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Poetry.

[Original.]

NATIVE HOME.

Tune—“Lilly Dale.”

Oh! what tongue can tell the magic spell
That o'er our hearts did come:
When called to part with an aching heart
From our loved and our Native Home.

O Home! Dear Home! O Lovely Home,
Around this world we may roam and roam,
Yet there's no place on earth like Home.

In the feeble rays of our infant days,
Before we learned to roam,
Our parents' kind care and their midnight prayer,
Bless'd us in our first lov'd Home.

Those joyous hours we once possessed,
No more on earth will come:
But memory still yet, with our hearts regret
The loss of our childhood's Home.

Oh! the merry hours, the sunny bowers,
On the green grassy meadow's side;
Where the bright red rose, and the ivy entwined
Round our lovely—our beautiful Home.

The mariners' fears, and his loved ones tears,
As he rode o'er Ocean's foam:
Are forgot in the kiss, and the thrilling bliss,
Of his lov'd and Native Home.

Where lov'd hearts unite, and true friendships light
Illumes the best circles of Home.

Oh! the cares and the strife—the trials of life,
Where'er our path we roam,
Are forgot when we meet in communion sweet,
In the Paradise of our Native Home.

Oh! the heart's desire, and the longing eye,
Oh! the heart's desire, and the longing eye,
Oh! the heart's desire, and the longing eye,
Oh! the heart's desire, and the longing eye.

When I think of my friends in a far off land,
To my heart by Nature bound:
Whose hearts off-again, for my quick return
To my lov'd, my Native Home.

O Home! Dear Home! O Lovely Home!
With the crystal tear, when death seemed near
I gazed for my Native Home.

When sickness invades, and death's dim shades,
Come hovering round in gloom:
O what sympathy in that hour can be,
Like the tears of our Native Home.

O Home! Bright Home! Dear, Lovely Home!
Oh! the heart's desire, and the longing eye,
Oh! the heart's desire, and the longing eye,
Oh! the heart's desire, and the longing eye.

May the sun of our life, which rose free from strife
Where'er our path we roam,
Shine brighter, and brighter till his setting rays
Guide us all to Heaven's bright Home.

O Home! Bless'd Home! O Lovely Home!
Then with seraphic high, our spirits shall fly
Away to Heaven, our Home.

Canterbury, Nov. 21st, 1860. T. W. T.

Select Tale.

A WINTER UNDERGROUND.

The short but glorious summer of Lapland was drawing to a close, and I remembered with regret that the hour of my departure from Koblitz at hand. Still I lingered, for I had spent several of the happiest weeks of my life in that fairy spot of earth, so far removed from the track of the bustling British tourist. I had grown attached to my simple-hearted hosts; and their constant kindness, their gay good humor, and the freshness and novelty of the holiday life, had indelible charms for me. Koblitz is a place little known. It lies in Sweden, Lapland, about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the extreme limits of Norway; and its silvery river and emerald pastures are surrounded by the far stretching mountains, of which by far the greater part of the country consists. Far away to the South might be seen, on a clear day, rising dimly above the vast purple moors, a line of blue peaks that faintly dotted the distant horizon. These are the Khol Mountains, the mighty Scandinavian Alps which divide Norway from Sweden, and whose northernmost summits have often seemed to me, as I gazed on them from the Lapland wastes, the very outposts of European civilization. To the North, a line of low hills broke the distant sky line—the last range. I was told, between Koblitz and the gray icebergs of the lonely Arctic Sea. There among those hills, the northern untried bear roamed unmolested in his shaggy strength, the untried wolf howled along the deep ravines, the marten clung to the pine branch, and the elk ranged the brakes, free from any fear of intrusive man. Nothing would have tempted my kindly Lapland hosts to explore that mountain range, guarded by a thousand superstitious legends, and named, in their figurative tongue, the Witches' Hills. But let me try to describe Koblitz itself, as I saw it first, backing in the short-lived smile of the arctic summer, when nature seems to compensate by a wondrous lavishness of love and care for the ephemeral character of the enjoyment.

All that rocky plain where the village nestled, all those verdant prairies that encircled it, those scrubby woods that belted the meadows, and were bounded in their turn by the trackless moors, had blossomed like a garden in Fairyland. Fruit and flowers! everywhere fruit and flowers! The gray rocks that rose above the houses blushed literally crimson with the wild strawberries—those wonderful strawberries that spring up everywhere in Lapland, whose profusion is such that they stain the hoofs of the reindeer and the sledge of the traveller, yet are so delicate and matchless in flavor that the Czar sends for them, by *estafettes*, all the long way, to his summer palace of Tzarsoy-Chelo. But strawberries are not the only gifts that bounteous summer flings with full hands upon Lapland. The crabs, the meadows, the thickets glow and blossom with a thousand many-hued flowers; the meadows and pools are white with lilies; the woods are full of strange fruits, and joyous songs of birds; the grass springs up luxuriantly; the ferns, mosses, lichens, have all their varied tints of deeper or brighter green; the moors are carpeted with red and purple heaths; and even the dangerous quagmires are ruddy with the tempting fruit of the cranberry. One never knows what a summer really is, never knows with what exuberant mirth the world can rejoice at bursting from the chains of winter, until one has seen Lapland.

And the people? Well, all I can say is, I liked them, and they me. I never met a young face or an old one among these simple folks that had not a smile for the stranger; I never went into a Lapland hut without finding a kindly welcome, for my worthy little hosts would bustle to fill the biggest bowl with milk, and the largest basket with berries, and to produce great piles of “smoke” and dried fish from the sea coast, and, luxury unparalleled, perhaps even a great black loaf, brought all the way from Norway

(for Lapland has no bread,) to do honor to the foreign guest. How could I help growing fond of these queer, elfin-looking, soft-hearted people? I had heard ugly stories of them among the Swedes and Norwegians; they were called savages, idolaters, enchanterers, even cannibals; but I can only say that they not only did not eat me, but even abstained from fleeing me, as nations much more polished and accomplished are in the habit of doing to wayfarers. The village of Koblitz was built of green boughs and wattles, the posts alone which supported each cottage being of pine timber. In fact, the huts were not cottages—they were leafy booths such as the roving Tartar sometimes constructs; and these summer palaces of living verdure added to the holiday air of the place, and were suggestive of a perpetual picnic. The green tents I have been describing were mere temporary pavilions; and beneath them, with a low chimney, like a magnified molehill, peeping above ground, were the true homes of the Laplanders, the caverned storehouses for all worldly wealth, and their own dwellings for more than nine months of the year. And now the time was coming when the green booths were to be deserted, and the sun to vanish, and the strange underground life, like a mole's, was to begin again for the long iron-bound arctic winter. Peter Wow, the chief man of the village, in whose wigwam I dwelt, warned me that the daylight would speedily cease, and that he had prepared the boat to convey me down the river southwards, so that I might reach Norway before it got dark. “A strange idea seized me—what if I were to get behind! I have been here through the daylight, the long three months' day, that puzzled me at first, and robbed me of my sleep, and made me blink like an owl at the unwearying sun that should shine at midnight, and which upset all the habits of my previous life. I recollected what a strange sensation that had been, how new, fresh and pungent; and it is not often, let me tell you, that a somewhat world-worn and world-weary man, who has passed his grand climacteric can discover a sensation that shall beat once new, fresh and pungent. I had promised to spend Christmas with my sister in Gloucestershire, to be sure; but, “Pshaw!” thought I, “I can go next summer.” Maria Jane hasn't seen me these eighteen years and more, so she can probably wait till Easter; and my nephews and nieces won't fret too much, I dare say, about the non-appearance of an uncle they never set their juvenile eyes upon. My mind is made up. I'll stay all night.

A pretty long night, too, reader—a night that begins early in October and ends in June. Having tried perpetual daylight, I was now going to essay how I liked its antipodes. Peter Wow tried to dissuade me—I did not know what it was like, he said, but I told him that was my exact reason for going through the experience. Peter shrugged his shoulders; Mademoiselle Wow, or more correctly speaking, Haswille Wow (for Lapland is not a land of titles, and there is but one class, that of the yeomanry, with their dependants and servants) lifted up her astonished eyes and hands; all the daughters uttered and all the sons stared, at this remarkable decision on my part. But, as I not only paid Peter for my board and lodging at the unprecipitated liberal rate of four silver rix-dollars a week, but could speak, and sing on occasion, in Swedish and Norse, knew a little of the Lappish tongue, and played the fiddle and flute, besides being the owner of a musical box, I was quite a popular character among my worthy entertainers, and my determination to rough it out through the long winter with them was taken as a compliment by the entire community. Accordingly we moved into our winter quarters.

A Lapland winter hut has generally two drawbacks, of a nature almost unbearable to Europeans—it is too crowded, and it is shockingly smoky. But Peter Wow, chief of the village, was a rich man in his way, and had a roomy and commodious set of caverns for his dwelling, with furs and eider-down quilts in plenty, his family slept in a quaint little box beds, about the usual length of mignonette troughs, which were sunk into the clay walls like a row of sleeping berths on board a packet ship. But I, as a distinguished foreigner, had a den to myself, such as a hermit of especial austere and self-mortifying tendencies might have constructed, for it was without a window of any kind, and air was admitted by the means of the hollow trunk of an alder tree, which had been thrust through the roof of the cave, and made a sort of wooden shaft overhead. The floor was carpeted, however, with soft dried moss, softer and more luxurious than the most costly three-ply velvet that loam ever wore; the bed was a pile of dressed deer skins, as supple and pliant as silk; a copper lamp hung by a chain from the roof; I had pillows and bolsters stuffed with the plumage of the eider duck and the wild swan, two bear-skin coverlets, and at least a dozen quilts of eider down; and—crowning magnificence!—there was an old fashioned chest of oaken drawers, with brass handles and key-plates, to which Peter Wow, pointed proudly, as to a proof of intercourse with the civilized world of Europe. It was evidently some relic of a wreck off the North Cape, and had been dragged many a weary mile by the patient deer that drew the sledges. I fancied the scent of the sea hung about it still.

Scarcely were we snugly established in our underground quarters, when one fine evening, I was summoned to join a solemn assembly, which annually, according to immemorial custom, ascended a neighboring hill to see the last of the sun for that year, and bid the orb of day Good-by! It was a strange, picturesque sight, and not without a touching pathos, that assemblage of villagers, or every eye from the wrinkled grand sire who tottered on his staff, and with a pale-shaken hand shaded his aged eyes as he watched that fast declining sun which was setting, not for a night, but for a drear winter, and which he might scarcely hope to mark again, down to the child whose wondering eyes noted the scene for the first time since its reason began to dawn. All were there—the maidens and young men, the reverend elders, the feeble crones, who shivered already in the strange ominous chill that pervaded the air, the hardy hunters, the no less hardy shepherds, or rather deerherds; old and young were gazing with a common intensity of feeling upon the sinking luminary. All kinds of wild imaginings, all manner of poetic memories, rushed in upon my mind as the sun approached the horizon, and prepared for the final plunge. The

wild and mystic verses of Tegner, perhaps suggested by that very spectacle of the death of Northern sun, recurred to me with boding clearness. I began to wonder whether I had not been rash and absurd in wishing to stop a winter in Lapland, like a mole in its burrow. I began to sigh after Gloucestershire, where the sun would shine out, many a day, on the crisp snow and frost-silvered boughs, when I should be left in Cimmerian darkness. Plunge! the red sun had flashed down below the horizon. A heavy twilight settled, as if by magic, over the fair landscape, still gilded by the smiles of summer. Alas! the good fairy, so beneficent, so bright, in her rainbow robe, studded with flowers, was gone, and King Frost was to reign over her devastated realm. Hark! the long wailing cadences of the sweet sad chant—an old, old heathen chant, of the days when Freya was worshipped, Freya, that once Venus and Summer of this far remote race—in which Laplanders bewail the parting day! Now for the long, long night! Already as we turned to quit the hill, after straining our eyes until the last faint glow had died away—already an icy breeze had sprung up from the dim north-west, and I shivered and wrapped my cloak round me at the sudden sensation of cold. “It is the snow wind,” said an old Laplander, as we paced down to the village; “no more flowers for the ladies to braid in their hair this year.”

I must confess that I felt uncommonly like a frightened child left alone in the dark, and regretted my whim for staying among the Laps. Nay, but for very shame, I believe I should have proposed to hire Peter Wow's boat, before the ice should seal up mere river, and start, like a bird of passage, in pursuit of the sun. The country seemed to me to change in the unwonted twilight; the familiar rocks of the glen, the far away mountains, the pine thickets, assumed a weird aspect; even the faces of my entertainers looked strangely grotesque, and their pigmy figures impish in the deep shadow. Then, too, the singular feeling that all this was not a dream—that it was real waking life—that I had actually seen the sun go down into an obscurity that was to last for the better part of a year, and that I was going to try and while away a winter night that would have given time to Scherazade herself to exhaust a quarter of her budget of stories. All this bewildered me. But that night there were high revels held among the dwellers in caves. Peter Wow, as chief of the village, entertained all the beauty and wealth (all the ugliness and poverty as well) of Koblitz in his hospitable halls underground. Torches blazed and spattered; lamps, fed by seal oil and deer's fat were lighted, and hung to every crack and projection throughout the subterranean dwelling; and at a very early hour, the monotonous but impatient beating of the Lapland drum summoned the guests.

All Koblitz was there, and young and old, in holiday garb. There were games and sweetmeats for the children, dancing for the lads and lasses, and abundance of tobacco, gossip, and strong liquors for the seniors of the village. A pet-reindeer—a lovely milk-white creature, almost hidden with the flowers with which it was garlanded—was led through the doorway by a rope of roses held by six young maidens. Six young hunters followed, each with a drawn sword, with which they were presently to figure in the ancient sword dance of Scandinavia. The orchestra, composed of the strangest-looking instruments, still managed—for the Laps are a very musical people—to discourse sweet sounds, now of wild paths, now almost maddeningly gay and exciting. Such hearty, vigorous, agile, dancing I never beheld. Even in the gayest circles of Stockholm, a primitive capital, in which the elegant world has not yet become too languid for enjoyment, those Lapland dancers would have been wonders, and yet there was nothing boisterous or ungainly in their movements. Indeed, these were as sprightly and almost as small as fairies, and had something of the fawcile elasticity and grace of childhood in all their motions. I felt the thrill of the music awake forgotten sympathies, and half wished to dance too, and regretted that I was too mature and too bulky to be a fitting partner for one of those little, small-limbed elves of Lapland, who were sweeping so trippingly past me. Peter Wow did offer to procure a partner; but I saw, by the twinkle of his eye, that he meant nothing more than a jest, and I should have felt like Gulliver, afraid of crushing the whole Lilliputian company. Indeed, it was a marvellous sight, that assembly of small folks under the level of the earthen and it put me in mind of what I had heard of the Daiane Sheah of the Scottish legends, and their revelry within some haunted hill. I could hardly help fancying I was really a captive or a guest of a troop of carousing gnomes, or that, like the Rhymer, I had been home to Fairyland, and had but a faint prospect of revisiting the real daylight world again.

Peter Wow, the tallest man in the community, had attained the gigantic stature of five feet four, and with high red cap set jauntily on his gay locks, his enormous white beard and mustaches flowing down like a frozen river, and his uniform costume of reddish brown cloth, looked uncommonly like the king of the Dwarves or Gnomes, as Norse superstitions described him. The still more dwarfish assemblage presented every variety, from the grotesque and witlike ugliness of the old women, to the infantine and diminutive beauty of some of the young girls. The children were almost all pretty and rosy of complexion, but age, it seems, comes on with terribly swift strides among these dwellers of the frozen world, as well as with the sun-scorched Asiatic; and I looked in vain for the pleasant matronly faces that never fail to meet the eye in a temperate climate. There seemed to be a quick transition from delicate youth to old age. Some of the men were fine active little fellows, wonderfully strong in spite of their pigmy stature, and full of life and fire. It has been essayed, more than once, to raise troops among the Laplanders; but in vain, for the little warriors cannot endure the ridicule of their big comrades of Sweden and Norse stock, and endless quarrels are sure to keep a garrison in hot water if the Lap is enlisted. There is the Swedish-Lapland corps of sharpshooters, who serve on snow shoes, and form a militia on the border; and there the sensitive little heres are less exposed to be derided because their heads can barely touch the sixty inch standard.—The Laps profess to despise all Swedes, Norwegians and Southerners generally, as a heavy and stupid race, whose large limbs and lofty forms are given them as a compensation for their scanty stock of brains. And indeed the Norsemen always say, “He

who deals with a Lap gets the worst of the bargain; for the small folks have wonderful acuteness with all their simple bearing. But I believe that in their secrets the tiny tribe value size and height above all things. I know Peter Wow was prodigiously vain because his head was within an ace of being level with my shoulder; and I think many a young fellow would have bartered his youth for my six feet perpendicular elevation, which never gained its owner any remarkable popularity elsewhere.

The next morning, I had a surprise indeed. A shout from the upper earth aroused me, and scrambling to the outer air, I beheld the rocks, the black pine copses, the illimitable moorlands, one dazzling, all-pervading sheet of blinding snow. All gone! the fair flowers, the song bird, the uncultured fruits that offered their profusion everywhere, blooming heather and green grass, all gone! buried, until next summer brought back the daylight, beneath a spotless unvarying shroud of virgin snow. To my great relief, it was not as dark as I had expected. A sort of hazy, shimmering light prevailed, like moonbeams through a mist. The northern wind blew keen; and even as I gazed, the blinding snowflakes came whirling down again, and seemed to bury the dead summer deeper at every instant.

“They are plucking the wild goose's feathers finely up there, north,” said Peter Wow, unconscious that his proverb was a British as well as a Lapland one.

We all laid by our Summer clothes, put on our manifold wraps of fur and woolen, and betook us to winter avocations. And now came a winter season, when it was hard to say whether it was day or night, or both, or neither. The lamps were never suffered to go out; the fiddles and drums, and bone flute and the musk ox's horn, were never silent for three consecutive hours; and there seemed no regular time for meals or sleep, or work or recreation. On the contrary, music, and such simple labors as could be performed underground, and dancing and cooking, to say nothing of eating, drinking and gossiping, went on in a promiscuous fashion through the twenty four hours of what would down South, have been a legal day. If any one felt tired or sleepy, or he went to sleep; the hungry ate, the thirsty drank; the perpetual fires constantly cooked (To be concluded.)

Interesting About Rats.

In the indulgence of their predilection for eggs rats display great judgment. It would appear almost impossible for them to carry off such fragile spoil without breakage, but they do contrive to do so. If the theft is achieved without a confederate, the rat stretches out his foreleg underneath the egg, steadies it above with his cheek, and hops cautiously upon three legs. To convey an egg from the bottom to the top of a house is a still more difficult task to perform. With the aid of a partner, the operation is thus managed:—the male rat stands upon his head, and lifts up the egg with his hind legs; the female taking it thence in her fore-paws, secures it until her lord ascends still higher; and so they proceed from stair to stair, till their booty is deposited safely in their hole. A pastry cook had some fine eggs which she prized highly, but the number of which was mysteriously diminished night after night. Suspicion, of course, fell upon the domestics. One of them, a maid-servant, hearing on night a noise on the stairs, stole out on the landing, fancying she might be fortunate enough to detect the egg pilferer. She was not mistaken, although she was considerably astonished at discovering who the real offenders were. She saw two rats, one larger than the other, busily engaged in carrying the cherished eggs down stairs, and felt too interested in watching their proceedings to think of disturbing them. The big rat stood on his hind-legs, with his forepaws and head resting on the step above; the lady rat rolled the egg gently toward her carefully clamping it gently but firmly, he lifted it carefully on the step upon which he stood, holding it there until she came and took charge of it, when he descended a step lower, till the clever pair reached the lowest stair with the prize unharmed.

Should two rats agree to settle their differences by mortal combat, their friends and acquaintances look on as complacently as distinguished amateurs contemplate a fight for the championship. But immediately the affair is concluded by the death of one of their companions, the spectators break up the ring, and inconspicuously set upon the victor and vanquished, and eat them and there. Woe, too, to any meeting with an accident or becoming infirm, for he is gobbled up without remorse. When a rat's leg is found in a trap, instead of its being a proof of his resolution in preferring to leave a limb behind rather than remain in captivity, the chances are that some of his kind and kin have eaten him alive. In consequence of this propensity for cannibalism, when Mrs. Rat becomes a mother, she is obliged to hide her offspring, lest papa or some old gentleman of his acquaintance, make his dinner off them, which he would certainly do if he found them unprotected. For this reason, very old rats retire in solitude, disgusted with their kind; and if attacked in their retreat, prove desperate foes, beat off any rats, with out regard to sex, that venture to intrude on their privacy.

The females breed at three months old, live in a state of polygamy, add to the vermin population five or six times a year, and produce eight, twelve, fourteen, sixteen and sometimes as many as eighteen young in a litter. It has been calculated that in three years there will spring no less than 651,000 rats from a single pair. Although this seems too enormous a number to be correct, it would perhaps be impossible to over estimate the numbers of these animals. 600,000 rats were killed in Paris in the short space of a fortnight, merely to obtain their skins for a couple of manufacturers at Grenoble, 6,000 have met their death from the dogs and men at the slaughter house of Montfaucon in a month. At the present time Marseilles is overrun with them, traps and poison proving futile against the army of destroyers who range even in the streets without impunity; the cats have fled affrighted; and the only reliance of the inhabitants lies in the arrival of a cargo of English terriers, whose little champions of the pit alone being of any avail against the invading host.—*French Paper.*

WHAT IS DUE TO WOMAN.—Let man learn to be grateful to woman for this unbounded achievement of her sex, that she, far more than he, and too often in despite of him, has kept Christendom from lapsing back into barbarism; kept mercy and truth from being utterly overborne by those two greedy monsters, money and war. Let him be grateful for this, that almost every great soul that has led forward or lifted up the race has been furnished for such noble deed, and inspired with each patriotic

holy inspiration, by the retiring fortitude of some Spartan, or more than Spartan—some Christian mother. Moses, the deliverer of his people, drawn out of the Nile by the King's daughter, some hint is, only a symbol of the way that woman's better instincts always outwit the tyrannical diplomacy of man. Let him carefully remember, that though the sneaky sex achieves enterprise on public theatres, it is the nerve and sensibility of the other that arm the mind and influence the soul in secret. “A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage.” So everywhere; man executes the performance, but woman trains the man. Every educated person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing, some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, and her comfort.

Above all, let not man practice upon woman the perpetual and shameless falsehood of pretending admiration, and acting contempt. Let men exhaust their kindness in adorning her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assent to her very high opinion, as if she were not strong enough to maintain it against opposition; nor yet manufacture opinion for her, and force it on her lips by dictation. Let them not crush her emotions, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her independence, nor play off mean jests upon her honor in convivial companies. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by many gentleness, be the patrons of her genius, the friends of her fortune, and the equals if they can, of her heart.—*Rev. F. D. Huntington.*

The Coming Conflict in Europe.

[From the European Times, Oct. 27.]

The great Powers of Europe are evidently preparing for a general conflict. Russia, at Warsaw, has arranged the terms with Austria and Prussia, and the smaller German potentates will join the new crusade. It will be France and the Italians against the despots of Northern and Central Europe. Everything indicates the approaching convulsion. Austria, having most at stake, is foremost in her arrangements to strike first. She is converging her troops on the Po and the Minio, ready to make a dash on Turin the moment the tocsin is sounded. France is arming to the teeth, and prepared to march half a million of men to the support of Italian nationality, as represented by King Victor Emmanuel. It is the principle of hereditary rule against the elective principle by the people. In this state, progress on the one hand and retrogression on the other, will be brought to the test. But the issue can hardly be doubtful. Austria, paralyzed and bankrupt, is destined, before peace is restored, to see her empire dismembered, and her conflicting nationalities severed from her sway. Russia, poor and embarrassed, with the chain of serfdom tied round her neck, has the will but not the power to fight successfully for the divine right of kings. Prussia, mutilated and fettered by her despotic alliances, will present the same pitiable spectacle which she did in 1854—her feelings one way, her interest another. France, which represents the most military people in Europe will have the aid of more than twenty millions of Italians, and the population on each side of the Alps, moved by one impulse, struggling in a common cause, will repeat, on a larger scale, the series of triumphs witnessed recently on the fields of Solferino and Magenta. In such a struggle, where the rights of mankind are invaded by half a score of rulers, who profess to govern without responsibility, the issue cannot be doubtful, and what is hardly less important, cannot be seriously protracted. War has been brought to a point which renders time an important element of success, and makes procrastination impossible. Success in removing obstacles, as in conquering armies, depends on this law of mechanics—the greatest amount of force at your command concentrated on a given point. This was the theory by which Napoleon the First achieved his victories, and he has bequeathed it as a legacy to his nephew. That he proved an apt pupil, let the results of the last Italian campaign testify.

When this tremendous struggle is shaking Europe to its centre, will England be passive? The effort will be difficult, but the force of circumstances will force us to remain quiet. We may not admire the French Emperor, but still less can we like the motives which actuate the despotic rulers. With these men the parvenu monarch is an object of dislike and hatred and the enmity is prompted by his contemptuous treatment of King-craft. Owing his throne to popular suffrage, he has as little respect for hereditary right as a professional republican. The family of reigning sovereigns regard him as beyond their pale, and he administers to their hatred by calling nations into existence by the popular voice. The regeneration of Italy is his act, and he has swept away, like so many cobwebs, the princes of the Peninsula who represented the ‘divine right to govern wrong.’ However dispelling this may be to the European courts, it is acceptable to the English people, and although we hear of pleasant interviews at Coblenz between Lord John Russell and the Prussian Premier, the Foreign Minister of England knows his countrymen too well to suppose that they would go to war to restore the Italians to the vassalage which France has shivered in pieces.—We shall assume once more the same neutral attitude which we took when Austria invaded Piedmont a year or two back, and France came to her assistance—that is, we shall look on and see the game played out fairly, giving our sympathy to freedom, and withholding all but moral support to the most patriotic of the combatants.

Austria, like a man who is going into a bankruptcy court to be released of his liabilities, and desires to make the process pleasant by coming to terms under the rose with the most angry of his creditors, is promising a constitution to the Hungarians and zundelation and gnia to other portions of her clamorous and angry people. She is anxious before entering on the perilous experiment of bearding France and Piedmont, to make the best terms she can with her disaffected at home. It is a stale device, and the character of the Hapsburgs for sycophancy and fair dealing is not such as to give much chance of success to the experiment. The people will be pretty certain to help themselves when they have the opportunity, and a long series of undigested debts will doubtless be settled in a summary way. Rights withheld and liberties violated make a people anxious for the opportunity of teaching wisdom to infatuated rulers, and the course of events will shortly afford the subjects of Francis Joseph the means of showing that the interests of crowned heads and the people at large have arrived at a stage of divergence. France and Prussia may be weakened by the impending struggle, but for Austria there is nothing but ruin. The nobles in Russia may also assert their supremacy over the Czar and strip him of some of his attributes, and Prussia will survive to feel the mistake she has committed in schismatic dynastic considerations for the triumph of liberty and rational government.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The News says, there is quite a revival in the ship building business in St. John this season.

By a recent census, Russia contains a population of 79,000,000.

England has 2,000 titled names among 30,000,000 people. France has 150,000 among 36,000,000. In Paris there are thousands assuming titles without right, but are mere pretenders to noble rank.

Private dispatches from California state that Douglas has 3000 majority over Lincoln and 14000 over Breckinridge in that State.

A newly discovered island near the Phoenix group in the Pacific Ocean, bears evidence of having been uninhabited at a remote period. There is an extensive enclosure, and a pyramid compactly built of stone.

Photograph \$4 bills on the Quebec Bank are in circulation. So says one of our exchanges.

The expense of governing France amounts to \$1,000,000 per day, including interest on the public debt. This is about \$9 a year to each inhabitant. The navy alone cost \$39,000,000 a year.

Twenty-five thousand one hundred and fifty six copies of the Bible were sold in Constantinople in the year 1859, being more than double the sales of the preceding year.

The value of slaves who have escaped from the counties of Fayette, Ky. within the last month is estimated at \$15,000.

There is no truth in the report of the death of one of Garibaldi's sons before Capua.

A blind man in Indiana has recently constructed a piano said to be an excellent instrument.

Lumber operations will be unusually large on this (St. John) river the present winter.

At Rockville Me., a chimney 70 feet high has been removed eight rods, and raised to a foundation 14 feet high.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times alludes to the constant fear of his life in which the Emperor of the French lives.

Lady Franklin is on her way to California, where she has made up her mind to reside permanently.

A French machinist named Baldi has just invented a moveable fortress, which is said to be a terrible machine, propelled by steam.

The Waterville Mail states that Diphtheria is now prevailing, and with great fatality in the neighboring towns.

It may be safely asserted that nearly all the banks from Philadelphia southward, with the exception of New Orleans, have suspended specie payments and probably many at the West will follow the example.

Cover and Co., shoe jobbers of Philadelphia, have failed with liabilities amounting to \$400,000; Wesson, Walter & Co., jobbers of New York, have also suspended; as well as J. W. Cotton and Co., shoe manufacturers of South Natick, for \$50,000, and one or two other small establishments.

There are 22 physicians in New York city who are said to earn annually from \$10,000 to \$30,000, and of this number four are homeopaths.

The Princess Alice is beginning to figure as a patroness of literature. Her Royal Highness has accepted the dedication of a new illustrated work.

Official returns from 418 towns and plantations in Maine, give the following result. Lincoln, 57,399; Douglas, 27,292; Breckinridge, 6,649; Bell, 1759.

A curious case of resuscitation took place at Pike's Peak recently. The vigilance committee were in pursuit of a man named Durbin, he learning the fact got some comrades to lay him out after the manner of a corpse—he figuring dead. One of the vigilance boys was left to watch at a convenient place to see whether it was a ruse or not, soon the corpse took to its legs. He was then arrested and hung.

The New York Seventh Regiment have established a gymnasium, the finest in the city, at a cost of \$200,000.

With the exception of Queen Isabella, no Bourbon now reigns in Europe.

The Bangor Times says, that John Snow set a old turkey on twenty eggs, last spring. She hatched out nineteen of them, he sold eighteen of them the other day, from which he realized \$20.

It is estimated that within the last eight years, Ireland has lost one tenth of its population by emigration.

We learn from the Presque Isle Pioneer, that two young men, John S. Boody, and John Barnes, were burned to death in a camp on the St. Croix, the 14th Oct.

The cost of hauling a passenger or a ton of goods a mile on an English railroad is about one-half only of what it is in America—Reason: English roads are better constructed and require less power to do the work.

A writer in a New York paper says that Winter bonnets promise to be severely plain; feathers and flowers will be seen as rarely as birds on a prairie.

The Rev. Mr. Cummings, Roman Catholic Clergyman, opened the Christian Association of Boston, with a lecture on “Fenelon,” in one of the Unitarian Churches in Boston.

Governor Wise, of Virginia, is pronounced insane.

Some idea of the commerce of London may be formed from the fact that two hundred and forty eight vessels (a total of more than 52,000 tons) arrived there on Monday, Nov. 5th.

The duties collected at the Port of Chatham, Miramichi, for the year ending October 31, amounted to £8700, 0s. 0d. The duties collected at the port of Newcastle, up to the same period, amounted to £17,339, 3s. 14d.

Dr. Livingstone, the American traveller, has been heard from. He was safe and well up to last May, and reported that the natives of Africa evince less hostility to travellers than formerly.

The retail market trade in New York city amount to \$20,000,000 per annum.

The rivers of New England are now higher than they have been for many months.

The bridge across the Aroostook, at Presque Isle, is so far completed as to be crossed with teams.

Three millions of coconuts are exported in a single year from the Island of Ceylon.