand anything but her fear of him, till Fanny had set the table, and got him down to his supper. When the meal was over he went into the front room, and we heard him at the cupboard jingling the bottles and glasses, and he came out with a frown as black as midnight upon his brow.

"What have you done with all that rum?" said he, fiercely, to poor Lina.

"Nothing," she said in a deprecating tone.

"That is not true. You have been drinking and hiding it away as usual."

"No, I have not," said Lina, bursting into tears.

"I don't believe a word you say, your miserable torment. You have done nothing but deceive me from the first hour of our acquaintance, and I deserve it, for being such a blind fool as to believe you cared a straw for me, when you were in love with that sorry blackguard Harry Moore. I saw it all on our wedding night, and that you loved liquor, too!"—and he turned suddenly to me—"or I am much mistaken. Little peace have I had since, if the truth must be told; and now that you expose yourself so shamefully, I do not care longer to cloak your sins from the world. It shall know how you have disappointed and disgraced me, and made of my home a hell."

"And have I alone been to blame?" exclaimed Lina, rising, thoroughly sobered, confronting him with flashing eyes, and speaking rapidly and vehemently. "Have I not had bad treatment enough at your hands to make any woman wish to die, or drown her troubles in rum? You were always cruel, unforgiving, and jealous without a cause, for I never loved Harry Moore, or any one else but you, till your tyranny crushed every kind feeling out of my heart—a heart that is now as cold as that of Helen, my poor dead child?" And again the poor woman sobbed convulsively.

"Your child!" he exclaimed, fiercely; "how dare you call the name of the child killed by your neglect and drunkenness? the child that lay and suffered for the want of care, with her drunken mother for a watcher, when care alone would have saved her? Don't talk to me of the child, you Jeezab, but go and get the rum, and by-and-by the appetite craves something stronger—it is unthinkingly gratified—they learn to love brandy and rum; and it is a wonder, if in the increased craving for something stronger, they do not swallow aquafortis at last."

We see examples of this all around us: we hear of it in the recorded lives of thousands; we feel it in the frequent ruin of our dearest friends; and yet how many of us refuse to believe there is safety only in total abstinence from all that can exhilarate or intoxicate.

A widow, who had lost her husband, was weeping bitterly for the dear departed. A friend tried to console her. "No, no," said the fair mourner, "let me have my cry out; after that I shall think anything about it."

by side, with the blue veined lids closed over their sightless eyes, their mute lips pleading with them for their lost mother, and looking so beautiful even in death.

"My Hamilton! my best, and brightest, poor, poor boy! I would willingly have died for thee!" he murmured; "and Helen, dear child, she is an angel now! She always was an angel; the pleasantest tempered child we ever had, and who could she take it from? Not from me, and surely not from her mother."

"Do you suppose they can see us now?" he said, after a long pause.

"If they can, what scenes they have just looked down upon," said the old lady with a shudder; "thinking, as she afterwards told me, quite as much of the long and horrible draught she had, unnoted by her, seen the wretched Lina take from that bowl upon the stand, not half an hour before his arrival, as of the quarrel to which we were all witnesses. Like him, she had searched in vain for the liquor, that Mrs. Blenn, knowing her weakness, had emptied into that receptacle; and maddened by her insane thirst, or perhaps a stupid forgetfulness of the purpose to which it was to be applied, she had taken draught, the thought of which chills the blood with horror. But she dared not tell Baldwin this. As he was turning away, however, she took his hand and said:

"O, let me warn you this once, in the face of this great affliction, of the ruin that is before you, Baldwin Ray! You and Lina stand upon the verge of a precipice, and but a few more steps in the path you are now pursuing, will precipitate you into such depths of crime and infamy as you have never dreamed of. Lina was weak, and easily tempted, but if you had treated her faults with pity, and generous tenderness, you might easily have reclaimed her, because she loved you, and you alone. I know that for your sake she refused Harry Moore, and all others; and that your jealousy of him was causeless. O, forget it, with all the dark past that cannot be recalled, forgive all that you cannot forget, and for your own, and for your children's sakes, strive to do better in future! Be kind to her, and you can easily win back Lina's estranged affections. And if you will but bury all past animosities in the graves of these dead children, keep liquor out of the house, that might tempt the weak and erring, let it alone yourself at home and abroad, and strive earnestly for reconciliation, peace, happiness and prosperity will once more abide in your unhappy home. But if you go on as you have done; if you neglect the warning death has twice rung in your ears, your case is hopeless, you are lost! Lost! O, will you not be warned, and heed the warning in time, Baldwin? Will you not stop in your downward career? Do you not see the black gulf yawning to receive you?"

"I see it—I see it all," groaned the unhappy man, with quivering lips and pallid brow; "but I am powerless now to stem the tide that is fast sweeping us on to destruction. Appetite is now stronger than duty. I cannot forget the maddening past, and God knows what of sorrow and woe the future may bring us. It is as useless to say more, Mrs. Blenn, as it is to fight against the wind and the waves, and the wild hurricane." And saying this, he turned and left the room.

In spite of Mrs. Blenn's remonstrances, a boy was despatched after more liquor next morning, and before the funeral was over, the wretched pair were both perceptibly tipsy, and when I went home that night, it was with a solemn conviction, that to this world, and their own family they were literally lost!

Months passed away, but the light of peace and happiness never again dawned upon that miserable household. That dread serpent alcohol, held them all in an embrace so strong and deadly that they found it impossible to escape from it, even if they had now wished for it. From the day of that funeral all the evil passions in the hearts of both seemed to be seething and burning, like some pent-up volcanic fire, ready to burst out in quarrels, and recriminations, and even blows, for the least cause or provocation imaginable.

Their neighbors avoided them, their children left them as soon as they were old enough to take care of themselves, their worldly prosperity vanished, debt and ruin stared them in the face, and at last came an unexpected messenger to close the scene. Ten years from the day of that funeral, Lina lay dying, evidently from the effects of poison; but whether administered by her own hand or another was never known. Suspicion was strong against her husband, but as no proof could be found of his guilt, except his own suspicious conduct, he was allowed to go at large—an evidently wretched, conscience-stricken man; and when a few more miserable years had passed over his head, he also ended his wretched life by suicide.

Few mourned his death; and his family, now dead, or widely scattered, look back with bitter sorrow to their bright youth, to learn lessons of self control their parents never taught them, and by their wretched example have learned the true wisdom of avoiding temptations, and resisting every passionate plea for self-indulgence.

Since Lina's awful death, I never see thoughtless young people press the wine-cup to their lips, but I think of her words, "wine could never harm any one," and ever pray that they may not find it, as she did, the seeds of all earthly sorrow, disease and death.

Like her, thousands begin with wines, cordials, ale, or some fashionable beverage, that tempts the appetite and gratifies the taste; it can do them no harm they think; it only exhilarates and makes them bright and keen; and by-and-by the appetite craves something stronger—it is unthinkingly gratified—they learn to love brandy and rum; and it is a wonder, if in the increased craving for something stronger, they do not swallow aquafortis at last.

We see examples of this all around us: we hear of it in the recorded lives of thousands; we feel it in the frequent ruin of our dearest friends; and yet how many of us refuse to believe there is safety only in total abstinence from all that can exhilarate or intoxicate.

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## Garibaldi's Englishman.

Colonel Peard, so much talked of during the Italian campaign as "Garibaldi's Englishman," was entertained at a banquet in Tyndwardeth, in Cornwall, on August 12th. One hundred and eighty-five persons sat down to dinner, and the chairman, Mr. W. Kendall, M. P. having proposed the health of their guest who he had known since he was "little Johnny Peard." Col. Peard returned thanks in a long and spirited speech. He recapitulated the principal triumphs of Garibaldi, and narrated several instances of Neapolitan government and tyranny. The House of Bourbon exercised the most abominable tyranny:

"With one exception—the Pope's Government of Rome—they were the worst governors in the world. They would be shocked if he were to tell them of the horrible barbarities which they practised. At Palermo they had iron caps and screws with which they tortured. People were bound in iron chains, and pans of heated charcoal were put to their feet! (Expressions of horror.) This was to extort confession. One act of torture was especially savage. It was performed by Manichesi, the head of the police at Palermo. He wanted to get some information with regard to the males of the family. He took the mother and a child, put one on one side of the room, and the other on the other side of the room, and then told the mother that if she would not confess, she should see the child die before her eyes. There is the way justice was administered under the Bourbon rule. In Southern Italy, in the greater part of Italy, in every part of Italy, except Sardinia, there was no law, there was no freedom. What did they think the salaries of the judges in Southern Italy were? The judges of the second class—he didn't know what they could call them—got £36 a year. [Great laughter.] They only got £36 a year. But it was paid quarterly. He didn't know, it might be paid monthly. [Great laughter.] Could they expect a judge to support himself and his family as he ought? [A laugh.] But he [the judge] kept his carriage and horses. [Oh!] He lived as a judge ought to do. [Oh!] Could he do it out of £36 a year? No, he did it by taking bribes from his clients. He went to the district where he was appointed. He called on the butcher and said: 'Very glad to see you. [A laugh.] I am come here as judge.' [Oh!] He says, 'Signor I am very happy to see you.' 'You may be engaged in some quarrel with those who deal with you. Yes,' says the butcher, 'very probable, Signor Judge.' 'Well,' says the judge, 'I shall deal with you [a laugh]—I shall have my meat of you.' [Laughter.] 'A very high honor, Signor Judge,' replies the butcher. The Judge walks away, and pays nothing for his meat, but he always gives his decision in favor of the butcher. So he [the Judge] goes through every department of trade. The Colonel expressed his conviction that an intimate alliance with the kingdom of Italy would result in a great increase of British trade. Italian produce of all kinds was required in this country, and a fresh market for all our manufactures would be opened. He didn't know any produce of Italy that wouldn't be of use to us. Did they want hemp for their cordage and sails for their ships? Italy would supply them with it, and that of finer quality than Russia. He had seen it seven or eight feet high. After enumerating other articles, he said—did they want silk?—They had hundreds of square miles planted with the mulberry tree for the silk worm. Did they want cotton? In South Italy they might grow any amount they wanted. At present there was quite a little family quarrel going on on the other side of the Atlantic. [Laughter, and hear, hear.] It might be found rather unpleasant to us in getting our supply of cotton. [Hear.] But if they turned to Italy, he thought that, with three or four years' cultivation, they would get as much as they wanted. It was said to be a short fibre cotton; but that was nothing, as doubtless, it could be improved as we wanted it. Did we want timber for shipbuilding? Well, we could not get finer oak anywhere. It was the oak which was most valued in shipbuilding. [Cheers.] Did they want corn? Under the beautiful sky of Italy the husbandman could cultivate his fields, and depend upon the weather. He could look forward to three months fine weather, with exception of an occasional thunder shower or storm. They could get corn, oats, barley. As to wines, the vines of Italy equalled, and in some instances surpassed those of France, and it was not much further than France to bring them."

The gallant Colonel resumed his seat amid great applause.

**SALARIES OF OFFICERS.**—With an entire change in the National Administration, there are but few subjects of more interest than salaries—excepting those who are getting the salaries. The following are the salaries of a few of the most prominent officers:—

The President gets \$25,000 a year, and is furnished with a door-keeper at \$500, assistant door-keeper at \$438, two watchmen at \$600 each, gardener at \$800, and the White House for his residence all furnished.

The Vice President gets a salary of \$6000.

The Secretary of State (Mr. Seward) gets \$8000 a year, and is allowed an assistant at \$3000, one clerk at \$3,220, eight clerks at \$1,600 each, three clerks at \$1,400 each, a disbursing clerk at \$1,200, a messenger at \$900, and assistant messenger at \$700, and four watchmen at \$600 each.

The Secretary of the Treasury gets \$8000 a year, and is allowed between two and three hundred clerks and appropriate number of assistants, messengers and watchmen to the Secretary of State, and like salaries.

The Secretary of the Interior gets \$8000 a year, and his subordinates are numbered by the hundred at salaries like the foregoing. The Secretary of War gets \$8000 a year. He has a less number of subordinates at Washington than either of the Cabinet officers previously named, but like salaries. The Secretary of the Navy also gets \$8000 a year. He has directly under him, at Washington, about 60 persons. The Senators and Congressmen are allowed \$3000 and mileage to and from the Capital and their homes. Ministers to London and Paris receive a salary of \$17,500 each. Secretary of Legation at each of these court received a salary of \$2,625. Ministers to other foreign courts receive from \$7,500 to \$12,000 per annum.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

The Halifax Presbyterian Witness says that Gen. McClellan, who is now the real commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army, is a native of Pictou, N. S., and that his relatives are still living in that town.

The Helena (Ark.) Herald of Aug. 10th, states that thirteen hundred Indian warriors—Southern allies—had crossed Arkansas river near Fort Smith en route for McCulloch's camp. These Indians are armed with rifle, butcher-knife and tomahawk, and had their faces painted and seemed eager for the fray.

The Canadian says Mr. Wm. McKay, painter of Quebec, has found out that coal oil can be advantageously substituted for turpentine, in mixing paints.

In the city of New York there are 20 synagogues and 30,000 Jews.

Capt. Stone of the Cunard steamship *Arctica*, has received a valuable Ring from Prince Alfred, as a memento of his late pleasant trip under Captain Stone's charge from Halifax to Liverpool.

The British schooner *Revere*, of Yarmouth, N. S. Capt. Hilton, from Halifax, was captured by the United States gunboat "Cambridge," off Beaufort, N. C., Sept. 11th, while attempting to run the blockade, and arrived at Boston on the 22nd.

The longest telegraph line in the world is from London to Taganrog, on the Sea of Azoff—2500 miles long, and works beautifully.

Paris is lighted by more than 31,000 lamps. All but about 500 are gas lamps, the remainder are fed with oil.

It has been estimated that Virginia has already lost more than 5000 slaves.

New York has raised 75 regiments for the present war.

Among the passengers by the New York is Maj. Valentine Bansenmeier, the Adjutant of Garibaldi.

A large number of horses have been bought in Canada for the Federal Government. Several hundred were shipped from Toronto during the last few days.

A very novel and unprecedented event has just taken place at Liverpool. At that port no less than 15,000 bales of Surat cotton were last week exported to New York—a proof that the 'cotton famine' has already set in in the northern states.

**PUZZLE SOLVED.** I ME.

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The report recently circulated that Gen. Tom Thumb had died at Paris was false. The General is alive and well, and making a tour of the Canadas.

M. Glattard has invented a harness which can be detached from the horse by merely pulling a rein specially devoted to that purpose. A brake at the same time stops the carriage. This permits the driver, in case his horse becomes unmanageable, to let him go entirely freed from the harness, and so that he will not be likely to injure himself.

The last Paris novelty is the milk-maid petticoat—red, gray or white, and worn over the dress.

It is calculated that there are 1,000 to 1,500 acres within ten miles of London under the strawberry crop.

At St. Louis, on Saturday, 21st, the oath of allegiance was administered to 1300 sewing women in the employ of the government. About 50 declined to take it and were discharged.

By the last mail from Newfoundland, we learn that the General commanding at Nova Scotia, had recommended the home Government to disband the Royal Newfoundland companies, they being weak, and to keep in St. John's a Regiment of the line.

A woman named Teresa, a Sicilian by birth, and the keeper of a house of ill fame in Constantinople, was some time ago arrested for murdering a young man. During the inquiry that followed her arrest, it was ascertained that she had murdered at least 14 other persons. She was strangled in front of her own house.

A scheme is on foot for founding a colony in New Zealand, to consist of dissenters from the Church of England.

The Halifax Chronicle understands that detectives have also been sent to that City by the United States Government to keep an eye on Southerners.

The Town of Newcastle, Miramichi, was lit with gas for the first time on the 14th inst.

A Missouri paper recently informed its readers that the 'wife crop of Gasconade County in 1850 was 25,000 galls.' The next paper corrected the error by putting 'wine' in the place of 'wife.'

A return recently made states that within a radius of six miles from Charing Cross London, there are 2,637 miles of streets. Since 1849 the number of houses has increased by 69,000, and the length of streets by 900 miles.

The annual tax of the city of New York for the present year amounts to \$11,313,514, or about \$15 per head of the population. This is exclusive of the direct war tax and all the indirect taxes upon imported articles consumed. Such an amount of taxation is utterly unknown in Europe.

Three buildings in St. Stephen, occupied respectively by Messrs. Eaton, Welch and Lamar, were destroyed by fire on Thursday morning.

The merchant tailors of Boston, have under consideration the subject of doing an exclusively cash business hereafter and we understand that many of the leading houses have already determined to give no more credit.

The great Hotels in New York are about to reduce their prices to \$2 per day.

During her late visit to Ireland, Her Majesty Queen Victoria is said to have extensively patronized Irish Poplin and lace.

Mr. W. H. Russell has left Washington, and gone West to enjoy a few weeks' shooting.

## General News.

**AMERICA'S FUTURE.**—The London Times of a recent date has an article on the future of America, in which it is urged that the probability is that the war will end in the formation of two separate Confederacies, neither of which will be so dangerously democratic as the late lost Republic. The following is an extract:—

"Will the Americans, when the war is concluded, return to their old forms of Government? We doubt it much. As we cannot now contemplate the subjugation and reunion of the south as a probable event, we must assume that the two sections of the union will be established independently of each other.—To venture as little as possible upon political speculation, let us assume that the scheme is carried on further, and that the United States of the north divide with the Confederate States of the south all the territory and population of the old American republic. Each, then, of these two still powerful unions will constitute an administration for itself. What form will that administration take in the South? True, the secessionists proclaimed a constitution on the old American model, but it is clear enough that the authority actually exercised in those parts is that of a military dictator, and not of a democratic president. What will they do by and by, when they have won their independence? They will probably maintain for a time as a matter of prudence, the organization under which they conducted a successful war, and we think that nobody who has remarked the tone and current of southern sentiments would expect to find that New England institutions would ever be received with much favor in the new confederacy. It is more likely that they will sacrifice democratic principles for the sake of a strong government, and that they will seek to retain power by the same means through which they acquired it—namely, by opposing the compact and concentrated force of a somewhat absolute government to the looser organization of a more populous state.—But will this impose no corresponding obligations on the North? Will the unionists quietly sit down under institutions less conducive to national strength than those of their next-door neighbor? Will they submit to the spectacle of a stronger government than their own on their very borders for the sake of that popular sovereignty which universal suffrage has created? Can they manage a standing army, a national debt, and an ever-present chance of border war on such terms? Their favorite general, whoever he may be, come into such conditions when elected president? Is it not, on the whole, more probable that they may retain some of the modifications of the constitution which the war is now enforcing upon their acceptance, and that the new union will be administered by a less democratic government than the old? We certainly think so. The two great divisions of the states formerly united will form, we hope, two prosperous communities; but we do not expect that either of them will bear much resemblance to the lost American republic."

**GOLD IN KINGSTON.**—It is said that Quartz containing Gold has been found in the vicinity of the Catholic Chapel, Kingston. Large pieces can be gathered without much trouble. One of those we saw at Mr. Britt's store; it had been broken in two, and the yellow metal was glistening through all its veins. The Kingston people do not appear to be much excited on the subject—no rush was making to the locality.—Colonial Times.

**THE EXECUTION OF BURNS.**—Yesterday afternoon a telegram was received by the Sheriff, stating that Jesse Patterson had been respite till the 18th of October.—When the news was confirmed by a second telegram, it was communicated to Patterson, who, since he had been told that the law must take its course, has earnestly devoted himself to prepare for his end. A day or two ago, he asked for the prayers of Christians on his behalf. Yesterday morning, Burns was baptized into the Roman Catholic faith by the R. C. Bishop of Montreal, the Rev. Mr. Villeneuve assisting at the rite.

When the news of the respite arrived in town a strange idea went abroad, that it was because Burns turned Roman Catholic that he did not share in the grace thus afforded to his companion. For the benefit of any of our readers who may think so, we may state that Protestant influence has never had such an ascendancy in the Canadian Executive as to make any such occurrence possible.

At 12 minutes past 10 this morning Burns was led out of the gal and up to the scaffold. He walked with a slow and weak, but not unsteady step, and ascended the stairs without any assistance. His countenance was pale, death-like, and his lips were seen moving as if in prayer. After he was placed on the drop, and prayer had been made by the priests who accompanied him, the order was given to draw the bolt, but the work being new, failed to operate, and the wretched man was drawn to one side to allow the trap to be opened and fastened again, so as to make sure work on the second trial. He was then again placed on the fatal drop, and after a moment's delay—during which the priest's voice was still heard—he was launched into eternity at 17 minutes past 10. A cry of horror emanated from the assembled multitude, and some females fainted at the sight of a fellow-being struggling in the arms of death.

Your reporter could endure the sight no longer, and was making his way from the dreadful scene, when some people called out for Patterson's execution. Those near supposed this