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Poetry.

TWO.

I am the footstalk, and she is the flower;
I am the lattice, and she is the vine;
My heart's a thirsty waste, hers is the shower
Bringing refreshment and gladness to mine.

She is a sculptured dome, I the harsh granite;
She is the virgin gold, I the rough ore;
She is a perfect and beautiful planet,
I am the nebulous chaos of yore.

She is a living form, I am the marble
Which 'neath the chisel may image her charms;
My music breathes of art, hers is the warble
Borne up to heaven in the morning's blue calms.

Her mind, a polished gem, needs no attrition;
Mine is rough, shapeless, as won from the soil;
She, by a natural and easy transition
Grows to the grace which I reach but by toil.

Mine is a grace acquired, hers was born with her;
Mine is a studied charm, hers is her own;
She looks down on the world, I look up thither;
I stand with thousands, but she stands alone.

I am the canvas, whereon may be painted
Shapes of strange beauty, conceptions sublime;
She is a rare picture, pure, beautiful, sainted,
Sketched by the Master to live for all time.

She is a spring, I the rock which stands by it;
She is a calm, bright sky, I am the sea;
Mirroring softly its deep starry quietude,
This is the difference in my love and me.

Select Tale.

KATE OSBORN'S ELOPEMENT.

Sweet Kate Osborn! She was, indeed, a beauty after her own heart. Picture to yourself dear reader, a gentle, loving, affectionate creature, with those dark rich eyes, that appear in their almost fathomless depth, when they can be persuaded to allow you to gaze into them, between the long, heavy lashes, as thick, and almost as long (and this is a rare attraction) on the lower eyelids as on the upper. There was a spice of fun, wit, in those wonderful eyes, that showed itself, spite of all efforts to keep it down; and gave evidence that sweet Kate, gentle as she was, was not without her power of self-defence, to be used on occasion.

But the occasion was long wanting; for Kate when we first knew her, and five or six years afterwards, lived secluded, with her father and an old Aunt, in a retired village, in Yorkshire.

There she was worshipped, at a distance, by the curate and some half dozen country friends, who thought her long bright curls, and well proportioned figure, and, above all, her splendid dark eyes, the very attributes of an earthly goddess.

But Kate was not destined always to remain inured amid the elm trees of Knottingly. She came to bid adieu, one spring morning, with tears on her long lashes, and a sob in her white throat, informing us that she had received an invitation from a cousin in London, who, almost as great a beauty as Kate herself, had married a distinguished member of parliament, and was now a fashionable belle in fashionable circles.

For a long time after this, we heard little of our dear Kate (for she was no correspondent) save flying rumors, that she had created an immense sensation, and had received offers innumerable from some of the highest "eligibles" in the gay world.

We have omitted to state, that our favorite possessed a very nice fortune in the funds, to the tune of some ten thousand pounds.

Having just attained her majority, this might have had some influence in attracting suitors for her hands; though we were then, as now unwilling so sordid an element should enter the scale with Kate's personal and mental charms.

However, truth will out, and our readers must digest it after their own fashion.

The next news of Kate was considerably more startling. Indeed, it so much unnerved us, that we let fall a cup of exquisite gunpowder tea, on our best Turkey carpet, scalding, into the bargain, the silky right ear of our graceful little Italian greyhound.

Kate has eloped—yes, actually eloped, or rather, as other reports stated, she has been run away with against her will, by a terrible bandit of a man, and forced to marry at the pistol's muzzle. The news was so extraordinary, that after the first surprise, we refused to believe it; but a most puzzling letter from Kate herself, assured us, that it was at least in part, perfectly true. The letter, though, did not prepare us for what followed, namely, a visit from Kate.

She came flying in, arrayed in the most elegant Regent Street attire, but with a warmth and earnest about her that showed the fashionable world had no power to corrupt her heart; or to damage in the least that honest and loving simplicity of character, which, with all her beauty and all her fortune, constituted her principal charm.

"Why Kate!—Kate Osborn!" we began.

"Mrs. Arthur Lorrimer, if you please!" returned she, drawing herself up with a playful assumption of dignity.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Arthur Lorrimer!—Then it is all true about your marriage?"

This was said more with a view of introducing the subject than from any remaining doubt we had.

"True? Of course it is! Why should you disbelieve it, you dear old—"

As we have not yet revealed our sex or age we shall not say what the beautiful Mrs. Lorrimer designed to call us.

"But Kate? dear Kate! do tell me how it came about! You to elope!—and without even the spur of opposition!"

"I did not elope!—I was run away with!"

"So report said. Yet you seem well and happy, and resigned to your fate, which does not always happen in these cases of abduction."

After a great deal of teasing and tantalizing Kate gave us the history of her escapade, which we will repeat in nearly her own words—at least as nearly as we can remember.

"Mr. Lorrimer," said she, "was first presented to me at a ball. I had been persecuted that evening beyond expression; such a set of absurd and fulsome darts, mousting their affected compliments and striving to make me believe myself the veriest angel that had ever appeared in the realms of fashion. I was sick of it all, and I determined, at the risk of acquiring an unenviable reputation for self-conceit and singularity, to make my own terms."

beforehand with the next "eligible" who presented himself. Just as I had arrived at this determination, I perceived Mr. Arthur Lorrimer approaching me, evidently for the purpose of obtaining an introduction. Here was a fine opportunity of commencing the new role. He gracefully, yet nonchalantly begged the honor of my hand for the next dance.

"I shall be happy to dance with you," I said, "upon one condition."

"Name it."

"Promise that you will not pay me any court."

"I promise;" and the gentleman kept his word. To reward him for his obedience, I danced with him every time that we met. A very pleasant intimacy sprang up between us, which, purely friendly as it was, had the effect of keeping former suitors at a distance, for which, you may be sure, I was truly thankful.

One splendid morning we happened to meet at a *dejeuner a la fourchette*, given by Lady Lonsdale at her pretty village on the banks of the Thames. Everything was perfect; the guests were well chosen, and bored each other as little as possible. Mr. Lorrimer and I walked about the grounds together. Somehow or other we strayed from our companions, and found ourselves alone in a beautiful shady walk. I noticed that he became agitated; but this I attributed not to perceive.

All at once he stopped short.

"Miss Osborn," he said, and though his voice perceptibly trembled, he looked straight through me with those penetrating blue eyes of his; "Miss Osborn, I have a proposition to make to you."

"Speak freely," I replied, playing with the cords of my mantle.

"Will you take me for a husband?"

"Seriously?"

"Seriously, or gayly, which you will."

"And this is your promise not to pay court to me?"

"It is for the surer keeping of that promise that I make the proposal. Look at me well," and he drew his tall figure to its utmost height. I am not altogether a bad looking fellow. Such as I am I offer myself to you, with all my qualities, good and evil in the bargain. If you can like the *total ensemble* we will be married."

"You are a terrible creature," I ejaculated.

"Do you think a woman's heart is to be carried by storm in this way?"

"Well, I will give you twenty-four hours to reflect upon your answer."

"Three days, or I refuse at once."

"Very well. Mind, I shall not give your an hour longer."

"Promise me that meanwhile you will speak no more on the matter."

"I promise."

And we chatted upon different subjects until we parted.

Three days afterward, at the same hour of the day we met at a morning concert. Mr. Lorrimer seated himself beside me.

"It is time agreed upon," he said in a low voice, drawing out his watch. "Your answer?"

"Mr. Lorrimer, I have had many thoughts during these three days."

"Too many perhaps." And he fixed his searching eyes on mine.

"I have been thinking you really do not love me."

"I will prove that to you hereafter."

"But I should like to be sure of it now."

"What can I do? You have forbidden me to court you."

"I know it. Still, before I consent, I must have one good, undeniable proof of your love."

"You shall have it."

And my lover fell into a reverie that lasted during the remainder of the concert.

A short time elapsed, and I saw very little of Mr. Lorrimer. I afterwards found that he had been absent during a part of the time. At length, one beautiful July morning, my cousin formed a party to Richmond, and invited Mr. Lorrimer to form one of the party. From Richmond we drove to some point of interest in the neighborhood.

Before I knew what I was about, I found myself seated beside my singular suitor in his britzka.

He waved his hand to the rest of the party who were slowly ascending their various vehicles, and giving directions to their servants, and off we set at full gallop.

"What are you about?" I exclaimed. "You will not dare!"

"Dare! to be sure I shall," replied my companion, with most provoking nonchalance.

I scarcely knew whether to laugh or to be angry. I looked back to our party, intending to appeal to some one for succour, but my daring lover had already placed a couple of miles between us and them.

"Mr. Lorrimer," I said, assuming a decent degree of indignation, for I was too much taken by surprise really to feel it, "this is an unheard of indignity."

"No, Miss Osborn, it is simply an elopement."

I was silent. The day was splendid; our rapid motion, as we flew through the air, delightful; and I was resolved to await the issue of the adventure.

We soon arrived at a pretty rural village, where we changed horses without leaving the carriage, and I found that Mr. Lorrimer had hired relays of post horses at every stage. Thus travelling with a very agreeable degree of speed, towards midnight we reached the pleasant little town of—. Here my abductor conducted me to the best hotel, where he had already engaged a double set of apartments.

"Miss Osborn," he said, as he led me into a large old fashioned room overlooking a garden. "I do not intend to be an intruder. But you must be half famished. Permit me to order you some dinner—the best the house can afford."

"It is highly necessary," I replied, somewhat sullenly.

"You require a proof of my love. I have given you the best in my power by running away with you."

"A fine proof. Any one else could have done as much."

"Then why did no one else think of doing so? But I have to give you a proof of my esteem, and this I do by retiring. Suffer me to pay my respects to you in the morning."

"Go now, then," said I, half laughing.

He left me; and the next morning we were married.

This is the whole story of my abduction. It was a dangerous frolic, I must confess, and you will be better pleased with what follows. I have persuaded my husband to buy Grange Hall, and we intended to settle down among you and eschew the follies of that gay world which suit his feelings no better than they do mine.

Thus ended Kate's narrative.

The happy couple are living among us yet, and veritable Darby and Joan, surrounded by a large family of loving children. Highly popular among their neighbors, their chief joys are in the attractions and pleasures of a home, celebrated through the whole country for hospitality and considered as a model home for all young couples.

Such is the pleasant sequel to Kate Osborn's singular elopement.

A Persian Bride.

Dickens, in *All the Year Round*, thus describes a bride in Persia:—"A Persian bride when first brought is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweetmeats for the occasion, and sadly besmeared with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put into her eyes to make them dark and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means so that they have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed of a coal black by indigo, or of a reddish brown by indigo and henna mixed with it, according to her own fancy or that of the broker. Her eye-brows are plastered and painted so thickly that they look like a large piece of court-plaster cut into arches and stuck upon her face. I say a large piece because they are joined artificially by a thick line across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colors, and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together, are stuck flat on each side of them in the shape of number sixes placed the wrong way. Her hands and feet, finger-nails and toe-nails, are dyed a light mahogany color with henna. She has no more shape or figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! she plays such tricks with herself generally, that at twenty she is an old woman, with her skin all shrivelled and burnt up by caustics and poisoned prickles of needles. This odd, under-sized creature waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the finest and largest trousers possible. She puts on a great many pairs of them, and is as proud of the size of her legs as a British damsel is of the size of her crinoline. She wears a smart embroidered jacket with short sleeves, and a pretty chemise of some light white silk material, embroidered with gold threads; but her arms, and legs, and neck are bare. She hangs upon her person as many jewels, gold coin, and trinkets as she can probably get at. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds, but is not particular as to their beauty or value, a diamond is a diamond for her, whatever its shape or color may be. She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely uncultivated. She has neither education nor accomplishments; but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and nightingales, with an undercurrent of strange roundabout wit and drollery. There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things which she ought not to know, and child as she is in years, she would outwit the wisest man who ever wore a grey beard."

Choosing a Wife.

Choosing a wife is a perilous piece of business. A wife should be selected on the same principles as a calico gown. Bright colors and gay patterns are not always the best company. Nothing like the sun and showers of matrimony to bleach out deceptive externals. Don't choose the treasure in gas light, or in a parlor sitting. Broad daylight is the best time. Bear in mind, sir, that the article once bargained for, you can't exchange it if it don't suit. If you buy a watch, and it don't run as you expected, you can send it to a Jeweller to be repaired; in the case of a wife, once paired, you can't repair. She may run in the wrong direction—very well, sir; all that is left for you is to run after her and an interesting chase you will probably find it. If you get a good wife, you will be the happiest fellow alive; if you get a bad one, you may as well sell yourself for two-and-six-pence at once! Just as well to consider all these things before-hand.—*Life Illustrated.*

A Hard Hit.

Jim—never made a joke in his life, yet no man ever had more made at his expense. On one occasion, while a candidate for Congress, he was making a speech in a country school house to an audience of country farmers, who were as a general rule very attentive listeners. Joe G—, however, formed an exception. He had been partaking rather liberally of whiskey straight, under the influence of which his comments made in a tone rather louder than a stage whisper, were exceedingly annoying to the speaker. Jim prepared for his grand effort. "My friends," said he, "I am proud to see around me to-night the hardy yeomenry of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country; and well may I love them, my fellow citizens, for I was born a farmer—the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocations of the soil. If I may be allowed to use a figurative expression, my friends, I may say, *I was raised between two rows of corn.*" A pumpkin! by thunder," exclaimed the inebriated Joe.

Wonders of the Atmosphere.

The Atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching toward heaven, of which it is the most perfect synonym and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto a crystal." So massive is it that when it begins to stir it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps city and forest like snowflakes to destruction before it.

And yet it is so noble that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves its aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all our senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings the color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow; and makes the blood mantle our cheeks; even its

north blast brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged climate.

The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the morning, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send the fleecy messenger on errands around the heavens; the cold ether would not shed snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the beautiful flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm nor fog diversify the face of the sky; our naked globe would turn its tanned, and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth into darkness.—But the air keeps in her hand a shield of her rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads and each creature space to find a place of rest and to nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and then a handful; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and like man she goes forth again to labor until evening.

The Counting of a Sharp Man of Business.

Potts is a sharp man of business tact, and when he goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price; and he says:—"Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Potts, like all men, is partial to women, and young ones in particular. Now quite lately Potts said to himself:—"I am getting rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married.'"

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married."

"Oh Mr. Potts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself."

"But," says Potts, "you are interested, and my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed, hesitated, and finally as Potts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Potts responded:

"Well, Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

A Beautiful Custom.

Among the French settlers in Canada, on the lower St. Lawrence, is a very peculiar custom,—something like the golden marriage in Germany.

"Whenever a venerable couple have trod the path of life together for fifty years they summon to a banquet under their roof, from every quarter of the land, all their children and grand-children, in whose presence is re-performed the ceremony that marked the man and wife half a century before, when the feasting and dancing, which continues for two or three nights together, speaks a most heartfelt happiness as well as gratitude; and at the expiration of every five years from that period, until separated by death, the aged pair continue to repeat the ceremony of publicly pledging their vows of fidelity and truth."

Wellington's Stratagem.

On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign on the Pyrenees, that "Great Captain" being displeased with the dispositions General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner. Doffing his cocked hat and waiving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment; as if about to order a charge. Thereupon arose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps, until reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself—"Soult is a skilful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up and we shall beat him." It turned out as he anticipated. Soult, naturally enough, supposed that these tremendous shouts announced the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late.—Had he struck at the right moment he would have won an easy victory; as it was he met with a bloody repulse. This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, engendered and executed in the same moment.

A Good Example.

A pastor was making a call upon a parishioner, an old lady, who had made an habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she heard evil spoken of. Before the lady made her appearance in the parlor several of her children were speaking of her peculiarity, and one of them playfully added—

"Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself was the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him."

Of course this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, immediately and involuntarily replied—

"Well, my dear children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance."

Items Foreign, & Local.

The Antigonish *Casket* says that about 3000 barrels of mackerel were taken in a seine last week, at Crow harbour, County of Guysborough.

During the three years past 590 plans for the construction of short-road ships, have been submitted to the British Navy department.

Eleven thousand six hundred and twenty-two foreign emigrants have passed over the Pennsylvania Railroad during the present year for the West.

The new statue of Franklin, made by Powers in Rome, has just arrived in Washington. It cost \$20,000, is eight and half feet high, and is said to be one of the finest works of art ever made.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, says the word "ekskadiddle," a reputed addition to the American vocabulary, is of common use in Dumfrieshire, and means to spill in small quantities.

The State of Sicily is in a deplorable condition. Assassins have overrun the kingdom and act with incredible boldness. For example, thirteen persons in Palermo were assassinated in a single evening.—The order to disarm the whole population has created much dissatisfaction among the people, as it would leave them an easy prey to assassins.

A steel suspension bridge of 100 yards span is now undergoing a scientific test at Birkenhead, England. The steel used in its construction stood the handsome test of 70 tons per square inch of tensile strain.

The big "Nugget," found by Mr. Sandborn, of Fredericton, at the "ovens" mines, is an exhibition at the Jewelry store of Mr. George Hutchinson, St. John. The *Telegraph* says, properly speaking it is not a "nugget," but a large boulder of quartz with numerous nuggets shining through it. The value is from \$500 to \$1200.

Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States—expend \$1,000,000,000 annually for alcohol, tobacco and opium. That is the direct expense; the indirect is much more.

The Prussian contributors of mineral specimens to the International Exhibition have made a present of their collection to the British Museum.

An old lady died in London recently, from sheer destitution, who was the claimant under a will to an estate of no less than seventeen millions of dollars. Although she was probably the legal heir, she became so greatly reduced that when found dead in the street, she had on neither shoes nor stockings and had evidently been without food several days.

Washington City is said to be infested with thieves, pickpockets and other contractors of various species.

The well-known Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, after officiating in an Episcopal Chapel in Edinburgh on a Sabbath lately, went in the afternoon to Free St. John's to hear the Rev. Dr. Guthrie. The circumstance has called forth considerable remark in High Church quarters.

George Francis Train, in a letter to the New York *Express*, speaks of the "Cogers" affair as a hoax.

The new Turkish Ambassador at Paris brings seven wives with him. The French have christened them *Modesmes* Monday, Tuesday, &c.—wife for each day.

Archbishop Hughes is said to be very ill. He was unable to officiate at the confirmation at St. Mary's Church, New York, on Thursday.

The *Gleaner* says, that Mr. Luke Pike, who has been a resident of Chatham, N. B., for upwards of thirty years, and is still hale and hearty, was on board the Shannon at the time of her fearful encounter with the Chesapeake.

The St. John *News* remarks, that the case of John Collins, charged with killing Capt. Wm. Hills, of Rockland, Me., who was found dead some time ago on the deck of the "Eagle Wing," was up for trial yesterday, and the prisoner acquitted without the jury leaving the box.

In one week recently—the storm week as it is called—nearly *Nine Hundred* vessels were wrecked on the coast of England. What a commerce that must be which can afford to give so much of its life to the sea, and yet retain its vigour!

Isabella Davidson, widow of a Waterloo veteran, died recently at Glasgow, aged 101. She was present with her husband and child at the battle of Waterloo.

Something wrong in Nova Scotia. In a late number of the *Royal Gazette*, Halifax, the Lion and Unicorn are exhibited on their heads.

The stealing of Indian children and selling them for slaves is becoming quite a business in California. About 100 of them have been taken through Lake County the present season.

It is feared that thousands of blacks and whites will starve in Louisiana and Mississippi this winter, provisions are so high and so scarce.

The \$500,000 worth of bonds stolen from the Bank of America on the 5th, have been recovered by the New York police.

In the new Austrian war budget there is an item in which rats and mice are especially interested—as a sum of 2,500*l.* is demanded for the feeding of cats to be kept in the victualling magazines of the army.

The bride elect of the Prince of Wales is named Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia!

In the United States Supreme Court at Washington, the black silk robes are abolished, the new members being averse to them, and at the next session the judges will sit in simple broadcloth.

Gen. Sigel says that he has one regiment, the 136th New York, which would take Richmond, could it be once encompassed within three miles of it, in one night—by stealing it.

An adroit professional thief attempted to steal a thousand dollar package of bank notes from the counter of the Bank of North America in Philadelphia, on Monday, by means of a fine wire hook. He got the instrument into the bills, but a bystander saw the notes moving and called the attention of the teller to the fact, when he sprang over the counter and secured the rogue.

A Jewish widow, who lived by begging, died a short time since at Flatow. In making the necessary preparations for the interment, it was discovered that in the rags which she had worn was secreted the sum of £200. She had but one son, and, by a will found after her death, she disinherited him; the ground she assigned for so doing being that he had never given her any assistance in her misery.

During the last few weeks Mr. Szereley, so well known for his labors in connection with his new process for preserving the stone of the Houses of Parliament from decay, has sent in to the International Exhibition several specimens of a new kind of leather cloth, which is just now exciting a good deal of attention, and is likely to prove a valuable discovery. By the application of a composition known only to the inventor, calico, linen, or alpaca, when coated with it, assumes many of the most valuable properties of ordinary leather, the fabric itself retaining all its flexibility, though perfectly waterproof, and possessing all the strength of common leather, though infinitely lighter, and less than half the cost. The process is capable of application to all the materials for which hides are now used, so that if the material only realizes in practice any one of the many savings its use is said to effect, it will be one of the most valuable new materials the Exhibition has brought forth.

General News.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN AND THE LONDON COGERS.—The London correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* transmits the following letter from George Francis Train to the "Society of Cogers," in Shoe Lane, in which that eccentric individual surpasses all his previous efforts. Its authenticity is said to be undoubted.

"*Revere House, Boston, Sept. 26, 1862.*—Dear Cogers:—I am knocking the bottom out of English aristocracy every time. To-day I have more power than any man in this empire. I speak to four thousand and five thousand at a time, and take five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars for an hour's talk some of which (as in England all went) goes to charity. I am smushing up the Abolition party here, and you see on my note paper my maxims. I am with you, as you know. There are two hundred in dress circle, and two thousand in I belong to the pit. England must have her revolution. The times are changing. The boys in the discussion halls will some day be a power. Think more of yourselves. Remember what I have said to you. Give regards to G— and O— and others. Tell them to keep my memory green. I am a Cogger. Do you know that I have seen the vile office of the world? Then get up a splendid address from the Cogers as being from the people of England to me, speaking of my qualities as a debater of my charitable actions of my Union fight, of my prophecies and my warnings. Let it be signed by the Cogers, and resolutions strong, and I will reply, publishing the correspondence. My name is in all mouths, thirty thousand photographs off, and bought by the dozen. When I pitch into England, remember I only speak the sentiments of—, to whom give kind regards. I am too young to take Charles Sumner's place in the Senate, else I should be elected in the discussion hall, as the most able of all the feature of my public life. No number of Parliament can compete with the minds under your harmonious roof.

Sincerely,
G. F. TRAIN

I shall send you a paper from week to week.—Send the address care of Curtis Guild, Esq., Boston—Shannon via New York—Mr. Walter, Cogers' Discussion Hall, Shoe Lane, Fleet