

# The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XVI.

WOODSTOCK, N.B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

NO. 6.

## The Town of Woodstock, in account with James Grover, Treasurer for 1863.

Dr.		Cr.	
1863.		1862.	
Jan. 18 To amount loaned	No 1 \$400 00	Dec 31 By balance per account audited	\$500 00
" 12 To amount paid Wm. Dibblee, Light	2 2 52	Jan 2 '63 O. Kelly, 6 mos Tavern License	20 00
" do Treasurers Salary, '62	3 20 00	" Patrick Gillin, 3 mos Tavern License	10 00
" do Assessors fees	4 20 00	" Jas. Kelly, 3 mos Tavern License	10 00
" do J. Lindow, Fire	5 15 00	" Geo. McDonald, 3 mos Ball Alley License	10 00
" do Rent Council Room	6 4 00	" Fines	13 00
" do B. H. Smith, Assessors fees '62	7 4 00	" Hayden & Leary, 6 mos Tavern License	20 00
" do E. M. Truesdell do do	8 4 00	" O. Kelly Ball Alley License	5 00
" do J. Baker, Salary as Marshall	13 33 28	" O. Baker, Taxes 1862	20 85
" do Rent of Engine Room	8 9 00	" Fines	3 00
" do Commutation money E. Co. 2	9 6 66	" R. Donaldson, 6 mos Tavern License	20 00
" do J. Day, sawing wood for Lock up	10 20 00	" A. W. Upton, Peddling License	5 00
" do Treasurers Salary, 1861	11 1 75	" John Kelly, 6 mos Tavern License	20 00
" do Wm. Upham, 1 cord wood lock up	12 4 25	" M. Blanchard, 6 mos Tavern License	20 00
" do James Watts, Printing	13 3 33	" T. L. Evans, 6 mos do	20 00
" do Chief Engineer	14 4 00	" Patrick Gillin, do	20 00
" do Broderick, Fire	15 10 00	" Geo. McDonald, 3 mos Ball Alley License	5 00
" do J. H. Jacques, Salary as Clerk	16 3 00	" Hayden & Leary, 6 mos Tavern License	10 00
" do do Incidental	17 30 16	" O. Kelly, 6 mos Tavern License	20 00
" do Lock Up House Keeper	18 6 09	" do 3 mos Ball Alley License	5 00
" do J. H. Jacques, Incidental	19 4 60	" M. C. Kimball, Exhibition License	1 50
" do Wm. Q. Shaw, do	20 6 00	" P. Broderick, Truck License	2 00
" do Hugh Hay, do	21 6 00	" Taxes \$38 Fines \$4	2 00
" do Wm. Q. Shaw, do	22 3 50	" Taxes	5 00
" do J. C. Winslow, Insurance	23 1 00	" B. Doherty Truck License	3 00
" do J. Green Fire	24 20 00	" Mrs. Bishop, Concessions License	3 00
" do J. Baker, Salary as Marshall	25 15 00	" J. Lindow, Truck License	3 00
" do do Fire department	26 5 00	" Fines	22 00
" do J. H. Jacques, Town Clerk	27 3 65	" Taxes	82 61
" do Chief Engineer	28 4 00	" P. Broderick, Truck License	2 00
" do Lock Up House Keeper	29 10 25	" Taxes \$38 Fines \$4	36 00
" do Broderick, Fire	30 160 00	" Geo. McDonald, 3 mos Ball Alley License	5 00
" do Chief Engineer do	31 3 00	" Fines	1 00
" do Road Surveyor	32 120 00	" Taxes	71 95
" do B. Dougherty, Fire	33 5 00	" S. O. Wheeler Circus License	50 00
" do Road Surveyor, Fire	34 13 00	" Side Shows	4 00
" do Town Clerk, Special Constables	35 15 75	" Taxes	31 00
" do Clerks salary, \$15, Incidental, 75 cts	36 39 00	" O. Kelly, 3 mos Ball Alley License	5 00
" do J. Baker, Marshall \$20, Fire \$19	37 41 34	" Fines \$29, Exhibition \$6 50	35 50
" do Road Surveyor	38 1 25	" E. Devitt, Pedlers License	5 00
" do L. Churchill, Incidental	39 4 00	" D. Connell, interest on his note	80 00
" do Lock Up House Keeper do	40 8 00	" Taxes	83 47
" do Chief Engineer, 1863	41 10 00	" Taxes	29 00
" do Incidental Expenses	42 4 25	" M. Stevenson, 6 mos Tavern License	20 00
" do Road Surveyor	43 20 00	" O. Kelly, 3 mos Tavern License	10 00
" do Town Clerk, Salary to 31st Dec. '63	44 12 00	" do 3 mos Ball Alley License	5 00
" do Town Clerk, Incidental	45 4 00	" R. Donaldson, 6 mos Tavern License	20 00
" do B. H. Smith, Assessors fees '63	46 25 23	" Patrick Gillin, 6 mos do	20 00
" do A. Rugan, conveying man to L. Up	47 4 00	" Pedlers License \$3, Fire 50 cts	5 50
" do T. L. Evans, Assessor, 1863	48 20 00	" A. P. English, 6 mos Tavern License	20 00
" do J. Grover, Treasurer '63 \$20	49 12 00	" Taxes	87 71
" do do Assessor '63 \$20	50 26 66	" R. L. Armstrong, 3 mos Tavern License	10 00
" do Revisors for 1863	51 13 33		
" do J. Baker, Marshall Salary to 31 Dec	52 9 00		
" do J. Baker, Fire Department	53 6 66		
" do J. Baker, Rent of Engine Room	54 50 50		
" do Chief Engineer, Fire	55 3 95		
" do McKay Campbell, arresting Sharky	56 40 00		
" do Lock Up House Keeper, Incidental	57 30 00		
" do Engine Compn, No 1			
" do Carleton Municipality Rent			
" Balance to new account			
	\$1,756 66		

## Abstract of Treasurer's Account, Town of Woodstock, for 1863.

PAYMENTS.		RECEIPTS.	
For Fire Purposes	\$169 98	Balance on hand last year	\$500 22
" Marshall's Salary	79 99	" Taxes	758 64
" Clerk's do	60 00	" Fines	78 00
" Insurance	3 50	" Tavern and wholesale Licenses	300 00
" Rent of Council Room, part '62 and to 31 Dec. '63	45 00	" Ball Alley Licenses	35 00
" Incidental Expenses	94 29	" Pedlers Licenses	15 00
" Loaned	400 00	" Exhibition do	65 00
" Light	2 52	" Truck do	9 00
" Treasurer, 1861, '62, '63	60 00	" Interest	80 00
" Assessors for 1862 '63	56 00		
" Roads	325 59		
" Balance in Treasurer's hands 31st December 1863	459 86		
	\$1,756 66		

W. F. DIBBLEE, Auditor. JAS. GROVER, Treasurer.  
The above is an abstract as well as a detailed account of the expenditures of the Town of Woodstock for the year 1863.  
Jas. H. Jacques, Town Clerk. L. P. FISHER, Mayor.

## Poetry.

### LOT SKINNER'S ELEGY.

Lot Skinner was the meanest man  
That ever sowed his seed;  
He grudged the very breath he drew,  
As if it were a cheque.  
When he was in the grocer line,  
And turning fruit to gold,  
He'd bite a raisin straight in halves  
To make the weight he sold.  
Day in and out, through heat and cold,  
For thirty years or more,  
He well observed the copper man,  
And something blessed his store.  
He never gave a dime away,  
He never lost a pin,  
A ninespence saved rejoiced him more  
Than taking ninespence in.  
Of counterfeited bills he used  
The best of every kind,  
Which in the way of trade he kept  
To swap off on the line.  
The poor came round his counter's edge,  
And raised a feeble cry,  
"Don't speak so loud," the rogue exclaimed,  
"For I am always right."  
"The little things that make a pile,"—  
This maxim he would trust,  
So when he saved his pile of wood,  
He always saved the dust.  
He had but one book in the house,  
And that he never read;  
"Twas called "Bonny of the Broom,"  
And did him good he said.  
He welcomed in the rising moon,  
"Twas such a cheering sight,  
For then he'd blow the candle out,  
And use the grating light.  
He liked in other people's pews  
To settle meekly down,  
And steal his preaching here and there  
By sneaking about the town.  
Sometimes we saw a greenish smile  
Coil up his bony face;  
"Twas when the parson chose a theme  
That spoke of saving grace.  
At last it cost so much to live—  
(Per day some twenty cents)  
"I won't stand this," he loudly groaned,  
And died to save expense.  
Now having gone where all his means  
Are shut up in a box,  
He cannot lift that heavy lid  
The careful sexton looks.  
Alas, thou scrap of lifeless clay!  
Thou pale ink human epitaph—  
This line shall be thine epitaph—  
"An Unproductive Lot!"

## Select Tale.

### ROOMS TO LET.

THE RECORD OF A LITTLE MISTAKE.

"I believe it was No. 99 Mellen street," said Harry St. Cliffe, as he ascended the stately flight of steps that led up to the carved door-way of what he supposed was the boarding-house of which he was in search. Almost before his hand touched the bell-wire, the portals swung noiselessly open.  
"I suppose," he began, slightly embarrassed how to unfold his errand, "The lady is at home—"  
"Oh, yes, sir—it's all right—just walk in, sir," said the portly black servant, with a broad grin upon his polished countenance. "Walk up stairs, sir—shall I take your valise?"  
St. Cliffe followed his guide up a velvet carpeted staircase, painfully conscious of being watched the while by two pretty heads stretched over a balustrade a story higher up.  
"The lady's daughters, I suppose," he said to himself. "I wonder if they play the piano and keep photographic albums!"  
At this moment the son of Africa threw open a door, and ushered him into an elegantly furnished apartment, where folds of gleaming blue silk at the windows almost excluded the genial sunshine, and wreaths of pictured forget-me-nots blossomed upon a carpet of dark blue velvet.  
"Is this the room?" inquired Harry, staring blankly at him.  
"Dis de room," rejoined the negro, bowing low.  
"And when can I see your mistress, to arrange, you know, about—"  
"Presently, sir—she isn't quite ready yet—it's all right sir—just make yourself at home, missus says!"  
The African withdrew, leaving Mr. St. Cliffe in a state of high gratification.  
"This is something like," he soliloquized. "I suppose I shall have to pay roundly for all this velvet and silk upholstery, but who cares?"  
He opened the door and looked out into the hall, to see if his sable acquaintance was visible. Not a sign of him; but Harry's sensitive ear caught the dulcet intonations of female voices on the upper landing.  
"No luggage but a valise?" ejaculated one.  
"Well, it that isn't curious. How does he look, Minnie?"  
"O, splendid," answered a musical little voice. "Such black eyes and whiskers!"  
St. Cliffe involuntarily felt of his hirsute decoration, and experienced a curious sensation of heat upon his cheeks, akin to blushing.  
"How I wish I had seen him," rejoined the first speaker. "How nervous Annie must feel. What time is it, Minnie? Five minutes to twelve?"  
A momentary silence followed, then a flutter of feminine drapery.  
"How do you like my dress Kate?" questioned the damsel with the voice like small bells. "White muslin and blue ribbons isn't so very unbecoming to me, is it?"  
Kissing and giggling ensued. Harry St. Cliffe wished he could see the countenance of the sweet-voiced Miss Minnie.  
"However, I shall probably meet her at lunch," he thought, "and she will be red-haired and freckled, and the vision will be dispelled!"  
Nevertheless he brushed his hair with great particularity, and replaced his crumpled black silk cravat with one delicate lilac satin, fastened by an amethyst pin. Mr. St. Cliffe wasn't a dandy by any means, but still he had a very pardonable ambition to look as well as possible in the eyes of the sweet voice who had pronounced so favorable an opinion upon his *tout ensemble*.  
Presently the door was opened by the waiter.  
"De ladies is in readiness, sir!"  
"Very well, so am I," returned St. Cliffe.  
"Excuse me de liberty, sir," said the man, looking rather dissatisfied, "but you'd ought to wear a white vest!"  
"It strikes me you are a little over particular here, friend Ebony," said Harry, laughing. "Now I think plain black brocade is perfectly suitable to the occasion."  
"Just as you please, sir," returned the waiter, who was evidently a spoiled retainer—one of those nuisances yeelp "a faithful family servant."  
Instead, however, of leading the way down to the dining-room in some subterranean depth, as St. Cliffe expected, the man threw open a door upon an opposite landing, bawling at the top of his lungs:  
"Here he is, Miss Annie!"  
And almost ere St. Cliffe knew where he was, he found himself in a handsome apartment all hung and decorated with draperies of snowy silk. The very Psyche mirror in the middle of the room gleamed from a mist like festooning white crapes, and every table was burdened with bouquets and baskets of dazzling white japonicas, pearly-petalled lilies, and roses and violets all of stainless white. In the same instant that his bewildered vision took in these exquisite accoutrements, there was a soft rustle of lace and satin across the room, and a beautiful down-cast face, half hidden by long, sunshiny curls interwoven with sprays of trailing white jessamine, was buried on his shoulder.  
In short, Mr. St. Cliffe found himself holding a radiant young bride to his yet unsmirched heart; he found it exceedingly agreeable, but a little uncomfortable; he couldn't very well drop the young lady, and yet he felt that he had no manner of business with her pretty head on his breast!  
"Dear Frank, did you get tired of waiting?" whispered a tremulous little voice.  
"But my name isn't Frank!" stammered the young man, nervously, "and besides—"  
"Not Frank!" shrieked a chorus of voices, and

in the same breath he felt himself jerked away as if he had been a straw in the grasp of a giant.  
"Hallo!" ejaculated a bass voice, in accents of mingled astonishment and indignation, as a tall six footer interposed. "I'd like to know what you are doing with my bride, young man? What does it mean, Annie?"  
But Annie had gone gracefully into hysterics.  
"I'm a little late, I know," said the stranger apologetically, "but the train from Philadelphia was delayed, and—don't cry, Annie, love—my little jewel! It's some mistake, depend upon it."  
What spell he used to dry the tears on Annie's rose-leaf cheeks, and bring back the truant smiles, we know not, but it must have been something very potent, to judge by its effects.  
"Now then, sir," said Frank Tyndale, the genuine bridegroom, turning in an off-hand sort of way to St. Cliffe, who had been standing in a resigned attitude by the door, under full fire from two pair of eyes, one dewy hazel, the other roguish blue—the possessors being respectively Minnie Dale and Kate Willoughby, bridesmaids officiating, "just let me understand this strange business."  
"I have no explanation to offer, sir, except that I am quite conscious of having made a fool of myself," replied St. Cliffe, calmly. Kate giggled, but Minnie, a delicious little brunette, neither red haired nor decked, looked interested. "It is simply the result of a mistake. I saw in the morning paper apartments advertised to let. I supposed this house was the place—I was in error, it seems, for coming here to engage board, I found myself, when it was too late to retreat, an unwelcome guest at a wedding."  
"Hi," interposed the negro, whose white teeth were glittering in gusts of scarcely suppressed laughter, "and we all s'posed de gon'l'man was Miss Hume's western beau! You'd ought to gone to de boarding house next door, sir! we's a private family, we is!"  
"To convince you that I am a gentleman, and no reckless adventurer, sir," said Harry, addressing the bridegroom, who could not conceal his mischievous amusement, "I will refer you to any number of friends."  
"Indeed, sir, it is entirely unnecessary," was the frank reply of the genial young Westerner. "I am already convinced of that fact. But you are not going?"  
"Well," said Mr. St. Cliffe, with rather a comical smile, "considering that I have received no invitation to be present at the forthcoming ceremony, I thought I might as well take leave."  
"By no means," said his new acquaintance. "Stay and see Miss Annie become Mrs. Tyndale. My love, will you not add your persuasions?"  
"Stay," said Annie, softly, a blush of pretty confusion overspreading her face.  
And St. Cliffe stayed—and accompanied the bridal party to church, and afterwards heard divers explanations to the effect that Tyndale being momentarily expected by his own wedding, and none of the family save the young lady most interested having ever seen him before, he (St. Cliffe) had very naturally been mistaken for the favored individual on his abrupt appearance. And they all had a good laugh over it, and became famous friends straightway.  
"Tyndale," whispered St. Cliffe, when the bride had withdrawn to put on her travelling bonnet, "that pretty little bridemaid with the sweet voice."  
"Well, what of her?"  
"You—you are sure she isn't engaged to any young man?"  
"Quite sure—at least Annie says so. Why?"  
"Nothing," said St. Cliffe, trying to look unconcerned, and at that moment Mr. Tyndale was called away, greatly to his relief.  
When the happy pair returned from their wedding tour, six months afterward, they discovered much to their astonishment that Miss Minnie Dale had become "engaged" during their absence, and that Mr. St. Cliffe, waxing weary of boarding-house life, was in full search for a mansion big enough to hold himself and—one other person!

## Beautiful Extract.

Near the close of Ike Marvell's new book, the author pays a beautiful tribute to the memory of a deceased daughter, associating her with the flowers, of which he so elegantly discourses. We quote:  
"Flowers and children are of near kin, and too much of restraint or too much of forcing, or too much of display, ruins their chiefest charms. I love to associate them together, and to win them to a violet or a tuft of lilies is dead; but on a spring morning they come, radiant with the story that the very same violet is blooming sweeter than ever, upon some far away cleft of the hill-side. So you, my child, if the Great Master lifts you from us, shall bloom—as God is good—some richer, sunnier ground!"  
"We talk thus; but if the charge really comes it is more grievous than the blight of a thousand flowers. She, who loved their search among the thickets—will never reach them. She whose glad eyes would have opened in pleasant bewilderment upon some bold change of shubbery or of paths, will never open them again. She whose feet would have danced along the new wood-path, carrying joy and merriment into its shady depths will never set foot upon those walks again."  
"What matter how the brambles grow? Her dress will not be torn; what matter the broken piling by the water?—she will never topple over from the bank. The hatchet may be hung from a lower nail now—the little hand that might have stolen possession of it is fast! God has it."  
"And when spring wakens all its echoes—of the wren's song—or of the blue bird's warble—or of the plaintive cry of misty cuckoo (she faintly called her 'mistress cuckoo') from the edge of the wood—what eager, earnest, delighted listeners have we—littering the blue eyes—shaking back the curls—dancing to the melody? And when the violets repeat the sweet lessons they learned last year of the sun and of the warmth, and bring their fragrant petals forth—who will give the rejoicing welcome, and be the swift and light footed herald of the flowers? Who shall gather them with the light-fingers she put to the task—who?"  
"And the sweetest flowers wither, and the sweetest flowers wait—for the dainty fingers that shall pluck them, never again!"

## Items, Foreign & Local.

Sea water has been found to contain a trace of silver in solution.  
An advertisement in a late San Francisco paper offers five dollars a day for plasterers.  
The British channel fleet will visit Copenhagen on the coronation of the new King of Denmark.  
Rain never falls in Peru. The trade winds blowing across Brazil, condense all their moisture upon the Andies.  
Alexandria, Egypt, will soon be lighted with gas. Pompey's pillar will be a lamp-post.  
It is said that Dr. M'Kay will be the future editor of the Illustrated London News.  
The value of buildings erected in Chicago in the year 1863, is estimated at \$2,500,000.  
The printing paper used in the London Times' office, costs \$735,000 per annum.  
Gen. Scott does not believe in President Lincoln's Amnesty proclamation.  
The Colonial Times says, Diphtheria is still prevalent in several sections of Minnesota.  
The venerable and renowned Lord Brougham is said to be dangerously ill.  
The debt of New York City is nearly ten million of dollars.  
Cardinal Wiseman is in such poor health that he has asked the Pope to be allowed to retire from his position.  
The population of Jerusalem at present is 20,330 and their houses occupy 213½ acres.  
Louis Bibb died last week, in Tippecanoe Co., Ind., at the good old age of 107 years.  
The annual savings of the people of England are reckoned at fifty millions sterling.  
The wife of Stephen A. Douglas is engaged as a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington.  
The total loss by fires in the United States in 1863, where in each case the loss extended \$20,000, was \$14,060,000.  
There is a libel suit in the Court of Exchequer, London, about a plate of bean soup.  
The Alabama Legislature has passed an act which makes the denial of the writ of habeas corpus an act of felony.  
The Mormons are operating largely in some portions of Canada. Forty-seven converts were recently baptised at Chatham.  
They have fourteen Major Generals and eleven Brigadier Generals unemployed in the United States.  
Her Majesty has commissioned from Mr. Perry, wood-carver, a bust of Shakespeare from a piece of Huron's Oak, blown down in the late storm.  
A few years ago petroleum was almost unknown on this continent: last year the exports from the United States reached the amazing total of twenty-eight million of gallons, of the value of \$7,000,000.  
Dr. Ramsay, the Registrar of Records and Statistics in New York city, in his annual report shows that during the riot week last July, there were one hundred and sixty five deaths reported as resulting from gun shot wounds, and other injuries received at the hands of the rioters. Of this number one hundred and forty-nine were men, seventeen women and five children.  
On the evening of the 4th ult., several shocks of an earthquake were felt in the city of Hamilton, C. W. Canada, the greatest sensation and alarm among those living in the vicinity more particularly visited by the shock.  
In the year 1823, a boy, 15 years of age, left some candles in the boiler at Towley, which was closed in the next day. A few days ago the pit was re-opened, and the man, now aged 55, commenced work with his old candle, which he had found behind a stone where he had left them.  
Strass, the celebrated German writer, has renounced his infidel opinions, and embraced the divinity of the sacred writings. His candid investigations have thus led him to the apprehension of truth.  
The importation of linen goods into the United States during the year 1863, amounted to \$11,067,000, the largest amount for any year but 1859, and exceeding the imports of cotton goods by over \$3,000,000.  
At St. Augustine, Florida, the peach trees are in blossom, garden flowers are in full bloom, and bonquets grace the tables of the officers having command at that point.  
Lord Nelson's coffin was on board the ship Victoria, Mr. Pringle, died at his residence, Newton Bushel, Devon, on 7th ult., having attained the extraordinary age of 103 years.  
On a forty acre farm in Iowa have been raised this year the following crops:—1500 bushels onions 450 bushels corn, 800 bushels potatoes, 400 bushels turnips, 600 heads cabbage, 600 bushels carrots, 125 bushels sweet potatoes, 500 bushels beets, 23 tons hay, market and garden produce, 1250 gallons sorghum. The whole value of the produce, \$4456.  
A coroner's jury in Louisville a few days since gave a verdict that Phillip Medard came to his death from starvation, exposure and general bad treatment at the hands of his son, Jacob Medard.  
The Legislature of Pennsylvania is at a dead lock. The Senate is tied by the absence of one of its members, who is a prisoner at Richmond, and cannot organize. Were the prisoner at home the Unionists would have a majority.  
A Parisian doctor has discovered that brandy or rum is the best antidote for chloroform, and that it will at once counteract the effects of an overdose.  
In a recent encounter in the Shenandoah Valley, the rebel artillerists fired railroad iron and old horse shoes, fastened together with telegraph wire.  
The Kentucky Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the importation of slaves into that State, the infelix having cheapened the stock on hand, and overflowed the market.  
A man has died in London from excessive smoking, which according to his medical adviser, had unquestionably produced disease, or nervous paralysis of the heart.  
Iceland has a population of seventy thousand, four printing presses and four newspapers. So much attention is devoted to educating the young that it is almost impossible to find a child of eight years of age who does not read or write.  
A merchant of Philadelphia, who a few years ago was reported to be wealthy, and making annually from five to ten thousand dollars, is now a driver on a passenger railroad car at nine dollars per week.  
It is worthy of note that for upwards of twenty four days no vapour has been seen rising from the Bay and River—an indication of the mildness of the weather, and which has not occurred before for twenty-five years. So says the Standard.  
The late Mrs. Trollope did not commence her literary career until she was 50 years of age. She failed as a milliner.  
The manure from the streets of New York sells for \$11.00 per annum and according to the Tribune it is worth \$45,000.  
They are beginning to talk out a little in France. A professor lecturing in the School of Legislation recently said: "A corrupt man cannot possibly found a durable dynasty." This neat hit at Louis Napoleon was received with profound applause. It is about time for another revolution in France.  
Old Bourbon whiskey sells in Mobile for \$110 per gallon.  
Chicago has 92 churches and 1192 liquor shops. A number of the N. Y. police have been arrested for kidnapping negroes and selling them to the recruiting officers.

## General News.

The Prince of Wales, through his private secretary, in presenting to Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., a photograph copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, taken during his visit to Nabobs, replied to the note of the Librarian, requesting the favor that he will always be glad of any opportunity which may enable him to receive, in however slight a manner, the lively sense which he entertains of the kindness and hospitality which he received during his visit to the United States; and that with these recollections he cannot fail cordially to reciprocate the wish to which you have given expression, that nothing may occur to interrupt the friendship which ought ever to subsist between the old country and the new." The M. S. of the Pentateuch is said to be the oldest in the world; the Samaritans claim that it is three thousand years old.  
LIABILITY OF TELEGRAPH COMPANIES.—An important decision in relation to the liability of telegraph companies, has been made in the St. Louis Court of Common Pleas. We quote the case from the Republican:—  
"John Wann, plaintiff, vs. the Western Union Telegraph Company, defendant. Plaintiff received by telegraph a message from New York, dated September 18th, 1862, as follows: 'Shaw's forward salt by steam or by rail, on lake,' to which the plaintiff replied on the next day, 'ship by rail.' The defendant telegraphed this message, 'ship by rail,' and the salt was sent by railroad, at an expense of \$1,024 more than it would have cost to ship by steam or sail by lake.  
The defendant proved that the blanks for despatches contained a printed notice that the company would not be liable for any mistake unless the party repeated the message, and paid half price therefore; and it was further proved that this notice was brought to the knowledge of the plaintiff before the sending of said message. The Court instructed the jury that the defendant was a common carrier, and liable notwithstanding the said notice, if guilty of the negligence or carelessness charged; and the jury found for the plaintiff the amount of damages claimed with interest.  
THE LAST OF THE LOYALISTS.—Mr. Archibald Crawford who died on Monday last at Musquodoboit Harbor, in the 101st year of his age, was a native of South Carolina, and of Scottish parentage. He was a Loyalist, and witnessed the first American Revolution; and when that revolution made the best of their way to Nova Scotia, in order to preserve their allegiance to King George III. He lived for many years at a spot on the Musquodoboit River called Crawford's Falls, where his hospitality was often enjoyed by travellers. From this place he removed to Porter's Lake when the great Republic took its place among the nations; and he survived two years the existence of the Union.—Witness.  
Sarah A. E. Caswell, alias Watkins, was arrested Saturday afternoon, and committed to the Jail for examination on the charge of causing the death of a woman named Frances Hall, by procuring abortion. Deceased belonged in Woodstock, N. B., where her mother now resides. She leaves a child three or four years of age, which has been sent to State Alms House at Tewksbury. She died at Rainsford Island on the 17th inst., to which place she was conveyed two or three weeks previous. Coroner Moore held an inquest on the body, and the testimony implicated the accused, so that the jury in their verdict assert that the death was caused by the woman Caswell.—Boston Journal, Jan. 25.  
NEW SOUTH WALES.—The police are utterly powerless in checking the bush-rangers of the western gang pursue their reckless calling in broad daylight, setting people and police equally at defiance. They "stick up" whole townships, robbing shops and individuals of whatever valuables they can lay their hands on. They enter the stables of well-known breeders of horses, and select the finest steeds, upon whose backs they ride triumphantly round the country. Their deed of daring have excited them into heroes among certain chases, whose admiration and sympathy probably interfere, to some extent, with the efforts of the police to capture them. There are now 300 policemen in pursuit; and Government has just announced that six or six hundred more will be called to arrest the desperadoes, another and different force would be organized. The existence of this bush-ranger system is attributable to the want of the convict element still remaining in the remote districts of New South Wales; and perhaps no stronger arguments could be adduced for the discontinuance of transportation to these colonies than to point to the lawlessness and daring crime now so prevalent here.  
The Colonial Farmer gives the following estimate of the crops raised in New Brunswick the past year:—  
Hay, 325,000 tons \$10 60 \$3,250,000  
Wheat, 280,000 bushels 1 00 280,000  
Oats, 95,000 " 0 50 47,500  
Barley, 2,637,000 " 0 80 2,109,600  
Buckwheat 304,000 " 0 50 15,200  
Indian Corn, 17,500 " 0 70 12,250  
Total annual value of hay and grain \$5,129,300  
Of root crops we raise—  
Potatoes, 4,040,000 bushels, valued at 30 cents worth \$1,212,000  
Turnips, 653,000 bushels, valued at 20 cents, worth 128,000  
Estimated annual value \$6,469,300  
P. E. ISLAND.—RECALL OF A GOVERNOR.—The English Government has recalled His Excellency, Gov. Dundas, from Prince Edward Island. The reasons have not been made public, but the probability is suggested that his course in ordering a Federal war vessel away from Charlottetown, when there was no necessity for doing so, has given umbrage to the Imperial Government.  
The New Brunswick papers are discussing the necessity and practicability of Railway connection with the United States. Now that the intercolonial scheme is forsaken, the proposed extension to the American frontier is the best thing New Brunswick could do, while we must build it, it is better to build it to Amherst and Sackville.—H. Paper.  
The United States Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture states:—From Sept. 1, 1861, to Sept. 1, 1863, there were exported from the country 3,318,135 bushels of wheat, 935,527 bushels of meal, 25,555,678 bushels of wheat and 11,063,308 bushels of corn. The increased cultivation of fax in Ireland during the last three years will be favorable to the sale of American grain, and the grain producers of the West would do well to bear this in mind.  
A despatch has been received from Lloyd's agent at Havana, announcing a dreadful catastrophe befallen the Steamer Mejico, some forty miles off Cape San Antonio, the extreme western point of the island of Cuba. It is stated that the ill-fated vessel was on a voyage from San Juan to Havana, when she took fire, and was totally destroyed, and out of all on board only 13 of the crew and passengers were saved. The remainder of the crew and passengers, numbering about 60, it is feared were lost.