

doubt, when within one month more than 45,000 ounces of gold were exported, and I doubt not the present month will be far in excess of this. A few days ago I happened to be out riding, and selected the beach north of the town, on which to take exercise, and found the whole of the beach for miles was being occupied with diggers, who are mining just above highwater mark, and are washing out of the sea-sand sufficient gold to produce from £5 to £20 per week per man. In fact, nearly the whole coast from the Grey River down to Bruce Bay is a magnificent goldfield; and inland, too, for miles, men are gradually extending the field. During the last fortnight there have been several rushes up to the foot of the snow capped Southern Alps, where the diggers are finding good payable gold." The total value of New Zealand gold exported from the colony up to the 30th June last was £7,646,809, and the number of ounces was 1,947,667. The principal localities from whence the gold has been obtained hitherto have been Otago and Christchurch provinces, but the whole of New Zealand is believed by geologists to be auriferous.

—A very interesting table of the mortality in the Federal Army during the late war of sections has been published in Washington, evidently by authority. It states how many died of disease, and from casualties in the field; and also the number of men enlisted and furnished from each State. New York for instance placed 381,696 men into the ranks, 31,852 or about 10 per cent. of whom died in the service;—14,445 of severe wounds, or on the battlefield, and 17,407 from disease in hospital. The great states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana come next on the list, and in every instance, (with the single exception of Indiana, where the mortality rises to about 19 per cent, only 4 per cent of which however, was the direct result of wounds,) show an average mortality of 10 per cent. Before the publication of this table, many persons were under a far different impression as to the extent of destruction of life caused by the war. Most of the greater battles that took place were spoken of as something horrible in the extent of their slaughter, and gallons of (not to say barrels) of ink were exhausted to prove how the combatants had surpassed in heroism, bulldog tenacity and pluck, the puny blows, and the vacillating courage of the effete and worn out veterans of the old world. According to the Federal newspapers a battle was no battle unless from forty to fifty thousand were killed or wounded in it. The smoke and exaggerations have, however, since been cleared away; the army correspondent; "the reliable gentleman from the South;" "the intelligent contraband;" and "the loyal refugee"—no longer tell stories for a sensational press and divested of its trappings and horrible accompaniments, the great Moloch our neighbours had set up shrinks to the very moderate proportion of 10 per cent for losses in both field and hospital, of the total combatants, all told. The war lasted four years, and at different times, these tables inform us, no less than the enormous number of 2,154,311 men were engaged in it, on the Northern side alone. Some forty or fifty battles of great alleged magnitude were fought, not to speak of outposts and skirmishes, and still more considerable affairs. Yet from the whole the returns give only 96,089 men killed and died of wounds, and 180,420 of disease. In other words, nine out of ten of all who went to the war from the North returned in safety to their homes; and only a small proportion of this mortality came from wounds on the battlefield. Disease was far more fatal than the battle. So far, in fact, from the recent war of sections in the United States being more severe and more exhaustive of human life than ancient wars, or wars in modern Europe, as ill-informed persons here under the ridiculous inspiration of the spirit of inflation have pretended, they quite dwindle to small proportions when a comparison is made. In the ancient Roman hand to hand wars, sometimes half the combatants were left on the field; and there was great significance in the couplet of the lay:—

"The kites know well the long stern swell,
That bids the Romans close."

If in modern wars we take the single battle of Borodino, we find the Russians lost 45,000 men in killed and wounded (including thirty-two general officers), while the French lost 50,000—making a total loss in one battle of 95,000 men. Again, if we take the single campaign of Napoleon into Russia, the Grand Army when it marched numbered 580,512 men. When it recrossed the Nieman the total of those who escaped numbered only 42,200, showing a loss of 538,312, or over half a million of men! The French admit that, in that campaign, they had 125,000 soldiers slain in battle, the rest died miserably by the road side, or were taken or scattered. The French lost more men in that single campaign than both the North and South put together in the whole four years war. In fact the work of war done by both North and South as we sit coolly down to look at results, was very small indeed, not to say, comparatively speaking, ridiculously so, when we consider the very great material resources and numbers of men employed. In fact our neighbours have not yet established that they are the most wonderful military nation under the sun. It is matter for rejoicing in the interest of civilization that there has been less bloodshed than was supposed in the late unfortunate war, but it is better that there should be no misapprehension respecting the facts of history.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

—The following comparison between Ottawa and the other cities which have in succession been the seat of our perambulating government, is due to a correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette*.—

"There are people living here who think they have been sent into banishment, and they sigh over the houses they have left in Quebec, long even for a return to Toronto, and are loud in their declaration of opinion that Montreal is the proper place for the seat of government—a fact which any one with half an eye may see, they say. As a Montrealer, with the modesty which is universal among Montrealers and so well becomes them, I say naught on this latter point. Respecting Quebec, I will frankly say I prefer it to Ottawa; there is the charm which age and old traditions gives to a place, attached to it, pleasant recollections clustering about it, the most beautiful scenery in Canada, and a certain polish and air of good-breeding among the people which only members of a long-established society can have. I fear that in my heart of hearts I am just a little a traitor to Montreal, that I like Quebec best and Halifax next best of all places in British North America. It is true they are old and slow, but their environs are wondrously beautiful and their people hospitable and endowed with *suaviter vivere*. You see signs of wealth with less ostentations display, and money-getting with less of the hardness born of commercial greed and eager pursuit of gain than in most other places on this continent. Toronto, which will always be remarkable as the seat of the chief law courts of the western province and of its great educational institutions, with a more genial climate and great agricultural wealth all around it, yet wears a desperately hard, matter-of-fact look to me, and I never could see its charms. Men who make their homes there like it, and I will not dispute their taste. They have built some fine buildings there and should have a fine town.

"It is a curse of railways—in the eyes of the pleasure traveller—that, wherever it is possible, they run through the very dreariest of flat country. I am assured by those who have traversed these counties by the old post roads that there is much fine land and some pretty scenery; and that not far from the railway line. We did see a few fine farms—that of Mr. Billings being among the best—and at the Kemptville station caught sight of the village a half mile away. But for the most part our way was scarcely less dreary than that over the dreary portion of the Quebec and Richmond road. It is growing better as cultivation is creeping down to the line—which opened a way for itself through the forest for the most part, at first. Ere long let us hope the approach to the capital will be through the more smiling aspect of well-cultivated farms and pleasant homesteads. Now one feels a good deal as if plunging into the back woods—when a curve in the road brings you suddenly in sight of a hill-crowned with the Parliament House and Government offices of Canada. Your first feeling is one of surprise—how buildings worthy of London or Paris had got there. With the setting sun shedding its glowing light upon them, and lighting up tower and pinnacle, and bringing out buttress and shaft and angle in bold relief, you almost fancy there has been magic in the work, or these are the remains of the work of generations long since passed away, gone ere this waste of trees was planted and that nature has reasserted a dominion, which, in fact, she has never yielded up. These are palaces fit for a feudal monarchy. You look around in vain for the culture which serf and villein began, and free yeomen have carried on. These are achievements in architecture, worthy of the wealth of a great capital, which the concentrated wealth of a nation has embellished. Where are its quays, its streets, its steeples, its suburban villas, its public monuments? You look for them in vain. These are gems without any fit setting. We must trust to time to furnish that. Ottawa looks more awkwardly to-day in possession of these buildings than David would have done in Saul's armor—that of Goliath had furnished a better simile. One cannot resist the feeling that if the town is a fit capital for the country, then the buildings are much too big and ambitious for so small a country; if the buildings are befitting the country, then the capital town is not. This is the irresistible conclusion that one arrives at, comparing the two things as they now exist. But time, which works wonders, may cure this, and make the town worthy of the Public Buildings. Let us have patience. Ottawa is now a straggling town covering a good deal of ground, with some very excellent stone buildings, some fine shops, but a great many wooden cottages, not unlike the suburban villages of St. Jean Baptiste, at Montreal and of St. Sauveur, at Quebec. When straggling streets shall be filled up, and wooden houses converted into brick and stone, there is enough of Ottawa even now traced out to make a fine little town. In many respects its site is a very fine one. Will it have trade enough to make it grow, and bring together a considerable number of rich men and well-to-do tradesmen, who will fill up streets with fine houses, not dwell apart in villas near their mills, with the rude cottages of laborers in mill or forest around them? Is that vision of Western trade down the Ottawa, which Quebec and Montreal are as much interested in as Ottawa, to come as a reality; and will it bring the anticipated wealth to this city? Time alone can solve these things: let us hope it will not be a long time ere Ottawa proves herself worthy of her present good fortune.