The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor. | Our Queen and Constitution. | JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XVI. | WOODSTOCK, N.B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864. | NO 53

Poetry.

ST. KEYNE'S WELL.

A well there is in the West country,
  A clearer one never was seen;
There's not a wife in the West country
  But has heard of the "Well of St. Keyne.'

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
  And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
  Droops into the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne.
  Pleasant it was to his eye;
From the cock-crow he had been travelling,
  And there was not a cloud in the sky

He drank of the water so cool and so clear,
  For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank
  Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town
  At the well to fill his pail;
On the well side he rested it,
  And bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he;
  "For an' if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank to-day
  That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has thy good woman, if thou hast one,
  In Cornwall ever been?
For if she has, I'll venture my life
  She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
  The stranger made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
  I pray you answer why!"

"St. Keyne," said the countryman, "many a time
  Drank of this crystal well;
And before the angel summoned her
  She laid on the water a spell.

If the *husband*, of this gifted well
  Shall drink, before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he;
  For he shall be master for life.

But if the *wife* shall drink it first,
  God help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
  And drank of the waters again.

"You drink of the well, I warrant, betimes,"
  He to the countryman said—
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spoke,
  And sheepishly hung down his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
  And left my wife in the porch,
But in faith, she had been wiser than me—
  For she took a bottle to church."

Select Tale.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

—OR—

HOW THE SCHOOLMASTER MARRIED A FORTUNE.

It's about ten years ago since the incident what I'm gwine to tell tuck place. It caused a great sensation in Pineville at the time, and had an effect to make the fellers monstrous careful how they ran away with other people's darters, without their consent, ever sence.

Mr. Ebeneezer Doolittle was the bominablest man arter rich girls that ever was. He hadn't been keepin school in Pineville more'n six months, before he found out every gal in the settlement whose dad had twenty niggers, and courted all of 'em within a day's ride. He was rather old to be popular with the gals, and. somehow, they didn't like his ways, and the way they did bluff him off was enough to discourage any body but a Yankee schoolmaster what wanted to git married, and hadn't many years of grace left. But it didn't seem to make any sort of difference to him. He undertook 'em by job. He was bound to have a rich wife out of some of 'em, and if he failed in one case, it only made him more perseverin in the next—his motto was "never say die!"

Betty Darling—as we used to call her—old Mr. Darling's daughter, what lived out on the Runs—was about the torn-downest mischief of a gal in all Georgia. Betty was rich, and handsome, and smart, and had more admirers than she could shake a stick at, but she was such a tormentin little coquet that the boys were afraid to court her in down right earnest.

When Mr. Doolittle found her out he went at her like a house on fire. She was just the gal for him, and he was determined to have her at the risk of his life.

Well, he laid siege to old Darling's house day and night, and when he couldn't leave his school to go and see her, he rit letters to her that was enough to throw any other gal but Betty Darling into a fit of the high stericks to read 'em. Then, as every body expected, after encouragin him just enough to make the feller believe he had the thing did, she kicked him flat. But shaw! he was perfectly used to that, and was too much of a philosopher to be discouraged by such a rebuff, when the game was worth pursuing.

He didn't lose a minit's time, but just brushed up and went right at her agin. Every body was perfectly surprised to see him gwine back to old Darling's, after the way he had been treated by Betty: but they was a deal more surprised, and the boys were terribly alarmed in about a month, at the headway he seemed to be making in his suit. All at once, Betty's conduct seemed to change towards him, and though her father and mother was terribly opposed to the match, any body could see she was beginning to like the schoolmaster very well.

Things went on in this way for a while, till bimeby old Mr. Darling began to git so uneasy about it, that he told Mr. Doolittle one day that he musn't come to his house no more—and that if he ketched him sending any more love letters and kiss verses to his darter by his nigger gals, he'd make one of his boys give him a alfired cowhidin.

But Mr. Doolittle didn't care for that neither. He could see Miss Betty when she come a-shoppin in stores in town, and there was more'n one way to get a letter to her. What did he care for that old Darling? His darter was hed and hart in love with him, and was just the gal to run away with him to, if she was opposed by her parents. And as for the property, he was certain of that when once he married the gal.

On Saturday, when ther was no school, Mr. Doolittle went to old Squire Rogers, and told him he must be reddy to marry a cupple that night at exactly ten o'clock.

"Mum," ses he, "you musn't say a word to nobody, Squire. The licence is all reddy, and the party wants to be very private."

Squire Rogers was one of the most accomodatin old fellers in the world on such occasions. Mrs. Rogers was a monstrous cranky, cross old lady, and nothing done the Squire so much good as to marry other people, it didn't make no odds who they was. Besides Mr. Doolittle was an injured man, a great scholar, in his opinion, and belonged to his church.

Mr. Doolittle had arranged the whole business in first rate order. Miss Betty was to meet him at the end of her father's lane, disguised in a ridin dress borrowed for the occasion, when he was to take her in a one horse barouche, and "fly with her on the wings of love," as he sed he would, to the Squire's office, where they was to be united in the bands of wedlock before anybody in the village know'd anything about it. He had made arrangements at the hotel for a room, he seed it fixed up himself for the auspicious occasion, he had rit a letter to a friend of his down in Augusta to be ther the next week to take charge of a school, as he thought it would be necessary for him to keep out of the way of old Darling for a few weeks, till the old feller could have time to come to.

All day Mr. Doolittle was bustlin about as if he wasn't certain which end he stood on, while the sunshine of his heart beamed from his taller-colored face in a way to let everybody know something extraordinary was gwine to happen.

Just after dark he mought be seen drivin out by himself in a barouche towards old Mr. Darling's. Everybody 'spected somethin, and all hands was on the look out. It was plain to see Squire Rogers' importance was swelled up considerably with something, but nobody couldn't get a word out of him.

Mr. Doolittle didn't spare the lash after he got out of sight of town, and with streamin eyes and palpitatin heart he soon reached the place appointed to meet the object of his consumin affections.

Was she thar? No! Yes! Is it? Yes, thar she is!—the dear creature. The zkirt of her nankeen ridin dress, what set close to her angelic form, flutterin in the breeze. She stands timidly crouching in the fence, trembling in every jint for fear she mought be discovered and tore away from the arms of her devoted Ebinezer.

"Dearest angel!" ses he in a low voice.

"Oh, Ebineezer!" and she kind o' fell in his arms.

"Compose yourself, my love."

"Oh if father should——"

"Don't fear, dearest creature. My arm shall protect you agin the world." And he was jest gwine to pull away her vale to kiss her—

"Oh!" ses she, "didn't I hear some one comin?"

"Eh!" ses he, looking round; "let's get in my dear."

And with that he helped her into the barouche, and contented himself with imprintin a burnin kiss that almost singed the kid glove on her dear little hand, as he closed the door. Then jumping on the front seat, he drove as fast as he could to town, encouragin her all the way, and swarin to her how he would love her and make her happy, and tellin her how her father and mother would forgivo her and think jest as much of her as ever.

Poor gal! she was so terribly agitated that she couldn't do nothin but sob and cry, which made Mr. Doolittle love her more and sware the harder.

When they got to the Squire's office and the boys that were on the watch seed him help her out of the barouche, everybody know'd her at once, in spite of her disguise, and such another excitement was never seed before in Pineville. Sum of the fellers was half out of their senses, and it was necessary to hurry the ceremony over as quick as possible for fear of them being interrupted by the row that was evidently bruin.

"Be quick, Squire," ses Doolittle handing out the licence, and shakin like he had the ager, "for Miss Darling is very much agitated."

The Squire hardly waited to wipe his spectacles, and didn't take time to enjoy himself in readin the ceremony slow, and puttin the dimi-simi-quivers in his voice, like he always did. The noise was gittin louder and louder out of doors and somebody was knockin to git in.

"Oh!" ses Betty, leanin on Mr. Doolittle's arm for support.

"Go on," ses Doolittle, pressin her to his side, and his eyes on the Squire, and his face as white as a sheet.

"Open the door, Rogers," ses a hoarse voice outside.

But the Squire didn't hear nothin till he pronounced the last words of the ceremony, and Ebineezer Doolittle and Elizabeth Darling was pronounced man and wife.

Jest then the door opened. In rushed old Mr. Darling and Bill and Sam Darling, followed by a whole heap of fellers.

The bride screamed and fell into the arms of the triumphant Doolittle.

"Take hold of her!" ses old Darling, flourishing his cane over his head. Take hold of the huzzy.

"Stand off!" ses Doolittle, throwing himself in a real stage attitude, and supportin his faintin bride on one arm. Stand off, old man. She is my lawful wife, and I claim the protection of the law.

"Knock him down! take hold of him!" ses half a dozen, and Bill Darling grabbed the bridegroom by the neck while Squire Rogers jumped on the table and hollored out.

"I command the peace in the name of the State of Georgia.

"She's my wife!—my lawful wife!" shouted Doolittle. "I call upon the law."

Jist then the bride got over her faintin fit and raised her droopin hed—the vale fell off, and—oh, cruel fate! Mr. Ebineezer Doolittle stood petrified with horror, holding in his arms not Miss Betty, but Miss Betty's waitin-maid, one of the blackest maidens in Georgia, who, at this interestin crisis, rolled up her eyes like two peeled onions, and throwing her arms around his neck exclaimed.

"Dis is my dear husband what Miss Betty gin me her own self.

Sich a shout as did foller!

"Let me go," ses Doolittle, trying to pull away from her.

"Stick to him Sally," ses the fellers, "he's yours according to law."

Old Squire Rogers looked like he'd married his last couple, poor old man, he hadn't a word to say for himself. The boys and young Darlings liked to laugh themselves to deth, while old Darling was gwine to have Doolittle arrested for nigger stealing right off. Poor Doolittle. He made out to git loose from his wife, and to find the back door. He haint never been heerd of since.

Relative decay of the Sexes.

Decay of the male sex is much more rapid than in the female. In the three years ending June 30, 1840 the total number of deaths among males throughout England and Wales was 518,006, while the deaths among females were only 499,058, giving excess of male deaths, in three years, of 19,048. After this statement, it cannot appear surprising that the number of females in any country should notably exceed the number of males. In the present time, in London, there are 996,600 females to 878,000 males, or an excess of 118,600 ladies. Coupled with this fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of the female sex. There died throughout England and Wales, between 1st July, 1839, and 30th June, 1840, 5247 females, aged 85 and upwards; whereas, of the same age there died only 8954 gentlemen, leaving what is called in the city a "balance" in favor of the old ladies of 1293. Among the females who died, 74 had passed the age of 100, but only 40 males. There are only three diseases common to both sexes, which carry off more females than males, they are consumption, cancer and dropsy. The deaths by childbirth form but a very small fraction of the mortality of the female sex. The proportion is only 8 per 1000 of the total mortality; and as half a million children are annually born in England and Wales, and scarcely 300 deaths take place in childbirth, so there is only one death to 170 confinements.

The researches of the registrar general have brought to light some singular results with reference to the proportion in which acute diseases affect the two sexes. In the zymatic tribe the *uniformity* is quite extraordinary. Thus, out of 8194 persons dying of measles in 1840 throughout England and Wales, 4443 were males, and 4351 females; a difference of only 92. Again, out of 17,862 persons dying of scarlet fever in the same year, 8927 were males, 8934 were females; a difference of only 7.

On the other hand, it appears that out of 14.806 dying of pneumonia, 8177 were males, and only 6629 females. Out of 22,787 dying of convulsion. 12,689 were males, and only 10,098 females. The superior value of female life, which this and all statistical considerations tend to prove, and which our insurance officers, by their variation of rates, acknowledge, is not attributable to any differences in the original construction of the body (for man is built of stronger materials than woman); but first, to the smaller demand made upon her vital power during the middle period of life; secondly, to the healthier condition and temperature of the female mind, and. thirdly, to the lesser amount of toil and anxiety which, in a highly civilized country falls to the share of women.—*Dr. G. Gregory.*

A Sensible Madman.

In the discussion upon lunacy and criminal responsibility in the Social Science Congress, Lord Brougham related an anecdote to show that is was a mistake to suppose that insane persons were not amenable to deterent motives. Horne Tooke was sitting in a room by himself one day, when in rushed a lunatic, flourishing a large bladed knife in his hand. The lunatic said, "You are Mr. Horne Tooke, are you not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the lunatic, "I will soon put an end to you," Horne Tooke answered, "If you do, you will suffer for it." "Oh!" said the madman, "I came out of Dr. Shipton's asylum t'other day, and they can't punish me." Horne Tooke rejoined, with great tact, "Then, I suppose you don't know that a law was passed only t'other day saying that all lunatics should be hanged?" "No, I didn't know that," responded the madman, instantly throwing down the knife in a tremor. and sneaking out of the room.

The Mud Volcanoes of Burmah.

A recent traveller thus describes these singular phenomena:—

"We reached Memboo a little before sunset, and started immediately to see the Mud Volcanoes. To land, we had to cross a perilous bridge of planks, loosely tied together, at some height from the water; they went *in diminuendo*, until they dwindled down to two shakey bamboos—by no means an easy footing for shod feet. Passing through the town, we came into a low jungle, and proceeded for a mile or more, until a sudden turn in the road brought us to the strangest sight imaginable. Six or eight high peaked hills, looking like gigantic termites, were dotted about over a plain of dried, flaky mud. Some of these cones terminated in a hollow, or crater, and this crater was filled with dark-looking mud, from which issued a strong smell of petroleum, as the Burman with us immediately remarked. The liquid mud bubbled up as if boiling, and it was a few moments before one ventured to ascertain, by the touch, that it was really cold. There was no one near the volcanoes but ourselves, and, in the silence of the still evening, the bubbling from the different craters could be distinctly heard, like the slow boiling of huge caldrons.

"Moung Bya remarked to the Chinaman, in a low voice, as they stood by the mouth of the largest pit, something about 'Doozayeit yeh;'—and indeed such an idea might readily suggest itself to one familiar with the Burmese notion of the bubbling pot, in which the condemned soul is doomed to boil through countless ages, sinking back again as it reaches the top, unable to articulate more than the first letters of the neglected sacred formulas. The ground was covered with the dried channels of the mud as it had flowed from the volcanoes."

A Non-Sectarian.

Rev. Alfred Taylor tells this story of a little boy whose case is like that of many others who are lured to churches and Sunday schools by the vision of picknics and sweetmeats. In answer to the question, "Where do you go to Sunday school, Jimmy?" the little fellow replied—

"Why, marm, I go to the Baptisses, and the Methodisses, and the Prisbyteriums, but I've been a trying the 'Piscopals for two or three weeks."

"You don't seem to belong anywhere, then, Jimmy?"

"Why, yes, marm, don't you see? I belongs to 'm all, exceptin' the 'Piscopals, but I'm going to jine them too, now."

"Well, Jimmy, what's your idea in going to so manny?"

"Why, you see, I gets a little of what's going on at 'em all, marm. I gits liberries, and hymn books, and all that; and when they have picnics, I goes to every one of 'em."

Whiskey and Newspaper,

A glass of whiskey, says an exchange, is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of smashed corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells at retail for one shilling, and if a good brand, is considered by its consumers well worth the money. It is drunk off in a minute or two; it fires the brain, rouses the passion, sharpens the appetite, and deranges and weakens the physical system. It is gone, and swollen eyes, parched lips, and aching head are its followers. On the same sideboard upon which this is served lies a newspaper, the new white paper of which costs about two cents. This is covered with a hundred thousand types; it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe: it has in its clearly printed columns all that is strange or new at home; it tells you of the state of the market; gives accounts of the war, the execution of the last murderer, the last steamboat explosion or disaster, articles on philosophy, government, religion, &c., and yet, for all this the newspaper costs less than the glass of grog, the juice of a few grains of corn.

It is no less strange than true, that there are a large portion of the community who think the corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear, and the printer has hard work to collect his dimes, when the liquor dealers are paid cheerfully. How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the head; are the things of a moment more prized than things of the future? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the mind, and the information that is essential to a rational being? If this had its real value, would not a newspaper be worth many pints of whiskey?—*British Standard.*

The importance of Youth as a Period for Acquring Knowledge.

With reference to the self-education which must be conducted by many who are engaged in the ordinary occupations of life, and by men in humble life—there is one book which may be read, not only with profit, but with the highest interest and pleasure, as an illustration of what may be done by persons in humble life. I allude to a work of the late lamented Hugh Miller—"My Schools and Schoolmasters." Beyond the scholastic education which he received as a child, he educated himself. His mind was always at work, and we know the great literary height he attained by the exercise of those faculties which God had given him. A young man whose circumstances oblige him to devote himself to manual labor, as in the case of Hugh Miller, may think it impossible for him to attend to mental culture. But bear in mind that youth is the time especially for the acquisition of knowledge, and for the formation of sound habits, which are of essential value to us in after life. It has been well said that it is a solemn thing to fold up and lay by any portion of one's life so finished and complete that we can look back on it with honor, thankfulness, and satisfaction. But there is no period of life in which it is a more solemn act to fold up and look back upon life, than in the period of youth, because the opportunities given us in youth never can be repeated. Youth is the seed-time of a rich harvest of benefit and blessing, and advantages to us hereafter, if it be rightly improved, and it is the seed time. unfortunately, to too many, who neglect and waste their time, or spend it in sensual indulgences, of remorse, disappointment, and sorrow.—*Sir George Grey.*

The Married Life of John Wesley.

When Wesley seltled he said "It would be more useful to marry." He married a widow, who, through her jealousy, led him a life of wretchedness and misery. At last his spirit was up, and he wrote to her—"Know me and know yourself. Suspect me no more; provoke me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money or praise; be content to be a private insignificant person, known and loved by God and me." It was not likely that a woman would be pleased at being recommended to be an insignificant person. After twenty years of disquietude she one day left him. He bore it philosophically. He went even beyond it—he took his diary and put the most pithy entry into it I ever met with in a diary: "Non eam reliqui nen demisi, non revocabo." which may be translated thus: "I did not leave her; I did not send her away; I shan't send for her back." And so ended the married life of John Wesley.

MEMORY.—Statesmen must have great memories. No man can take a leading governing place among his fellows without it. The successful politician is perpetually called upon for feats of memory. A great speech is one of them, and so is debate and successful rejoinder. He must distinctly remember his own course and the course of events, what he has learned, what he has seen, the men he has known, what they have said and done. He must have an arbitrary memory for name and dates, and a verbal memory to quote promptly and accurately. He must not hesitate, or bungle, or apologise—all must be distinct, full, clear; and with all these efforts of distant memory, he must remember his own preconcerted line and speak in the order he planned. There are many such memories as these among our public men, only their very universality prevents their being recognised *as* memory. People wonder at a display of power, but go on slighting memory in their own persons just the same.—*Saturday Review.*

TROY WEIGHT.—Henry III, caused a grain of wheat, gathered from the middle of the ear, to be the standard weight; and thirty-two of these, well dried, were to make one pennyweight, twenty pennyweights one ounce, and twelve ounces one pound *troy.* Since then it has been thought advisable to divide the pennyweight into twenty-four equal parts, called grains. The word "Troy" was the monkish name given to London—Troy Novant. Troy weight, therefore, is, in fact, London weight.

There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith.—These united in one mind, form the purest, sweetest, warmest, brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

BEAUTY OF THE HEART.—A woman's lovely heart as completely effaces all external defects, as an unlovely one does all personal charms.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The distress in the cotton manufacturing districts continues to increase.

The Italian Parliament is getting on with its work, and although its progress, hitherto, has not been very rapid, there is no doubt that Victor Emmanuel and his ministers will have everything their own way.

Quiet prevails in Kaffirland, but there has been a fierce engagement between the Damaras and the Namquas in relation to some cattle stolen from the celebrated traveller Anderssen. Anderssen himself was severely wounded in the leg. Trade is reported as improved.

The full text of the compact between the Emperor of Austria and the new Emperor of Mexico with regard to the rights of succession to be held by the latter has only just been published, though the compact itself was concluded several months ago. According to this arrangement the Emperor Maximilian agrees, in the first place, to renounce all claims whatever to the throne of Austria for himself and his posterity, although the rights of his familly will hold good, notwithstanding this renunciation, in the very unlikely event of all the Archdukes dying out and leaving no descendants.

The conductor of a Paris paper, called *L'Union Catholique*, has got a month's imprisonment for censuring the Government in its support of the Lyons Liturgy against a brief for its abolition.

The report of a London paper that the iron-clad Warrior is a failure, seems to have been incorrect. On being put out of commission after a long cruise, she was thoroughly examined, and found to be in very good condition.

Ne less than forty tons of iron rust were taken out of the Menai bridge at one cleaning this year.

The newspapers in the west of Ireland lament that the country is still being drained of its population, and is fast becoming a great pasture for the rearing of fat cattle to supply the English markets.

The inhabitants of Hitchcockville, Conn., for several weeks past, have devoted their time on the Lord's day to hunting and destroying snakes. On the 4th inst., they destroyed no less than 74.

New York is so overflowing with people that houses are almost unobtainable, and rents are enormous, while the hotels are crowded with boarders at $4 per day. Furnished houses in select localities rent at prices varying from $2,000 to $1,000 per month.

Prince Frederick Gunther de Schwarzburg Rudolstadt celebrated, on the 6th inst, as announced, the 50th anniversary of his accession to the throne. As there were no political prisoners in the principality, the Prince granted an amnesty to all persons convicted of infringing the police regulations and forest laws. Prince Gunther is the oldest of European Sovereigns, having assumed the reins of government in November 1814.

The Queen of Spain disburses 10,926,000 reals per annum in charities.

The real and personable taxable property in San Francisco amounts to about $82,000,000.

James Steel is 100 years old, and the oldest man in Wisconsin. He was married lately to a young widow of 88 summers.

An English nobleman has issued a notice to his maid servants not to wear crinoline upon pain of dismissal.

A shop has been opened in Paris for the sale of water from the river Jordan, for the benefit of those who wish to have their children baptised with drops from this historic stream.

Lately a one-mile race took place on Wimbledon Common, between two grooms, for £5 a side, the one to run on foot, and the other to ride a horse. The course was a quarter of a mile of road, and although the horse was the swifter of the two, it was unable to turn so rapidly as its opponent, who won by 14 yards.

It is proposed to build an underground railway in New York, following the line of Broadway, so as to relieve that thoroughfare from the pressure now thrown upon it.

An English paper says, 272,000,000 of eggs have been imported into this country in the 9 months of this year ended 30th of September. In the corresponding period of 1863 the number was slightly less than 213,000,000. Three-fourths of the entire quantity are sent from France, and the greater portion of the residue from the Channel Islands, Belgium and Spain.

A noticeable feature of the Convention of Tobacconists, at Cooper Institute, a few days since, was that nearly all present, about two thousand, were smoking. A suggestion that gentlemen had better not smoke, as it might prove "offensive to somebody," brought down the house.

A French editor gives the following amusing description of the effect of an advertisement; the first time he sees it he takes no notice of it; the second time, he looks at the name; the third time, he looks at the price; the fourth time, he reads it; the fifth time, he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth time, he buys.

The following is a comparative return of the traffic receipts on the New Brunswick and Canada Railway, for the month ending Nov. 26th, 1864, and the corresponding month last year:

	1864	1863
Passengers	$470.06	$532.34
Freight	2,789.05	2,534.40
	$3,259.11	$3,056.74

Increase in 1864, $202.37.

The London Times says: "It is possible to establish a central power without creating a common Legislature. As to a Customs' union there ought to be even less difficulty. If it has been possible to establish in the centre of Europe one tariff for many Sovereign States, and to abolish all the frontiers that impeded their commerce, the same ought to be easily accomplished when it is only a question between provinces subject to the same authority.

Of 360,000 bales of cotton held in Liverpool, on the 26th of November, but 15,000 were American, or one twenty-fourth part. What a change! Let the war last for a couple of years more, and there will not be a pound of American cotton to be found outside of America,—and but few pounds inside of it.

One of our Boston merchants yesterday paid the excise on 700 bbls. domestic spirits, which amounted to the snug little sum of SIXTY-SIX THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS! ($66,300). This, we are informed, is the largest amount paid at any one time since the present internal revenue law has been in operation.—*Post.*

Some of the German papers which have heretofore condemned the action of the English government in relation to Muller, have changed their views since his alleged confession on the gallows.

Among the fashionable colors this season are "London Smoke" and "Nightingale's Sighs." Their tints may be imagined but not described.

The population of Rome consisted in 1863 of 201,161 souls, of which number the clergy and the occupants of the different religious establishments amounted to 6,494. As the population in 1854 was 178,042, the increase has been nearly 13 per cent in a period of nine years.

Mr. Burpee, C. E., who is employed on the Survey of the Railroad from Hartt's Mills to Fredericton, states that there is not the slightest engineering difficulty on the whole route, which comprises a little more than 20 miles.—*Reporter.*

Burlington, Vt. papers, give a report that Judge Coursol of Canada, who gave the recent decision in the St. Albans case, has resigned.

Communicated.

[FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

MR. EDITOR,—Some two or three months since, if my memory serves me right, at a Meeting of the Town Councillors, a resolution was passed to erect a Town Hall in the town of Woodstock, and a Building Committee was appointed to prepare a plan and specification for the Hall. The Committee went to work with great energy, and brought an Architect all the way from Nackawick at much trouble and expense. who made out the plans, which were approved of by the Council, and the Building Committee were instructed to proceed with its erection without delay; and so far as I can learn, that is the last that has been heard about the matter. Now, Mr. Editor, can you inform me why the building has not been proceeded with, as contemplated. It may be that the Committee has been attacked with the disease called by quacks, Confederation of the Brain, and they imagine that if the proposed confederation takes place, that Canada has halls and public buildings sufficient for the new Empire, and all that we will have to do, is to hand the money which we have been collecting for our public buildings over to the Treusurer of the Confederacy, an act that I have no doubt, would be appreciated by our new found friends the Canadians.

Woodstock, Dec. 19. A. C.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES IN WANT OF A FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.—The London correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* supplies the following relative to affairs in the far distant Australian Colonies:—

"The Australian Colonies appear to be as much in want of a federal system of government as British North America. New South Wales and Victoria have had a dispute which, when the last mail left, had brought them almost to the verge of civil war. The Government of New South Wales had determined to enforce the payment of its duties upon the frontier, and as a great increase of smuggling from the Victoria side was the consequence, the aggrieved colony had threatened to lay a sort of embargo on Victorian vessels, and had actually seized a punt as an earnest of its intentions. The Victorian authorities, on the other hand, despatched large bodies of police, (they fortunately have no soldiers), with instructions to resist force by force, and they have succeeded in preventing their antagonists from collecting the customs. It is pitiable that these colonies, whose interests are really identical, should have established hostile tariffs, and be learning to regard one another as separate and rival communities. It is to be hoped that English common sense will prevail; and that when the present difficulty is patched up, they will seriously contemplate the practicability of uniting all the colonies of Australia in one confederation."

IRRIGATION ON A LARGE SCALE.—The Edinburgh *Review* in giving an account of the great improvements which the British are making in India notices the system of works for irrigation. These works, it is said, are vast in extent and benefit. The Ganges Canal, one of the principal, has no less than 898¾ miles of main channels, with 1852 miles of distributing water courses, besides many hundred miles of minor channels. It irrigates an area of 1,471,500 acres, and its beneficent waters will protect from the risk of famine a tract of country containing a population of 6,500,000 souls. It is estimated that in the famine of 1860—1,339,543,840 pounds of grain were grown by the irrigation which it afforded. Other canals are from 100 to 500 miles in length, and render fertile vast tracts of land that would otherwise remain almost barren wastes. In the Presidency of Madras nearly all the great rivers have been intersected by weirs, which retain for irrigation the flood of fructifying waters that would else flow out to sea. The increased production is reckoned by millions of pounds in value. These works were constructed at a great outlay, and are justly regarded as triumphs of engineering skill and wise statesmanship.

Earl Russell recently wrote the following letter. The London Times very correctly says it is not likely to please either party:—

FOREIGN OFFICE, Nov. 25.

"Gentlemen—I have had the honor to receive a copy which you sent me of the manifesto issued by the Congress of the so-called Confederate States of America.

Her Majesty's Government deeply laments the protracted nature of the struggle between the Northern and Southern States of the formerly United Republic of North America. Great Britain has since 1783 remained—with the exception of a short period—connected by friendly relations with both the Northern and the Southern States. Since the commencement of the civil war, which broke out in 1861, Her Majesty's Government have continued to entertain sentiments of friendship equally for the north and south. Of the causes of the rupture, Her Majesty's Government have never presumed to judge. They deplored the commencement of this sanguinary struggle, and anxiously look forward to the period of its termination. In the meantime they are convinced they best consult the interests of peace, and respect the rights of all parties by observing strict and impartial neutrality. Such neutrality Her Majesty has faithfully maintained and will continue to maintain.

I request you, gentlemen, to accept, &c.

(Signed) RUSSELL.

To J. Slidell, Esq., J. Mason, Esq., A. Dudley Mann, Esq.

The respectable Catholics of Toronto have disavowed all connection with the recent outrages, and also with the Fenian Brotherhood, as will be seen by the following document, which is being extensively signed.

As the Catholics of Toronto have been most unjustly charged with the commission of the gross outrage recently perpetrated on an Orange lodge in this city, we, the undersigned, in the name of the Catholic body, indignantly repudiate and condemn that shameful, cowardly act, and disavow all connection with it. We sincerely trust that the guilty parties may be speedily brought to justice; and we are willing, when called upon, to increase the reward offered by the city authorities for their apprehension. We are lovers of peace; our social interests are bound up with those of our fellow-citizens, and we have no desire, as we can have no interest, to be in discord with them.

We take this occasion to state that we have no sympathy, no connection, with Fenianism.

TERRIBLE FIRE.—A letter from Japan in the *Tribune* says that in consequence of the explosion of shells at the attack made by Chosin, a leading Diamio on Miaco, the capital of the Mikado, the spiritual sovereign of Japan, some months ago, fires broke out in many places, which, caught up by a high wind then blowing, raged unchecked until this populous city was reduced to ashes. According to the native accounts the fire raged two entire days, laying in waste nearly one thousand blocks of squares, destroying seventy-eight thousand houses and temples, and three thousand seven hundred warehouses. About five sixths of the city was in ashes, and half a million people were made homeless. Japanese houses are not altogether paste and paper affairs. A very large portion of the European peasantry are sheltered by no better. The great temple of Hun-quan-gee, the most famous in the empire, was burned.

THE ST. JOHN COUNTRY MARKET.—We quote:—Turkeys, 10c. to 15c. per lb.; Geese, 45c. to 50c. each; Ducks, 50c. to 60 c. per pair; Chickens, 30c. to 40c. do.; Eggs, 18c. to 20c per dozen; Lard, 11c. to 15c. per lb.; Butter, 20c. to 22c. per lb.; Pork, 5c. to 6c.; Beef, 3c. to 5c. per lb.; Lamb, 5c. to 6c. per lb.—*Globe Dec. 23.*