

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

TERMS. \$1.80 if paid in advance.

NO. 50

Poetry.

A POEM FOR NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunder breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights;
She heard the torrents meet.
There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.
Then stepped she down through town and field,
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to me revealed
The fulness of her face.
Grave mother of majestic works,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And King-like, wears the crown.
Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;
That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

Select Tale.

THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

Until my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns."

During a delightful excursion in the vicinity of the Green Mountains a few years since, I had the good fortune to meet with a singular character, known in many parts of Vermont as the Rattlesnake Hunter.

It was a warm, clear day of sunshine, in June, I saw him for the first time while engaged in a mineralogical ramble among the hills. His head was bald, and his forehead was deeply marked with the strong lines of care and age. His form was wasted and meagre; but for the fiery vigor of his eye, he might have been supposed unimpeded by age and infirmities for even a slight exertion. Yet he hurried over the huge ledges of rock with a quick and almost youthful tread, and seemed earnestly seeking among the crevices and loose crags, and stunted bushes around him. All at once he started suddenly, drew himself back with a sort of shuddering recoil, then snatched fiercely with his staff upon the rock before him. Another and another blow, and he lifted the lifeless form of a large rattlesnake upon the end of his rod!

The old man's eye glistened, but his lip trembled as he looked steadily upon his writhing victim. "Another of the accursed race!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, apparently unconscious of my presence.

I was now satisfied that the person before me was none other than the famous Rattlesnake Hunter. He was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and wanderer, obtaining a miserable subsistence from the casual charities of the people around him. His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed to be the hunting and destroying of the *Crotalus horridus* or rattlesnake. I immediately determined to satisfy my curiosity which had been strongly excited by the remarkable appearance of the stranger, and for this purpose I approached him.

"Are there many of those reptiles in this vicinity?" I enquire, pointing to the crushed serpent. "They are getting to be scarce," said the old man, lifting his slouched hat and wiping his bald brow. "I have known the time when you could hardly stir ten rods from your door in this part of the State, without hearing their low quick rattle at your side or seeing their many colored bodies coiling up in your path. But as I said before, they are getting to be scarce, the infernal race will be extinct in a few years, and thank God! I have been myself a considerable cause of their extermination."

"You must of course, know the nature of those creatures perfectly well," said I. "Do you believe in their powers of fascination or charming?" "The old man's countenance fell. There was a visible struggle of feeling within him. There was a quiver, and he dashed his brown hand suddenly across his eyes as if to conceal a tear; but quickly recovering himself, he answered in the low, deep voice of one, that was about to reveal some horrible secret.

"I believe in the rattlesnake's power of fascination as firmly as I believe in my own existence."

"Surely," said I, "you do not believe that they have power over human beings?" "I do, I know it to be so," said the old man trembling as he spoke. "You are a stranger to me, he said slowly, after scrutinizing my features for a moment, 'but if you will go to the foot of the rock in the shade there,' and he pointed to a group of leaning oaks that hung over the declivity. 'I will tell you a strange and sad story of my own experience.'"

It may be supposed that I readily assented to this proposal.

Restowing one more blow upon the rattlesnake, as if to be certain of his death, the old man descended the rock with a rapidity that would have endangered the neck of a less practised hunter. After reaching the place which he pointed out, the Rattlesnake Hunter commenced his story in a manner which confirmed what I had previously heard of his education and intellectual strength.

"I was among the earliest settlers in this part of the country, I had just finished my education at Harvard, when I was induced by the flattering representations of some of the earliest pioneers into the wild lands beyond the Connecticut, to seek my fortune in the new settlement. My wife—the old man's eyes glistened in an instant and then a tear crossed his brown cheek—"my wife accompanied me, young and delicate and beautiful as she was, to this wild and rude country. I never shall forgive myself for bringing her hither, never. 'Young man,' continued he, 'you look like one who could pity. You shall see the image of the girl who followed me to the new country.' And he unbent as he spoke a ribbon from his neck, with a small miniature attached to it.

It was that of a beautiful female, but there was an almost childish expression in her countenance, a delicacy, and sweetness of smile, which I have sel-

dom seen in the features of those who have tasted even slightly the bitter waters of existence. The old man watched my countenance intently, as I surveyed the image of his early love.

"She must have been beautiful," I said as I returned the picture. "Beautiful!" he repeated, "you may as well say so. But this avails nothing. I have a fearful story to tell—would to God I had not attempted it; but I will go on. My heart has been too often stretched on the rack of memory to suffer any new pang."

"We had resided in the new country nearly a year. Our settlement had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the heavy privations and severe trials to which we had been subjected. The red men were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forest and mountain were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed resulted from the rattlesnakes which infested our neighborhood. Three or four of the settlers were bitten by them, and died in terrible agonies. The Indians often told us frightful stories of this snake, and its power of fascination, and although they were generally believed, yet for myself, I confess, I was rather amused than convinced by their marvellous legends.

"In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning, it was just at this time of the year, I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the north-west shook the bright green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time in the pursuit of game, and in climbing a rugged ledge of rock, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfed trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a rattlesnake, coiling himself as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me, and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if retreating from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright fiery eye directly on my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from anything I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him, or at least, it sounded in my ear a strong sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of a humming bird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope; green, purple and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild and curiously woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prison a world of mysterious colors and tints, varied and darkened, and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing, until my brain reeled; and for the first time came over me. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind, not a muscle stirred; and I stood still as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the tempest in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment before me.

"Suddenly a new sound came on my ear. It was a human voice, but it seemed strange and awful. Again, again, but I stirred not and then a white form plunged before me and grasped my arm. The horrible spell was broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs; and my wife was clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim. The fangs pierced deeply into her hand; and her scream of agony, as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the tall serpent stealing away from his work, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him upon the ragged rock.

The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her hand; and it deepened into blackness, as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time, the pain of the wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I yet had strength enough to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us, and there, alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her and prayed with her, and she died!

The old man groaned audibly as he uttered these words, and as he closed his long bony hands over his eyes, I could see the tears falling thickly through his gaunt fingers—After a momentary struggle with his feeling, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eyes as he spoke.

"But I have had my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted and set apart by the terrible ordeal of my affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless. Do not imagine," said he, earnestly regarding the somewhat equivocal expression of my countenance, "that I consider these creatures as serpents—only creeping serpents—they are serpents of the fallen angels—the immediate ministers of the infernal gulf!"

Years have passed since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter; the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of conference, and the grass of the churchyard is seen over the grave of the old hunter. But this story is fixed upon my mind, and Time like enamel, only fades deeper the first impression. It comes up before me like a vividly remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

How Aunt Ruth got rid of a troublesome acquaintance.

BY C. T. H.

Like almost every other body who has found her or himself a reality upon the face of the earth, we have had an aunt. She was, and is, one of those dear, good little souls who are constantly doing something to make themselves remembered in kindness. The features of her pleasant little face were always covered with smiles; indeed they seemed to have taken a life lease of them, and were constantly to be seen nesting in the corners of her mouth, or twinkling at you from her lively black eyes. Benevolence and good feeling have complete possession of the capacious pocket which lined her dress, and they were constantly dealing out tokens to the little ones, who were always hailed her advent amongst them as the prelude to a subject of 'goodies.' The really needy or the business beggar was sure of something when they rapped at her door, for she gave to them all, best a deserving one might go away unaccompanied. Every cat in the neighborhood knew her; and not one of them, strange or otherwise, but would as soon think of running from a pan of milk, as from her presence. If any of our readers should in their rambles meet with a neat, tidy, black-eyed and red-checked little body, dressed plainly but with a great amount of taste, and looking out pleasantly from under her little bonnet, let them take a good look at her, for it is our Aunt Ruth. We have said she was little, that she herself does not deny, but has always on hand for everyone who may call her so, the old saying that 'valuable articles are oftenest found in the smallest packages,' and we can testify that her case is no exception.

Aunt Ruth was not as old on her wedding-day as she is now; and that occurred a good many years ago; how many, we are not going to say. We have a positive and distinct remembrance of the time when Uncle Simon commenced his 'regular attendance' at the domicile of our grandfather, and always managed to get as far as possible from Aunt Ruth, although it was apparent that he wished himself nearer, but was afraid to venture. Not that there was anything contrary; for she always seemed possessed of more kindness, if that were possible, whenever he was about or was expected. He was a diffident, timid kind of man; never knowing where to put his hands, and were always performing journeys in uneasy stages from his hair to his chin, and from thence to a miniature wrestling match with each other, or occasionally drumming imaginatively upon the back of his chair. His feet, too, when the hands were comparatively at rest, would either be following out the pattern in the carpet for a limited distance, or performing 'ground and lofty tumbling feats' over each other through the agency of his knees, alternately swinging as if preparing to jump somewhere, or rocking an imaginary cradle.

How or when he mastered courage enough to 'pop the question,' we are unable to say, but this we know, that he has been married to Aunt Ruth, a certain number of years. Previous to his being married, and some time after, he had a very intimate friend, who was constantly with him, except when he was 'out courting.' They roomed together at their boarding-house, and were such firm friends that the wonder is, that Uncle Simon did not take him along with him sometimes when he was going round to grandfather's. John Hunter, that was his name, seemed out of sorts about the time Uncle Simon was to be married; he looked as if he thought he had met a rival in Aunt Ruth, who was robbing him of the object of his affections. After the marriage Uncle Simon moved into a house which he had rented and furnished, and Hunter became a regular visitor, so much so, as to become troublesome to Aunt Ruth, who, although she was always willing to give a welcome to a friend of Uncle Simon's, still wanted to have more of the pleasure of Uncle Simon's company, without the presence of his friend. In her endeavors to do so, she hit upon the following plan. But she can tell it better by far than we, so we will give it in her own words, and we heard it in presence of a few of the family to whom she related it:—

"Now, you won't tell Simon," said Aunt Ruth, "nor joke him about it, if I tell you something which happened a little while after we were married, will you?"

Of course there was a general response in the negative. "Well, you see," she continued, "about the time we were married, Simon had a friend named Hunter—you remember him, Hannah; he stood up with us. They had boarded together, and Simon thought a great deal of him, and brought him around to our house almost every evening for a long time after we were married. I was always civil and polite to him at first, for I thought it would please Simon for me to take notice of a friend of his that he thought so much of; but then he came there so often that I kinder got tired of it, and I felt put out, and no doubt showed it in my manners. You know how it is yourself, Jane; you want to have some evenings when you can sit down and talk to your husband by himself. I didn't have an evening to myself, hardly, but what Hunter was there; and as I didn't want him there so often, I wasn't as particular in my manners towards him, which Simon noticed and often spoke about. Simon was then just as he is now, always talking about working to get ahead, so that if he died before me he could leave me something to get along with. One evening when we happened to be alone he said to me, 'Ruth, I don't think you treat Hunter right; you ought to be more civil to him, and not slight him so; he is a very fine young man, and I don't like you to slight him.' Now, I thought to myself, if I begin to be very civil again to Hunter, he will be always at the house, and I shan't have an evening to myself; so I thought how I should fix it to get rid of his coming so often, and to prevent Simon insisting on his company of an evening. At last I hit upon a plan that I thought would do; and when Simon came home that evening, he began talking about his business as usual, and I screwed my face up and said to him, 'Oh, my dear, you needn't be so troubled about getting something to leave me; I have been looking at Hunter lately, and I think he would make a first-rate husband, if you should happen to die.' Now, I didn't think the thing of the kind, I only said it to tease him a little; but Hunter stopped off coming, and Simon never said a word about my being civil to him after that."

Education.

The following is from the second letter of 'Beta,' in the *Colonial Presbyterian*, on the subject of education:

"But there are those who cry out against taxation as most unjust. They think they are so far interested in the matter that they might be obliged to pay their share of the tax, and that too to educate other folks' children. There are always some opposed to every good measure. The ignorant workman mobbed the manufacturers who introduced machinery, and Stephenson was called a madman for projecting railways, and was bitterly persecuted by the very persons they were designed to benefit. Many people stand in their own light, and more still are 'penny wise and pound foolish.' It is so with those who object to pay for the education of other folks' children. Their expenditure would be more than repaid in their own share of the general good.

Is it unjust to make a man pay for what benefits himself? Surely not. Now I have before stated that the prosperity of the nation depends upon the education of the people. Every educated man, by endeavoring to draw out the resources of the country, enhances the value of capital and property.—The very fact of an intelligent, educated population growing up around a man's property, increases its value; and the greater a man's property, the greater is his share—even in a money point of view—of the good to be derived from general education. It follows as a matter of course that he should pay more than the man who receives less. The children of the poor man will increase the value of the rich man's property, and it is right that he should pay for the benefit. I think this point will appear plain enough to any one who will consider it calmly and without prejudice. It is a settled fact that the man who has the most property in the country will derive the most benefit from educating the people.

As a general rule, it is the population both in kind and number that gives property its value. Increase the educated population of any community, and you increase the value of property. And who should pay most for such a benefit but those who receive most? In fact, it is upon this ground only that taxation of any kind is allowable. The Government is but the steward of the money which they take from the people, and they must employ it for the general good, of which good every tax-payer is supposed to get his proportionate share.

We make the county or town pay for the support of the poor within its bounds. Rich men should pay more than poor men for such a purpose. No man will say that it is unjust either for the State to support its poor, or to make the rich man pay for their support. He need not say they are not his poor, they are his poor if they belong to the State, for they have a share in the State. He must take a share of the poor when he takes a share of the land in the country. The support of the poor is bought and sold with farms, just like woods or stones; and it is perfectly just that they should go together.

On the very same principle that it is right for the State to provide for those who perish for lack of food, it is right to provide for those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. The duty of Government to protect and advance the best interests of the people requires the general diffusion of education in supporting it by taxation. If supporting education in this way become a burden to some, like supporting the poor it must be laid on those who can best sustain it. But it is not a burden.—It is remunerative investment of money—much more so than the emigration scheme—and those who get the most remuneration must invest the most money. The wealthy, who get the benefit, should pay the tax. There is no injustice in this method.

There is, however, great injustice in our present mode of levying the tax. We are at present taxed for education; but in such a way that only the comparatively rich get the benefit, while every poor man in the country pays his share of the tax. He pays on the food which he eats and the clothes which he wears. The rich man does the same, but nothing more. The Government takes this money from the hard-earned savings of the poor, who has paid his all when he paid that tax, and hands it over as a bonus to the rich man for being able to pay something more than his tax. Let us suppose a case. There is a district of forty families. Ten of these families are so poor that they can scarcely get the necessities of life; the others get all its comforts and many of its luxuries. Suppose the taxes on the necessities of life consumed in that district amount to twenty pounds. Now the money, or part of it at least, is to be paid back for schooling the children of the district. It is done in this way: The law says if you raise twenty pounds to a teacher he shall get these twenty pounds of taxes given to him for educating your children. The poor are asked to pay their share of the twenty pounds to be raised for the teacher—but they cannot.—They have already been obliged to pay five pounds and they cannot pay any more. The consequence is, that the wealthy of the place raise the twenty pounds themselves, and get the twenty pounds of taxes from Government; and the poor are excluded from any benefit in the school, though they were obliged to pay five pounds of the money, which is supposed to be for the benefit of the poor, to the support of the working of our present school system. The poor man pays his share of the tax, but the rich man gets all the benefit of it, both direct and indirect. The poor man is not able to pay for the education of his own children, but the law compels him to pay for the education of the rich.—Is this just?

Gone Astray.

Cold words to fill on a loving heart—he has gone astray. And is this the time to desert him? This the time to taunt him with words that roll like lava from your passion, and only sear his soul? No! he passes under clouds; he is light now; perhaps he has no other.

Many a true heart, that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the sneer of an unforgiving soul. Be careful how you freeze the first warm emotions of repentance. Beware lest these new words of your future sorrow. Repentance, changed by neglect or unkindness, becomes like melted iron hardened in the mould; it will not melt again. Be the first to meet the erring with outstretched arms. Wipe the tear from his eye—pour the balm of consolation on the wound that grief has made. Let your heart be the grave for his transgressions, your pity and love vent in bearing his burden, not in assailing words. O forgive the erring!

Items, Foreign & Local.

We are again under obligations to 'Tobin's Express' for late Boston papers.

England took last year, from the United States, cotton to the amount of nearly \$150,000,000, and exported its fabrics to the value of \$300,000,000.

The steamer *New Brunswick*, from St. John, N. B., arrived at Boston, Nov. 20, with 240 barrels of eggs.

It is said that France will require eighty millions and Great Britain sixty millions bushels of grain, to make up the deficiency in their crops this year.

The Confederate Navy consists of 88 sail—privateers, trade steamers and transports. The caravan of Goodwin & Co.—the same that visited our town last summer—was destroyed by fire in Boston a few days since. The animals were a total loss. Loss \$10,000; hail insured.

The hon. S. L. Tilley has arrived in England after a pleasant and speedy passage.

The mercantile community of New York are urgently pressing for an efficient bankrupt law.

A Halifax schooner has succeeded in running the blockade of Savannah. The cargo from Nova Scotia consisted of fish, &c., which was sold at an immense profit, and her return cargo of turpentine and resin is estimated to be worth \$28,000.

During the past ten months, only 60,758 emigrants have arrived at the port of New York, which is about 30,000 less than for the same period last year.

Not less than 10,000 hogs have died in Christian county, Illinois, of hog cholera. Forty men are now signing United States Demand Notes, each averaging about 3000 daily. The amount of money daily manufactured is from \$400,000 to \$500,000. The amount issued to date is about \$23,000,000, requiring 5,650,000 signatures.

A grand review of troops was held at Washington about two weeks since, in which 70,000 men were under arms.

A ladies' college was recently inaugurated in London.

The Halifax *Journal* estimates that during the stay of the British and French fleets at Halifax, their disbursements cost \$50,000 per month. As a matter of course their departure is regretted.

An importation of cotton has been received at Southampton, Eng., from the Portuguese possessions of Goa. It is said to be of good quality and the cost of production moderate.

A new plan for the prevention of railway collisions has just been patented in England by a Mr. Crozier. It consists in surcharging the rails with electricity, which, by an apparatus attached to the engine, under the eye of the driver, indicates the approach of the engine on the same line to the driver of both engines.

Late English papers inform us that Sir Howard Douglas died in London on the 8th inst.

Gen. Beauregard has completed his official account of the battle of Bull Run. He states the number under his command on the 18th of July at 17,000; and on the 21st, including all, 27,000.—The rebel killed is stated at 333; wounded 1,200. The enemy's killed, wounded and prisoners, is stated at 4,500.

The celebrated English criminal lawyer, Mr. Edwin James, has been admitted to the New York Bar.

Maryland has fewer slaves now than she had 70 years ago. Since then her white inhabitants have more than doubled, while the free blacks have increased tenfold. Maryland is fast becoming a free State.

An exchange states that out of the thousand English soldiers recently stationed at Toronto, nearly six hundred have deserted.

The effective of the Spanish army is now 271,000 infantry, 23,000 cavalry, and 14,000 artillery. Twelve thousand four hundred tons of provisions have been shipped from New York to Washington for the use of the army during the last three months.

India now grows twice the amount of cotton as the United States, but the greater part of it is used in that country. British capitalists are urging a great increase of the quantity.

The Halifax *Reporter* says that among the supplies for the Halifax Garrison, sent out from England, was a quantity of 'birch brooms.'

The latest invention of which we have heard is a chewing machine—in other words, a little mill intended for toothless people and those who cannot properly masticate their food. Such an article is advertised in the *London Lancet*. It is fastened to the dinner table, goes with a crank, and is said to mince the food very nicely.

The Prize fight on Kennebec Island resulted, after a combat of eight minutes, in favor of Turner.

The population of Newfoundland, according to the last census is 122,638. Of these, 56,895 are Roman Catholics, and 65,743 are Protestants.—Protestants have thus a majority of 8,843 in the whole colony. In St. John's, the capital, the Roman Catholics are concentrated in considerable strength, their numbers being 21,900, while Protestants amount to but 6,694.

My opponent, Mr. Speaker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor. Whether this is so or not, I shall not enquire. All I have got to say is that he will get it if he interrupts me again.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last, and the heart which asks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

A rash young man in this town has threatened to apply the Mims liquor law to his sweetheart, she intoxicates him so.

Nothing, perhaps, strikes the ear more pleasantly than a pretty woman's charming voice—except, perhaps, her charming hand.

To make a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else. If there be anything that woman relishes, it is to be contrary.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes

General News.

A Boston paper in speaking of the arrest of Mason and Slidell, and speculating on the probable action of England says:—

The first intimation we may have from England, may be in the shape of an armed fleet off New York, and the arguments upon the laws of nations be carried on under frowning batteries instead of in the council chamber at Washington.

BEAUFORT.—Is thus described by Sir Charles Lyall in his travels in the United States:— "Beaufort, a picturesque town, composed of an assemblage of villas, the summer residences of numerous planters, who retire here during the hot season, when the interior of South Carolina is unhealthy for the whites. Each villa is shaded by a verandah, surrounded by live oaks and orange trees."

STEAM NAVIGATION.—The *London Times* declares that while steam navigation has been a scientific success, it has been a pecuniary failure, inasmuch as all the lines of ocean steamers require enormous appropriations from the government to keep them afloat.

THE CENSUS OF NOVA SCOTIA.—The total population of Nova Scotia is 230,857. Of these 234,703 were born in Nova Scotia; the balance, 36,151, were born in other countries. Thirty six different countries are represented. We learn from the *Halifax Presbyterian Witness* that England is represented in Nova Scotia by the most numerous of 2993; Wales contributes 97; Scotland 16,305; Ireland, 9313; Germany, 28; Jersey, 62; Isle of Man, 8; Canada, 353; New Brunswick, 2351; Newfoundland, 927; Prince Edward Island, 870; Magdalen Islands, 12; West Indies, 216; United States, 1950; France, 83; Spain, 11; Portugal, 9; Saragossa, 2; Italy, 13 (organ grinders, no doubt); Turkey, 3; Other places in the Mediterranean, 20; Germany, 198; Norway, 8; Belgium, 15; Denmark, 9; Hungary, 1; Holland, 7; East Indies, 13; Russia, 3; Africa, 16; Australia, 8; Prussia, 17; Poland, 1; Switzerland, 6; Sweden, 8; South America, 9; all other places, 153; born at Sea, 40.

The *London Examiner* of the 5th ult., referring to the gold of Nova Scotia as described in the report of the Hon. Joseph Howe, says: "Of the gold-fields of Nova Scotia we have a most excellent account in a recent letter addressed by the Provincial Secretary to the Lieutenant Governor. The Secretary's name is not even mentioned, but ought to be known to the public, as we hope his merits are to the Government, for his letter exhibits a knowledge, tact, and judgment which entitles him to a higher position."

BEN CHRISTMAS.—The Rev. S. T. Rand under date of the 26th ult. writes to the Editor of the *Christian Messenger*:—

"It has become my painful duty to state that during my late tour in New Brunswick. I learned from various sources that my former brother and confidant, Ben Christmas, has relapsed into his old sins of intemperance and fraud. As he is reported to be in the habit of presenting certificates of good moral character, from Dr. Forrester and myself, it is but an act of simple justice to himself, as well as to the public and ourselves, to give due notice that those certificates have been rescinded, and that since they were given, Ben has failed."

CAMP MORALITY.—The New York *Sun* reports that the most unblushing licentiousness prevails among the regiments 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 nursing their example. Attempts had been made to turn the soldiers, women out of camp, but it was no go. The soldiers, knowing what the habits of their officers were, insisted on their rights.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S REPORT.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Times says:— "It is reported here that in the long report which Prince Napoleon has made to the Emperor and his Cabinet on American affairs, the Prince, while showing throughout a strong sympathy for the North and the cause of the Union, yet expresses the opinion that subjugation of the South is impossible, and that sooner or later the separation must be recognized as final."

THE LOTTERY OF DEATH AT RICHMOND.—Col. A. M. Wood, of the 14th New York Regiment, a prisoner at Richmond, gives, in a private letter, a thrilling account of the drawing for the prisoners at Richmond, who are to stand as a set off against the condemned pirates at New York and Philadelphia. He had been at large upon his parole until the 10th inst., when he was summoned to Gen. Winder's quarters. On asking on what business he was wanted, Gen. Winder answered that he had a very unpleasant duty to perform in fact the most unpleasant of his life, and bade to Col. Wood a paper, which proved to be Benjamin's order to draw lots among the Federal prisoners for a victim. The colonel was escorted from the office to the prison, where he found all his fellow officers, 75 in number drawn up to await the sad issue. The names of the officers, on separate slips of paper, having been put into a tin box, General Winder requested the Hon. Alfred Ely to draw from the box the name of the victim, who should be held in place of Smith, sentenced at Philadelphia. Mr. Ely, with evident emotion, drew the fatal slip, and amidst a death-like stillness, announced the name of Col. Crookran. Thirteen other officers, including Colonel Wood himself, were sent to the common jail at Richmond on the following day. Col. Wood says of the position of himself and his fellow prisoners: "You may rest assured that our fate depends upon that of the prisoners. I trust you will do all you can consistent with your duty to the government, to relieve those officers who went forth to fight the battles of their country, from a position of peril and distress."

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.—The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada embraces a line of 1,131 miles of which 1,036 miles are in actual operation. It is at this time the longest line in the world. It will, however, be soon eclipsed by the new India Railway, to extend from Calcutta to Delhi, a distance of 1,414 miles—costing £15,000 sterling per mile. The Grand Trunk Railway extends from the Atlantic Ocean at Portland to Lake Huron, a distance of 794 miles, with a branch to Detroit of 53 miles—a branch to Quebec of 90 miles, and the River Du Loup of 118 miles—making, with its various branches, 1,086 miles. The building of this line extended over a period of 14 years.

THE FRENCH ARMY AND NAVY.—The Paris correspondent of the *London Morning Herald* says:— "Orders have been issued by the Minister of Marine to have all the wooden ships built or building, corded with iron plates. The troops are ordered to be drilled throughout the winter months, and I know for a fact that immense quantities of clothing, camp equipment, and ambulance wagons are being manufactured. Commissioners or committees of naval men are now employed periodically at the Ministry of Marine, making reports on the condition of the French navy connected with changes originating in improved artillery and the iron-clad fleet. The Emperor just now is said to be paying much attention to maritime affairs."