

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 45.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866.

WHOLE NO.—929.

Poetry.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY MRS. NORTON.
Fall of the year, and of the leaf—
God's wide-spread emblems of decay—
Speak to us now of joy and grief,
The birthday and the dying day—
Send us—from every woodland flower
That bends resigned its fading head—
Thoughts of the inevitable hour,
The bloom past by, the glory fled!
And God, who curb our erring will,
That, whether late or early come
Death's summons, we may meet it still
As one that only calls us home!
Called, not as truant wanderers past,
But laborers in a task assigned;
Who watch the sunset come at last
And cheer the dawn of the day behind.
Yea, leave the day, nor fear the night,
That shutteth close Life's darkened door—
Knowing the gates of Heaven hold light
That shall endure for ever more;
Knowing the silence of the tomb
Is but a pause of midnight sleep,
Triumphs o'er whose transient gloom
Eternal day its reign shall keep.

Select Tale.

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

I was only a lad of about eight when the incident I am about to relate happened, yet it produced so strong an impression upon my mind at the time, I still remember everything perfectly, even in the minutest detail.

My father moved to the West a month before, where he constructed quite a comfortable log-house, and had cleared considerable land. There were only three of us—father, sister Jennie and myself. Jennie was our house-keeper, and besides her work she found time to teach me to read and write a little, generally spending an hour with me every day. She was a dear, faithful girl, and I used to think if I grew up to be a man, I would marry just such a woman as she was.

There were some Indians remaining in the neighborhood, but as they never molested us we ceased to think of them, with fear at least, and father used often to go away, sometimes to be gone over night, leaving Jennie and me alone. At such times we used to fasten up the house as soon as it began to grow dark, and kept the rifle in the corner, so we could get it at first alarm. One day father went away on business, expecting to be gone a little longer than usual. The day passed quietly and pleasantly enough, but Jennie and I had just drawn back from our six o'clock tea, when the door softly opened and an Indian entered.

He was a tall muscular fellow, and looked as though he might possess the strength of a giant in his stalwart frame. He wore a shirt of some dark stuff, belted at the waist and the borders fancifully embroidered with white beads, deerskin leggings flaming with all the colours of the rainbow, and a pair of moccasins. At first he stood quite still and surveyed us in silence.

Jennie had risen, her face was quite pale, but otherwise she did not show the least sign of fear. She only stepped forward and asked: "What do you want? Can I do anything for you?"

"We want fire water," returned the savage, looking at her steadily with his great evil eyes.

"I have no fire water to give you," said Jennie, "but you can have a draught of milk if you would like."

She placed some on the table and a fresh plate, and bade him help himself. This he did quite freely, making a hearty supper of it, but still keeping his eye upon us while he ate.

When he had finished his repast, he came and stood by the window.

"We stay here to-night," he said, "sleep by the fire."

"No," replied Jennie firmly, "you cannot remain."

"We stay," replied the savage, this time a little angrily. "White squaw alone, can't help herself!"

The Indian's brow darkened, and he raised his hand as if he would strike her, but let it fall without a word and rushed out of doors. Jennie comprehended his object in a moment. He had left his rifle without, and had gone to fetch it. With a quick movement she closed the door and fastened it.

The savage came back raging and furious at finding himself outwitted. He raged and roared, and pushed at the door, filling every pause with horrid oaths and threats, but it was true to its trust and did not give an inch.

All was quiet at last. Jennie took me in her arms, and crept close to the wall, on the same side of the room as the window, so that the Indian could not see us from that side. I could feel her heart beating very fast, but she whispered, "don't be frightened, Frank. All will come out right at last. He will go away soon."

By this time it had grown quite dark. Raising our heads, we could see the stars come out one by one. We dared not light the candle, so we sat very still in the gloom.

After a long time Jennie got up.

"I am going to look for the Indian," she said, "don't stir until I come back."

She crept away through the darkness. After she was gone, all was still for a few moments, and then I heard a slight noise close at hand. I looked up and saw a dark form at the door. I knew it was fastened, and so thought I would try to open it, and by, however, and the window.

do. Jennie might or might not be where she could see all that was going on. I did not know where to seek her, and dared not call, and so I laid still and trembling, and watched every motion.

The Indian put his head through the window first, and then drew his body in after it. There was a rustling at the other end of the room, and the moment his feet touched the floor, Jennie struck a light.

She had been in another apartment when he had first attempted to enter, and had been too late to prevent it.

"Why are you here again?" she asked, with assumed anger, as the light flared up and dispersed the gloom.

"We want fire water," said he, after a short pause.

"I have already told you I have none."

"White squaw lies! What is this then?"

And she seized a bottle that stood upon the shelf, and raised it to his lips. The bottle was full of oil. Jennie lifted her hand to stop him, but it was too late. He had already received a goodly portion in his mouth, and was spitting at a great rate.

In spite of her situation, Jennie could not but smile at his ridiculous mistake.

"White squaw laugh another way soon!" muttered the Indian, angrily. "Pearlsweep take scalp—hers and another one! and he pointed towards me.

Jennie was sobered instantly.

"Do with me as you wish," she said, earnestly, "but oh, do not harm my brother. He has never done you injury, and I am sure you cannot be so cruel!"

It was an unwise speech, for it betrayed her weakest point. He immediately drew his knife and approached me.

"Take your scalp first!" he said, seizing a tuft of my hair.

Jennie sprang forward with a cry of anguish, and placed both hands tightly about my neck. She almost choked me, in her firm convulsive hold.

"Oh you must not slay him!" she exclaimed in agony. "I can die, if it must be without a murmur, but I beseech you to have mercy on him and consider his tender years."

"I felt the hot tears dropping fast upon my forehead. Somehow they seemed to give me courage. I grew stronger at her despair.

"Do not weep, dear Jennie," I said, "I'll die like a man. If you ever see father again, give my love to him and tell him I did."

She uttered a long gasping sigh. Then as if a sudden thought had come to her she sprang to the corner, seized the loaded rifle, which always stood there, and raised it just in time to stay the shining blade, which in another moment would have been drawn upon my defenceless head.

"Put up your knife!" she said, in a calm, determined tone. "Let it come one inch nearer to that poor boy, and you shall never live to strike another blow!"

The Indian turned away cowed and abashed. Something in her eye told him that she was not to be trifled with. Nevertheless, though gazed at her purpose, he could not help but gaze at her admiringly.

"White squaw is brave!" he said shortly.

"She does not shrink and hide from danger like the timid deer. She is too brave and warrior for the coward pale-face. Only a warrior would be a fit mate for her. Pearlsweep's ledge is lonely and cold. If he spare her scalp, will she go with him and be his squaw?"

The Indian's face was calm and motionless, but his voice was eager and earnest. He drew nearer slowly and at last paused. The trap door which led into the cellar was up, and directly behind him. The ladder which was always used in descending had been taken away for some purpose or other. All this Jennie saw at a glance, and in a moment her resolution was made. She drew nearer, and then gathering her strength for the effort, gave him a sudden push. Thus taken unawares, he could not save himself. He staggered, lost his balance, and fell back with a low cry into the yawning pit beneath him.

A moment the trap door was down and fastened. Then Jennie sank into a chair beside me, weak and trembling, now that it was all over, and we mingled our tears of joy, for we well knew that the Indian could not escape unassisted from the close quarters which had so unexpectedly fallen to his lot.

Two hours later my father returned, and with him Richard Lee, Jennie's betrothed. I shall never forget how tightly father drew me to his breast, when he had learned all, or how proudly Richard looked upon his promised bride while listening to the recital of her heroism.

No Gloves for Highlanders.

A little unreported incident occurred at the unveiling of the statue of the Queen at Aberdeen. When the Prince of Wales, who it may be remembered was dressed in kilt, plaid, &c., proceeded to unveil the statue by drawing the axe affixed to the covering, and fastened to the balcony on which his Royal Highness, Lord Derby, the Earl of Kintore, Sir Alexander Anderson, and the rest of the attending party were standing, the pulleys would not work smoothly, although the Prince, sailor fashion, gave several hearty tugs at the cord. Having desisted for a moment as if preparing for a stout effort, one of the noble Lords, who was standing near proffered a pair of gloves for protection to his Royal Highness's hands. The Prince's answer was instant and happy—"Who ever saw a Highlander with gloves on?" "Who he, and forthwith finished his task in a workmanlike fashion.

Habits of Great Students.

Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day while thus working at his play of *Mithridates*, in the Tuilleries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks, he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had written it out, he would exclaim—"My tragedy is done!" considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.

Magliabechi, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books. They were his bed, board and washing. He passed eight-and-forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life ventured beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other three and a half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet, a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood at the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate, took his guitar with him into the porch, and there executed some musical phantasy (for he was a skillful musician) when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times.

Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," he said, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art, which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. The great garbled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there, and had he occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing and went about his outdoor duties for days, weeks and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed and his secretary was set to work forthwith.

Pascal wrote most of his thoughts on little scraps of paper; at his by moments Fenelon wrote his *Télémaque* at the palace of Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and be written by a priest, may seem surprising.

DeQuincy first promulgated his notions of universal freedom of person and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps of the French Revolution—in the *bonheur* of Madame de Pompadour.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work and prayed for light and inspiration from heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declining for some time at the top of his voice and thus arousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After the attack of the gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about even had he wished to do so.

Everything in its own Peculiar Character.

Imagine a dove saying, "I dislike this glossy green on my neck," and trying to remove it. It may rub the feathers off, but they will speedily come green again. It cannot eradicate the color from the feathers. The sunflower will be yellow, however much it may prefer to be violet. Everything will have its own peculiar form, its own peculiar color, its own peculiar juices, its own peculiar odors, and its own peculiar constitution. God meant that it should be so; He watches to see that it is so; He holds things down in their places, and you among them, and your faculties in you. He gives you liberty to control one faculty by another, but He never gives you liberty to rub out one figure. The problem you are to work out in life requires that you should use everything put into you. You think you are not doing it, but you are. God laughs to see how deceived you are—to see you think you are not doing what you are, and to see you doing what you think you are not.—H. W. Beecher.

THE LACONIC WOMEN.—Among the articles discovered in the remains of the old lake-dwellings in Switzerland are a variety of personal ornaments worn by the women. They consist of simple perforated stones, of pendants of serpentine and pectorals, such as amethysts, limbs of corinths, corals of stag-horn and parti-colored stones, agate and glass flint; necklaces of beads and beads' teeth, and backbones of yew wood. One of the most remarkable objects found was a hair-pin with a lamp-knob, several of which were stuck round the head so as to form a sort of crown.

Curious Facts.

The St. Louis *Despatch* relates the following curious facts:—Nearly forty years ago the steamer *Neptune* sank in the bend below Cairo, and it was reported that she had a large amount of silver on board. As there was no diving bell or wrecking boats in those days, no effort was made until twenty or twenty-five years afterwards, when a bell boat, after long search, succeeded in finding the wreck well buried in the sand. A large quantity of lead was recovered, and, among other articles found, was a keg of butter, which, for a short time after being opened, was apparently as fresh and sweet as when it left the open air so many years before. But by the time all hands had examined it the delicious butter commenced to show signs of decay, and in a few minutes emitted such a detestable odor that the bystanders were glad to pitch it overboard with long poles, while their noses were tightly compressed by their fingers and thumbs. A carpenter's tool chest was also found, the tools in which, when opened, seemed to be in a remarkably fine state of preservation—the wooden handles and the planes appearing almost unharmed, while the iron seemed to have only a small coating of rust. In a few hours, however, after being exposed to the air, the entire wooden work crumbled into dust, and the iron became so thickly coated or eaten up with rust that it could be broken into pieces by the fingers. It was not known publicly whether any of the silver was recovered; but many persons thought that the divers could tell more about it than they ever did. If none of the silver was recovered, the owners of the bell boat were nevertheless well paid for their enterprise by the recovery of lead and other articles from the wreck. The steamer *Glady Burke*, which sunk several years ago by striking the rock which extended down the river from the points of Cairo had a large quantity of lead on board, and the proprietor of the land known as Bird's Point, saved a large quantity of it at various times during low water, and had it stored in the cellar. At the breaking out of the war of rebellion a search made by Federal soldiers revealed the leaden deposit, of which, indeed, no secret was made, and Mr. Bird was forthwith arrested and imprisoned on a charge of having Confederate war material in his possession.

Conception and Expression.

There are men who have just thoughts on every subject; but it is not perceived, because their expressions are feeble. They conceive well but they produce badly. Erasmus acutely observed—alluding to what then must occupy his mind—that one might be apt to swear that they had been taught, in the confessional cell all they had learnt, so scrupulous are they of disclosing what they know. Others, again, conceive ill, and produce well; for they express with elegance, frequently what they do not know. It was observed of one who pleaded, that he knew more than he said; and of another that he said more than he knew. The judicious Quintilian observes, that we ought at first to be more anxious in regard to our conceptions than to our expressions—we may attend to the latter afterwards. While Horace thought that expressions will never fail us if we have luminous conceptions. Yet they seem to be different things, for a man may have the clearest conceptions, and at the same time be no pleasing writer; while conceptions of no eminent merit may be very agreeably set off by a warm and coloring diction. Lucian happily describes the works of those who abound with the most luxurious language, void of ideas. He calls their unmeaning verbosity anemone-words (anemone verborum); for the anemones are flowers, which, however brilliant, can only please the eye, leaving no fragrance. Pratt, who was a writer of flowing, but nugatory verses, was compared to the daisy; a flower indeed but without fragrance.—I. Disraeli.

The Expression of Dress.

Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornments they express their nature, as the flowers do in their petals and colors. Some never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or bluish-rose. Who has not seen some women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit for velvets, like the dallas; and others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by circumstances, they do not fail to express their true character, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.

An Extinct Race.

One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spaniards, succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat, and goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state, of rewards and punishment after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Tenerife as a place of punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed, and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to the visitors to the islands. Their marriage was very solemn; and, before engaging them, the brides were fattened on milk. At the present day, these strange races are extinct.

Our Mistake About Each Other.

Not one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted, and we could all see ourselves as others see us, our self-estimates would in all probability be much more erroneous than they are now. The truth is, that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, not one of which is correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevolence and envy, spectacle our eyes, and utterly prevent us from observing accurately. Many whom we deem the porcelain of human clay are mere dirt, and a still greater number of those whom we put down in our "black book" are no further from heaven, and perchance a little nearer, than the censors who condemn them. We habitually undervalue or overvalue each other, and in estimating character the shrewdest of us only now and then make true appraisal of the virtues and defects of our oldest intimates.

It is not just or fair to look at character from a stand-point of one's own selection. A man's profile may be unprepossessing, and yet his full face agreeable. We once saw a young man, whose timidity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into a river and save a boy from drowning, while his companions stood by and looked on. The merchant who gives cut answers in his counting-room may be a tender husband, and father, and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, your good humored person, who is all smiles and sunshine in the public, may carry something as hard as a netherstone in the place where his heart ought to be.

Depths of the Sea.

The soundings effected with reference to the new trans-Atlantic cable have enabled comparisons to be made of the different depths of the sea. Generally speaking, they are not of any great depth in the neighborhood of continents; thus, the Baltic, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep; and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130 feet. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 300 feet; while to the South-west of Ireland where the sea is open, the depth is more than 2,000 feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the straits of Gibraltar the depth is only 1,000 feet; while a little more to the East it is 3,000 feet. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 250 miles South of Nantucket (South of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7,000 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Ocean. To the West of the Cape of Good Hope, 10,000 feet have been measured; and to the West of St. Helena, 37,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 25,000 feet, and of the Pacific at 20,000 feet.

THE ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.—The elephant is known to be endowed with an exquisite sense of smell. The interior of its trunk is lined with an immense olfactory nerve, by which the animal is able to detect the faintest odors at a distance. The large elephant at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris was, as usual occupied on Wednesday in taking up with that appurtenance the pieces of bread and cakes offered to him by the public, when all of a sudden he drew in his trunk, and continued to follow along the rails of his enclosure, with evident pleasure, a lady who was carrying in her hand a bouquet of orange flowers. That person, having remarked the movements of the elephant, held the bouquet within its reach, and the animal immediately seized the flowers, and after having inspired with great avidity the perfume for a few moments, again put forth its trunk and restored the bouquet to the lady. To the elephant the orange flower is the most delicious of all odors, and travellers state that in Japan those animals may be frequently seen to bury their trunks in the foliage of these trees to enjoy the perfume.

A NATURAL ENOUGH SCURF.—A man, tried in Scotland, before the sheriff and a jury, accused of stealing some garments, was defended by a local practitioner with so much success that the jury returned a verdict of "not proven." To the surprise of his agent, the prisoner seemed by no means in a hurry to quit the dock after the verdict was rendered. The man of law went up to him, informing him that he had been acquitted, and was at liberty to go away, but still the fellow kept his seat. A second time he was reminded that he was no longer a prisoner, but he remained immovable. At length as the court was nearly emptied of the people who had been present during the trial, including the witnesses in the case, the prisoner whispered to his counsel—"The fact is, man, I durst not gang sooner; I have on the pair of trousers that was stolen."

VOLUNTEER DRILL FOR SINGLE MEN.—Fall in love with some good and industrious young woman. Attention pay to her faithfully and respectfully. Right face in popping the question, like a man. Quick march to her parents, and ask their consent. Fire right with her to the church, and go through the service of matrimony. Halt and reflect seriously upon the new duties which you have assumed, and then perform them. Right about face from the haunts which you frequented when single, and prefer your own home. Advance arms to your young wife when out walking with her, and never leave her to trail behind. Break off wishing out at night, and other bad habits, if you wish to have a happy home.

Live not for selfish aims. Live to shed joy on others. Thus best shall your own happiness be secured; for no joy is ever given freely forth that does not have quick echo in the giver's own heart.

Items Foreign & Local.

Their are 200,000 points in Great Britain. A microscope has been constructed which magnifies an object 1,575,000,000 times.

A Mr. Still paddled his own canoe from Fort Leavenworth to New Orleans—1800 miles.

Conversation among betrothed ones is a breach of Japanese etiquette.

Alfreder Gabriel has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

Some 600,000 pupils attend evening schools in France.

There are seven clergymen in the new Vermont Legislature.

All the young princesses of the Imperial family of Russia are to make a tour of the United States.

During the late German war a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Rhine in 12 minutes.

A couple married a week ago in Newport, Ky., died on the following day of cholera.

It is now thought that at least fifteen persons perished in the Quebec fire.

An orphan boy black in Little Rock, Arkansas, was lately made the heir of \$20,000.

A guillotine to be worked by steam and capable of cutting off six heads per minute, is one of the contributions to the Paris Exposition.

The Journal of Education states that the Montreal subscription to the Papal Loan amounted to \$30,000 on the 30th Sept.

Strass paid \$300,000 for the right to give monster concerts in the exhibition building in Paris.

The average price paid for sermons in the United States is just three cents—five sermons for a straight whiskey libation.

An English paper says that the Admiralty have ordered the immediate construction of sixty gunboats.

Santa Anna is a confirmed and reckless gambler. He will stake thousands upon the fighting qualities of an unknown rooster.

A cylinder printing press, said to have been invented at Leipzig, which can print 14,000 sheets an hour, and costs far less than Lillie's great American press.

An experiment on a large scale is in progress at the Botanic Gardens at Adelaide and other places in South Australia, for the cultivation of tea from Chinese seeds.

Three premiums, one of \$500, one of \$300, and one of \$200, are to be awarded at a coming picnic in Ohio to the townships producing the greatest number of tails of rats slain in the townships.

Mrs. Cunningham, of New York, who figured so prominently in the execution of the murderer of Dr. Burdell in that city a few years ago, was among the passengers lost by the recent sinking of the steamer "Evening Star."

T. McHenry, Esq. informs us that a practical engineer arrived by the last English mail boat to locate the Albert Canal, and that he had already designed to accommodate the great works in contemplation at Turtle Creek by Mr. Archibald and his associates.—*Visitor*.

A Radical spread-eagle orator of New York State wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every town and county, to every village and hamlet, in the broad land; but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out—"Dry up, you old fool; you'd get shot for a goose before you flew a mile."

Fifteen million pins are said to be called for in England, in which two thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven pounds of brass wire is consumed. Some idea of the consumption of brass wire in the manufacture of pins may be gathered from the fact that one firm in Birmingham consumes one hundred and thirty-six tons per annum, or three hundred and thirty-six thousand pounds.

The bears in New Hampshire have become very bold this fall, and they plunder the farmers' orchards with impunity. One of them was lately discovered in the act of shaking the apples while two of his companions, on the ground, were deliberately gathering them up. Fourteen of them were lately killed at Albany, and one at Canby village, near the town house.—*Springfield Republican*.

PROFITS OF A RACE HORSE.—By an account filed in the *Prolate* Court at Chicago, in connection with the settlement of the estate of Trusell, the owner of half of the famous race horse Dexter, it appears that, from June 15th, 1865, to the 1st of January, 1866, the horse earned for his owners \$22,775.33, whilst his expenses were \$8,783.10, the net profits being \$13,992.23.

A correspondent in St. Stephen, writing on business, incidentally observes:—Our Railway folks have been up and down the coast, and have a course through to St. Andrews line by Saturday—day after to-morrow! While the St. Stephen Branch has been progressing so vigorously, the Woodstock line is so far forward that its completion in the Spring is a matter of certainty. All this time the work on Western Extension amounts to nothing! We are a great people here in St. John.—*Telegraph*.

A. M. Perrott, a Frenchman, has discovered three terribly destructive engines—the first, a three-barrelled air-gun firing 1000 bullets per minute; the second, a bullet dropping from a hopper, with out intermission, into the gun; the second is a similar, but mounted on wheels; and the third is a steam locomotive, discharging 250,000 of projectiles per second, and capable of killing 72,800 men in 24 hours. It had one man was killed in every hundred shots discharged.

The New York *World* states that in spite of the protest of the French government the American government has purchased the island of Melos, in the Grecian Archipelago, at a cost of \$20,000,000, and intends to erect it into a naval station. Melos has one of the finest harbors in the Mediterranean, and will be in a position to play an important part in the solution of the Eastern question, if it be true, as it has been stated, that the Federal Cabinet intends to intervene on the Russian side when it again disturbs the European equilibrium.

THE LIQUID FIRE OF THE FENIANS.—A "Repentant and now ex-Fenian" declares, in a letter to the *London Daily Express*, that there are depots of combustible fire in Liverpool and in other parts of England besides the one lately found in that city by the police. "The combustible," he writes, "found in bottles in Salisbury street, Liverpool, and called 'liquid fire' (and which ignites almost immediately on coming into contact with the open air), was designed, in the event of a rebellion, to be thrown amongst Her Majesty's troops, especially the cavalry, for the double purpose of frightening the horses and injuring both men and cattle, as also to pick into the windows of marked and doomed establishments and private houses, when there could be little, if any, chance of extinguishing the flames, or saving the lives of the inmates; besides it is to be used in many other ways for the destruction of life and property. The liquid is, as I was informed, some phosphoric compound, and I believe that the devil himself could not have invented anything more terrible. There are, as I have heard, and I have no doubt truly, several depots in Liverpool at this moment of a like nature to that discovered in Salisbury street, as well as in other parts of England, and if the police are not active and on the alert they cannot make them out; this is imperative prior to the next Fenian raid on Canada; for should they fail, there are thousands upon thousands of lives that would be sacrificed, and the country would be a scene of ruin and massacre."

General News.

THE FANGS OF CONSCIENCE.—At the Mansion House yesterday, Thomas Denman, 38 years of age, described as a clerk, and having no fixed residence, was charged before the Lord Mayor, on his own confession, with stealing money to the amount of £1,500, between 2 and 3 o'clock yesterday morning the prisoner presented himself at the Bishopsgate police station, and said to police constable Elijah Gale, who happened to be on duty there, to give him a key to the station for employment. He stated that he had been for some time employed by Mr. Ebenezer Hatheway, a provision merchant at St. John, New Brunswick, as clerk and general assistant, and that he left his service about February, 1862, of his own volition, having previously embezzled, at different periods, money of Mr. Hatheway, amounting in all to £1000. The prisoner also stated that in June, 1861, he was employed by Mr. Valentine Graves, in St. John, as clerk, and while there embezzled £200 in one sum, about the 7th of that month. He then left the colony and came to England, where he remained for a few weeks, and then sailed for the Cape of Good Hope. On arrival there he settled at Algoa Bay, where he spent the whole of his money, and then worked his passage back to England in a sailing vessel, arriving in August last. He has since, he said, been living on the money he had earned on the passage, and that being exhausted, he was now homeless and destitute; that he was not able to sleep at night, his conscience troubled him so much, and that he had resolved to give himself up to justice. He also said that he had a wife and four children in St. John, but that he had not communicated with them since he left the colony. The prisoner, in reply to the Lord Mayor, said what the officer had stated was perfectly true, and that, being so, he had no question to ask him. The Lord Mayor said that he could not detain the prisoner without a warrant from the colony, but he called him to enter into his own recognizances in the sum of £1,500, to appear at this court again in a month. The prisoner gave the requisite bail and departed.—*London Times*, Oct. 9.

TRACHTING IN THE FENIAN COUNCIL.—The British Government need never be at a loss for want of information as to the designs of the Fenian leaders. Scarcely is it necessary for it to employ spies, so numerous are the volunteers who press their services upon it. It is said that all that is required of the Fenian Council in spite of the affectation of secrecy and in spite of oaths, is communicated in a short space of time to the authorities in London, who are thus enabled at a moment's notice to lay their hands upon the unsuspecting victims of the Fenian delusion.

In the Irish People of the 22nd inst., the Fenian organ at New York, we find this fact strikingly confirmed. Therein we learn that Mr. David A. Sutton, a Fenian, was appointed to search into, and report upon the affairs of Fenianism in general, has absconded from America, carrying with him in his flight the secret correspondence of H. C. F. B. John O'Mahony, for the purpose of selling them to the British Government.

The papers thus carried off, and which will soon be in the hands of the authorities in England, contain, so the *Irish People* asserts, as many important correspondence and acts of the Fenian administration for eight years; and the New York paper then proceeds to speculate in the following terms on the probable consequences of this act of treachery.

"They [the papers carried off] contain information calculated to convict many of our friends and associates at present in prison in Ireland, against whom there is merely a suspicion of complicity in the Fenian movement. They also contain much information as may lead to the arrests, and conviction of many of our friends in Ireland and Great Britain who have not been even suspected up to this. The Registry and Address book of the Fenian Council in America is also among the documents missing from the Fenian papers, and is said to have been taken off by the absconder, Sutton. The latter may be of great use to our enemy in enabling him to estimate our numbers and resources. The whole file is, no doubt, well worth a handsome sum of blood-money."

A separation from the colonies would incur, for England, simply a dismemberment of the empire—a phrase the full import of which the British public ought not to be slow to realize. England has not so many friends in the world as she can afford to cut off from her friendship her own children. "Blood is thicker than water." The allies whom it is the easiest for us to retain—the allies who ask the least of us, are our own colonies. If we have to make some sacrifice to keep them, it is not a good investment, even in a money point of view. England has already lost much in the opinion of the world by the desertion of some of her old allies. How much more damage to her prestige and deliberately to desert her own children—to proclaim to the world that she is too weak to maintain them—to announce that the Anglo-Saxon empire is but a baseless fiction?

In the case of our American dependencies the policy of consideration is so obviously to the interests of all—to the mother country as well as to the colonies—that it makes us a little impatient to know, from Lord Carnarvon's speech at the North American Congress, that there is any impediment whatever to its immediate realization. The delay, we may be confident, cannot arise from the part of our own Government. There can be but one opinion among all classes of the English people as to the wisdom of the course which the majority of the North American colonists are advocating.—*Standard* (London).

The following is published in the American papers; the New York *Times* was recently an organ of the Washington Government, and had, therefore, special sources of information. The present instance it may be correct. The probability is that if the demand has been made by Mr. Adams, the final settlement of these vexed claims will soon be made.

"The *Times* special says relative to the claims against England for damages by rebel pirates, in regard to our affairs with England growing out of the depredations during the late war of the Privateers Albatross and others, that Mr. Adams, our Minister to the court of St. James, was sometime since instructed to make a peremptory demand for indemnity for the losses sustained by our commercial interests. To this demand Mr. Adams received an evasive reply. He was immediately instructed to repeat the demand. He did so, but no definite answer has yet been received, but the tone of the English newspapers recently received, indicates that these renewed and persistent demands are not being without effect. The British government is now putting feelers in their various organs, showing their disposition in the matter. From this it appears that they are willing to submit the claims to arbitration or to a Board of National Commissioners. Our Government will accept no arrangement of that sort, but will insist on prompt and full payment of the claims. This is the ultimatum as contained in the instructions under which Mr. Adams is now acting."—*Globe*.

THE LOWEST DEPTH.—John Morrisey, the well known pugilist and gambler, was nominated as a candidate for Congress the other evening by the Democracy of one of the New York city districts. His election is, of course, assured, as he was put upon the track to combat the suffrage of the ignorant majority of some of the localities of that city. Well, say the nation whom, when such men are returned to the party which can stoop to overnight money again to elect people to support it.—*Western Messenger*.