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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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NO. 48

Poetry.

MR. BULL TO HIS AMERICAN BULLIES.

Hey, I say you two there kicking
Up that row before my door,
Do you want a good sound licking
Both? If not, you'd better stop.
Peg away at one another,
If you choose such fools to be;
But leave me alone; don't bother,
Bullyrag, and worry me!

Into your confounded quarrel
Let myself be dragged I'll not
By you, fighting for a Morrill
Facit, or your slavery lot.
What I want to do with either
Is impartially to trade:
Nonsense I will stand for neither
Past the bounds of gasconade.

Yon North, roaring, raving, yelling,
Hold your jaw, you booby, do;
What, d'ye threaten me for selling
Arms to South as well as you?
South, at you don't bawl and bellow,
That won't make me take your part;
So you just be off young fellow,
Now, you noisy chap, too start!

To be called names 'tis unpleasant;
Words, however, break no bones;
I control myself at present;
But beware of throwing stones!
I won't have my windows broken,
Mind, you bullies, what I say:
See this stick, a striking token;
Cut your own, or civil stay,
—From Punch.

Select Tale.

THE SHERIFF'S WIFE.

It is four o'clock in the morning. The first blush of the dawn is just breaking into my window and lighting up a world full of more sorrow and shame than I ever before dreamed or imagined could be in it. I know—I always did know—that there was much of red sorrow here, even under the garb of philosophy and the face of careless and rioting mirth. But as I sit here in my solitary chamber, and look back from the dead I have done this very night, through the darkness of many years, during all of which I have worn a mask—a face of a hypocrite—a smile of quiet peace of conscience, and oftentimes joy, while my heart was all the while rebelling, and self accusation making me a coward, I shudder and feel faint. It is the first time in all these hypocritical years—let it be the last.

My story is a short one, and I have resolved to write it. No one, of course, can know who is the writer, but I have wronged and deceived, and he who has wronged me as bitterly, should they ever read this. Let them know! For the last, what difference does it make to me? The first is the husband of my bosom, and he knows that since I made the vow that bound us to each other, I have been to him a faithful and loving wife. And when he knows the deed I have done this night, though it might bring disgrace and shame to him, I know he will feel me to his heart, and believe that I am still his own true-hearted wife. And he will believe the truth. I am. I never wronged him in thought since the night he first pillowed his head on my bosom. I know I never shall.

But to my story. I have a vision now of a large house in New England—that is the nearest I dare write the place—a pleasant large house in the dense shadow of old trees, with a wide open lawn sloping down to the water's edge—the edge of the ocean—where you could stand and look away off to sea till the eye grew tired of the distance: it was so far—so boundless! It was the home of my childhood. I was born there, and lived there till I was a woman grown: for I believe I was a woman in spirit long before I reached a woman's stature. There was no other house near, except those of my father's tenantry; for he was owner of a vast domain, reaching along the coast for I know not how far, and way back in the country for miles I should think. There were seven of us children, of whom I was the eldest, and half way down the list stood the name of my only brother. We had tutors as we grew up, and the best masters; but more than these, we had the kindest and most indulgent parents. But having no society in the neighborhood and rarely any visitors except in the summer there was nothing to subdue the exuberance of our spirits, and time down to conventional forms our outdoor habits.

I learned and loved to ride my father's fleet horses and would scour the country for miles on horseback alone and unattended. I never thought of danger. I learned to row, and to manage a sail-boat, and often spent most of the day on the water, borne along by a gentle breeze, or bounding over the fierce waves when a storm was coming along the coast. I could do it now. Oh! how I should love this very moment to feel the strong breeze blowing on my cheek that was bearing me on over the waters as it did when I was only a girl! I think it would cool my brain, and help to still this wild beating of my heart.

It was the month of June. For several days a wild storm had been raging along the coast—a very unusual thing at that season of the year. But at length it broke away, and the morning arose clear and bright. It was my birthday. I was just eighteen. The confinement of several days had been irksome to me, and after breakfast I took my father's large sail-boat for a day's excursion. I would have no one with me this day. I would have it all to myself. Two hours from that time found me far out at sea, and a fine breeze bore me merrily along, with a wild feeling of freedom that they only know who have been in the same circumstances. The land faded from my sight, and nothing was around me but the boundless horizon of water, and the glorious sun above me. I seemed alone in the world. Not a sail was visible in the whole expanse of sea. Not a living thing moved in sight. I was alone, and with a careless feeling of indifference to everything but my own sense of enjoyment, I became unconscious of the passage of time till I was aroused to the feeling that I was not the only being in existence by finding myself surrounded by floating spars, and the rigging of a large vessel, and boxes and bales of goods. No wreck was to be seen, but all these evidences of a recent one were scattered for miles over the sea.

Roused to exertion, I steered from one fragment to another, hoping to find some survivor. Every speck that I could see floating in the distance was

anxiously examined, but no human form was discoverable. All must have been lost; and it was only when warned by the declining sun that I gave up in despair, and turned my boat toward the land.

Death is terrible any where. To those who have worn out weary days and weeks and months in sickness—going down to the grave step by step, slowly but surely, with its mouth constantly open before them, it comes with a sad sense of reviving. The heart ties that have been gathering about them for years and years are only bound the tighter and stronger in the prospect of their being severed. And they lie day by day, and the nearer they draw to the "all trying hour" the more clinging they look back to all they have loved and all they are losing, and Memory gathers up her countless and hitherto uncounted stores of affection, and tells them over and over—oh! what unutterable yearning that they might last! But to be lost at sea—sailing on gayly and joyously—with the land almost in sight, and those very objects that love has been looking toward through weary months of absence almost in our arms and gathered to our hearts—to go down suddenly to the chambers of the deep in the midst of terror and dismay, and the shrieks of despair—how ten-fold more terrible it must be!

Such thoughts as these filled my mind as I turned away from this scene of ruin and steered toward home, and had lost sight of every vestige of the wreck, when I saw a mere speck on the water a little out of my course. It was a piece of a spar and clinging to it, in the last stage of exhaustion, was a young man. I know not how I drew him into the boat. But it seemed the longest day of my life till I reached the shore. The wind was blowing off the land, and I had to beat far down the coast before I could lay my course for home. I had no restoratives in the boat—nothing but the remnants of the food and water which I had brought with me, and which were both useless in such an emergency, and I feared my charge would die before I could procure any aid for him.

But we reached the shore at last, and he was saved, though it was only after days of speechless weakness, and weeks of careful watching and nursing, that he was able again to walk about. It was in this way I became acquainted with Maurice Weston. I had saved his life, and I became his constant nurse. I felt a sort of proprietorship in him, which all the family readily yielded to, though they were all unremitting in their attentions and care, and by the time his recovery was complete, he had come to be regarded almost as one of the family. And he seemed to feel himself as if he was one of us. We never spoke of his escape as if we felt that it called for any gratitude from him; and he never after the first expression of his feelings, alluded to his thankfulness again, though he often told us of the scene of the wreck, and his own sufferings and peril. To me his manner had ever been kind and gentle, but not pointedly attentive; and if he ever spoke of my agency in his rescue, it seemed more in astonishment at my courage and skill in sailing, than as any acknowledgment of his debt of life to me. And yet I believe he felt it. I believe it to this day, after all the years of time and the immeasurable space that scorn, and contempt, and injured love, and down-trodden and crushed affection thrown between man and woman, that have so long lain between him and me. He could not help it. He was a man, and though there was no risk of life on my part to save his—though it was all a mere accident that took me to the spot, and the mere impulse of humanity that led me, as it would any one else to rescue him from death—yet I did it. I saved his life—drew him with my woman's arm from the sea when his hold on the fragment of the wreck was only the drowning man's grasp of despair, and any moment might have seen that hold loosened and him lost in the deep; and he would have been infinitely less than man if he did not feel the debt he owed me. Such is the confidence I have in human nature. None are all evil; and I do not believe any are insensible to benefits. But I have often thought since—though I did not think then—that it was strange that for so many weeks he should never allude once to mention a fact that would have made almost a dumb man eloquent.

I have said nothing of his character, and I have nothing to say. What I, a young and inexperienced girl, thought him to be, may be imagined, though I afterward found out my error. He bore all the appearance and wore the dress of a gentleman, and represented himself as the son of a wealthy and respectable man. He had a cultivated mind and polished manners, and was fitted to shine in society. He had travelled in all countries, and was on his way home from abroad when the vessel was lost. Why was he alone saved? He never wrote letters to his friends while with us, for he said he would not distress them with the news of his accident till he should see them.

But why do I linger over these memories? He left us. And he came again after a few weeks absence. And when he had gone he wrote to us—to me—and his letters were full of high thoughts, and noble aspirations, and glowing accounts of incidents he had met with in his travels. And he wrote often. I learned to wait with longing anticipations for his letters, and every one seemed to awake a new and stronger feeling in my mind toward him. But I did not enquire what it was. I did not suspect its nature. I did not dream that he was trying to weave around me a strong but invisible net, in which I was to be taken captive at his will. But when he came again, and stood by my side, with his many form and noble bearing, and looked calmly and kindly down into my eyes, and spoke words of gratitude, as if his feelings had all along been pent up and smothered till they could no longer be subdued, unwilling tears filled my eyes, and I felt that there was a most intoxicating spell upon me which I could not, and did not wish to extricate myself from. And then came words of love—glowing, and earnest, and truthful love—and I opened my eyes to the knowledge of my own heart. It was all his, and from that moment I was bound up in love.

The years passed thus, with occasional visits and constant correspondence—years shorter in memory than the hours that passed when I took him from the sea till I reached the land; and every word he spoke to me, and every letter he wrote, only bound me tighter in the coils that he had woven around me. And then came misfortune. I know not how it happened—I never inquired

into it or asked the cause; but one evening my father came home with a strange look of sadness on his face and the next morning we were told of his ruin—the loss of all his broad lands and noble forests, and all that he possessed. And more than all this we lost him; for, with a broken spirit, in a few days he too lay down and died. I wrote to Maurice and told all our sad story, and asked him to come to us in our sorrow; for I felt then that I had no one to lean on but him. And instead of coming, he wrote a letter—short and cold and hard hearted; no, heartless—and took back all the words of love he had ever spoken. He talked of gratitude and the everlasting remembrance of the debt he owed me—a debt he could never wipe out, and which could never be effaced from his memory; but of his love—no matter what he said. But while I read his cold and heartless letter, I read at the same time the whole hypocrisy that he had been practicing upon me.

Did it crush me? Did I sink down in broken-hearted despair? Would the woman—the girl—who since her childhood had been accustomed to govern fleet race-horses, or contend with her tiny arm against the rude winds and the rough waves of the sea, yield to one blow of fate? Perhaps it was enough to break a stout heart, but it was not enough to break mine; and, as if the blow had suddenly transformed me into the mature woman I had never been before, I rose up strong and resolute to meet what lay before. It is true that for a few hours, a horror of great darkness gathered about me, and I went out upon the sea, and wandered around where I had first taken him from the waters and in that hour travelled over all the years that had passed since, with a feeling of the keenest torture—not of regret; for I felt that knowing him as I did then, I could spare him from my side, and dispense his gratitude. But from that hour he was banished from my heart as thoroughly as if he had never had a place there.

What passed for the following years has nothing to do with my story—how I struggled along in hopelessness but respectable poverty, maintaining my independence of character, in spite of our sad reverse, till I married. It is the idle folly to say or pretend that a woman never loves but once. Love's young dream may be the brightest and fondest, but some after love may be far the happiest and best reality. I never cherished the first though I have loved the last; and in the warm affections of the noblest and best of men, I have been happy, though I have wronged and deceived him by hiding from him the history of my former love. And often, when he has drawn me to his side caressingly, and told me what I have always believed, that I was his first and only love, I have felt my heart sink down in shame and self condemnation; but I could not tell him. He was not rich, but a man honored and respected by all; and we had been married six years when he was chosen sheriff of the county.

One of his duties was to take charge of the prisoners who are confined in the jail, and at the time of his entering on the office there was one who was to be tried for murder, and on his trial the cold-blooded heartlessness of the deed was proved so clearly that no one doubted his guilt, and he was sentenced to death. It seemed the act of a fiend. It was hard to believe that a man could be guilty of so foul a deed. No extenuating circumstances were brought out on the trial, and none were known. The facts, in a few words, were these: He had lived in the place where the murder was committed about three years, and had, soon after coming there, become acquainted with the family of Mr. Anderson, a gentleman of great wealth and influence, to whose eldest daughter he became very attentive. He was a gentleman in appearance and manners, and had the reputation of being wealthy; but still Mary Anderson did not like him, and when, in the course of time, he made her the offer of his hand, she kindly declined it. He, however, continued his attentions till she became engaged to another, when his whole conduct toward her became changed, and for a long time he persisted in a course of petty persecutions toward her. These she disregarded, and the time was fixed for her marriage and became publicly known, when he met her one afternoon returning home from a neighbor's, and used violent words and threats, which alarmed her. She communicated these to her father, who remonstrated with him with the effect of increasing his violence and eliciting new threats. The morning of the day on which she was to be married, she was found in her bed murdered. All things tended to throw suspicion on him and he was arrested.

(To be Continued.)

KEEPING THE COLD OUT.—In Artemus Ward's inimitable lecture on Ghosts, which by the way was a ghost of a lecture so far as Ghosts were concerned, he tells of an absurd man who wouldn't have any glass in his windows—he thought the sash would be enough, as it would keep out the coldest of the cold. This reminds a correspondent of a story that old Parson H. of P., used to tell of his experience of the cold on the night of his marriage. They went on a "bride tower" to his cousin's down on the shore of Connecticut, and spent the night, which was one of the coldest of the season, and being put into a cold spare room, they suffered severely. After a while his wife asked him to get up and see if he couldn't find something more to put upon the bed. After diligent search he could find nothing but his and his wife's clothing which he gathered up and packed upon the bed, and got in and tried it again, but still "grew no warmer very fast," and his wife begged of him to get up and search about and see if anything more could be found, and suggested that there might possibly be something in a closet in one corner of the room; so he went and examined the closet, and reported to his wife that an old fish net was the only thing he could find. "Well, my dear," said she, "put it on, put it on; that will tangle the cold a little."—Boston Post.

A Down Easter speaks of a heavy fog in his locality. He says he hired a man to shingle a barn. At noon the man complained that it was a terribly long barn, for he had been at work all the morning and hadn't got one course laid. So after dinner he went to see what the man had been about, and found that he had shingled more than a hundred feet right out on the fog!

The Summer is past.

The three short months of summer have passed, and autumn, with its yellow and seared leaf, is before us. It seemed but yesterday when the earth put forth the flowers and blossoms of spring, and yet, during this short period summer has succeeded spring, and autumn summer. Day follows day, and year follows year in rapid succession, and amid the turmoil and excitement and bustle of life, we forget how rapidly we are moving on that "journey from whence no traveller returns."

The summer is past. What a sad and instructive lesson does the rapid change of seasons leave us of our destiny. In the spring-tide of life our hearts have beat high with the hopes and anticipations of future years of promise. The summer's sun may have risen upon us without a cloud, and its last rays of light may have been more beautiful than the first. And then the autumn gathers around us, testing the hopes of our earlier years, and stamping upon all either disappointment or success, according as we have treasured up the talents bestowed upon us by our Maker. Then comes the winter of life, when the joyous hopes of boyhood are looked upon with wild enthusiasm, and when the judgment, matured by experience, will unite with the wise man of Israel in saying, "vanity of vanity—all is vanity."

The summer is past, and perhaps with the writer and reader it has passed forever. To us the balmy breath of spring may never come again. We may never again see the budding rose and springing flowers of that beautiful season. Change is stamped upon all things of this world, "here to-day and gone to-morrow," and then all that remains of us is a little handful of earth, an affecting comment on our vanity and folly. Ah! did we realize and feel this important truth, how different—how very different would be the course of our lives. Did we, in our moments of temptation, when we find our hearts turning towards the things of this world, but reflect that all its enjoyments are as fading as a dream, how little should we care for all its honors. What to us would be the homage of thousands—what to us the adulation and applauses of the multitude? A few rapid rolling years, and our heads will lie as low as theirs, and the places that know us now will then know us no more forever.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found. Now green in youth, now withering on the ground. Another race the following spring supplies: So generations pass and new ones rise.

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN BABY.—A citizen of Jamaica Plain, L. I., went to answer a ring at the door at the request of his wife, where he found nothing but a basket. On removing the cover a beautiful little child appeared, some five months old. The lady screamed, one of the ladies visitors took up the baby, and found a note pinned to its dress which charged the gentleman with being its father and imploring him to support it. A rich scene ensued between the injured wife and indignant husband, the latter denying all knowledge of the little one, and asserting his innocence. The friend interferred, and at last the wife was induced to forgive her husband, though he stuck to it like a Trojan that he had always been a faithful husband. Finally the lady very roughly told her husband it was strange he did not know his own child, for it was their mutual offspring, which had just been taken from the cradle for the purpose of playing the joke.

WIFE AND LADY. The Providence Post says: "It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his 'lady,' or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as 'John Smith and lady,' or to ask a friend, 'How is your lady?' This is a fashionable vulgarity, and invariably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term of wife is far more beautiful, appropriate, and refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say, instead of 'My husband,' 'My gentleman,' or suppose we were to speak of 'Mrs. Fitz Maurice' and her gentleman, 'the thing would be absolutely ludicrous, and overbearing is none the less so, it is right, fully considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady; and we marvel that this latter term is not absolutely tabooed in such a connection, at least by intelligent and educated people."

HAPPY MARRIAGES.—Those marriages generally prove the happiest where the affections of the young are blest by the approbation of those older. The young alone are too blind for prudence, and the parents alone would be too cautious to be sufficiently trusting at times to favoring Providence and the unknown future. But where reasonable parents and reasonable young folks act with confidence in each other's love, and confide in each other fully and frankly there it is that happiness is naturally to be expected.

"Wearing the breeches" is a term of great antiquity, significant of control in the household. In Germany, several hundred years ago, when there was contention in a house and both man and wife were quarrelling for superiority; it was customary to invite the neighbors into a court, and a pair of breeches having been thrown down, the disputants contended for them, victor being proclaimed "boss." Terrific fights often took place, and a man sometimes broke his wife's ribs before he could bring her to subjection.

THE TULIP QUESTION.—Joe Rowe, who is an incredulous dog, was listening to a wonderful story told by old Brown, in which his daughter Mary bore a conspicuous part. Joe looked wise and doubtful. "If you don't believe it, you may go to in house and ask Mary, and take it from her own lips."

Joe took him at his word; the old man followed on to see the result, and found Joe kissing Mary very sweetly.

"What on earth are you about?" "Oh, taking that awful tough story from her own lips—but I am satisfied now."

And so was Mary.

REMEMBRANCES.—The memories of childhood—the long, far-away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayers, the voice of a departed playfellow the ancient church and schoolmaster, in all their green and hallowed associations, come upon the heart in the autumn time of life, like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it.

Items, Foreign & Local.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal is painfully exercised in view of the startling fact that nearly all the babies born into the world in that vicinity, for the past year, are of the female gender.

Stewart, who keeps shop in New York, has sold thirty-five millions dollars worth of goods this season.

The new Lord Mayor of London is a Unitarian, and is said to be an earnest friend of the Union cause.

It has just been discovered that a man is in the Maryland State Prison whose term expired twelve years ago.

Nine thousand clerks and others were sent from Washington—expenses paid—to vote for Curtin.

Col. Hill, formerly of the 63rd Regiment, has been appointed Governor of Antigua, West Indies.

A Society is about being established in England for the prevention of infanticide, which is largely the negroes.

A Boston paper contains an advertisement of Sunday evening concerts in a theatre of that city.

Great Britain has imported nearly six millions of gallons of petroleum from America this year.

A lady in moderate circumstances, who formerly lived in Rockland, Me., was recently bequeathed \$40,000 by a grateful Englishman who used to board with her.

The latest novelty in London is a wild-flower show, and it attracts much attention.

A Wine Congress is to be held in France, to decide which are the best wines in France.

A son of Mustapha Pasha, an Egyptian Prince, and six youths, sons of members of the Prince's household, have arrived at Massillon from Constantinople, to be educated in one of the public schools of Paris. Mustapha Pasha is to bear the whole expense.

The Newfoundland fisheries have not turned out quite satisfactory. It appears that many of the fishermen gave up the voyage at a comparatively early period, and a few of them are now looking to the Government for assistance.

Ball's Life, formerly the organ of the "ring" in England, has come to the conclusion that the ring is an institution which no gentleman can uphold. What to us would be the homage of thousands—what to us the adulation and applauses of the multitude? A few rapid rolling years, and our heads will lie as low as theirs, and the places that know us now will then know us no more forever.

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General News.

RESOLUTION OF THE CANADIANS.

The question for them was a simple one, and as it was fairly put. They could become the allies of the North, or the allies of Great Britain. In either case they must arm, but in the first event they would be liable to be drafted for war on a distant frontier and an object in which they had, unfortunately for their credit, a very limited interest. In the latter they would be enrolled for a war as yet in the distance, to be waged exclusively for their own homes. In either case they must be taxed but in the first they would be taxed from Washington for debts they did not help to contract; in the second, they would tax themselves to secure a future of their own. Always better inclined to Great Britain than to the Union which pays for its political brags in universal suspicion, their inclination has been greatly increased by the partial collapse of Federal institutions. The ever increasing fairness of Great Britain to her colonial subjects has told on the people of the Upper Province, while the men of the Lower have imbibed a fierce dislike of the New Englanders—who certainly are among mankind the race most unlike French Canadians—which of itself would keep them loyal. The instant, therefore, that the alternatives became unmistakably clear their decisions were made and they seemed inclined, as the duty must be performed, to perform it on an adequate scale. They have not tried to form the nucleus of an army. The British troops will suffice for that, but they will be assisted first by 45,000 volunteers—10,000 men, that is beyond the existing force—then by 100,000 trained militia, composed of unmarried men, between eighteen and forty-five, and then by a levy en masse of every male between eighteen and sixty. What the frontiers is, it is not larger than that of the Southern States, and the Union generals will hesitate before they plunge into a country which cannot be defended by 700,000 armed men, backed by the terrible force of Great Britain can bring to bear. The Canadians, once prepared to do their part, need need no half-heartedness outside. It would be hard enough to restrain our countrymen from fighting for men who did not ask their assistance; but Canadian friendship once demonstrated, Canada will be defended as heartily as Cornwall.—Spectator.

FROM MEXICO.—There is a great deal of distress amongst the poorer classes in the city of Mexico, and instead of the French establishing a government of equality it is now looked upon as a reign of terror. They have a whipping post erected at the barracks, and for the most trivial offences persons were daily brought and flogged. The whipping of Senor Robalo (who has been died from the effects of the punishment), and also the whipping of the wife of Senor Rubio, are confirmed. The cause given for the last outrage is, that she had refused to give up her house to some of General Forey's officers. It was also reported that a young lady had likewise been whipped, and was attempting to tie her to the stake she drew a pistol and stabbed one of the soldiers. Since that time nothing has been heard of her, and the supposition was she had been made away with. The popular feeling against whipping is becoming very great, the practice was stopped for ten days, but was then re-established. The newspapers, *Estafete* and the *Pajaro Verde* led the way, by stating that the government would be compelled to re-establish the whipping stall and punish all persons whose acts were in opposition to the present imperial administration, and that this was the only true method of bringing such a degraded race to their senses. Thereupon the whipping post became once more an institution.

THE JAMAICA NEGROES AND LORD BROUGHAM.—The following address from the Jamaica negroes to Lord Brougham has been forwarded for publication: "To the Right Hon. Lord Brougham—May it please your Lordship, we the undersigned, of the color of Jamaica, at a public meeting held this day, the 21st of October, in the hall of the British West India Association, desire, with feelings of affection and gratitude, to approach your Lordship, and to express our great obligation for the valuable services which you have for so many years rendered to the cause of liberty, in promoting every object of benevolence and enterprise for the benefit of humanity, and the general improvement and enlightenment of the people of the world. Nations and creeds have alike derived benefit from your Lordship's generous liberality, unwearying exertions and enlightened advocacy. We, the people of Jamaica, in giving expression to our gratitude for your Lordship's past efforts, would humbly solicit your kind consideration for the future. May the author and giver of every good gift, who has granted us the blessings resulting out of your Lordship's benevolent life, spare you for many years further to develop your noble designs; and when his righteous purposes wish you are ended, may He receive you into his eternal rest, glory and glory—are the prayers of your Lordship's most grateful and ever faithful servants.—On behalf of the meeting, "G. Fraser, Chairman."

A correspondent of the London Times calls attention to the fact that the Russian fleet now in the Black sea consists of forty-two war vessels and transports, whereas by the treaty of 1856, between Russia and the Porte, it was stipulated that the number should not exceed six steam vessels and four other light sailing vessels. It appears from official data that the greater part of the Russian fleet now in the Black Sea was built after the peace and that only eight of the warships were part of the squadron which, at the beginning of the war of Sebastopol, was sunk at the entrance of that port in order to prevent the approach of the allied fleets. Most of the vessels of the Baltic fleet have been built since 1857. The fleet on the Amoor consists of six armed ships, seven armed schooners and eleven transports; Russia evidently intends to hold her own in that region. Maritime England is watching the growth of the Russian naval power with evident anxiety.

PROSPERITY OF TRADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The general prosperity of trade is indicated by the following official statement of the declared value of the exports of British and Irish produce during the present year, up to the 31st of August, compared with the corresponding periods of 1862 and 1861. Value of enumerated articles exported in 1863, £11,138,862; in 1862, £7,335,150; and in 1861, £7,886,818. Unenumerated articles exported in 1863, £5,637,589; in 1862, £4,940,957; and in 1861, £4,088,301, making a grand total exported during the present year of £29,751,851, as against £12,324,107, in 1862; and £22,575,126 in 1861. It will, therefore, be observed, that the exports this year have been larger by £7,575,744 than those of 1862 and £4,176,725 in excess of 1861.

Bishop Colenso has not only called forth sufficient English answers to his books to make a large if not select library, but has begun to attract the notice of other races and religions.—Synd Chumud, a Mussulman writer of repute in India, the author of a commentary on the Holy Bible, is preparing for the press, at Calcutta, a reply to him. It is curious that a Mahomedan should feel himself called upon to defend the Bible against the criticism of an English Bishop.

During seven months of this year ending July 31st, 80,506 persons emigrated from Ireland, but less than twice the number in the same time last year. Since March 1861, 1,378,323 have emigrated from Ireland, or over 10,000 a year.