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## Poetry.

### The Mountains of Life.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

There's a land far away mid the stars, we are told,  
Where they know not the sorrows of time;  
Where the pure waters wander thro' valleys of gold,  
And life is a treasure sublime;  
'Tis the hand of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,  
Where ages of splendor eternally roll—  
Where the way weary traveler reaches his goal  
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,  
But our visions have told of its bliss,  
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fann'd  
When we faint in the deserts of this;  
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,  
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,  
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows  
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Of the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,  
But we think where the rainbow have trod,  
And the day never smiles from its palace of light,  
But we feel the bright smile of our God.  
We are travelling homeward, thro' changes and gloom,  
To a kingdom where pleasures such as this bloom,  
And our guide in the glory that shines through the tomb,  
From the evergreen mountains of life.

## Select Tale.

### THE TRIAL.

No butterfly, nesting in the crimson heart of a fresh moss rose, was ever more luxuriously surrounded than Cecile Marchmont, on that February evening. The pink silk draperies waving around her couch—the tiny gilded chairs—the pictures, warm with the southern glow of everlasting sunshine, on mountain peaks whose blue splendor never grew dim with cloud or storm—no wonder that the beautiful young occupant of this luxurious boudoir forgot sometimes that life was not at all a happy summer dream!

On either side of the full length Psyche mirror glowed clusters of lights, whose white radiance quivered through lily-shaped chandeliers of frosted glass, and the toilet-table was strewn with tiny jeweled caskets of veined and perfumed wood, satin-lined, and clasped with gold, slender necked bottles of rare essences, and all the nameless trifles which wealth alone can purchase. And Mrs. Marchmont as she stood there in the fresh young loveliness of eighteen summers, might be pardoned for the touch of gratified pride that thrilled her heart. Her eyes were of that peculiar shade of violet blue that seems to meet and soften at each changing emotion—the fair face, shadowed by heavy curls of auburn gold, was full of arch dupes which kept coming and going, as if they didn't quite know where it was best to effect a permanent lodgment. In truth, you kept discovering new charms at every smile, every glance of the spoiled beauty. Her dress was of ruby velvet, bordered with ermine, whose purity was out-dazzled by its contrast with her pearl-white shoulders, and the flashing necklace of rubies about her throat, threw back the light in streams of crimson fire at each movement of the imperial hair.

"What do you think of me to-night, Alice?" she asked of an older, graver lady, who was standing by. Not because she entertained any doubts of her peerless beauty—silly little Cecile! but because she so loved to hear words of praise from those dear to her. "Kiss me, darling, and tell me you are pleased with Cecile!"

"My own love!" said the lady, tenderly, holding her arms about the slight figure of the caressing girl. "But oh, Cecile, I wish I were sure of one thing."

"And what is that, my chiding mother-cousin?"

"That you would not forget Henry's dislike to see you the object of such overweening admiration from gentlemen."

Cecile tossed her head so scornfully that the dark red camellia in her sunny curls quivered as it stirred by a sudden breeze.

"Now Alice, that is all your imagination! Henry has infatuated you with his green-eyed fancies. He's completely spoiled! The idea of finding fault because I choose to be admired! Why I might as well retire into a convent at once—take the black veil, and become a recluse for the rest of my days!"

"My love!" and Alice Wayne's voice was very gentle in its accent of reproach. "Henry adores you, and it is a wife's first duty to study her husband's slightest wishes."

Cecile put her tiny, ring-sparkling hand on her cousin's lips, with a pretty gesture of impatience.

"Yes, I know all that wise, sensible talk of yours, Alice—I've heard it forty thousand times before, but it won't do a bit of good. I've always heard that husbands should be over-indulged, and thought I love Henry very, very dearly, yet I'm determined to have my own way. It only needs one good trial of strength between us to settle the matter once and forever!"

"Cecile! Cecile! trials of strength are dangerous things between husband and wife!"

But the gay young creature glided out of the room like a sunbeam, and her laughter floated lightly back, like a cloud of silver bells. Yet to the anxious ear of Alice it sounded like a knell, dying away into the silence with indescribably mournful cadences.

The ball room was a scene which always wrought Cecile's nerves to their highest point of excitement. The brilliance of flashing lights—the crowd and crush and flutter—the heavy odor of hot-house flowers, and the melodious throb of ophicleide and horn, with flying feet keeping time to waltz and redows, all acted like a magical spell upon her nature. The crimson shadows glowed upon her cheek—her eyes shone like violet stars. The evening was a succession of brilliant triumphs to her, and of uneasiness and annoyance to her husband.

wife, and whose intimacy at his house had given rise to vehement, though unheeded remonstrances, on his part.

"How provoking you are, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Marchmont, at length, when he had very decidedly expressed his determination to return home. "It is only one o'clock, and nobody thinks of going yet! If I could only stay for another waltz!"

But Henry Marchmont drew her jeweled arm beneath his own in relentless silence, and accompanied her to the cloak-room in a very unenviable mood.

The apartment was dimly lighted, and as he stood silently beside his wife, waiting for her to fasten hood and opera cloak, the hated figure of De L'Orme brushed close to him, and a whisper fell scathingly on his ear.

"Dearest, if you wear your diamonds to-morrow night, I shall know that you do not frown on my suit!"

The words that had been intended for his wife's ears, were by some strange fatality breathed into his, and the utterer was gone.

Marchmont clenched his hand until the blood sprang from under the nails, while Cecile prattled carelessly on.

"She is as innocent as the flowers in May," he murmured, "yet she would rush blindly on to destruction, spite of my efforts to withhold her—Great Heavens, why is she so wilful?"

"You are not answering a word I say, Harry," remonstrated Cecile, a few minutes afterward, as the carriage was bearing them swiftly homeward.

"What's the matter? Are you cross and jealous, because I danced with other gentlemen? Goodness, how cold your hands are!" she exclaimed, starting and shrinking away.

"My heart is colder, Cecile," he answered, moodily.

She shrugged her beautiful shoulders, drew the white cashmere wrapper more closely about her, and relapsed into silence.

"I'll let him alone until he gets better natured," she thought inwardly. "He may be as sullen as he likes—I will have my own way!"

Ah! had she but known all that was passing in his brain, she would have thrown herself on his breast, pleading for pardon and forgiveness—bewailing her own unworthiness of his great forbearance and tenderness!

The next evening, as she was arraying herself for the soiree to which all the fashionable world was hastening, Harry came hurriedly into her room.

"Cecile," said he, "I am very sorry, but unexpected business will prevent me from attending you to-night. I will endeavor to join you in about an hour, however. And, my love, I have one request to make of you. Don't wear your diamonds. Wear anything else you please, but gratify me in this slight request."

"I can't wear anything else with white tulle," said Cecile, pettishly. "What a very strange request, Henry!"

"Your pearls, my child," suggested Alice Wayne.

"No, I had set my heart on the diamonds," said Cecile, evidently much annoyed.

"I shall depend on your complying with my wishes, Cecile," said her husband, gravely. "If a mere request has no weight with you, remember that my command must not be trifled with."

He left the room, and Cecile proceeded with her toilette, a deep flush burning like a hectic spot on either cheek.

"My dearest!" exclaimed Alice, restraining her hand, as she was about to fasten the sparkling coron of diamonds around her neck, "you surely are not going to wear the diamonds?"

"I certainly shall wear them!" said Cecile, with quivering lip and flashing eye. "I, of all women in the world, will not become the mock martyr to a tyrannical husband."

"But," persisted Alice, earnestly, "it is such a trifling self-denial that is requested of you. O, Cecile, do not set your husband's wishes openly at defiance."

"I told you, Cousin Alice," returned Cecile, trying to speak lightly, "that I was determined to have my own way about all these matters. Henry may as well find it out first as last."

And she clasped the diamond bracelets on, as she spoke.

But her foot was scarcely on the threshold of the house of festivity, before a yearning sense of remorse came over her.

"It was such a little thing to ask—and Harry has always been so thoughtful of my wishes," she thought. "But it is too late now. Another time I will be more mindful of his requests."

Too late! Ah, Cecile, the words are full of dire meaning for thee!

Mr. De L'Orme came in late, and rather flushed by wine. His attentions were too special to be agreeable to poor Cecile, who more than once wished that Henry were within call. In vain she endeavored to avoid him, and finally, as they stood in the half-illuminated conservatory, now nearly deserted by the guests, her terror reached its climax.

"O, Harry! O, my husband! why are you not here?" she gasped, as De L'Orme threw himself on his knees, and seizing her hand, poured forth incoherent ravings to her, perfectly incomprehensible, about "answered signals" and "hopeless love."

In vain Cecile strove to release her hand—a but-terfly in the grasp of an anaconda could scarcely be more helpless than she was. A low, quivering cry broke instinctively from her blanched lips.

That instant a shadow passed her, swift and silent as the avenging winds of Heaven—the gleam of a knife flashed like sudden lightning across her vision, and the next moment she was alone, with a vague remembrance of having seen her husband's face dark and terrible for a second, and a fearful consciousness that her white dress was spattered with the blood of the man who lay rigid and ghastly at her feet.

One moment her brain seemed encircled with a brand of fire, and her breath to struggle up through mountain heights upon her heart, then she neither knew or remembered aught else.

When she awoke she was in her own rose tinted bower tossing on the downy pillows of her luxurious couch.

"Where am I?" she moaned, starting up. "Alice! is that you? Tell me that it is all a frightful dream!"

Alice, pale and fearful, sat beside her, but she made no answer to the wild questions of Cecile. At length, urged by repeated prayers, she said, hesitatingly:

"Alas, dear Cecile, I have nothing but woful tidings to tell. They say that De L'Orme is dead, and Henry is fled, we know not whither."

"Fled from me?" gasped Cecile. "Oh, Alice! it can't be possible—he never would leave me?"

Alice answered only with her tears, and Cecile sank back on her pillows in mute, voiceless anguish. Sorrow had come at last—came as a mailed warrior, fierce and pitiless!

Poor, lovely, broken flower! and was this the tragic end of her innocent coquettish, her harmless wilfulness?

Who can tell the great change that passed over her whole nature in that hour of fiery trial? There-fore, the regrets, the bitter repentance! Sweet little Cecile! it was a hard lesson that cured thee of thy "trifling faults."

The first news that came like a gleam of light to her bedside was that De L'Orme, though fearfully wounded, did not die. Not that she cared for the detained enemy, but there was no weight of murder on Henry's soul.

One evening, as she lay with closed eyes, scarcely heeding the genial glow of the sunset that was flooding the room, there was a slight rustle at her bedside. Mechanically she opened her eyes, and in a second she was sobbing on Harry's breast!

"My love! my precious wife!" was all that he said.

Once more forgiven—once more restored to her old place, in the noblest heart that ever beat! No word of reproach—no reproving glance—all love and tenderness again!

She rose from her bed of sickness an altered being. No one, in after years, who admired the lovely, pensive woman, whose only happiness was in her husband's smile, could ever have deemed how different she had been before the fiery agony of Cecile Marchmont's trial!

ACTIVITY.—Activity is one of the everlasting laws of existence. Laziness is spiritual death. Whoever acquired anything worth having by lying still and waiting for it to come to him? All things are within reach of man, if he will only go after them; all things mock him who lingers by the way. Who gains money but the man who toils with hand or brain? Who finds knowledge save by the striving of the understanding? Who knows anything of beauty in nature but he who spurns the morning couch and is on the hill-top while his neighbors are asleep; can defy the snow and the rain, and strain up the mountain summit and endure the noonday heats? And through what watching and lonely wrestling with languor and discouragement the artist leads out human loveliness from the rough marble, and coaxes beauty upon the canvas! And does not every good man go up to his virtue as Jesus went; like him resist Satan in the desert, sweat drops of blood in Gethsemane, and bear his cross upon Calvary. Activity is the law of life. Let us be up and doing. Time waits for no man; all things go on; go on with all things, or you will fall out of your rank in the procession of existence, and never find your place again unless through toils that will wring your soul with anguish. Listen to the voice of the sea, for it is the voice of God, which evermore says, "Work while it is called to-day."

WRITING.—Among all the productions and inventions of human wit, none is more admirable and useful than writing: by means whereof, a man may copy out his very thoughts, utter his mind without opening his mouth, and signify his pleasure at a thousand miles distance; and this by the help of twenty-four letters, by various joining and infinite combinations of which words that are attainable and imaginable may be formed; and several ways of joining, altering, and transposing these letters, do amount, according to Clavius the renowned Jesuit, to 52,635,736, 497, 664,000 ways; so that all things that are in heaven and earth may be expressed by the help of this wondrous alphabet, which may be comprised in the compass of a farthing.

THE DUTIES OF YOUTH.—The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks never can be wise. Perpetual levity ends in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short and miserable. Let us consider that youth is of not long duration, and that in mature age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good.

There are two classes of disappointed lovers—those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy ones who are disappointed after it.

There are many people whose whole wisdom consists in hiding their want of it.

A gentleman whose father had been hanged, was accustomed to say of him: "He died suddenly upon a platform at a large public meeting."

"Now mind you," whispered a servant girl, "I don't say as how missus drinks; but, between you and I, the decanter don't keep full all day."

The gates of heaven are low arched: we must enter upon our knees.

If the body is, as an old author calls it, the bridegroom of the soul, many a good-looking body is worse married than Socrates was.

Death to the good man is the coming of the heart to its blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower?

She who "couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act reveals his own wickedness at heart.

He who profits by his own experience is wise indeed; yet wiser far is he who profits by that of another, for he thereby has all the benefit but none of the pain.

As gold is found both here and there upon earth, so it is with love in human life. We meet a little in the hearts of children and in our households; but it is here and there a coal of gold and a whole continent of dirt.

## General News.

EXTRAORDINARY BANK ROBBERY.—One of the most bare faced robberies ever heard of took place at St. Louis, Missouri, on the 27th of March. The city being under martial law, and a very sharp patrol being kept after secessionists, the youngster forced an order of the Provost Marshal, asking a military officer in command in the city for a squad of six men to aid in the arrest of Mr. Hammer, of the firm of Hammer & Co., bankers, on a charge of disloyalty to the Government. Not being altogether satisfied with the respect of the Provost Marshal's signature to the request, the officer applied to be refused to detail the men. Another forgerly enlisted Redman to procure the service of a squad of men from a Wisconsin regiment who went to the Bank, which is situated in one of the most crowded of the thoroughfares of the city. Stationing the guard at the door, Redman entered and informed Mr. Hammer that he was a prisoner. Mr. Hammer asked an explanation. This was refused him, and he was told to go instantly with the guard. The banker began to put up his bills and gold, but that was what the young scoundrel did not want above all things, and accordingly he forbade it. Resistance only brought the guard with their bristling bayonets, and Hammer, at the risk of impalement, threw what he could readily catch up into the safe and locked it. On being ordered to open it, he refused, but was obliged to give up the key. The lock being a combination one, Redman could not open it, although he tried very hard. Hammer was commanded to unlock the safe, but that he absolutely refused to do, and was given over to the guard who took him to a place of custody. Meanwhile Redman gathered up what money was left—some \$2250—and pocketed it. He then made his way coolly through the crowd around the door and effected his escape. While the act of plunder was going on, a partner in the bank ran to the Provost Marshal to learn the cause of the sudden unjust arrest of the head of the firm, when he discovered that no order had been issued for Mr. Hammer's arrest. The following morning Hammer was permitted to go, and the above is the substance, says.

Further inquiries showed that there was something wrong, and upon sending an order to the guard for the release of the prisoner about four o'clock in the afternoon, denouement of the plot was reached. The banker had been robbed and imprisoned, Uncle Sam's troops had been used to do the work, and the hero prisoner, who planned and executed the daring scheme had, for the time, escaped. He has since been arrested.

THE NEW ROYAL MAUSOLEUM.—Her Majesty the Queen laid on March 15th, the first stone of a Mausoleum in Frogmore Park, which are to be deposited the remains of her dearly beloved husband the Prince Consort, and ultimately her own.

Her Majesty, in performing this act of reverence and devoted affection, was surrounded by all her children now in England, and was attended by the ladies and gentlemen of her Household in waiting, and those who had in any way especially attended upon the Prince.

Her Majesty, supported by the feeling of the sacred nature of the duty she had to perform was able to complete the ceremony, and after the stone was laid the Dean of Windsor said a prayer, asking God's blessing on the work. The few carefully collected persons who were permitted to be present were assembled upon the ground at 12 o'clock, and Her Majesty, with no attendants but the Royal Children, proceeded on foot from Frogmore House (where Her Majesty had previously come in a carriage in the most private manner) to the spot where the stone was prepared. Upon the stone is the following inscription:

"The foundation stone of this building erected by Queen Victoria in pious remembrance of her great and good husband, was laid by her the 15th day of March, A. D., 1862."

"Blessed are they that sleep in the Lord."

The building is to be erected under the superintendence of Mr. A. Humbert, architect, and the reclining statue of the Prince will be executed by Baron Marochetti.

Her Majesty had wished that this mournful ceremony should take place upon the first anniversary of the death of her beloved husband the Duchess of Kent; but that day was Sunday the eve of the anniversary was selected.

NO COTTON TO BE GROWN THIS YEAR.—A resolution has passed the Confederate House of Representatives advising Southern planters not to plant cotton this year. The following speeches of leading Senators will show the feeling of the people on the subject, and the determination to take every means that may advance their cause.

Mr. Hunter, of Va., thought that the policy which diminishes the supply of cotton will hold the blockade. By keeping cotton scarce and high, its production is stimulated in other countries; India, for instance. If we are denied admission to the markets for several years, and the price is kept to twenty-five or thirty cents, see what powerful incentives are given to its production elsewhere. To bring about this state of things and to become the main producer is the secret of all British legislation. This stimulates the cotton growers in the tropics to raise cotton under any disadvantage; other- wise their interests as manufacturers would have compelled them to raise the blockade. Cotton is a source of power and influence only so long as we can raise and keep it in vast quantities at low prices.

Mr. Brown urged that the main object of the embargo was to put down the Mississippi Valley and seize our cotton, we should prevent any more being there than could be helped. The idea that cotton could be raised in India was, to use a homely phrase, played out. He was in favor of burning all the cotton we now had, and planting no more until the world was disposed to do us justice. Regardless of our losses, let us let us act for ourselves and strike blows for our own superiority.

Mr. Sumner, of La., had long since abandoned the idea that cotton is king. He had arrived at the conclusion that this was a mistake. Nations would violate the laws of nations to supply themselves with cotton, and interest was the ruling principle of the world. We have tested the power of King Cotton, and have found him wanting. We must now abandon all dependence on foreign intercourse. The English never will interfere, because it is not for their interest. Rather than make war with the United States she would convert her government into an eleemosynary for the maintenance of the blockade. By keeping cotton scarce, she would do this because would be cheaper, and because the darling projects of her statesmen would be fostered and cotton be produced in her colonies. He voted for the resolution for the reason that warning should be given the people to prepare for the continuance of a lengthy war, and that produce must be raised for our subsistence.

The Sumter (Ala.) Republican, in noticing the action of planters to substitute grain for the cotton crop as the best war policy, states that Dr. Jarratt has instructed the overseer of his plantation, in Sumter county, not to plant any cotton whatever, but to plant one thousand two hundred acres in corn, potatoes, &c., to aid in supplying provisions for the South during the war. This is the spirit which will soon "conquer a peace," and lift the blockade. We commend the example to all our planting friends.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia was prorogued on Saturday the 12th inst. Mr. Howe stated that there would be no dissolution, the Government having a majority of supporters in the House.

The financial condition of the United States necessarily attracts the attention of the whole civilized world: and while the recklessness with which, in the name of patriotism, a system of public plunder has been inaugurated, excited at once the astonishment and alarm of every lover of freedom and constitutional government, the apathy of a great people under the burden which is being assumed, and their indifference to the consequences of such an amazing expenditure almost shake our faith in this capacity for self government. Let us look back a little to the time—scarcely a year ago—when Mr. Lincoln made his inaugural address at Washington. At that epoch the debt of the United States was computed to be about \$61,000,000. The total public expenditure for the year 1860 had been less than \$78,000,000. To meet this expenditure the Treasury receipts, including loans, of the Treasury, amounted to \$81,000,000, leaving a balance in the Treasury of nearly four million. How all this is changed! At the present moment no one knows within several millions, the amount of public debt, no man knows the amount of public expenditure, and no man knows the amount of the Government's revenue. Its credit is worth; but guesses are made and computations are calculated, and the public is aware that something, no one knows how much, more than \$1,000,000,000 has been incurred, and that this debt is increasing at the rate of three million dollars a day? Here is not a question of merely borrowing money. The debt is already brought in. To the army, to the navy, to the Government contractors, and to the holders of Government paper the United States Government owes at this moment more than \$1,000,000,000. History presents no parallel to such an expenditure. With an actual revenue of less than \$50,000,000, the Government of the United States is expending more than a thousand million dollars a year! Stand against the spectacle. It exceeds all the extravagance of Great Britain in the most extravagant days of the hitherto most extravagant empire. In twelve years from 1803 to 1815, Great Britain incurred a debt of \$2,000,000,000. That is something; but it fades into insignificance in comparison with this expenditure of the United States. Moreover this nominal debt of a thousand million dollars is far less than the reality, because even Great Britain was compelled to pay at the rate of \$750 million for \$55 million, really borrowed; and it is not likely that the United States can borrow a thousand million upon better terms; as at the present moment, with a funded debt of only about \$60,000,000, the United States are obliged to pay \$5 for the same amount for which Great Britain pays only \$3 a year interest. To meet this enormous expenditure, the Government of the United States has adopted a paper currency. It has issued \$60,000,000 in what are called "demand notes," not bearing interest, \$100,000,000 of Treasury bonds, bearing 7.30 per cent interest; is about to issue \$150,000,000 Treasury Notes, not bearing interest, and is issuing "certificates of indebtedness" to an unlimited amount, at 6 per cent interest.

GOLD IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The St. Andrews Standard learns that gold has been discovered at Le Te, a quantity of quartz was taken to Boston, but it did not contain sufficient genuine to pay working expenses. The Standard says that parties are making further explorations, anxious as to the result.

An idea is getting prevalent in France that suicide is often attributable to mysterious local influence—that is, that in a room where a suicide has once taken place the next occupant will be tempted to do the same crime. In support of the doctrine it is said that Napoleon ordered the destruction of a toy box in which several soldiers had successively destroyed themselves.

FREE TRADE IN THE SOUTH.—The Richmond Examiner learns that the Confederate House of Representatives have decided by a vote in secret session, to repeal the tariff, and establish free trade with all countries, except the United States. There are already been only seventeen votes against the proposition. It is intended as a hostile war measure.

TOLERATION IN AUSTRIA.—Entire religious liberty is to be secured by law in Austria, excepting that up to the age of eighteen children must follow the creed preferred by their parents. The enjoyment of civil and political rights is not to depend on religious confession, nor to be subject to any restriction on that account. Difference of religion will not form a civil obstacle to marriage. Professors of all beliefs are equally admissible by law to all dignities, functions and public employments. Every church or religious society has the right to publicly carry out its worship, with a reserve as to measures necessary to secure public order. The law grants to all churches and religious societies this legal right. There is to be no state privileged religion.

EMIGRATION OF WOMEN TO BOLIVIA.—Efforts are being made to promote female emigration to Bolivia, and a society has already been formed, under distinguished auspices, for furthering this object. The Bishops of London and Oxford, with the Lord Mayor, are patrons. The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird is treasurer. Messrs. Ramsden, Drummonds, Masterman are the bankers; and the Rev. John Garrett, vicar of St. Paul, near Penzance, with Mr. W. C. Sergeant, of the Colonial Office, act as hon. secretaries, at the office of the Society, 54, Chancery Cross. It is proposed to form ladies' committees, and to raise subscriptions for carrying out the scheme. In a circular already issued by the secretaries, it is said that between the extreme distress existing in districts such as Coventry, and the number of friendless girls to be found in this country, a vast benefit may be done to Great Britain, and real blessing conferred upon the colonies, by prudently directing such a plan of emigration. It appears that last summer two thousand men were at work at the Caribb diggings, and in the present season at least 10,000 more are expected, and still no females except the degraded Indian Squaws.

## Telegraphic.

ARRIVAL OF THE "CANADA."—The "Canada" from Liverpool 5th inst., arrived at Halifax on the 16th inst.

The "Great Eastern" is advertised to leave Milford for New York on the 31st. The Duke of Somerset said that in the course of the present year England would have ten armoured-plated vessels at all effective, and in the course of next year five or six more.

In the House of Commons the same evening, Mr. Fitzgerald gave notice that he would soon call attention to Latin America.

Palmerston announced that Parliament would adjourn for Easter recess from the 11th to the 28th April.

Gladstone made his financial statement. He stated that the actual expenditure of the past year was £70,838,500. Revenue £69,674,479, showing a deficit of £1,164,000. He estimated the revenue next year at £70,100,000, and expenditure £70,040,000, thus showing small surplus as regards changes in Duties and Taxes. The only alteration of consequence is commutation of Hop Duty, the amount of which is to be got in future from the beer at rate of 3d. per barrel; instead of material duty on playing cards, reduced from 1s. to 3d.

Foreign bonds and loans of all descriptions are to pay 1 per cent. Other changes are merely modifications of sundry licences, and the wine duties. In course of his speech, Gladstone adverted to the

great drawbacks arising from the American crisis, which had turned out worse than anticipated. The Cotton crisis was a most serious feature to England. Blockade had of course been expected, but it proved far more rigorous and extended over greater line of coast than had been anticipated, and its effect had been nearly to double price of cotton. Loss on American trade was great, exports having fallen from nearly twenty-two millions in 1860, to only nine millions in 1861. Trade with America, according to recent returns, was however improving.

In the House of Lords on the 4th, the Marquis of Normandy again recurred to Italian grievances, and Lord Kinnaird adverted to Russian violence in Poland.

Earl Russell gave some explanations, but declined going into general question of two countries.

In Commons, Layard said the Government had received official information that convention had been entered into between the Commissioners of Allied Powers and the Government of Mexico. It was true that the British forces had been withdrawn from Mexico, except a small body of men. It was not the intention of the Government that they should take any part in the expedition into the interior, and they would all be brought home, except about 100, who would be left there for performance of ordinary duties. Although Her Majesty's Government did not altogether approve of all articles of convention, they approved of it generally.

Mr. Denham called attention to the Polish question.

Palmerston in response reviewed the position of Poland, and expressed sympathy with Poles, but recommended them to wait patiently, and he believed the kindly feelings of the Emperor of Russia would ultimately grant their desires. The subject was one in which England could not wisely interfere.

Osborne moved a resolution that it is expedient to suspend the construction of proposed forts at Spithead until the value of iron-oreled gunboats for defence shall have been fully considered. He referred to the exploits of the "Mermaid" and "Monitor" and claimed that the invention of the principle of the "Monitor" belonged to Captain Coles, whose plans were long since submitted to Admiralty—reported favorably upon them, and that they were then shelved. He opposed permanent fortifications, and hoped that the Government would not plunge into useless expenditure on them. Sir Morton Peto seconded the resolution.

Palmerston admitted the great importance of the question, and replied that it was not brought forward in party spirit. The question had occupied the earnest attention of the Government; he did not deny that the action between the "Mermaid" and "Monitor" had taught a lesson, but whilst it had done that in one direction, it had also given a warning in another, as showing what they could do, as well as what they could do. He pointed out the drawbacks of the "Monitor," and what England was doing with iron ships, and said that Capt. Coles' principle. He questioned the expediency of entirely neglecting the fortifications, and favored both forts and floating batteries. He said the Government was not averse to suspending works at Spithead, for a time. The Defence Committee had been instructed to look into the subject, and after Easter he would bring the whole subject before the House. After some further debate the resolution was amended to the effect that the House will at an early day empower the Government to expend money voted for fortifications, &c., on iron-shielded vessels, and agreed to.

Preparations had commenced for cutting down the "Royal Sovereign," one of the oldest ships in the English Navy, from 131 screw three-decked ships to a 12 gun ship, on Captain Coles' plan. The "Bulwark" 91 guns, was also to be converted into an armoured plated frigate.

Admiral Sir James C. Ross, the Arctic voyager, is in London.

Prospectus is issued of British Columbia Overland Transit Co. The object is to establish a regular transport system for mails and passengers, by carts and relays of horses through British Territory.

Army and Navy "Gazette" observes that there is more than usual element of uncertainty about issues of Civil War in America, owing to the ignorance of the real capacity