

# The Cactleton Sentinel.

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## Poetry.

### OUR MITHER SLEEPS HERE.

The following verses are founded on an incident that occurred in the Spital (Scotland) burying-ground. They were written by Wm. Ogg, a native of Aberdeen, who died in the prime of his life, leaving a young family.

'Twas eve, as I mused through yon lonely kirkyard—  
Behind an' auld tombstone twa bairnies I heard;  
The first words I caught, as I gently drew near,  
Were, 'Jamie! oh, Jamie! our Mither sleeps here.'

'Oh, come awa' lammie, for his wee sister said—  
While on her breast kindly he rested his head—  
'Thou still wert a father to whom we are dear,  
Yet, could it be our home, sin' our Mither sleeps here.'

I gazed round the stone, the poor lammies to see—  
I sat down beside them—looked on an' ilk knee,  
To hear their sad tale o' my cheek drew a tear—  
They said, 'our Mither sleeps here.'

Then close to my bosom their pale bairnies I pressed,  
And wished it could have been their ain mother's breast;  
Four things, while I soothed them—oh, had ye been near,  
To see their wee looks—for their 'Mither sleeps here.'

The air it was cold, an' the gloamin' far gone—  
Yet still there to linger, poor things they were fain—  
I took them baith hame frae the lone auld kirkyard,  
Where, 'Jamie! our Mither sleeps here.'

Oh, mither, a' ye wha has bairnies yoursel',  
Ye ken na how soon may be theirs the same tale;  
They may greet o'er your graves, sin' a' helpless an' bare,  
Then sooth the wee bairnies whase Mither sleeps there.

She's gae that watched o'er them—she's lost to them noo,  
The cauld hand o' penury's stamp't on ilk brow;  
They're friendless, yet aft in their wand'ring repair,  
To her cauld lonely grave, a' their Mither sleeps there.

Be kindly, oh, sooth them for her that's awa—  
There's aye watchin' o'er them—oh, mither, beware—  
Remember that grave, for their Mither sleeps there!

## Select Tale.

### COUSIN WILL.

It was a chilly, disagreeable afternoon in February, that the coach for London drew up before the Rectory of Windham. Mr. Norton, the new rector, walked down to the gate to see that my trunk was properly fastened. Mrs. Norton came out to the door, to bid me "Good-bye," and to say that she was sorry that I must go so soon. Little Henry, their only child, brushed rudely past me, as he rolled his hoop down the walk. Mr. Norton assisted me into the coach, bidding me to come down to Windham whenever I felt disposed. The driver shut the door, mounted the box, and in a few minutes he had turned the corner, and was in the Rectory, the house of my childhood, but my home no longer, had disappeared from view.

I was sixteen years old then, an orphan, without brother or sister. About a year before this time my mother had died of consumption, and I was left homeless and friendless. My father had relatives in England, and my mother's only relative was a half-sister, whom I had never seen, but whom I had often heard my father speak of as my Aunt Anne, and a little while before he died he had told me that when I was left alone in the world, I must find her, and she would be a friend to me and assist me, and he gave me a little card, worn and yellow, on which was traced, in delicate cigraphy, "Anne Noble, Humble Court, London."

Very soon after my father's death, Mr. Norton, the new rector moved in. He had written for me to my Aunt Anne, and he had received an answer, stating that I was to come down by the London coach that day week, and Aunt Anne would be in waiting for me at the entrance of Humble Court. So Mr. Norton has helped me to arrange my affairs and I, with a sort of pathetic indifference, had followed her directions, until I found myself seated in the London coach.

There was no one in the coach when I first got in it, and so I drew myself up in the farthest corner, and sat gazing listlessly from the windows as we rolled along. Presently the coach stopped for a woman and a little boy, and after this one after another got in, until it was quite full. I looked from the window until I grew tired of looking out, and then resting my head back in the corner, I fell asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but I was awakened by the stopping of the coach, and in a minute the coachman opened the door and called out, "Humble Court." For a moment I shrank back, then I moved forward and got out. It was still raining, but in spite of the rain the lights on the corner were brilliantly burning, making it quite light. At the corner where the coach had stopped stood a short woman holding an umbrella. As I came down she said, "Is this Stella Moore?" I said "Yes." She held the umbrella so as to shelter me, and giving a few words of direction to the porter about my trunk, she said to me, "This is the way, dear."

It was but a little way down, and I walked along by her side, the man walking behind us bringing the trunk on his shoulder. I was too tired and sleepy to notice anything of the way as we walked along, but I remember that we entered an entry, went up two flights of stairs, and then we suddenly entered a room, warm and light, and having a cozy, home look. Then having dismissed the porter, she drew me up near the fire, and commenced to unpin my shawl, saying, in a low tone as she did so, "I am your Aunt Anne."

I did not answer, for I could not; so I sat down on a low cushioned chair by the fire, and watched her as she moved busily round getting her tea. She did not speak to me at all the while, until everything was prepared, then she bade me come. Her tones were low and gentle, but I was tired and sorrowful and petulant, and answered shortly that "I was not hungry." She only said, "You are very like your mother, Stella," and then went quietly on without noticing me any further, or saying anything more.

As for me, I was wretched and homesick, and I leaned my head down lower and lower, and cried softly to myself until I fell asleep. How long I slept, I do not know, but when I awakened, as I did suddenly, with a confused recollection of being in a strange place, Aunt Anne was sitting near me sewing, and just opposite me leaning on the mantel, stood a tall gentleman, who was regarding me very intently.

Aunt Anne said "This is your cousin, William Noble." I looked at him without speaking. He inclined his head very gravely and gently, but said nothing. In a little while, he went away, and after

he had gone, I said, "Is he your son, Aunt Anne?" She said "No." Then I said "I did not know that I had any cousin William?"

Then Aunt Anne explained, "He is my nephew, but not your cousin, really. His father is my half-brother, and your mother was my half-sister, but they were not at all related to each other." I did not ask any more questions, and pretty soon Aunt Anne arranged her fire and put out her light and we went to bed.

Aunt Anne lived in lodgings, and kept two rooms; a sitting-room and bed room. She did sewing for three families, and usually took it home with her, but sometimes went out to work. After I had been there a few days, I began to assist her. I always staid at home to work, and when Aunt Anne was gone all day, I always locked the door on the inside, and worked busily, or spent my time as I chose, until Aunt Anne came back. So time went merrily, and two years went by. William came, occasionally, to see us, sometimes he brought a book and read for an hour, to us, and a few times he took me to walk with him, in some of the handsome streets in London. But he could not often find time. His father lived in Wessex, and Will was studying in London, and lived in lodgings a little way from us. I did not make any acquaintances. I knew some of the people that I met on the stairs lived in the same house, but we never spoke to each other. On pleasant Sundays I always went to church with Aunt Anne, to a little church not far from the Court, where I was always sent to Cousin Will, and others of the students.

When I had been in London about two years, Will finished his course, and was to travel on the continent as tutor. Just before the time set for his going, he came up one night for Aunt Anne and me to go out to sail on the Thames. He said that some of his friends were going.

I was so happy at the thought of it, that I could hardly wait for the time to come. "We started about noon, and as I had never been in a boat before, everything was fraught with wonder and pleasure. There was quite a large company, young ladies and gentlemen mostly, and they laughed and chatted and seemed very merry. Cousin Will was here and there, now talking with one, now attending to something about the boat, and as I watched him and followed all his motions with my eyes, I thought him the noblest looking man there, and I said softly to myself that he was certainly the best.

When we had first started, Aunt Anne and I had been introduced to some of the people near us, but they did not talk with us, and so we sat silent. I wanted to ask some questions about the places we were passing by, and wished that Will would come and sit by me. He came once or twice to point out some object of interest to us, but he did not stop only for a minute. It was quite dark when we landed. Aunt Anne was already out. Will, who was helping a lady out, said, "Will you please wait a moment Stella?"

But I was angry, and I thought I would get out without any of his assistance, and calculating the distance I made a spring for the shore. My foot just struck the edge and I should have slipped back into the water, had not Will caught me in his arms and lifted me out to the safe place. Then without any words, he drew my hand within his arm, and he walked away down the street, behind Aunt Anne.

We walked the first part of the way in silence. Once or twice, when we came to wet crossings, he lifted me as easily and gently over, as if I had been a child, and I thought bitterly to myself, "He thinks that I am a little girl." When we had nearly reached Humble Court, he said, softly, "Could not you wait for me, Stella?"

I said, "You were too busy to help me, I supposed, and it was of no consequence at all, whether I got out safely or not."

"Remember this, Stella," he said, "I am never too busy to take care of you, I am always ready to do what I can for you." He tightened his clasp on my hand, and said nothing more, until we came to the court. It was quite late, and there was no one out, and when we came up to the gate on the corner, he stopped a moment beneath the light, he looked down as if he would read my thoughts. Then he said, "Stella, I must go away soon, to be gone I cannot tell how long. I must tell you something before I go. I love you." My eyes fell beneath his gaze. My heart was beating tumultuously, and in that moment, life and earth were more beautiful even than my dreams of heaven. He continued, softly, "Do you love me, Stella?"

He had no need of any answer, but I whispered back, "I love you." Nothing more was said. He kept my hand close in his, as he went in the dark hall and up the stairs to the third landing. When we came to Aunt Anne's door, he put his arms round me, and drawing me close to him, he stooped and kissed me. Then with a whispered "Good-night," he was gone.

I went in, like one in a dream. Dear unsuspecting Aunt Anne thought we must have walked very slowly, and I did not tell her that we had stood still a part of the time.

Time went by until it was the evening before Will was to go. He came up to spend the evening with us. Everything had gone wrong all day, and I was cross and petulant, when Aunt Anne asked me a question about my work, I answered her so sharply that she said nothing more. Will stood leaning on the mantel, and looking down at me as he did the first night I was in London.

For a while, we were all quite silent, then Will said "are you sure that you are doing quite right, Stella?"

I said "Whether I do right or not you need not trouble yourself about it."

"I must trouble myself about it now," he said gently and seriously. And he went on and spoke of my pride and ill temper, in such a friendly and kind way, that if some evil spirit had not had possession of me, I should have listened to him. But as it was, I could not brook anything of the sort.

So I said "It does very well for you to talk of pride, who invited us to go to sail, and then were so proud to speak to us, or take a y notice of us before fine acquaintances. It becomes you to talk of pride."

Aunt Anne sighed, and said nothing. She knew it was of no use, I suppose, Will stood silent and motionless. After a moment, I went on, "And since you are so immaculate and so near perfection, Will Noble, I am sure that you would never want a person for a wife, who has so much pride and ill-

temper as I have, so we need never think of that any more."

Aunt Anne looked up, and after a few minutes he began to talk with Aunt Anne. He sat down by her side, and he talked in a low tone, yet so that I could hear all that they said. They did not speak to me, or of me. I sat apart, wretched and silent, and so the last evening of his stay went away.

At length he got up to go, and he came round and stood by me. He stood still for a moment, and then he said, "Did you say just as you meant, Stella?"

And I answered, coldly, "I said as I meant."

Will stood silent for a minute. Aunt Anne was bending over her work as motionless as though she heard not what we were saying.

He laid his hand, with a soft, caressing touch, on mine, and said, "Do not let us part so, dear Stella—take back what you have said."

My own heart was crying at my pride and injustice, but I could not break away from the spell that controlled me, and I struck his hand angrily away, and cried out, "I will not take back anything I have said. I will never be your wife, Will Noble!"

He turned away from me then, and paced up and down the floor. I had never seen him look so sorrowful and stern. "I will only trouble you for one moment, Stella. To-morrow I am to leave England, and I cannot tell when we shall meet again, if we ever do. Have you no word to say to me before I go?" His voice was husky and tremulous, and I looked up in his face. I gazed into his eyes, which looked down into mine, as though they would win me away from the pride and passion that was ruling me.

But all I said to him was—"I believe I have to say 'Good-bye.' That is all."

He said, "Good-bye, Stella."

Then he went and stood by Aunt Anne, and lifted up her bowed head and kissed her, and softly whispered his parting, and then he went out. And so we parted.

In the days and weeks that followed, when Will came in to see us no longer, how I wished to take back what I had said, but it was too late. As day after day went by, I missed him more and more, and felt that I was only beginning to understand all his care for me, and all his kindness and goodness.

The next year Aunt Anne was taken ill with a fever. She grew sick so fast that I was frightened. The second day she grew delirious, and in her fever she talked wildly of her youth and her love, until I learned what I had never suspected before, that my father was to have married Aunt Anne, and the time even had been set, when my mother came home, and came between Aunt Anne, and all her hopes of happiness. She grew sicker rapidly, until she was too weak to talk, and could only moan, and all the while she never knew me, or spoke to me, and on the fifth day she died and left me alone.

She was buried from the little church where we used to go, and the Rector said the prayers for her, and walked along by my side to the churchyard.

It was a very pleasant day, and as we went along the street the crowds jostled and hurried by, looked at us curiously for a moment, and so we reached the graveyard. When we had reached the grave, the coffin was set down by the side and opened. The sun shone on her pallid face. How quiet and beautiful it looked. I have never forgotten that expression; I can see it now.

A few days after this a man came up to the door to see me about the lodgings. He said that Aunt Anne had paid him once a fortnight, and if I kept the rooms I must do the same. The next day I went with some work that Aunt Anne had brought home, and tried to get some more. But the people had never seen me, and they had never heard Aunt Anne speak of me, and they did not like to trust me, so I could get no work.

I was in despair, and perhaps he saw it, for he said he would wait until next month came round, and advised me to get work in one of the factories. Some women, he said, who were up on the floor had work there, and perhaps they would help me. So I went up and asked them, and they got me a place, and I commenced to work in a factory.

Some time after I went one evening to a free lecture, for the benefit of the working classes. As soon as I stepped over the threshold I saw the lecturer. It was Will Noble! I sat down in the back of the church, as though I were in a dream. I wondered if he saw or knew me. He had looked at me as I came in, but then I thought he had only observed that a woman had come in late.

He had altered only a little. He was sterner, and there was an added line or two to the curves of the mouth. His gestures and tones were the same that I remembered so well. What a power was in his words. The great crowd hung breathless on his words. He spoke of the power and oppressions of the rich, and the temptations and sorrows of the poor, and it was as if an angel spoke. I drank in greedily every word for a while, and then I leaned my head on my clasped hands, and softly cried. I had been so wretched and unhappy for a long time, and those words brought peace and content.

When it was over I stole quietly out of the church and hurried along the street. I put my bonnet and shawl away, and then I sat down in the same place that I had sat when I last saw Will Noble, and folded my hands to think of all that had befallen me.

Presently I heard a step on the landing, and a familiar step. I knew it was Will. It stopped at my door. My heart beat at that moment. He opened the door and came in. For a moment neither of us spoke. Then he extended his arms towards me, and with his old smile he said, "Will you come, Stella?"

And in another minute I was weeping in his arms, and he held me in his strong clasp, and smoothing away my hair, with gentle carresses and whispered words. Then after a little time, he said, after he kissed my forehead, "Have you nothing to say to me now, dear Stella?"

And I whispered through my tears, "Forgive me Will."

I cannot tell you all that he said that night, of all that had happened since we had parted, of all that we told of dear Aunt Anne, or of what we said of our future. The stars were growing pale when Will went away, and I did not go to the factory next morning. Is not that enough to tell?

One Sunday morning, not a great while after that, we were married in the little church, and then we went together to visit Aunt Anne's grave. One year ago last May, Mr. Norton was removed from Windham, and Will was appointed the new Rector. So we are living in my earliest home, where that I loved so much, and Will is my husband, and I am happy now.

## The Bashkouay Ant.

According to M. du Chailu, one of the most formidable animals in the world is an ant which he found in Central Africa. He thus describes it:—

"It is the dread of all living animals. From the leopard to the smallest insect. I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm."

When they grow hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before his attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is classed. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate with great speed their heaviest forces on the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed and eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains."

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring around the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped.—Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleared of all the abominable vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year."

When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashkouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. The instantly the strong pieces are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives away. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury, which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek on the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful."

The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the bashkouay ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death. Two very remarkable practices of theirs remain to be related. When on their line of march they require to cross a narrow stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream, whenever they can find such to facilitate the operation. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore claws to its next neighbor's body or hind claws. Thus they form a high, safe, tubular bridge, through which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order. If disturbed, or if the arch is broken by the violence of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity. Their numbers are so great that one does not like to enter into calculations; but I have seen one continuous line passing at good speed a particular place for twelve hours."

SWALLOWING A YARD OF LAND!—"Dick, let's have a pint of beer," said a railway "navvie" to his mate. "Nay, Jack, I can't afford to drink a square yard of good land, worth £60 10s. an acre." "What's that you're saying, Dick?" "Why, every time you spend three pence in beer, you spend what would buy a square yard of land. Look here!—[Dick takes a piece of chalk out of his pocket and begins to make figures on his spade.] There are 4,840 square yards in an acre: three pence is one-fourth of a shilling: divide 4,840 yards by 4: that gives 1,210 shillings. Now divide that by 20 (there being 20 to the £1), and there you have £60 10s., which is the cost of an acre of good land, at three-pence a square yard!"—*British Paper.*

SCHOOL GIRL INCIDENT.—"I," says the person who witnessed the scene, "saw a little fellow with his arms around a little white of a girl, endeavoring, if I interpreted the manifestations right, to kiss her." "Tommy," said I, "what are you doing there?" "Nothing, sir," spoke the bright-eyed little boy, somewhat alarmed.

"He wath, ther—he wath trying to kith me, that he wath, ther!" said she, eyeing him closely.

"Why, Lucy, what prompted him to act so ungentlemanly, right here in school?" I asked, anticipating some fun.

"Oh, he hitched up here, and then he wanted me to kith him, and then I told him I wouldn't kith thuch a thumpy bay as he is; then he bid he'd kith me, and I told him he dathn't bid he'd kith me, and I told him I would tell the mather if he did, but he thid he didn't care a thnap for the mather, and then he tried to kith me the harrier!" and the little thing sighed.

"Why didn't you tell me, as you said you would?" I asked in a pleasant manner.

"Oh," she replied with charming naivete, "I didn't care much if he did kith me, and tho I tho I'd let him."

Here the whole school, who had been listening, instantly broke into an uproarious laugh, while our little hero and heroine blushed deeply.

The rabbits of Cracow have interdicted crinolines. Some Jewesses there however, would wear it. The consequence was a row with the authorities and much bloodshed.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

Gold bearing quartz has been discovered in Canada, near Lake Superior, which yields \$130 to the ton of rock.

Mr. Russell writes from the South: On the train before us there had just passed on a company armed with large bowie knives and rifled pistols, who called themselves the "Toothpick Company." They carried a coffin along with them, on which was a plate with "Abe Lincoln" inscribed on it.

A woman has been detected in drawing pay from the New York volunteer fund for three husbands, another for two, others for men not married, while others have been allowed for five, six and even seven children, when they had but one, and in some instances none.

The Sackville Borderer says that Shad sufficient to fill 100 barrels were taken last week, in one tide, from the shad weir at Bellevue's Village, on Memramcook river.

It is rumored that the authorship of the intelligence of the movements and preparations of the Federal army given to Beauregard, had been traced to an individual occupying a confidential relation to General Scott.

Nearly all the bees in the south of England have died this year. A person in the New Forest who had one hundred and forty hives, has lost every bee.

An anonymous brochure, on the American conflict, has just appeared in Paris, under the auspices of Dentu, the well known publisher in the Palais Royal. It is called "The American Revolution Unveiled," and takes the strongest Southern ground.

A rather remarkable storm occurred in England on the night of July 16th, during which every object appeared to be of a yellowish color, deepest when the rain fell heaviest.

The army worm is now committing great havoc in Nova Scotia, destroying many fields of grain.

The Branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Yarmouth, has been robbed of £1500 in bills.

General Beauregard is a Catholic. It is said that on the morning of the battle of Ball's Run prayer was offered to Almighty God, and the holy sacrament administered to the General and large numbers of his men.

Ada Isaacs Menken Heenan has applied in an Illinois Court for a Bill of Divorce from the "Benecia Boy."

The St. Andrews Standard says: We regret to record that the army worm is making sad ravages with the grain crops in this section; magnificent fields of wheat, and oats have been destroyed—in fact every green thing except red clover and potato tops, is devoured by these voracious insects.

Two vessels are now on their way from Liverpool to New York, laden the one with two hundred and the other with four hundred bales of cotton, purchased for Northern manufacturers who are unable to obtain their supply from the South.

One hundred and seventy clerks in the United States Government Departments have been sent about their business on account of their secession sympathies.

The Hon. James Brown, Ex-Surveyor General, has been authorized by the Government to proceed to Scotland with the view of inducing emigration to this country.

The office of the Bangor "Democrat," a paper said to favor Southern views, was cleaned out on Monday last and its contents burned on the street. The Northern press, so far as we have seen, has not a word to say in condemnation of such outrageous proceedings.

Twelve hundred manuscripts have been sent in to the New York Committee, appointed to award a prize for a National Hymn, but not one of them has been accepted!

Rebels at Manassas are suffering greatly from small pox and measles.

A formidable slave insurrection occurred last week in Orange Co., Va., several of the ringleaders were hung.

Union representatives to Federal Congress have been elected in four Districts in North Carolina.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the Northern papers—

An English ship master, with a cargo of coffee, is believed to have purposely wrecked his vessel upon the Southern coast. The coffee was saved, and sold to the rebels at a price much above its value. By way of encouraging similar operations in future, the rebels paid for the coffee and treated the captain with marked consideration.

The falling off in emigration from Europe this year to the U.S. is 10,000, compared with last year.

A Paris letter says the success of the Southerners has powerfully operated on Parisian opinion in favour of the secessionists.

The World says that the city of New York has suffered by the southern rebellion and repudiation little if any short of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

It is reported that Napoleon, on receipt of the news of the defeat of the Northern army had decided to recognise the Confederacy.

Another grand review of the troops at the Curragh of Kildare, in which the Prince of Wales went through all the manoeuvres of the day on foot as a Lieutenant to the guards, took place on the last inst.

A woman has been brought up at Africa, in Spain, on a charge of inconceivable barbarity. She stripped her infant child, smeared its little body all over with honey, then laid it in the sun until the little creature expired in agony from the stings of the insects attracted by the bait.

Before the close of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, Canada will have twenty thousand British troops scattered throughout her territory.

The revenue collected at the port of Newcastle for the quarter, ending on the 31st ult., amounted to \$17,937 60c.

Late accounts state that the harvest in France is unsatisfactory.

Frigate Mississippi has captured two rebel privateers.

## General News.

A CAPTURE.—We learn from New York advices of the 16th that Thomas S. Serrel, a secessionist, was arrested on the arrival of the "Persia" with £40,000 stg. of Bank of England notes in his possession, the proceeds of a loan for the Confederate States. Serrel belongs to New Orleans, is 50 years old, and very wealthy. A number of letters and important papers were also found in his possession. We suppose the Federal Government will appropriate the £40,000 to its own use; money like negroes being "contraband of war."—*News.*

EMIGRATION FROM THE STATES.—A Toronto correspondent of the Quebec Chronicle says:—Families continue to arrive from the States, many bringing their household goods with them. They are nearly all old country people, who have resided years in the States, acquired property there, and are now glad to escape with a small portion of what they owned. The influx has already exerted a marked influence upon rents in this city. There is just now a greater demand for dwelling houses than has been known since the removal of the government to Quebec. To complete the picture, I ought to add that one craven soul, a farmer in the county of Halton, has sold his farm and is removing to the Western States, in order to escape the perils of a war between England and the States! such a fellow hardly deserves peace, and in the States he is not likely to get it at present. He will realize the adage—"out of the frying pan into the fire."

The Courier contains an abstract of the receipts and expenditure of the St. John and Shediac Railway for the year ending on the 1st inst. It is a very favorable report, and completely silences the opponents of the line. The following is a recapitulation of the returns:—

Revenue	
Passengers	\$68,485 59
Freight	45,516 32
Locomotives and Cars	13,344 00
Mails and Sundries	5,238 75
	—132,564 66

Expenses	
Locomotive Power	\$40,099 90
Mechanize and Pa'gr. Cars	19,400 30
Maintenance Way & Bldgs.	18,995 12
	—95,884 50

Nett Earnings for 12 months ending 31st July, 1861

Several of our contemporaries are arguing with much zeal the extension of the line to the westward, so as to open a direct railway communication with the States, and ultimately with Canada. We are quite convinced by the reasons adduced that this should be the policy of the Government. The line at present is a mere fragment, and it may be safely argued that if it has proved to be a valuable auxiliary to the trade and commerce of the Province in this state, that when complete its advantages will be increased tenfold.—*Church Witness.*

Mr. Cunard has written a letter to one of the Halifax papers, with a view to allay the excitement about the "gold diggings" at Lunenburg. He gives a discouraging account of the place, and shows clearly enough that it would be extremely silly for any one to go there