

The Carleton Spectator.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XVI.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, N.B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

NO. 7.

Poetry.

The following verses were written for, and published in, the *Morning News*, some time since; they are the production of a lad of some 17 years of age, and are re-published here by request of a lady friend.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

While others sing of Sunny Spain,
Or praise Italian skies,
And isles that stud the Indian main,
Where palms luxuriant rise;
Shall fair New Brunswick be unsung,
And we in silence stand?
No, let us join with heart and tongue,
To praise our native land.

Brasil may show her diamonds bright,
And France the fruitful vine,
New Brunswick has as good a right,
To boast her noble pine;
It towers above the forest trees,
Which rise on either hand;
Its tassels wave in every breeze,
Which fans our native land.

What tho' the winter's chilly winds,
May wreath our trees in snow;
It is the garment nature's hand,
To hide their leafless woe.
But soon the genial breath of spring,
Will bid their buds expand,
And songsters sweet begin to sing,
Throughout our native land.

What tho' the waves in angry hoists,
Far fiercer than stormy coasts,
Far fiercer than stormy coasts,
Far fiercer than stormy coasts,
Far fiercer than stormy coasts,
Far fiercer than stormy coasts,
Far fiercer than stormy coasts,
Far fiercer than stormy coasts.

New Brunswick's sons are widely known,
For enterprise and skill;
Be it on Neptune's briny throne,
Or on the fields they till;
Her daughters, beautiful as e'er,
The breath of heaven fanned,
Arise like flowers of radiance rare,
To deck our native land.

Majestic rivers onward glide,
Thro' green and fertile fields;
And bear upon their stately tide,
The spoil the forest yields.
The crew that guides the raft along,
With honest labor tanned;
Their hearts are brave; their arms are strong,
To guard our native land.

Tho' deadly war has never dared
To taint our native breeze;
The ringing axe is often heard,
Among the forest trees;
And hands that use the axe so well,
Could wield the bloody brand,
To smite a foe, or repel
Invaders from our land.

New Brunswick need not envy those,
Whose annals teem with crime;
Whose records bear a tale of woes,
Still unrelieved by time.
She ever seeks the path of peace,
With full and prospering hand;
Her loyal children never cease,
To love their native land.

Select Tale.

NOBLE BLUSCO.

The ship swung heavily to and fro, the long yards creaking and shivering upon the masts. The wind whistled with a shrill, weird sound among the shrouds, and the shrouds bent inward, as though unseen hands of heavy footed men were ascending them. It was a dark night, yet not so dark but that we could see the lofty icebergs by which we were surrounded, looking up like spectres through the gloom. We were tossing about on the waters of the Arctic Ocean, and subjected to a heavy sea and gale of wind, our position was a dangerous one. We had already begun to prepare rafts, and to hoist our chests on deck, expecting every moment that the ship would be stove by the ice. Heavy masses were continually crashing against the bows, and thundering under the counter, causing the vessel to shake and quiver from stem to stern, as tho' every timber was about to give way. At times the concussion would be so violent that all hands would be thrown off their feet, and tumble on top of each other, in a manner that was far from agreeable. Suddenly a white face, with wild glaring eyes and quivering lips, appeared among us. It was that of the captain's wife. She had her hand upon husband's arm, as he stood near the bow.

"Lilian! Lilian!" she gasped, "where is our Lilian?"

"Lilian? Good heavens! wife, what do you mean? I left her with you in the cabin?"

"She is not there now—I have looked in all the rooms. Oh God! my child! my child!" and the mother wrung her hands in anguish, while her white face grew still whiter.

"Wife! wife!" exclaimed the captain, "let sternly, Lilian was with you when I left the cabin; surely you did not let her leave your side at such a time as this!"

"Yes! yes!" cried the wife in accents of the most piercing grief. "It is all my fault—she is lost! My little Lilian is lost! and I am the cause."

"For God's sake explain yourself," gasped the Captain.

"I left her down in the cabin," faltered the agonized mother, "and came on deck, as I wanted to speak to you. I thought you were in the waist, so I groped my way there and tried to find you. Not seeing you, I started on my return, fearing to leave Lilian so long alone. But when I reached the cabin again, she was not there—gone! gone! God only knows where!"

"Lilian! Lilian! Has any one seen Lilian?"

"Fore and aft, every eye, in starting alarm, the cry went up amid the storm."

But the loud wind only answered with a deeper howl. The long yards still creaked upon their rusty rivets. The heavy icebergs crashed upon the bows, and timbers groaned and shook as they had done before. The silvery accents of Lilian's voice came not to our ears, and we felt as if it was hushed forever. But the wailing tones of the poor mother, and the despairing shouts of the father—both of whom could not bear to give up their child—continued long after our own voices had ceased. Then we, rough-hearted, childless men though we were—forgetting our own danger, gathered about the afflicted pair, and tried to console them. I don't think we succeeded very well, for our voices trembled a great deal; and the tears would come to our eyes, though we kept wiping them away with the cuffs of our heavy jackets. No one of us but had loved little Lilian almost as well as the parents themselves. She was but seven years of age; yet the earnest glance of her large blue eyes would go straight to our hearts, and make us feel kind and

good toward each other. To utter an oath when she was near would have seemed like sacrilege. Like a lily, she had bloomed in our midst, shedding a heavenly influence about her.

Strong—oh! strong is the power of innocent childhood over a sinful heart!

It was while we thus stood, clustered near the binnacle, offering what little consolation we could to the captain and his wife, that one of the ship's crew an old tar by the name of Bill Butler—came towards us, holding a few little torn shreds of cloth in his hand.

"I found these 'ere hanging on a hook on the outside of the buttwark," said Bill in a mournful voice.

"It is a part of Lilian's dress!" shrieked the captain's wife.

The captain buried his face in his hands with a groan, and we looked at one another in sad silence. There could no longer be any doubt about the matter—Lilian had fallen overboard.

The few remaining hours of the night wore away. The gale subsided. Miraculously, as it seemed to us, the ship had escaped being stove; and as the sea had gone down with the gale, there was now no more danger. Overwhelmed with grief, yet feeling his duty to try and console his wife, the captain descended into the cabin, leaving the management of the ship's affairs in the hands of the mate. Presently the steward came on deck. He wished to know if any of the hands had seen Blusco that morning. This was the name of a large Newfoundland dog, which had been a great favorite with Lilian, and she had taken especial delight in feeding him. The dog had grown extremely fond of his young mistress, and would show his attachment in many ways peculiar to his kind. Now that the darling was lost, the captain had ordered Blusco to be brought to them—thinking that the sight of him might afford a melancholy consolation to his wife. Having searched the cabin through without being able to find the animal, the steward came on deck, as we have said, to inquire if he had been noticed by any of the hands. We all answered in the negative. None of us had seen the dog since the previous night. Thereupon the ship was ransacked fore and aft for the missing animal; and although we searched in every nook and corner, he was not to be found.

While we were all wondering what had become of him, the man at the mast head sung out that there were whales astern. The mate instantly ordered the boats to be lowered, and before we had scarcely time to divest ourselves of the idea that we were looking for the dog, we were paddling swiftly in the wake of a great bow-head. The whale made straight for a field of ice in the distance, and went down when we had got in the midst of it. We followed him almost to the spot where he had disappeared, and then lay motionless and silent, waiting for the next rising. Large masses of ice, flashing gloriously in the early rays of the sun and moulded into a thousand different shapes, surrounded our little craft on every hand, floating by with majestic slowness, and now and then crashing against each other with a force that caused some of them to be rent asunder. Strange, beautiful monuments are these, fashioned by the hand of nature—monuments of the frozen mariners that sleep below.

"There it goes again," said old Bill Butler in a whisper.

"What?" asked the mate.

"That barking noise," replied Bill; "I've been hearin' it ever since we left the ship, sir."

The mate leaned upon his steering oar and listened.

"It is a seal," he said.

"Beg your pardon, sir," replied Bill; "but I never heard a seal bark like that."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed a Portuguese, so loud that the mate was obliged to rap him on the head with his knuckles. "Good heaven!" he added, in a lower tone, "me think that one dog."

"Good heaven, Mike, me tink 'e came," remarked another Portuguese—a little fat fellow by the name of Pat Plunkett.

"It does sound mighty like a dog," said the mate, as the barking became more distinct. "Perhaps it is Blusco, on the ice cake."

Turning the boat round with his steering oar, until her bows pointed in the direction of the noise the mate now ordered us to paddle ahead. We obeyed and the boat shot forward with an easy speed. The barking sounded nearer every moment, until we were quite convinced by its peculiarity that it emanated from no other throat than that of Blusco.

"But where was he?"

This was the question that now rose to our lips. We could hear him plainly, but could see nothing of him. By the sound of his bark, we should have judged that he stood on the summit of an iceberg, were we then approaching, and was but a few fathoms distant. Yet, notwithstanding this, no Blusco was there visible. What could it mean? Had some mermaid charmed the dog into invisibility?

We continued to approach. The barking became much louder, and was now full of frantic joy. The iceberg—a rather large one—trembled as though under the influence of an epileptic fit. Still, there was no Blusco in sight.

Our boat struck against the iceberg. A pair of bright eyes gleamed at us through a chink in the crystal wall—they were the eyes of Blusco! The mystery was explained. This monument of ice was hollow, forming a rude little chamber, in which the dog was snugly ensconced.

"My God! oh, heaven be praised! just look there," exclaimed the mate, turning to Bill, and motioning him to look through the crevice, from which he had just drawn his own eyes.

Bill did as requested, and beheld a sight which filled him with as much joy as it did with amazement. Reclining in one corner of this ice-bound apartment—her long golden hair falling about her pale face, and the silken lashes veiling her beautiful eyes, he saw the unmistakable figure of little Lilian.

With a few blows of our hatchet we soon succeeded in effecting an opening in the ice-wall. The little girl and Blusco were taken out and placed in the boat.

We laid back upon our oars with all the strength we possessed, while the mate drawing a brandy flask from his pocket, poured a few drops of the liquor down Lilian's throat. By the faint pulsations of her large blue eyes we knew that the currents of life were not yet frozen—that she had only sunk

into that cold, stupid kind of doze, from which there is no awakening.

The ship was reached at last. The mate ascended to the deck, and took the insensible child to Bill passed up to him.

"Captain!" he exclaimed, as he descended the companion way. "I have brought you no whale, but something that I think will be still more acceptable!"

The captain and his wife both caught sight of their child at once, and at the same moment.

"My child! my Lilian!" screamed the mother, rushing forward to clasp her in her arms. Then noticing her pale face and drooping head, she sank into a seat, overcome by her feelings, and stretched forth her arms, faintly murmuring:

"Dead! dead! she is dead! Give me my poor little dead girl!"

"No—no! she is not dead!" replied the mate. "If the proper measures can be taken, she can be restored in a few moments." So saying, he laid her upon the bed, and assisted the anxious father in his efforts to restore the circulation of her blood.

In a few moments they had the satisfaction of seeing Lilian open her blue eyes, and of hearing her speak the word "mother." The next instant she was pressed to the latter's bosom and covered with tears and kisses. This probably helped nearly as much as the other operations had done to restore the circulation of blood, for there was now a deep carnation tint upon her cheek and lips.

The excitement having in some degree subsided, explanation followed.

Lilian stated that after her mother had left her to go on deck, she thought she would go up to get a little peep over the rail at the icebergs. This idea had no sooner entered her head than she carried it into execution. In leaning too far over the rail, however—the ship happened to give a lurch at the same time—she lost her balance and was precipitated into the waters. On rising to the surface she felt herself seized by the neck of the dress, and the next moment was dragged safely on to a large cake of ice. Then she perceived that her deliverer was noble Blusco. She felt terribly frightened, and clung close to the dog. She remembered that they were half shut in by three walls of ice, which partly prevented the waves from dashing in upon them. Suddenly the cake upon which they were standing came in contact with another one which towered up like a lofty column. When the concussion took place this lofty mass tottered over, and fell upon the three walls of ice (by which the little girl and her dog were encompassed) in such a curious manner as to completely close them up, as though they were in prison. In this position she remained a long time praying and hugging the dog by turns, until at last feeling cold and benumbed, she began to grow drowsy, and fell into a doze.

Had her rescue from this situation been delayed a few minutes longer, we would never in all probability had succeeded in bringing her to life. As it was a long time elapsed ere the natural freedom of circulation could be restored to one of her arms.

Many were the praises lavished on Blusco for his noble conduct, and although he shakes his head and turns up his broad nose when any person speaks to him about it, as much as to say "pshaw, it's nothing"—still we believe that in his heart he is proud of his exploit.

A CUTE PREACHER.

The colored pastor of a church, not a thousand miles from Bridgeport, was once desirous that the Conference should meet at his church. The people being aware that they must board the ministers during their stay in the city, were quite averse to their coming. At a meeting to consider the subject of giving the invitation, the pastor stated the proposition, and said:

"All those in favor of inviting the brethren here will say yes—all opposed, no."

He then proceeded to put the question; but not a yes was heard. Whereupon he paused, looked around, and remarked:

"Silence gives consent." The conference will come."

At the concluding meeting, when a collection was to be taken up for the visiting brethren, the pastor told his people that it was necessary for all the ministers to be back to their respective flocks; that they had no money to go with, and must stay in their present quarters till the cash was raised. The dilemma was either board their visitors gratuitously, or pay their fares home. We can guess how they solved the problem.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

The disadvantage of being Agreeable.

I was once what is called an agreeable man, and the consequence of enjoying such a reputation were as follows:—I was asked to be a godfather forty-eight times, and my name is recorded on as many silver mugs, value each \$4 10s 6d. I gave away my name on many other occasions. I paid in the course of fourteen years \$275 2s. 6d. for cab fares in excess of what I ought to have done. I lent 274 umbrellas, and never received them back again. I have had three hundred and odd colds, and retain a permanent rheumatism from consenting to sit in draughts to oblige other people. I have accepted two hundred and four accommodation bills for friends in Government offices, and I am now going to Bas-singhall street to declare myself an insolvent preparatory to my departure for Australia.

"Once a Week" tells us why cats are carried to sea. There are two reasons; first to kill rats, whose depredations insurance does not cover, but damages from which can be recovered if no cat is on board; and second, to save forfeiture to the Admiralty if a ship is found deserted by her crew at sea with a cat on board, as it is not derelict if a living creature—even a cat—is found in it.

At a public meeting in a country town an eloquent advocate of popular education thus delivered himself:—"Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education; for had it not been for education, I should have been as ignorant as you are, Mr. President."

WELL KNIT.—"Ma," said a five year old young lady to her mother, the other day, "do they make men the same as they do stockings?" "How absurd, you are Jane—of course not." "Then what made you say this morning, ma, that Maj. Spanker was a remarkably well knit man?"

Items, Foreign & Local.

The births of 2308 children—1176 boys and 1132 girls—were registered in London last week.

Raw cotton and castor oil have restored frost bitten limbs when amputation was thought to be necessary to preserve life. The cure is said to be infallible.

On the marriage of Miss Wheat, it was hoped that her path would be *floury*, but that she might never be thrashed.

The Wisconsin people are enlisting Indians to fill up their quota. They are said to make good soldiers.

A little girl five years old died in Canada a few days ago from inhaling the steam of a boiling teakettle.

A young child was smothered to death in Canada in a sleigh, in its mother's arms. It was too carefully wrapped up, as the day was a very cold one.

Robert J. Walker writes to the U. S. Government from Europe that there will be a million of emigrants to this country the present year.

The street sweepings of New York bring from 40 to \$50,000 per year.

Cotton manufacture is reviving again, about forty cent of the spindles in New England finding material enough to keep them profitably employed.

Last week, while the cashier's back was momentarily turned in order to find a messenger to carry it to where it was to be deposited, five bags of gold containing \$21,000, were stole from the Philadelphia Custom House.

At Aspinwall, the other day, a seaman was going ashore on a bawler from the bow of the steamer *Solent*, when a shark took off one leg at the first bite. On the next attack the man lost his left arm near the shoulder, then the right arm at the shoulder, and last his head was taken clean off.

Mr. Albert Richards, the newly appointed Solicitor General for Canada West, has been defeated at Leeds. This will be a damaging blow to the Canadian Government, if not one from which they cannot recover.

On Desolation Island, south east of the Cape of Good Hope, fossil shell fish and whales have been discovered on a mountain 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A New York Paper remarks that it is notoriously the fact that of late years fire insurance companies have paid more money to settle losses and damages by water than for those by fire itself. The plentiful supply of water, and the introduction of steam fire engines have administered a sort of water cure, which has left underwriters in doubt sometimes, whether the remedy was not worse than the disease.

Among the articles on exhibition at the recent great Sanitary Fair, in Cincinnati, was a nose ring ornament of silver, worn by the great Indian warrior Tecumseh, of the war of 1812, presented to Mr. Hoffman by Gen. W. H. Harrison.

The capital expended in Great Britain on railways to the present time has been upwards of £385,000,000, or nearly half the National Debt. This amount has been devoted to the construction of 11,500 miles of railway in the British Islands, which are now open for traffic.

English papers say that rumors have been prevalent that the Duke of Newcastle will retire from the Colonial Office and that Lord Wodehouse will succeed him.

A New York stage proprietor has recovered \$5000 from the New York and Harlem Railroad Company for the loss of fifty horses, who caught the gliders from being stabled near sheds where the railroad company kept diseased horses.

The fraud revelations in New York show that there were five thousand shippers of goods to suspected ports. The bullets that pierced the Federal soldier's breasts, and the powder which sped the New York Custom House.

The Observer a semi-official journal states that a feeling is gaining ground that England will be engaged to war by the political complications of Europe, and that a call upon the Volunteer force for active service is not at all improbable.

Three men went into two of the boilers of the Ravine Coal Company at Pittston, Penn., to clean them. While they were in, some one accidentally turned hot water into the boilers and scalded them to death.

It may be interesting to our lady readers to know that the Empress of Austria, the smallest waist in Christendom. It measures 15 1/4 inches—about the circumference of her husband's neck. And yet—would you believe it, girls?—the circumference of her body at the shoulders is 33 1/2 inches.

The total cost of the monitors built and in progress of construction in the United States, it is said, will be twenty-two million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The Empress Eugenie has incarcerated her Italian perfumer, for disclosing some of her secrets of her toilet for a pecuniary consideration.

Barbers in Richmond charge a dollar a shave.

Fowls roosting in trees in New Albany, Ind., were found on New Year's morning upside down, hanging by their claws to the limbs, frozen hard and solid.

A Boston gentleman has bought an acre and a half of land at Sherbrook, N. S., for \$12,000, of which there has already been taken \$20,000 of gold. Gold mining operations will be carried on extensively during the present year by gentlemen from the Northern States. So says the *Post*.

The largest cake ever made in the world was made at the shop of Mr. Arnatt, confectioner, St. Giles's, high, and is 15 feet in circumference. There has been used in its manufacture 550 lbs. of flour, 3,000 eggs, five cwt. of currants, two cwt. orange and lemon peel, 300 lbs. butter, 400 lbs. of sugar, besides other ingredients. The cake was cut by the Mayor at the annual *conversations* of the Churchman's Union, on the 4th of January.

Hon. J. B. Clay, son of the great Henry Clay died at Montreal last Tuesday aged 46 years. Mr. Clay was a well educated man, a lawyer by profession, and at one time occupied important offices of trust under his government, such as Minister to Spain. He was one of the leading parties in the recent plot to release the Confederate prisoners at Johnson's Island.

Larger and larger rolls the tide of emigration from Europe to the United States. The number of emigrants landed at this port since Jan. 1st, is five thousand one hundred seventy-three, against one thousand five hundred and sixty-three to the corresponding date of last year. As the number of emigrants who arrived at this port last year reached nearly one hundred and sixty thousand, it is not unreasonable to suppose, taking the emigration since January 1st as an index, that the number this year will reach two hundred and fifty thousand.—*New York Herald.*

The *Westminster Times*, says "By a circular which we received the other day, signed by the proprietors of the *Leading Type Foundries* of the United States, we observe that they have increased the price of all kinds of type twelve cents per pound, and also made an advance of twenty-five per cent. on all printing materials. The increase is said to arise from the high price of metals and labor.

The Nova Scotia House of Assembly has commenced badly by choosing John C. Wade, Speaker. Wade is a most unprincipled politician; a political trickster of the most unblinking kind, and the wonder is that he should have had influence enough to get himself elected.—*Globe.*

General News.

Branding deserters, as performed at Castle Thunder in Richmond, is described as a beautiful operation, and as humane as beautiful. The culprit is fastened to a large table, with his face downwards, and a large "D" is scarred upon his posterior. A plain bar of iron, about an inch in diameter, narrowed down a little at the point, is heated to incandescence, and used as a sign painter would use a brush in lettering, only in a very slow and bungling manner. A greasy smoke with a sickly stench arises, accompanied with crackling sounds and the groans of the victim as the hot iron sinks deep into the flesh. On pretense of rendering the mark of disgrace plain and indelible, but in reality to torture the unfortunate culprit, the hot iron is drawn many times through the wound, making it larger and deeper, until the victim, unable to endure the excruciating longer, faints, and is carried away. The operation is always performed by old Keppard, the executioner of Kilgore, the greatest demon in human form outside of Pluto's realm.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, N. Y., tells the following story:—The Captain and owner of a sloop hailing from Rockaway, desiring to increase his worldly possessions in some way, hit upon a plan, and after mature deliberation put it into execution. Ascertaining the names of different firms in South street who had no conscientious scruples about making money, even at the risk of a season in Fort Lafayette, he appeared before them a few weeks since, and represented that he knew every inlet and outlet of the coast of Virginia, and just the spot where he could land a cargo for the use of the rebels, and which would result to the great advantage not only of himself, but to everybody that was connected with the enterprise by furnishing suitable goods. The merchants caught at the bait and after discussing the probabilities and possibilities, agreed to furnish what the Captain demanded. He loaded his vessel with all sorts of useful articles to the value of seven thousand dollars, out of which he expected to realize at least two hundred thousand dollars. All being ready, one dark night he slipped out into the lower bay and thence into the broad ocean, without being seen by the guard vessels. The merchants felt jubilant, and commenced counting their anticipated gains; but a few days' since all romance, together with the anticipated profits vanished into the air, and like the basest of fairies, a vision, resulted in turning their fond hopes to chagrin and sorrow. The Captain, instead of going to Virginia and helping to feed Jeff Davis and his crew, steered for his own dear Rockaway, where he landed the goods and sold them for his own individual benefit. The merchants are in a fix, they cannot call in the aid of the law to recover their goods, for if they did they would render themselves liable to the military authorities for attempting to send contraband goods to the rebels, and would most assuredly receive a ticket for Fort Lafayette. Besides being heavily fined. The captain appears to be all right. The merchants are quite to the contrary.

ROMANTIC STORY.—By directions of the President private George Roland, of the Fifth Rhode Island artillery, has been released from the service. Roland we understand is an assumed name, and the person who bears it is the son of an English nobleman, with an income of ten thousand dollars a year. He came to this country about twelve months since on a tour of pleasure, with sufficient money to meet the expenses of a year's travel, but, falling among sharpers, was soon relieved of his well filled purse, and while he was awaiting a remittance from home the draft took place in Rhode Island. There was an opportunity to obtain money immediately by offering himself as a substitute, and he accepted it. In company with others he was forwarded to the fifth regiment; but war had no charms for him, and he soon began to look about for the means of obtaining an honorable discharge. This, however, was no easy matter. Many were the suggestions offered by his comrades, but they all proved abortive. A few months since, upon promises of receiving a commission, he sacrificed a large sum of money which was spent in raising a company of volunteers in New York. After the company was filled up, however, he failed to get the appointment. His case was finally made known to the President, and he has now received an honorable discharge.—*Providence Press.*

Eighteen Maori chiefs sent a letter, of which the following is a translation, to the Queen:—"Go then our letter, bear our love to Queen Victoria, Sovereign of England and New Zealand. Salutations to your Majesty, to your Royal Family, and to the memory of your departed Consort. Tidings of the marriage of your son, His Royal Highness the Prince Alfred Edward of Wales, have reached us, and we have heard how your English subjects rejoiced with you in the event; we also rejoice in the happy union of His Royal Highness with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. We trust your Majesty will not despise the congratulations of so insignificant a people. Though small in number, our loyalty and affection for your Majesty is great which we have proved by our continued obedience to your Majesty's laws. Our ancestor Tuharangi, when dying, thus spoke:—'After me be kind to men.' We, mindful of his charge, have always treated our English fellow subjects as friends. We trust His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will never depart from the kind policy which has marked your Majesty's reign. May God preserve you, O Mother of the white and dark skinned races! May He keep you in joy and peace, and may your days equal those of the immortal Rehua; and may you see the happiness of your children's children and of the nations Jehovah has committed to your care! This is all. From your loving children the Maories of Canterbury. (A haka of one solo.)"

A SAD STORY.—One of our exchanges says:—A little girl, four years old, named Louisa Schieder, was at school, in New York, last Friday, when, for failing in her lesson, she was ordered to stay after school. When she heard the mandate, unusual seriousness overspread her features, and in an agitated manner she begged of her teacher to let her go home.—The teacher, it is said, told her kindly that she might go as soon as she spelled "hedge" correctly. The little thing withdrew to accomplish her task. Shortly after she had regained her seat she gasped for breath, her head fell back, and after three or four gasps she died. The deceased was possessed of a susceptible and affectionate nature. A post mortem examination showed that death was the result of "Syncope." Dr. Ramsey, who made the examination said that the syncope might be produced by fear, excessive grief or the heat of the room.

A child of "four" years of age kept in after school because she failed to spell the word "hedge" correctly! A little sensitive thing—the delight, probably of some fond father's heart—killed, as it would seem, by a thoughtless disregard of the laws of nature. Let the above case be a warning to all who have the care of children.

A DEAD MAN DRIVING A HORSE.—The *Galena Democrat* tells of a man who, in a buggy, was passing a farm house, in the neighborhood of Warren, Ill., one of the cold days last week. The good woman of the house thinking that he must be very cold, called to him to come in and warm himself. He made no reply, but turning neither to the right or left, kept slowly on his way. The lady fearing that the man would freeze—knowing that there was no house for five miles in the direction he was going—requested her husband to follow him and induce him to stop and warm himself. He did so, and coming up, found him frozen stiff, dead, with whip in one hand and lines in the other.

MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

On the 1st day of January, 1863, the balance to the credit of the County, in the Commercial Bank, was \$304 12; at present the amount to its credit there is \$502 41, or an increase of \$198 29, to which if added \$174 yet unpaid on the Parish Warrants for the past year, we have the sum of \$829 29. At this period last year, the sum of \$290 36 remained unpaid on the Warrants of '62; this fact, remembering the financial embarrassment of '63, reflects creditably upon the County.

PARISH RETURNS—1863.

Dr. To warrant for County purposes and small pox, \$234 66
Cr. By amt. paid Sec. Treasurer by Collector God, \$163 32
Do. Do. by Collector Brittain, 99 00
Balance due Parish in 1862, 35 22 297 54

Balance due Parish \$62 88

Collectors Stephen Brittain and Francis Good have submitted proper returns, showing accounts balanced. Mr. Brittain's account shows the payment to him of a balance due by the late Collector, Enoch Gray.

There still remains a balance unaccounted for, remaining in the hands of one of the Collectors for 1862, Mr. Emery.

Stephen Brittain, Overseer of Poor in his return, shows a balance remaining on hand, \$15 44, not including a balance at the close of 1862.

Thomas Lindsay's return shows a balance due the Parish of \$7 20. By his returns for 1862, which were not properly vouched, there appeared a balance in his favor of \$8 48, thus leaving, if the returns were correct, 72 cents due the Parish.

Benjamin Burt, Bye Road Commissioner makes a correct return which is balanced, as does likewise Benjamin Bell, Highway Commissioner. Hill Kearney, Highway Commissioner, submits a return which is not complete. Mr. Kearney's return as a statute labor Commissioner, shows that returns have not been made to him by Surveyors Chipman, Estabrooks, Enoch, Mallory, James Harper and J. N. Simons.

RICHMOND.
Dr. To warrants for County purposes and small pox, \$234 66
Cr. By amt. paid Sec. Treasurer by Collector God, \$163 32
Do. Do. by Collector Brittain, 99 00
Balance due Parish in '62 35 22 297 54

Balance due Parish \$23 20

Collector John Shields makes a correct return, showing a balance in his hands of \$3 75. This includes all former balances.

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