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WHOLE NO. 859.

Poetry.

The Garrison Belle.

She looks not the handsome young Doctor's soft eyes,
And her smile, and her smile, and her smile, and her smile,
When one side of her gay magic lantern has past,
Another as brilliant succeeds to the last;
Each new scene regional succumbs to the spell,
For her name is renowned as the Garrison Belle.

She did not like many bawling her brain,
New music, new dresses, new arts to attain;
Securely and safely, to varying throngs,
She may fold herself, and sing the same songs,
Sporting and glowing long-moored before,
None say of her former flirtations to tell,
And new beaux yet encircle the Garrison Belle.

She lives in the sunshine, she flies from the shade,
She is ever the first at review or parade;
There flutters the brave ones who guard our loved land,
And step in true time to the notes of the band.
No loud pealing volleys her start can provoke,
No glances in anger, and no frowns at large,
The wife of a soldier all fears should repel;
What a wife might he gain in the Garrison Belle.

But while daily her love nets new Captains engage,
She has never succeeded in making a cage;
Only by one, she beholds her devoted knight,
P. P. O. on his card and despair in his heart.
Like Brahmin's old song, which recounts the old story,
How Jane signed for love and young Henry for glory,
Colonels, Captains, and Ensigns, all bow their farewell,
Breaking loose from the chains of the Garrison Belle.

Now time on her face works his conquering way,
Her ringlets are thickly besprinkled with gray,
Her movements are stiff in the waltz and quadrille,
Her nose has grown sharp and her laugh has grown shrill;
Her brow is unconsciously knit in a frown,
Her voice sounds quite cracked in the march through the town,
And juvenile fancies exultingly tell
That the day has gone by of the Garrison Belle.

Tot of courage and hope she displays not a lack,
But pours on new warfare her devoted attack;
Strives some bald-headed veteran's heart to deceive,
Or wheedles with flattery some weak-minded boy,
They burst from her smiles, and go forth at large,
But true to her craft, she returns to the charge,
No collusion can distance, no rudeness repel,
The true practical sense of the Garrison Belle.

Select Tale.

THE HISTORY OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

What loiterer on the Rhine is unfamiliar with the little university town of B—? Do you remember its white walls and domes, glimmering through the purple shadows of the distant mountains, below the quiet river banks? Its quaint roofs, and picturesque and narrow streets, its merry market-places, its venerable scholastic gardens? It was here that the early years of my life were passed. Here, young as yourself—like you, I thirsted for knowledge, and foolishly dreamed to trace it to its mysterious sources. With this ardent desire, I was not long in making myself familiar with all the general branches of science; and, as I was constantly reading books and attending lectures, I soon acquired a reputation in the university both greater and graver than that of any of my fellow-students.

My professors, especially the venerable Herr Inkleman, who was my tutor, were charmed with my proficiency. Every one prophesied for me a brilliant future. Great thoughts then agitated the German mind, and events which have since shaken the whole of Europe had already cast their shadow upon the land. Not a few looked to the young student of B— to play a prominent part in the opening drama of the future; for learning in Germany leads often to power than in the case in your land.

Far otherwise did I myself regard my own attainments and my own fate. Science and metaphysics, which seemed to me to open the noblest paths to the human intellect, chiefly interested me; but in these, as in every other branch of knowledge, all that I had learned dissatisfied and saddened me—so much was yet to know, so little really known. The understanding of those laws which unfold the leaf and suspend the globe brought no nearer to my comprehension the original *causative* law of their existence; and without the knowledge of this law, thought I, all nature is still but a dead carcase, which I can dissect, but am unable to vivify. All knowledge but this plays only with trifles. This is the true *balan* of science, and this science has hitherto failed to teach me.

So I mused; yet not wholly despairing of the end, I continued eagerly to absorb whatever information I could obtain from books, or from Nature herself. In such occupations, the hue of health left my cheek; I grew wan, and sickly, and feverish; the sense of youth deserted me, and I neglected food and exercise, grogging every hour lost from study.

My tutor, who loved me as a son, did not fail to observe this change, and he regarded it with apprehension and concern.

"My dear Melchior," said he, one day, affectionately passing his arm about my waist, "I must really insist upon your giving yourself a holiday. You are not strong enough for the intense study you pursue. We owe a duty, my dear friend, to the body as well as to the mind, for the body is the workman of the intellect; and I am sadly afraid you overtask your slave."

I smiled, and, pressing his hand tenderly, I spoke of my darling hopes and my constant disappointments.

"Knowledge," said he, with a half sigh, "is the lamp which burns in the temple, by whose light we worship the divinity. But it is not itself the divinity; and, if irreverently approached, it becomes only a will-o'-the-wisp, whose meteor light allures, but ever deceives us."

Thus conversing, we reached the professor's house. It was a large, low-gabled building, on the bank of the Rhine, surrounded by one of those stiff, old-fashioned gardens, so rare in Germany, and which contained a shallow square

pond, or fish-tank, in the middle. As we approached the gate, I observed the old man's daughter leaning from the bank, and endeavoring to pluck a white, flat-leaved lily, which was floating on the surface of the water almost beyond her reach.

As I watched her, thus leaning, the wind, lightly pushing one brown soft ringlet from a face radiant with pure and delicate health, and that warm and winking bloom which, in the beauty of girlhood is so great a charm; the white neck curving downward—one arm stretched out to the flower, and revealing the perfect outline of a bosom which would have enchanted even a duller look-worm than myself—the light and lustrous shadows of the rose and lilac bushes falling on her from above, she looked so young, so fresh, and fairy-like a thing, that I felt a new pulse of life rushing into my heart, and a sudden warmth upon my cheek. With a nimbleness wholly new to me I leaped the gate; a moment more, and I had plucked the flower and given it to her. She smiled and thanked me with a slight blush; our eyes met, and I felt my own were moist.

In my frequent visits to the house of my tutor, I had sometimes seen and conversed with Margaret before; and, indeed, that sweet, young face, with its soft blue eyes, and happy laughing lips, had often come between me and the schoolman's page—haunted me sometimes in my lonely walks, and even visited me in dreams.

The intense application and study, however, to which I had lately surrendered all my time and mind, had banished from me every thought but that all-absorbing one—the desire of knowledge. Two very strong and dissimilar elements could not exist at the same time in the human heart; and, in mine indeed, the beauty of Margaret Inkleman had never created any very strong emotion, but rather a vague sense of happiness for which I had never cared to account to myself, like the echo of a tune which is familiar—the quiet light of a summer evening—the perfume of hidden violets in Spring. Now, however, as I beheld her suddenly, after the lapse of some months, during which time the thought of her had never once been present to my mind, standing beside me in all that pomp of youth and beauty, my own lost and squandered youth seemed to rush back upon me at the sight of her.

As we passed into the house, she reproached me playfully for my long absence, and I faltered blundering excuses, and felt foolish and afraid.

The old professor watched us, and smiled. "There is no knowledge, my dear Melchior," said he that evening, "more worth possessing than the knowledge of our own youth, with all its boundless wealth of sensation. Believe this though it is an old man who speaks. Alas," he added, with a sigh, "all eternity can not supply the sum struck from a minute!"

From that day my visits to the house of the professor were more and more frequent, and with each I felt myself grow younger. Indeed I seemed to gather youth from the youth of Margaret, and become child-like as she was.

Often did we sit together below the lilacs in the little quiet old garden; and to me it was a strange and new pleasure even to feed the gold fish in the pond, or hear the humming of the bee in the rose, or watch the golden-winged butterflies swimming down the sunshine. Often did we sup upon the open terrace in the happy, balmy air of June; and, while the old scholar smoked his quiet meerschaum, Margaret, with her rich, low voice, sang to us will, heart-stirring songs of the dear fatherland. Often, too, did we linger together in the long summer evenings, when the fading landscape glimmered down the twilight gloaming, and the first stars grew bright above the sweet and solemn Rhine. For her I recalled my old recollections of the legends and its tales, and told her fairy stories of the haunted hills. We peopled the ruined castles with mailed barons and silken pages—We had marvellous histories of the old romance—ladies guarded by dragons in fortresses, and lovers lost in Palestine far away.

I showed her, too, the secrets of the flowers she cherished—their wondrous formation, their mystic properties. I taught her to know the solemn signs of the midnight, and count the stars in Orion. And while I hinted at the message of a moonbeam, or speculated on the formation of a world, she looked up into my face with her large, wistful, wondering eyes, or clinging closer to me, hid her young cheek in my bosom.

Strange, too, it may seem, that as we grew more familiar, I found that the mind of the child before me understood my own vague dreams and desires than that of the grave scholar.

Herr Inkleman, who observed all with a kindly eye, one day spoke to me.

"I have ever loved you as a son," he said; "I would gladly look on you as one. I think you love Margaret; I see the girl loves you, I am old, and can not but daily look to see the dark angel waiting at the door. To you I would bequeath the innocence and happiness of my youth. I have large hopes of your future career, but even should these never be realized—"

"Ah, sir!" I exclaimed, interrupting him, "if I have your child's heart, the future can offer me no greater prize. Here let me garner up my hopes, and cry, *Eureka!* Surely the love of sages offers no holier mystery for the contemplation of a lifetime, nor can ambition lure me with any fairer promise than a true woman's heart!"

And every one envied me. "He is the wisest scholar," said they, "and the happiest lover." And Margaret, with her soft eyes, looked into my own, and beyond that gaze I saw no future. I knew that I was loved, and for the time, I cared to seek no other knowledge. Idiot! idiot that I was! had my spirit

then folded her wings, and reposed in that sweet faith, happiness, rare indeed, might have been mine. But the demon desire of knowledge, which had so long consumed me, only slumbered for a time. An accident, which changed the whole current of my thoughts, and all my future destiny, soon reawakened it.

In the course of some chemical experiments which I was making, I had occasion to charge several large jars with electricity. One day, in passing through certain substances a positive current of this fluid, I was struck with the singular form of the marks which it left behind in its passage. These bore a strange and striking resemblance to the foliage of a tree, indicating, with a marvellous mimicry, not only the stem and branches, with their varied and intricate ramifications, but even the individual leaves, with those minute fibres and reticulated veins which conduct the sap to the most delicate extremities of the plant.

Never before having observed this phenomenon, I was greatly astonished, and I resolved to try the effect of a negative current. This was no less startling. Now the marks mocked another phase of vegetation, and assumed the appearance of a root. Every time that I repeated the experiment I produced an infinity of different but similar forms; and, by altering the arrangement of the conducting wires, as well as of the substances on which the magic pictures appeared, I obtained—now the spreading and fringed—now the clumped and bulbous root.

Why the electric action evinced itself in these and only these peculiar forms, was to me for days a subject of incessant speculation.

I could not but call to mind the fairy-like and fantastic tracery of branch and leaf which often, in the bitter winter mornings, the white wizard frost had woven on my window pane; and I now began to look upon these as the result of an electrical action, occasioned by the evaporation which takes place in the process of freezing.

It occurred to me, also, that the atmosphere which we breathe, and which is the great sustainer of all life, whether animal or vegetable, is constantly charged with positive electricity, while the earth, in which germination takes place, is, on the contrary, negatively charged. My experiment, which I was never weary of repeating, seemed to me to be in striking relation to this great electrical law.

"If," thought I, "the type of vegetable forms be no less uniform and universal throughout the globe than is this law of electricity invariable, it is not, surely, to combinations of the electrical forces that we must trace the development and growth of all the plants, trees, shrubs and flowers which we behold?"

I found myself constantly repeating this question; for days I mused and brooded over it, and daily it seemed to me more and more suggestive of great ideas. I believed myself on the threshold of a great discovery, and determined to proceed.

I made several other experiments in the same direction, and each increased the interest with which the first had inspired me.

I secluded myself from all companionship except that of science. The new source of wonder and speculation thus suddenly opened to me wholly absorbed my thoughts; but the ideas which it gave rise to were as yet too vague and undefined to find expression in words, and I resolved to communicate them to none.

At last a strange and daring hope took possession of my mind. What, if by further developing and combining the results I had already arrived at, I should at last reach the knowledge of the original cause and germ of vegetable life? Why not, indeed, having possessed myself of the laws which create, as well as those which sustain, the being of a plant, put those laws into special operation? Why not myself create a plant? some new species, perhaps, that should be an era in the botanical world, and puzzle all the savants? This idea literally intoxicated me. It filled my thoughts by day, my dreams by night; it never left me time for food or relaxation; it haunted me like a familiar; in the street, in the lecture-room, in the fields, in my own chamber, wherever I moved or rested, it was forever with me, and whispering to me. Alas! for such evil wishes the whispers of love were silenced in my heart. Poor Margaret was now almost forgotten!

(To be continued.)

The Mother's Duty.

The mother must reflect that education, in its true sense, is not a mere mechanical task; nor does it consist in a series of admonitions and corrections, of rewards and punishments, of imprecations and directions, strung together without unity of purpose or dignity of execution. The mother's great endeavor must be to build up humanity; the passions, appetites, intellectual power, mental energy, come under her attention in this work. It is for her to strip the grosser husk from passion, and to develop the germ of enthusiasm, which lies concealed within it, to purposes of good; not so much to repress the appetite, as to fix its impulses upon pure and wholesome food.

THE ART OF NOT QUARRELLING.—Sensible Husband: "How is it that we never quarrel, Mrs. Xantippe? Well, I will tell you. One person can't make a quarrel. Now, if I am in a quarrelsome humor, and break out, my wife remains cool and collected, and doesn't say a word. If my wife is peevish, and displays more temper than is becoming to one of her beautiful sex, I, her husband, remain as unmoved as the monument, or else cheat myself into the belief that I am listening for the moment to some heavenly song. We only quarrel one at a time; and it is astonishing, if you leave a quarrel alone, how very soon it dies out. That's our secret, madam; and I should advise you, and all Xantippes, to follow it."

Checking Perspiration.

Edward Everett, the finished scholar, the accomplished diplomatist, the orator, the statesman, became overheated in testifying in a court room, on Monday morning, went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, sat in a draft of air until his feet were ice, my lungs on fire. In this condition, I had to go and spend three hours in the court room. He died in less than a week from this checking of the perspiration. It was enough to kill any man.

Professor Mitchell, the gallant soldier and the most eloquent astronomical lecturer that has ever lived, while in a state of perspiration in yellow fever, the certain sign of recovery, left his bed, went into another room, became chilled in a moment, and died the same night.

If while perspiring, or while something warmer than usual, from exercise or a heated room, there is a sudden exposure to stillness, to a still, cold air, or to a raw, damp atmosphere, or to a draft, whether at an open window or door, or street corner, an inevitable result is a violent and instantaneous closing of the pores of the skin, by which waste and impure matters, which were making their way out of the system, are compelled to seek an exit through some other channel, and break through some weaker part, not the natural one, and harm to that part is the result. The idea is presented by saying that the cold is settled in that part. To illustrate:

A lady was about getting into a small boat to cross the Delaware; but wishing first to get an orange at a fruit stand, she ran up the bank of the river, and on her return to the boat found herself much heated, for it was summer; but there was a little wind on the water, and the clothing soon felt cold to her. The next morning she had a severe cold which settled on her lungs, and within the year she died of consumption.

A stout, strong man was working in a garden in May. Feeling a little tired about noon, he sat down in the shade of the house and fell asleep. He waked up chilly. Inflammation of the lungs followed, ending, after two years of great suffering, in consumption. On opening his chest there was such an extensive decay that the yellow matter was scooped out by the cupful.

Multitudes of women lose health and life every year in one of two ways; by buying themselves in a warm kitchen until weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa, without covering, and perhaps in a room without fire; or by removing the outer clothing, and perhaps changing the dress for a more common one, as soon as they enter the house after a walk or a shopping. The rule should be invariably to go at once to a warm room and keep on all the clothing at least for five or ten minutes, until the forehead is perfectly dry. In all weathers, if you have to walk or ride on any occasion, do the riding first.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Silver Mining in Nevada.

The State of Nevada, with a population of 40,000 inhabitants or less, took out of her mines, in gold and silver bullion, during the year 1864—as is shown by the statistics of exports—more than \$30,000,000. This makes an average of \$750 to every man, woman and child in the State. It is more than an average of \$62 per month to each inhabitant. All this has been done, besides accumulating wealth at home, without one-eighth part enough of the milling and mining machinery to make labor productive.

If the demand of \$40 to every inhabitant of the Atlantic States for \$30,000,000 inhabitants were made, it would amount to \$1,200,000,000, which would exceed the entire amount of coin and currency in the country. If the coin and currency were obliterated and put out of existence, and could be reproduced at the same rate in proportion to the 30,000,000 of population as the State of Nevada is producing gold and silver bullion, it would be replaced in gold and silver in less than twenty days.

The entire export of the United States in cotton, tobacco, sugar, breadstuffs, merchandise and all other commodities, is less than \$450,000,000 a year, which is only \$15 to each inhabitant. The State of Nevada exports, in the single article of bullion alone, more than fifty times that amount to each inhabitant, besides accumulating at home more real wealth, in proportion to her population, than any other state or country on the face of the globe.

The business of mining in Nevada is just in its infancy. In many districts where many mines are being opened, they have no machinery to make labor productive; but when machinery is supplied equal to the demand, the product of gold and silver will far exceed all our calculations; as may be shown from the history of all silver mining. There is not in the Reese River country of Nevada a company, having its mine open, working its own ores in its own mill, but takes out more thousands of dollars each month than it has employees in service.

The Road to Fortune.

Civility is a fortune in itself, for a courteous man often succeeds in life when persons of ability fail. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility.—The experience of every man furnishes, if we recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in his favor, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favor.

Incentives to Labor.

Lamarine says in speaking of the eminent French potter, that he is "the type incarnate, to exalt and ennoble every business, however trivial, so that it has labor for its means, progress and beauty for its motive, and the glory of God for its end." Virtue and industry in any path that opens, is not only sufficient to ennoble, but will lead to success; it is not what a man does, but how he does it. He may sway empires, lead armies, govern states ignobly, or he may trundle the wheelbarrow, carry mortar, sweep the streets, with honor. The true hero of life is he who conquers difficulties that conquer other men, who makes himself heard above the clamor of the crowd, who acts, and who acts well, in any capacity in which he may be placed. True, the career of such a man is a conflict and a toil; he must press his way, and often against wind and tide. His heroism consists in his prize-compelling power: his strength he develops in himself in action; opposition is needful to bring out his energies. The man that is worth the having does not expect to go through life lapped in a rose leaf; he does not stand on the shore shivering like a sick girl, but boldly plunges in, battling with the waves, and glorying in his power to overcome.

To a young man commencing life in an age like this, when rapidity of life tends to superficiality, competition, to selfishness, of how much value the frequent study of these characters, whose names stand out before us, eminent for sterling worth and honest purpose, who shine without borrowed light; firm and unflinching—men who mount upward regardless alike of the world's neglect and scorn; who shrink from no sacrifice, either of personal or relative joy, powerful in patience, as in energy, who can wait and wait instead, experiment, and endure pain in the pursuit of what to ordinary minds seems but a vision of dreamland, but which the forecast of genius affirms to be a possibility of a sober life, a self-taught and unaided man, undaunted by difficulties, not yielding to temptation, not overcome by failure.

"The Elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'this was a man.'"

Hindoo Fanatics.

I have seen some who had stood on one leg for years, while others engage the sympathy and extort the charity of many by holding one arm erect overhead, until in time the flesh withers and the bones set in that position. A few I have met who, firmly clenching one hand, have kept it closed until the nails have grown right through the palm to the other side; and it is well known that many have travelled the whole extent of land from the Himalayas to Cape Corin, measuring their bodies as they went. Also, there is Chura Pura, or hook worship, in which the devotee allows a steel hook to be passed through the muscles of his back, and in this manner is suspended from a machine like a wind-mill, to one of the arms of which the victim is attached. On their great feast days they can be seen, whirling round and round, and looking all the time as pleased as if they really enjoyed their ride. All this is done with a devotion worthy of a better cause.—*Soldiering in Sunshine and Storm.*

Be Your Own Right-Hand Man.

People who have been bolstered up and levered all their lives, are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes they look around for somebody to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capized turtles, or unhorsed men in armour, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such sullen fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones, and deriving determination from their defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or spluttering righlights the stars of Heaven. Efforts persisted to achievements train a man to self-reliance; and when he has proven to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him.

A person of an observing turn of mind, if he has ridden through a country town, has noticed how curious youngsters along the route will fill the windows with their anxious faces, in order to get a glimpse of all passers by. A Yankee drove up in front of a house one day, and seeing all hands and the cook staring from the windows, got off from his car, and the following dialogue took place with the man of the house: "Jonathan—Has there been a funeral here lately? Man of the house—No, why? Jonathan—I saw there was one pane of glass that didn't have a head in it. Man of the house—You leave blasted quick, or there will be a funeral."

There were two soldiers in Grant's army lying beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars in a Virginian sky. Says Jack—"What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I love war." "What made you go to the war, Jack?" "Well," he replied, "I had a wife, and I loved peace, so I went to the war."

Mrs. Jones, said a neighbour who stepped into the house of the former, just as she was in the act of seating herself at the dinner table, "have you heard of the dreadful accident?" "Why no, what is it?" "Mr. Jones has fallen from his wagon and is killed." "Is it possible! Well, just wait until I finish my dinner and then you'll hear crying."

An agricultural society offered a premium for the best mode of irrigation, which was printed in *irrigation* by mistake; whereupon an honest farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

Items Foreign & Local.

Antiquarians may be interested to know that the punishment of the Pillory still exists in P. E. Island. At the Supreme Court at St. Eleanor last week, Charles Adams was tried for assault with intent, &c., on a girl 15 years of age, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor, and to stand on the Pillory for every hour on the 15th of July next.

Barnum, who is a fancy farmer, says one ear of corn he has raised has cost him fifty cents.—He ploughed with elephants.

Of 43,000 Canadians who enlisted in the Federal army, it is estimated that 14,000 have died. The Minnesota troops propose to resort to the brutal expedient of hunting Indians with bloodhounds. A large sum of money has been raised to pay for the hounds.

It is alleged by well-informed persons in the United States and British Provinces who have recently visited England, that the settlement of the Alabama case is almost the only thing which prevents British capitalists from going largely into American securities, and that it is largely no serious difficulty will arise out of this case.

There continues to be great distress in the silk manufacturing districts of France. Formerly the trade gave employment to more than half a million hands, but now less than half of that number are engaged in it, the crop having been reduced in about the same proportion, by disease.

The ministry of Great Britain is largely composed of men old enough to be wise in counsel. Lord Palmerston 81; Earl Russell 73; Minister of the Interior 58; Lord Chancellor 65; and Mr. Gladstone, who is considered a young man yet, 56. Lord Derby, the Tory leader, is 66, and Mr. Disraeli is 60.

Mr. Wm. Darling, whose name will live in the records of heroism for the splendid venture by which nine of the persons wrecked with the Forfarshire steamer were saved, died on the 28th of May, in Northumberland, England.

Miss Lizie Luck, a convert to Judaism from Christianity, was admitted to the congregation of Israel, with appropriate ceremonies, at Memphis, a few days ago.

The St. Andrews Standard says, it is gratified to learn that its townsman Charles A. Haslett, C. E., has been elected a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, London, and that the last English mail brought his Certificate of membership. This is an honor seldom conferred on New Brunswick Engineers, and speaks well for Mr. Haslett's qualifications for his profession.

Mr. Gladstone estimates that every Englishman drinks two quarts of beer a day, at a cost of \$200,000,000.

Hard times are expected in Newfoundland during the summer. A distribution of potatoes for seed to the poor has been made.

New Orleans has become so heavily under the regulations introduced into it recently, that it is pronounced the very worst city to visit in the world. The New York Tribune states that the number of alien immigrants landed in that city, between 1st January last and 31st May inclusive, is 50,047, against 68,078 in 1864.

There is now in the press, to be published by Mr. Murray, of London, "The Correspondence of King George the Third with Lord North, 1760 to 1782, during the American war," edited with notes and introduction by W. Bodham Donne.

The St. Andrews Standard is pleased to observe that another new vessel has been commenced at the building yard, Indian Point: the keel of a ship is to be laid shortly in the same yard.

The trade between Britain and France has increased from £26,421,000 in 1859, to £49,737,000 in 1864, or nearly 90 per cent. in five years.

The national debt of Mexico amounts to £26,471,450, on an annual interest of £3,945,404 is paid. The revenue yields but £2,009,000. A large yearly deficit is the result.

A committee of ladies has been formed in Paris under the management of Madame Laboulaye, to manufacture and export clothes for the liberated slaves of the United States. The committee will send no money—only clothing.

Among the novel proposals of the day is one for the construction of a small battery in the cross-trees of men-of-war. The battery is to be made of strong iron plating, to be very small, just sufficiently large to work a small rilled gun, which can be hoisted in time of action, and with which, it is thought, the deck of the enemy could be swept.

Among the curious catenapenny publications to which the sensation in England by the murder of President Lincoln gave rise, was one purporting to be a private confession of Booth to a friend, who assisted in his concealment, and after his death escaped to Liverpool, on his way to Russia. This "confession" represented Booth to have previously slain in cold blood no less than twenty-six Federal officers.

The first steppe chase which ever took place in the United States, so far as history records, came off lately at Patterson, N. J. Four horses from Canada were the leaders in the race, one of them carrying off the prize of \$700.

Burglars are at work in the good town of St. Andrews.

The proprietors of the stock yards and the stock dealers at Chicago have resolved to abandon business on Sunday, and to prevent the shipping of live stock on that day.

The Greek Patriarch and Synod propose to excommunicate Prince Couza for his proceedings relative to the bishops, and his consolidation of church property.

The story is current that the Prince of Wales finds his present state allowance, £40,000, insufficient to maintain the dignity of his position, and that the Government intends to ask Parliament for a considerable increase of the vote.

Too Fast.—A young lady of New York city, professing the Catholic religion, recently became betrothed to a Protestant young gentleman. In order to make things pleasant all around, the gentleman embraced the Catholic religion, but upon applying to a priest to perform the marriage ceremony, the latter refused, on the ground that the young lady had already been betrothed to the gentleman's conversion—it being against the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church to solemnize marriage between the godmother and the god child.—*New York Express.*

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Register* says that the military establishment of the country will be organized on the following basis: General officers—one general, five lieutenant-generals, fifty major-generals, and seventy-five brigadier-generals. The strength of the army will be nearly as follows: Regular infantry, 45,000; regular cavalry, 14,400; regular artillery, 12,000; colored troops, 50,000; Hawaiian Corps, 30,000; Veteran Reserve Corps, 25,000; total, 177,000 men.

The material losses of the Slave States in the products of labor, from the rebellion, doubtless largely exceed at the present day a thousand millions of dollars in gold, leaving out of estimation the terrible destruction and reductions entailed by the war upon the population of the Slave States.

List, the great pianist, has turned monk, had his head shaved, and has renounced the musical world altogether. He goes by the title of Abbe Liszt.

The English people have already contributed a fund equal to \$100,000 for the family of the late Richard Cobden, consisting of his estimable lady and five daughters.

A huge raft of logs, estimated to contain 700,000 feet of lumber, and measuring half a mile in circumference, was towed up Lake Memphremagog the other day. It belonged to a company in Newport.

General News.

The *Black Republican*, a paper very well edited by a black clergyman at New Orleans, contains a correspondence between a committee of the Freedmen and the editor, on the prospects of the black population of the South. From the reply of the editor we copy the following paragraphs: "The colored man and the white man, cannot live together in this country; they must and will have to separate, unless the Congress of the nation shall give them a place to themselves, for as it was with Abraham and Lot, so it is with us, the sooner we seek a home for our rising generation, the better it will be for us."

Our final destiny, as far as I can discern, is that in three hundred years it will be a rare thing to see a colored man in this country. Like the Indian, our race in this country is destined to become extinct, unless we move to ourselves. And after we shall have obtained the right of suffrage, I shall strongly advocate a treaty stipulation between the United States and our race, whereby we may live under the United States flag, but be no longer citizens of this country; they must and will have to separate, unless the Congress of the nation shall give them a place to themselves, for as it was with Abraham and Lot, so it is with us, the sooner we seek a home for our rising generation, the better it will be for us."

One power must rule, and the other will not be pleased; and if we don't separate, in less than three hundred years the colored man in this country will be a color between the Canadian Indian and the inhabitants of India. This country, gentlemen, is not asked by a party of freedmen, the above is my answer to the same. I can write a work upon this question, had I the means to put it in circulation.

The emigration of the white race from Europe must increase, whilst the emigration of the black race must decrease, as the slave trade has been stopped, and the result is that the African race in this country will finally run out; and all the property that we have acquired