

The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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NO. 3

Poetry.

ALBERT.

DECEMBER FOURTEEN, 1861.

How should the Princess die?
With red and purple in her hair,
Leading the rush that cleaves the ranks,
And shouting some time-famous cry?

Ending a pleasure day,
Joy's painted goblet fully drained, and out,
While venturous vassals stand about,
And son new homage which they long to pay?

So have the Princess died,
Noble and happy for the fate that falls
On him who said you aged Castle walls,
Hearts, as he goes, the plash of Thames's tide.

Gallant, high-natured, brave,
On his last day was in warrior's days,
No nobler knight had won the minstrel's praise,
Than him for whom the half-sung banners wave.

Or, graced with gentler powers,
The song, the pencil, and the lyre his own,
Deigned he to live fair pleasure's thrall alone,
None had more lightly sped the laughing hours.

Better and nobler fate
His, whom we claimed but yesterday,
His, ours no more, his, round whose sacred clay,
The dust-laden pages and the heralds wait.

It was too soon to die,
Yet, might we count it a year by triumph won,
By wise, and bold, and Christian duties done,
It were no brief event his history.

This was his princely thought;
With all his varied wisdom to repay
Our trust and love, which on that fateful day
The Daughter of the Isles for duty brought.

For that he loved our Queen,
And, for her sake, the people of her love,
Few and far distant names shall call to mind
His own, where England's cherished names are seen.

Could there be closer ties
Twixt us, who, sorrowing, own a nation's debt
And him, our own dear Lady, who as yet
Must meet her sudden woe with tearless eye?

When with a kind relief
Those eyes rain tears, O might this thought employ!
His own she loved we loved. We shared her joy;
And will not be denied to share her grief.

Select Tale.

A DARK CHAPTER FROM THE DIARY OF A LAW CLERK.

(Continued.)

On the evening of the tenth day after his father's funeral, young Mr. Bridgman sat up till a late hour examining various papers and accounts connected with his inheritance, and after retiring to bed, the exciting nature of his recent occupation hindered him from sleeping. While thus lying awake, his quick ear caught a sound as of some one breaking into the house through one of the lower casements. He rose cautiously, went out on the landing, and soon satisfied himself that his suspicion was a correct one. The object of the burglar was, he surmised, the plate in the house of which there was an unusually large quantity, both his father and grandfather having expended much money in that article of luxury. Andrew Bridgman was anything but a timid person—indeed, considering that six men altogether slept in the house, there was but little cause for fear—and he softly returned to his bedroom, unlocked a mahogany case, took out, loaded and primed, two pistols, and next roused the gardener and groom, whom he had never before followed him—The burglar—three in number, as it proved—had already reached and opened the plate chest. One of them was standing within it, and the others just without it. "Hallo! rascals!" shouted Andrew Bridgman, from the top of a flight of stairs, "what are you doing there?"

The startled and terrified thieves glanced hurriedly round, and the two outermost fled instantly along the passage pursued by the two servants, one of whom had armed himself with a sharp-pointed kitchen knife. The other was not so fortunate. He had not regained the threshold of the closet when Andrew Bridgman fired. The bullet crashed through the wretched man's brain, and he fell forward, stone-dead, upon his face. The two others escaped—one of them after a severe struggle with the knife-armed groom.

It was some time before the uproar in the now thoroughly-alarmed household had subsided; but at length the screaming females were pacified, and those who had got up persuaded to go to bed again. The corpse of the slain burglar was removed to an outhouse, and Andrew Bridgman returned to his bedroom. Presently there was a tap at the door. It was Sarah Hollins. "I am come to tell you something," said the now aged woman, with a significant look. "The person you have shot is the Richard Green you have so often heard of."

The young man, H. H. after a few moments' much startled by this news, and his countenance flushed and pale in quick succession. "Are you quite sure this is true?" he at length said.

"Quite; though he's so altered that, except, Missus, I don't know any body else in the house that is likely to recognize him. Shall I tell her?"

"No, no, not on any account. It would only recall unpleasant events, and that quite useless. Be sure not to mention your suspicion—your belief to a soul."

"Suspicion! belief!" echoed the woman. "It is a certainty. But, of course, as you wish it, I shall hold my tongue."

So audacious an attempt created a considerable stir in the locality, and four days after its occurrence a message was sent to the Red Lodge from Bury St. Edmunds, that two men, supposed to be the escaped burglar, were there in custody, and requesting Mr. Bridgman and the servants' attendance on the morrow, with a view to their identification. Andrew Bridgman, the gardener, and groom, of course, obeyed the summons, and the prisoners were brought into the justice room before them. One was a fellow of about forty, a brutal visaged, low-browed, sinister-looking rascal, with the additional ornament of a but partially-closed hair-pile. He was unhesitatingly sworn to by both men. The other, upon whom, from the instant he entered, Andrew Bridgman had gazed with eager, almost, it seemed, trembling curiosity, was a well-grown young man of, it might be, three or four and twenty, with a quick, mild, almost timid, un-

quiet, troubled look, and features originally comely and pleasing, there could be no doubt, but now sunken and blighted into ill favor by excess, and other evil habits. He gave the name of "Robert Williams."

Andrew Bridgman, recalled to himself by the magistrate's voice, hastily said that he did not recognize this prisoner as one of the burglars. Indeed, he added, with a swift but meaning look at the two servants, "I am pretty sure he was not one of them." The groom and gardener, influenced no doubt by their master's manner, also appeared doubtful as to whether Robert Williams was one of the housebreakers. "But if he be," hastened the groom, hardly knowing whether he did right or wrong, "there must be some smartish wounds on his arms, for I hit him there sharply with the knife several times."

The downcast head of the youthful burglar was suddenly raised at these words, and he said, quickly, while a red flush passed over his pallid features, "Not me, not me—look, my arm sleeves have no holes—no!"

"You may have obtained another jacket," interrupted the magistrate. "We must see your arms."

An expression of hopeless despair settled upon the prisoner's face; he again hung down his head in shame, and all-veiled the constables to quietly strip off his jacket. Andrew Bridgman, who had gone to some distance, returned while this was going on, and watched for what might, next disclose itself with tenfold curiosity and eagerness. "There are stains enough here, sure enough," exclaimed a constable, as he turned up the shirt-sleeve on the prisoner's left arm. There were, indeed; and in addition to them, natural marks of two strawberries were distinctly visible. The countenance of Andrew Bridgman grew ashy pale, as his straining eyes glared upon the prisoner's naked arm.

The next moment he wrenched himself away, as with an effort, from the sight, and staggered to an open window—sick, dizzy, fainting, it was at the time believed, from the closeness of the atmosphere in the crowded room. Was it not rather that he had recognized in his long-lost brother—the true heir to the bulk of his deceased father's wealth, against whom, he might have thought, an indictment would scarcely lie for feloniously entering his own father's house? He said nothing, however, and the two prisoners were fully committed for trial.

Mr. Prince went down "special" to Bury, at the next assize, to defend a gentleman accused of a grave offense, but the grand jury having ignored the bill, he would probably have returned at once, had not an attorney brought him a brief, very heavily marked, in defense of "Robert Williams." "Strangely enough, too," remarked the attorney, as he was about to go away, "the funds for the defense have been supplied by Mr. Andrew Bridgman, whose house the prisoner is accused of having burglariously entered. But this is confidential, as he is very solicitous that his only-generous action should not be known." There was, however, no valid defense. The ill-favored accomplice, why, I know not, had been admitted king's evidence by the counsel for the crown, and there was no resisting the accumulated evidence. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. "I never intended," he said, after the verdict was returned; and there was a tone of dejected patience in his voice that affected one strangely. "I never intended to commit violence against any one in the house, and but that my uncle—he was shot—said repeatedly that he knew a secret concerning Mr. Bridgman (he didn't know, I am sure, that he was dead) which would prevent us from being prosecuted if we were caught, I should not have been persuaded to go with him. It was my first offense—in—housebreaking, I mean."

I had, and indeed have, some relatives in Millen-hall, in the same county, whom, at the termination of the Bury assize, I got leave to visit for a few days. While there, it came to my knowledge that Mr. Andrew Bridgman, whom I had seen in court, was moving heaven and earth to procure a commutation of the convict's sentence to transportation for life. His zealous efforts were unsuccessful; and the Saturday County Journal announced that Robert Williams, the burglar, would suffer, with four others, on the following Tuesday morning. I reached Bury on the Monday evening, with the intention of proceeding by the London night coach, but there was no place vacant. The next morning I could only have ridden outside, and as, besides being intensely cold, it was snowing furiously, I determined on postponing my departure till the evening, and secured an inside place for that purpose. I greatly abhor spectacles of the kind, and yet, from mere idleness and curiosity, I suffered myself to be drawn into the human stream flowing toward "Hang Fair," and once jammed in with the crowd in front of the place of execution, egress was I found impossible. After waiting a considerable time, the death-bell suddenly tolled, and the terrible procession appeared—five human beings about to be sacrificed by human hands, for offenses against property!—the dreadful and deliberate sacrifice preceded and accompanied by numerous sentences from the Gospel of mercy and compassion! Hardly daring to look up, I saw little of what passed on the scaffold, yet one furtive, quickly-withdrawn glance, showed me the sufferer in which I took most interest. He was white as if already sufficed, and the unquiet glare of his eyes was, I noticed, terribly anxious. I did not again look up—I could not; and the surging manure of the crowd, as it swayed to and fro, the near whisperings of ribald tongues, and the measured, mocking tones of the minister, promising eternal life through the mercy of the most high God, to wretches whose the justice of man denied a few more days or years of mortal existence—were becoming momentarily more and more oppressive, when a dull, heavy sound boomed through the air; the crowd swayed violently from side to side, and the simultaneous expression of many pent-up breaths testified that all was over, and to the relief experienced by the coarsest natures at the consummation of a deed too frightful for humanity to contemplate. It was some time before the mass of spectators began to thoroughly separate, and they were still standing in large clusters, spite of the bitter, falling weather, when a carriage, furiously driven, with the body of a female, who was screaming vehemently and waving a white handkerchief, projected half out of one of the windows, was seen approaching by the London Road. The thought appeared to strike every one

that a respite or reprieve had come for one or more of the prisoners, and hundreds of eyes were instantly turned towards the scaffold, only to see that it so it had arrived too late. The carriage stopped at the gate of the building. A lady dressed in deep mourning, was hastily assisted out by a young man with her, similarly attired, and they both disappeared within the goal. After some parleying, I ascertained that I had sufficient influence to obtain admission, and a few moments afterward I found myself in the press room. The young man—Mr. Andrew Bridgman—was there, and the lady, who had fallen fainting upon one of the benches, was his mother. The attendants were administering restoratives to her, without effect, till an inner door opened, and the under-sheriff, by whom she was personally known, entered; when she started up and interrogated, with the mute agony of her wet, yet gleaming eyes, the disengaged and distressed official. "Let me entreat you, my dear madam," he faltered, "to retire. This is a most painful sight."

"No—no, the truth!—the truth!" shrieked the unfortunate lady, wildly clasping her hands, "I shall bear that last!"

"Then I grieve to say," replied the under-sheriff, "that the marks you describe—two on the left and one on the right arm, are distinctly visible."

A piercing scream broken by the words, "My son?—my son?" burst from the wretched mother's lips, and she fell heavily, and without sense or motion, upon the stone floor. While the under-sheriff and others rushed and ministered to her, I glanced at Mr. Andrew Bridgman. He was as white as the line-washed wall against which he stood, and the fire that burned in his dark eyes was kindled—it was plain to me—by remorse and horror, not by grief alone.

The cause of the sudden appearance of the mother and son at the closing scene of this drama was afterwards thus explained—Andrew Bridgman, from the moment that all hope of procuring a commutation of the sentence on the so-called Robert Williams had ceased, became exceedingly nervous and agitated, and his decompose seemed to but augment as the time yet to elapse before the execution of the sentence passed away. At length, unable longer to endure the goadings of a tortured conscience, he suddenly burst into the room where his brother was to die, with an open letter in his hand, by which he pretended to have just heard that Robert Williams was the long-lost Mark Bridgman! The sequel has been already told.

The conviction rapidly spread that Andrew Bridgman had been from the first aware that the youthful burglar was his own brother; and he found it necessary to leave the country. He turned his inheritance into money, and embarked for Charleston, America, in the bark Cleopatra, from Liverpool. When off the Scilly Islands, the Cleopatra was chased by a French privateer. She escaped; but one of the few shots fired at her from the privateer was fatal to the life of Andrew Bridgman. He was almost literally cut in two, and expired instantaneously. Some friends to whom I have related this story deem his death an accident; others a judgment; I incline I must confess, to the last opinion. The wealth with which he embarked was restored to Mrs. Bridgman, who soon after removed to London, where she lived many years—and once no doubt, but untimely and rendered endurable by the soothing balm of a clear conscience. At her decease, not very many years ago, the whole of her property was found to be bequeathed to various charitable institutions of the metropolis.

"JANUARY."—The death month and the birth month have met together once more! The bells have rung, the snow has fallen, as no monarch's robe is woven, the bright, chastening robe, and at the baptismal font we welcome and christen the year. "Eighteen hundred and sixty-two!"

Oh year, be thy hands full of bounty, thy path full of blessing! Bright be thy sunshine, and sweet the fall of thy dew!

Joyful be thy days, and peaceful be thy nights! Pleasant be thy spring, and gracious thy summer and fruitful thy autumn!

Let thy face smile upon us, oh year, and bring us good tidings with thy lips, and good gifts with thy hands!

And yet, oh year just born and christened, thou hast no power in thyself; thou art God's gift, and thou wilt be to each and all of us just what our hearts and our lives shall make of thee!

THE PRINTER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.—1. Thou shalt love the printer—for he is the standard of thy country.

2. Thou shalt subscribe to his paper—for he seeketh much to obtain the news of which you shall remain ignorant.

3. Thou shalt pay him for his paper—he laboreth hard to give you the news in due season.

4. If a business man, thou shalt advertise, that thus thy profits will not only enable thee to pay for thy paper, but to put money in thy purse.

5. Thou shalt not visit him, regardless of his office rules—in deranging his papers.

6. Thou shalt not touch anything that would give the printer trouble; that he may not hold thee guilty.

7. Thou shalt not read manuscript in the hands of the compositor—for he will not hold the blameless.

8. Thou shalt not see the news before it is printed, for he will present it to you in due time.

9. Thou shalt ask him few questions of things in the office, for it thou shalt tell nothing.

10. Thou shalt not at any time send abusive letters to the editor, nor withhold him more than five times in a year, nor bring the printer old rotten wood, nor bring produce that defies the devil to eat.

An Exchange comes to us with the notice that "Truth" is crowded out of this issue. This is almost as bad as the up-country editor who said: "For the evil effects of intoxicating drinks, see our inside."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a humbug." "Sir," replied the man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

The Legend of Santa Claus.

This popular name of the saint who presides over Christmas and the toy gifts of that welcome season, is derived from Saint Nicholas. The legend of his first appearance is an Italian one. According to this a shoemaker named Giraldo, who lived in Ferrara, was so miserably poor, that his labor from day to day barely kept his family from starvation, and he was unable even to give a small dowry to his pretty daughters. It was not thought proper to marry without a dowry; and thus the young girls though each had an admirer, were compelled to remain single. Their father, however, went every morning to the shrine to pray to his patron saint, St. Nicholas, that he would work a miracle to relieve him from his distress.

One of his nearest neighbors, a rich merchant, who chanced one day to overhear his simple petition, ridiculed the idea of his expecting the saint to take care of his daughters, and recommended him to choose a patron saint, who would be able to do something for him. "Mine," he said, "is the Jew Buonajuto; he lends money at two per cent. a month; and if you know how to manage you may make four with it. He is not so deaf as St. Nicholas."

The poor man was shocked at this impious speech, and assured the merchant that his religious faith could never be shaken. He went every day to church, notwithstanding the other's mockery.

It was now Christmas Day, when the merchant and the Jew settled up their yearly accounts. Buonajuto found he owed his friend three hundred ducats, and wishing to give him an agreeable surprise, he ordered one of the ducks he had carefully fattened, to be killed and roasted, and then with his own hands introduced the three hundred gold pieces into the inside and sewed them up. He then sent the duck to the merchant as a Christmas present.

The merchant's wife, who shared the common prejudices against the Jews, declared she would not touch the duck, and the rich man resolved to sell it. When Giraldo passed on his way from church, his neighbor, as usual, bantered him on his devotion, showed him the Christmas gift his patron Saint had sent him, and taunted him with the stupidity of Saint Nicholas, who could not even send him a piece of bread. Finally, he offered to sell the duck for a dollar, and to wait for payment, as he knew Giraldo to be strictly honest. The shoemaker carried the duck home, and when he carried it for his Christmas dinner, and the three hundred ducats fell out, his first exclamation was—Praise to Saint Nicholas!

When he recovered from his surprise, he would have taken the money back, but his wife persuaded him that, as he bought the duck, it was rightfully his own. He therefore divided the sum between the two sisters for their two eldest daughters. The merchant, after some days, discovered the loss of the three hundred ducats, and went to the shoemaker to demand the money, which was refused. The cause came before the magistrate who was a pious man, and heard with indignation how cruelly the poor man had been ridiculed about his religion. His sentence was that Giraldo should keep the money, and that the merchant and the Jew should besides, pay a fine for their unscrupulous dealings, of one hundred and fifty ducats, to be given as a dowry for the shoemaker's youngest daughter.

The meaning of this legend is, that a beneficent Providence watches over and takes care of the poor, who are honest, religious and truthful. The tradition runs that since that time St. Nicholas pay a visit, every Christmas night, to all whom he thinks worthy of his favors. He is known altogether by the name—Santa Claus.

DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED.—Can any one tell me why, when Eve was made out of one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl was not made at the same time, to wait upon her? We can, easy? Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a hole in his stocking to be darned, a button to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended right away, quick now! because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm-tree, and then stretched himself, yawning out, "Ah! a tupper most ready, my dear." Not he. He made the fire and hung over the tea-kettle himself, he vented, and pulled the radishes, and did everything he ought to. He milked the cows, and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought a half dozen friends to dinner when Eve had not anything in the larder, sparrow season was over. He never stood out until eleven o'clock at a ward meeting, hurrahing for the out-and-out candidate and then scolding because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. To be sure, he acted rather cowardly about apple-gathering time; but then that doesn't depreciate his general helpfulness about the garden. He never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar-smoke. He never dined at his club, while solitary Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was created especially for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's care a little. That's the reason that Eve did not use a hired girl, and we wish it was so for all of us.

MANY FACTS IN SMALL COMPASS.—The number of languages spoken is 4,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 33 years. One quarter die before the age of 7. One half before the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons, 1 reaches 100 years. To every 100 only 6 reaches 80 years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, 33,333,333 die every year; 91,829 die every day; 7,780 every hour; and 60 per minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than single; and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than the short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of fifty years than men but fewer after. The number of marriages are in proportion of seventy-six to one hundred. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than day. Number of men capable of bearing arms is one-fourth of the population.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The male population of the State of Maine is 215,286; of this 123,831 are under 17 and 45,483 over 50 years of age.

Kossuth it is now declared is not dying of consumption but is in good health.

Provincetown, from which port the Confederate Commissioners sailed for England, is on Cape Cod. \$22,000,000 is the amount expended by the Federal Government for fire arms since the beginning of the rebellion. \$3,000,000 per day is the cost of maintaining their army.

The receipts of the St. John railway were in December 1859, \$8,627,61, and in December 1861, \$8,105,35.

Before spring we may expect 6000 troops to pass through Woodstock en route for Canada.

It is rumored that a regiment of soldiers is to be stationed at Houlton, Me.

A railway, under ground is being built, deep down through the city of London.

A large number of Banks in the principal cities of the Union have suspended specie payment.

Of 17,516 persons employed on the Roman railways, 6,781 are women who assist the masons.

The value of the Meerschaum pipes and cigar tubes imported into the United States in 1858 was \$200,000. Meerschaum is a mineral of soft earthy texture somewhat resembling chalk, found in Spain and some other countries.

Mr. Till, an aged and respected citizen of St. John was killed by a fall last week.

The St. Croix Herald certainly forfeits any claim upon the sympathies of the Provincial press when he uses the following, to say the least of it, absurd language: "It is true that England has not displayed much magnanimity or forbearance in this case by making a peremptory demand upon the United States Government for these men at a time when the nation is afflicted with the most serious of international troubles."

New Brunswick Government securities are quoted at last advices at 104 to 106. The lumber market continues more favorable.

The Parish of Canterbury, York County, contains 2311 inhabitants.

Four of the finest steamships in the world, were in Halifax harbor on Tuesday last, viz, Persia, Australasian, Adriatic, and Asia.

The merchants of Montreal have arranged to close their stores at 3 o'clock, on the afternoons of three days in the week, to allow of their employees attending drill.

There are 448 battalions of sedentary militia in Canada—250 in Upper and 198 in Lower Canada. The call of the military authorities for 75 men from each battalion would bring into active service 33,000 men.

A French transport ship, the Resource, bound to Callao, was recently wrecked 40 miles south of Valparaiso. She had over 600 souls on board, only five or six of whom were saved.

Advices from Cologne state the Cathedral of that city will soon be finished, and that the traditional banquet with which masons indicate the completion of their work will be placed on the summit of the building on the anniversary of the day which witnessed the laying of its first stone, 613 years ago!

The Boston Transcript says that the cost to the United States for the conveyance of Mason and Sillad across the Atlantic will not be less than \$20,000.

The Quebec papers announce that Lord Monck makes it a practice to attend the drill parades of the Quebec volunteers.

One of the debtors in the Queen's Bench prison, London, has been confined there since 1814.

A snow shoe club has been started in Quebec under the patronage of Lord Monck.

Prince Napoleon has sent a splendid service of Sevres China as a present to Secretary Seward.

The Earl of Aberdeen has abolished the game laws on his estates, allowing his tenants to hunt game as they please.

A Paris correspondent of the Brussels Independence states that an urgent request has been sent by the ex-Queen, Maria Amelia, to the two Orleans Princes serving in the Federal army, to return as quickly as possible to Claremont.

The American-built steamship Adriatic, once the pride of the Collins line, but afterwards sold to a Galway Company, was one of the first vessels employed by England for the conveyance of troops to the British Provinces.

It is said that when Lord Palmerston was complimented on the Government's measures, he laughed and said—"It was time indeed, or the next thing would be that the Canada Steamers would be obliged to advertise 'Wind and Weather, and the American Government, permitting.'"

The French Government are said to be building very costly line of steamers to run between France, the West Indies and New York and Boston.

The arrival of so many steamers at Halifax of late have greatly increased the price of coal. Sydney now brings \$8.00 per chaldron.

The price of cotton has ranged one hundred per cent higher in the Boston market the present year than at any time during the ten years preceding.

The following is said to be a sure cure for Dyspepsia: "Take a new axe, put a white hickory handle in it, bore a hole in the top of the handle, fill the hole with gum camphor, and seal it up. Then take the axe and cut cord wood at fifty cents a cord, until the heat of the handle dissolves the camphor."

Walter Thomas Meyler, one of the Young Irelanders who was imprisoned by the Government in 1848 for rebellious conduct, has recently published a letter in which he strongly rebukes The O'Donoghue, M. P., and his fanatical colleagues, for striving to renew the agitation. Mr. Meyler says that during the last thirteen years a revolution such as he never dreamt of has occurred in Ireland, and the result is popular contentment and general prosperity.

General News.

SPRIT OF THE AMERICAN PRESS. "We are not much surprised at the tone of the English press and all the hostile demonstrations of the English government as the tone of the people and press of our Provincial neighbors. Whatever our relations may be with Great Britain, we have certainly endeavored to live on good fellowship with our immediate neighborhood, and we are not aware of any offence being committed by us against them. Under these circumstances, have we not a right to try towards us in our hour of trial, and so much friendship for a rebellion prosecuted for the support of African servitude, by a slave oligarchy, that has heretofore been most liberal in its abuse of the Provincialists for making Canada an asylum for their fugitive slaves? War, even when at a sale distance from our homes, is a necessity to be declared by every civilized community. We are wholly unable to discern any reason, except it be unbridled passion, that can induce a decision on the part of the people on either side of our frontiers, which will make their houses the scene of the hostile armies, and their fields made desolate by the ravages of war. Is it that loyalty to Great Britain necessarily implies hostility to us, or friendship for traitors?"

Appearances certainly indicate that England is determined to force us into war, and thus far she seems to have received the countenance of the French Emperor in her designs, and should this French Emperor be to the controlling power on this continent. Would it not be well for us to ask France to step around to our side and join us, with the understanding that she might take her ancient position of Nova Scotia and Lower Canada, in the division of the spoils. Late events and warlike preparations would manifest that we are not to live in good neighborhood with British possessions, and our interest and peace might induce a change of neighbors.—Arvestock Times.

Even now, so undefined is the palpably sinister purpose of England, that we cannot but feel it to be uncertain, whether the issue has been postponed for years, or only for a few months. But we say with a solemn and deliberate conviction, that the nation will deserve to requit when it forgets the arrogant terms on which an adjustment of a question, not essentially critical, has been forced upon it, at a moment of distraction and weakness.—Boston Advertiser.

"When this government was strong and united we heard none of this bluster from these Blenheims and Canadans—but now that it is weakened by internal strife, they rage and fume most valiantly! If these people were not so ignorant as they are malign, they would know that the breaking up of this government by dissent in all directions would be a serious disaster to the British government were wrested from it by the force of our example. Our influence once weakened they would soon get a turn of the screw from the home government. They are dependent upon this country also for much of their material supply. And yet they would not consent to the use of our naval commanders has committed an act for which English precedent furnishes the only justification! These wretches of the British lion had better cease trying to imitate us, or their efforts may end in a wile."—Portland Transcript.

A Port Royal correspondent says— "There are now in Beaufort district, alone, as I am informed by official persons, nearly 16,000 slaves, whose masters have fled, and Beaufort District is but a small portion of the country at present in our hands. I have accompanied a number of the reconnoissances made in all directions from this post, both by sea and land; have witnessed the exploration of the country from Tybee Island on the South to North Elisto on the North, an extent of at least sixty miles, and have penetrated as far into the interior, on some of these excursions, as our troops have yet gone. Everywhere, I find the same state of things existing; everywhere the blacks hurry in droves to our line; they crowd in small boats about our ships; they swarm upon our decks; they hurry to our officers, from the cotton-houses to their masters, in an hour or two after our guns are fired."

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS IN PORTLAND.—Permission has been given, in a very courteous manner, to those of the British troops through Maine into Canada. As the migration of the St. Lawrence is closed, and the transport of troops inland from Halifax to Canada, in midwinter, would be expensive, tedious, and hazardous, England will appreciate this courtesy as one of no ordinary importance.—Boston Transcript.

BURIAL OF PRINCE ALBERT.—The funeral of Prince Albert took place on the 29th. At noon, the booming of a gun announced that the procession had started, and the troops reversed their arms. The carriages arrived in the order indicated by the programme, their sombre character contrasting with the scarlet uniform of the military. The mourners entered by the upper door, whilst the hearse, escorted by the lower gate, and the coffin conveyed into the chapel, which presented the most simple character, crowded by the invited in deep mourning, only varied by one or two uniforms. The service was very grand and impressive. Lord Palmerston and the Duke of Cambridge were not present. The Prince of Wales bore the eulogium with great fortitude. The Prince of Prussia was also much moved. At five minutes to one the coffin was lowered into the vault, amidst the deep and silent emotions of all present. Minute guns were fired during the whole of the ceremony, which concluded at three minutes past one.

EXTRA GAZETTE.—An Gazette has been issued, officially announcing the death of the Prince Consort. His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor directs that on the melancholy occasion all persons do put themselves into proper mourning, and also that militia officers, when in uniform, wear black crapes over the sword knot and on the left arm.—Globe.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—The Melbourne, at Halifax on Sunday, brought out 30,000 stand of rifles, some Armstrong guns, a quantity of stores, and two Artillery Companies. The Halifax Chronicle says that the Grenadier Guards on board the Atlantic at the Dock Yard, marched to the Garrison Chapel on Sunday afternoon. The men were greatly admired for their fine appearance. Previous to the leaving of the Atlantic there were 5000 troops in Halifax.—ib.

COLLATERAL RAIN.—The Genzia of Siena publishes a letter from Professor Campani and Gabrielli, whom our readers will remember as the authors of an interesting account of the red rain which fell in Siena, in December, 1860, and January, 1861.—These gentlemen state that on the 26th ult., the same phenomenon occurred again, and that a quantity of this rain having been collected, and that a quantity of it had been found to be less colored than above alluded to, but to be otherwise of the same nature as the latter in a chemical and physical point of view.

The freight business on all the New York roads to the Mississippi is said to be enormous and beyond the capacity of the roads. The Pennsylvania Central had in one day 40,000 bags of Potash.