Gambling at Homburg.

The luck which some persons seem to have in hitting the successful number is most singular. Rapidly, however, as money may be sometimes won at the roulette table, it is as rapidly lost. From eleven o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, the rattle of the marble is to be heard incessantly from year's end to year's end, on Sundays and Saturdays alike. The number of turns in the hour averages about forty; and supposing the establishment to win only a florin a turn, the gains throughout the year would, at this rate, amount to £14,600. The sums gained by the bank on Sundays throughout the year must be very large, for the roulette table is always crowded on that day by persons from Frankfort. The chief and highest players at Homburg are generally Germans, and high stakes are sometimes seen laid down by Germans very common in appearance. The French and Russians, who are often great players, generally prefer Baden. The greatest player who has been known of late years at any of these establishments is a Spaniard, of the name of Garcia. Two years ago he won, by the most daring play, at Homburg alone, £70,000. His winnings at other places during the year rose, it is said, to £30,000, so that, in that one year, Dame Fortune had smiled on him to the value of £100,000. The reckless man, however, continued to play; the fickle goddess deserted her votary, and all his gains were lost last year more rapidly than they had been made. He is at present to be seen at Homburg on the scene of his former triumphs; but as is the case with all fellows who have lost their money, the world of gamblers and gazers point him out as a fallen hero. Occasionally, however, he tries to win back the smiles of Fortune, but she continues coy, and will not listen. When he plays, it is thought to be on commission, or as the agent of a small knot of players. Many English play at Homburg, but few lay down high stakes. The sum of money, however which they contribute to the bank is, perhaps, by no means inconsiderable. One of the chief characters at the roulette table is a Russian lady of high rank, once a brilliant ornament of the Court of Alexander. She is an excellent, a kind-hearted, and most lady-like woman; but her passion for roulette is strong. Her tall figure, with the large brown straw wide awake on her head, strikes all strangers as most singular, as she stands over the roulette table and scatters florins upon the numbers. She gains often but on the whole she loses heavily. She plays, however, like a gentlewoman, never loses her temper, never says anything that may wound the feelings of even a croupier, and never claims any stake that does not belong to her. The filching of the money of other people is one of the *industries* actively carried on at Homburg, and even English women have been known to try their hands at this disreputable trick. The arrival at the table of a greenhorn, or the inattention of a player, are the occasions on which these light-fingered gentry ply their vocation. In the evening, when the tables are crowded, a player must keep a sharp lookout on his money, or else it may vanish whilst his back is turned. The managing body of the establishment exercises a despotic power over all persons who come within the rooms. Any person suspected of cheating in any way is watched, and if found out, he is either drummed out of the town or handed over to the civil authorities of the place. But the utmost vigilance cannot always keep the place clear of dishonest characters.—*London Review.*

A Mysterious Crime.

A CLUE FOUND TO A MURDER COMMITTED FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The last number of the London *Review* contains a remarkable story of the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Bathurst, a British Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Vienna in 1809, and the recent discovery of a probable clue to his murder, which is supposed to have been committed by order of the first Napoleon. We condense the account as follows:—

On Saturday, the 25th of November, 1809, Benjamin Bathurst, Envoy Extraordinary of the British Government to Austria, arrived at the house of the postmaster of the little Prussian town of Perleberg close to the frontier of the Prussian dominions, and on the high road from Berlin to Hamburg. He was accompanied by a German courier, named Krause. Mr. Bathurst and this courier alighted, and gave orders for the immediate continuation of the journey, and while the horses were being harnessed to the carriage, went into the hostelry, adjoining the postoffice, to take some refreshment. The meal was soon finished, but various arrangements, particularly the the local indentification of passports in the name of "Merchant Koch" and "Fischer," protracted the departure of the travellers until a late hour. It was not till towards nine in the evening that the news at last arrived of the horses being about to be harnessed to the carriage. On receiving this welcome intelligence, Mr. Bathurst left his room and went into the street, as his servant thought, for the purpose of taking his seat in the chaise. The courier followed in a few seconds, but was astonished not to find his master in the place where he thought him to be. He waited and waited for minutes, for hours, but did not see him make his appearance. The Hon. Benjamin Bathurst has not reappeared up to the present day.

Kruse, the courier, after a fruitless search for Mr. Bathurst, went on to England and reported the mysterious circumstances of the case. The family of the missing envoy (among whom was Lord Bathurst, *pro tempore* Secretary for Foreign Affairs) immediately set to work to unravel the mystery. Mrs. Bathurst at once resolved to proceed to Germany in search of her husband, and on arriving at Perleberg found that the authorities had already undertaken an investigation. The search of the officers had discovered, in a piece of woods in the neighborhood of the town, a pair of pantaloons, which Mrs. Bathurst immediately recognized as having belonged to her husband. These pantaloons were riddled with bullet holes; but on examination by competant judges it was established beyond doubt that the bullets had been fired at the empty piece of dress as it was lying on the ground, and not while on the person.

Here was another complication of the mystery. A reward of five hundred thalers was at once offered for the discovery of the whereabouts of the missing man, but a month's investigation left the case as dark as before. Meanwhile, the English and French press, having become acquainted with the fact of Mr. Bathurst's disappearance, began to discuss the subject. The Times of January 20, 1810, had the following paragraph in large type, which subsequently went the round of the English papers:—"There is too much reason to fear that the account of the death of Mr, Bathurst, late British envoy to the Emperor of Austria, inserted in a Paris journal, is correct as to the principal fact. It was stated as an article of Berlin news, the date of Dec. 10, that Mr. Bathurst had evinced symptoms of insanity on his way through that city, and that he had subsequently fallen by his own hand in the vicinity of Perleberg. Information, however, has been received within these few days which forcibly tends to fix the guilt of Mr. Bathurst's death, or disappearance, on the French Government. It appears that Mr. Bathurst left Berlin with passports from the British Government, and in excellent health, both in mind and body. He was to proceed to Hamburg, to embark for this country; but Hamburg he never reached. At some town near the French territories he was seized, as is supposed, by a party of French soldiers. What happened afterwards is not accurately known. His pantaloons have been found near the town where he was siezed, and a letter in them to his wife, but nothing more. The Prussian government, upon receiving the intelligence evinced the deepest regret, and offered a large reward for the discovery of his body. No success, however, has yet attended the offer."

From what source the Times received this information is not stated; there is, however, reason to believe, from the prominent manner in which the announcement was brought forward, that it was derived from official communication. Such at least seems the opinion entertained of it in Paris; for the French government, greatly incensed at the accusation of having kidnapped or murdered Mr. Bathurst, launched forth the following reply in the Moniteur of January 29th:—"England alone, among all civilized nations has renewed the example of paying assassins and encouraging crimes. It appears, by the accounts from Berlin, that Mr. Bathurst was deranged in his mind. This is the custom of the British cabinet—to give their diplomatic missions to the most foolish and most senseless persons the nation produces. The English diplomatic corps is the only one in which examples of madness are common." This reply, it cannot be denied, was very lame, and tended to foster and strengthen suspicions already extant. Further notices in the Moniteur still more confirmed these suppositions. The French official journal, in a threatening tone, laid it down as a positive rule that Mr. Bathurst must have committed suicide, and the severe displeasure of the government was called upon the heads of those who should dare to think or speak otherwise. Thereupon the German press, who had mildly discussed the subject, became very quiet, greatly sobered down by the remembrance of Palm, the Nuremburg bookseller, shot by order of Napoleon for having published a harmless little pamphlet on the state of the Fatherland.

Mrs. Bathurst instituted a careful search of the neighborhood of Perleberg, employing several hundred men in the work, and finally, despairing what to do next, she went to Berlin, and from thence, in a fit of frenzy to Paris, to see the Emperor Napoleon himself, and obtain from him, if possible, the account of the fate of her husband. The Emperor received Mrs. Bathurst with the greatest affability; but declared his ignorance of the whole affair, and in proof of it offered his assistance for any further inquiry on the subject. Whether this offer was accepted or declined is not known, but certain it is that it led to no result of any kind. It seemed as if the dark crime of Perleburg would remain a mystery forever.

Not many months ago, however, an unexpected light was thrown upon the affair. It having become necessary to execute some repairs in the citidal of Magdeburg, a wall was pulled down, and behind it, in a small recess, was found the skeleton of a man in upright posture, the hands fastened to the back. Many were the speculations arising out of this discovery, and various the surmises set afloat, until at last the suggestion was started that "the body might be that of Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, long supposed to have died somewhere near Magdeburg." This conjecture seems to be generally admitted at present among those who have been discussing the matter in Germany as the most probable. At the time of Mr. Bathurst's disappearance, the fortress of Magdeburg, as is well known, was in the hands of the French, and became the prison of many unfortunate Germans and other political offenders opposing the sway of the great Napoleon. It cannot be denied that the thick walls of the old feudal stronghold, gained with French gold in 1806, and held as a sort of Bastille by the conqueror of the country, were uncommonly fitted for holding a British ambassador, and pressing from him, by slow torture, whatever tongue will tell in the agony of death. It seems a very probable conclusion, therefore, to suppose that Mr. Bathurst's death was the consequence of a crime planned by French brains and executed by French hands

In fact, an attentive consideration of the whole mysterious affair and all accompanying circumstances scarcely leaves room for any other explanation than the one now suggested. The French government alone had an interest in the possession, as well as the necessary power for obtaining the person and despatches of the British envoy; and that the Emperor Napoleon was unscrupulous enough to resort to any means to obtain his own ends there are thousands of examples to prove. Not far from the very town of Perleberg, where Mr, Bathurst disappeared, Mr. Wagstaffe, a King's messenger, was siezed and robbed of despatches a few years before; and another British subject, Sir Geo. Rumbold, was openly kidnapped at Hamburg by the same imperial police, in defiance of all international law and justice.

The seizure of Mr. Bathurst, being of far greater importance, was very likely effected also with much more circumspection. There was no particular difficulty in laying hold of Mr. Bathurst as soon as, in the dark November night, he had quitted the door of the Perleberg inn; and, after having him gagged, thrusting him into a ready carriage; to be conveyed forthwith to the not very distant fortress. Whether Mr. Bathurst died in his prison a natural death, or whether he was actually murdered by his jailers, is a question, however, which would be diffcult if not impossible to decide, even if it were proved to a certainty that the recently discovered body was that of the lost envoy. As far as appears from the newspaper reports on the subject, the skeleton found in the wall underwent no particular examination, but was put into a box and carried off to some cemetery. The discovery of a corpse in a place like Magdeburg, it seems, is an occurrence to which the people are rather accustomed than otherwise, and of which, consequently, no distinct notice is taken. If, as the proverb goes, there is a skeleton in every house, it cannot perhaps be wondered at that there should be a hundred in a Prussian fortress.

Warfare in the days of Cæsar was no mere child's play. In nine years he had conquered three hundred tribes, eight hundred cities, slain a million of men, and taken prisoners another million. After he had become master of the world he entertained the whole Roman populace at twenty-three thousand tables, furnished with every luxury.

A NEW GUN.—We have examined with great interest the model of a new gun invented by a young mechanic by the name of Palmer, in Lakeville, Conn. It is managed with a crank, and the charges fall successfully into place from a hopper, and are driven out through four revolving barrels at the rate of a hundred or more in a minute. It *can* propel a thousand in that time. The gun may be made so light as to be easily managed by two or three men, and may evidently become an awful engine of destruction.

Stuart's Cavalry Ride.

Gen. Stuart is the most successful circuit rider in the rebel army. His route is a wide one and over many fields, but he bears himself brilliantly and boldly, and thus far triumphantly. Three times has he made these raids into and around the lines of our army, and three times has he withdrawn safely, and in the best of spirits, to the immense delectation of his fellows in the rebel army. In fact, the entire force is put in the very best of humor, a continuous laughstretches all the way from Suffolk to Colorado, and back to Mobile, and the tattered squads forget their woes in their present mirthfulness. It is always to be observed that this good humor does not extend within the lines surrounded by Stuart, or among those who are watching the army so cleverly outwitted by this dashing cavalier. What Stuart is after unless it be the mere hazard of the foray, it is difficult to say. He takes no prisoners, destroys, little private or public property, but hastens home as speedily as he came forth. Every foray is predicted to be his last, but always has some more of the same sort. His ride around the army of the Potomac on the peninsula, his incursion into Pope's lines at Catlet's Station, and now his equestrain tour into Pennsylvania and Maryland, are all marked by the same characteristics of dash, recklessness, and consummate knowledge of the country passed through and of the disposition of his enemies therein. His career extorts the admiration of all observers.

It would be a relief to the press and the public if the correspondents and telegraphers would be a little less chary of their promises to "bag," "capture," take and destroy. These promises and prophecies have been multitudinous during the war generally, but they have never been as prolific as at present. The wires from Maryland are burdened with them. The telegraphic accounts are full of them. These are born of conceit and brag, They are not utterances of prudence or discretion. They worry editors and they disgust readers. Compare the results, however, today, by the latest despatch, and the fulsome predictions which have crowded the news about the Stuart raid since Saturday. Over and over again, in every form of iteration, and from nearly every telegraphic station in the infected region, there comes the same hopeful but barseless story, "bagged before night." "not a man to escape," &c., &c. As if to further stultify the public, the same absurd brag reach us from Washington, and not to be behind the Chambers — Mercers — and Gettysburg tales and Federal capitol sends out the announcement—

"General McClellan telegraphed the War Office to-day that not one of the rebels in Pennsylvania should return into Virginia." This caps the climix and ought to perforate the wind bag and allow its contents to exhale. We venture the assertion that Gen. McClellan never sent such a despatch to the War Office. He has not learned his bulletin business either in the school of Stanton or Pope, and this dispatch is utterly unlike anything that has heretofore emanated from him. He may have telegraphed that Pleasanton would or should intercept Stuart, but further than that he probably did not go.

How keenly McClellan detected the rebel plan of march may be seen from the fact that he sent a force at once to the Monocacy in hopes of interposing a force between their advance and the Potomac fords. It seems that Pleasanton, though a hard rider, was a trifle too late, and Stuart hurried back into the sacred soil with his booty and his rollicking story to tell among the roystering chivalry of Lee's army. Well, he has won his laugh, and let him have it to the full. Some of these days, as the telegraphers continue to prophecy, "he will be bagged."—*N. Y. Commercial.*

The Herald.

CARLETON PLACE

Wednesday, Oct 22, 1862.

In the Woods.

Now brace up your sinews, give play to your lungs,
Keep open your eyes and keep silent your tongues:
And follow with cautious and stealthy tread
The foresters footsteps wherever they lead.
Now uncouple the hounds! right onward they fly,
With outstretching limb and with fire-flashing eye:
On the track of his blood they are winging their way
They gain on his traces—he stands at bay.

The crack of the rifle and bay of the hound is now wakening up the echoes of the forest in all directions. The hunting fraternity of this Village and vicinity have been making the backwoods their home for a couple of weeks, and getting a new lease of life and all its more pleasing associations, by breathing the Balsamic breezes which are wafted over the bosom of the embowered lakes on the waters of the Mississippi and Madawaska Rivers. Who that has spent a week in the backwoods of Canada, especially in this Northern section of the Province, where the characteristics of the scenery are of the most picturesque and poetical description—taking within its scope all natures phases, from the boisterous cataract thundering its deep, busy tone, to the tiny trebles of a hundred rivulets swelling fitfully on the breeze, or dying away in Æolian murmers, but yearns from the deepest recesses of his memory to go back. What is all our pleasures of the study—where are all the intellectual attractions of our book-shelves; Shakespeare is ignored—the latest novel is thrown aside as lumber, and the leaves of old 'Ebony' are innocent of the paper-knife,—everything literary is voted a bore compared to a few days study of the great book of nature, as presented to us for our pleasure in the Canadian woods in the month of October, with all its ripe and mellow associations. The anticipation of a "good time" is the first pleasures,—the exciting preparation—the brushing up of the favorite "shooting irons"—the joyous whinning of your dogs, as if they were aware of the coming jubilee—the early start from home, ere Aurora flushes the tree tops with her silvery dawn, the sharp frost making crisp, natures own carpet, are the piquant sauce to the feast of enjoyment that is awaiting you and your company when camped on the hunting ground under the wide-spreading, evergreen branches of some mammoth hemlock, on the bank of any of those deep-embowered lakes which form so prominent a feature in our Canadian scenery. What a host of physic and Doctor's bills those hunting expeditions save; the "blues" retreat at "double quick time," and dyspepsia slinks away into the shades of oblivion in the bracing atmosphere and life-giving sunshine of an autumn day. All this we, (the "Herald") have appreciated for some days gone past, and the way in which the old wood echoe to the music of "Hunter," "Rattler," "Toby," "Fleece'em," and their kennel companions, was enough to have thrown lamented "Frank Forester" into ecstacy, had he been living and present, and the unerring rifle of "M." went to the mark in such a way that left starvation out of the question, and the style in which 'Charlie' attendary to the culinary department, after the sport of the day was o'er, would have made the celebrated "Soyers'" mouth water and the "sauce" with which his artistical prepared venison steak was accompanied would have "knocked the spots off," as he says himself, of any thing this side of the "Trois freres" in Paris. The remembrance is a pleasure, and we mean to repeat the dose.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER AT ALMONTE

Given by the Operatives of the Woolen Factories to their Employers, Messrs. McIntosh and the Rosamonds, pere et fils.

One of those pleasing and convivial assemblies, which tend more to cement together the different classes of society than all the long-drawn wise-saws and sayings of the ready-made Solomons of our rising and progressive country, took place at "Coles' Hotel," in the Village of Almonte, on Saturday evening last, being a Complimentary Supper tendered to the Proprietors of the Woolen Factories of Almonte, Messrs McIntosh and the Rosamonds, as an acknowledgment for abridging the working hours in their respective establishments.

The hour for assembling was half past six o'clock, P. M., and as the company filed an attendance, they appeared to our critical vision, as a hale, hearty, well-dressed, intelligent class of "folks," as a Glasgow citizen would say, and as they trooped into the supper room of the Hotel, the *coup d'eil* presented was highly creditable to all connected with the arrangements. The room was neatly decorated with evergreens, and under the illuminating power of our native petroleum the "spread" was enough to make an anchorite turn traitor to his vows, consisting as it did, of everything in season, in the solids, accompanied with a profusion of side-dishes, and fruit in abundance, not forgetting the liquids, which were multitudinous, all of which were calculated to suit the delicate palate of the most "dyspeptic," [although there did not appear to be any of that class of biped present] and also that of the robust imbiber of "half-and-half.

There were 36 persons sat down to do honor to the occasion, when Mr. Thomas Watchorn, took the chair, assisted by Mr. Peter McDougall, as Vice, while Mr. Gilbert Cannon officiated as Toastmaster. Immediately following the demolition of the viands which had been placed before them, the following toasts were given, heartily received, and responded to:

"The Queen"—National anthem sung by the company—Song by Mr. Towe—"Hard times come again no more—Song and Recitation by Mr. Donnegan.

"The Governor General"—Songs by McIntosh and Ainsworth.

Toast of the evening—"The Proprietors of the Almonte Woolen Factories," with 3 times 3—responded to by Messrs. McIntosh and B. Rosamond—Songs by Messrs Towe and Moorley.

"The Press"—responded to by Mr. Scott—Songs by Messrs. Towe and McIntosh.

"The Operatives throughout the Province—responded to by Mr. Hunter in a speech of considerable ability and knowledge of the class to which the sentiment referred, showing the great benefit to society, a thorough understanding and confidence between employers and operatives entailed, and pointing out that the wishes of the employer to advance the mental and physical condition of his workers, was returned to him by an increased desire on their part to forward his material interests. any improvement in which as a natural sequence, would be participated in by them.—Song by Mr. Beck—recitation by Mr. Towe.

The next toast was—"The Ladies,"—responded to by Mr. James Rosamond—Songs by Messrs. Bagsley and Ainsworth.

The evening's amusement closed by the whole company singing the national anthem, and the chorus of this grand old hymn rolled out on the still night air in such volume as to warrant the fact that Queen Victoria still reigns supreme in the hearts of the people in this portion of her Empire. The company then separated after a decided success.

Melancholy Accident.

On Tuesday, the 14th inst., a most distressing circumstance occurred in the family of Mr. James Docherty, Ramsay. Their youngest child, a little girl not quite two years old, while passing through the back kitchen, stumbled and fell into a pot of hot lye, and though instantly taken out, her left side and arm were so severely scalded, that notwithstanding all that medical skill and aid could do, the little sufferer lingered only about twelve hours, when death terminated her sufferings.

"Why should we mourn these fading flowers,
From this low vale removed,
To bloom afresh in angel's bowers,
By them and Christ beloved?
Thus severed from their parent stem,
Our babes go on before,
That our fond hearts may follow them,
To that immortal shore."

—*Communicated.*

The Orangemen of Toronto have presented a handsome copy of the Holy Scriptures to the Rev. Mr. Geddes, for the pluck he exhibited at the death-bed of Sir A. McNab.

A Battle was hourly expected at the last telegraphs from Virginia. It is stated that the Federal cause is rather looking up.

Musical.

Our villagers are a singing, musical people; at the present time we have no less than three musical teachers practising their profession. About a year ago, Miss Cheney, a young lady from Ogdensburg, took her residence in this village as a teacher of the piano, and a marked progress, among the young ladies of the village, has been the result of her labours, thereby creating a taste among the younger branches of our population, which had been previously laying dormant. The next Teacher, who has a large and respectable number of classes for the study of this charming branch of education, is that well-known and popular Carleton Place institution, Mr. Joseph Docherty,—who is at the present time entering on the pleasing duty of initiating his second generation of pupils into the science, and one cannot spend an hour with more pleasure than within the walls of the School-house, on one of his evenings, when a goodly share of the youth and beauty of the village and vicinity are assembled. The mingling of the youth of both sexes within the bounds of decorum, has always a most civilizing and polishing effect, and the vacuum of many long, gloomy Fall evenings are advantageously filled up under Mr. Docherty's charge. There is also a Mr. Lasher teaching a day and night School in Music, and has a highly respectable number of pupils. He appears to possesss all the requisites for an efficient teacher, and is bringing on the juveniles of Carleton Place very well.

Our Village.

In the improvements which are going on in Carleton Place, we observe one item which ought to be placed in the catalogue of doubtful. On the street leading from the Bridge to Beckwith, an excavation has been made for a considerable length close to the edge of the very narrow plank-walk, intended, we suppose, to carry off water, but which we cannot view in any other light than a trap in which to receive serious physical injury—the slightest miss-step on a dark night on the side walk, would plunge an unfortunate into the yawning gulf that gapes at his side, and all the amends, we suppose, the recipient of such corporation-like favors would be likely to get would be their sympathy, extended with countenances of lugubrious outlines. We trust, for the sake of the bones of our lieges, that our corporation fathers will direct this to be amended, or perhaps the "boys" may fill the glaring nuisance up.

There has been nothing important from the Seat of War accross the lines, so much so that the daily papers of Toronto, which devote a large space to the news, have only a few lines editorially. It is stated that the Confederates in Kentucky are in retreat further south. On the Potomac theatre it is stated that the Federal troops had advanced south about ten miles from Harper's Ferry, and takeu possession of a place called Charleston, where General McClellan commands in person. There does not appear, however, any design at present among the Federals, to attempt Richmond again. Perhaps the idea is beginning to dawn upon their minds that the end of all this bloodshed and social misery and terror will be a drawn game.

Notwithstanding the ominous croaking of some of the papers through the Province, regarding the good faith of the present Cabinet towards the City of Ottawa as the seat of Government, the Hon. T. D. McGee, in a speech which he delivered at that city lately, declared their determination to fulfil the decision of the Queen to the letter, and that not only should Canada be the capital of the United Canadas, but that the time was fast approaching when it would be the capital of British North America. The latter idea, however, is rather large.

Distinguished Arrivals from the Backwoods.

We have to chronicle the arrival at the *Herald* Office, in this Village, on Saturday evening last, from the interior of the country, of several distinguished strangers, consisting of four antlered monarchs, with five female attendants, forming a company of 9 Deers, who were dropped by the rifles of Mr. Poole of this Journal, and two companions.

It will be seen by our columns to-day that another wrangling affair has occurred over the death-bed of a member of the Episcopal Church in Toronto, between a Roman Catholic Priest and the Rev. Mr. Darling, a clergyman of the English church. Those unseemly death-bed scenes are becoming common. Deathbeds appear to be the favorite time and place for exhibitions of religious differences and proselytizing.

Richmond Fair took place on Tuesday last, and presented a great collection of Cattle and Horses; very few sales were effected, the prices being so far below the usual in other years that holders would not part with their stock. Everything passed off quietly, although the usual amount of imbibing took place.

The Sherriff has been selling City property in Hamilton; Stoves, Mayor's Chair, and all the other luxuries belonging to civic dignity, and even the pictures presented by the Prince of Wales to the corporation, fell under the hammer for an "old song."

The Prince of Wales comes of age on the 9th of November next, being on that day 21 years of age. Important ceremonies and elevations will take place in Britain at that time, and rejoicings throughout the empire.

The Fall Fair will take place here on Tuesday, the 4th day of November next.

We have been allowed the perusal of a letter dated "Corinth, Miss., Oct. 10th, '62," addressed by Captain Frank Lynch, of Co. G., 27th Ohio Infantry, U. S, A., to his father, Patrick Lynch, living in the vicinity of this village. A report had reached this place that Capt. Lynch had fallen in the battle of Iuka,—one of the most dreadful of the whole war, but the letter set this at rest. However, he was wounded, having one finger blown away, and struck with a shell on the knee, while his company suffered severely. In remarking on the depreciation of Confederate courage, he says "I never want to hear our folks say that the Rebels won't fight. I have never read anything in history to equal their bravery." Capt. Lynch will be remembered in this vicinity by many of our readers.

Godey for November is in hand, and displays its usual cabinet of novelties for our fair friends, for the Fall fashions. There is a magnificent Engraving as frontispiece. $3 per annum. L. A. Godey, 323 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the C. P. Herald.

SIR—It had been my intention some time ago, in passing through the County of Renfrew, to give you from time to time, a brief sketch, something intended to be spicy—even if I failed to sprinkle the sketch with any, just the smallest particle of Attic salt—it was the intention to chronicle some of the sayings and doings of the people in the County of Renfrew, in your journal as it is neutral and more generally read in this County than other periodicals—that remarkable luminosity the Pembroke "Observer" to the contrary notwithstanding. Well sir, to begin with Arnprior; when I passed through this interesting village, about the end of last month, there was an Agricultural Exhibition, and it was a rare success. Almost everything one would think of or conceive, were shown; from the stately prancing, black charges of Mackie and the *preux cheval* of Harvey, down to the stunted calf and well fed pig. All sorts of needle and crotchet work, quilts and butter, harness and onions, flowers from the hill and flowers from the village, clover seeds and pumkins, citrons and cheese, wheat, oats, ploughs, harrows and farming machines—all things animate and inanimate were well displayed, impartially judged, and noticed with admiration by the large concourse of people who thronged the place.

A week after, on my return, I happened to stumble on the Fall Fair, and here there was a good display of horned cattle, and upwards of eighty of these changed hands. Mr. McLachlin, M. P. P. for the County, seemed to be endowed with the spirit of ubiquity; his merry, twinkling eye and active, healthy physique, appeared gifted with the essence of locomotion, for he was everywhere. He purchased forty-nine head himself, and spoke a kindly word to every one as he passed. Well would it be for every village in Canada had they a landed proprietor among them with so enterprising a spirit, untinctured with selfishness, and so large and as warm a heart, but unfortunately the majority of landed proprietors are possessed with that bane of modern improvement and progress, innate selfishness.

Hearing that a Cricket Match upon a large scale was to come of at Arnprior on the 7th inst., I determined to make pleasure and business once more meet, and be there and see the sport. Accordingly arriving the evening before at my worthy host's, Mr. Robinson Lyon—a jolly good fellow, and the *chef d' œuvre* of a gentlemanly landlord—where every thing is clean, tidy and nice, with no loafers lounging round the bar-room, and very few thirsty or seedy individuals trusting to Providence for a nip.—I put up for the night. On entering the door, my ear was saluted with the exhilerating sounds of joyous music, and there was our worthy host himself, with a genuine Cremona, and a Mr. B., with an incipient moustache, playing second on a base viol, practising the Caledonian set of quadrilles, varied every now and then with a choice cotillion or a waltz or Schottish. On enquiry I received for an answer that they were "practising for to-morrow nights grand ball." I was astonished to see Mr. Lyons so lively and in such good health, for I was informed in Pembroke that he was laid up with rheumatism in the feet.

Next day was ushered in by a very inauspicious morning, and had the appearance of a continuance of rain, however, about 8 o'clock it cleared up, with dark, black, dismal clouds overspreading the sky. At 11 A. M., the Pakenham Cricketers arrived, and in half an hour the wickets were pitched. The first innings were won by the Arnpriorites, owing the good batting of Carss, Oakden, Cranston and a little wiry cut of a fellow named Munford, and the excellent bowling of Cranston and J. Oakden. Lunch was then served by R. Lyon, Esq., and it was a lunch indeed—if I said a *dyenner a la fourchette*, with Turkeys, fowls, ducks, hams, tongues, and mutton pies, I would be much nearer the mark. It was indeed a splendid collation—such as friend Lyon knows well how to get up. On the conclusion of lunch, the game was resumed with the same good fortune for Arnprior and the same bad luck for Pakenham. Many a "duck egg" was made by the latter, and as the wickets were by mutual consent drawn at 5½ P. M., the Arnprior Cricket Club claimed the victory, as they were 44 ahead. The play stood thus:—

FIRST INNINGS.

Arnprior	52
Pakenham	23
Majority for Arnprior	29

SECOND INNINGS.

Arnprior	53
Pakenham	38
Majority for Arnprior	15

Total majority for Arnprior, 44; 4 of the Pakenham wickets to go down.

After play a most magnificent dinner was laid out in the new brick School-house upstairs. The room was beautifull lyighted and tastefully decorated. The table glistened with silver and crystal, relieved at intervals with amber colored Sherry and purple Port. It figuratively groaned under the good things piled upon it. There were four courses and the dessert beggar's description, Speeches and toasts were made and drank and crickotting and cricketers was the order of the day. After that who would not be a Cricketer? The toasts were hurried through, tables were removed, Mr. Lyon and his band made their appearance, bevies of youth, beauty and crinoline were ushered into the room, and all "was merry as a marriage bell." Quadrilles took the place of bats and waltzes, Scotch reels and cotillions were substituted for balls and wickets. Every body seemed pleased—all was mirth and jollity, good feeling and good humor, and the dancing concluded a little after three in the morning, the worthy member for Renfrew, promising they should have just such another on St. Andrew's night.

Yours truly, P[illegible]

To the Editor of the C. P. Herald.

SIR—In the last issue of the "Perth Courier," I observe a communication signed "Ross," referring to the public offices of the County of Renfrew, in which the *animus* of the writer is unblushingly palpable, and consists wholly and broadly in puffing and bespattering with sickening praise a person named Andrew Irving, resident in that coarse village—Pembroke. In the communication to which I refer, the names of several candidates for the responsible office of Sheriff is paraded at length and libellously remarked upon. Whatever Mr. Andrew Irving's abilities may be in the details of an office, the well known characteristics of that individal forbid the possibility of him being capable of fulfilling the duties of the Sheriff of Renfrew, and any person who has paid the slightest attention to Canadian politics for the past few years must be aware that the present Cabinet will not be likely to appoint the "Clear Grit" correspondent of the Globe, who, through the columns of that *veracious* sheet, has done his *little* best to damage Central Canada, and all the interests connected therewith. The Hon. John S. McDonald is not so verdant as the Hon. Mr. Cayley was a few years ago in the City of Renfrew, and Mr. Irving's trumpeter—"Ross," may rest assured that the *model* candidate of the model village on the Ottawa will never receive the appointment. Mr. Editor, I may as well mention that the most powerful candidate at the present time for the Sheriffship of this County is Roderick Ross, Esq., of the City of Ottawa. Endowed with great natural abilities, along with an education fitting him for that high and responsible position, his calm and determined temper points him out to the Government as the most fitting person for the office, for which at the present time there are 17 applications; and in conclusion, Mr. Editor, I am surprised that the late recipient of Government favor, in Perth, has so far forgotten himself as to endorse the grossly flattering portrait of Mr. Irving.

SIRIUS.

To the Editor of the C. P. Herald.

SIR—In the Pembroke "Observer" of the 18th ult and again on the 23th ultimo, the editor of that paper, aided by his *soi-disant* correspondent, John Shaw, indulges in a set of lying charges against and personal abuse of me, which, however, I can afford to let pass by me like the idle wind which I regard not," and would not on this occasion trouble you, were it not that I observe they have cajoled two other persons into the taking a throw at me, by signing a kind of certificate to a palpable falsehood. Of these men I thought I had a right to expect better things—I have on more than one occasion befriended both of them, and have given them no just cause for their hostility. But this splenetic humor of theirs I can trace to my opposition, on public grounds, to a monopoly too long ceded to these persons. They monopolize nearly every salaried office in the township of Wilberforce, and this they continue to do year after year, through the influence of friends and family connections, to the exclusion of all others. I have no desire to conceal from these gentlemen that I am opposed to this state of affairs, as I know that until a fair division of the public offices in the township of Wilberforce is made, much dissatisfaction will be felt, and there will be but little good got of the public monies, and they may rest assured that should I have to do with their Municipal affairs in the future, they may expect to have at least half a dozen docked from the list of their salaries. By their certificate of character given to John Shaw about assessments in the year 1859 and 1862, they would have it believed that I had charged John Shaw with swearing falsely. There is no such charge in any letter that I ever published, and why these men whose pretentions to piety are well known, should sign such an absurdity is more than I can understand. I cannot now afford to spare more time in noticing such silly effusions, but remain, sir,

Yours Respectfully,
ROBERT R. SMITH.

Douglas, Oct 6th, 1862.

To the Editor of the C. P. Herald.

SIR—The Anniversary of the Sabbath School, in connection with the W. M. Church in this village, was held in the W. M. Chapel on Thursday, the 16th inst. The morning was all that could be desired—bright and sunshiny, which was taken as proof of a fine day. But as the time appointed for the exercises drew near, black clouds might be seen in the west, until the whole sky was covered with vapors, which caused a shadow to pass over the faces of those interested in the celebration. One o'clock was the time appointed for the exercises to commence, but as is no uncommon thing in this village, it was after the appointed time before many were about the church. Perhaps the principal reason on this occasion was the falling of rain, thick and fast.

About half-past one o'clock when a goodly number were collected, the Rev. Geo. Beynon took the Chair and proceeded to open, by singing and prayer. The Rev. Messrs. McKinnon and Spencer were requested to take the platform. The Rev. Chairman went on to show the beneficial effect Sabbath Schools have in general, but more particularly in his own experience. His remarks were short and to the point. Short; doubtless from the fact that the speaker has or is just recovering from long illness. The Superintendent, Mr. H. Neilson, then proceeded to examine the scholars present. The chapter chosen for the occasion was the 6th of St. Matthew. The answers given to the different questions were prompt and correct. After the Superintendent got through with the exercises, the Rev. Chairman catechised the School. The questions were promptly answered in general, but some of the scholars in particular answered in a praiseworthy manner.

The time for refreshments having arrived—a time looked for with some interest by the juveniles—a variety of the choicest cakes were spread before all, so that they might be strengthened physically. All having done ample justice to the good things set before them, and order being restored, then came the time for an intellectual treat.

The Rev. H. A. Spencer, having been called upon by the chairman, to address the meeting, delivered a very interesting address, principally on responsibility and honor connected with the S. S. Teacher and his duties, relating occasionally appropriate anecdotes illustrative of his subject.

The Rev. Mr. McKinnon was the last speaker. He delivered a very able address principally on the respect the scholar should have for his teacher but above all his respect for God and his Commandments.

The usual complimentary votes of thanks having been passed, the Chairman was about to close. when a voice was heard to say, "We have something more." Sure enough, there was something more, for presently appeared great quantities of apples, candies and cakes, which were partaken of quite freely.

The benediction having been pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Beynon, all prepared for home.

It will not be forgotten the good service the band of singers, headed by Mr. D. Hamilton, did on the occasion by singing select and appropriate pieces, during the proceedings, which enlivened the exercises very much.

Yours, &c., X.

Carleton Place, Oct. 18, 1862.

A New York paper says that the following is understood to be Gen. Lee's programme. It has the merit of probability, and is ertainily founded on the present position of the Confederate army:

It is reported that one of the safes in the Ottawa Branch of the Bank of Montreal was broken open on Wednesday night and a large sum of money in notes and specie abstracted therefrom.

The New Yorkers are very much interested in a breach of promise case there, in which a pretty little Jewess sues for $10,000 damages.