

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XX.—NO. 21.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

WHOLE NO.—1008.

Professional Cards.

CABLE HOUSE,
Woodstock, N. B.
THE undersigned having assumed the Proprietorship of the "Cable House," begs to assure his friends and the travelling public generally, that he is determined to spare no efforts to maintain the character of this house as a first class hotel.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated. Terms reasonable.
A. H. PARKS.
Woodstock, April 20, 1868.

Dr. C. P. Connell,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Scales.
Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.
Residence—Three doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
Office—In the Medical Hall, King Street, next door to the Post Office.
Woodstock, April 20, 1868.

C. F. H. Campbell, M. D.
(Formerly of the Army.)
Surgeon, Physician and Accoucheur.
HAS settled in Woodstock for the practice of his profession.
Residence—At the "Cable House." [1618]

N. R. COLTER, M. D.
(L. R. C. P. L., ENGLAND.)
Office and Residence, — GIBSON HOUSE.
Dr. COLTER has held public appointments in London, and is a member of the Royal College of Physicians, and the Royal Society of Medicine.
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868—32nd St.

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
CENTRAL OFFICE: — WOODSTOCK.
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jack-ston-stown Road.

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
ROBERT DONALDSON, — Proprietor.
PLEASELY situated on the bank of the river, immediately at the steamboat landing, and convenient to the public offices.
Woodstock, 23, 1868—1y-13

GIBSON HOUSE,
OPEN FOR TRAVELLERS.
QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.

WATSON HOUSE.
THE WATSON HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B., is now in complete running order. The House is new, and is the furniture and fittings connected with it, and all the arrangements have been made with a view to meet the wants and promote the comfort of travellers.
The situation is most desirable, close by the Railroad Depot, near the Post Office and Bank, and overlooking the St. Croix River.
HENRY RUSSELL, Proprietor.

PARK HOTEL,
KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN.
H. FAIRWEATHER, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOUSE.
C. F. ESTEY, Proprietor.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, Me.,
N. J. DAVIS, Proprietor.

RUSSELL HOUSE,
SPARK STREET.
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOVIN, Proprietor.
March 18, 1868—13

W. P. DONNELL,
—IMPORTER OF—
French Brandy, Pure Wines, Holland's Geneva, English Ale and Irish Porter, Tobacco, Segars, &c.
43—1y Main-st., Woodstock, N. B.

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE—TORQUE.
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point. [19]

JOSEPH HORNCastle,
SURVEYOR OF LUMBER,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT.
For sale of Lumber and all descriptions of Country Produce.
INDIAN-TOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Jan. 1868—6m-52

JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,
Hatters and Furriers,
(CRYSTAL BLOCK).
283, NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

Barnum's
EATING HOUSE.
IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.
Portland, Me.
Meals at all hours. Sappers and Cooks furnished to Military and Fire Companies at short notice.
Portland, Me., Oct. 1, '63

Poetry.

FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.

LINES.

Written on the death of Miss Sarah Amberson, who died at Richmond, aged eighteen. Although four years have passed since the death of this amiable young lady, yet she is fresh in the memory of all who loved her, and at the request of many of them, these lines written on the occasion, are forwarded for publication.

The father's heart felt the wild throbs start,
O'er his loved one lowly lying;
And wildly deared the mother's tear,
As she beheld her dying.

Once the world seemed bright with the ruddy light,
Of joy around them dawning;
No hopes were hid by a coffin's lid,
Or deep grave darkly yawning.

O! the anguish wild, their first born child;
The one that they cherished;
For the blighting breath of the monster death
Has struck, and the dear one's perished!

And sorrowful now they have kissed the brow,
So calm in its long sleep sleeping;
And the quiet breast in the shroud is drest,
While the burning tear is weeping.

And solemn and slow, to the place they go
Where the last sad duty's paid her;
And mournfully down in the cold cold ground
These sorrowing friends have laid her.

And the home that was bright in its loves own light,
Will sigh for the withered blossom,
For her loving song will reach long
Through the aisles of the mourners bosom.

And their hearts will thrill at the memory still
Of the hour of that deadly battle;
And the mother's ear, will in fancy hear
The turt on her bosom rattle.

But there is a thought—'tis a joyful thought
Which can from this sorrow deliver;
She soon will arise in full bloom in the skies,
And her blooming will then be forever.

In the mansions above, in the Eden of love
You will meet never more to be parted,
In that blissful abode 'neath the smile of your
God.

Forget you have been broken hearted.
WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

Select Tale.

MRS. THOMPSON'S WHITE WARE.

Mrs. Thompson stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unamiable air of "Spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of evil smelling water, waiting there to receive them.

It was a sultry July day, and through the open windows came the sound of whetting the scythes, blended with the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shadow of the woods. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson, indeed every thing irritated her that day.

Looking out from the back door, she saw a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadowland fringed with graceful belts of birch; and softly rounded mountains lifting their velvety foreheads to the white, fleecy clouds, that went slowly sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle down. But this also irritated her; Everything that appeared to be beautiful save her life, and that was cold, and rude, and barren.

But to begin at the beginning; Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar, who would take her to Rome, and Venice, where she would live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do, and perhaps this is the reason so many barter love for gold.

But, contrary to all her preconceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain practical farmer; and instead of Italy, she went to the old homestead, which had been the abode of the Thompsons for generations. And instead of lounging in elegant studios, or gliding down storied rivers in picturesque gondolas, she made butter and cheese, and raised poultry, and cooked dinners in the long, low-ceiled kitchen, for three or four great, brown handed, ravenous men. Quite a contrast, you will admit.

If she could have had things a little different she wouldn't have minded the work so much. If she could have had soft carpets and tasteful furniture, and books, and pictures, and flowers. To be sure, she had a little strip under the south windows, where a sweet-brier grew, and pinks, sweet williams and marigolds blossomed in their season. But they were so old-fashioned; and she pined for the rare and elegant plants she had seen in conservatories and public gardens. But Thompson would as soon have thought of buying the moon, as such useless things as flowers. And though his wife earned them a dozen times over, it never entered his heart that she did. Indeed he considered it a very liberal thing when he gave (3) her twenty-five dollars fall and spring to buy her clothing, and wondered, vaguely where it all went to, and if she had not got some hoarded away somewhere.

As to books, there was the Family Bible, with the records of all the Thompsons for three generations. Then there was Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Pilgrim's Progress, and an English reader, which her Thompson had when he was a boy, and went to school in the little red school-house, up in the "pine barrens". Besides, there was the Report of the Board of Education, Laws and Resolves, Patent Office Report and a pile of the Farmer's Almanac for twenty-five years, besides, any number of documents upon the best and most improved breeds of cattle, the theory of under training, rotation of crops, grass and forage culture, etc., etc.

What could any reasonable person ask for more than that? And so for pictures, there

was "From the Cradle to the Grave," an allegorical picture, printed in colors, with a descriptive couplet attending each particular stage of the journey; a sampler which his mother had "worked at eleven years of age," and a very affecting scene illustrative of "The Lover's Parting," with a very red checked dandel in puffed sleeves, short waist and very low neck, dissolved in the arms of her departing swain.

Certainly Mrs. Robert Thompson must have been very hard to please. But the particular matter of grievance on this particular day, was another thing. The Easterville Sewing Circle and Ladies' Benevolent Society were to meet at the farmhouse the next Friday, and Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on a new set of white ware for the occasion, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.

"What's the matter with these dishes?" he asked, pointing to the "mulberry and white plates," which Mrs. Thompson was washing.

"They are all out of date, to begin with; and half of them are cracked or broken; besides there isn't nowhere near enough to set the table."

"What's become of the china? Mother used that when she had company."

"It won't look well on the table, Robert, with this mulberry, all cracked up as it is."

"I guess the victuals will taste just as well out of 'em, any way."

"But we really need the dishes, Robert—There has not been a dish bought since I came here, twelve years ago, and—"

"They'd do as well for twelve years to come. You wouldn't have thought of it, if it hadn't been for the Sewing Circle. If they can't come and eat out of such dishes as we've got they are welcome to stay away, and he took down his list to go back to his moving."

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes, but she crowded them bravely back, and tried hard to steady the tremor in her voice, as she said, pleadingly:

"Please to give me the money to get them, Robert, Grover has got some real pretty ones—and cheap too; I can get all I shall need for four dollars."

"Well, I guess Grover'll keep 'em for all me. I've got no four dollars to spare," turning to go out. "By the way," looking back from the door, "Jones, and Lee and Hubbard will be here to dinner, and perhaps to supper. We want to get all of the south meadow down today, if we can. Grass is stout this year, there's a third more than there was last year. O, Hubbard wants six pounds of butter to-day."

With these words Thompson went out, leaving his wife to her long day's work, drenched and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that destroy or annoy.

Life looked very bare and lonely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With all her love of ease, and beauty, and symmetry, how rude, and coarse, and hard looked all her surroundings. It was only one long, monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetness and grace that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it, but she remembered that day, with the faintest little stir of regret that she might have had far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, and caught a cool gleam of urn and fountain, something very like a sigh trembled on her lips.

"Squire Barnham's wife didn't have to beg for a paltry four dollars that she might be able to set a table decently," she thought bitterly.

And, then, as one does when they feel aggrieved, she remembered a score of other things, equally needful, and equally within their means—for Robert Thompson was not a poor man by any means—which had been as cheerfully refused. There was the parlor carpet, it was half cotton, and faded and thread-bare at that; and the paper had been on ever since she was a child, and was stained where it had leaked down last winter, and yet Robert said it "was well enough, for what little they used it," and absolutely refused to get either. And so, of a score of things which she remembered that morning as she toiled through all the long, sultry forenoon, with an aching head and discouraged heart.

"What did it matter to her if the grass was heavy, and butter up to forty cents a pound? It only brought her more bare board and work, and no recompense save her mere board and clothing. She could earn more than this to any other man's house."

"Well, she had no business to marry Robert Thompson," she said, moodily to herself, her slender wrists aching from beating over the butter for "Hubbard?" "Everybody always said he was close and shrewd, and prophesied that he would be rich, some day—what did she care for riches if they didn't do her any good—didn't make her life any fairer or suter? She was not fitted to be a farmer's wife—and yet she had loved Robert Thompson!" She said this half savagely, as if she was disgusted and angry with herself for it.

And yet Robert Thompson was not an unkind man—only thoughtless. He was a type of a very large class of men—more especially farmers—who do not feel, in themselves, the need which a woman's more aesthetic nature demands. Absorbed in his stock, and his crops and politics, he did not realize that his wife needed, and has a right to, few of the things that, with her peculiar organization, were as much a need of her being as the food she ate.

And so, as the years ran on, they grew further and further apart; he getting more and more absorbed in gain, and growing more care-

less of looks and culture, and more thoughtless, and less tender in regard to his wife's tastes or toils, while she grew bitter, and despondent, and irritable.

Robert Thompson was, besides, a little inclined to fault-finding, and not being at all of a sensitive temperament himself, he did not realize how keenly he wounded his wife; and when sometimes, she gave back a bitter retort, he wondered what it was that had soured her disposition so, for he remembered she used to be called unusually sweet tempered.

All through the long forenoon, Mrs. Thompson had nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. She would not have the circle meet there, and set the table with that old fashioned china; and that stained and cracked mulberry, no, not for twenty Robert Thompsons. The rooms were shabby and out of date enough, mercy knows; and her thoughts reverted to the pretty, tasteful homes of her friends, where she had met on "circle day."

Fifteen minutes before noon, and full that time before dinner would be ready—and Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner broiling hot—Mrs. Thompson saw four tired, heated, hungry-looking men coming up through the orchard. The table was not set, and she hurried quickly about it. Just then Frank and Charlie, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each shouting, "Mother," "Mother," and each wanting something "right off." She felt tired, and hurried, and out of temper, which was not helped by her husband's impatient:

"Why isn't dinner ready? I told you we were in a hurry to-day. If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd try to do it before night."

A bitter retort sprang to her lips, but just then Charles cried out:

"O mother, mother! just look at my new copy. I ain't going to write ab's any more. I'm going to write sentences, just like Frank. Just you read it, mother. The teacher said I must get it by heart, and remember it."

Mrs. Thompson glanced up, laying the plates as she read. "A soft answer turned away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." It was not that it was now—she had read it scores of times—but something in its appropriateness, that told like a cool hand on heated pulses.

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said, quietly.

He looked up; evidently he had not expected just that reply, for if the truth must be told, he had thought more than once that forenoon of his wife's request; not that he expected that she would, as he termed it, "sulk over it."

"I say, boys," he said, as they went into the cool north room to their dinner, "it don't feel much here as it did down in the meadow. A woman has an easy time of it; they don't know what hot weather is."

Mrs. Thompson, waiting on the table with a scurried face, did not reply; but Hubbard gave Jones a queer look of the corner of his eye, as he glanced at her.

"Why didn't you set the butter in the stove? you might as well. I don't believe there's any need of having the butter like this, if it is warm weather," he growled.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came in; but I will go down and get some more, if you think I'd better," was the pleasant reply.

"No, never mind. Well, I declare; why didn't you boil this meat? It's hard as a rock. Not much like that I had at your house, Hubbard. Your wife knows how to cook a dinner that's fit for a king."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," Mrs. Thompson said, struggling hard to choke down a rising sob as well as an angry word.

The men did not speak, and Mr. Thompson finished his dinner with a thoughtful face. By-and-by he grew to watching his wife's face; there was something in it he could not understand. He looked down at the mulberry and white—it did look old and dingy beside the snowy table cloth—he wondered he had never noticed it before. He went out into the kitchen, how hot and stifling it was! A vague idea that it wasn't such a comfortable place, after all, fitting through a window. He went out towards the barn, the sun was hot, but there was a fresh breeze blowing from the south, and the men were lounging in the shadow of the barn.

"I never pitied a woman so in my life—Hubbard was saying; 'she works like a slave, and don't even get thank ye for it.'"

"She'd never ought to married Rob. Thompson," replied Jones; "a delicate, sensitive little thing like her. However, he won't make money out of her blood and bones many years. I never saw a woman run down so fast. She looks as faded as the old house, that hasn't seen a drop of paint since old Grandfather Thompson had it fixed up for his second wife."

"And Jennie used to like things nice, so well! She'd better have married Squire Barnham—I wonder if she isn't over sorry?"

"Was she? The thought came crashing like a bolt of fire through the heart and brain of Robert Thompson. She might have married Barnham, he knew. And then he remembered how proud he had been that she turned from the wealthy young squire, to marry him, and come to the old homestead to take care of his invalid mother. And how tenderly she had done it, too! He could bear it no longer. He stole noiselessly away from the unconscious talkers, and started at a quick pace down street.

Mrs. Thompson had washed and put away the last dish, and with weary step had taken down the broom, when the sudden sound of

wheels coming into the yard sent her to the door.

"I've brought down that ware Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, springing to the ground, and lifting a large basket carefully from the wagon.

"But I didn't order them, Mr. Grover," she gasped, in a frightened voice. "I only said perhaps, I—"

"O, it's all right. Mr. Thompson came up this noon and ordered them. I thought you didn't send for them he didn't seem to know what he wanted, only he gave me ten dollars and told me to bring what was necessary. I have brought you a tea and dinner set, including three dozen plates. If there is anything you don't like, I'll take it again and make it all right."

"O, I shall like them, I know," she said, trying hard to control her voice.

"Well, I'll leave the basket, and Robert can bring it up some time," he said, springing into the wagon and driving off.

Then Jane Thompson sat down on the floor beside that basket of crockery, and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for they washed all the weariness and despair from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot, but went to unpacking and washing her new treasures, singing softly to herself the while.

She put some nice clean papers on the shelves, and then she folded some and cut them in shreds and put them over the edges, and then she arranged her beautiful ware, with its drooping sprays of convolvulus and fuschias, standing off every few moments to admire it.

"I doubt if Mrs. Squire Barnham was ever so entirely happy in her life?"

She had got it all arranged, and stood in the pantry door, with a bright, happy smile in her eyes, and on her lips, when a voice—it was a trifle husky—said close beside her:

"What is it, Jennie?" (he used to call her that, in the old days, before hardness or indifference came between them.)

"O, Robert!" taking a step toward him.—He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly as he ever had in the days of his courtship.

"I have been a brute, little wife," he whispered, huskily; "can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? O, Robert! I never was so happy in my life! I have been to blame, too; I haven't—"

"Yes, you have," he interrupted. "You've been an angel compared to me. I may more Jones's Laura is coming up to-morrow, to help you with after saying, and then I'll make some permanent arrangement."

"O, Robert, I can get along now. I feel just as light as—"

"And you are, almost," he said, smiling a little sadly into her eager face. "No; I am able to hire some one to help you, and I am going to. And by the way, I saw Leeds this noon. It's a dull time just now, and so I thought I'd give the poor fellow a job."

"O, Robert? You ain't going to?"

"Ain't I?" he said, teasingly, laughing at her enthusiasm.

"Are you really, Robert—really going to have the old house painted?"

"Every square inch of board, Jennie, inside and out. And when you get over the summer's work, you can be looking up something to brighten up the old place a little."

"Robert?"

"What?"

"I want to tell you something—you won't be angry?"

"No," smiling.

"Well, to-day it was wrong, I know, but I felt so discouraged—I almost wished I had married Squire Barnham; but now, O, Robert, I wouldn't marry him for fifty thousand French cottages!"

For answer he stooped and kissed her tenderly on the lips.

Quakers at Home.
The Friends present a model of interior home life. They cultivate the amenities, the consideration, the cheer, and the abundance which make a home happy. They speak to one another with surpassing gentleness; they smile upon one another with a sweet benignity; they welcome the visitor to astounding hospitality. Their religion consists in creating happiness in the household. They are gentle, loving and attentive to children. They seek to promote like docility and cheerfulness among the "rising generation." They are equally attentive to older age, with a chastened respectfulness of manner which exalts the self-respect of declining years. Whatever can be done to make a home comfortable and cheery is first to be done. Other Christians deny to themselves home comforts for the sake of preaching the Gospel to the heathen; but the Society of Friends believe that charity begins at home. Their Gospel is one of home peace. Their heaven on earth is to win some foretaste of the "rest which remaineth for the children of God." They exemplify what the Christian freedsite ought to be—warm without heat, cheerful without excitement, bright without dazzle. Long live the Quakers home!

A gentleman on board a steamboat with his family, on being asked by his children "what made the boat go," gave them the following very lucid description of the machinery and its principles: "You see, my dears, this thingumabob here goes down through that hole and fastens on the gignature, and then that man, he's the engineer, you know, kind o' stirs up the—what de-ye-call it with his long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

A poor woman in Prussia has lately confessed, on her death-bed to having committed a fault thirty years ago by substituting her own son for the son of a countess who had been sent to her to be nursed. The false countess had grown up, married a rich lady, and is living on the estate while the true countess was brought up in poverty and ignorance, went out to service, married a peasant, and has given no sign of noble descent. Similar circumstances have often been made the groundwork of novels, and perhaps they are not so uncommon in actual life as might be supposed. The very common custom of putting out to nurse children of high birth is highly favorable to such substitutions.

In the Botanic Gardens of Brussels, they have a rose tree sixty feet high.

Items Foreign & Local.

THE MEYER GUN.—SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT—55 SHOTS FIRED IN 33 SECONDS.

Mr. Jacob Meyer, at present a patternmaker in the Grand Trunk Works, gave a public exhibition, yesterday, at the ranges, Point St. Charles, of a piece of light ordnance, of which he is the inventor. Gen. Sir Charles Wyndham, K. C. B.; Col. Sir Henry Havelock, V. C.; Lieut. Col. Galloway; Lieut. Col. Galt; Military Secretary; Capt. Grant; a number of ladies, and a large gathering of civilians were present, to witness the latest invention for the destruction of human life. The Light Self-acting Field Battery was placed in a range of 400 yards, and in appearance gives little idea of the wonderful powers which it undoubtedly possesses. The gun is mounted on a light carriage and with it weighs 240 pounds. Apparatus is provided for elevating the range and of changing the line of fire, laterally, to any radius within 90°. The barrel is of the Snider bore and like a cannon. An ordinary casing of brass allows it to be surrounded by water to the depth of a quarter of an inch, so rendering the heating that would result from rapid firing impossible. The gun is worked by machinery enclosed in a drum that is solidly welded to the breech. A trough upon the right side supplies the ammunition, and by the turning of a crank is drawn into the cylinder and forced into the chambers with which a revolving disk is pierced. With each turn of the crank a bullet is expelled, a shell dropped and a cartridge forced into one of the chambers. To give technical details of the invention would at once change the character of the distinguished officers who were officially present.

Mr. Meyer was first desired to prove that his gun possessed the rapidity of fire claimed for it, and he obeyed with such effect as to discharge at one time thirty-eight rounds in thirty seconds, and at another, fifty-five rounds in thirty-three seconds. The bullets seemed to strike the target with an unerring certainty, and in no one instance failed to be expelled by the ingenious machinery.

Mr. Meyer next showed that his gun was equally effective in changing the direction of the fire. With one movement of the hand, the wheel that gave a lateral motion to the gun, and with the other turning the one small crank, seemed to possess such mysterious powers, he swept a range of a quarter of a circle, and poured out such a storm of missiles as would have made the advance of an enemy impossible.

Gen. Windham has, for some time past, been interested in the labors of the inventor, and has if we mistake, not frequently visited Mr. Meyer's house to offer him practical suggestions and support.

On this occasion, the General expressed his highest satisfaction with the result of the experiments, and will doubtless forward such a report of the weapon to the Horse Guards, as will gain for it the attention it manifestly deserves.

The machinery is simple—easily put out of order, and easily repaired. It is possible to increase the bore to two inches, or to have it of intermediate size, as convenience or other considerations may require. The gun is equally effective in changing the direction of the fire. With one movement of the hand, the wheel that gave a lateral motion to the gun, and with the other turning the one small crank, seemed to possess such mysterious powers, he swept a range of a quarter of a circle, and poured out such a storm of missiles as would have made the advance of an enemy impossible.

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