Carleton Place Herald.

VOL. XII. CARLETON PLACE, C. W., DECEMBER 11, 1861. No. 14

The Carleton Place Herald

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING AT *CARLETON PLACE*, BY

JAMES POOLE,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

To whom all communications, remittances, &c., should be addressed.

Only One Dollar a Year,

IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—

Six lines and under first insertion, 75 cents and 20 cents each subsequent insertion; six to ten lines first insertion, $1,00, and 20 cents each subsequent insertion; above ten lines, 10 cents per line for the first insertion; and 3 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. The number of lines in an advertisement to be ascertained by the space which it occupies in a column. Advertisements without specific directions inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

The following poetical effusion from a correspondent in the County of Renfrew, is an index of the feeling now pervading the backwoods of Canada in anticipation of approaching troubles with the Federalists of the Northern States. We trust that the spirit exhibited in the lines will find an echo in every hamlet and farm steading throughout Canada.

For the Carleton Place Herald.

Canadians arouse from your soft dreamy slumbers,
For war's bloody onset make haste to prepare,
The Yankees have vow'd to o'er-run us with numbers,
Those cowards that never walk up to the square,
The sound's not uncertain, their "*Herald*" has thunder'd,
Altho' in our hearts it creates no alarm,
A little good drilling might save us some blunders,
More riddling of targets might do us no harm,

Our good Queen Victoria has sent us assistance,
To help us to guard this fair gem of her Crown,
Or shield's she a traitor will rise in resistance,
And help braggart Jonathan to ramble us down?
Come from your retreats far in the wild wood,
Come from the Islands of each inland sea,
Though dear to your bosoms the scenes of your childhood,
They're not worth retaining unless they are free,

Come ye old Veterans whose locks have grown hoary,
Who spring from sweet freedom's fair Isles of the main,
Lead on your sons till they lengthen the story,
Of Heroes who conquered, "again and again,"
Come from the hills where the pine trees are growing,
Come from the mines where your treasures are stor'd,
Change all your tools 'ere the bugles are blowing,
The axe for the claymore, the spade for the sword.

Hunters come forth from the marsh and the mountain,
Bring your good Rifles oft proved to be true,
Haste on a bee-line through forest and fountain,
Warm hearted welcomes are waiting on you.
"Interiors" come on, we will give you protection,
'Neath rampants where Wolf tore the tri-colour down,
Where you may indulge in your Chief's disaffection,
Or join in our ranks and regain your renown.

Up Spartan matrons, wives, maidens and mothers,
To gird on their armour, tho' bosoms may burn,
I hear them exclaim, here's the swords of my brothers,
We love them more dearly, Oh may they return.
Up volunteers get your Rifles in order,
Be ready to shew the freebooters some fun,
Drive them all headlong back over the border,
Or leave none to tell of another Bull's run.

Let them come thousands, we love solid columns,
Of Heroes to charge on, and no Yankee spurt,
They shall never go back to record in their volumes,
"We fought with Canadians and none of us hurt."
Then let us be ready, all loyal and true men,
Our flag we will nail to our sweet maple tree,
Their star-spangled banner "E Pluribus Unum,"
Shall ne'er flaunt the breeze in this land of the free.

SENTINEL.

Bagot, C. W., Nov., 1861.

THE TOOLS GREAT MEN WORK WITH.—It is not tools that make the workmen, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workmen never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvellous things—such as his wooden clock, that actually measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand, but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color. An eminent foreign *savant* once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the Doctor took him into a little study and pointing to an old teatray on the table, containing a few watch-glasses, test papers, a small balance and a blow-pipe, said: "There is all the laboratory I have!" Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross-sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection.—Gifford worked his problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose; while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated on his plough handle.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

APPALLING CATASTROPHE ON THE ST. ANDREW RAILWAY.

We copy from the Carleton *Sentinel* of last Saturday the following account of a sad accident on the St. Andrews Railway:—

"On Tuesday night the intelligence came in that a collision of trains had occurred on the St. Andrews Railway, near Rankin's Mills, Eel River, about 18 miles from this place, attended by a large loss of life. We immediately proceeded to the Mills, where we found, although happily the rumor had been exaggerated, that still a collision most frightful in its results had occurred. The greater part of the persons injured resided in the immediate vicinity of the Mills, and when we arrived we found Drs. Bell and Smith actively employed in affording surgical relief to the sufferers. Two men had been instantly killed; some fifteen persons had been more or less seriously injured. The story of the occurrence is this:—Within the distance of six miles from the Mills, downward, two trains were at work—the one the "Ram," a ballast train, the other the "Thistle," a dirt train—the latter carrying dirt from a point a short distance from the Mills to a temporary bridge some four miles below. A party of ladies and gentlemen visiting at the Mills went on board the engine and dirt train down, to witness the operation of the steam shovel, a distance of four and a half miles; leaving the cars to unload at the bridge, the party ran down on the engine the remaining distance, and there left, with the understanding that they were to be ready to take the same engine the next trip. The party having satisfied their curiosity at the steam shovel, were about starting to walk to meet the train on which they proposed to return to the Mills, when the time keeper of the ballast train and the Inspector, Mr. Jack, invited them to take a place in the engine of their train, and be run up to meet the other train. They did so, and proceeded at a rapid rate up the track, passing to their surprise, the point at which they expected to meet the other train. The engineer, in his evidence, explains *his* reasons for so doing. Several of the party tells us that, although they felt from the time they went upon the engine up to their arrival at the bridge, a strange presentiment of coming ill, which feeling became stronger when they that they entered on what they believed to be the section on which the other engine worked, still nothing was said either to the Conductor or Engineer. They had traversed a distance of about two miles, when just upon a somewhat abrupt curve the down engine came in sight, and almost instantaneously they were upon each other.—The down train had an engine and tender, backing down with five cars of dirt attached, and a number of laborers to unload. The up train had only the engine and tender.—On this engine were Mrs. J. G. Harvey, two Miss Sawyers, Mr. Howard Sawyer, Master Harvey, Mr. Kindrow, time-keeper, Mr. Jack, road inspector, and the engineer; while on the tender was Mr. Willard Sawyer. The lightness of this train was no doubt the Providential means of saving the whole party from immediate destruction. When the collision came, the tender was tipped forward, while the rear part of the engine frame was broken down, so that the persons standing on the engine were precipitated on the track between the two, and the wood with which the tender was loaded was thrown forward upon them, and from the wood thus thrown on them the wounds and bruises of the party chiefly occurred. Miss M. Sawyer, who fell close by the exhaust steam pipe, was slightly burnt as well as otherwise injured; Mr. H. Sawyer had his right arm broken and head cut; Mr. Willard Sawyer, some of his ribs broken; Mr. Kendrow and Mr. Jack were quite seriously injured; the rest of those who rode in the train were but slightly hurt, and the engine itself was not very much injured.

The fate of those who were on the other train was different. The tender and engine became a perfect wreck, and the attached cars were shattered and piled upon one another, the engine, Ross, passing completely under the tender of the Thistle, and doubling it up on the engine. Mr. Hews, who was riding either on the tender or engine, was crushed to death between the two, and his lower limbs severed from his body. The lad who was killed was riding on the buffer of the Thistle, and he doubtless was instantaneously killed. His body was cut up in small pieces, and scattered all round.

The rest of the men in this train were injured to some extent; the injuries consisting in the different cases of broken heads, crushed or broken limbs, &c.; but none of them, we are pleased to learn, are considered likely to prove fatal.

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AT GREENOCK.—A few days ago a party of sailors met at West Quay, more or less intoxicated, an American among the number. Some knotty dispute arose, and in order to settle it physical argument was resorted to, and a general battle commenced, but was put an end to by the interference of the police. The American was being marched up the quay by two constables, when he got loose, vowing to drown himself, jumped over the breast, but alighted in a boat, from which he let himself into the water, retaining a hold of the gunwale. In this eccentric position he challenged all comers to mortal combat, which invitation was replied to by other tars by a counter request to him to come on shore and fight it out there. He made several attempts to comply but failed, and when some of the crowd went to assist him he tried to capsize the boat, and splashed water over them.—At length, when he had been immersed about ten minutes, one of the seamen, named Haly, got so exasperated by the American's challenges and braggadocio that he swore he could stand it no longer, and jumping into the water, seized Brother Jonathan by the hair, and continued to pommel him heartily until he was considerably cooled by the dip and the thrashing, then scrambled into the boat, and gave himself up.

CAPTURE OF A PRIVATEER.—The Galveston *Citizen* has been received in Richmond. It gives an account of an action between the Confederate schooner Royal Yacht (privateer) and the Union steamer Santee. The Royal Yacht was surprised when lying outside of the harbor of Galveston. Finding it impossible to reach the harbor, she gave battle. The contest was a severe one, but the Yacht was finally overcome. No particulars had been received in regard to the number killed and wounded, as all on board the Yacht had been taken prisoners. The Santee was lying outside the harbor. The authorities of Galveston had proposed an exchange of prisoners, but no response had been received from the commander of the Santee.

IRELAND AS SHE IS.

Ireland is not learned in a day. The Englishman who fancies that he has grasped the social characteristics and political necessities of the country when he has made himself master of "Harry Lorrequer." "Castle Rack-rent," and "O'Keefe's Farces," and digested the matter of fifty "Lenton Postorals" and "Tenant-right Resolutions," will be surprised at the magnitude and the solidity of the interests, and at the gravity and subtlety of the character, which on a closer contemplation comes forth, like the great headlands of our seacoast, into stern and massive relief. He finds that the caricatures of a dead-and-buried generation are not portraits of existing men and manners, and that the clamours of the country are not its wants. He fails to discover anywhere the tipsy and insolent gentry horse-whipping a rack-rented tenantry, and pistolling one another at eight paces from muzzle to muzzle—who figured in his dream of Ireland. He sees little or nothing of the "squalid apebook," the plundering, the drunkenness, the fatuous good-nature, and indiscriminate battery and assault, without pretext or purpose, which are described as the amiable peculiarities of a peasantry who will barter their last article of clothing for a bottle of whiskey to treat you with, and then with a good humoured "hurro," break your head without rhyme or reason, and finally give you their heart's dearest affections in exchange for a good joke or an indifferent pennyworth of tobacco. The whole of this monstrous mirage vanishes the moment he sets his foot upon the soil of Ireland. He beholds, instead, a gentry as intelligent, hard-working, enterprising, thrifty, and in the highest sense respectable, as any in the empire; and a peasantry as industrious and temperate, receiving a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. He will see a tenantry possessed of improving farms, at reasonable rents, and of sufficient dimensions; and above all a vast and energetic Protestant population, self-reliant and prosperous, and altogether unlike his ideal of an Orange community. He will find his notion of the relations of parties, the social facts of the country, and the wants and abuses of its domestic system, extensively modified, and still more extensively demolished. And if he possess a faculty more uncommon than is supposed the power of simple perception and energy to think and conclude for himself he will discard nearly all he has previous conceived, and commence, *ab initio*, the study of the grave and complicated question.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE.

From the Quebec Chronicle.

It is true that this winter and many succeeding seasons may pass away without a war—and God grant, say we, that it may be so—but the reverse may be the case, and before three months are over hostilities between Great Britain and the States may have commenced. The Imperial authorities here are already preparing for eventualities.

It is in consequence of this determination we presume, that the new forts of which the Leader tells us have been commenced at Toronto; and this it is which gives an air of credibility to the current talk that the 60th are to leave the city for the westward. But if the Imperial Government are thus doing their best to preserve peace by being prepared for war, that does not absolve us from the necessity for preparation too. It is no less our duty than our interest to imitate them. We have noticed with pleasure that throughout the Province an increased desire has manifested itself to fill up the ranks of the active volunteer militia. Recruits are rapidly coming forward both for old companies and new ones. The whole of that force, too, are paying more attention to their drill, and showing clearly their conviction that they are not merely playing at soldiers, like children, but qualifying themselves for earnest serious work and the performance of heavy responsibilities. But this is not all we need. The greater part of our adult population belong to the sedentary, not the active militia force, and this body ought to be astir. We have a small army of gentlemen bearing the Queen's commission as Lieutenant Colonels, Majors, Captains, and Lieutenants in the sedentary militia, who have looked upon the distinction as an empty honor. These ought now to change their views. Colonel Coffin says every one of them should join some active volunteer corps for the purpose of learning drill. The idea is a good one. We may suggest that companies of instruction should be formed for the officers of the sedentary force and privates as choose to attend. Certainly these gentlemen should by some means acquire some knowledge of military movements or resign, when their places could be filled by those who are willing to undergo some little inconvenience for their own and the public good.

DESERTION BY AN OFFICER.—The young officer of the 7th Fusiliers, accused of theft at Gibraltar, has virtually admitted his guilt, and escaped the punishment for one crime by committing another. He has broken his arrest and has deserted. It is believed that he has made his way to Algiers, and, of course, will never again see England. In the meantime he has been cashiered by the authorities. It is, however, a considerable satisfaction to the regiment generally that there can now be no doubt whatever about the culprit, as the petty thefts which had taken place in every direction, and of every possible description of article, had excited a most painful degree of uneasiness and sense of disgrace. That the young man should run such a risk is marvellous, when it is remembered that he was amply supplied with money, and had letters of credit to a considerable amount.

Last Friday, Cornwall, says the *Freeholder* of that town, was visited by a trio of full privates in the American army, in uniform; and these gentry had the effrontery to attempt some recruiting. The matter got wind and a constable was soon on their track when the warriors made a rapid retreat, in fact a perfect Bull's Run; and thereby defeated the kind intentions of some admirers who would have had much pleasure in seeing them honoured with entertainment at the public expense in a certain large establishment kept by Mr. McLennan. Precautions will be taken to prevent any other party who may honor us with another visit for similar purposes from avoiding our hospitalities in so precipitate a fashion.

The New York *Times* states that a bill will be speedily introduced into the Kentucky Legislature for the confiscation of the property of rebels, including slaves; and that there is every reason to believe that it will become law.

THE GOLD MINES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE GOLD FEVER.

Another file of papers from British Columbia fully bear out the reports previously given of the richness of the Carriboo diggings. The Victoria *Daily Press* of October 15th, says:—

"The accumulation of the startling but veritable which come one after another, each growing greater than its predecessor, by every steamer from the fraser, is really an excuse for the mania which at present pervades all classes of society in Victoria. To say that our population have gone mad might be using an expression rather exaggerated, but to state that almost every person in the community is deeply infected with the gold fever, and declares his attention at all hazards of leaving for Carriboo in the spring, is simply recording a fact which meets one's ear in every house and every street. It is no wonder that Jones gets excited when his friend Smith, who, not five months ago, had not $20 in the world he could call his own, come down from Carriboo heavily laden with $30,000 in Gold.—Were these isolated cases the delirium might be confined to a small circle, but there is by no means a limited supply of such lucky miners. Victoria will be in another week literally inundated with successful Carrieboo-ites.

"Never in the history of gold mining have there been such fabulous sums amassed in so incredibly a short space of time. But a few months ago and the whole collective miners in British Columbia did not possess as large a sum as that which arrived by the last trip of the Otter, yet since the spring $2,000,000 have actually been taken out of the few creeks that have been worked in the Carriboo. When we consider the smallness of the number of men—fifteen hundred—the shortness of the season, and the thousand and one drawbacks which miners experience in the heart of a country so new to civilized man, and so far from the sea coast, we can only come to the universal conclusion that British Columbia admits of no comparison in the world. as a gold producing country. From a letter received by a gentleman in town yesterday morning by Major Downie, we have the statement of this experienced and indefatigable miner, to the effect that the richest portions of California, in its most palmy days, are as nothing compared with what he had seen since he left Victoria for the Carriboo."

The British *Colonist* of the 22nd gives similar testimony. It says:—

"Nothing is talked of now-a-days but the Cariboo mines. When the excitement following the discovery of gold on Fraser River was at its highest in California, in 1858, it was not a more universal topic of conversation than Carriboo is here at the present time. Were we to believe what we hear, we would conclude that everybody will go to Carriboo in the spring. The fabulous accounts of 'rich strikes' almost bewilder people. Accustomed to think eight dollars and twenty dollar diggings exceedingly rich, it is difficult to realize the fact that men who left the shoe bench, or the place, or the jack plain, and went to Carriboo last spring, should, after two or three months labour with pick and shovel, living on bacon and beans, return with three, five, ten, twenty and thirty thousand dollars each. It is hardly believable even by those who are accustomed to 'lucky strikes' and rich gold fields. Yet it is, nevertheless, true. It is well authenticated. The best possible evidence is given by the lucky miners themselves by the size of their bags of gold dust, and the nuggets they carry in their pockets as boys carry marbles. No wonder, then, that the only topic of conversation is Carriboo, or that the universal destination of every one who can by any possibility get away should be 'for Carriboo in the spring.'"

INSTANCES OF SUCCESS.

A correspondent, writing from Carriboo on the 30th Sept, says:

H. N. Steel & Co.'s claim on Williams' creek, turned out for one day's work 300 ounces, and the day following 500 ounces, 5 men working at the sluices. Beat this in California or Australia if you can.

Another correspondent writing from Lillooet, says:

The news from Carriboo mines is very encouraging; miners are reported to be on the way down, some with $15,000, others with piles that I think is too good to be reliable, but on the whole the people of British Columbia may flatter themselves that they have the richest gold mines at present existing on the face of the globe. * *

Since I wrote the above several miners have arrived from Carriboo, bringing the most exciting news as to the richness of the mines. One man that wintered last winter at Lillooet, brings down $15,000; he made shingles last winter for a living. There is not only a few who have made big strikes, but many have had a handsome fortune, and those that have not been fortunate are in good spirits, and are certain of big strikes next summer. Five hundred miners are expected down in a week or two, so we may expect lively times for a spell.

The steamer Otter arrived at Victoria on the 13th October. The *Colonist* of the 16th says:

"The amount of gold dust by this arrival is greater than ever received by any one conveyance from British Columbia $300,000.—The news, too, is better if possible than ever before.

"Ned Campbell, a former successful miner on Hill's Bar, has struck great diggings on Lightning Creek. The first day's work of his company in their claim yielded the enormous sum of 785 ounces of coarse gold.—Three Italians yesterday brought $12,000, obtained after three weeks work on Williams' Creek. Two miners from the same creek brought $20,000 each—mostly in nuggets varying from $8 to $7 ounces in weight.—The weather at the mines is unpleasant. On the 18th Sept. a heavy snow fell, and ice formed to the thickness of half an inch.—Mining operations may be said to be at an end for the season. Dawson, formerly an employee of Mr. Beegan, the shoemaker on Yates street, is on his way down with $30,000, in gold dust, taken from his claim on Williams' Creek. One hundred and sixty-five feet of the claim yet remains to be worked, and it is valued at $1,000 to the foot.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred in our neighborhood yesterday, which it is feared will result in the death of a young man named Henry Osborne, son of Mr. Osborne, butcher, of this place. The young man was racing on the Centre Road with a son of Mr. Clarke, when his horse stumbled and fell, the young man in the fall coming under the horse, and getting his head crushed in such a fearful manner that but slight hopes are entertained of his recovery.—*Brampton Times.*

A SCOTTISH OPINION OF CANADA.

The following speech was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Gilchrist at a farewell dinner given to the Rev. Principal Leitch of Queen's College, by the Presbytery and prominent denizens of Cupar. The report is from the Fifeshire Journal:—

Rev. Mr. Gilchrist said—The toast I have to propose is the prosperity of that institution of which our respected guest is about to become Principal—"The University of Queen's College, Canada.' This toast has been intrusted to me for the simple reason that I have been in Canada, and have visited Kingston, the seat of that University. I fear this is a very poor qualification for doing justice to so important a subject, a subject, which ought to be well given, and which, I trust, well be well received.—My greatest difficulty I feel arises from the preconceived ideas which we invariably associate with the mere word, University. To us who have studied in the time-honored seats of learning of our own land, a University rises up before the mind as a venerable institution, surrounded by a halo of many years, and honored by the names of many illustrious men who had either filled its chair, or who as students, had laid within its walls the foundation of future greatness. Why, the neighboring University of St. Andrews has now run a career of four centuries and a half, dating from 1411, and as yet we may say it shows no symptom of the decrepitude or decay. Many generations of Fifeshire youth, it is obvious, then, must have trod its courts and sat in its class-room, and we know that some of them, at least have afterwards achieved a world wide renown. A University with us, then, naturally connects itself with the history of the past; but, in speaking of a Canadian Institution, we must, of necessity look at it in an altogether different light—We must view it not so much in reference to its bearing upon the generations that has gone as in regard to its influence upon the generations that are yet to come—we must consider it not so much in its relation to the past history as to the future prospects of the country. Looked at in this light, the University of Queen's College is well worthy of our notice and our respect. Comparatively, it is an Institution, but of yesterday, it fact it has not yet attained majority. Its character dates only from October 1841, and therefore, instead of the 450 years of St. Andrews, it has only 20 years to look back upon. But if we judge of its future by its growth during these twenty years, why before it has attained half the age of St. Andrews, it will be a giant indeed. It was, at first, but a very feeble infant. It started with two faculties, three professor, and eleven students. In 1847 when I visited Kingston, it was still then a puny child, but I am happy to say that puny child has grown to be a sturdy strippling, giving promise of a vigorous manhood. If we compare '14 with '61, we find the following results—The two faculties have increased to four, the three professers to fifteen, the eleven students to somewhere about two hundred. It has a faculty of Arts and of Divinity, of Law and of Medicine, each fully equipped with its staff of teachers. Now you must acknowledge that all these is very cheering it gives the idea of a healthful state of matters, and of a noble institution, to preside over which is a most legitimate ambition. Queen's College must tell upon the future of Canada—It must exercise a certain influence upon the character of its population. Divines, who had been trained in the Hall of Kingston, and under the eye of our friend Dr. Leitch, will go forth to fill the pulpits of that land, and to teach to the next generation the most important of all knowledge, that which maketh wise to salvation; young lawyers who are now receiving the rudiments of legal training at Kingston, will go forth to plead at the bar, and I trust, ultimately to take their places upon the judge's bench; and medical men, who are now lingering there the A B C of surgery and medicine, will hereafter carry their skill not only into the great cities, but also to the remote settlements of the country. In the mouldings of these future divines, and lawyers and doctors, the Principal will bear a part. How important, then, that an influence which is thus to be carried into all the ramifications of society should be a sound and a high toned one. And it is just because I feel as strongly assured as I can well be of anything that the influence of Dr. Leitch will be of this kind, that I am here to night to bid him God speed, and to wish all manner of prosperity to Queen's College. I believe he will find the duties of the Principalship most congenial to all his tastes and feeling, probably much more so than the unobtrusive ones of a quiet country parish. One other thing I feel equally sure of, he will work most pleasantly and hamoniously with his colleagues. He will not be the Dr. Leitch we have known for the last eighteen years if he does not. Not simply because he is a man whose name is now becoming known in the world of science; there have been philosophers of ordinary scientific acquirements, but all their science seemed incapable of sweetening their tempers. Nor is it because he is a well read divine; there have been divines of high theological attainments, but all their theology could not prevent them from indulging in an occasional fit of the sulks. But who ever saw our friend Dr. Leitch either sour or sulky? We may admire him for his science and his theology, but after all we like him for his happy, genial, kindly spirit as a man. His social amiability, I strongly suspect, has had quite as much to do with this meeting as his knowledge of the stars. Carrying these same qualities, which have endeared him to us, across the Atlantic, I see no reason why—if blessed by God with health and strength—he may not look forward to a career as happy as it may be useful. I believe some of his friends look upon him going to Canada almost in the light of a banishment; certain am I that no one who has visited that country will look upon it in that light. Canada is a noble land. Nature has done much for her. It has given her immense advantages. With her grand lakes—her glorious rivers—her wide spread plains—and boundless forests, she may even reconcile a Scotchman to the idea of leaving behing him his 'Land of brown heath and shaggy wood—the land of the mountain and the flood!' To a mere lover of the picturesque—I say it with all soberness—I know of no country which will better repay a visit than Canada. I have seen a good deal of what is reckoned the finest scenery in the continent of Europe but I have seen nothing which excell the view from the battlements of Quebec; and who that has ever stood on Table Rock, and gazed spell bound at Niagara, will ever forget the moment; or who that has shot the rapids of the St. Lawrance, that has rushed down the Long Sault at the rate of 20 miles an hour, will ever cease to remember the thrilling sensation. And that vast country is inhabited by a well conditioned, energetic race of as loyal subjects as any that acknowledges Victoria for the Queen; and I need hardly say that there is an impression of a strong Scotch element amongst them. We have reason to be proud of the position held by our countrymen there, filling as they do a vast proportion of those offices which require at once clearness of judgment and steadiness of conduct. Many of the Banks and insurance offices are managed by them and they occupy a high place amongst the merchants. And, again, as to the climate—it is by no means unhealthy. The well developed frames, and the ruddy countenances of the people, at once show this. A Canadian winter, no doubt, sounds as something formidable, our friend here had a trial of it; and with the thermometer at 20 deg. below zero, positively enjoyed it! I believe too, we have a most erroneous idea about Kingston. Many know it chiefly in connection with the Prince of Wales' visit, and at the place where the Duke of Newcastle beat such an ignominious retreat before the redoubted Mr. Flanigan! The remarks of the Times were certainly anything but complimentary, chiefly because the correspondent saw only the worst part of the place. It is really a nice little town, with its six thousand inhabitants; and it is within an easy reach of either Montreal or Toronto; and it is only one day from New York a city inferior in point of population only, to London and Paris in Europe. I will live in the hope of again paying a visit to Canada; and when I do so, I hope to meet the Principal in his own proper domain, drinking prosperity to the University of Queen's College.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND CANADA.—We are glad to find that whatever attempts may be made to stir up ill will on one side of the lines or the other, the men who really represent the American people, as the Government at Washington, are showing their desire—a desire which it would be the highest imprudence not to entertain—to live at peace with their Northern neighbors. On three several occasions lately the Government at Washington has been appealed to from Canada, once officially and twice officiously; and on all three occasions they have promptly acceeded to the demand made upon them. The first instance of an application of this kind was a demand for reparation for the affront offered to our territory by the blackguards who crossed from Detroit to arrest deserters at Sandwich.—That act, it is said, has been properly represented to the President by Lord Lyons, and has been disavowed and apologized for.—Again, many minors, the children of Canadian parents, having been enlisted in the American army, Lord Lyons, upon the suggestion of Sir Allan McNab, addressed the proper authorities upon the subject, and an order promptly made for the discharge of such youths. The passport system—in our opinion a very foolish one, inconveniencing no one but harmless travellers, but yet perfectly within the right of any Government—was found to be inconvenient, and upon the representation of Mr. Giddings, who, though in no respect charged with the duty of forwarding the interests of British subjects, a consul's services being intended only for persons of his own nationality, an immediate remedy was applied. Passports may now be countersigned at either New York, Boston, or Portland, by the following gentlemen:—At New York, by Oscar Irving; at Boston, by Jonathan Amory; and at Portland, by E. L. O. Adams. In obtaining this arrangement, Mr. Giddings has, we believe, only acted in accordance with his constantly manifested wish to do everything in his power to facilitate the friendly intercourse between the inhabitants of the two countries, and has given the best possible reply to the absurd statements that he had behaved discourteously to persons who had to transact business with him.—*Montreal Herald.*

We heard this morning of a very sad and unfortunately, fatal accident, which occurred at a ladies' school in this city on Friday last. During the lunch hour several of the boarders and scholars were in the schoolroom chatting and telling stories. The conversation fell upon ghosts, and one of the young disputants, a fine girl thirteen years of age, said warmly and loudly, that before a ghost should catch her, she would throw herself out of the window, on the sill of which she was sitting. The Preceptress, who was in the room at the time, tapped her desk as a warning to make less noise, when this unfortunate young lady, startled by the noise, or her nervous system terribly worked upon, fell or threw herself out of the window.—We need scarcely say that she was immediately picked up, and medical aid at once procured. But notwithstanding every attention was paid to the unhappy sufferer, she died yesterday morning. Of course no blame attaches to the shoolmistress or any of the little prattlers who were present when the unfortunate occurence took place. It is one of those accidents as melancholy as unexpected, which has thrown a gloom over the school, and brought grief into a family, which time alone and comfort from above can dissolve. The young girl's name is Anne Glennon.—*Montreal Pilot.*

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—The Woodstock *Sentinel* chronicles a distressing and painful accident that occurred in the Woodstock *Times* office in the afternoon of Saturday last, to Mr. Stephen Lusted, the foreman of the office. It appears that while he was examining the rollers of the power press, a part of the machinery struck his foot, doubling it over an iron bar and fearfully lacerating it. Dr. Scott was in immediate attendance, and having set the broken bones and dressed the foot, he was taken home in a buggy. Fears were entertained that amputation of the foot would be necessary, but it is now hoped that his foot will be preserved to him.

LOSS OF THE "KEYSTONE STATE."—There seems to be no longer any doubt of the loss of the *Keystone State* in a storm on Lake Huron. Vessels which arrived at Milwaukee on Sunday, the *Sentinel* states report passing, while off Saginaw Bay, Lake Huron, portions of the upper works of either a steamer or propeller. Among other things they passed a steamer's provision chest. The sea was running very high at the time, and they made no effort to pick up any of the articles.

The Newmarket *Era* says:—"A destructive fire occured on Friday evening last, by which the dwelling house of our townsman, Mr. Michael Naylon, was entirely destroyed. We believe he was insured to a considerable amount. Mr. Allison, who also resided in a part of the house, had much of his property damaged and lost."

UNLIKELY RUMORS.—A Montreal journal says there is talk of calling out 10,000 Canadian volunteers at once, and another states that the Provincial steamers are to be sent to the Lakes immediately. The rumors are both absurdly improbable. Such measures are, we take it, quite uncalled for, and would be highly injudicious. We have urged that every Canadian militia man should study to perfect himself in drill, and we still urge it, but that is a very different measure from calling out the force; and the Provincial steamers have work to do here, while they have none up West that we are aware of. The chief reason why we say these rumors must be unfounded, is that they would imply action on the part of the Provincial Government hostile to the United States, while we are quite sure the Provincial authorities will studiously avoid provoking the enmity of the Republic. It would be quite time enough for the Canadian Administration to take such measures as those spoken of after a declaration of war, although it is right now, as it is in the most peaceful years, for our militia to be well trained and in a thoroughly effective condition.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday of last week 13th instant., Mr. Henry Harrison, well known in this town as the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel for several years, was drowned at the Bruce Mines under peculiar and distressing circumstances. It would seem that on that morning he was coming across from the Wellington Mine, a mile or two of coasting from point to point, in a skiff, and had with him one of his children a little boy of tender years.—The little fellow fell overboard, and the father jumped in after him. To us, sitting quietly at our table, it would seem not difficult to pick up the boy without leaving the skiff; but in the excitement of the moment Mr. Harrison thought of nothing but saving the little fellow from a watery grave in the promptest manner. The water was not deed—between four and five feet—and instantly grasping the boy, Mr. Harrison, standing up to the armpits in the water, placed him in the skiff. Every one knows how difficult it is to get into a small boat under such circumstances; and Mr. Harrison, taking a cramp, from the extreme coldness of the water, was unable to regain his position in the boat, and almost immediately sunk. The little boy was saved, but assistance come too late to save the life of the father.—*Owen Sound Times, Nov. 22.*

PASSPORTS.—We (Montreal *Gazette*) are glad to learn on good authority that the mission of the United States Consul General in Canada, the Hon. Mr. Giddings to obtain a mitigation of the passport system in favor of Canadians going to Europe has been successful. The following are to be the regulation:—British subjects from Canada going to Europe through the United States ports must obtain passports from British Consuls in the ports of departure, where they will be vise by a United States Agent. But before leaving Canada they must obtain a certificate from the United States Consul to the agent. We are further authorized to state that it is not necessary for a British subject to obtain a passport in order to proceed to the United States. The travelling community will of course, be obliged to Mr. Giddings for his successful exertions in their behalf.

THE "TOOTHLESS OLD LION."—The New York *Herald* breathes sulphur and vitriol against the Old Country. In a recent article, the great "people's paper" of New York laughs at the idea of England as a first-rate power, and capable of prosecuting with success a war against the United States, and calls her the "toothless old lion." The old lion may have lost a tooth or two, certainly; but she has some terrible biceps and molars left, which brother Jonathan will find to his cost if he, too rashly puts his head in her mouth!

SUPPOSED LOSS.—The steamer *Keystone State* is supposed to have been lost with all on board on Monday last on lake Huron. She was last seen during the gale apparently disable, and pieces of wreck supposed to belong to her have since been picked up. Mr. Alexander Cant, eldest son of Mr. Hugh Cant of Galt, was first engineer on the *Keystone State*, and it is also to be greatly feared that he with all on board are lost. There is a probability, however that some of the crew or passengers may have obtained a footing on some of the islands in the neighborhood, or being picked up by some passing boat. We trust that Mr. Cant, may yet turn up all right.—*Galt Reporter.*

BURNING OF A FEMALE COLLEGE IN ILLINOIS.—On Saturday last the west wing of Jacksonville Female College was destroyed by fire. Two young ladies, were severely injured by attempting to escape from the fourth story window—one having her arm broken and shoulder dislocated, and the other a leg broken. The fire originated in a defective flue. The main building was saved with difficulty. The College was the largest of the kind in the State. being capable of accomodating four hundred pupils. The loss is supposed to be about $20,000, on which there was said to be insurance.—*Chicago Tribune.*

We are informed that the Western Bank of Canada, and the Clifton Bank, both nominally located at Clifton, Suspension Bridge are preparing to issue notes on a very large scale. We believe the character of these institutions have lately passed into new hands (in Albany and New York), and of course are not prepared to say whether the new proprietors are responsible or otherwise until we know something about them. In the meantime, with the recollection of the "Colonial" and "International" still fresh on their minds, the public will no doubt be careful of this new brace of American institutions on Canadian soil, for fear that they also may turn out to be "Arcades ambo."—*Niagara Mail.*

The English papers state that the cotton speculation is going on in England at a tremendous rate; it is at present carried on by ladies, clergymen, lawyers, and others not regularly engaged in business, who have fallen into the mania as others did into the railway mania of 1845. The professional cotton speculators have retired from action. They know that the bubble must burst.

The Peterboro' *Examiner* says that Mr. George Blackwell, a resident of the township of Emily, came to his death by an accident a few days ago. Deceased was lifting a beam, and stood on a couple of narrow wooden blocks. The blocks shifted, and as he fell the beam struck him on his head, killing him instantly. Mr. B. was aged sixty years.