

The Carleton Sentinel.

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VOL. XIII.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

TERMS, \$1.80 if paid in advance.

NO. 46

Poetry.

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

The time for toil has past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest-veins;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers' feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heavier heart and brain.
Master, behold my sheaves.

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and late.
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered leaves,
Therefore I blush and ween, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat:
"Master, behold my sheaves."

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their faded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility,
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew:
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not that I did, but what I strove to do,
And though the fall, the ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—Florence Perry.

Select Tale.

LOST IN A FOG.

It was the last day in November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty something, and about the hour of noon, when the great and glorious—on this occasion, say *rain-glorious*—City of London was hidden from mortal eyes by one of those dense brown fogs that often-times convert it into anything but a Paradise; so suddenly had the obscurity come on, that many an unwelcome sight had unwittingly strayed out of the right path, not mortally, but it understood, but literally, being misled by the impossibility of distinguishing one street from another in those localities where all the residences were private houses.

Among those misguided wayfarers was a certain pretty widow named Cumley, who had been lured from her "apartments," in Great Cornam street, by a faint glimmering of the sun, which, an hour before, had given some hope of at least a continuance of daylight for a sufficient space of time to enable her to make a few purchases, with a view of the enhancement of her personal attractions at a party that was to come off on the following evening. It was in her way back from Oxford street that the darkness began to gather around like the shades of night, causing her to quicken her pace, and make sundry wise reflections on the folly of having suffered herself to be tempted, by the promptings of vanity, to venture abroad on such an inauspicious morning.

Afraid of passing over a crossing, she kept on the footway, and took one or two turnings hap-hazard, still hoping she was going in the right direction, until, no longer able to distinguish streets from squares, she became as completely lost as the Babes in the Wood, for she was now in those aristocratic regions, where there was not a single show in which she might have sought aid or counsel in this her benighted situation.

"What in the world am I to do?" said Mrs. Cumley to herself. "I shall never find my way home, and as to getting into a cab, even if I could meet with one, which is not very likely, I should be afraid to trust myself; it must be getting thicker. I shall not be able to see an inch before me, presently. What a very unfortunate thing, to be sure!"

Mrs. Cumley was no coward, nor did she want for presence of mind in any way of the ordinary circumstances of life; but this was a dilemma for which she was totally unprepared, and it threw her into an unwanted state of perplexity, especially as, during the last ten minutes, not a human being had passed by to whom she might have applied for information as to her whereabouts. At length a brilliant idea flashed through her mind.

"It can do no very great harm," she thought, "to knock at a door, and ask what street this is. And one will be civil enough to tell me that."

And acting on the impulse of the moment, she with some little diffidence, found out the door of a house, for even the doors and windows had become invisible, and having discovered the knocker she gave, not a loud, authoritative rat-tat-tat, that demands instant admission, but a modest rap, which seemed to say, "I shall feel obliged to you if you will open the door at your earliest convenience."

It was, therefore some minutes before the appeal was answered, but at length a man servant presented himself, and opened his eyes to their utmost extent at seeing a well-dressed lady out and on foot, in such bad weather.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said Mrs. Cumley, but you will have the kindness to tell me what street this is, for I have lost my way in consequence of the fog?"

"It is no street at all, ma'am," said the man, who seemed much disposed to laugh. "This is Torrington Square."

"Torrington Square! Bless me, then I have come a great deal too far, and now I don't know which way I must turn to get to Great Cornam street."

She had stepped upon the threshold of the door, and was embued to observe by the aid of a gas lamp that shed its brilliant rays through the hall, that the house she had so inconsiderately invaded was of no mean order. There was an air of spaciousness and elegance about it that denoted wealth and luxury. The stairs were richly carpeted, and there was a good fire in a stove opposite the doorway in the hall that diffused a glowing warmth and brightness on the scene within, which was more striking from its contrast with the cold and gloom without.

The man was doing his best to put her in the right way for the locality she had named, when a door on one side of the hall suddenly opened and a gentleman with a newspaper in his hand made his appearance.

"What is it, James?"

"A lady, sir, has lost her way in the fog, and wants to be directed."

"Dear me, that's awkward," he said advancing a step or two, perhaps to ascertain what the lady was like, and the light shone full upon her face, he made another move in advance and said, "You had better walk in, madam, and wait till it is a little clearer."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir; I shall be really very glad if you will allow me to sit down here for a little while; I dare say it will be lighter presently."

As she was going modestly to take a seat by the hall fire, he waved his hand politely toward the apartment from which he had just emerged, on which she courted with graceful ease and walked in.

As the gentleman was following, she heard the servant say something to him in a low tone, wherein the word "luncheon" was distinctly audible and her quick ear caught the reply—

"Oh, yes—yes. Bring it up all the same; for two, of course."

It was a large, well-furnished dining room, and the widow had no sooner cast her eyes around it, than she came to the conclusion that its owner was a bachelor. She did not exactly know why she thought so, but was so convinced of such being the fact, that she would not have hesitated to bet a pair of gloves upon it.

Mr. Hazlett was in truth a single man, somewhat past the meridian of life, but good-looking still, with courteous, gentlemanlike manners, and to judge from the appearance of his surroundings, in easy circumstances.

"I am sure," he said, "as he placed a chair near the fire for his involuntary guest." I ought to feel much indebted to this fog, since it has procured me so unexpected a pleasure."

The lady acknowledged the compliment in proper terms, accompanied by a merry little laugh, that sounded very much as if she could have said the pleasure was not all on the one side; and while these civilities were in course of exchange, the luncheon tray was brought in, laden with cold chicken, ham, real patties, and other savory viands, together with a decanter of sherry and some bottled ale.

Mrs. Cumley began to feel herself at home. She drew her chair up to the table and took off her gloves, thereby displaying a pair of delicately white and well-shaped hands. She was certainly a very pretty woman, with sparkling black eyes, white teeth, and a good complexion. Her age might be thirty-five or thereabouts; it is unnecessary to be particular on that point, thirty-five would be near enough to the mark, even for a census paper.

A tete-a-tete luncheon is often a pleasant thing. "It's a run up stairs," said James to the two damsels of the lower regions. "I shouldn't wonder if master's caught at last; and that's what she's up to it's my opinion, for I heard her tell him she's a widow."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the housemaid. "It would be droll to get a husband in that way, wouldn't it, James?"

"Why, it would, rather, my dear; but there's various ways of getting a husband, you know."

He favored her with a sagacious wink, which caused her to blush like a peony, and turn away laughing.

The cook, however, who also acted as house-keeper, was not inclined to make so light of the matter as the younger and more thoughtless denizens of the household.

"For her part," she added, "she didn't see any thing to laugh at, and she wondered that a man at Mr. Hazlett's years, should let himself be taken in by such a barefaced manner; but it was a true saying sure enough, that 'there is no fool like an old fool!'"

Having thus expressed her sentiment with regard to her master, she continued to manifest her disapproval of the proceedings in the dining-room by sundry vituperative remarks on widows in general, as a particular and distinct species of the human race.

"Well, but, cook, it all happened accidentally," said James, "whatever comes of it."

"Oh, don't tell me accidentally, indeed! I'll be bound she knew very well who lived here, and did it on purpose to get her foot in, or else why could not she as well have knocked at any other door, I should like to know. But it's just like them widows; there ain't one of them but is as artful as—I won't say what."

In the meantime the tete-a-tete was progressing charmingly. Mr. Hazlett had not enjoyed his mid-day reflection so much for a considerable time, and this was a most extraordinary anomaly, for he would have shrunk almost with horror, or at least with a nervous fear, from the bare thought of deliberately inviting a lady to lunch with him alone; yet now that the fates had brought the visitation so unexpectedly upon him, he did not feel it nearly so embarrassing as fancy would have depicted, had he known beforehand that such an event was actually about to take place.—Yet he was not an unusual man by nature, neither did he entertain any of those heretical notions respecting the arts and wiles of the fair sex, that are so often cultivated in the minds of aged bachelors, like poisoned weeds, choking up and destroying the liberal and kindly sentiments that might lead them to adopt a happier state of being.

The two individuals brought so strangely together seemed to enjoy the joke amazingly. It was so laughable, and the amazement it created made them feel as if they had been acquainted with each other for ten years instead of ten minutes. The conversation ran into various channels, and at length touched on the subject of matrimony.

"Yes, a single life is all very well," said Mr. Hazlett, "while a man is on the right side of forty, but after that when he takes to his own fireside, he feels that he wants a companion. I begin to feel that way I assure you."

"Then why not make a change?" said the lady, with a smile that was quite fascinating.

"Well, I don't know. It wants some courage to rouse one's self out of old habits. Now, what age should you take me to be?"

This was a delicate question. The lady did not like to answer it according to her honest belief, therefore she deducted ten years from what she imagined to be the real sum total, and replied,

"Forty-five."

The gentleman smiled pleasantly, he felt gratified and drawing himself up with an air of self-satisfaction, said, (in a tone that implied, "you would scarcely believe it,") "I am fifty-six."

Of course she expressed all the surprise that could be expected, and although she was by no means a designing person, it would perhaps, be going a little far to say that not a thought entered her mind prejudicial to the future liberty of the old bachelor.

However, all things must come to an end, as was exemplified in the case of lunch and fog. The time devoted to the former had indeed been prolonged to an unusual length, and the sun was again visible in the shape of a crimson ball, so Mrs. Cumley rose to depart, and as she was putting on her gloves, repeated her acknowledgments of the polite attention she had met with in her difficulty.

"Will you allow my servant to get you a cab?" said Mr. Hazlett.

"Oh, no, I thank you, the distance is so short, I can walk home very well. Good morning, sir; I assure you I shall never forget your extreme kindness. Good bye."

There was something in the sound of the "Good bye" that fell unpleasant on the ear of Mr. Hazlett. He was unwilling to bid a final adieu to so charming a person, and with a reckless disregard of probable consequences he said boldly then and there,

"Will you permit me to have the honor of calling to inquire how you got home?"

To which she replied,

"Oh, you are very good." A dubious answer that may be interpreted without any great strength of imagination. "Yes, you may come."

As soon as she was gone, Mr. Hazlett sat down to finish reading the newspaper, but he did not find it nearly so enticing as the widow's cheerful talk, in fact, he never felt so lonely as he did during the remainder of that eventful day.

The question put by his lively entertaining guest—"Then why not make a change?" recurred more than once to his mind; and each time the mental responses were, "She is quite right; there is no reason on earth why not."

It was about three months after the adventure we have just related, when a handsome carriage and pair, laden outside with travelling trunks, portmanteaus, and other emblems of travellers returning from a journey drove to a door in Torrington Square.

A smiling footman instantly came out and let down the steps of the vehicle, from which alighted a good-looking middle-aged gentleman, who, with a smile and a nod, transferred his stick and a railway wrapper to the obsequious lackey, while he assisted a lady in descending from the carriage.

"See to the luggage, James," he said; then drawing the arm of his fair companion through his own he conducted her through the hall to the dining-room, where a blazing fire and a table laid out for a sumptuous repast, betokened that their arrival was not unexpected.

The gentleman looked radiant and happy, and as with beaming eyes he welcomed his smiling bride to her new home, he said facetiously,

"But after all, dear, you must allow that it was I, not you, that was lost that day in the fog."

Tigers in Cochín China.

Many of the inhabitants obtain their livelihood by tiger catching, the skin of this animal being valuable. They use a novel mode of ensnaring these savage beasts.—Two Malays generally go in company, and travel over many parts of the country.—Those who follow this business regularly have chops or permits, from the Quong of Saigon, allowing them to build a hut for their use in any place they think fit. The hut is built on the top of four bamboo poles, from fifteen to twenty feet high, and as the tiger cannot climb these, the two men can remain in it, and watch their snares in safety. The snare consists of large leaves, or sometimes pieces of paper, about six inches square, covered on one side with a substance of the same nature as birdlime, and containing a poison, the smallest particle of which, getting into the animal's eyes, causes instant and total blindness.

They are laid about thickly with the bird-lime side upwards, in the track of a tiger; and as surely as the animal puts his paw on one of the treacherous leaves he becomes a victim; for finding it sticks to his foot, he shakes it, by which means other leaves adhere to it. He then probably rubs his paw over his head in the attempt to rid himself of these leafy incumbrances; but they stick to his head and face. He then perhaps rolls himself on the ground, when he becomes fairly covered; and while scratching himself to get free, some of the poisonous bird-lime gets into his eyes and blinds him. He growls and roars in agony, and this is the signal for his captors to come and despatch him. The Malays then skin the animal, and take away parts of his body that may be valuable. They leave the carcass well strewn with more leaves, as a bait for other tigers. Other animals, and birds also, they ensnare in the same manner.—[Brown's Adventures in Cochín-China.]

"Jeannie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "Jeannie it is a very solemn thing to get married."

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel; "but it is a great deal sadder than that."

ALTERING THE SCORE.—Hard-up Customer—"Let me see how much is that little amount I owe you?" Expectant Grocer (blandly)—"£2 15s., sir."—Hard-up Customer—"Ah, well, give me another bottle of Whiskey—that will make £2 15s., and—have you got a shilling? Ah! thank you? that will be just £3—you can make a memorandum of it. Good morning!"

There is a lawyer in Down East so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out over night—so determined he is that every thing shall have "its dew."

"Jeems my lad, keep away from the gals. Ven yer see one coming, dodger. Jest sich a critter as that young 'un clemens" the door stop 'other side of the street fooled yer poor dad, Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might had been in California, huntin' diamonds, my son."

"Forty-five."

AN ELEGANT WOMAN.—There is a person whose harmonious voice gives to her conversation a charm found equally in her manners. She knows how to speak and how to keep silent; how delicately to engage herself with you, and uses only proper subjects of conversation. Her words are happily chosen; her language is pure; her raillery caresses; and her criticism does not wound. Far from contradicting with ignorant assurance of a fool, she seems to seek in your company good sense or truth. She indulges in dissertations as little as she does in disputes; she delights to lead a discussion which she stops when she pleases. Of an equable temper, her air is affable and gay. Her politeness has nothing forced in it; her welcome is servile; she reduces respect to nothing more than a delicate shade; she never tires you, and leaves you satisfied with herself. Attracted to her sphere by an inexplicable power, you find her wit and grace impressed upon the things with which she surrounds herself; everything there pleases the sight, and while there, you seem to breathe the fresh air of the country. In intimacy, this person seduces you by a tone of fresh simplicity. She is natural. She never makes an effort at luxury; at display. Her sentiments are simply rendered, because they are true. She is frank, without offending any one's self-love. She accepts men as God has made them, pardoning their faults and ridiculous qualities; comprehending all ages, and vexing herself about nothing, since she has tact enough to foresee everything. She obliges rather than consoles; she is tender and gay; therefore, you will love her irresistibly. You will take her for a type and vow to worship her.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE PAST.—Is there any young person entering into life—entering upon a world over which have passed six thousand years of human experience,—just coming into an innumerable company of human beings, strangers to him yet? And are there any records of their footsteps from the dim shores of antiquity? Will he not then listen? Will he not desire to know something of the great story of departed ages,—of the fortunes of the Persian and the Palmyrene, of the Greek and Roman? And would he not, above all, gladly know something of the wisdom of the wise and wonderful among men? Would he not know what Socrates thought as he talked with Plato,—what eloquence Cicero uttered in the Roman forum,—or what sublime visions visited the soul of Milton,—or what sage precept dropped from the tongue of Fendou or Taylor? Surely, ordinary human curiosity is enough to prompt the desire of this knowledge. And no longer does it seek in vain. Here is the printing press,—the grand camera obscura of modern times,—and all men and all ages stand before us as pictures. We sit in our houses, even the humblest, with the key of universal knowledge in our hands; on every side, at our will, curtain after curtain rises before us,—and all the treasures and glories of human thought, enterprise and action are unveiled to our view. To our very thresholds come the sages of all times, and proffer to us the ministrations of their wisdom. What loftiness would be found in communing with them!—what wisdom might be gathered from the tablets of old time!—what inspiration from the quickening breath of universal knowledge! I look for a generation that shall understand its position and its privilege.—[Rev. Dr. Dewey.]

The Scientific American gives the following directions for tanning skins with the fur on.—Nail the fresh skins tightly and smoothly against a door, keeping the skinny side out. Next proceed with a broad bladed knife to scrape away all loose pieces of flesh and fat; then rub in much lard, and do not be sparing of labor. When the chalk begins to powder and fall off take the skin down, fill it with finely ground alum, wrap it closely together, and keep it in a dry place for two or three days; at the end of that time unfold it, shake out the alum and the work is over.

Severe, but Just.—A lady had been teaching the summer school in a certain town, and a young sprig of the law paid some attention to her, so much so that he was joked about her. He replied that 'he should look higher for a wife.' It came to the lady's ears, and she meditated a little bit of revenge. An opportunity soon offered. They were at a party together, and to redeem her forfeit, she was to make his epitaph. She gave the following:—

"Here lies a man who looked so high He passed all common damsels by, And they who looked as high as he, Declared his bride they would not be. So 'twixt them both he died a lach, And now has gone to see old scratch."

A vendor of hoop skirts was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the storekeeper.

"Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag, "she should be within it!"

When we asked a man, a few days since, what induced him to make a law student of his son, he replied, "Oh, he always was a lying little cuss, and I thought I'd humor his leading propensity."

Inscrutable gent to waiter—"they say there's nothing like leather, don't they?" "Yes, sir." "Then it's a lie, for this steak is!" Waiter evaporates.

Old Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years, by only knitting new feet to them every winter and new legs to them every other winter.

How many young ladies will it take to reach from London to Brighton? Fifty-two: because a Miss is as good as a mile.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

"Oh, pray let me have my own way this time," said a young gentleman to his lady-love.

"Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once, but you know that after we are married I shall always have a Will of my own."

Items, Foreign & Local.

We find among the names of those who are distinguishing themselves in the northern army, that of C. W. Barker, a Frederictonian by birth, who is a Captain in the Chicago Dragoons.

A seech traitor attempted to escape from Fort Lafayette in a wash tub which he paddled to the dock, and was there arrested.

The battle of Ball's Bluff, it is now conceded, was quite as disastrous in its results to the Federalists as the affair of Ball's run. They lost in killed and wounded nearly one-half of their entire force, while great demoralization was displayed.

Ensign Loveridge of the 7th Fusiliers, stationed at Gibraltar, has been convicted of stealing a large amount in the aggregate, in small sums from his brother officers.

It appears to be an unhappy fact that the Princess royal and her husband do not live in domestic concord, quite the reverse is the case.

Queen Victoria has 175,000,000 subjects: of these the North American Colonies contain 3,785,000.

Dr. O. W. Holmes, of Boston, says, in an address before a medical society, "that mankind has been dragged to death—that the world would be better off if the contents of every Apothecary's shop were emptied into the sea, although the result would be disastrous to the fishes."

A party of thieves who have for some time past been preying upon the property of the citizens of Fredericton, have been arrested.

It is told of a woman in Newcastle, Scotland, that she drank one night after she had gone to bed, four gallons of beer. She subsequently fell down stairs and was killed.

Sixty thousand Germans are now in the Federal army.

The Militia force of the State of New York is estimated at 776,344 men, of which 100,000 are expected to be in the field within a few days.

The distance between Boston and New York is 236 miles.

There were 82 British and Foreign vessels lying in the port of Quebec on the 25th inst.

Calculations made in the New York Canal Auditor's office, show the fact that there are four millions of bushels of grain steadily afloat from day to day in transit on the canals of the State.

The Halifax Journal says that 12 vessels are loading with potatoes in King's County, N. S., for St. John and the States. Price 20 cts. per bushel, cash, and 25 cts. in trade.

New Brunswick six per cents. realized in the English market 104 to 109.

The British government has now 54 steam vessels of war under construction at the Royal Dock and other private yards, many of which are in a very forward state for launching. The return shows that these vessels will carry an aggregate of 1254 guns, are of 10,330-horse power, and 94,255 tons.

A Greek church was consecrated at Manchester England, in the last week of September.

The Madrid journals state that the Queen of Spain had caused the Princess Donna Concepcion, whose illness has been announced, to be treated according to the homoeopathic system.

The two armies in Virginia are now face to face for a distance of nine miles.

The shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt at Calais, Me., at five minutes past eight o'clock on Wednesday morning last.

The Lake Superior copper mines, it is stated, will yield this year 10,000 tons of copper, valued at four millions of dollars.

Ripe Raspberries were picked at Point de Bate, N. B., a few days ago.

The Officers of the Grand Division S. of T., are Oscar D. Wetmore, G. W. P.; Henry Webber, G. W. A.; W. H. A. Keams, G. S.; C. D. Everitt, G. T.; Rev. J. Lathern, G. C.; J. L. Marsh, G. C.; George Stewart, G. S.; S. K. Foster, P. G. W. P.

The whole of the Canadian frontier is to be fortified.

France is 5,038 miles of Railway in operation in France.

The question of burning instead of burying the dead is being discussed in France.

A boy has recovered \$2000 damages from a railroad employee in East Cambridge, Mass., for being kicked out of the freight-house.

France will be compelled to spend two hundred million dollars to make up the deficiency in her bread crops.

Lord Monck, the newly appointed Governor General of British North America, was sworn in as Administrator of the Government on the 25th inst., at Quebec, while awaiting the arrival of his commission.

The Standard says that Henry Maudsley, Esq., of London, one of the Directors of the New Brunswick and Canada Railway Company, arrived at St. Andrews on Saturday last.

The potato crop in England this year is the finest for several years past. It has been gathered in the best possible condition.

The Northern States of America have purchased 20,000 rifles from Prussia.

While Lord Lyons was prevented by an accidental circumstance from receiving the invitation to attend the funeral of Col. Baker in time to avail himself of it, the French Minister similarly excused himself to the Secretary of State, and the Envoy from Prussia says his absence on that occasion was caused by indisposition, for which he expresses his regret.

France has a standing army of 400,000 men and 85,000 horses. England and her Colonies 212,000 men and 21,904 horses. The French army expenses are equal to \$100,000,000, while that of England is stated at \$75,000,000.

To have tarts for tea—let your wife see you kissing the waiting-maid. Sure thing.

The diminution in the shipments from England to the United States, during August, was equal to £1,000,000 sterling.

General News.

TO BE BORNE IN MIND.—We bespeak in advance little justice for that letter by Russell to the London Times, in which he will give his account of the disaster at Ball's Bluff. He may perhaps declare in no measured terms that our officers blundered horribly, and that at the close our troops had to save their lives, each man for himself as he best could. He cannot say this, however, in stronger terms than it is done by some of the correspondents of the New York papers. One of these accounts says of the rout at the close of the battle, that "it was *saute qui peut!*" Our entire forces were retreating, tumbling, rolling, leaping down the steep heights." Another says "the retreat was made after the Bull 'Run pattern.'" How different the whole affair was from Bull Run we all know, but let us not lose patience with Mr. Russell, if he should chance to follow the example of the writers for our own papers.—Boston Advertiser.

LECTURE ON NEW BRUNSWICK.—On Monday evening a lecture was delivered in the Guild Hall by Mr. James Brown, on "The capabilities of New Brunswick as a home for emigrants."—Provost Napier occupied the chair and introduced the lecturer. Mr. Brown gave a most elaborate and practical description of the Province, its productions, and healthy climate. He stated that about 12,000,000 acres of land still lay in waiting for enterprising emigrants, but it was indispensable to their success that they should be capable of performing ordinary farm and out-door work. The hall was crowded by an audience composed chiefly of working men, who seemed to be much interested in the subject, and to appreciate the practical way in which it was treated.—Arbroath Review, Oct. 4.

The monetary article of the London Times of the 9th inst. has the following paragraph in reference to American affairs:—

"There is considered now to be little prospect of peace, except as the result of a financial convulsion. That such a convulsion must take place, and that a depreciated currency and national bankruptcy will, supposing the war to be continued, be witnessed before the lapse of many months, is stated to be the firm conviction of leading American bankers. If this consummation presents the only means by which the ferocity and folly of the people are likely to be stayed, every friend of the country must earnestly desire its speedy arrival."

One-sixth of the railways of Switzerland are underground. An "underground railroad" in that region, however, simply means that there are forty-nine tunnels through which the tracks pass. Negroes have nothing to do with it. The longest tunnel is at Loges, in the Jura, being 3299 metres in length; next comes that of Hauenstein, 2195 metres; then that of Mont Sagne, in the Jura, 1354 metres.

INDIA COTTON SUPPLY.—The following is an extract from the private letter of a missionary who has been twenty-five years in India:—

BOMBAY, India, August 8, 1861.—The people of the Southern States little know what unprecedented efforts are being made in India to supply England with cotton and get possession of the market. Every exertion is made to get the railroads through to the heart of the cotton country. Even now great quantities of cotton are being transported over our country roads, five hundred miles, to the coast. I saw an order last week from an American merchant (Mr. S.) in Bombay to a native friend here, offering to pay him at certain rates for two thousand candies (of 784 pounds each) of cotton, delivered in Bombay. The offer involved an outlay of \$125,000. There are many firms in Bombay doing a fine business in cotton now, and making money rapidly. As soon as the railroads are finished, cotton will be poured in vast quantities into England, for then the only existing hindrance—the great cost of transportation—will be done away. This year one of the great chieftains in Oude, Rajah Maun Sing, has given orders to his agents to buy all the American cotton seed he can find in the Calcutta market. He heard of the difficulties in America, and determined to profit by them. Extensive cotton cultivation in India would soon elevate this country. It would attach it to British rule and bring in great wealth. All English friends feel very much interested in the struggle that is going on in America, and they assure us of the warm sympathy of the people of Great Britain, notwithstanding what is said in the papers.