

The Carleton Place Herald
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JAMES POOLE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
To whom all communications, remittances, &c., should be addressed.
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IN ADVANCE.

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THE BIRD'S SONG
I dash along through the thoughtless throng,
With my banner of false unfurl'd;
My poisonous breath is scattering death,
As I rush o'er a ruined world.
I snatch the bread from the child unaid,
I mock at the mother's tear;
My mirth rings out with the wildest shout,
As I dance on the father's bier.
I bind with a chain the statesman's brain,
I murder the patriot's hope—
I burn out reason, I smile on treason,
And play with the haughty's dome.
I spread my pinions o'er Christ's dominion,
And his minister's quill with dead;
While ruin and slaughter, my son and daughter,
Are smiling wherever I tread.
With a sneer or frown, I am tearing down
Whatever the good men prize;
While my light-house, the prison, has higher risen
Till it pierces the blood-red skies.
Then, hail to the world, my banner's unfurl'd,
Each streamer is playing well;
Will you join my throng, as we rush along
To the bottomless haunts of hell!

MISSOURI AND THE WEST.
It is reported that the Federal Government have under consideration to establish another military district west of Missouri, to include Kansas, the Indian Territory, Arkansas, and the Colorado Territory.

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE AT FREDERICKTOWN.
The details of the battle of Fredericktown, in Missouri, are to hand. It will be recollected that Colonel Carlin of the Federal Army attacked Jeff. Thompson of the Confederate forces, and drove him from the place. There appears to be very little fighting among the forces on either side. It is a sort of border warfare. Very little fighting is done in the open field. Each man acts to a great extent independently of his comrades, hides where he likes, and kills who he can. A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, who went over the scene of the fight after the defeat of the rebels, gives an account which enables one to form a correct opinion of the horrors of the warfare. He says one-third of the rebel dead were boys from fifteen to eighteen years old—mere striplings with the down on their faces, who could not have been disciplined, and who could have had no adequate idea of military duty or the horrors of a battle. They had some good muskets, but of the force of fifty pieces that had been picked up on the battle field, not a single one could be called respectable—more than half of them were old flint lock, squirrel guns that were next to useless in a battle. Some of the prisoners expressed surprise at the speed with which the Federal troops loaded and fired. Cartridges were unknown to the rebels. They had been used to patch the balls and prime the pans of their flint lock guns. "The dead," says one correspondent, "are scattered over a wide area in the stubble fields and corn fields, and in the thick underwood. Many will not be found for several days, and the hogs on Tuesday had already badly mutilated some of them. I saw one body with the face and throat eaten off, and the eyes eaten out. Poor fellows! Some of the enemy performed deeds of heroism worthy of a better cause. One of their cannon was placed in the woods near the mouth of the lane, and was vigorously worked. As our forces advanced, they picked one after another of the gunners off till at last but a single one was left. He continued his work of loading and firing as fast as he could, nothing daunted. He seems utterly oblivious to everything but the work before him, and made no motions towards retreat. At last he fell at his post bravely and heroically. When the rebels retreated across the field they had to cross a middle fence. One man labouring under the effects of 'old corn,' got along rather slowly, and was some time in getting on the fence. While there he was pierced by several balls, and falling dead across the fence he remained there till next day, when some one kindly took him down. Another was shot through the head in the early part of the engagement, Monday afternoon, and half his brain supporting him had a reasonable amount ran out, yet up to nine o'clock, Tuesday, he was breathing, and I do not know how much longer afterwards. Of course he was utterly unconscious. I also saw another rebel wounded in precisely the same way, and he was in the same condition."

ATROCITIES ON BOTH SIDES.
The contest in Kentucky is carried on with terrible bitterness by both Nationalities and rebels. The correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says that nowhere in the country is more animosity manifested than in the strong secession counties immediately south of Carter and surrounding territory. The whole country is in arms, and neighbours are arrayed against each other in warfare, the more terrible from the absence of all honourable rules of war. Assassinations occur daily, and fights from behind trees and from the houses are of common occurrence. It would seem as if again the forests were infested with the greatest cruelty and the most heinous outrages are practised by both sides. So aroused have the Union men become by the desire to "venge each other's wrongs that they have excelled their rebel tutors in excess and in cruelty. A short time since, a rebel leader named Markman, of Lawrence county, was caught by a party of Union men, who proceeded to publish him as they thought he had deserved. He had boasted

that he had slain forty Union men with his own hands. They tied him naked to a tree and deliberately stabbed him about the arms, thighs, legs, and in such places as were not thought fatal, till the wounds had reached the number of thirty-nine, and the man still alive. At this point somebody suggested that he should be allowed to go to the hospital, but he refused to be lashed more than thirty-nine times on the bare back. There is such a law in this State. One of the men raised his gun and exclaiming that the rebels had nullified the laws, plunged the bayonet into Markman's heart. His body was left tied to the tree until in the darkness of the night some of his rebel friends removed it. The terrible state of affairs is mainly confined to the region named, though General Zollicoffer and Buckner have permitted their men to practise many outrages and cruelties on the unprotected Unionists in the vicinities in which they are located. How long Gen. Sherman will destroy them in case the Union army crosses the rebel lines, and that, at whatever point they strike, the rebels will be able to defeat them by concentrating a large force, and by superiority in artillery. The Union army, if they make the advance by way of Louisville, must cross Goose Creek. Particular attention therefore has been paid by Gen. Johnston to the defence of this creek. It is somewhat broader and deeper than Bull Run, but its banks are considerably higher. Between its mouth and Aldie, fifteen miles, it is crossed by no less than six bridges, including the railroad bridge. These bridges are all standing now, but guards are stationed at each one, with orders to destroy them in case the Union army crosses at Edward's Ferry and Harrison's Island in sufficient force to take Louisville. The plans of the rebels do not include retaining possession of that place if it is attacked with a strong force, say 25,000 troops.

THE CAPTURE OF ROMNEY.
Particulars of the capture of Romney in Virginia are to hand. A faint was made upon the north side by Col. Thomas Johns, while the rebel attack was prosecuted by the troops under the command of General Kelley. The fight was a short one. The Union soldiers rushed into the town, and the rebels scattered in all directions, the only stand made by them was at the city cemetery, but they were soon driven back to their position. General Kelley captured some 400 or 500 prisoners, among whom is Col. E. M. Armstrong, late member of the Richmond Convention, 200 horses, three wagon loads of new rifles, three cannon, a large quantity of corn, tents, and, in fact, every thing they could lay their hands on. The loss on the rebel side was one man killed and five wounded. The loss of the enemy is between thirty and forty. The Federal troops numbered 2,500; the Confederates 1,000.

ANOTHER IRISH FAMINE.
A cry of distress is again being heard from the potato crop has been reduced to a blighted, and it is said that over a large section of the country, particularly in the western counties, the horrors of an approaching famine are staring the great bulk of the population in the face. The intelligence comes to us most unexpectedly. English newspapers have been full of rejoicing over the great social revolution which it was stated had been accomplished in Ireland. They said its evidences were visible in every corner of the country. The Encumbered Estates had passed into the hands of enterprising landlords, whose skill and capital were putting a new face on everything. The potato crop had been reduced by one man to have a bad harvest. The blighting of smilling plants were diffused throughout the land, and the Ireland of 1841. Only a few weeks ago the Lord Lieutenant, in a speech at the Belfast banquet, depicted in the most glowing colours the improvement which had passed over the face of the country. According to Lord Lyons, Ireland had fairly entered on the path of progress, and had already attained a very satisfactory measure of material prosperity. Wretchedness and famine, discontent and brutal outrage, were matters of the past, and Ireland was now the home of a loyal, happy, and prosperous population. In the midst of all these praises of rejoicing there is heard a cry of distress from various parts of Connaught, Archbishop Coghlan, of Kilmore, in a speech at the potato crop, the principal food of the people, has been destroyed by the blight and ruinous crops, and the portion remaining is unfit for human food; but if all the grain in the parish were converted into meal, it would not give food to the population for two months; and that already they are purchasing Indian meal to mix with the bad potatoes to support themselves. A public meeting had been held in the parish, and had adopted a series of resolutions. One of these was—"That unless the Government grant without delay public works to be carried out, by which they may be enabled to purchase food, they will perish from starvation." Another provided for laying the facts before the Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary of Ireland, and requesting them, in the name of humanity, to advise the Government to take immediate steps for averting so dire a calamity. The failure of the potato crop seems to be general. The state of matters in Kilmore is unfortunately not an exceptional case of distress. Archbishop McHale has addressed to Lord Palmerston a letter on the subject, in which he says—

"The potato is the staple food of our people,—it goes and where not entirely gone, is so deteriorated in quantity and quality, as to be almost useless as an article of food. On the sad state of the potato crop I can speak with an authority derived from observation over a large extent of Galway and Mayo. Since the beginning of August I have been through the remotest districts of the county—Clifden, Westport, Newport, Arrehill, Castlebar, Claremorris, Dunmore, and Moylagh—strange names, which the Government official will explain—and in short, through every portion, from north to south, and from west to east, I have not only heard the distress reports, but have had the opportunity of testing the quality of this cereal, and I can safely and solemnly

declare that of this year's crop no quantity would be sufficient to maintain the population, were it even more abundant, during the coming year. It is high time, then, for Her Majesty's ministers to adopt prompt and efficient precautionary measures if they are desirous that the remnant of the Irish people should not be swept away. It will surprise many to learn that the Irish people are still dependent on the potato crop to so large an extent that its failure is but another name for famine. We had thought that the stern lessons of the fearful sufferings through which Ireland passed in 1846, 1847, and 1848, when men, women, and children died by the roadside from absolute want of food, had not been taught in vain, and that the mass of the population were not now leaning as heretofore on so treacherous a reed as the safety of the crop of one single root, which experience had shown was liable at any time to be destroyed by a supervening disease. Yet Archbishop Coghlan and Archbishop McHale agree in testifying that—so far at least as Connaught is concerned, and perhaps their warnings are meant to have a yet wider application—the staple food of the Irish people is still the potato, and that, the potato crop destroyed, there is every reason to apprehend a repetition of the scenes of 1846 and 1847. I say to think that these representations may be true, and that recent improvements in Ireland have only been on the surface, and have failed to reach the root of her social evils. Whatever change of landlords there may have been—and statistics show that the effects of the Encumbered Estates Act have not been so extensive as the failure of the potato crop in Ireland will not be found to be so disastrous as the first accounts appear to threaten. We cannot yet believe that, after all the sad experience of former years, a single root is still the principal sustenance of the bulk of the Irish people. Too much may be said of the matter of fact, upon it, and its failure may be seen in a number of places, we cannot think that except in isolated localities the blighting of the potato crop now can be followed by anything like the horrors which decimated Ireland fifteen years ago.—Globe.

GREAT RACE BETWEEN THE SENECA INDIANS AND THE AMERICAN DEER.
It has ever been the opinion of all who have seen the Seneca Indian, that the rivalry between the Seneca Indian, as given by M. J. F. Cooper, was an exaggerated tale. A show in the novel, but not to be thought of when tried by the test of fact, experience, and civilization. The appearance of Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian, in this country, however, combined with the great success achieved in the matches in which he has been engaged up to this time, caused an immense assemblage of visitors to assemble at the West London Cricket Ground, Brompton, on Monday, to witness a contest between himself and Jackson, the American Deer, for £25 a side. In colour he is the genuine North American (or copper coloured) Indian, with a skin as bright as "polished pine." He stands 5 feet 11 inches, and weighs about 115 lbs. He runs rather flat-footed, except when sprinting; but his usual stride appears to be a regular, powerful, and his shoulders moving slightly at each motion; his neck being very stiff, which gives his head an appearance of rolling from side to side. He is one of the finest specimens of the American tribes that have appeared in England, being much above the usual altitude, with the dorsal muscles so fully developed that he, while running, appears to be round shouldered, the muscles in the lumber regions being equally well matched with the former. His frontispiece is characteristic of his pedigree—the steady full dark eye, with marl bones fully developed, and the lower maxillary full, but receding. His hair is of the usual bristly texture, but rather long. Although Jackson is termed the "American Deer," he is an Englishman, born at Norwich, and considerably over 40 years of age. He has been a pedestrian 24 years, which is much beyond the usual time of any other known athlete. In America he defeated all the Indians—half-breeds and through-breds that were pitted against him. The difference between the two men was most striking, the Indian towering above the Englishman full nine inches in height; and as the red man looked upon his tiny opponent an expression of triumph lighted upon his swarthy face, while a quiet smile sat on the old-fashioned "maug" of the Deer. On the signal being given Jackson allowed the Indian to take the lead, which he did, and held by six yards to the end of the first quarter of a mile, when Jackson, answering the call of his friends, began to close up the gap, and at the end of the first mile was close up with his stalwart opponent. In this close order the race continued to near the end of second mile, just previous to which Jackson closed up the gap, and they were shoulder to shoulder. Now the contest began in earnest. The brave old Deer struggled hard to keep up with his powerful opponent, and at two miles and a quarter they were still close together. At two miles and a-half Jackson was labouring, and the Indian, receiving his "cue," gave one of his tremendous spurts, went a head five yards, was twice in front at two miles and three-quarters, and at the completion of the third mile was leading by twenty yards. Jackson strove hard against nature to regain his position, but another splendid spurt on the part of the Indian settled the race, and the once famed American Deer had to give in, being dead beat. Deerfoot was, therefore, led to run the last three-quarters of a mile by himself, which did at unabated speed, the four miles being completed in 21 min. 2 sec. The Indian at the finish, did not appear distressed.

As an indication of the mild character of the climate of Virginia, it may be stated that roses are still budding and in bloom in the gardens near Fort Corcoran.

Alexander Duff, an old veteran who fought at Corunna under Sir John Moore, died at Canonsville, O. W., on the 24th ult., at the advanced age of 82.

When is a tradesman's bill like a married man?—When it is settled.

DEATH OF SIR JAMES GRAHAM.
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DEATH BY POISON THROUGH WANT.
From the *London Prototype*.
We have to record a most singular instance of sudden death, which took place in this city on Friday last, of a female, a daughter of the late John Young, saloon-keeper. From what we can learn, the woman, who, by the bye, went by the name of Mrs. Potter, and resided at the house of Mr. George Crispin on Adelaide Street, appeared in excellent spirits on the evening in question, and without any apparent excitement entered freely into conversation with the inmates of the house, and after a polite proposal to tell the fortunes of those around her, a pack of cards was handed her, and while engaged in unravelling the mysteries of the future, seated upon a chair, she was observed to become quite meditative. The occupants did not appear to notice anything wrong, but finding that she remained in this state some time, she was examined and found to be a corpse, the cards remaining in her hand and she sitting in the same position as when engaged in conversation. A coroner's jury was summoned, and an inquest held on the body by Dr. Wansell, on Saturday.

Since writing the above, we have obtained the following further particulars: The deceased, it appears, had been a member of the Crispin's for the last few weeks, and some days ago allowed Crispin to see a parcel marked poison. Crispin asked her what she wished to do with it. Deceased gave Crispin to understand that she intended to poison herself. On the evening of the 18th she was in apparent good health, except complaining of a pain in her stomach, and about eight o'clock, while she was shuffling some cards to tell her own fortune and Crispin's, she threw her hands up, shook her head, and died in a few minutes. Dr. Hobbs made a post-mortem examination, and gave it as his opinion that deceased died of inflammation of the stomach, produced by some irritant poison.

McCLELLAN'S RETIREMENT.
McClellan appointed his Successor.
His General Order to the Army.
Washington, Nov. 1.
The following letter from Gen. Scott was received by the President on Thursday evening:—
Head Quarters of the Army,
Washington, Oct. 31, 1861.
THE HON. S. CAMERON, SEC. OF WAR.
SIR.—For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse or to make more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities, dropsy and vertigo, admonish me that repose of mind with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to all that let us do nothing that can cause him to blush for us. Let not defeat of the army here has so long commanded embitter his last years, but let our victories illumine the close of a life so grand.
(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding U. S. Army.

THE STORM ON THE LAKE.
Disasters to the Shipping.
On Saturday there was one of the severest storms on the Lake which has been experienced within the past three years. The wind commenced to blow a perfect gale from the east about midnight on Friday, the rain descending in torrents, and the waters of the lake were soon lashed into a perfect fury. The waves broke over the island in several places, and such was the violence of the storm that a small unoccupied frame house, situated near the eastern gap, was blown into the bay. A large number of trees and the east building just referred to were to be seen floating about the bay during the whole of Saturday. Quite a number of casualties to the shipping have already been reported, but it is feared that the news from the ports below will give many more, as the storm raged during the whole of Saturday and up to a late hour on the morning of Sunday, and it is well known that a very large number of sailing vessels were off at the lake. It is to be hoped, however, that many of them were enabled to reach ports of safety until the storm abated—about two o'clock yesterday. Over a dozen schooners, the greater number of them laden with grain for Kingston, ran for shelter inside the bar opposite the Queen's wharf, on Saturday, and rode at anchor in safety during the gale. They left for Kingston yesterday afternoon with a fair wind after the gale moderated.

A Christian life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, and his heart is the shuttle.
It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. A ship on a lee shore stands out to sea in a storm to escape a shipwreck.
Laws and institutions, like clocks, must occasionally be cleaned, wound up and set to turn time.
A wag passing through the streets of Glasgow lately, observing a meeting-house immediately above a spirit cellar, wrote the following lines on the walls:—
Up above is the spirit of love,
Down below is the spirit of vice,
Up above is the spirit divine,
Down below is the spirit of wine.
The geometer, the surveyor, and the astronomer angle for a truthhood.

MURDER.
On Saturday night between the hours of eleven and twelve, the Barrack gate guard (on Commissioners Street), heard a cry of "Murder," and the noise of fighting outside the gate in the street. Such noises being of frequent occurrence in that street, little or no attention was paid to them; but the cries and the noise continuing, the gate was at length opened, and a sailor named Alison, belonging to the ship "Casar," found lying upon the ground weltering in blood, about six feet from the gate, with others around him, and a sailor named Logan, of the ship "Oswego," lying across his body. Logan was killed by a bullet in the forehead, the ship "Oswego" Phantom," when Alison was carried into the guard-room dead by the guard. Dr. Piesant, and Surgeon Allison, R. A., were immediately in attendance, and on examining the body of deceased found several wounds, inflicted by a knife, on the left side. The body was subsequently placed in the Military Hospital at the deceased's expense. It appeared that on Saturday night, Chief-Constable Flynn on returning from the barracks, to which he had been summoned, accompanied by the man Bell, passed a sailor upon the street, proceeding towards the harbor; Bell immediately identified him as Logan, one of the assassins of the deceased Chief-Constable Flynn, immediately arrested him and lodged him in the Station-house. On Sunday morning, from information received from two of the sailors on board the "Casar," a sailor named Smith was arrested by Chief-Constable Flynn, the deceased's capt having been found in his possession. Later in the day, Coroner Jones proceeded

LOYALTY AT THE ANTPODES.
It is excessively pleasing to the vanity of an Englishman, on arriving in Australia, to find how highly the colonists think of all of the old country. The groups of aborigines you met in the street—the women clad in dirty blankets, and the men (who are the vaier sex) glorious in old white hats, and with brass badges round their necks, on which are the announcements that they are the kings of this place or the other—always greet you in one set form of speech—"Len it penny. How did it leave 'em all at home?" Even these poor blacks, you see, are proud to rank themselves as countrymen—to look upon England as their home, and the Queen as their Sovereign. It is, indeed, astonishing the regard they have for Victoria. "How you leave the Queen?—how you leave her home?"—"How you leave the Queen?" is the triple question of the new chum is constantly compelled to answer. They know a new chum by his looks, by the salt-water "freshness he brings with him from the sea." Soon this look leaves you. The blacks are the most loyal savages the Lady of the Realm has under her sway. Far up in the bush the writer of this paper once met a chief carrying a tomahawk which he called his "Albert," in honour of the Prince Consort; and when the news of the fall of Sebastopol arrived in Sydney, there was a general illumination; a poor old savage, named "Rickett Dick," who lived (like Diogenes) in a tub of a place called Rushunter's Bay, a few miles out of the city, struck a candle in an open tin to call the top of his hat, in honour, as he energetically put it, "of 'em brave fellow who whopped old Roos-hum!"—*Australian Mail.*

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DEATH BY POISON THROUGH WANT.
From the *London Prototype*.
We have to record a most singular instance of sudden death, which took place in this city on Friday last, of a female, a daughter of the late John Young, saloon-keeper. From what we can learn, the woman, who, by the bye, went by the name of Mrs. Potter, and resided at the house of Mr. George Crispin on Adelaide Street, appeared in excellent spirits on the evening in question, and without any apparent excitement entered freely into conversation with the inmates of the house, and after a polite proposal to tell the fortunes of those around her, a pack of cards was handed her, and while engaged in unravelling the mysteries of the future, seated upon a chair, she was observed to become quite meditative. The occupants did not appear to notice anything wrong, but finding that she remained in this state some time, she was examined and found to be a corpse, the cards remaining in her hand and she sitting in the same position as when engaged in conversation. A coroner's jury was summoned, and an inquest held on the body by Dr. Wansell, on Saturday.

Since writing the above, we have obtained the following further particulars: The deceased, it appears, had been a member of the Crispin's for the last few weeks, and some days ago allowed Crispin to see a parcel marked poison. Crispin asked her what she wished to do with it. Deceased gave Crispin to understand that she intended to poison herself. On the evening of the 18th she was in apparent good health, except complaining of a pain in her stomach, and about eight o'clock, while she was shuffling some cards to tell her own fortune and Crispin's, she threw her hands up, shook her head, and died in a few minutes. Dr. Hobbs made a post-mortem examination, and gave it as his opinion that deceased died of inflammation of the stomach, produced by some irritant poison.

McCLELLAN'S RETIREMENT.
McClellan appointed his Successor.
His General Order to the Army.
Washington, Nov. 1.
The following letter from Gen. Scott was received by the President on Thursday evening:—
Head Quarters of the Army,
Washington, Oct. 31, 1861.
THE HON. S. CAMERON, SEC. OF WAR.
SIR.—For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse or to make more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities, dropsy and vertigo, admonish me that repose of mind with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to all that let us do nothing that can cause him to blush for us. Let not defeat of the army here has so long commanded embitter his last years, but let our victories illumine the close of a life so grand.
(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding U. S. Army.

THE STORM ON THE LAKE.
Disasters to the Shipping.
On Saturday there was one of the severest storms on the Lake which has been experienced within the past three years. The wind commenced to blow a perfect gale from the east about midnight on Friday, the rain descending in torrents, and the waters of the lake were soon lashed into a perfect fury. The waves broke over the island in several places, and such was the violence of the storm that a small unoccupied frame house, situated near the eastern gap, was blown into the bay. A large number of trees and the east building just referred to were to be seen floating about the bay during the whole of Saturday. Quite a number of casualties to the shipping have already been reported, but it is feared that the news from the ports below will give many more, as the storm raged during the whole of Saturday and up to a late hour on the morning of Sunday, and it is well known that a very large number of sailing vessels were off at the lake. It is to be hoped, however, that many of them were enabled to reach ports of safety until the storm abated—about two o'clock yesterday. Over a dozen schooners, the greater number of them laden with grain for Kingston, ran for shelter inside the bar opposite the Queen's wharf, on Saturday, and rode at anchor in safety during the gale. They left for Kingston yesterday afternoon with a fair wind after the gale moderated.

A Christian life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, and his heart is the shuttle.
It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. A ship on a lee shore stands out to sea in a storm to escape a shipwreck.
Laws and institutions, like clocks, must occasionally be cleaned, wound up and set to turn time.
A wag passing through the streets of Glasgow lately, observing a meeting-house immediately above a spirit cellar, wrote the following lines on the walls:—
Up above is the spirit of love,
Down below is the spirit of vice,
Up above is the spirit divine,
Down below is the spirit of wine.
The geometer, the surveyor, and the astronomer angle for a truthhood.

MURDER.
On Saturday night between the hours of eleven and twelve, the Barrack gate guard (on Commissioners Street), heard a cry of "Murder," and the noise of fighting outside the gate in the street. Such noises being of frequent occurrence in that street, little or no attention was paid to them; but the cries and the noise continuing, the gate was at length opened, and a sailor named Alison, belonging to the ship "Casar," found lying upon the ground weltering in blood, about six feet from the gate, with others around him, and a sailor named Logan, of the ship "Oswego," lying across his body. Logan was killed by a bullet in the forehead, the ship "Oswego" Phantom," when Alison was carried into the guard-room dead by the guard. Dr. Piesant, and Surgeon Allison, R. A., were immediately in attendance, and on examining the body of deceased found several wounds, inflicted by a knife, on the left side. The body was subsequently placed in the Military Hospital at the deceased's expense. It appeared that on Saturday night, Chief-Constable Flynn on returning from the barracks, to which he had been summoned, accompanied by the man Bell, passed a sailor upon the street, proceeding towards the harbor; Bell immediately identified him as Logan, one of the assassins of the deceased Chief-Constable Flynn, immediately arrested him and lodged him in the Station-house. On Sunday morning, from information received from two of the sailors on board the "Casar," a sailor named Smith was arrested by Chief-Constable Flynn, the deceased's capt having been found in his possession. Later in the day, Coroner Jones proceeded

LOYALTY AT THE ANTPODES.
It is excessively pleasing to the vanity of an Englishman, on arriving in Australia, to find how highly the colonists think of all of the old country. The groups of aborigines you met in the street—the women clad in dirty blankets, and the men (who are the vaier sex) glorious in old white hats, and with brass badges round their necks, on which are the announcements that they are the kings of this place or the other—always greet you in one set form of speech—"Len it penny. How did it leave 'em all at home?" Even these poor blacks, you see, are proud to rank themselves as countrymen—to look upon England as their home, and the Queen as their Sovereign. It is, indeed, astonishing the regard they have for Victoria. "How you leave the Queen?—how you leave her home?"—"How you leave the Queen?" is the triple question of the new chum is constantly compelled to answer. They know a new chum by his looks, by the salt-water "freshness he brings with him from the sea." Soon this look leaves you. The blacks are the most loyal savages the Lady of the Realm has under her sway. Far up in the bush the writer of this paper once met a chief carrying a tomahawk which he called his "Albert," in honour of the Prince Consort; and when the news of the fall of Sebastopol arrived in Sydney, there was a general illumination; a poor old savage, named "Rickett Dick," who lived (like Diogenes) in a tub of a place called Rushunter's Bay, a few miles out of the city, struck a candle in an open tin to call the top of his hat, in honour, as he energetically put it, "of 'em brave fellow who whopped old Roos-hum!"—*Australian Mail.*

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE ON THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

On Thursday evening the Winslow and Buckingham Corps of Volunteers proceeded to Clayton House, the magnificent residence of Sir H. Verney, M. P., who had invited them to partake of his hospitality. In the course of the evening Sir Harry read the two following letters from Miss Nightingale—

"My dear Sir Harry—I like to hear of your volunteers. I wish I could be with you. But my heart is with you all. At the beginning of this year we had 150,000 volunteers—and already we hear, from the best military authorities, that they are capable of manœuvring and attacking movements with regular troops. To one who knows the stuff which the Anglo-Saxon is made (no man knows him better than I do,) this is not surprising. These volunteers are of the same race with that handful of men who defended their trenches at Sebastopol—as the Greeks held the position of Thermopylae, and who when dying of slow torture in hospital, drew their blankets over their heads, and died without a word, like the heroes of old. Thank God, our volunteers have not to undergo these slow agonies in the defence of their country. But I for one, and I speak notwithstanding an experience in the horrors of war which no man has had) was not at all sorry to see the spirit of war brought home to our people's lives in the glorious rising of the volunteers. A country needs re-tempering sometimes. England, from her great mercantile and commercial success, has been called the 'land of the milksop.' The simple courage, the enduring patience, the good sense, the strength to suffer in silence—what action shows more of this in war than is shown by her commonest soldier? I have seen men dying of dysentery, but scorning to report themselves sick lest they should thereby throw money on the wind of their comrades, go down to the trenches and make the trenches their deathbed. There is nothing in history to compare with it—other nations may do it for glory, but we do it for duty, as the Duke of Wellington said. If both French and English statesmen have recorded, upon their own observation, that the most intelligent, the most well-doing, the most respectable, in the best sense of that word, in any French village or district, are always those returned from serving out their time on conscription, and if this is the case with those who have given a compulsory service for a Government which we English cannot respect, what ought not the men to be come who give a free service for a free country like our volunteers? Say what you will, there is something more truly Christian in the man who gives his time, his strength, his life, if he need be, for something not himself, whether he call it his Queen, his country, or his colours, than in all the asceticism, the fasts, the humiliations and confessions which have ever been made; and this spirit of giving one's life, without calling it a sacrifice, is found nowhere so truly as in England.—This is a spirit which animates our armies and our volunteers. But there must be more drill, more discipline, in the sense of teaching how orders are to be obeyed, more acting in concert to make our volunteers perfect—and our volunteers mean to be perfect. It is wonderful how many of them have done already in precision. On the saddest night of all my life, two months ago, when my dear child, Sidney Herbert, lay dying, and I knew that with him died much of the welfare of the British army—he was, too, so justly proud of his volunteers—on that night I lay listening to the hands of the volunteers as they came marching in successively—it had been a review day—and I said to myself, the nation can never go back which is capable of such a movement as this not the spirit of an hour. These are men who have all something to give up; all men whose time is valuable for money, which is not their god, as other nations say. One of the best appointments my dear child made was Col. M. Murdo, the Inspector General of Volunteers. I knew him in the Crimea, where he executed the most difficult service, that of organising the Land Transport, with the utmost success; no doubt the volunteers did excellently in him. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

When the first great schism in the American Republic was first announced, one of our most liberal politicians remarked in Parliament that so free and intelligent a people as the citizens of the Union might be expected to settle their differences, and discard the unnatural arbitrament of the sword. Never was a prediction more signally falsified by events. Although the deadlock of the main armies on the Potomac has given ample opportunity for negotiation, the war spirit has never shown the least symptom of subsidence.

There appears, indeed, to be a peace party in America, but it is so utterly insignificant that we should never have been aware of its existence except for the ferocious invectives with which its supposed doctrines are occasionally assailed. Parties are, and they begin to show themselves in the North, and probably also in the South, but the sentence of all alike is for open war.—Whether, in short, we regard the position of affairs from a political or from a military point of view, the result is the same. The Union seems no prospect of success as the sequel either of victor or compromise, and the longer the war is protracted the more complicated and intractable do its causes appear.

WESLEYAN MEETING IN TORONTO.

At a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting in Toronto, held on Wednesday last, the following speeches were delivered. They appear in the Leader. John Carroll, who addressed the audience at some length and in a humorous vein. He said he certainly felt proud and happy to be thought worthy of taking a part in the very interesting services of the morning, and if he required anything to welcome him he had certainly received it when he entered the room. Coming in a little late he was met by an excellent and esteemed sister, who threw her arms around his neck and kissed him twice. [Laughter.] At the same time he felt no little embarrassment in rising to address them, for he labored at least under two difficulties. One was of physical, relating to his voice, and the other mental. He had some missionary thoughts in his head somewhere, but they were not yet in running trim for the season. [Laughter.] They were something like the winter clothing which the goodwife had put away, she knew where it was put, it had to be brought out into the air, brushed and cleaned before it became warm and suitable for cold weather use. [Laughter.] But although he might labor under a difficulty of this nature, there was much on this occasion to make him feel happy and to stimulate him to say something out of his heart. [Hear, hear.] This meeting possessed to him and his personal interest. It reminded him that the square on a part of which they were assembled had been many years before inclosed with high cedar pickets and embraced an orchard and a meadow. In that orchard he had often employed his hands—[laughter]—and in that meadow subsequently he had many a time and oft fallen to his knees in prayer. He remembered the first missionary attempts made in this city, then but a small town, which simply consisted of the performance of some Indian children from the missionary station at the Credit. He then proceeded to remark that it was a gloomy and unscriptural idea of religion of the world. Religion, as he understood it, gave them a greater interest in the welfare of their fellow-men, and created a desire to seek their society. [Hear, hear.] He then referred to the labor and sufferings of those engaged in the missionary work, and instanced the case of a young man stationed on the Behaygon Road, some thirty miles from the country it indicated, in which he understood the farmer planted his seed with a pick-axe—a laugh—Who had to travel through ten townships in order to visit his charge, and who consequently was exposed to privations and difficulties that others never dreamed of. Methodism, however, was so rotary and interchangeable in its nature, that there was the consolation of knowing that sooner or later something good would turn up for a poor fellow. [Laughter.] He was a Methodist and he was proud of it; but because he was a Methodist he was not a bigot. He did believe that it was a divinely originated scheme, and therefore he was successful in his working. There was some dash of melancholy in such a meeting as this, for it revealed that there had been a change of brethren and that some old familiar face was missing, some respected brother gone to his home. But it mattered not; they were all travelling in the same way, and Heaven would be merciful to them. He would all meet, and till then he urged them to give themselves to the missionary work. They would have eternity to enjoy it. This idea was somewhat alien to that of the poor Irishman, who, appreciating liberty above everything, believed that God would let him walk around Heaven, just as he has a mind to. [Laughter.] They would all meet, and till then he urged them to give themselves to the missionary work. The Rev. gentleman sat down amid much applause.

Robert Kenny, Esq. of Ottawa was next called upon. He desired to be excused, but the meeting was so long and he was compelled to comply. He expressed the gratification he felt at meeting so many of the ministers and members of his church and at the occasion which had called them together. He was greatly in favor of those social meetings because he believed them to be conducive to good in several respects. They had a double object in view, to strengthen and confidence in and love for each other. When they met thus and became acquainted with one another they found that a great deal of misunderstanding and petty jealousies which did sometimes creep in amongst them had arisen from not knowing each other and therefore in respect their meeting did much good. He then alluded to the early champions of Methodism in this country, and particularly to those who had stood up against the establishment of the rectories and had ever been foremost in the advocacy of the best interests of the people. He thought the Methodists did not exhibit their strength sufficiently. They too had to fight themselves, and like all modest individuals were frequently pushed aside, by those whose pretensions were greater. This should not be the case, for if they stood up manfully and asserted their rights there was no doubt they would be respected. He concluded by referring to the management of the missionary fund, in which he was in favor of infusing a greater degree of the lay element than at present.

ARRIVAL OF THE BORUSSIA.

The Hamburg steamship Borussia, from Hamburg, via Southampton, Wednesday Oct. 23rd, passed this point at five o'clock this morning. The Yacht of the Associated Press boarded her and obtained the regular news despatches. The Borussia is three days later than our steamship Europa, and is of interest to our commercial readers as the cotton exhibits here sales and a large advance, while the market shows a decline. The Borussia is from Quebec, and the Edinburgh from New York, arrived at Liverpool on the 23rd. The steamship Persia from New York arrived at Queenstown on the 23rd. The Borussia was in with our date given in first case. She was accompanied by the crew and passengers. The Borussia is a letter, says the blockade of the Southern ports is not of fact and reminds the Washington government that foreign nations are bound to recognize only a real blockade. It also shows that the calling of the cotton supply is the main point, as much as the North, and is a very quiet trade that all cotton exportation has been forbidden by the Confederates in order that foreign nations, especially England, may be forced to take side in the American quarrel. The Borussia is a letter, says the blockade of the Southern ports is not of fact and reminds the Washington government that foreign nations are bound to recognize only a real blockade. It also shows that the calling of the cotton supply is the main point, as much as the North, and is a very quiet trade that all cotton exportation has been forbidden by the Confederates in order that foreign nations, especially England, may be forced to take side in the American quarrel.

THE GREENS OF THE BARRE'S AXES.

A reflecting gentleman of leisure, lately spent some days in the region of the oil wells of Pennsylvania, and after a mature deliberation, gives it as his opinion that the Government should interfere at once and put a stop to further boring and pumping for oil; as he is certain that the grease is being drawn through these wells from the bearings of the earth's axis, and that the earth will cease to revolve when the lubrication ceases! An extraordinary power of memory is noted in a Scottish newspaper, in the case of a son of a farmer named Gordon, living at Renfrew. This young man remembers every thing, even to days and hours, repeats whole sermons, cities and passages from Scripture without missing a word, and does other wonderful things with his phenomenal organ of memory. The New York World says that, in consequence of the Southern market being out of large contracts for Pork can be made in Iowa and Illinois for \$2.50 per 100 lbs., or less than half the ordinary price; and on the cob is of so little value that it is burnt for fuel, as being cheaper than coal. HOW TO HAVE FRESH TOMATOES TILL WINTER.—If late in the season, just before frosts, the vigorous late-bearing tomato vine be pulled and hung in a moderately dry cellar, the fruit will gradually mature and thus furnish the table with fine luscious tomatoes from time to time, even into the winter season. So say they who have tried it. The Times says that the English, admiralty has decided upon plating the ships' armor-plate with iron. The admiral has determined to execute numerous defensive works in India, China, Borneo, and Malacca. The Times says it is evident that even in the face of the English credit of two million sterling remittances to England from France on the Bourse. French Renten, Oct. 25. ARRIVAL OF THE JURA. The Jura passed her at 4.30 this morning. She has on board 17 cabin and 75 steerage passengers. She was detained 31 hours by a fog at Belle Isle. She passed the Norwegian coast on the morning of the 27th, and the North Briton off Point de Monte at 8 p. m. on Sunday. The Jura left Liverpool on the 24th, and London on the 25th. The Bohemian reached Liverpool at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the Edinburgh during the forenoon of the 24th. The City of New York sailed with \$21,000 sterling and the Borussia with \$21,000 sterling for New York. The cable on board the G. A. Eastern are advertised for sale. Doing the stay of the royal family at Edinburgh Prince Albert laid the foundation stone of the new office and other public buildings. The news confined almost entirely to speculations on financial crisis, it is reiterated the bank has lost large sums in cash since last returns, and drain continues. Financial letters says there is no mitigation in crisis; on the contrary, bills on London were in increased demand, and renewal of drives remittance to England appeared unavoidable, and some new measures were taken to avoid it. It is asserted that Signor Ratzay had an audience of the Emperor. Bourne fact. French accounts confirm news of a success gained over rebels by imperial troops in China. Insurgents were driven back into western provinces adjoining Thibet. ITALY.—Decrees have been published, abolishing the lieutenancy of Tuscany. Another decree authorizes the last two-fifths of the national loan, due in November and January, to be paid in four equal monthly instalments, extending to February next. A royal order has been issued, appointing the 23rd for Pesh, with instructions providing for the strict maintenance of order. The King of Greece arrived at Vienna and will have an interview with the Emperor of Austria at Trieste. Prussia.—The official Gazette announces that the King confers the order of the Black Eagle on the Duke Ossana, Gen. Della Rocca, and the Duke of Malakoff. GERMANY.—Movements in favor of the German fleet continue. The King of Hanover intends constructing 20 screw gunboats for the defence of the Elbe, Weser, and Ems. The Hanoverian Government proposed that every German state should immediately contribute a number of gunboats in proportion to its importance, the cost to be repaid out of the General Treasury Federation. The English political news is unimportant. The competition trial at Shobergness of 22 pound service guns of different inventors was brought to a close without any satisfactory results. The Whitworth and Armstrong appear alone calculated to meet the requirements of the naval report. Sir Cornwall Lewis, has suspended for the present the issue of 100 pounder. Armstrong guns, and has directed such experiments as he may deem proper, for the purpose of this new ordinance to a decisive proof. The Times announces that the Queen had offered to confer the dignity of knighthood upon Mr. Fairbairn, President of the British Association, in consideration of eminent services rendered to science. It is understood that Mr. Fairbairn should immediately contribute to the Bank of France will almost immediately adopt some new measure to palliate the existing crisis. The appointment of the Empress of Austria is expected about the commencement of February. It is the general impression that the recognition of a Kingdom of Italy will be the basis of reconstruction of the Cabinet. London, weather warm and foggy, arrivals of grain and flour liberal, attendance fair. Wheat, slow sale at nominally Monday's rates. Barley and Oats steady. Flour firm. Ubers report wheat, foreign grain steady, but slow sale, few fresh arrivals and importers firm; other grain steady at late rates. Wakefield reports the Wheat trade slow to-day. Barley unchanged; other articles unchanged. Liverpool, 24th. Weather has been wet during last two days. Flour, sales of prime quality reported at various quotations; Western Canal, per 107 lbs, 25s 6d to 26s 6d; Philadelphia and Baltimore, 20s to 31s 6d. Wheat, only a moderate demand; White and mixed, per 100 lbs, 14s to 14s 6d. Corn participates in general indolence; White, per 480 lbs, 37s to 38s; Yellow, 35s 6d to 36s; Mixed, 32s. Ashes, Pota 32s 4d to 32s; Pearls 36s per cwt. Consols 92. LONDON MARKETS.—Funds higher, but buoyancy was checked by the financial affairs of France and Austria. An anecdote, but honest minister, was once preaching on the practical virtues, and having a short time previous bought a load of wood of one of the officers of his church, and finding it fall short in measure, took this occasion to speak thus plain on the subject: "Any man that will sell seven feet of wood for a cord, is no Christian, whether he stands in the gallery, below, or even in the deacon's seat."

WE OBSERVE BY VOLUNTEERS EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS THAT A STRONG MOVEMENT IS COMMENCED IN ENGLAND AGAINST THE PRESENT MODE OF WRAGING EXTENDED CRIMINALS.

The present fashions are being denounced by the press and professional men as a social evil of magnitude, in so far as they are the cause of numerous fatal accidents. The hoops and crinolines of the present day have a long record of deaths laid to their debit. Burnings, drownings, wounds, crushings, accidents from contact with vehicles and machinery: The London Daily News, in an article on the subject says to the ladies: "if they could once see a girl in the agonies of burning, and hear her shrieks; if they could once encounter the little procession carrying a child to the hospital, his back broken by a lady's petticoat having swept him under the wheel of a dray; if they could see a factory worker caught by the skirt, and crushed before the shaft could be stopped, they would gladly wear any shape of gown for the rest of their days rather than be responsible, in the millionth degree, for any more such intolerable spectacles. When the Queen's daughter was on fire some years since, from her hanging sleeve catching the flame as she was sealing a letter, the Queen adopted in the Royal laundry the mode of starching muslin which prevents their burning dangerously. If the Queen were known to discontinue practically and expressly, the practice of hoops which renders it too easy to set women and children on fire, the evil would immediately disappear from our drawing rooms—presently after from the farm house, the shop, and the school-room—and ere long from the kitchen and the workhouse. Crime appears to us to have particular periods to exhibit its appalling features. The most startling one for the past few months, is the murder of a wealthy Jew, named Fallner at New York, and the discovery of his body with 17 wounds in the region of the heart. Two Jewesses were arrested who had arrived in the same vessel with him from Germany, the youngest of whom handed herself in the cell, and the second female nearly succeeded in bleeding herself to death. In our own Province, the annals of crime have received fresh accessions within the last few days, among which the murder of a sailor named Alison, in the city of Montreal, is occupying public attention. His body was found in the street with seven stabs inflicted by a knife. Two individuals have been arrested. From the examination the murder was evidently committed by the guilty parties, while under the influence of the poison retained in the low grog shops of that city. A great portion of the crime perpetrated in this city of this country is traceable to the almost unrestricted vending of adulterated poisonous liquor, which has the effect of depraving the brain to such a degree, that in many cases the being under its degrading influence, is unconscious of his actions. To whom blame is to be imputed is an open question. We have been informed that the County Town question of Renfrew, will be brought before the Legislature at the next Session, the appointment of the village of Pembroke to that honor being obtained by lobby influence and not in accordance with the wishes of a majority of the rate-payers. There is no local question so difficult to settle as that of County Town. In the case of Renfrew, we are certain the question has been agitated for the past twelve years; scribblers of all degrees of mental calibre have exhausted their arguments and ideas on the subject of the proper place for it; every backwoods village that rejoiced in the attractions of a store and tavern, and an anvil, claimed the right claimed the right of being regarded as a candidate. An important decision for lumbermen was recently given at Portage du Fort, by Hon. Justice Lafontaine, regarding timbermen: It was held that persons hired at so much a day to draw timber in a Shanty, are presumed, in the absence of a stipulation to the contrary, to have bound themselves to work until the close of the season for drawing timber; and that if they abandon their employer's service, without just cause, and against his will, before the expiration of that period, they forfeit the wages which they may have earned. MILITARY STORES.—An immense quantity of military stores has lately been landed at Quebec from Britain. Do those preparations denote a doubt of the friendship of our neighbors? The precaution of being prepared for any emergency is a good one, whatever the future may have in store for us, as the fact of being prepared may secure to us the blessings of peace for a long period to come. It appears that the financial affairs of the Town of Brockville are in a bad state. The Sheriff is levying on some of the rate-payers for debts due by the Corporation to the Counties Council. NEW DIVISION COURTS.—In reply to several inquiries respecting the time when the order of Quarter Sessions establishing new Division Courts in this county will come in force, we would refer our correspondents to the order, itself, which they will see takes effect "from and after the first day January next." The clerks of these new courts will not issue any summonses until after that date. The great armada which sailed on the 29th ult. for the southern coast does not appear to have accomplished much. The fleet has reached its destination. Two of the steamers have been wrecked; the remainder is bombarding Port Royal and meeting with a fierce resistance. One of the gun boats is disabled and another is aground in danger of being captured.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADIAN PRESS HERALD.

Douglas, Nov. 4th, 1861. Sir.—The Pembroke Observer is out in great wrath, and in that peculiar style so characteristic, since the appearance of my letter of the 30th Sept. last. I must have stirred his bile considerably. But let us see what he in his blind fury would be at. He says: "Mr. Smith, in his letter, positively denies (and challenges proof) the correctness of our charge, which was this:—That at a public meeting held in Pembroke, in July last, Mr. Smith made the following statement: 'that falling Douglas he would cast his vote in the County Council for Pembroke as the County Town.' " He then reiterates this Charge and after treating us to his usual dose of billingsgate, caps the climax by appending a certificate, substantiating the charge, signed by a number of persons.—Now, I would ask, was ever before editor so adulated as to prefer a charge so utterly at variance with common honesty, so repugnant to common sense; or when did we see so many certify to the truth of a palpable absurdity—an allegation, on the face of which the impress of falsehood is unmistakably stamped? It is well known that long before July last, the date of the charge, the County Town question was out of the hands of the County Council, having been by that body referred to the decision of the Governor General. That being the case, had I been a County councillor at the time, and had I made the alledged promise I would certainly have incurred the contempt of my country, no intelligent man could have listened to me. But I was not then a county councillor, nor am I now, therefore could not so commit myself. The Observer's charge is too ridiculous to obtain credence, too puerile and silly to be treated seriously, or even with patience.—During the election in Pembroke, in July last, I told the Pembroke people that I saw that the County Town question was likely to decide the election. I explained to them the course that I while in the County Council had wished to have been observed by the Reeves on this question. I recounted to them the peculiar conduct of the County Council in the interest of Renfrew in 1857, at which time that village, falling Douglas, would have had a majority of votes. I pointed out to them that in 1859 they themselves had a similar opportunity, had it not been for the narrow minded conduct of their Reeves—that I had, at every meeting of Council that year, brought up the question and would have voted for Pembroke, falling Douglas. (I had been advised to do so by my council, though I did not tell them so, then, lest I should damage Douglas, which being the most central place ought to have been the County Town.) I further told them that a report was in circulation in Renfrew, that I was the son-in-law of Mr. Smith, and consequently pledged to Pembroke, while in Pembroke a story the very reverse was current. I then gave a written pledge that should I be elected I would not middle with that question, unless I saw that undue influence was being exerted with the ministry. That Mr. Smith, however, brought up the question, and would have voted for Pembroke, falling Douglas, in July last; how very different is the Observer's account of it. I observe his contradiction of my statement respecting the advice to me, of the council of Wilberforce and Graham, in 1857, and when he gives the names of my informants I will have no difficulty in refuting this charge, if by better authority than he and they together. Yet another proof of the malignity of the Observer is afforded by the manner in which he affects to ridicule my notice to the Reeves of Pembroke and Stafford, apprising them of the Renfrew memorial dated in 1859, for well he knows that my timely exertion was the chief means by which that crafty missile was stopped. He cannot be ignorant that at the time of which he speaks his neighbor, the Reeve of Westmeath had been asked to sign it, his next neighbor, the Reeve of Ross, Ad signed it with half the Reeves in the county, though that gentleman was subsequently induced to retract and sign a contra-memorial, and they representing to him the impropriety of petitioning for a division of the counties, until the Reeves met to discuss and vote on the question. The Observer gentlemen may also remember how that, after we got a majority against the Renfrew memorial, they tried the same trick, and were again defeated, and how the well merited reprimand they received from your humble servant on the movement of that silly, selfish notion, and well do they know, too, that but for me and my letter then, it was all up with Pembroke. But we have not a word from the Observer on the facts contained in my letter of 30th Sept. Oh no, "facts are facts, and cannot be denied," and there are a few more on hand that he can have by calling for them. Yours respectfully, ROBERT R. SMITH.

Our Toronto Exchanges give the particulars of a distressing accident which happened in that city last week, by which Miss Sarah E. Gibbard, sister of Wm. Gibbard, Esq., Provincial Land Surveyor, Collingwood, was drowned in the bay by the upsetting of a cab. The deceased lady, who was about 25 years of age, has resided with Dr. Campbell's family, Bay street, for a considerable period. She expressed her intention to proceed to Niagara on a visit by the steamer Zimmerman, and was accompanied to the Custom House wharf by Dr. Campbell in a two horse cab belonging to Mr. Jno. Mitchell. When they reached the wharf they found that the steamer had left and was out into the bay, and Dr. Campbell suggested that as there was a large quantity of luggage and the boxes very heavy, it would be well to leave them on the wharf till the following morning. This Miss Gibbard agreed to, and the cabman, Niel McTaggart, was instructed to drive on to the wharf for that purpose. As a sum of fifty cents was asked for wharfage, Dr. Campbell declined to leave the boxes, and told the cabman to drive home again. The wharf was crowded with freight, and McTaggart got down from the box and went to the horse's heads to turn them. The animals became restive at the noise on the wharf and commenced backing. A person on the wharf called out that the cab was going over, and Dr. Campbell leaped out, trying to drag out Miss Gibbard with him but failed in the attempt. He had hardly got his foot on the wharf when the cab with the lady inside went over the wharf dragging the horses after it. The vehicle immediately sunk but soon afterwards floated. Dr. Campbell, who is an expert swimmer, leaped into the water and endeavored to reach the door of the cab, but without avail, and swam back to the wharf. Attempts were at once made by Mr. Tinning and others to recover the body of the unfortunate lady, and it was found midway between the wharves, having been floated out of the cab. Coroner Halliwell held an inquest on the body.

MINUTES OF LANARK COUNCIL.

Council Room, Lanark, 19th Oct. Pursuant to adjournment the Council met this day, the Reeve, and Councillors Mathie Affleck, and Stevenson present.

The Minutes of last session of Council having been read, approved and signed, the following documents were presented and read. A petition from John Proctor and others praying the grant of \$10 to aid in opening the Town Line between Lanark and Darling, in the 12th Con. likewise the Town line between Darling and Pakenham (so far as necessary to enable the settlers contiguous to the junction of the aforesaid Townships, together with the Township of Ramsay, to have access from their farms to the public highways); and stating that petitions for the same objects had been addressed to the Councils of Ramsay, Pakenham and Darling.

A verbal application from Richard Hickey craving to be released from executing a contract for the repair of a certain highway. On the above application—Moved by Mr. Mathie, seconded by Mr. Affleck, that the Clerk write to Patrick Ryan, the Commissioner contracted with, to take measures to compel the fulfillment of the contract. Carried.

On the petition of John Proctor and others,—Moved by Mr. Stevenson, seconded by Mr. Mathie, that the same be referred to the Township Councils alluded to in the petition grant an equal sum for the same object.—Carried.

Moved by Mathie, seconded by Mr. Affleck—That the Council do now examine the embankment, objected to in the communication of Commissioners Cameron and McCallum, presented to the Council at the last session. Carried.

On the return of the Council,—Moved by Mr. Affleck, seconded by Mr. Stevenson,—That the resignation of Commissioners Cummings and McCallum, tendered to the Council at its last session, be accepted, and that John Gilles and Daniel Wilson be appointed instead, with instructions to complete the embankment, and confine their operations as nearly as possible within the limits of the survey. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Mathie, seconded by Mr. Affleck,—That the Clerk write to Gavin Jamieson, Bridge Commissioner, to take up the nailed laid planks on Gallinger's bridge level the string pieces and lay down the plankings solidly, and report to the Clerk, together with the bill of costs, the latter not to exceed \$1.50. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Mathie, seconded by Mr. Affleck,—That the Clerk be instructed to apply as much of the Statute labour of his division, in advance of 1862, as will repair a certain mud hole on the highway passing through the west half of lot No. 14 in the 5th Con. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Mathie, seconded by Mr. Stevenson,—That the Clerk be instructed to take up the Statute labour of his division, in advance of 1862, as will repair a certain mud hole on the highway passing through the west half of lot No. 14 in the 5th Con. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Mathie, seconded by Mr. Stevenson,—That the Clerk be instructed to take up the Statute labour of his division, in advance of 1862, as will repair a certain mud hole on the highway passing through the west half of lot No. 14 in the 5th Con. Carried.

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Dr. Russell's Letters on the American Civil War.

Washington, Oct. 7. A year ago we believe, on the faith of what we were told, that the United States possessed the greatest and the best of the cheapest military organization in the world. A million of armed men could be called forth in a moment by a simple decree of Congress on a national emergency. But we now see that a military organization may be very large without being great, and very cheap without being economical. Efficiency and certainty of action are the tests of the quality of that which is the impregnation of the force of nations, and in proportion to the numbers of the mass possessed of such qualities is its power. Now, the Northern States have a population quite capable of yielding a force of a million of men, without any remarkable pressure. But, though they have twice as many inhabitants as the Slave States, it is, to my mind, very doubtful whether there are at this moment as many men arrayed to fight for the Union as there are fighting against it. Human nature requires something more solid than the changes which flow from the passions of the moment to be said about the beauties and advantages of the Union, the idea of it is an abstraction compared to the actual materialism of the independence of the tenure of peculiar property, of the free trade and freedom from heavy tariffs, for which the Confederates have a strong and very tangible case to offer to the Union. He is a paymaster general and his rates of pay are high, but he does not succeed in getting what he needs except for his sea service, which is felt by the commercial marine, now is a state of great depression, except the transport trade and the fishing trade. It is very possible that my computations of the estimate are erroneous, but I am very much disposed to question whether, at the present moment there are 350,000 men in the military service of the Federal Government. I am, however, equally prepared to admit that they will soon reach a figure not far short of that voted by Congress for the balance, from what I have recently seen and heard, that there is a war feeling among the people of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin, stimulated by lavish expenditure and founded on national sentiment, that will speedily furnish that and even a larger number of men strong and physically capable of soldiering, however deficient many of them may be in the spirit of obedience and discipline. There is one thing which to any person accustomed to see regular troops is most striking. There is an utter want of the officers' call "smartness" about the American citizen soldier,—that indefinable something which is the badge of the soldier, and which, when he is in the spirit of obedience and discipline, there is one thing which to any person accustomed to see regular troops is most striking. There is an utter want of the officers' call "smartness" about the American citizen soldier,—that indefinable something which is the badge of the soldier, and which, when he is in the spirit of obedience and discipline, there is one thing which to any person accustomed to see regular troops is most striking.

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North to embrace the South, even if it fails to hold it, appears perfectly natural; for what terms could the former expect now, if proposals of peace were made? admitting that the South, would not demand Maryland, or would be contented to leave the question of her admission to a popular vote, which would be carried by the broad majorities of the present successful Confederates, the Confederates would not yield a jot, but would insist on the line of the Potomac, the Ohio, and the northern frontier of Missouri, as their boundaries. Just look at the map, and see how cramped and hemmed in the Northern States would be, with such a restrictive continent. It must be remembered that the vast district which lies spread out on the map between the Missouri river and Oregon and Washington Territories are for the most part sterile and unproductive, only fit for hunters and trappers. Canada and the large system of great rivers, which flow into the North, and the great Republic narrowed to less than 100 miles in any part of its territory! And yet, from Beaver, beyond Wheeling, in Virginia, to the shores of Lake Erie, near Cleveland, there is not more than 90 and some odd miles in which the stars and stripes could be seen from the bay, and the rest of the territory is a vast and almost of lateral extension toward the West could compensate for the contraction of the United States territory from North to South. Northern and Western Minnesota, parts of Iowa, portions of Wisconsin, and the northern part of Michigan, have rather a doubtful future, except as agricultural countries—the winter is severe, and life is dreary and rude. There are forests to be cleared, and much mining wealth to be explored, but the Far West can absorb even the diminished immigration of the United States, and the North would rise if it could. The sentiment of the North is becoming more united, but unanimous. "The Union, the whole Union, and nothing but the Union," is the cry. The Democrats shout it as loudly as any, for fear of Liberty, or the devices of the Republicans, who direct the popular current, and who, indeed, Democratic party could as little afford the disruption of the Republic as their antagonists.

The idea of the Union is in plain English, the idea of one sole dominant power in the whole Continent of North America. And if we were a native of the United States, I would fight for it for that idea. The contrary notion may spread rapidly if the South succeeds. Already we hear a Gulf Republic and a Texas Confederation spoken of; long ago there was talk of a party in California anxious for a separate national existence for that State, which will probably increase, and it is for the advantage of the American people and the national property in roads, express and postal services. And now there are hints that in the fulness of time the States in the West and Northwest may think it expedient to form a Republic of their own, inasmuch as they have no particular interests in common with the other States, and no special advantages from being governed at Washington. There is no fear of the failure of republican institutions, except of their demonstrated power as an agency by which to govern and keep together the vast Confederation. No matter how many separate States might be formed there can be no doubt that in all respects they would be more republican in greater or less degree. Not including many people in South Carolina, and fewer in other States, who express a liking and preference for a Constitutional Government, or, at all events, for the form of Government which is familiar to the Indian natives, most recollect many instances of the superiority of the Sepoy in single combat to the regular soldier, but there is scarcely one instance of these Sepoys in the aggregate ever standing in the open to meet our infantry, and I am certain there is none in which the Sepoys, who individually show such great good-will, quickness, dash and bravery, ever waited for a charge of our cavalry. They were brave men who had lost their discipline because they had lost their officers. Nations, like the man himself would be sometimes rather surprised if they had the gift of seeing themselves as they are seen by others.

How we have the Northern States glorying over their numbers and comparing the rolls of their armies with those of the famous leaders every foot of pace of whom are cut deep into the earth, and left its mark for all time. Not one seems to perceive that if the population were great, with such inferior numbers, the great army, which is doing nothing except preparing to fight, must be either commanded by inferior officers, or composed of different materials, or destitute of some qualities those other armies and their leaders possessed. There is and there has been a very great improvement in this army since Washington saw itself deluged by its united defenders on the memorable morning of July 22, but the work to be done is still enormous before these battalions can be regarded as an effective machine which will not fall to pieces when set to its work. The "army" nevertheless, if victorious, is master of the hour, and whoever is its master will hold the United States in the hollow of his hand. This remark may be denied or ridiculed, but time will prove its truth. All the North wants now is a leader who will win victories, who will get a Southern cotton port, enable it to recover its losses, and place the South proselyte to the Union. The man who deserves the title of "the savior of the Union" is he whom the troops will follow in the field from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico, Long-sighted, pale-faced men of thought, hope the end will not be evil; but the men of action will for the time, and many a year to come; wild at will this fierce democracy and rule over all its censures, conventions, resolutions and platforms.

So rapidly and surely is the power of the "army" being felt that all eyes are turned upon it, and the politicians are struggling savagely to get places of command in its ranks. They leave their platforms and take to the goose step and infantry tactics. The military men, however, have their eye on the "army," and they do not desire to go among the troops for political purposes, and get, for example, the votes of the natives of Pennsylvania on the State nominations, have had anything but an easy time of it in reference to passes to cross into Virginia or anywhere else. The intriguing of the lobby for the "army" has led to the intrigues by which military preferment or good contracts are obtained. "I hope for my part," said a person at Pittsburgh to me, "this war will last for the next ten years; it will do our people good, and my trade was never better." "Wait till you see," quoth an officer, "I had been talking of certain articles in the American press. 'Our fingers are not long enough to reach New York just yet, but we'll be able to put our thumbs on the throats of these gentry before long. You'll see whether the press or the army, by which I mean the two services, will govern this country in the end.' The sentiment is remarkable, and the electing-managing committees of the Carlton and the Reform would have been delighted to hear the way in which a recent exposure of the peculiar pecuniary apparatus by which State elections are determined in this country, was received by a small military coterie a few evenings ago."

For my part, the determination of the

and, landed at Belmont, Missouri, at this a.m. The Federal troops made the attack about 12 a.m., which lasted till sunrise. The rebels were driven from their entrenchments, and across the river, with great loss. Their camp was burned—baggage, cannon, horses, the 100 prisoners captured. The Federal forces then retired, the rebels having received reinforcements. The loss of the federal side is believed to be from 300 to 500. A special despatch from Fort Monroe to the New York Times says the fleet was bombarding Fort Royal, which was said to be in a critical condition and was ready to surrender. A special despatch to the Tribune says one of our gunboats was disabled and another a ground, and Captain Tansill was about to take her.

NOT ALL OVER WITH HIM. A young man was fishing from a raft which was floating in deep water. It happened that one of the logs, which should have been fastened with a staple to the chain which bound them all together was loose, and as he stepped upon it it rolled over, and let him in; the weight of his body opened a passage for the log, and the man slipped, and his surface caused them to slip from his grasp, and he fell through—the logs closing over him. There were but few persons about, but providentially one man saw the accident.—Seizing a boat hook, he ran to the raft, and pulled the man up, and then sent a polite note to his preserver, asking that he would visit him at his house. The man readily went. Shaking hands with him, the young man said, "I have sent for you, Mr. —" to tell you plainly the very great obligation which I am under to you, and to beg that you will let me do so in any way that may be agreeable to yourself. I can show my sense of it. You see I do not wish to shirk the matter. I am quite sure that but for your prompt help it would have been all over with me."

"I cannot agree to that," said the other. "Nonsense; I tell you that I should have been a dead man in three minutes more."

"Well, then, my good friend, what do you mean by not agreeing with me?" "I mean that it would not have been all over with you. After death comes the judgment."

"The young man was silent, and turned away his head. As though he said, without looking around— "Are you a preacher?" "Yes, and so are you."

"I? I am anything but that." "Pardon me; all men preach by their lives and conduct; a good life preaches life, and an evil life preaches death; and thousands will be given to his service, if you do the preaching of our lives."

"Ah, that is all very true, of course; but the question now is, what can I do for you; let us come to business." "I am coming to it. I have but one wish in respect to the life I have saved through God's providence—it is that henceforth that life may be given to his service. If you would reward me for the trifling pains I have taken, do so by earnestly seeking your own salvation. Can you promise me that?"

"Well," said the youth, "you are really most unselfish; and I will promise you one thing at any rate, with all my heart—I will think seriously about it."

"Be it so; I accept that for my reward. Good morning!" "Well," said the youth to himself, "when the good man had gone, 'since I am pledged to think of this matter seriously, I may as well commence at once. He took down his Bible, and read—and read and thought day after day of the reading of God's word, brought him to his knees. From praying for repentance and faith, he grew in time to bring forth the fruits of the one, and to do the works of the other; and he lived not only to profess the religion of Christ, but to commend it to others by his example.—Coteyar.

The following decidedly original epitaph appeared in a tomb in the cemetery attached to one of our churches. The deceased was an engineer on the St. L., A. and C. R. R., and used to drive an engine famous for its speed. The epitaph was written by himself previous to his death: "My engine now is cold and still, No water down my boiler still; My boiler now is rusted and decayed, My days of usefulness are o'er. My wheels deny their rapid speed; My pistons deny their steady tread; My axle-tree has lost its tone, Its struts and thrusting bolts are gone. My wheels are now a mass of rust, My flanges, all refuse to guide; My clackets—alas! though once so strong, Retain not in the least their use; No more I feel each spring beneath; No steam is now condensed in death; My boiler now is rusted and decayed, In death I'm stopped and set at naught."

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics. An Illinois editor says that his party is on the verge of a precipice, but calls upon it to march steadily ahead. The Boston Argus records the marriage of John Coburn, only three feet high. No wonder he placed upon the table, often out, but never eaten? "A pack of cards. Why can we not get a temper?—Because it is laborious to lay Boreas. Do good for your own satisfaction, and have no care of what may follow. Lord Byron once said: "You never know a man's temper until you have been imprisoned on board of a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her."

MARRIAGE.—The gate through which the happy love leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth. A poor fellow sometimes lives for his wife, when she would rather he would die for her. A rash young man in this town has threatened to apply the Maine liquor law to his sweetheart, the intoxicates him so. An unpoetical Yankee has described ladies lips as the glowing gateways of beans, pork and sorority. How can five persons divide five eggs, that each shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish? One takes the dish with the egg. "Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response. "May I powder their faces so that their skin may appear white; it is as a powder flower an old man that it may pass for a young child. The right man in the right place has his hand at home in the evening. "Mary, my love, this apple darning is not half done." "Well, what is that, my dear."

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BRUTAL MURDER. On Saturday night last, between the hours of eleven and twelve, the barrack guard on Commissioner Street, heard the cries of "Murder," and the noise of fighting outside the gate in the street. Such noises being of frequent occurrence in that street, little or no attention was paid to them; but the cries and the noise continuing, the gate was at length opened, and a sailor named Alison, belonging to the ship "Osar," found lying upon the ground weltering in blood, about six feet from the gate, with others around him, and a sailor named Logan, of the ship "Osawingoo," lying on the ground, with a knife, and the left side. The body was subsequently placed in the Military Hospital dead-house. Chief-Constable Flynn on returning from the barracks, to which he had been summoned, accompanied by the man Bell, passed a sailor upon the street, proceeding apparently toward the barracks. Bell immediately identified him as Logan, one of the assailants of the deceased. Chief-Constable Flynn immediately arrested him and lodged him in the Station-house. Yesterday morning, from information received from two of the sailors on board the "Osar," a sailor named Smith was arrested by Chief-Constable Flynn, the deceased's cap having been found in his possession spotted with blood. Later in the day, Coroner Jones, proceeded on board the "Osar," and mustered the whole of the crew, who were removed to the Station pending the result of the inquest, which was opened this morning at the Court Hotel. There are among the fruits of our wharf taverns.—Montreal Witness.

REMARKABLE STORY OF A MURDER. The following is cut from the London "C. W. Prototype" of Wednesday last:—"The Boston Argus" says that on a train on the Grand Trunk, which night that city and Ridge-way, the Argus informant, a Mr. McLeod, was riding in the train and sitting in the same seat with a stranger. While the cars were under full headway, a gentlemanly-looking individual came up the aisle, and without saying a word, drew a revolver, and fired three times at the stranger. Of course he was instantly killed. The murderer then inquired of Mr. McLeod if he was a friend of the victim, to which he replied that he was always the friend of a dying man. The revolver was then laid down, and the conductor, coming along, asked that he had killed the man. He said that he had a revolver, with three more balls in it; take it and do what you please with it. I am satisfied now. If you know your business you will take this dead man and myself to Canada, and there you will find out all about it." The individual called himself McDonald, and said that both himself and the man he had killed were Scotchmen. He appeared to take the matter very coolly, taking out a cigar and lighting it, as if nothing had happened. The conductor and another person took charge of him afterwards, while on the cars. What became of him in the end is not known."

EDUCATION.—The school thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by incultating any opinion before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden and told him it was my botanic garden. "How so?" he said, "it is all covered with weeds." "Oh," he replied, "that is because it has not yet come to the age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil in favour of roses or strawberries."—Colerage.

The condition of the Southern counties of Missouri bordering on Kansas is said to be most deplorable. The country was first ravaged and pillaged by Claib, Jackson and his rebel cohorts, then the Kansas "jayhawkers" took their turn, and what was left was plundered by a force raised in adjoining counties for the ostensible purpose of scattering the jayhawkers, but which served neither friend nor foe, robbing farms, stores and markets in the country. The devastation which has followed these scourges is extreme. The inhabitants have fled in terror, and the country is to a very large extent depopulated.

It is stated that the British Government have taken active measures for the protection of Father Passaglia from the persecution of the Papal government. He was in fact appointed Secretary at the British Consulate at Rome.

WEEKLY COMMERCIAL REPORT. Produce.—Business has been quiet for the past four or five days under depressing news from England, and sales have been effected only by submitting to reduced rates. The closing of navigation has the tendency to limit operations in Grain and Flour. English are steady, under strong advices from England. Flour—Sales light in all descriptions.—Extras, \$5.80 to \$5.95. Fancy, \$5.65.—No. 1, Superfine, offered at 5 1/2, but without buyers. Sales made from \$5.45 to \$5.50, with a downward tendency; our sales are at \$5.45 to-day. No. 2, selling pretty well for consumption here, at 5, 10.

Bag Flour—A good sound article from Scotch Wheat is wanted at \$2.80 to \$2.90. What is dull and difficult to sell, arrivals continue pretty heavy. U. C. Spring sales from \$1.10 to 1.13 at cars; about 3c to 3c more. Pease are dull and have been sold to-day at 70c per 66 lb, 7

