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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

GOOD BYE.

Farwell! farwell! is a lonely sound
And always brings a sigh;
But give to me, when loved ones part,
That sweet old word, "Good-bye."
Farwell! farwell! may do for the gay,
When pleasure's throng is nigh,
But give to me that better word,
That comes from the heart, "Good-bye."
Adieu! adieu! we hear it oft
With a tear, perhaps with a sigh;
But the heart feels most when the lips move
And the eye speaks the gentle "Good-bye."
Farwell! farwell! is never heard
When the tears in the mother's eye,
Adieu! adieu! she speaks it not,
But "My love, good-bye, good-bye."

Select Tale.

MY PLAIN LOVER.

I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I had lacerated by refusing their offers of marriage, after I had lured them on to a "declaration." My last victim's name was James Fraser. He was a tall, awkward, homely and ungainly man, but his heart was as true as steel. I respected him highly, and felt pained when I witnessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I had myself fallen in love with Elliott Tracy, a city gallant, who had been unrequited in his devotion to me. James Fraser warned me against Elliott, but I charged him with jealousy, and took his warnings as an insult. In a few days after Elliott and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed to be in a fair way of realization. I had a week of happiness. Many have not so much in a life time. Many awake from the bright, short dream, to find themselves in lifelong darkness, and bondage from which there is no escape. Thank God, I was not so miserable as they!

There was an equestrian party winding through our grand old woods and quiet country roads. Elliott and I led the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful Brown Bess. Elliott was mounted on the handsome black horse that had been sent him from the city. Following us was a bevy of merry girls and their cavaliers, and among them, tall, awkward and silent, rode James Fraser. His presence had marred all the pleasures of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all that I might not see him.

And so we rode on over the soft, sandy road that echoed not the tramp of our horses' hoofs, and I listened well pleased to the low but animated words of Elliott Tracy, who wished himself a knight, and me a fair lady of the olden time, that he might go forth to do battle for me, and compel all men to recognize the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke the inspiration of love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it had prompted wishing again and again that he might thus proclaim and maintain his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to this, and to believe it sincere, though I surely had no wish to put my lover to such a test.

A shot rang through the still woods, and a wounded bird darting past, fluttered and fell at the feet of Brown Bess. With a bound and a spring, that nearly unseated me, she was off.

Struggling to regain my seat, I had no power to restrain her, and even as she flew the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to mane and bridle and wonder helplessly where this mad gallop was to end. She swerved from a passing wagon, and turned into a cart track that led to the river. In the sudden movement the reins had been torn from my hands, and I could not regain them. I clung to the mane, and crossed my eyes that I might not see the fate that awaited me. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last. How all his joys, his affections, his life crowning love rose up before me! I thought of the pang that would rend Elliott's heart as he saw me lying, mangled and dead, and then the thought would come as if he were pursuing and trying to save me, even as he had said, at the risk of life and limb.

I remembered no more. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and knew no more until, days afterwards, I woke to a faint, remembrance of life, in my room at home.

I never saw Elliott Tracy again. The last words I ever heard from his lips were those of knightly daring. "The last act of his life, in connection with mine, was to follow in the train of frightened youths who rode after me, to contemplate the disaster from afar, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shallow bed of the river into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stepped suddenly on its bank, to ride hastily back to the village. That evening he sent to make inquiries, and learning that I was severely, but it was hoped, not fatally injured, he thenceforth contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained from village rumor.

At last it was known that I never recovered entirely from the effects of my injury, and that very day Elliott Tracy departed suddenly from that village. He made no attempt to see me, nor sent me any farewell. When I was once more abroad, and beginning, though with much unalloyed bitterness, to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I received a letter from him, in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgement had taught me that, in my altered circumstances, our engagement must be at an end, but to satisfy his own sense of honor (his honor?) he wrote to say that, while entertaining the highest respect for me he desired a formal renunciation of my claim.

Writing at the bottom of this letter, "Let it be as you wish," I returned it to him at once, and thus ended my brief dream of a romantic love.

I had heard ere this of Elliott Tracy's cowardly conduct on that day, and now I first bethought me to inquire who had rescued me from imminent death.

And then I learned that James Fraser, my arm already broken by the jerk with which Brown Bess tore away from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me, and been the first to lift me from the water. Many times daily he had made inquiries for me. His hand had been the hand that sent

the rare flowers that decked my room. His were the books I read in the lingering days of convalescence, and his, now, was the arm that supported me as, slowly and painfully, I paced the garden walks. I have been his wife for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome, or rather he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and lovely spirit shining through his plain features, and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside, as utterly untenable, my pet theory, that beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a providential compensation that in denying physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed or distorted, but shines the brighter that it is not marred by petty vanity or love of the world's praise.

Who saw the Steer.

The richest thing of the season, says the Newburyport Herald, came off the other day in the neighborhood of the market. The greenest Jonathan imaginable, decked out in a slouched hat, a long blue frock, and a pair of cow-hide shoes, big as gondolas, with a huge whip under his arm, stalked into a billiard saloon, where half a dozen persons were trundling the ivory, and after recovering from the first surprise of the (to him) singular aspect of the room, inquired if "any one" had seen a stray steer, "affirming that the 'blasted critter' got away as he came to town with his drove, 't'other day, and he hadn't seen nothing, on him since." The blundering old knowledge of the animal in question, and with much sly winking at each other, proceeded to console him on his loss in the most heartiest manner. He watched the game with much interest, as he evidently had never seen or heard of anything of the kind before, and created much amusement by his demonstrations of ignorance when a good shot was made—Jerusalem! being a favorite interjection.

At last Jonathan made bold to request the privilege of trying his skill, when he set the crowd in a roar by his awkward movements. However, he gradually got his hand in, and played as well as could be expected for a poor greenhorn. All hands now began to praise him, which so elated him that he began to think himself a second Phalaris; and he actually offered to bet a dollar with his opponent—which of course he lost. The loss and the laugh so irritated him that he offered to play another game and bet two dollars, which he pulled out of a big roll—for it seems his cattle had sold well and he was quite flush. This bet he also lost, as the field might have known he would; when, mad as a March hare, he pulled out a fifty spot, the largest bill he had, and offered to bet that on another game. The crowd mustered around and raised enough to cover it, and at it they went again—which, by some very strange turn of luck, Jonathan won. He now offered to put up the hundred he had just won against another hundred. Of course he couldn't blunder through another game, so they now would win back what they had lost, and flee greenly out of his roll beside. They sent out for a famous player who happened to have money enough to bet with, and another game was played, which Jonathan also won. Another hundred was also raised and bet and won; and it was not till he had blundered through half a dozen games, and by some unaccountable run of luck won them all, draining the pockets of his opponents of some four hundred dollars, that they began to smell a very large mice.

When everybody got tired playing, Gawkey pulled off his frock over his head, took his whip under his arm, and quickly walked out, turning round at the door and exclaiming: "Gentlemen, if you should happen to see anything of that steer, I wish you'd just let me know."

At last accounts they had not seen the steer, but they have come to the conclusion that they saw the elephant—or a Bird of strange plumage.

Feelings on the Battle Field.

The correspondent of the Charleston Courier gives the description of the feelings of a soldier for the first time on a battle field:

No person who was not upon the ground and an eye witness of the stirring scenes which there transpired, can begin to comprehend from a description the terrible realities of a battle; and even those who participated are competent to speak only of their own personal experience. Where friends and foes are falling by scores, and every species of woe is flying through the air, threatening each instant to send some one into eternity, little time is afforded for more observation than is required for personal safety. The scene is one of the most exciting and exhilarating that can be conceived. Imagine a regiment passing you at "double quick," the men cheering with enthusiasm, their teeth set, their eyes flashing, and the whole in a frenzy of resolution. You accompany them to the field. They halt. An Aide-de-camp passes to or from the commanding General. The clear voice of the officers ring along the line in tones of passionate eloquence, their words short, thrilling and elastic. The word is given to march, and the body moves into action. For the first time in your life you listen to the whizzing of hail. Grape and canister fly into the ranks, bomb-shells burst overhead, and the fragments fly all around you. A friend falls, perhaps a dozen or twenty of your comrades lie dying at your feet; a strange involuntary shrinking steals over you, which it is impossible to resist. You feel inclined neither to advance nor recede, but are spell-bound by the contending emotions of the moral and physical man. The cheek blanches, the lip quivers, and the eye almost hesitates to look upon the scene. In this attitude you may, perhaps, be ordered to stand an hour inactive, having meanwhile marking its footsteps with blood on every side. Finally the order is given to advance, to fire, or to charge. And now what a metamorphosis! With your first shot you become a new man. Personal safety is your least concern. Fear has no existence in your bosom. Hesitation gives way to an uncontrollable desire to rush into the thickest of the fight. The dead and dying around you, if they receive a passing thought, only serve to stimulate you to revenge. You become cool and deliberate, and watch the effect of bullets, the sower of bursting shells, the passage of cannon-balls, as they rake their murderous channels through your ranks, the plunging of wounded horses, the agonies of the dying and the clash of contending arms, which follows the dashing charge, with a feeling so calloused by surrounding circumstances, that your soul seems dead to every sympathizing and selfish thought.

Such is the spirit which carries the soldier through the field of battle. But when the excitement has passed, when the roll of musketry has ceased, the noise of the cannon is stilled, the dusky pail of sulphurous smoke has risen from the field, and you stroll over the theater of carnage, hearing the groans of the wounded, discovering here, sheltered almost beyond recognition, the form of some dear friend whom only an hour before you met in the full flush of life and happiness, there another perforated by a bullet, a third with a limb shot away, a fourth with his face disfigured, a fifth almost torn to fragments, a sixth a headless corpse, the ground ploughed up and stained with blood, human brains splashed around, limbs without bodies and bodies without limbs scattered here and there, and the same picture duplicated scores of times;—then you begin to realize the horrors of war, and experience a reaction of nature. The heart opens its flood-gates, humanity asserts herself again, and you begin to feel.

Friend and foe alike now receive your kindest ministrations. The enemy who but a short time before, full of hate, you were doing all in your power to kill, you are now exerting it to save. You supply him with water to quench his thirst, with food to sustain his strength, and with sympathy to soothe his troubled mind. All that is human or charitable in your nature now rises to the surface, and you are animated by that spirit of mercy which blesses him that gives and him that takes. A battle field is eminently a place that tries men's souls.

Prince Napoleon and the old Soldier.

[From the Chicago Evening Journal, Sept. 4.] Last evening there occurred one of those rare incidents in the progress of Prince Napoleon's tour through the United States which will not soon be forgotten by our illustrious visitor, albeit the tender recollections thereof may not be of long duration with one of the parties interested, whose gray hairs will ere long be moistened by the clammy dew of death.

Louise Harle, a relic of the Grand Army of the First Napoleon, now an inmate of the Cook County Poor-house, had an interview with Prince Napoleon. County-Agent Hansen, learning the wish of the old soldier, kindly conveyed him to the Tremont. His card was sent to the Prince's apartment and the old man, bowed down with the weight of eighty years, was ushered into the august presence.

The Prince rose to receive his remarkable guest. There they stood for a moment looking each other in the face—the second heir to the French crown and the sear and bronzed veteran of a score of battles. Advancing, the Prince grasped the old man's hand, and conducting him to a seat, spoke so kindly that the veteran's heart overflowed, and he burst into tears.

To those at all acquainted with the history of the Napoleonic dynasty, neither the kindness of the Prince nor the emotion of the old soldier will be wondered at. All such well know the remarkable power that the first Napoleon held upon the affections of his soldiers, as well as too wild and uncontrollable idolatry manifested by the latter toward the former, upon all occasions, whether in victory or defeat.

In that interview, yesterday, the veteran "fought his battles of old again." The Prince questioned him and listened with glistering eye to his recital of those thrilling incidents which ever had as their hero Napoleon. The quick eye of the Prince noticed the absence of three fingers from one of the soldier's hands.

"Where did you lose your fingers?"

"In the retreat from Moscow. I was attached to the cavalry, and in one of the charges of those villainous Cossacks, a stroke from a lance deprived me of my fingers. But," and the old veteran's eye shone with the old battle-light, "my sabre finished him, sir. Ah, those Cossacks were the most splendid horsemen that I ever saw, but they were afraid of Murat's cavalry, after all."

And the old soldier's mind wandered back to that terrible retreat from the burning capital of the Russians, surrounded by the inexorable rigors of a Russian winter, and harassed day and night by those furious onsets of Cossack cavalry—those wild and daring children of the plains.

"This, sir, was done at Lodi," exhibiting a terrible scar on his left shoulder, made by a grape-shot.

"And this," having the cuff of his left leg, showing the track of a bullet through and through it, "was done at Arcola."

"This sabre cut upon my head was received at Austerlitz, and so was this, sir," tenderly holding up the Cross of the Legion of Honor bestowed upon him by Napoleon for special service on that bloody field.

And thus the old battle-scarred veteran wound away two pleasant hours—hours fraught with proud and tender recollections to both Prince and soldier; and when the veteran arose to go, he blessed the munificence of the Prince which had pressed a well-earned purse into his hand, and given assurance that *la Belle France* had not forgotten her veterans, and that a liberal pension should be provided for him.

The Spirit of a Man.—Mr. Ferguson was a married tailor, and being hen-pecked one day, he excited the wrath of Mrs. F., who assaulted him with a broomstick, and would have battered him had he not run under the bed. The broom was too short and he took courage. "Mr. Ferguson," said the irritated woman, "come out from under that bed immediately." "Mrs. Ferguson," replied he with firmness, "I will not come out from under this bed." "Mr. Ferguson, if you know what is good for you, come out from under that bed." "Mrs. Ferguson, your threats are useless; so long as I have the spirit of a man, I will not come out from under this bed."

"Will you dine with me to-morrow, Mr.——?" asked one Irishman of another.

"Fah, and I will, with all my heart."

"Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm asking you to."

"And what of that?—a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have you got?"

"Och, nothing uncommon—an illigant piece of corn-beef and potatoes."

"By the powers, that bates the world!—jist the dinner we have at home, to a hair, barring the beef."

"Go to grass," said a mother to her daughter.

"Well then, I suppose I'll have to marry," ejaculated the fair damsel.

"Why so?" enquired the astonished mother.

"Because all men are grass."

The old lady survived.

Jefferson Davis.

The following memoir is written under the supposition that Davis is in reality dead—but though the epitaph is here given, there is no certainty that the grave is dug, or the man dead:—

The record of Jeff. Davis' life is briefly this: He was born in Kentucky in 1808, but while yet a child, was removed by his parents to Mississippi. Young Davis received an academic and collegiate education at the South, and then graduated at West Point Military Academy in this State. He entered the army as 2d Lieutenant, served in the Black Hawk and various other Indian wars on the North-western frontier, and remained in the service for seven years; after which he retired to Mississippi and lived for eight years as a cotton planter. He then entered upon active political life on the Democratic side—in 1844 was chosen a State presidential elector; in 1845 was elected to a seat in Congress, which, however, he resigned next year to take command of a regiment of Mississippi volunteers in the Mexican war. In this position he was actively engaged in the storming of Monterey, highly distinguished himself at the battle of Buena Vista, where he was wounded, and took part in various other military and diplomatic transactions in Mexico. When he returned, he was appointed, by the Governor of Mississippi, United States Senator to fill a vacancy; next year he was unanimously elected by the Legislature to the same office for the residue of the term, and in 1850 was re-elected. In the Senate he was chosen chairman of the committee on military affairs; he also took a leading part in the debates on slavery, and was a zealous advocate of State rights. In 1851, he had a severe contest with Mr. Foote for the governorship of Mississippi, but was defeated on account of his disunionism. Next year he stumped the Southwest for Mr. Pierce; and when the latter gentleman attained the Presidency, he was appointed Secretary of War, which post he held till 1857. He was an able, energetic and popular minister, and carried out many important measures for the improvement of the army and the defence of the country.

After the retirement of Mr. Pierce, Davis re-entered the Senate, where he distinguished himself as heretofore by his power and ability. There he remained until January of the present year, when the State he represented had seceded from the Union. On the 21st of that month he uttered a farewell to his fellow Senators, North and South, and so generous and brave were his words that the Senate seemed spell-bound at the parting. Next month he was elected provisional President of the Southern Confederacy, and as such announced that the time for connection or compromise with the North had passed, and that the South was now determined to maintain its independence and make all who oppose it small Southern powder; feel Southern steel. Since then he has worked and guided as few born men could have worked and guided. He has ruled the fierce shavoholding aristocracy of the South, and its no less lawless and cantankerous democracy, by the pure force of courage and will; he has commanded men who never before obeyed, and held in abeyance forces never before subjected to control; he selected his instruments with adroitness, and used both his instruments and his means with surpassing skill; he fused the most antagonistic elements into a compact, unitary mass, and hurled it with staggering force against the Federal bulwarks; he has been at once generalissimo, legislator, judge, executor, policeman, leader, and general dictator in his wide spread dominions. He comprehended thoroughly the powers and resources under his control, and knew how to use them; and understood, too, no less thoroughly, the power and resources of his foe.—He had an undoubted faith in the justness of his cause, and devoted to it all the energies and faculties of his nature—impelled perpetually by his intense, all devouring ambition. In character he was vigilant, vehement, arrogant, unscrupulous, yet in manner he was kindly, disposed, self-possessed and chivalric; in address pliant and courteous; in religious faith a Presbyterian. His voice was gentle and modulated, and his conversation brilliant and witty. In person he was a slender, sharp-featured, haggard, melancholic-looking man, with cancer in his eye and a cancer knaving at his heart; yet by his intellectual force he overcame, in a great measure, his physical disabilities and imperfections. Of all men in the country this "gay Saladin of the South" (as his friends fondly called him) was the best adapted to lead and to guide the Secession movement; and the success it has achieved is due in a great measure to his personal qualities and political skill. He was loved by all classes with a devotion amounting to enthusiasm; and travellers from the South say that among the poor whites he has lately been looked upon as a sort of demigod. What the effect of his decease (if indeed he is dead!) may be upon the fortunes of the new Confederacy, it is impossible to conjecture.

We are inclined to think it is far the most serious blow it has yet received. His immediate successor is Mr. Stephens, of Georgia—a man of still more brilliant intellect than Davis, but without the other civil and military qualities required in the occupant of the "burning throne." Stephens, too, like King Agrippa, is almost literally "devoured by worms";—his little body being spotted with loathsome abscesses, which render him incapable of severe or continuous action. Besides, he only remains in office till next December, and a score of fierce demagogues are already plotting for his place.

Few men will occupy a more conspicuous place in American records than Jefferson Davis. In the dissolution of the Union he achieved the end for which, in all positions and labors, he had secretly worked and conspired half his lifetime; but what the future may have in store for his section and for his broken country, time alone can tell. History must write him down either as the leader in an unsuccessful conspiracy against the liberties of a nation, or as the successful founder of a nation based upon principles heretofore held to be born of the devil. All that can be surely said of him now is that he has been the chief instrument in tumbling in chaos the grandest fabric of republican empire ever reared by the genius of man.—*Scottish American Journal.*

It won't do, when a musquito bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium in pieces with your fist, under the impression that you are killing the creature.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The Westminster Times says that the population of the Town of Moncton is reported by the enumerator to be about 1,400.

An attempt was made a few nights ago to assassinate Gov. Pierrepont, of Virginia.

Forty-two Slave Traders are to be tried at the Fall Term of the U. S. District Court in New York.

Mr. Roebuck, the eccentric member for Sheffield, England, advises the government to make an alliance with Austria.

MILLERITES.—The New York Tribune says, this strange sect is reorganizing and holding meetings in various parts. The expected time of the end of the world is only five weeks from this time—the 12th October, 1861.

Col. DeCourcy, an English officer, formerly commanding a Turkish regiment in the Crimean war, has tendered his services to Government, and has been accepted.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Gen. McLellan has issued an order providing that a better observance of the Sabbath shall exist in the American army. All work is to be suspended on that day, unless an attack shall be made by the enemy, or some extreme exigency arise.

The Tangier quartz sent to London for analysis has returned \$550 worth of gold to the ton—an almost unprecedented yield.

The London Times says that the space already applied for by England and the Colonies, in next year's exhibition, is more than five times the size of the entire building.

At Ball's Cross Roads, on the Potomac, it is said that the Federal pickets occupy Mr. Ball's house every day, and the pickets of the Confederate army every night.

Israel Washburn, Jr., a Republican, has been re-elected Governor of the State of Maine.

According to a late census the population of Spain amounts to 15,688,000.

Baron E. Von Vegesack, a distinguished Swedish officer, has offered his services to the American Government. The papers report offers of a similar nature from a number of distinguished European military men.

The will of the late Gen. Lyon, U.S.A., gives all property some \$30,000, to the Government.

The late Duke of Buckingham had a large insurance on his life, upward of three hundred thousand pounds sterling.

A man called at a jewelry shop in Greenfield, Mass., last week for a watch which he left there twelve years ago to be repaired. The watch was done.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin's list of Business changes gives ten failures and suspensions in Boston, seven in New York, four in Albany, four in Cincinnati, and twenty in other places, a total of 45 for the week.

It is said that camp measles are raging frightfully in the Southern army.

The Canada papers complain that desertions from the British regiments stationed in the Provinces have become frequent of late.

The Montreal Pilot says, the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and the 11th and 96th Regts., are, we believe, under orders for Canada, together with three batteries of Artillery. They are expected to arrive during the present month.

Mr. Hamilton, a Canadian, has offered to raise 5,000 coloured men from Canada, to fight against the South.

President Lincoln has issued a proclamation reducing the force of Gen. Fremont's proclamation in Missouri to strict conformity with the Confiscation Act of the late Congress, which only declares those slaves free whom rebel owners employ in the war.

The total amount of Southern funds seized in the city of Boston on Tuesday last, reached fifty thousand dollars, the greater portion of which was found in the hands of the Southern Steamship Co. Of the whole amount about thirty-five thousand was in the shape of Treasury notes.

A painful rumor having reached Springfield, that the Southerners were about to poison the tobacco consumed at the North, a meeting of old chieftains was held, who resolved that if the South could get up anything worse than they had tried, they would like to see it. A copy of the resolve was sent to Jeff. Davis.

On Tuesday last a ear-load of cattle were conveyed from Moncton Station to St. John, said to be destined for the U. S. market, to supply grub for Uncle Sam's soldiers now doing duty in defence of their country.

The King of Dahomey has 3,333 wives, and the natives believe that if the number is not kept up exactly to this figure, some fearful calamity will take place.

The Mayor of Memphis, Tennessee, has issued a proclamation forbidding the secession agents to impress any man into the Confederate army who wears a clean shirt.

The World says that the naval expedition to sail from New York in a few days will include 20,000 men, and that, if successful, as it doubtless will be, it will be the most terrible and effective blow yet dealt at the rebels.

The New Hampshire Gazette, printed at Portsmouth, after 100 years of existence, has gone by the board. Its title has been purchased by the owners of the Chronicle, of the same place, and will be united with the name of that paper.

Forty 100-pounder Armstrong guns are ordered to be forwarded to Portsmouth, England, to be placed on the salient points of the sea face of its defenses and the western approaches to Spithead.

In Austria a method has been discovered by which excellent printing paper can be manufactured from the leaves of Indian corn.

Monsieur Jules E. Souhard, French Consul in Boston, has been created by Napoleon the Third, a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Some \$600 in new cents and old coppers were stolen from the Treasury office in St. John last week.

General News.

INCREASE OF EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—The present difficulties in the late United States have been productive of considerable benefit to Canada, and if this unhappy state of affairs in the States is continued for any length of time, the urgent demand in Canada for labourers and artisans which has existed there for some time past, will be supplied, as the peaceful and prosperous state of the country will attract to its fertile lands the emigration population of Europe. Whilst emigration to the States has almost ceased, to Canada it has increased to an almost unprecedented degree, having more than doubled itself from the opening of navigation to the 20th July of this year. In 1860 the number of emigrants arriving in Canada by steamer and sailing vessel was 5,884, whilst in 1861 the number was 12,900, being a total increase of 7,006. Whilst the cause above referred to has been chiefly instrumental in bringing about this gratifying result, there is no doubt but the colony is indebted for a portion of the increase to the efforts of the gentleman sent over here by the Government to bring the claims of Canada before the notice of the public, and also to the efficient manner in which the Canadian steamers have provided for such a large increase in traffic, the largest proportion of the emigrants having been carried out by the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company.—*Liverpool Post.*

HATS OFF.—AN INCIDENT IN MONTREAL.—A Montreal correspondent sends us the following:—"An amusing incident occurred the other day in this city, which at the time created quite an excitement. The band of the 47th Regt, had been 'discussing sweet music' opposite the St. Lawrence Hall, and as is the custom, concluded with 'God save the Queen.' No sooner was the National Anthem commenced than all heads were uncovered—no, I am wrong, not all—one hat still remained on the head of a free-born American. He was one of those rugged, double jointed individuals who might truthfully be described as 'half horse, half alligator.' There he stood, a man of elongated stature and ferocious countenance, defiance in his look and insolence in his very attitude. The cry of 'hats off' arose from different parts of the crowd, but the unflinching Yankee stood gazed, or rather glared, around him with lowering brows and undaunted mien. Great indignation arose among the bystanders, and our independent friend, notwithstanding his warlike appearance, must inevitably have 'come to grief' had he not been taught a useful lesson and saved a drubbing in a manner which he little expected and probably could not appreciate. An officer of the 47th stepping forward, gently removed the offending heaver from the head of the fire eater and immediately placed it in the hand of its owner with a polite bow. The effect was miraculous. The king of birds at once assumed the gentleness of the dove, and from that moment his meekness was exemplary. He very soon retreated to his private room in the hotel."—*Col. Empire.*

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?—Mr. Seward thus answered this question in a speech made at his home in Auburn, New York, a few days since:—"You will ask, tell us when the war will end? It may terminate next week, next month, next year. That depends upon you. If you are brave, if you are loyal, if you are noble, the war will soon be brought to a successful issue. If you have the strength it is for you to compel a peace. The United States possess 20,000,000 of free citizens, the disloyal States 8,000,000. If you are equally as brave, as devoted to the cause of your country as they are to their cause, the war must soon terminate; but if they are more courageous, more active—if they are the strongest—then the duration of the war is indeed an uncertainty."

For the past hundred days I have seen three thousand men listening each day to the field of action, and three thousand who were citizens to-day will be in the field to-morrow. You can never fight for a cause more glorious; you can never fall for a country more worthy of sacrifice. I return to-morrow; when I shall see you again, I know not. It has been my wish that when I pass away, my remains may repose in your midst; but should you impose your State prove recalcitrant to the great trusts should in this great trial, may my bones never be laid in the midst of those who have proved false to their principles and unfaithful to their country. I shall stand true to my country and my duty, and supported faithfully, our cause cannot falter—our government will never be overthrown."

THE REBELS USING POISONED MINIE BALLS.—There is most positive evidence, says the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia press, that poisoned Minie balls are used in the rebel army, and evidence is already afforded that they are manufactured in the North. Last week five members of the Indiana regiment, north-west of the Chain Bridge, were out scouting, and discovered a party of about seventy-five rebel troops. Our men concealed themselves in the bushes, laid down and fired together. They killed one of the enemy; the others fled, leaving one, who hung over his dying comrade, probably a relative, until he was captured. In his possession were discovered a number of Minie balls, each of which had a deposit of arsenic in it, covered with tallow. He was asked what the object was in using those balls. He explained that the contents were a poison; that they did not many of them yet, and were only used by those sent out on picket or scouting duty. He said they came from the North—that they had not received many yet, but were promised a larger supply.

In connection with this, my informant, a very reliable brigade surgeon, says that a man was shot in the Fourteenth Massachusetts Regiment by a Picket, whose body immediately after the ball entered his flesh, swelled up, and the patient died. The case was minutely described to him by Captain Bradley, of Methuen, who is in the Fourteenth Regiment. The surgeon considers this a clear case of poison, contained in the ball.

REMONS.—It was currently reported on the street on Saturday that a number of Federal detectives arrived here by the "New Brunswick" on Friday who were to be stationed at our City Hotels for the purpose of watching the movements of Southerners visiting the city.—*Morning News.*