

# The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 19.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

WHOLE NO.—804.

## Poetry.

### BRITISH CONNEXION.

No prouder alliances than ours can be boasted,  
No grander or nobler descent can be known  
Earth may have guerillas, but none more resplendent  
Than the birthright which Britons may claim  
As their own.

The old "wooden walls" with their long list of glories—  
The names of the heroes who manned them we claim  
And ours, our sires, is the brightest of stories,  
That glows with the lustre the page of Fame.

Ours are the Oaks and Druids of Temples,  
Aire and Willam, the Lincolnshire Kings;  
Ours are the Barons who stood up for freedom,  
Ours are the songs of our country to sing—  
Songs full of fire and patriot feeling,  
Tales of the deeds of the night, at rest,  
The charm of the palace and peasant's lone cheer—  
Thrilling alike every true Briton's breast.

The wisdom, the glory, the might of that nation  
Which rose like the sun from the breast of the sea,  
And first amongst the powers of earth took her station  
"The land of the brave and the home of the free!"

The cradle of genius, the birthplace of freedom,  
The soil whence wealth, honor and chivalry spring,  
Are ours all brighter than artist can paint,  
All nobler than poet or minstrel e'er sung.

Milton is ours, mysterious and mighty,  
And Shakespeare that to Cosens of song;  
Byron, Pope, Moore, Campbell, Dryden and Burns,  
Whose strains rolling ages will only prolong.

Orators, warriors, poets and statesmen  
Who made Britain glorious, or ruled her for good,  
Souls full of glory and tongues full of fire,  
Sheridan, Pitt, Curran, Gifford and Flood!

Long may the title which unites us in spirit,  
Firm as the love of our country, remain;  
Bayonet and sword as the swell of the billow  
That rises and falls, but still rises again.  
Never may traitors hand out assent  
One who is dear to a patriot's heart,  
While the Billings of Ocean still yield the Isle's third,  
No traitor or felon can rend it apart.

WILLIAM PITT LETT,  
Ottawa, Jan. 30th, 1866.

## Select Calc.

### A STORY OF TWO KISSES.

I am an old man; so old am I that, looking back, life seems so very long, and yet so short that I do not quite know whether many things did not happen in a dream. I am hale and hearty, and merry, for the matter of that; and when I laugh, my laugh rings out clearly and loud, they say; so much so that it makes the people around me, especially my grandchildren, and nephews and nieces, laugh too. And when I laugh the old times come back when others, who are silent now, laughed with me, and then I am suddenly still, and the laugh dies away; and when I think of it its empty echoes fill my brain just as if it were sleep-laugher in a dream.

When I stop laughing so suddenly—for the merriment and enjoyment, and, for the matter of that, the grief and pain of old men, are short and sudden, like those of children—my grand-children, and nephews and nieces, have a great difficulty to stop too; and they choke, and snuffle each other, and say, "Ah! that is a good story, Uncle; almost as good as the story you told yesterday."

Told yesterday? Let me see what it was that I told yesterday? How long ago it seems; it must be longer ago than the time when I was only twenty years old, a stalwart, brave fellow in yellow breeches, black leggings, a heavy brass-bound leather helmet with a white plume tipped with red, and a clanking sword, which I now could not lift with my two hands. I was a royal volunteer then, prepared to resist the French; and I and some of my company were encamped in white tents on the coast of Kent.

Yes; people think me very merry. And so, bless Heaven! I am, for I try to stand upright, four-square to the world, as a man should; but being an old man, I have blank places in my heart now, where no love grows; barren spots in my memory, and chill and numbed parts in my feeling whereby I cannot look back; and where I dare not tread and touch lest sudden pain should come back, like to the shooting of an old, old wound.

Been in love? Yes, I should think I have; how else could I have grandchildren, these people who laugh so well and hearty when I laugh, and make me tell how I am a score of times, and say how well I am looking?

Been in love? I think I was talking of that, was I not? Yes, been in love! Well, we just did love when I was a young fellow, and I recollect my Alice, and I recollect her as I loved her, when she was very young; and as I love her now. I think that she could do anything but drink and smoke, or tell an untruth, or do a wrong action. Her face was a sweet oval face; her hair a very dark brown, nearly black; and her eyes a deep blue, full of merriment at one moment, and at all moments, except when she heard a sad story or was touched with pain for any one else, and then they grew deeper and deeper as they filled with tears.

Not for herself. She never cried for herself that I know of, for she never had a day's illness. But she was terribly cut up when her poor brother died, and that you see was how I knew her. Her brother was my right hand man in my company. Many is the time that he stood shoulder to shoulder with me, good at drill, good at song—good at anything. He used to live near the coast; and, indeed, he joined us, and I was one of his tent-fellows, and his

Well, it's many years ago, but I feel it now. My heart beat so fast that I hardly dared return it; but I put my arm around her and took her gently by the hand, and she looked at me, saying, as I pressed her hand, "Alice, dear Alice, do you mean that kiss?"

Well, I mean to tell you what she answered, 'tis fifty years ago! and I am surrounded by Alice's dear grandchildren; and there is one, a little thing with light and golden hair that will deepen into brown, who plays around my knees and tells me her little stories, her sorrows, and her joys; so quick, so sudden, so hurried in their coming and their going, that they are like my own, and, as we talk, we grow quite friends and companions like my Alice was to me.

Bless you, she understands it all? She is a woman in her pretty ways; her poutings, pettings, and quarrellings. She manages her house-

work, and when they gossip with a wooden policeman, who belongs to her brother, little Joe. So we are fast friends, little Alice and I; and to-night, on Christmas night, I noticed that she would not dance nor play with the pink and shiny-faced little boys who were so unattractively and clean in their new knickerbockers, with red stockings; but she came and sat by my neck, and talked softly in the firelight as Alice did, and made me think of fifty years ago. And only think how old times came back and new times like the old; only just think that when her mother told her she should choose a sweetheart, she got a little bit of mischief, and climbing on my knee, holding me in talk as if to hide her purpose—though I guessed it soon, I'll tell you—she put her little doll-like arms around my neck, and holding the mischievous above my head she kissed me again and again, said I was her sweetheart!

So this child sweetheart brought the old times back—the old boys that are still so distant and so near; and with sweet kisses 'neath the rustling leaves, made me think of my dead Alice in the grave.

The Central Africans. At a missionary meeting recently held in England, the Great African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, said: "I should like to answer a question that is often put to me. 'What sort of people are those who wander among?' Now, I should like to tell you that they are very far from being savages. On the sea coast they are rather bloodthirsty, especially those who have been in the slave trade, but when you get about three hundred miles into the interior, you meet with a people who are quite mild and hospitable. It is the duty of each man in the village to give every hospitality which lies in his power. These people are not engaged in hunting, as most people think they are, but are employed in cultivating the soil. They also manufacture iron, smelting it from stone, and very excellent iron it is. I brought home with me the last time I was in England some of the ore, and the iron was manufactured into an excellent Enfield rifle. The quality was exceedingly good, and equal to the best Swedish iron. They also manufacture a superior article of copper, also earthenware and basket work. When we first go among these people, it is with the idea of their being savages. They do not understand where all the black people who are carried away go. Thousands are carried away annually, and you cannot go anywhere without meeting slave parties. The men carry what are called slave sticks, with a fork at the end of them, which are fastened around the necks of their captives, so that it is impossible for them to get out of it or get at the other end, by which they are tied to trees throughout the night. The people I am now speaking of imagine that the white people eat them. They look upon us as cannibals, and we look upon them as savages. Now, if we take an impartial view of both, we shall find that they are better than each imagine one another to be."

The Age of Slang. This is evidently the age of slang. The fast young man of the present day is unintelligible to the matter of fact, slow-going folk who had been left in the meshes of the inexpressive vocabulary of his fathers. The last young man, when he would drink, (and that's always), asks for a "wash." When he would smoke, he demands a "tuck." When he eats, he "wrestles his hash." When he is drunk, he is "swipey." When he gambles, he "sings the pasteboards." When he steals, he is "under the blinks," and when he steals he "goes through" somebody. His friends are "gay ducks," "no slouches," "bully boys" and "bricks." His enemies are "hits," "dead beats," and "suckers." A good writer "sings a nasty quill." A dancer "throws himself into a dancing attitude." A man is a "nib," and a woman a "hen." Would it not be a paying thing for an enterprising man to get up a slang dictionary? If we were to propound this last interrogatory to a fast young man, he would immediately respond "you bet."

What Hope Did. It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's brow became a smile—the emblem of peace and endurance. It went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs. It laid its hand upon the arm of the poor, which was stretched forth at the command of unlovely impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin. No hope, my good brother? Have it. Reckon it on your side. Wrestle with it that it may not depart; it may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best, but hope shall lead you over its mountains, and sustain these amid its billows. Part with all beside, but keep thy hope.

Home.—The road to home and happiness lies over small stepping-stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling blocks of families. The prick of a pin, says the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The tenderer the feelings the more painful the wound. A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze. The misery of life is born of a chance observation. If the true history of quarrels, public and private, were honestly written, it would be silenced with an uproar of derision.—Jesse.

A youth who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke, had not sufficient courage to "put the question." On informing his father of the difficulty he labored under, the old gentleman replied passionately: "Why, you great fool, how do you suppose I managed when I married?" "Oh, yes," said the bashful youth, "you married mother, but I t to y a stranger girl."

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

Dress and Deportment. Ladies are never more deceived than when they hope to attract the praise and admiration of gentlemen by the glitter and show of a dashing and gaudy dress. This, to be sure, may attract the attention of a few ignorant and unprincipled exquisites, whose praise is a detriment to any virtuous woman, but every sensible and well cultivated taste will always feel inclined to seek the acquaintance of a lady whose dress is remarkable chiefly for taste and neatness, if her manners be simple and amiable. Women are admired most when unpretending and unadorned—when she moves before us with dignified simplicity of embodied loveliness, and a deportment which subdues and chastens each licentious eye. There may be charms in a soft and languid eye, there may be attractions in sweet and blushing lips, or in those witching graces which woman is taught to wear as she does an easy garment—but these are all forgotten by gentlemen whose friendship is worth possessing, when they come into the presence of that beauty which is of the soul, and which makes woman worthy to be adored and loved. There are no beauties like those of the heart—the mind's enchanting loveliness, which are ever bright and blooming, and which are destined to be transplanted from the cold soil of earth to the Paradise of God.—Kamacha Jeffersonian.

Nearness of Death. When we walk near powerful machinery, we know that one single misstep, and those mighty engines would tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So when we are thundering across the land in a railcar, and there is nothing but half an inch of iron flange to hold us on the track. So when we are at sea in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine then that we see how close we are to the edge of a precipice. But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land, the partition that divides us from eternity is something less than the oak plank or half inch iron flange. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues that hold these beating powers in their place are often not thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition rupture, it would be just the same with us as if a cannon ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he could to widen the space, no man can, at any time, go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

Exchange of Seeds. We do not fully comprehend, perhaps, the nature of those physiological principles which render the frequent change of seeds so important, but no one, we presume, will doubt that it is an excellent rule in agriculture to effect an exchange of seeds as often as once in three or four years.

Potatoes of any variety, which have been brought from a distance, do much better, and are more prolific and valuable when used as food, than the same kinds when grown continuously for a long period on the same.

This remark applies with equal force to all vegetables. Hence it is that we observe judicious and intelligent agriculturists busy in effecting changes—obtaining corn, wheat, rye, and other grains to propagate from.

The long breeding from the same stock, in case of domestic animals, deteriorates the breed, and the same practice of "breeding in-and-in," in the case of vegetables, may, and doubtless does, produce a similar result. That the practice, in itself, is highly pernicious, there is no manner of question.—Maine Farmer.

What we may do. No human being can be isolated and self-sustained. The strongest and bravest and most helpful have yet, acknowledged by themselves, moments of hungry soul yearnings for companionship and sympathy. For the want of this what wrecks of humanity lie strewn about us. Youth wasted for the mocking semblance of friendship. Adrift at the mercy of chance for the grasp of a true firm hand, and a kind loving heart to counsel. It is affecting to see how strong is this yearning so fatal to its possessor, if not guided rightly, such an anchor, if safely placed. "Friendless!" What a tragedy may be hidden in that little word. None to labor for, none to weep or smile with, none to care whether we win or lose in life's struggle. A kind word or a smile, coming to such an one unexpected at some such crisis in life, how often has it been the plank to the drowning man, lacking which he must surely have perished.—These, surely, we may bestow as we pass those less favored than ourselves, whose souls are waiting for our sympathetic recognition.

Humanity is that sympathy by which we view the sufferings of others as inflicted on ourselves, and desire, in consequence, to avert the blow. Thus woman, more frequently than the opposite sex, is distinguished by this virtue, being, from helpless nature more exposed to mental and corporal afflictions. Humanity differs from benevolence in its being a feeling which makes the case of the injured or distressed immediately our own, while benevolence may rather be esteemed a desire to give or impart some good or benefit we find ourselves possessed of to the needy and destitute; the former seeks to prevent evil, the latter to promote good.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

There are times when a revolution cannot be wanted off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to the race in which a revolution produces no fruits! In which the thunderbolt smites the high places, but does not purify the soil.

Whitechapel on Saturday Night. Immediately after dusk the people begin to come forth, until, by eight or nine o'clock, one has to wriggle like an eel in order to get through the dense, moving mass. A lively, cheerful, respectable throng it is, chiefly composed of working men and their wives, the former elbowing a way for the latter, who wear the smartest shawl and their newest bonnet. The aristocracy of Whitechapel is to be seen here on a Saturday night, for the poorer people, who inhabit the smoky slums of the neighborhood, do not as a rule frequent this market. Here is a butcher's shop with flaming gets of glass almost touching the legs of mutton and pieces of beef hanging in the open air; while the man is placing on the board a large number of Ostend rabbits newly unshipped. Here is a boiled potatoe shop, with steam-pipes fizzing off the superabundant vapor. Here is a shop for the sale of remnants, with an invitation in the window to "look through them"—at no time a difficult task, one would think. The stalls, on the other hand, are infinitely more varied and picturesque. There are establishments for the sale of whelks, oranges, toys, boots and shoes, looking-glasses, old furniture, carrots and greens, galvanic shocks, &c., &c. You may see a lot of little boys seated on forms round the corner of a cooking apparatus, who serve out to them the chief delicacy of the neighborhood, hot eels. Another man is patronised for hot peas largely peppered. The wife of a working man drops into a crowd round a "cheap Jack," who is selling plates at an enormous reduction, while her husband stands at a neighboring stall enjoying his halfpenny worth of large white whelks. Here is another crowd round a vendor of umbrellas at sixpence-halfpenny each, and there another crowd round two musicians—one singing a mournful ballad about the loss of the London, the other accompanying him on the accordion.—The Towns of London in the Evening Star.

Making a 'V'. A story is told of an auctioneer, who was provokingly annoyed, while in the exercise of his profession, by the ludicrous bids of a fellow whose object seemed to be to make sport of the buyers, rather than himself to buy. At length enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the ivory hammer, looking around the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out,—

"Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?"

"I take one five-dollar bill."

"Done, done; you shall have it."

"Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils, like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor, and, seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room,—

"My good friend, you go out with me, I give you half the money."

"Done! done!" said the fellow.

"Marrah! marrah!" shouted the audience.

The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly forked out the 'V'.

"Shall I Learn to Dance?" Certainly, by all means. Commence with the "Quick-step" out of bed in the morning, and keep it up until the "chorea" are finished. The boys will of course have a "cow-drill" at the barn, while the girls are engaged in a "country dance" in the kitchen. After this, all hands "change," and promenade to school, keeping step to the music of merry laughter. Repeat the same on the way home at night, with an occasional variation in winter by "tripping the toe" and having a "break-down" in a snow bank. A reel now and then will be quite in place for the girls who have learned to spin, but the boys should never think of it. If these and kindred dances are thoroughly practiced, they will leave little time and no necessity for the polkas, schottisches, and other immodest fooleries of the ball-room.—Agriculturist.

Blasphemous Clubs. The successors of the Mohocks added blasphemy to riot. Smollett attributes the profane-ness and profligacy of the period to the demoralization produced by the South Sea Bubble, and clubs were formed especially for the indulgence of debauchery and profaneness. Prominent among these was the Hell-Fire Club, of which the Duke of Wharton was a leading spirit. So high did the tide of profaneness run at this time, that a Bill was brought into the House of Lords for its suppression. It was in a debate on this Bill that the Earl of Peterborough declared that though he was for a Parliamentary king he was against a Parliamentary religion; and that the Duke of Wharton pulled an old family Bible out of his pocket, in order to controvert certain arguments delivered from the episcopal bench.—Club Life in London.

In intoxication men betray their real character. There is a no less honest and truth-revealing intoxication in prosperity than in wine. The varnish of power brings forth at once the defects and the beauties of the human portrait.

"I cannot like that man," said one to his friend.

"It is true, you cannot," replied the friend, "for you treat him meanly, and are conscious that he deserves something better from you. The cause of dislike is in yourself, not in him."

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband.

"Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

A man better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles.

Travel by mail may now be performed to a point three hundred and seventy-five miles west of St. Louis. A firm in Albany, N. Y., has received an order to manufacture fifty thousand Pennan flags! The revenue of the English Established Church is annually \$300,000,000. There are twenty thousand clergymen.

There are 37,000 churches in the United States.—They hold 14,000,000 people.

Prentiss asks why does the planter cut off a cornet's tail when it passes among them? They all have axes.

Barnum is building his own monument in the Bridgeport graveyard; 25 feet high; \$60,000.

The late Lucien Bonaparte's plantation in Louisiana sold recently for \$30,800. It had 1,500 orange trees upon it.

\$25,000 in consequence money has been received in the U. S. treasury during the past year.

Miles Darden, who died recently in Tennessee, was 7 feet 6 inches in height, and weighed one thousand pounds.

A crusty old bachelor says the proper name for marriageable young ladies is "waiting maids."

The Bridges II use in Chicago, is being elevated to the grade of the street, a distance of four feet two inches, by the use of sixteen hundred screws. All move at once on a signal being given.

The P. E. Island Legislature has placed at the disposal of the Government the entire revenue of the Colony, for defence purposes. The vote on the question was unanimous.

The Globe says, a fine steamer named the David Western, owned by Messrs. Hathaway & Small, was launched from their yard in Carleton yesterday. She is intended for the river route.

The Mexican Times gives the following estimates of the population of the six largest towns in the Empire: Mexico, 300,000; Puebla, 75,000; Guadalajara, 70,000; Guanajuato, 50,000; Queretaro, 48,000; Matamoros, 41,000.

Hundreds who to escape the rebellion, fled from Missouri, are returning in large numbers, bringing all kinds of stock and property with them.

It is officially made known that 230,750 men lost their lives in the late American war. These are the Northern losses. On this number 95,107 were killed in battle, and 184,650 died of disease.

In Cincinnati a lady broke her ankle by a fall, the cause of which was that she put her foot through another lady's crinoline, who was going the other way.

The keeper of a first-class boarding house in New York committed suicide last week because her rent was raised to \$4000 a year. She jumped out of a fifth-story window and was instantly killed.

An ingot of gold, of the value of 1,000,000 francs (\$40,000) is divided at the Paris mint into 67,250 coins, of which 50 are pieces of 100 francs each, 200 of 50 francs, 37,000 of 20 francs, 19,000 of 10 francs, and 11,000 of 5 francs.

Saxony is going to send the world another nuptial cake, equal, it is said, to Jenny Lind's Marie Taskant.

The Princess Helena of England, by her marriage with Prince Christian of Augustenborg, becomes the niece of a New York lady named Lee, who married a husband of the Prince's father several years ago in Paris.

## Items Foreign & Local.

Travel by mail may now be performed to a point three hundred and seventy-five miles west of St. Louis. A firm in Albany, N. Y., has received an order to manufacture fifty thousand Pennan flags! The revenue of the English Established Church is annually \$300,000,000. There are twenty thousand clergymen.

There are 37,000 churches in the United States.—They hold 14,000,000 people.

Prentiss asks why does the planter cut off a cornet's tail when it passes among them? They all have axes.

Barnum is building his own monument in the Bridgeport graveyard; 25 feet high; \$60,000.

The late Lucien Bonaparte's plantation in Louisiana sold recently for \$30,800. It had 1,500 orange trees upon it.

\$25,000 in consequence money has been received in the U. S. treasury during the past year.

Miles Darden, who died recently in Tennessee, was 7 feet 6 inches in height, and weighed one thousand pounds.

A crusty old bachelor says the proper name for marriageable young ladies is "waiting maids."

The Bridges II use in Chicago, is being elevated to the grade of the street, a distance of four feet two inches, by the use of sixteen hundred screws. All move at once on a signal being given.

The P. E. Island Legislature has placed at the disposal of the Government the entire revenue of the Colony, for defence purposes. The vote on the question was unanimous.

The Globe says, a fine steamer named the David Western, owned by Messrs. Hathaway & Small, was launched from their yard in Carleton yesterday. She is intended for the river route.

The Mexican Times gives the following estimates of the population of the six largest towns in the Empire: Mexico, 300,000; Puebla, 75,000; Guadalajara, 70,000; Guanajuato, 50,000; Queretaro, 48,000; Matamoros, 41,000.

Hundreds who to escape the rebellion, fled from Missouri, are returning in large numbers, bringing all kinds of stock and property with them.

It is officially made known that 230,750 men lost their lives in the late American war. These are the Northern losses. On this number 95,107 were killed in battle, and 184,650 died of disease.

In Cincinnati a lady broke her ankle by a fall, the cause of which was that she put her foot through another lady's crinoline, who was going the other way.

The keeper of a first-class boarding house in New York committed suicide last week because her rent was raised to \$4000 a year. She jumped out of a fifth-story window and was instantly killed.

An ingot of gold, of the value of 1,000,000 francs (\$40,000) is divided at the Paris mint into 67,250 coins, of which 50 are pieces of 100 francs each, 200 of 50 francs, 37,000 of 20 francs, 19,000 of 10 francs, and 11,000 of 5 francs.

Saxony is going to send the world another nuptial cake, equal, it is said, to Jenny Lind's Marie Taskant.

The Princess Helena of England, by her marriage with Prince Christian of Augustenborg, becomes the niece of a New York lady named Lee, who married a husband of the Prince's father several years ago in Paris.

One hundred and fifty cords of white birch logs have been purchased by a firm at Farmington Falls, Maine, to be manufactured into spools.

The Nova Scotia Legislature have voted the widow of Dr. John Sawyer, who lost his life attending the cholera patients in the steamer *Exigant*, the sum of \$2,000.

## General News.

The following statistical information, at this particular juncture when news may daily be expected of the commencement of hostilities in Germany, is interesting:—Austria usually maintains a peace establishment of 288,000 men, which of late has been increased to 476,222, and in war time generally exceeds 800,000 men. The Prussian army generally comprises 208,570 men, but in war time this is raised to a multiplied strength of 600,669, and a reserve (drawn from the Landwehr) of 104,414 men. The other parties to the probable struggle (the Danes, who must assist in deciding whether the Danish duchies shall be Prussian, German or Danish), the German Confederation, comprises the kingdoms of Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Hanover, and the electorates of Hesse-Darmstadt, Baden, Hesse-Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, with a host of other minor duchies and principalities. Their armies may amount on the whole to about 250,000 men, each contingent of which is under different commanders and moved by different interests.

The Reich usually appoints a commander-in-chief when the states in the confederation decide for war, but the feelings of the political parties of the combined armies clash. Frequently, that it is almost impossible to utilise their otherwise great strength. Italy, another probable party to the anticipated contest, has a standing army of 400,000, and could easily raise 200,000 more and keep them in the field. Excluding Russia, France, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and the armies of several other countries which will likely take the field if war breaks out, it would therefore, from this statement, be participated in at its outset by no less than 2,532,000 men!

NEITHER PADDLE NOR SCREW.—A private trial has been made of a new principle of motion, as applied to vessels, entitled the Hydraulic Propeller, Rathven's patent. The Nautilus, to which the power has been applied, was built expressly to show that it can, with less labour, power, and ordinary river boats, equal them in speed. The Nautilus, at the trial on Saturday, started from Vauxhall Bridge Pier at 11 o'clock in the morning, and ran up and down the Thames in company with the *Chitina* and other river steamers, and held way with