

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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## Poetry.

### MARY MALONE.

Oh, Mary Malone is an exquisite girl,  
Her lips are red rubies, her teeth purest pearl,  
Her cheeks are fresh roses, her eyes diamonds bright,  
Her forehead like marble, her eyes love and light.  
The dimples that cluster about her lip and cheek,  
Are nests where young loves sport, and play hide and seek.  
Her tresses have stolen her darkness and light  
From the wings of the morning and brow of the night.  
Just touched by a sunset's last paint-vermilion glow,  
All things that are lovely in earth, heaven, air  
Are rapt to render my Mary more fair.  
The tones of her voice are more musical far,  
Than the notes of the soft-throated nightingale are.  
And less graceful than Mary the mist-wreaths that  
rise,  
On the breath of the morning to welcome the skies.  
I have thought when I kissed her cheek  
And mistle when I kissed her dew of her lip.  
Nor more pure than the thoughts of my own Mary's  
mind,  
Are the jewels hanging from chaste Dian's shrine,  
May no clouds of sorrow overshadow the sky,  
Nor heavy winged sadness the light in her eye.

### A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,  
What was I born for? For "Somebody's wife,"  
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,  
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;  
And if I should marry, I should settle my fate,  
I believe I shall die in an unloved state;  
For, though I'm not ugly—pray what woman is?  
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;  
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain  
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain.  
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,  
And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse,"  
To take the first body that graciously came  
And offered those treasures—his home and his name.  
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,  
But why should I think of such chances at all?  
My brothers, are all of them, younger than I,  
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?  
I know that in business I am an adept,  
Because from such matters most strictly I kept;  
But this is the question that puzzles my mind—  
Why am I not trained to be a good kind?  
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,  
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife"?

## Select Tale.

### THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

Murillo, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found, upon the canvas of some of his pupils, sketches or specimens of drawing, imperfect and unfinished, but bearing the rich impress of genius. They were executed during the night and he was utterly unable to discover the author. One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio before him, and were grouped at an easel, uttering exclamations of delighted surprise, when Murillo entered. His astonishment was equal to their own on finding an unfinished head of the Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one and then to another of the young gentlemen, to see if they could lay claim to this choice and mysterious production; but they returned a sorrowful negative.

"He who has left this tracery will one day be master of us all. Sebastian," said he—a youthful slave stood trembling before him—who occupies this studio at night?"

"No one but myself, señor."

"Well, take your station here to-night, and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitant of this room, thirty lashes shall be your reward to-morrow."

He bowed in quiet submission and retired. That night he threw his mattress before the easel and slept soundly till the clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch and exclaimed:

"Three hours are my own, the rest are my master's." He then seized a pallet and took his seat at the frame, to erase the work of the preceding night. With brush in hand to make the obvious stroke he paused. "Oh, those eyes," said he, they pierce me through and through; that blood will run from those purple veins—I cannot, I cannot erase it; rather let me finish it!"

He went to work; and soon the slave—the darkened brow—the child of toil and suffering—merged into the youthful spirit, from the impetus of his double energies, into a gladness of sphere of brightest beauty.

A little coloring here and a touch there—a soft shade here and there—three hours unheeded by—"Oh, those beaming eyes; those lips—they will speak and bless me? My beautiful—oh, my beautiful!"

A slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo with his pupils stood around—the sunshine was peering brightly through the casement; while yet the unextinguished taper burned. Again he was a slave, and the spirit's folded wings seemed to flutter. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You, señor."

"Your drawing master, I mean?"

"You, señor."

"I have never given you lessons."

"No; but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."

"Yes, you have done better—you have profited by them. Does this boy deserve punishment or reward my dear pupils?"

"Reward, señor—reward," was the quick response.

"What shall it be?"

"One suggested a suit of clothes—another a sum of money, but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom. Another said:

"The master feels kindly to day—ask your freedom, Sebastian."

He sank on his knees, and a groan of anguish burst from him.

He lifted his burning eyes to his masters face:

"The freedom of my father!"

The death chill passed from his heart and he breathed. Murillo folded him to his bosom.

### Trousers and Petticoats.

When men wore tight pantaloons, women wore skinny petticoats. It was at this time that the French Lord Ogleby, in a farce, giving an order for pantaloons, to fit closer than his skin, ends with this warning: "Mind, that if I can get them on I shall not take them." Towards the end of the last century, the French Revolution shook, with all other things, the empire of dress. It gave liberty to the limbs of men, it emancipated them from tight clothing, hair powder, and pigtail, it banished breeches and buckles, and introduced trousers. Pantaloons lingered for a time, but the steady tendency of the age was as much to loosen clothing as to more liberal ideas, indeed the two went together, and the trousers were for sometime adopted or opposed and reprobated as an outward and visible sign of political opinion. Cyril Jackson, the Dean of Christ Church, exerted all his authority and influence in his college to put down trousers, regarding them as a symbol of revolution; and his success in enforcing tight apparel brought on him an expression of regret that the dean had contracted the loose habits of the age. At this period, the female fashion was behind the male in ease. The petticoat was so narrow, that it was difficult to walk in it. It was, in fact, a pantalon of one leg for two legs. The waist was just under the arm pits. This thirteenth century was broken by the Peninsular War, which introduced what was called the Spanish dress—very pretty indeed, but only the Spanish of the stage. As if to indemnify themselves for their long restraint in the narrow clothing, the ladies then shortened their petticoats very liberally, and ankles were no mystery. But emancipation was yet imperfect, the parallel to trousers being still wanting; but it came with a vengeance with the crinoline. The crinoline is the peg-top trousers exaggerated and turned the opposite way—the peg at the waist, the wide end downwards. Women now live in tents—under canvas, as it were. They expatiate within their airy enclosures. They delight in the free and easy. All their walks are unconfined. They walk up and down all their premises. They have succeeded in the emancipation which would be described by Blackstone as making a larger estate than they are by law entitled to. They have enormously aggrandized themselves. They are topographically thrice what they used to be in circumference.

### Horne.

There is not a place in this world that a true heart loves more than home. Our thoughts will centre there when the mind is weary of the toils of life. How oft we hear the expression, "If I were only at home," as though a sight of that loved place would brighten every prospect, lighten every care, and make us better prepared for every task. There is a time when home seems dearer than at any other. It is when among those whom we know not well, and in a strange land. Then how quickly each little scene that has ever transpired at home comes to our minds. How we long to cross that same old threshold that we have watched the sunbeams of many a summer play around; and think if we could but be gathered once again within the family circle, that we would care not for wealth and praise; none save the loved ones at home would possess our affections.

### 'Twas my Mother's.

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city were preparing for the departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for the starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast of garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come John, come," said the superintendent; "what are you doing here with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John. "I am cutting it out to take with me. My dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death-bed scene, in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom, to remember his mother by, and he was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow. Many an eye has moistened as this sad story of this orphan boy has been told; and many a heart has prayed that the God of the fatherless and the motherless would be his friend.

Cut it short.—A certain barber having a great gift of gab, used to amuse his customers with his long yarns, while he went through his functions on their heads and faces. One day an old customer came in, took a seat, and ordered his hair cut. The barber went to work; and began at the time of one of his long stories, to the no little dissatisfaction of the old gentleman, who, becoming irritated at the barber, said, "Cut it short." "Yes sir," said the barber, continuing the yarn, "Cut it short, I say; cut it short." "Yes, sir," said the barber, clipping away and gabbling the faster. "Cut it short, cut it short, I say," said the old gent. "Yes, sir," said the barber, going on with his story. "Will you cut it short?" bawled the gentleman in a rage. "Can't sir," said the barber, "for if you'll look in the glass you'll see I've cut it all off." And to his horror upon looking in the glass, the old gentleman found all the hair cut off his head.

"Biddy," said a farmer's "gude wile," whose only fault was that she was occasionally absent-minded, when her words did not always flow in the right order. "Biddy, now you may go and milk the hens, and see if the cows have laid any eggs, and tell the pig to give John some wash and clean straw for a bed." Biddy looked perplexed for a minute, but obeyed her mistress according to her private judgement.

Miss Lovely says that males are of no account from the time that the ladies stop kissing them as infants, till they kiss them again as lovers.

Fashionable ladies are often like French dishes—more prized for their dressing than their substance.

### Colors and the Fashions.

Every spring and fall, labored descriptions appear in the daily papers of the "new fashions," meaning thereby the style and colors of the new dresses, bonnets, &c., which the empress of fashion has prescribed to be worn a few months, by the fair sex. So far as it relates to the cut of a cape, or frock, or the form of a bonnet, fashion may prescribe many forms without offending common sense; but fashionable colors are an absurdity. The laws of contrast in colors immutable; therefore when fashion prescribes for a hat or its trimmings, or a dress, without taking the complexion of the wearer into consideration, taste and science may be equally violated. A clear blonde complexion may be rendered sallow to appearance by a mistaken color on a fashionable bonnet; and a comely brunette may be made to appear of a brick hue from the same mistaken ideas.

Colors of artificial flowers, bonnets and dresses, should always be selected with reference to complexion. M. Chevreul—the scientific French chemist—has devoted years of study to this subject, and has laid down the laws with precision, founded on the dogma—"That every color when placed beside another color, is changed; appearing different from what it really is; and, moreover, it equally modifies the color with which it is in proximity." The following hints by Chevreul, for the toilettes of ladies, should be read and pondered by all who desire to cultivate harmony of colors and adorn their persons in the most scientific and pleasing manner:—

RED DRAPERY.—Red cannot be put in contact with the rosier complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Dark-red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because being higher than this latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them in consequence of contrast of tone.

GREEN DRAPERY.—A delicate green is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favorable to complexions that are more red than rose, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case, a dark-green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.

YELLOW DRAPERY.—Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin; and, in this view, it is less favorable than the delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than change, it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it rosier by neutralizing the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes.

VIOLET DRAPERY.—Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects: thus, it imparts greenish-yellow to fair complexions. It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion, it makes green. Violet, then, is one of the least favorable colors to the skin; at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone.

BLUE DRAPERY.—Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of afflicting itself favorably to white and the light-flesh tints of fair complexions, which has already a more or less determined tint of this color. Blue is, then, suitable to most blondes; and, in this case, justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.

ORANGE DRAPERY.—Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

WHITE DRAPERY.—Drapery of a lusterless-white, such as cambric muslin, assort well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose color; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colors by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it. Very light white draperies, such as muslin, plaited or point lace, have an entirely different aspect.

BLACK DRAPERY.—Black draperies, lowering the tones of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the rose parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist.

READY RETORT.—Among the attractions made of tin given to the pastor of one of the Connecticut churches the other day, on the occasion of his wedding, (tenth anniversary) was a huge tin pen, nearly eight feet long, with nips capacious enough to hold nearly a pint of ink. The donor wittily said, as he held up his literary and theological gift: "I did not give you this long pen to write any longer sermons." "I hope," was the quick reply, "that they may be long enough to reach you, my friend." The giver acknowledged that he was vanquished by this first scratch of the new pen.

A POSE.—"Sally Jones, have you done that sum yet?"

"No thir, I can't do it."

"Can't do it? Why, at your age, I could do any sum that was set me. Sally, I advise you to avoid that word 'can't'; there is no sum that can't be done, I tell you."

"I think, thir, I know a thum that you can't thirfer out."

"Ha! Well, Sally, I hear it."

"It is thir thir: If one apple caused ruin to the whole human race, how many such it will take to make a barrel of thirder, thir?"

"Miss Sally Jones, you may turn to your parsing lesson."

Papa—"Well sissy, how do you like your school?"

Sissy—"Oh, so muts!"

Papa—"That's right. Now tell me all you have learned to-day."

Sissy—"I have learnt the name of all the little boyth."

The lady who eloped some time since with a "gallant major" has returned with a "minor" in her arms.

Keep a list of your sorrows, and let sorrow for sin be first.  
Keep a list of your hopes, and let the hope of glory be foremost.

Keep a list of your joys, and let the joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.  
Keep a list of your friends, and let God be first in your list, however long it may be.

Keep a list of the gifts you get, and let Christ, who is the unspeakable gift, be first.  
Keep a list of your enemies, and let the "old man," and the "old serpent" be first.

It is a vain thing for to stick your finger in the water, and pulling it out, look for a hole, it is equally vain to suppose that however large a space you occupy, the world would miss you when you die.

Laugh if you feel like it. Smiles are tolerated by the very pinks of politeness; and a laugh is but the full blown flower, of which a smile is the bud. It is a sort of vocal music, a glee in which everybody can take part.

In the bull fighting days, a blacksmith who was raising a bull pup, induced his old father to go down on all fours and imitate the bull. The canine pupil pined the old man by the nose. The son disregarding the paternal roaring exclaimed: "Hold him, Growler! boy, hold him! bear it, father, bear it; it'll be the makings of the pup!"

A traveler came down on the wharf just as the steamer had left; it was a grievous disappointment to him. While ruminating, a stranger inquired if he wanted to get aboard. "Certainly," said he. "Then take one off that ledge," was the reply.

"Mary, is your master at home?"

"No, sir, he's out."

"I don't believe it."

"Well then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

What is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works? A fountain.

A PHILADELPHIA "HELP."—A friend of mind advertised in the *Ledger* for a girl. She was called down to see a "lady who wanted to see the person who advertised," and went into the parlor. The lady wore a plaid silk, handsome cloak, richly trimmed bonnet, and gloves, and a thickly worked black lace veil carried an embroidered handkerchief, and a mother of pearl card case. She made a great many inquiries about the place, which were politely answered, as my friend thought she wanted to recommend somebody. At last she said: "Well, I'll inquire and see if any better place offers; if not, I'll come and try it. I'll leave my card, in case you wish to send me any word." And throwing back her veil, disclosing a light mulatto, she looked out a card, courtied, and left. The card was embossed, and written on it was, "Miss. Lavine, Lady Attendant, Laundry Department, C. I. E." All of which is a true fact.—*Godey's Magazine*.

THE WRONG BOY JUMPED.—Capt. Ellis of the Cavalry relates the following little incident, which serves to illustrate how coolly the "horrors of war" are looked upon by our boys. He says in one of his numerous skirmishes in which his company were engaged, dismounted, one of his men, young Kitchen, from Houlton, spied a rebel running across the field opposite. "Now," said Kitchen, taking deliberate aim at the reb, "you'll see that lad jump," and fired but missed his mark. The reb coolly stopped and returned the compliment and George received a ball in the fleshy part of his leg. He jumped about four feet and ejaculated, "By jolly the wrong boy jumped that time."—*Portland Courier*.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLE.—Her Majesty the Queen, her Royal Highnesses the Princesses Helena and Louise, Princes Arthur and Leopold, and suite arrived at Perth on Tuesday morning, en route for Balmoral. By the express desire of Her Majesty, there was no demonstration on the part of the public permitted. The Board Room of the Scottish Central Railway Company was comfortably fitted up for the use of the Royal party, who, during the stay at Perth, partook of breakfast. It was intended originally that the Royal train should, after a stay of an hour and a quarter at Perth, proceed direct to Aberdeen, which was to have been reached at 12:35; but on Monday Her Majesty expressed a wish to proceed to Blair-Athole for the purpose of visiting the Duke and Duchess of Athole, his Grace the Duke being at present laboring under a painful, and it is feared, fatal malady. Arrangements were accordingly entered into at 9:30 Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Helena, Lady Augusta Bruce, and General Grey, proceeded to Blair-Athole in a saloon carriage. Two first class carriages were also attached to the train, in which the Hon. T. C. Bruce, chairman of the Inverness and Perth Railway; Andrew Dougall, Esq., manager; John McLean, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal, and several of the other officials connected with the county and railway, were accommodated with seats. The train arrived at Blair-Athole at 10:55, where her Grace the Duchess of Athole and her son, the Marquis of Tullibardine were in waiting to receive the Royal party. On Her Majesty alighting from the carriage, she at once proceeded to where the Duchess of Athole was standing. The interview was of the most melancholy description—Her Majesty and the Duchess embracing each other tenderly, and both burst into tears, while the onlookers, we need scarcely say, were deeply affected. Carriages were in attendance for the conveyance of the party to Blair Castle, where the Duke is residing, and here a stay of an hour was made. On the return to the station, which was reached at 11:40, Her Majesty was accompanied by his Grace the Duke of Athole, who looked exceedingly ill. Before the starting of the train, Her Majesty took an affectionate farewell of the Duke and Duchess. While her Majesty was at Blair-Athole, the remainder of the Royal party remained at Perth, and in the course of the forenoon, the princesses Louise, Princes Arthur and Leopold, and suite entered three open carriages, and driving through the principal streets of the city, proceeded to Scane Palace on a visit to the Right Hon. the Earl of Mansfield. The distinguished party were loudly cheered as they passed through the streets, and the young Princess bowed gracefully in acknowledgement.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

The American army has already exhausted one million dollars worth of clothes and wants more.

The walls of Havana are being demolished to admit of a freer access of air and a greater number and extent of thoroughfares. The walls have been built since 1740.

A printer of the name of Collignon died recently at Metz, in France, whose ancestors had been printers in that town since the year 1646.

King George, the new ruler of Greece, has renounced his right to the succession of the Danish throne, in favor of his younger brother and heirs.

The gentlemen of England have presented a magnificent Bible and Prayer Book to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Canadian Legislature is to be immediately dissolved.

The building of the Provincial Exhibition building, at Fredericton, has been taken at contract by Messrs. Hodge and McGilchrist for \$8,000.

Central Park, New York, contains 843 acres, which cost nearly \$4,500 an acre, or a total of \$3,778,571. The improvements to January, 1863, cost \$3,583,674, or a total cost of \$7,376,425. The average daily force employed during its preparation was 3000, and on some days 3,600 men. The new reservoir covers 166 acres, is about 30 feet deep, holds a thousand millions gallons of water, and cost \$1,500,000.

The *Heather Bell* commenced carrying passengers at the low rate of 25 cents last week, between Fredericton and St. John.

One firm in St. John has paid \$18,000 in duties on Dry Goods imported this fall.

The almost miraculous escape of the steamer *Africa* recently, is said to be owing to the fact of her being a wooden vessel.

It is said that the preparations for the attack on Charleston cost one hundred and fifty millions of dollars! The fight lasted but half an hour, or at the rate of five millions of dollars per minute!

One hundred dollars a Sunday is about the expense of a fashionable church in Boston. In New York the expense is not far from five times as much.

A deserter ran across the suspension bridge at Lewiston, N. Y., a few days since, and a guard after him. They followed him into Queenstown, on the Canada side, and fired at him, without effect, whereupon the soldiers were arrested by the Canadian authorities and put in jail. A well known citizen went to their relief, and after making due apologies the soldiers were released. The Canadians were very indignant at this invasion by Yankee soldiers.

H. S. Tyrrell, from Connecticut, who has lately inherited a fortune, went to New York last Sunday hired a cabman to find him some company to have a mutual good time. The transaction cost Tyrrell \$15,000.

On the 11th August a great fire occurred at Manastash, Turkey, when 23,000 shops, 240 houses, 46 khans, 3 mosques, 6 synagogues and other property was destroyed, all of the value of two million and a half of dollars. More than 600 Jewish families have been rendered homeless by this calamity.

George Simpson, 33 years of age, a sergeant in the 24th Regt. of Royal Artillery, lately destroyed himself by cutting his throat, under circumstances of overwhelming disappointment arising from his having failed to pass an examination in artillery practice, in which he had been engaged at Shrewsbury.

His Excellency has declined to deliver the opening lecture in the Mechanics' Institute, St. John.

A young Alpine hunter, who was killed in the Alps nineteen years ago was recently found frozen stiff but ruddy and whole as in life, save his eyes.

The total enrolled strength of the volunteers of England is 150,000 men of all ranks, of whom 1,300 are cavalry, 23,000 artillery, 2,500 engineers and 122,000 rifle volunteers.

It is about 1000 miles from the head quarters of the army of the Potomac to Chattanooga—that is, by the nearest roads.

The Pekepost Bank, Me., recently set apart \$2,000 to pay its annual dividend, and left it in a drawer. It was taken at night by robbers.

The King of Holland edicts a monthly magazine. At the Danbury Agricultural Fair, P. T. Barnum exhibited a five-headed ram labeled "An immoderate sheep, which has taken at least three horns too much."

The receipts arising from the sale of tickets and other sources at the York County Agricultural Fair amounted to \$500.

John Morrissey, the ex-prize fighter, while at the Troy House, recently, put a package of \$7,000 in a box under his pillow, slept on it, and forgot to take it away in the morning. The chambermaid discovered the treasure, and for her honesty in returning it John gave her \$500.

Philadelphia coined \$260,552 in gold last month.

A woman in Washington, whose husband is worth \$40,000, was recently detected for the second time in purloining eggs at the market.

A Boston contemporary says that only people worth \$100,000 are to be invited to the Russian banquet in New York. He pronounces this very slender.

The *Telegraph* says five dollars, hard cash, were paid for a genuine Council Postage Stamp about a month ago in that City.

Two children, brother and sister, aged 4 and 6 years respectively—the former weighing 120 and latter 200 lbs.—are now being exhibited in Halifax. They were born in Nova Scotia, and are described as handsome, active and intelligent.

\$2,614,443 barrels of Flour and 25,000,000 bushels of wheat were sent from the States to Great Britain last year. This year there is a great falling off.

## General News.

MR. ROEBUCK ON ENGLISH LIBERTY.—At a dinner in Sheffield, England, lately, Mr. Roebuck gave utterance to the following sentiments:—"Sir, it must be obvious to any one that we in England are peculiarly favoured at the present time. When we compare our position with any of the great Powers of Europe, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon our position. Take the nearest country to us—there is no liberty there; while we are free to say and to do what we like, so that we injure no man, Austria is in the very throes of establishing a constitutional Government. We have gone through that difficulty ourselves: she is now in the very heart and midst of that great attempt. Prussia is under the control of one who it would be a great mercy to his people if he were to be—[after a short pause]—relieved of the trouble of Government. Russia is in the very throes of a revolution. And if we stretch our view across the sea, to our friends as we call them, to our descendants as we know them, what is there to be seen? Liberty gone; no man able to say that his soul is his own, and compelled to do the commands of two or three men in Washington, creating every thoroughfare out of the world. Now we here, sir, enjoy freedom such as mankind has never before known. We are well governed: every man before the law is equal. The poorest man in the country before the law is equal to the greatest man amongst us."

POLAND AND THE POPE.—A printed notice issued at Rome announced it to be the desire of the Pope that special prayers should be offered up for Poland, which his Holiness observes, with grief to have now become the scenes of sanguinary massacres:—"Poland, always Catholic and a bulwark against the invasion of error, deserves that the Almighty should be implored to deliver her from the evils by which she is afflicted. Prayers should be put up that, while retaining her character, she may remain faithful to the mission God has given her, and maintain the Catholic banner intact."

We much fear that the Governments of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will be compelled to abandon all hopes of coming to any definite understanding with the men who at present represent the Executive affairs of Canada. It is only a few weeks ago that we exulted in the hope that we should soon have a survey of the Intercolonial Railroad line between Halifax and the St. Lawrence; but subsequent events, although the Canadian Legislature has by an overwhelming majority passed a grant for this survey, prove that the Government for these Provinces to risk premature action upon their own legislation, inasmuch as it appears that the Canadian Government has totally repudiated the solemn agreement relative to the more important subject of subsequent construction.

All that now remains for these Provinces is to leave the Canadians to themselves, and the tender mercies of the Northern States, upon which they are totally dependent, during more than one half the year, for a passage to the Atlantic, and for the transit of such stores, mercantile or military, as they may require.—*Reporter*.

THE REVENUE.—Last Wednesday's *Gazette* contains the following Comparative Statement of Revenue collected at St. John in the month of September 1862 and 1863:

|                         | 1862        | 1863       |
|-------------------------|-------------|------------|
| Railway Fugist          | \$11,297 65 | \$8,080 59 |
| Imports                 | 44,153 00   | 33,577 09  |
| Exports                 | 2,899 15    | 5,336 90   |
| Bay of Fundy Lights     | 827 88      | 1,431 10   |
| S. & D. Seamen's Duties | 284 00      | 439 40     |
| Cape Race Light         | 19 70       | 39 23      |
| Cape Light Duties       | 3 59        | 8 97       |

\$59,435 41 \$48,943 28

There appears from the above to be a decrease of \$10,492 13 which is accounted for by the loss of the steamer "Pactolus," a large quantity of goods that would have paid duties having been lost by that disaster.

A SMOKEING PRE-BYTERIAN SYNOD.—A correspondent of the *London Weekly Review*, in a notice of the recent meeting of the annual Session Synod of Holland, says:—"The pictures of the Synod needed on our reception in the Synod was something which, I am sure, could not be seen out of Holland. All that was external was as different as can be imagined from what you have seen in meetings of Assembly or Synod at the head of the Mound or in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh. We entered the place of worship in which we had previously the evening before, times of smoke darkened the air. A long table stretched along the place where the women had sat, which was lined on either side by ministers and elders, while at the head of this there was a transverse table, at which sat the Moderator, the professor, and other official men. Every man was smoking or preparing to smoke. The Moderator held a pipe in one hand and a wooden hammer with which to call attention in the other. The clerk wrote, and pulled too. While on the table, from one extremity to the other, boxes of lucifer matches, plates of tobacco, ink-bottles, papers, pens and books, &c., were mingled in most admirable confusion, a corps de reserve of long pipes being fixed in an ingeniously constructed wooden frame, lest the business of the Synod should come to a pause through want of the usual *solutum*. The audience stood on either side smoking, with a look of placid and dreamy attention. My fellow deputy and myself were offered a long pipe, and all the other facilities for smoking, a mark of brotherly welcome which we declined, as we felt that we had abundance of smoke without it." The correspondent goes on to state that despite the smoking, the proceedings were carried on in a most business like manner.

EXTINCTION OF THE NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA.—One of the most painful subjects in connection with the settlement of a new country is the fact that on the advent of the white races, the black gradually become extinct. This has nowhere been so remarkable as on the Australian continent. A few years ago the wild black fellows will become things of the past, delving alike the efforts of humanity and science to preserve them. Very few children are now born to their women, and I almost look upon the black baby as a curiosity. Shrewd, quick, and possessing a sort of instinctive intelligence, they seem almost unable to think or to connect ideas one with the