

coal merchant tells me that much dissatisfaction is felt by masters of colliers, trading to Sydney Mines, at the preference shown to the vessels owned by shareholders in those mines. This dissatisfaction seems to me perfectly groundless, and I hear that the late strike amongst the miners is the real cause of the scarcity.

Friday, October, 28th.—Tom returned this evening from shooting in the neighbourhood, with 4 couple of cock, and 3 snipe. As he is generally far less successful, I asked him how he accounted for such good sport on this occasion. He said that he had been out with M——, who has four well trained Spaniels—and without dogs, sport, in such thick coverts as ours are, is not to be obtained. "It is all very well," he continued "crying down the shooting in the neighbourhood, but with dogs, and a knowledge of the country, a very fair bag can be made. I wish somebody would import a few really good Spaniels."

Extracts.

THE MILITARY WEAKNESS OF ENGLAND.

England, as the London *Times* speaks for her, is disposed to warn Canada of the possibilities, and dangers of a future war with the United States. Her argument is that if the United States shall be irritated by English insolence and injury past all endurance she may, by and by, when the present war is done with, strike out in a new one and strike at that province; and the province is accordingly told on all occasions that in such a case it must manage its own defence. Canada must fight her way through the trouble that England may bring upon her, and England can give her no assistance. Alas! for the good old days when Louis Quinze said that England "paid for all and fought for all." Those days are gone by, and that England is dead and buried under the taxes. England no longer fights for all, and acknowledges that she cannot even fight for her own dependencies. Canada is referred to the Crimean campaign as the measure of England's resources—a campaign in which England's weakness was disgracefully proven—and the *Times* rounds the whole story by the declaration that England cannot supply men for the wear and tear of a single great battle conducted on General Grant's principles.

England has given even later evidence of her impotence as a military power than the campaign in the Crimea. She has shown us how absurdly little would be her power for war on this side of the Atlantic. Her game was all bluster when trouble was threatened over the affair of the Trent, and then, by way of a reasonable show of what might come if negotiations would not do, England reinforced her troops in Canada. At great expense, and by great effort, she managed to send out a force of ten thousand men. She sent ten thousand men to hold her frontier against a power that loses twice that many men in a single battle, and hardly feels it. But England was also to be defended by volunteers. Great efforts were made to excite the English on this subject—to get those cold John Bulls enthusiastic, and to have the whole mass of the male population fall into line as the Royal Rifles. But it wouldn't do. England couldn't be brought out to any such tune, and the whole enrolment amounted only to one hundred and forty thousand men. England only had that many men willing to say that they would fight, and whether even that number would come to the scratch for actual service is a very doubtful matter.

Let England and Canada compare the force thus shown with the force that we now have in actual service, or with the force that it is now proven that these States possess. Fancy England's little pipe-clayed bagatelle of ten thousand men face to face with the army under Grant, fought "on Grant's principles;" or with the army under Sherman, fought on Grant's principles, or Sherman's either. Remember, also, that these armies would be reinforced by a column from the Shenandoah valley—by the force that besieges Charleston and the force that besieges Mobile—by the garrison at Hilton Head—by the force that holds New Orleans—by the troops in Missouri, and the numberless small forces scattered up and down the Mississippi river—and that the power thus arrayed would be a power composed of seasoned veteran troops. As for England's one hundred and forty thousand volunteers, and Canada's entire fighting population, they would perhaps be a good efficient force after half of them had died in camp or been killed in battle; but let them be counted at their full number—what does that amount to? New York State alone has actually sent into the field three hundred thousand men, and Pennsylvania nearly as many. We need go no further to show how utterly contemptible is the military power of England and her province as compared with ours; and as England continually points this lesson for Canada, we may suggest the propriety of her taking it more directly to herself. We may extend the advantages of our institutions to Canada some day. (!!!)—*New York Weekly Herald*.

"THE TIMES" AND THE ADMIRAL.

The *Times*, pursuing its accustomed policy as to the B. N. American colonies, has in its issue of the 15th Oct., the following remarks upon the speech delivered by Sir J. HOPK, at the dinner given in this city to the Colonial delegates:—

"The Admiral—by what authority we know not—certainly held out to Canada, hopes which it is very unlikely he will ever see accomplished. He assured the meeting—that of which we think, with much respect to him, he was scarcely able to judge, that in case of an attack on Canada, England would be animated by the same feelings which made the nobility of Hungary exclaim that they would die for their King, MARIA THERESA. He was severe on those who entertain the opinions which have constantly found utterance in *The Times*, that the colonies and the mother country will cease to be united when the common interest ceases. The Admiral does not believe a word of this; but we cannot find that his audience echoed his incredulity. We venture to think that the American Colonies will find a truer exposition of the sentiments, not of Messrs. COBDEN and BRIGHT merely, but of the thinking people of this country, in the columns of *The Times* than in the eloquence of Admiral HOPK, and we do not doubt that they will regulate their course accordingly."

TOWN TALK.

The hero of the present hour is Franz Muller, the young German accused of murdering Mr. Briggs in a railway-carriage about three months ago. The chase after him to New York has so far proved successful that he is brought back with much of the property of the deceased in his possession. His examinations at Bow-street have attracted large crowds, and on the first day Prince Humbert—the future King of Italy and the Marquis D'Azeglio, were on the bench. Many conflicting descriptions of the prisoner have been given in the hurry of the first impression, some of them favouring the supposition that he had not muscular power to overcome a hearty man like the late Mr. Briggs. This is a mistake. The prisoner is short, but firmly knit, and with a very determined lower jaw. Like most Germans he is fair—rather weak-looking or washed-out in complexion—but this effect is counteracted by his solid head. His expression is not pleasing; his light, bluish-grey eyes are set back far in his head and he has a downcast look, but his forehead is high, his head is well-balanced, and his mouth is not coarse. His hands are large and muscular, he is in tolerably good condition, and in certain lights of the court, has a pugilistic appearance. He understood English very well, and listened to the evidence with stolid composure, making no remarks to his solicitor. No murder which has occurred for many years has excited so much general interest—the age and respectability of the murdered man, and the scene of the outrage, a railway-carriage on a crowded London line, having much to do with this feeling. The prisoner is committed for trial.

OUR CAPTIVE SOLDIERS.

A UNION SOLDIER TO SECRETARY STANTON.

Twenty-five acres of homestead,
Meadow, orchard, and spring,
And amid the laden fruit trees
The voices of song-birds ring.
Where the rippling stream glides lightly
By the fields of rustling corn,
And the winter hearth shines ruddy
When the summer days are gone.

I left that dear old homestead
In the North, to join the fight,
To brighten our country's honour,
Or die to set her right.
To fight 'mid the smoke and rattle
Where the deadly bullets hiss,
To find a death in battle,
But not such a death as this.

Twenty-five acres of mire,
Cut by a filthy trench,
Stumps, and swamp, and briar,
Vermín, offal, and stench,
Through that black ditch is crawling
The drainings of a sink
Rippled with living corruption,
And this we have to drink.

Thirty thousand wretches
People this region infernal;
Fathers, brothers, husbands,
In misery seeming eternal!
Twenty-five acres of white men—
(Oh, happier those who fell!)
Whenever new-comers enter,
They whisper, "Is this hell?"