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NO. 43

Poetry.

THE BRIDAL.

BY A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, not a funeral note,
As our friend to the altar hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelors went to be married.

We married him quickly, to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
We sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,
To think him not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And of our sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
Though the wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched away
From the first to the lowest storey;
And we have never heard from or seen the poor man
Whom we left alone in his glory.

Select Tale.

IF I HAD KNOWN OF THIS.

"Dearest mother," so she wrote, "how my heart is aching to see you! Three years—three long, long years! What an age it seems! In the Fall, Henry said that I should visit you in the Spring, and now the maple leaves are out, and golden buttercups spangle the green fields, but he does not speak of it. I wonder if he has forgotten? How could he forget? Last evening I had it on my tongue to say that Spring was here, and did begin the sentence, but he interrupted me with a complaint about something wrong in our housekeeping matters, and I had no heart to touch the subject again. It things go wrong, and worry him, while I am here and trying to do my best, they would become intolerable during my absence. It is plain that I am not to see my dear old home this Spring. Henry cannot spare me. Well, well; perhaps it is all for the best. But I am a weak child instead of a strong woman, a weak child, longing for my mother.

"Henry is kind—I love him, dear mother! Yes, I love my husband, oh, so tenderly and so truly! I try to be a good wife, I try to enter into all his plans; to help him in everything. But, his heart is set on this world more than mine. He lives only for what is external, while my thought is all the while receding—all the while dwelling among things unseen. I am not as strong as I was last Spring, nor so stout. I looked over some of my dresses, laid by a year ago, and find that they will have to be taken in before I can wear them. I was surprised at this, for I haven't been sick—only a little drooping. My appetite was poor all winter, and is no better now. I try to eat, in order to keep up my strength, but have to force nearly every mouthful.

"Don't mind the stains on this page, mother, I can't keep my tears back while I write, for thinking how only my poor written words will go to you—how only, from this sheet I can look up into your dear, dear face, and not least my living eyes upon you, not clasp your neck, not feel your kisses on my lips. Three years—such long years! Mother!—oh, mother! what ails me?

The pen dropped from nervous fingers, and the writer's pale, gentle face, wet with tears, was laid upon the blotched sheet before her. Down stairs, in the room just beneath, sat Henry Willis, her husband, with busy brain. He was a strong, earnest man, whose heart was in his work. For three or four years he had been all absorbed in trying the foundation on which to build a temple dedicated to fortune; and now the walls beginning to rise, he could think of little beyond the plans and progress of his temple. It was not designed to be very imposing or spacious, for his ideal was not grand; but, such as it was, it had, even while yet only shadowed forth, become the dwelling place of almost every thought.

Henry Willis had not forgotten his promise, to let his wife visit her mother. All through the winter it had been remembered, if not spoken of, but with diminishing pleasure as the spring approached. Now, he did not see that he could possibly let her go. Such absence would abridge his comfort materially; and besides, the expense troubled him. To fit her out with proper clothing for the visit, and pay the cost of the travel, would not take less than one hundred dollars; and there was so many things he could do with this sum of money.

"I wonder she can think of going, when she knows what it will cost." So he was talking to himself in the room below, while she sat writing, as we have seen, above. "I work too hard for my money to throw it away after this fashion. I wish she took more interest in things; was as earnest to get ahead as I am. It's as my father said before me—'Women are riddles.' O, well! I must only make the best of it. Esther never crosses me in any thing, and if I could, never says a hard word back. I sometimes wish that she was sharper than she is, even if she was sharp on me sometimes. As to going home this Spring, I don't see that it is possible. There is too much to do, and I can't spare the money. She said nothing about it, and I guess don't intend to. Maybe she's waiting for me to speak; or, maybe, she sees just how it is, and has concluded in her mind that it won't pay. Of course, I shall make no allusion to the subject, if she doesn't. I look straight ahead, and build my hopes in the future. The past has little in it, that I love or care for, while the future is full of becoming pleasures. Ah, well! we are not ironed alike. It takes every kind to make a world."

How little did Henry Willis comprehend the woman he had taken to be his wife. Her gentleness, her sweetness, her tenderness had won him; but he was too much in the world, and a man of the world to comprehend the wants of such a nature. His inner life reflected only external things—it was dark on the internal side.

There followed a kind of interregnum in the thought of Mr. Willis—a brief confusion—as he ceased speaking. Then he found himself listening, with pauses of the breath—listening upwards. He knew that his wife was in the room above. How very still it was! He could not hear a sound—not a footfall, or movement of any kind. A weight of

concern dropped suddenly on his feelings. Rising, he went up stairs oppressed with a vague uneasiness.

"Esther!" he called, on opening the door of his wife's room, and seeing her at a small writing-table, with her face bowed down and hidden. She did not stir nor answer. "Esther!" he repeated, as he laid his hand on her. But there came no response. He tried to rise her head, but it sunk down from his imperfect hold; not, however, before he had seen her face, that was pale and death-like. His heart gave a wild bound of fear, as he caught her in his arms, and carried her to the bed.

It was only a fainting fit; yet, not until long after the physician's arrival, did the weary soul take up its burden of mortal life again, and then only with feeble effort.

To the husband's anxious enquiry—"What does it mean, doctor?" this, at first scarcely comprehended answer was given: "There is some unsupplied want in her life, Mr. Willis. I have seen it for a long time. There are natures which cannot live on bread alone, and her's, I think, is one of them. If you can discover and supply this want, well; if not, she will go on drooping and failing. A little while and the grass will be green above her."

The physician understood, in part, the case, and this was the prescription—better than lancet or drug, than pill or powder.

Alone with his half unconscious wife, and the doctor's at first not clearly understood warning in his mind, Mr. Willis passed the night following—sleepless. He was wiser before the day dawned, for, every word of that unfinished letter, over which the poor wife's heart and strength gave way, had been written down in his brain. It was read, and then the blotted pages laid carefully out of sight. But what a revelation it proved!

"If I had known of this?" How many times, in the long, sleepless hours of that night, did Henry Willis thus give voice to his concern,—and all the while light came stealing into his mind with the gradual increase of breaking day. "Natures that cannot live on bread alone." Strange words when spoken by the doctor; but now full of meaning.

Back into the heart of this man, who had, for a few years, lost himself amid the attractions of mere sensuous things, came old ideals of life—old tenderness—old appreciations—old loves.

"I have been too hard, and coarse, and cold, for this pure nature," he said, with brimming eyes, as he bent over the low-breathing sleeper, and looked at her almost spiritual face. "And now, if I will keep her, I must be soft, and gentle, and warm. Drifting, drifting, drifting away, and I saw it not! The angel of my home, with wings half-raised to depart, and I dwelling in conscious safety!"

He shuddered as he realized the danger that impended.

The day had broken, and now the morning sunbeams were looking in through the half-drawn curtains that shaded the windows of Mr. Willis's bedroom. Mr. Willis, worn out with the night's watching, had laid his head upon a pillow, and was asleep. In the long rest of exhausted nature the wife had gathered up a portion of strength, and when the sunbeams awoke her, she looked around in bewilderment of mind. Partly rising on one arm, she saw her husband's face close beside her, on the very pillow which had supported her own head. He sat in a chair, with his clothes on, and was asleep.

"Henry!" She called his name, putting her hand on his as she spoke. Her voice and touch aroused the sleeper.

"How are you darling?" He was wide awake in a moment, looking at her with tender, yet troubled eyes.

"I'm very well. What has been the matter, Henry? Why are you sitting here with your clothes on? Have I been sick? Mrs. Willis, with whom memory was becoming active, looked from her husband's face to the table where she had been writing.

"You had a fainting spell, dear," was answered, and as Mr. Willis said this, he pressed his wife gently back upon the pillow from which she had arisen. "I never dreamed you were getting so weak. But I see it all now. We strong, rough men, don't comprehend everything."

A soft smile went faintly over the pale face of Mrs. Willis, giving it a sad and touching beauty. Her silken lashes fell tremblingly down on her pale cheeks. Her wan lips quivered. Now the doctor's admonition came in full force to her husband, and all it meant was apprehended. He felt that to lose her would be to lose that which made life really precious. The old true love, that had in it no worldliness—that was so full of sweetness—that saw its objects as an embodiment of purity and grace—was revived in his heart, and he wondered how it could ever have failed.

"As soon as you are strong enough, Esther, to bear the journey, you must make that visit to your mother. If I had known—" The husband checked himself, for this was betraying the fact that he had read her unfinished letter.

"I am strong enough, Henry." Her eyes flashed open, and he saw rainbows in the tears that glistened her lashes.

"You want to see your mother very much?"

"Oh, Henry!" The wet lips quivered and closed.

"Three years is a long, long time, Henry," she murmured, with her eyes still shut.

"I know it is, darling. But I was so absorbed in my work—so lost in business and plans—that I did not enter, as I should have done, into your feelings. But, I see it all now. You shall go home at once, and every year, if your heart desires it."

What light, and warmth, and beauty, came into the pale, wasted countenance.

"You are very good, Henry, and it will be selfish in me to leave you, even for so short a time; but I am not so strong as I was, dear. Somehow, I am giving way both outwardly and inwardly. For the whole of last year I have pined to see my old home—to lay my head against my mother, and to feel her arms around me. I could not help it, dear though I tried hard. You are good and kind; I love you with my whole heart; and I ought not to feel as I have felt."

The eyes of Mrs. Willis were full of love as she looked up into her husband's face.

"If I had only known of this! And I might have known," was the self-condemning answer.

In less than a week Mrs. Willis was in her mother's arms. Her husband stood by, comprehending in a slight degree, through recently obtained perceptions, something of her ineffable joy. She was passing away from him, but he had drawn her back.

Thenceforth, food, other than natural bread, was given for the sustenance of a life whose wants reached far above those things which perish in the using.

My Courtship of Betsey Jane.

BY ANTERAS WARD.

There was many a sweet tie which made me hanker after Betsey Jane. Her father's farm joined ours; there cows and orn all squenched there thirst at the same spring; our old mares both led stars in their forerds; the meadows broke out in their farmacies at nearly the same period; our parents (Betsey's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meeting house, and the nabers used to observe—"How thick the Wards and the Peaseleys air!" It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsey's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so that they wouldn't sell 'em effluentially bilen Sope together and abosom the nabers.

Altho I hanker intensely arter the object of my aff'kshuns I darsent tell her of the fires that was ragin in my narry Bazzum. I'd tried to do it, but my tung would kirkwollup agin the roof of my mouth and stick thar, like deth on a decesset African, or a Country postman's off's, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like an old-fashioned wheel Flae agin a barn floor.

Twas a curm stilt nite in Joon. All nather was hush, and nary zeller disturbed the seren silens. I sot with Betsey Jane on the fence of her farther's pasther. We d bin roamin threw the woods, pulen flowers & driven the Woodchuck from his Native Lair so to speak with long sticks. Wall we sot thar on the fence, a swingin our feet to & fro, blushing as red as the Baldiesville skool house when it was first painted, and lookin very simple I make no doubt. My left arm was okepied in ballansin myself on the fence, while my rite was wounded lovingly round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblingly said—"Betsey you're a Gazelle." I thowt that air was putty fine. I waited to see what effect it would have up on her. It evidently didn't tetch her for she up and said, "You'd'r a Sheep!" Sez I, Betsey, I think very muchly of you." "I don't b'lieve a word you say, so there now cum!" with which obersavshun she hitched away from me. "I wish there was winders in my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelings. Thar's fire enuff in here," sed I, striking my Bazzum with my fist, "to hile all the corn beef and turrips in the morborhood. Versovis and its Creater ain't a circumstance!"

She bowed her head down and commenst chewin the strings of her sun bonnet. "Ar, could you know the sleepless nites I worry through on your account—how vittles has seized to be attractive to me, and how my limbs has shrunk up—you wouldn't doubt me. Gaze on this wastin form and these are sunken cheeks—"

I should have continued on this strane probably for sum time, but unfortunately I lost my balluness and fell over into the pasther ker smash, tearin my close and severely damagin myself generally.

Betsey Jane sprung to my assistance in double quick time and dragged me forth. Then, drawing herself up to her full hite she sed—"I won't listen to your noneents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're driven at. If you mean to get hitched, I'm in!"

I considered that air enuff for practical purposes, and we proceeded immediately to the parson, and was made one that very nite.

A Domestic Farce in one Scene.

"Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is always on the buttered side?"

"I don't know. It had'n't orter, had it? The strongest side ought to be up, and this is the strongest butter that I have ever seen."

"Hush up, it's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it? the great ugly lazy thing."

"What, your aunt?"

"No, this 'ere butter. To make the poor old woman churn it it when it is strong enough to churn itself."

"Hush, Zeb, I've eat a great deal worse in the aristocratic houses."

"Well, people of rank ought to eat it."

"Why people of rank?"

"Cause its rank butter."

"You varment you! what makes you talk so smart?"

"Cause the butter has taken the skin off my tongue."

"Zeb, don't lie. I can't throw away the butter."

"I'll tell you what I would do with it—keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies ked over as soon as they touch it."

The Rev. Sydney Smith once said, in writing of kissing:—"We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long; and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy. Let there be a soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh deeply after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but to give it as a humming-bird runs his bill into a honeysuckle—deep, but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have had the memory of one we received in our youth, which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we will think of when we die."

The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified during a late general mourning in London. A tailor had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a short space of time. Among his workmen there was a fellow who was always singing Rule Britannia, and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop made him play the lively tune of Nancy Dawson. This had the proper effect—the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed time.

A Western Court Scene.

In some portions of the Western country, at the opening of the court, it was found necessary to employ officers to keep the lobbies clear; but before they entered upon the discharge of their duties, it was decided that they should take an oath to perform their duty. Consequently, the following scene occurred:

District Attorney.—May it please your honor, I do not remember any form of oath to be administered to the lobby officers, but, by your permission, I think I can frame one that will be satisfactory to the Court.

Judge.—Proceed, Mr. Attorney.

District Attorney.—Put your hand on the book. Whereupon a tall, lean, vinegar-faced man stepped up and promptly grabbed the book held toward him.

District Attorney.—You do solemnly swear, in the presence of this Court and its lawyers, that you will take your position in the lobby, and there remain with your eyes skinned during the entire session of this court. That you will not suffer any one to speak above a low whisper, and if any one shall dare do so in the presence of your royal highness, you will vociferously exclaim, "Silence in the lobby?" and if further order is not immediately restored, you swear that you will, by one ponderous blow of your fist, planted between the peepers of the offender, knock him down. All this you will do, to the best of your skill and knowledge and ability, so help you God.

The officer took the position assigned him, and immediately after the court was organized, Tom Diggers, who looked as green as young gourds, walked into the court room, wearing brogans number eleven, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and inquired:

"Hellow, fellers where in thunder is Sim Smelin?"

"Silence in the lobby!" roared the outraged official.

"You must be an ill-fred, ternal fool, and if ye jest about that bread trap of yourn agin, your marm won't know ye!" shouted back the proprietor of the brogans.

Whereupon Jim Jarvis, the officer, let fly the dogs of war, and greeny fell flat on his back, with his pedestals at an angle of forty-five degrees in the air. He grabbed greeny by the seat of his pantaloons, and dragged him, wrong end foremost, into the presence of his honor, the presiding judge, and said:—

"Mr. Judge, here's that darned, infernal fool, Tom Diggers, who war'n't never in a court house afore, and he undertook to run over this chicken, but, 'ording to my oath, I fitched the ternal critter up stoochn, 'gavin' him a jerk atween the eyes, 'ording to law, and now, say the word, and I'll maul the dog-woman juice outen him afore you kin wink your eye twice."

Judge.—Turn him loose, Mr. Officer, and accept the thanks of the Court for the prompt discharge of your official duties.

Soon after the Court adjourned to drink.

CORK.—Many persons see cork used daily, with out knowing whence comes this useful material.—Corks are cut from large slabs of the cork tree, a species of oak which grows wild in the south of Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about fifteen years old, but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every ninth year—the quantity of the bark continuing each year to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off it is singed in the flames of a strong fire, and after being soaked a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it can be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no efficient substitute for it has been discovered.

The valuable properties of cork were well known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples; the ancients mostly used cement for stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork which, being spread on the inside with a resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times, cork was not used for stopples to bottles till about the close of the seventeenth century—was being used till then for that purpose.

The cork imported into Great Britain is brought principally from Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The quantity annually consumed is upward of five hundred tons.—Scientific American.

LOG.—A man who was up to a thing or two, once offered that he could prove that this side of the river was the other side. His challenge was soon accepted, and a bet of ten dollars made; when, pointing to the opposite side of the river, he shrewdly asked:

"Is not that one side of the river?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Agreed," said the man, "and is not this the other side?"

"Yes," said the other.

"Then," said the man, "pay me ten dollars, for by your own confession I have proved that this side of the river is the other side."

The dumfounded antagonist, overcome by this profound logic, immediately paid the money.

BLESS THE WOMAN.—Mrs. Partington says she has heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but she knows of many thousand younger ones who have kissed very great calves.

Milton says that many thistles grow upon Parnassus. That must be the reason why so many donkeys browse at its base.

THE FIRST OATH.—"I will kiss you, Eve," said the father of us all to our common mother. "I don't care, A-dam if you do."

THE SHELL.—Take the bright shell From its home on the sea. And wherever it goes It will sing of the sea.

So, take the fond heart From its home and its hearth, 'Twill sing of the loved To the ends of the earth.

Items Foreign, & Local.

There are now in the Lunatic Asylum, St. John, 170 patients.

The Monte Christo, a paper published by Alexander Dumas at Paris, has just been seized by the police for a series of articles on the history of the campaign of 1801, entitled "Epopee Garibaldienne."

One of the Queen's bookbinders at Windsor has discovered a method of spotting bank notes, or any other sheets of paper.

Only 4000 bales of cotton have been brought into New Orleans since the capture by the Federal force, 25th of April.

The London Daily News announces the sudden death of the Earl of Ellesmere while on a visit to Scotland. Viscount Broekley succeeds to the title.

Judge Mondelet, in a case lately tried at Montreal, commanded the Interpreter of the Court to cut off his mustache, his honor alleging that it was impossible for a man wearing one of these fashionable ornaments, to speak plain.

In Liverpool there are nearly 3000 houses in which strong spirits or beer is retailed.

The skull of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, who died in the year 375 B. C., holds a place in the International Exhibition.

The collection in Quebec up to the 3rd inst. for the distressed operatives in England, reached \$7,886.

The Halifax Express cautions the public to be on their guard when receiving British quarter dollars, as there is a large quantity of counterfeiters of that coin in circulation.

The Army and Navy Gazette does not think there will be any brevet on the Prince of Wales attaining his majority.

The debt of the city of Halifax is reported to be \$128,500.

Mr. John R. Marshall has received the appointment of Chief of Police in St. John, in place of Mr. Scoullar removed.

Irish residents of Lozerne county, Penn., made resistance to the draft, military were called out in town of Blakely, they fired on the insurgents, killing four or five; forcible opposition was put down.

Herald's Washington despatch says information has been received from Nashville, that Confederates in large force were near that city on 11th, who demanded its surrender—Federal force ample for its defence.

Drafting commenced in Boston on the 15th. The number to be drafted was 2,100.

The revenue of Nova Scotia this year will exceed that of last by at least \$150,000.

Thirty thousand barrels of oil were destroyed by fire on the 8th at Oil City, Pa. The total loss is estimated at \$200,000.

A man named Sandburn, said to be a native of Fredericton, has discovered a nugget of Gold worth \$1000, in the vicinity of the "Ovens," Nova Scotia.

It is claimed that Mount Desert, Maine, was settled by a colony of Catholic Jesuits in 1605; two years before the Popham Settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec.

Mr. Wm. A. Sampson, of Fort Fairfield, Me., has just put in successful operation at that place, a steam grist mill, the first one in Aroostook County.

The London News states that the revenue of this year from the Crown Lands Department will be over \$300,000 more than last year.

They say the horse Bob Fillingham won something like \$50,000 for his owner by beating Ethan Allen recently on the Fashion Course, N. Y.

A new fashion has come into vogue amongst the women of Paris, who may now be seen carrying handsome sticks with jewelled heads and ribbons, in the Charles the Third style.

A distinguished physician in Paris, Dr. Robert De Lamblere, announces that a shock of electricity given a patient dying from the effects of chloroform immediately counteracts its influence and restores the sufferer to life.

The funeral of Mrs. General Scott took place at St. Thomas Church, in New York Wednesday, the 8th inst., the remains having arrived from Rome on Saturday. The body was enased in an oak coffin lined with lead. The plate bore the following inscription:—Mrs. Maria Mayo Scott, wife of Lieut. General Scott, born in Richmond, in 1789, died at Rome, June 10th, 1862."

A horrible case of self-mutilation recently occurred in Nottingham, England, a married woman named Abel cutting off her own tongue. She had had a quarrel with her husband, rose about six o'clock next morning, went down stairs and cut off as much as she could reach, leaving the remainder seriously mangled. A surgeon was sent for, but after examining the wound he gave very little hope for her recovery.

A boy 12 years of age, named Hard, escaped from the Indian attack on a settlement near Lake Shetek, Minnesota, and actually carried and let his baby brother, two years old, for sixty miles to New Ulm, the nearest settlement. These "babes in the wood" were fourteen days in making the journey, subsisting on wild fruits and roots. The mother of these heroic children has since been rescued and reunited to them.

The 7th Maine Regt., which left for the seat of war originally 1200 strong, and during its absence received recruits, has returned to Maine for the purpose of recruiting its ranks, having been fearfully reduced by battle and by disease. This regiment went into the battle of Antietam with fifteen officers and 160 men, and came out with four officers and 65 men.

A Canadian paper says that the war has now assumed so grave a character, and the President's last two proclamations placed it on a basis so repugnant to the spirit of the age, that intervention or extermination is fast becoming a necessity.

The Canadian courts have lately decided that a note or bill with the words "with current rates of exchange" on New York or other places within the United States, is not a bill or note that can be sued on as such.

The announcement of the death of Sir John E. W. Inglis, which took place at Hamburg, on the 27th ult., will be received with regret. Sir John was a son of the late Bishop Inglis of Nova Scotia, and we believe, was born in the Sister Province. His defence of Lucknow, during the Indian Mutiny, will be fresh in the minds of most of our readers. His age was about 47.—Globe.

The arrangements have been completed for the great fight for the championship, between Mace and King. The first portion of the deposit money has been paid, and the remainder soon will be.—The fight will take place sometime towards the last of November. The contest will be for £200 a side and the belt.

The Boston Transcript cautions the public against the ingenious and very dangerous counterfeit of \$10 gold pieces, which are circulated extensively, and almost defy detection except by an expert. The genuine coin is opened, fully one-half the gold taken, then filled in with platinum or some equally heavy substance, and then closed up; the coin itself, at all appearance, remaining the same.

General News.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILROAD.—The Globe, Toronto, of the 29th ult., is out in strong opposition to the projected Railroad. If our contemporary does not satisfy public opinion in his section of the country, we shall be induced to believe that Western Canada will have nothing to do with the scheme, as the desire there is to push on Westward (not Eastward), to open up an immense territory in the direction of the Rocky Mountains. It is even said that they do not want a union with the maritime Provinces. It will be amusing, if, after all the fuss and feathers we have again been having upon the Intercolonial Railroad, that the scheme should collapse (for the third time) by Canada throwing cold water upon it. In such a dilemma the next course would be, on which side of the Atlantic reside the greater humbugs—let us go to England and ask for British Guarantees, not one, but two or four times. 21ly, the guarantee is promised (quantity) by Earl Grey, and after we have prepared to accept the conditions, his lordship informs us that we misapprehended him—he did not mean what we supposed he did. 3dly, the three Provinces sent delegates (last year) to work in the same old direction upon the fortunes of the Duke of New castle—a guarantee upon stiff terms is promised, and when we come home "to work the thing up," in the local Parliaments, the principal Colony "kicks the thing overboard"—that is if we are to believe the Toronto Globe to be a good prophet.—News.

In avoiding Scylla, the Ministry have however, run upon Charibdis. They have met with unexpected opposition from Mr. Dorton in Lower Canada, and in Upper Canada the Reform press is almost unanimously against their scheme. A legislative union with the Lower Provinces, preceded and accompanied by an expensive railway scheme will never be acceptable to Upper Canadians, but at the present moment, the Reformers are righteously indignant, the branding of the scheme is regarded almost as an act of insanity. The people of Upper Canada have not commercial interests in common with the Lower Provinces. They would probably not reject a union with them if it could be secured at a mere nominal price, but in the west. If there was \$50,000 in the pocket of the Province to spare,