

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

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Poetry.

\$100,000,000.

Where's the hundred million dollars, Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam?
Where's the hundred million dollars, Uncle Sam?
You have plenty of security
To fast through all futurity,
Pennsylvania will be sure,
And meet it at maturity,
Believing you from this almighty jam, Uncle Sam,
Believing you from this almighty jam!

Your "green backs" are all gammon, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!
Your "green backs" are all gammon, Uncle Sam!
For your soldiers and your sailors,
And your artisans and tailors,
And contractors, they've made railers,
Down even to your jailers;
For they know that the fancy labels are but flum,
For they know that they are but flum!

But will the Germans trust you, Uncle Sam? Uncle Sam?
But will the Germans trust you, Uncle Sam?
Do you think your slippery nation,
That's so fond of penetration,
And now wallowed to termination,
By the Southern Confederation,
Is in any situation
To procure an ounce of gold or a dram? Uncle Sam?
To procure an ounce of gold or a dram?

You must try some other tack, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!
You must try some other tack, Uncle Sam!
O, you need not mind the scandal,
Try the basswood ham and candle,
Some new nutmeg or broom handle,
Or some baby thing to dandle;
But don't try this hundred million dollar sham, Uncle Sam!
But don't try this hundred million dollar sham!

Select Tale.

THE DOVE OF PEACE.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

A gray-looking house, evidently quite old, yet well built and in good repair, stands at the corner of two streets in one of our sister cities. One of these streets is quiet and retired; the other teems with the life and hurry of business. That part of the house which fronts the latter is somewhat modernized, and the lower story is used as a shop in which a silversmith displays his glittering wares; while behind the shop is his manufactory.

A bright-eyed, pleasant-looking youth stands in the front shop all day long waiting on customers, or brightening and polishing the silver-ware; and sometimes an elderly man, with a face covered by scars and seams, comes in to give directions to the youth, but generally vanishes whenever a lady makes her appearance at the door.

From the upper windows of the house, two harsh unpleasant female voices are often heard by the passers-by in loud altercation. Sometimes the softer tones of a man mingle with these, and the pleasant word "sister" falls like oil upon the stormy waves of angry discussion and fretful complainings. The softer voice belongs to John Raymond the silversmith, a man of fifty; the harsher ones are from the lips of his two sisters, both more elderly than himself, and whose faces, from constant ill-humor, are infinitely more unpleasant than their brother's scathed and disfigured one.

Especially does this appear when one knows the cause of John's appearance. Thirty years ago, when he was just touching the verge of that manhood which has been so painfully visited, the old gray house caught fire one night, from the burning broom of a careless housemaid who had been sweeping up her embers on the old-fashioned hearth.

Every one slept soundly in the quiet house until the flames reached the stairway. John Raymond's first thought was of his feeble, widowed mother. The two stout, active sisters had already gained the street, and were wringing their hands piteously at the thought of their mother's danger. It was deemed madness to think of ascending, and it would seem that the poor woman was abandoned to her fate; but suddenly a glow shone from the heart of the flames, bearing the nearly lifeless form of Mrs. Raymond, wrapped from head to foot in a blanket. She was saved, but the bright, handsome face of her brave and noble boy was irretrievably marred and disfigured.

To the true mother's heart it was dearer and more beautiful than ever—the sign of a life freely given for a life, had God willed to take the sacrifice; but to others it was repulsive, and John knew it. But never, by word or look, did he betray to his mother that he felt a single pang; he submitted cheerfully to all that science could do to remedy the defects, and fortunately he recovered the use of his eyes, which at first seemed doubtful. In the dim light of his manufactory—for he had succeeded in his dead father's business—he spent most of his time, scarcely emerging from it when darkness came on.

The terrors of that night increased his mother's weakness; and after a few years' struggling to live for John's dear sake, she died, leaving the two amiable sisters to his care—a legacy not likely to be soon transferred to others. It was a sore trial to that son when that meek and patient mother was taken from the home in which she had acted as peace-maker for so many years between Miriam and Lucretia; but he tried to conciliate them as she had done, although their tempers certainly did not improve with age. They felt tolerably sure that John would never marry, and that, consequently, their home with him was certain not to be disturbed. As only the house remained to them, they had been dependent on their brother ever since he became of age; yet they never acknowledged it, and even taunted him with ministering to his few and simple requirements.

One day, before the advent of the bright-eyed youth of whom I have spoken, a lady in deep mourning entered the shop, and desired to see Mr. Raymond himself. He went in reluctantly to see her, for John was sensitively alive to the impression naturally produced by his face. The lady was, however, neither shocked nor repulsed by his appearance. She was too full of the subject on which she came, to have any thought of him, save of deep pity for his misfortune. She came with her only son, to entreat Mr. Raymond, of whom she heard nothing but what was good and noble, to take him under his care, and employ him in a way that should enable him to earn his bread, and to make him, under God, a true and upright man.

John did not actually need him; but he yielded

to the earnestness of the mother, and the pleading looks of the lad. The mother, Mrs. Churchill, stipulated that Albert should reside solely with his master. John thought of his sisters and hesitated; but he said to himself that, for once, he would assert his authority in the house, and the arrangement was concluded.

The elder sister, Miriam, opened a whole volley of invective upon him when he announced his plan. The younger only remained silent because she would not agree with the other, but she took the first opportunity of railing at him. Finding that he was determined, they both submitted, but with a poor grace, to having the lad as an inmate.

Albert Churchill proved a treasure to Mr. Raymond. He had been carefully trained—that was evident; and John felt no hesitation in entrusting him with his most valuable goods. The boy's mother had left an impression upon his heart that he could not banish, although he blamed himself severely for suffering his thoughts to dwell upon her. Yet he could not forget the sweet, pitying look she had given him, nor the tender trust with which she had surrendered her beloved son to his care; and more, far more deeply than for many years, he regretted that he was an object that would never be likely to win a woman's love. O, how wearily he listened to the sound of his sister's voices in their endless altercations! How sadly he thought that it must always be so!—that the dove of peace might never brood over his household.

But John Raymond was a Christian man, and would not long suffer himself to repine. Every picture has its brightness, although the shadows may fall too heavily. And John bestowed a father's tenderness upon Albert, to whom he turned after every annoying or mortifying dispute above stairs.

By degrees, as John learned more and more of Mrs. Churchill, through the artless revelations of her son, he came to think of her as a dear friend; and often, after work was over for the day, Albert would coax him into walking over to see her. Under cover of the dimly-lighted room, when no eye could distinguish his face from that of another, his embarrassment would subside, and he would talk to her unreservedly. Noble, and generous, and truthful, the words he spoke were music to the ear of her who heard them; and so it happened that he asked her if she believed it possible to endure for life the companionship of one like him. The answer came—not slowly nor hesitatingly, but with the ring of truth and candor in its tones; and John Raymond went home that night with a heart so light, that his feet almost seemed to tread on air. As he approached his house, however, a sudden chill fell upon him. Could he bring such a being as he had just left, with all her sweet and amiable qualities, into contact with the ungainly inmates of his home?

Not a thought passed through his mind of deserting those whom his beloved mother, for whom he had braved martyrdom, had committed to his care. No, he would fulfil her trust, at all events; but he would forewarn his future wife of what she would have to endure. She should not come blindfold into such dreary companionship as the two sour, peevish women, for so generously had Albert Churchill kept his master's secrets, that his mother had never known how weary the sister had made his existence.

That night John Raymond disclosed his engagement to ears that heard it with a surprise that momentarily struck their owners dumb. Recovering, they abused him to their heart's content—for once refraining from contradiction to each other. He let them run on until every invective was exhausted. They accused him of wanting to turn them away—in their old age, they began to say, but they stopped short there—or of placing a woman, a young and flirting woman, who they said could not love him! and only wanted his money for herself and her boy, over them; to set up another rule in the house where they had worn out their lives for him!

John saw and felt future storms; but believing it best to say all that should be said now, and then try to dismiss it forever, he kindly but firmly told them what he had resolved upon. He did not even speak of the blight of his own life, but he touched lightly upon what the future might be, if they would only bend to circumstances.

It was of no use; they retired sulkily to bed, determined not to endure their brother's strange freak, as they called it, without letting him feel the cost of such a proceeding.

He would not marry Agnes Churchill without telling her of his sisters' unhappy infirmities of temper. He trembled to hear her answer; but when it came, framed in words so truly noble, a mountain was lifted from his heart at once.

"Time that you should have kindness from others, then, if you can have none from them. But you will have kindness from them, too, John, if you will only let me manage."

"Ah, Agnes, they are too old to manage; and they will never let you be in peace."

"But patience is a great thing, John, and the grace of God is a greater. Perhaps it will not be so hard to bear when your burden is divided. I will never let them see that I know how they dislike me."

"How still and peaceful they are at John Raymond's since the young wife went there," said one neighbor to another, several months later. "One would think that the two sisters would be more violent than ever."

"Ah," returned her friend, "there is a great change. Agnes Raymond has so won upon their hearts by her sweetness and gentleness, that it is really beautiful to see the family together. If Miriam's high temper, or her sister's peevishness, begins to break out, Agnes will almost immediately ask some favor at their hands. And this, not hypocritically, but with a great and true meaning, that sanctifies it to them all. The sisters can never be perfect, for they inherited the fatal gift of bad temper from their father; but they really love John's good little wife—and better still, they acknowledge the Divine source from whence she draws the power to scatter daily beauty over their once dreary household."

And John Raymond's face, scathed and scarred though it be, beams and brightens with the glow of a happiness unfelt before—a happiness that sounds the daily and nightly notes of thanksgiving in the home where the dove of peace broods in the now quiet rooms.

The Queen's Visit to the Royal Victoria Hospital.

The first public act of the Queen after her bereavement has been a characteristic one. On the 8th of May she paid a long visit to the military hospital at Netley, the foundation stone of which she and the Prince Consort laid nearly seven years ago. The Prince Consort always took a great interest in the hospital, and frequently visited it. He was very anxious to have a Military Hospital worthy of the nation, and fitted for the brave soldiers whose health has failed in foreign service. Her Majesty participated in these wishes, and her visit so soon after the opening of the hospital shows how much she has at heart the carrying out of the Prince's views for the welfare of the soldier. On Friday morning the 8th of May, the commandant of Netley, Colonel Wilbraham, received notice from Osborne, that the Queen would visit the hospital in the afternoon. Instructions were sent, however, to make the visit perfectly private, and consequently every step was taken to secure this. No orders were issued till two o'clock, and it was not till just before her arrival that the news of the Queen's visit spread through the hospital. The Queen arrived at half-past three, accompanied by Prince Alfred and the Prince and Princess Louise. She was received on landing by a few minutes, but it was evidently a painful reminiscence. She bore it, however, firmly, and then entered the hospital. It was intended only to take her into three or four wards to show her the arrangements; but she stated she wished to go into all the 99 wards, she said she would then visit as many as she could, and she did actually enter a very great number. In the first ward into which she went a Victoria Cross man from India was lying very ill in bed. She immediately went up to him, addressed him most kindly, and sent for Dr. Maclean the officer in charge of the division, to tell her about his state. She continued this in every ward into which she entered. Whenever she saw a man very ill, she walked up to his bed side, spoke to him, inquired about him from Professor Longmore or Dr. Maclean, and showed the greatest interest in his case. In one ward an incident occurred which affected those who were present. An old soldier from India lay nearly at the point of death. After the Queen had spoken to him, he said "I thank God that he has allowed me to live long enough to see your Majesty with my own eyes." The Queen and the Princess Alice were both touched by this speech which came from the very heart of the dying man. The aspect of the whole hospital was, indeed, extremely touching. It is now almost filled with the Indian invalids, splendid old soldiers, bearded and bronzed; many of them men of the anti-Crimean class. They thronged the corridors, drawn up in lines, and absolutely devoured their Queen with their eyes. She kept bowing to them as she walked along, making inquiries about the arrangements of the hospital from Colonel Wilbraham and Inspector-General Anderson. After looking at the chapel, bath-room and kitchen, she expressed a wish to see the rooms of the Army Medical School, and accordingly visited the library, museum, lecture-room, laboratory, and microscopical room. At each place the professors were sent for to explain the arrangements. She then went into the quarters of the married soldiers. It had been rather wished that she should not see these, as, owing to the recent opening of the hospital, it has not been possible to arrange so comfortably as could be desired for the great number of soldiers' wives who have recently arrived with their sick husbands. However, the Queen said she desired to go, and accordingly she went into most of the rooms. Both she and Prince Alice spoke to several of the women, and inquired after their comfort. This was the only part of the hospital which did not satisfy her; but it was explained to her that the present arrangements were only temporary. The Queen then re-embarked, after spending nearly two hours in the hospital.

The day was beautiful, the sky cloudless, and nothing could be more cheerful than the look of the hospital grounds. Everybody connected with the institution was, of course, most highly gratified, not merely with the honour of the visit, but with the way, at once so thoroughly Royal and womanly, in which she had shown her interest in her sick soldiers. The Queen's appearance was deeply interesting. When she is silent her face is sad, and bears the marks of a heart full of abiding sorrow. Her smile is, however, as gracious as ever, and her voice, though low and very gentle, has all its old sweetness and clearness. She did not seem fatigued with her long walk through the hospital, though she must have gone over several miles of ground, and had many stairs to mount. So carefully had the news of her visit been concealed, that there was scarcely any one to see her except the inmates of the hospital and the workmen still engaged here, and their wives and children.—*London Lancet.*

Twelve Ways of Committing Suicide.

1st. Wearing of thin shoes and cotton stockings, on damp nights, and in cold rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, especially on the limbs and extremities.

2nd. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trash novels. Going to theatres, parties and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, then going home without sufficient over-garments through the cold damp air.

3rd. Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bed-rooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small and unventilated bed-room.

4th. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating your food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day, and excitement of the evening.

5th. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another chewing tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors. By personal abuse, and physical and mental excesses of every description.

6th. Marrying in haste, and getting an uncongenial companion and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction.—*Cultivating Jealousies and*

domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick, by giving them mercury, tartaric emetic and arsenic; under the mistaken notion that they are medicines, and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made at it.

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties, when the stomach says no, and by foreign food nature does not demand and even rejects it.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giving way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping or eating, going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not apply early for medical advice, when disease first appears. Taking celebrated quick medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of our body.

The above causes produce more sickness, suffering and death, than all epidemics, malaria and contagion, combined with war, pestilence and famine. Nearly all who have attained old age have been remarkable for equanimity of temper, correct habits of diet, drink and rest, for cheerfulness and morality. Physical punishment is sure to visit the transgressor of nature's laws. All commit suicide, and cut off many years of their natural life, who do not observe the means for preventing disease and of preserving health.

Early Cultivation of Hood Crops.

It is a good thing, a necessary thing that the seed bed for all kinds of crops be well prepared. It is also an important matter that the seed be of the right variety—pure, well ripened, and properly kept. But with many crops that the farmer raises this is not all that is required at his hands. Corn, sorghum, broom corn, potatoes—all root crops, must have the assistance of the plow, cultivator or hoe, or they fail to produce.

And this work must commence with the early growth of the plants. In their younger days all animals and all plants are weak, feeble, and require nourishing, care and management, or they perish. Man is endowed with feelings that prompt and reason that guides the management of the young, animals with instinct that dictates the same kind offices. In the vegetable kingdom nature guards against the destruction of species by the profuse production of seeds that ripen and fall upon the surface of the surrounding ground, the many to decay, the few to germinate and reproduce. But when man seeks to turn the produce of the earth to his own pleasure and profit, he must take more care, and fulfil every requirement to make every seed germinate, and every root of ground produce and ripen its product, or he loses a share of his time and labor.

As soon as the young plants appear above the ground, the work commences. The surface soil must be stirred so that the aeration may be more complete, and that the warmth of the sun may vivify. This stirring of the surface soil needs not only to be done early, but it must be frequent, for the first few weeks. Experiment has fully established the fact, that the yield of lands thus tilled are far greater than when, though the first tilling may have been done early, long intervals intervene between the subsequent tillings. Our prairie soils, too, are so invested with noxious weeds that this early care is absolutely necessary, or the plants are choked and the properties of the soil subverted to the perfecting of a new crop of weed seeds.

Here in the west, where our corn fields are measured by the hundred acres, the hoe and spade have of necessity been discarded, but the inventive genius of the people has given us horse improvements that enable the farmer to cultivate these vast tracts with but comparatively little man labor, and equally well—perhaps better than with the old fashioned tools. The two wheel cultivator, the horse-hoe, the expanding cultivator, the shovel plow, are all admirable contrivances for destroying weeds, and properly stirring the soil. But with these, it requires constant work in the early stages of plants. Corn we are aware, may be grown here, in many localities, without being manipulated at all after planting. Last year we saw several fields that yielded fair crops with the no culture system, but the owners were not satisfied with the result. It was necessity that compelled them to the treatment. He invariably raises the most, who cultivates the best, and we have yet to see the farmer that thought he had expended too much culture upon his corn crop.

Most of our farmers have raised sorghum, sufficient to understand the feeble nature of the young blades—how they have taken them for grasses when they were their first appearance above the ground. No one doubts that, if at any time, this crop needs care it is during the first six weeks after the seed germinates. This, like corn, must have all the culture that circumstances will permit till it be come too large to work without injury to the stalks. Potatoes are known to be better if the soil about them be frequently stirred till the blossoms appear. Carrots, mangolds, and all root crops must be treated in their earlier days or their planting is useless.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Romance is the truth of imagination and boyhood. Homer's horses clear the world at a bound. The child's eye needs no horizon to its prospect. The original tale is not too vast. Pearls dropping from trees are only falling leaves in autumn. The palace that grew up in a night merely awakes a wish to live in it. The impossibilities of fifty years are the commonplaces of five.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The Federal Government have officially disavowed the act of an officer in their service who not many months ago forcibly seized and carried away from the island opposite Kingston, C. E., a deserter from the American army. The deserter is to be restored to freedom, and the officer dismissed.

Col. D'Ussay of the New York Garibaldi regiment has been sentenced to Sing Sing State prison for one year, for defrauding the government.

The Toronto Globe states, the Imperial Government have agreed to grant a subsidy of £12,500 per annum, together with a very large tract of land, for the purpose of constructing a road across the continent to British Columbia.

The Paris gossips say that the Empress Eugenie paid \$200 for a Spanish lap dog, whereupon the Emperor not to be outdone by his wife, expended \$2000 in the purchase of a splendid Newfoundland dog.

The Rev. Mr. Narraway was lately presented, by the Wesleyans in St. John, with a gold watch, chain and key, valued at \$153.

We observe that cotton of domestic manufacture, from the Factory of Messrs. Parks' St. John, is now advertised in the St. John papers.

180,000 visitors inspected the presents to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

It is calculated that upwards of three thousand books and pamphlets respecting the American war have already been issued from the press.

It is said that the emigration from Dublin at the present time is without parallel, save in the famine years.

A war has broken out between the British and the natives of the west coast of Africa. The king of Asanante has invaded the Gold Coast; but it is believed the handful of British troops, acting on the defensive, would be able to give a good account of the invaders.

There are now living at Marbau, Australia, two persons named O'Neill, husband and wife, aged respectively 112 and 108 years. Both are now feeble and bedridden, but retain their sight, hearing and intellectual faculties; and, until very lately, they were able to move about; they are said to be the oldest married couple in the world.

Brigham Young in one of his recent Sunday sermons "bragged" of the beauty of his wives, and one of the "brethren" claimed to have fifty nine children, and defied any of the followers of the faith to show a more prolific record!

The French sardine fishermen sink a glow worm in a bottle, which the fish rush to inspect and get caught, proving that fish are no wiser than men.

Reader, did you know that every column of a newspaper contains from 10,000 to 20,000 distinct pieces of metal, the misplacing of any one of which would cause a blunder or typographical error? With this curious fact before you, don't you wonder at the general accuracy of newspapers? Knowing this to be the fact, you will be more disposed to excuse than to magnify errors to the press.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is one of the few English works which has been translated into Chinese, each page being engraved on wooden blocks.

Lord Palmerston, the Lord Rector of Glasgow University, has made a donation of one hundred guineas, to be given in three prizes, to be competed for by the students enrolled during his lordship's rectorate—one prize of £36 in each year.

The last European Times reports Lord Clyde seriously ill of disease of the heart, and says that his sickness was increased by Kinglake's new book.

At Maidstone, near Windsor, Canada, on Sunday a young man shot two of his sisters, killing one and wounding the other fatally. He was "playing train," and did not know that the gun he snapped toward them was loaded.

A well-known citizen of Montreal recently won a heavy bet from the officers of the Grenadier Guards, that he could walk or run, at discretion, eighty miles in twenty-four consecutive hours. He accomplished the distance easily in twenty two hours and a half.

One of the odd ideas of the day is to get up a company to construct wire suspension bridges over the most dangerous crossings of London—return ticket, a half-penny—ascended by spiral staircases, constructed with a view to hide ginoline effects.

The second Steam Fire Engine recently ordered by the Corporation of St. John has arrived in that city.

Locusts have made great devastation in the Punjab. At Nym Tull the valley was filled with them and the Lake covered with their corpses.

An announcement has been made that the Princess of Wales has discontinued taking exercise on horseback. Everybody knows what this conventional Court Circular phrase is intended to convey.

Thomas Francis Meagher is going to Europe. His friends intend to give him a gold medal before he starts.

Brigadier Gen. Haswell, commanding in Indiana ordered a newspaper to be stopped, for criticising one of his orders. Haswell also suppressed another Journal because the editor called him a donkey, and stopped a third because the printer had commenced his name with an R, instead of an H, which was of course only a typographical error.

A case of hydrophobia is said to have been recently cured in Brooklyn, by continual application of ice and wet clothes to the neck and spine of the patient.

The people of Philadelphia, Pa., have voted to pay every man who may be drafted under the conscription act the sum of \$500 to enable him to procure exemption.

Eighty large packages of fine linen and flax were recently received in New York for the wounded defenders of the United States. This kindly gift was made by contributions from men and women residing along the Rhine.

While the soldiers were searching the passengers on the copperhead train from Indianapolis for pistols, one of them discovered no less than seven revolvers hid in a lady's bosom. Gathering up the pistols he politely remarked to the lady: "Madam your breastworks seem to be iron-clad."

Five judges and inspectors of election have been sentenced in Philadelphia, to pay a fine of two hundred dollars each and to be imprisoned six months, for preparing and signing a fraudulent election certificate, declaring a man named Leach elected to the Common Council.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal has issued a Pastoral Letter to his clergy enjoining them to remain neutral at the forthcoming general election.

A Bank President in New York had his pocket picked of \$10,000 in \$1000 Treasury notes, while getting into an omnibus on Broadway a few days ago.

The first profile taken, on record, was that of Augustus, who, having but one eye, had his likeness taken to present the "best side" to view; this occurred 320 years before the Christian era.

General News.

IMPORTANCE OF ONE MILE.—By constructing a canal about three-fourths of a mile in length, from Big Stone Lake to Lake Trever, steamboats from St. Paul could navigate the Minnesota River and the Red River of the North to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of 700 miles! The country traversed by these rivers is surprisingly fertile, and capable of sustaining a dense population. Lake Winnipeg is greater than Lake Ontario, and receives the Saskatchewan River which is navigable to a point (Edmonton House) near the Rocky Mountains, 700 miles west of Winnipeg, and only 150 miles east of the celebrated gold diggings on Fraser River, British Columbia.

The digging of that one mile of canal would, therefore, enable a steamboat from New Orleans to pass into Lake Winnipeg, and from thence to Edmonton House, some 5,000 miles! A bill has been introduced into the Senate, which makes provision for building the canal.

Probably in the world there cannot be found a spot across which the digging of so short a canal would effect a result so prodigious. And, what is almost equally remarkable, the ground between the two lakes is so low, and so level, that, it is said, the water goes in times of freshets from one to the other.

OUTRAGE IN KING'S COUNTY.—About midnight of the 4th inst., the house of an old woman named Owens, who keeps a public house or liquor store in Sudbourn, on the road leading from Smith's Creek to Battenberg Ridge, was broken into by forcing the door. She was badly beaten, and about \$80 in money stolen from her, but she did not give any information respecting the parties who had committed the outrage. By order of J. C. Price, Esq., J. P., a man named James Dobson, Jr., was arrested, who admitted participating in the theft and took the constables to where \$28 of the money was concealed. He also informed upon another person named John McCrossin—who he said assisted in the matter.—This party was forthwith arrested, but stoutly denied the charge. The Magistrate, however, committed both of them to the Kingston gaol. It is thought that other parties yet are implicated in the offence.—*Telegraph.*

*** Add to the splendid valor of a Murat the fervid faith of a Cromwell and the unbroken success of a Harlock, and we have the epitome whose waving sword and fearless voice the Southern whites would have followed "to the pit." That he never lived to exchange a division for an army, a flying corps for the massed columns of the field of battle, may perhaps have been good for his fame, but the leader who could find the weak place in Hooker's line at Chancellorsville, and hurl his 25,000 troops upon it so soon as found, as Jackson did, would surely have ripened into a renowned general. Assuredly the most fatal shot of the war to the Confederates, whether fired by friend or foe, was that which struck down the life of Stonewall Jackson—a soldier every inch of him, for whatever cause he contended.—*London Telegraph.*

THE REVENUE.—From the Royal Gazette we learn that the revenue collected at the Port of St. John in May 1862 and 1863 is as follows: Imports & Railway Import \$68,471 \$1,152 74 Exports..... 5,198 40 Pay of Bounty Lights..... 1,250 05 1,641 40 Sick and Disabled Seamen's..... 388 45 523 09 Fund..... \$75,317 71 \$85,314 53

Showing an increase in favor of 1863 of \$9,996 62.

The New York Express furnishes the following figures concerning the cost of the war. It says:—At present we have succeeded, at an expense of \$700,000,000 in depriving the South of about 50,000 negroes; or each negro, man, woman and child has cost us \$14,000. At the same rate the 4,000,000 of negroes will cost the people of the United States (16,000,000,000) sixteen billions of dollars. To feed the 50,000 negroes we now have on our hands, at 20 cents apiece per day, we have to pay \$2,450,000 per annum. At this rate the 4,000,000, until they can support themselves, will draw on our pockets annually to the extent of \$292,000,000.

THE COST OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—A return pertinent to the recent discussions on the cost per man of the army, has been made by the War Office, showing the amount allowed each soldier for, say beer money, clothing, fire, forage, and other expenses. The annual cost of a gunner, sapper, or private, in the following corps is: Royal Horse Artillery £55 6s. 14d.; Life Guards, £68 16s. 8d.; Horse Guards £63 13s. 24d.; Cavalry of the Line, £52 11s. 34d.; Royal Artillery (Infantry) £32 6s. 114d.; Royal Engineer £31 6s. 34d.; Military Train, £31 15s. 94d.; Foot Guards, £23 17s. 74d. and Infantry of the line £26 2s. 54d.

THE NEW NOVA SCOTIA GOVERNMENT.—We understand that the names of the following gentlemen will be submitted to-day by the Hon. Mr. Johnston to His Excellency, to form an Administration for the Province.

Hon. J. W. Johnston, Attorney General.
Dr. Tupper, Provincial Secretary.
W. A. Henry, Esq., Solicitor General.
Hon. Jas. McNab, Receiver General.
Isaac Le Viscount, Esq., Financial Secretary.
John McKinnon, Esq.
Thomas Killam, Esq.
Alex. McFarlane, Esq.
S. L. Shannon, Esq.

It is also rumored that Jas. McDonald, Esq., is to be Railway Commissioner.

We are authorized to state that the Ministerial elections will come off immediately.—*Hr. Chronicle 11th.*

We have seldom witnessed a more terrific storm of thunder, lightning and rain, than that which visited Fredericton on Wednesday night, and for some time flash after flash of lightning illuminated the earth, rapidly followed by the most terrific peals of thunder, while the rain descended in complete torrents. The weather for several days previous had been unsettled and rainy, but Thursday morning dawned in a clear and glorious sun, accompanied with a cool, sunny time. The fields and forests exhibited a new and more beautiful aspect than before, and every kind of vegetation is making rapid progress.—*Intelligencer.*

MURDERERS' TEIN, June 9.—Col. Lawrence Williams Orton, formerly Lawrence Williams of the 2d U. S. Cavalry, one time aide of Gen. Scott's staff, and late Gen. Bragg's chief of artillery, and Lieut. Danlap of the Rebel army, were arrested and hung as spies last night at Franklin, under the following circumstances.—They made their appearance at Franklin in full Federal uniform of Colonel and Major, and presenting themselves as Inspectors of the United States Army, having orders from the Assistant Adjutant General E. D. Townsend, and countersigned by Gen. Rosecrans, to inspect the fortifications of this Department. Col. Watkins grew suspicious of them and communicated his doubts to Col. Bird, who telegraphed to Rosecrans to know if any such persons held positions in the army. Gen. Rosecrans replied in the negative. On finding themselves detected they confessed.—Treason and contraband information were found on them. Rosecrans ordered a court martial and this morning they were hung. They confessed that their late was just and did