

## Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents, unless editorially endorsed.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

Mr. Duncan Dickenson, of Wakefield, has just received a letter from his relations in the much talked of Minnesota, in which they learn the melancholy fact that their son George, a very fine young man, 23 years of age, was accidentally drowned. He was on a log going down the stream, fell off, and was drowned before aid could be afforded.

His brother-in-law writes, "You must not mourn as those without hope, for I have no doubt he obtained mercy. He was not over much wicked, that he should die before his time; for I know by his acquaintance, his conduct, and also by report from others, that he was strictly moral: but it may be that he was taken away from the evil to come, as childhood and youth are vanity." He was found and buried with respect on the 16th of May, just one month after the accident occurred. His afflicted friends are most disconsolate, as he was very much loved and respected in this County, on account of his amiable disposition."

The writer of the letter gives a most promising account of the place. He lives 100 miles above St. Anthony's Falls. He says, with 2 span of horses, or 3 yoke of oxen, you can "put in" a million feet of logs, which are worth in the market 9000 dollars, and the markets are sure, as they are home markets. The land averages 25 bushels of spring wheat to the acre; oats, 40; corn, 40; potatoes, 300. Wheat, this season through, is worth \$2; oats, \$1; corn, \$1.10; potatoes, \$1. Hay may be had for the cutting, although it is worth in the spring \$20 per ton. He relates that Mr. Elihu Shea, who has since been over here, had his foot most dreadfully hurt, by being jammed.

He further says that young women are scarce here—they are "worth any price."

## The Carleton Sentinel.

WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856.

That New Brunswick is a fine, a promising country, is the almost universal testimony of strangers visiting us;—they who have traversed the famed rivers of America,—who have seen the oft-told beauties of the Hudson,—tell us that in point of natural scenery the St. John rivals, and in many respects eclipses them, and that there are sufficient evidences that, with similar labor and taste being expended, there is no respect in which that river would not bear favorable comparison with the most famous. Nor is it alone on the borders of our noble river that the evidence of the superiority of the country is found: the St. John is but one among many streams which water extended and fertile tracts of land;—lands which, put under proper scientific cultivation, would become mines of wealth;—places yielding sure and abundant returns for the labor expended. But, say some, this is no agricultural country:—our farming seasons are too short,—our winters too long and too cold; wheat is not a sure crop, and potatoes are destroyed by the rust. If there was to be found, in all God's universe, a country perfect,—free from any drawback,—connected with which there was no one thing to lessen its productiveness; no features of dissatisfaction; no diseases to create dearth, and where everything was spontaneous and productive, happy and healthful,—to such a place might we point as being superior to our own country: but as no such place exists, taking things as we find them, we thank God for the country we do possess, and claim it to be—taken in all the most important features—second to none. If our farming seasons are short, vegetation is rapid in proportion; if our winters are long and cold, we have the wherewithal to procure heat and comfort,—and it affords time for the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and moral and social improvements and embellishments of life, as well as ample time for preparation for the spring and summer work. If wheat is not a sure crop, it is no proof against the country that we can't raise everything. If we can buy flour cheaper than we could under any circumstances raise it, we are the gainers; and then we can raise articles which cannot be produced either as abundantly or of as good a quality in those localities where wheat is the staple. Often have we seen, in letters from emigrants to the Western States, longings for a good New Brunswick potatoe. There they could raise wheat,—it grew almost spontaneously; but it cloyed the taste. It was not enough that they were surrounded to satiety with wheat; they turned longing desires to New

Brunswick, because she yielded a variety of good, wholesome and palatable productions. But, says one, we can't even have a good potato here now! Well, we lament that. The potato crop this year has proved, we fear, a failure. But then don't blame this to our peculiar climate: the disease is universal in its ravages,—it knows no clime nor country; its origin is as unknown as its cure;—still, science may, if proper attention is given to the subject, discover a remedy. We must be thankful, however, that it is not all-prevailing,—some years we are comparatively free from it, and generally we have enough good potatoes and to spare; and if we have not potatoes we have corn, and if not corn we have buckwheat and barley,—sometimes all,—and always that crowning, that superior blessing, a healthful climate. People under every zone must be satisfied with the blessings they have; and we must take our advantages and disadvantages, in an agricultural point of view, in the aggregate, and comparing them with those of other countries, we think New Brunswick will stand in a very fair position.—(To be resumed.)

We are indebted to W. T. Baird, Esq., for the following account of the arrival and reception of His Excellency Gen. Eyre, who likewise furnished us with the Address and Answer. An extract which we take from an exchange, found below, will afford our readers who may not have heard of this celebrated personage, a brief but graphic account of who and what he is:

The arrival of His Excellency Lieut. General Sir William Eyre, K.C.B., at this place on Monday last, from Canada, gave the inhabitants an opportunity of doing honor to an officer highly distinguished for his services in the Crimea, and at present commander in chief of these Provinces. Arrangements having been made by a committee appointed for that purpose. His Excellency and Aid-de-camp were received, under a salute of artillery, at the steps of the Institute, by the Mayor, and several gentlemen, and escorted to the Hall.

After an Address was read and presented, His Excellency proceeded to address the large and respectable audience with which the Hall was filled; and we are sure that every word uttered, met with a ready response. His Excellency seemed to catch in his speech, the spirit which had aroused the feelings of the people towards him; and at its close, after a cordial shake hands with some of our leading men who stood near, His Excellency took his departure, amidst cheering which until this moment could scarcely be restrained.

The General and his Aid-de-camp, Major Robertson, left immediately for Fredericton.

## ADDRESS.

To His Excellency Sir William Eyre, K.C.B., Commander in Chief of Her Majesty's Forces in British North America.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We, the undersigned, Mayor, Members of the Town Council, Magistrates, Merchants, and other inhabitants of the Town of Woodstock and County of Carleton, approach your Excellency with feelings of profound respect and admiration. Respect, from the high position in which you have been placed by our beloved Queen, as Commander in Chief of the Forces in Her North American Colonies; and admiration, for the valour and devotedness you exhibited in entering, on the 18th June, 1855, at the head of your Brigade, the far-famed fortress of Sebastopol.

Your Excellency being the first Crimean officer who has visited this Town and County since the close of the War, we beg your Excellency to accept, on behalf of that gallant Army who so nobly fought and suffered, this testimony of our respect and admiration for the heroic spirit which sustained them and finally gave them the victory. Though far from the scenes of that fearful struggle, but one feeling animated us during its continuance—an earnest desire for your success.

That your Excellency may long live to wear the honors so triumphantly gained, and continue to instil into Her Majesty's troops, and the militia of these Provinces, that confidence which, in peace or war, your presence must ever command, is the sincere prayer of your devoted servants.

(Signed)

L. P. Fisher, Mayor; William T. Baird, Hugh McLean, W. F. Dibblee, W. W. Hammond, John Bradley, and E. B. Smith, Town Councillors; Saml. Dickenson, Sheriff; Chas. Connell, M.P.P.; Chas. Perley, M.P.P.; J. Bedall, J.P.; J. R. Tupper, J.P.; A. N. Garden, J.P. & a number of others.

In replying to the Address, His Excellency observed,—That he was not much of a public speaker, but in acknowledging the Address presented to him, he must say that he received it with the highest gratification. Of the pride which it could not fail to cause to him as a soldier, he should say but little; nor did he regard the honor personally done himself by the flattering reception he had met with, as, he trusted, productive of such deep feelings of gratitude in his heart, as the consciousness that the Address was indicative of those deep and strong feelings of loyalty by which its authors were prompted. It was indeed a source of pride and pleasure to him to find that the heroic and deter-

mined efforts of the British troops, and their gallant and generous allies, which were eventually crowned with victory, were appreciated in these colonies. And from what he had heard and seen of the sturdy and manly men who formed their inhabitants, he doubted not but that while pursuing their peaceful labours in the field and forest, they were still possessed of the same stern sense of duty which had actuated their brethren in distant lands. The same resolute, unconquerable spirit, which distinguished men in the field of battle, was requisite to enable them to reclaim the forests and overcome the dangers and obstacles which must have been encountered, before the sons of New Brunswick could have provided for themselves and families, the happy homesteads which he saw all around him. Long before coming here, he had heard much and read much of New Brunswick; of the loyalty of its people; the fertility of its soil, and the salubrity of its climate; but all his expectations had been more than realized since his arrival among them. He had never enjoyed himself more than while recently canoeing on some of their beautiful lakes and rivers, or while observing the fruitful fields which skirted their noble forests; and what he had observed was but a tithe, he was satisfied, of what would be noticeable in these Provinces—which must, he believed, before any great lapse of time become a mighty empire.—He again expressed his grateful sense of the honor done him. Soldiers, he said, were peculiarly alive to and dependant upon the kindly and grateful feelings of their fellow countrymen. The soldier had but little capital to invest in such a way as to find a very encouraging picture on the balance sheet of his ledger. He had to seek for his reward in the gratitude and hearts of his brother men.

LIEUT. GENERAL SIR WM. EYRE, K. C. B.—General Eyre, has, we believe, gathered his laurels in almost every quarter of the globe where the Red Cross Banner of the Union Jack tells of his country's power and enterprise. He will doubtless, be remembered by some of our readers, as Capt. Eyre, which rank he held while serving in this country—in the 73rd Regiment—during the unhappy "troubles" of 1836 and '8. Since then, if we not misinformed, he has gone through more than one campaign in India, acted a very distinguished part in the Caffre War, at the Cape of Good Hope, and after commanding a division of the army throughout the whole of the late war, covered himself with glory before Sebastopol, on the memorable 18th of June, 1855. Sir William Eyre bears the character in the army—at least according to the Times Crimean correspondence—of being a thorough soldier in the field, but a somewhat strict disciplinarian in the camp.—Herald.

An esteemed friend and subscriber makes some rather severe strictures upon our conduct, in not noticing the Journal nor Tom Jones, for a couple of weeks; surely our friend does not wish us to sink ourselves or paper to a level with the parties referred to—we would fain elevate the character of the Sentinel.

Anxious to treat all our contemporaries, as by them we expected to be treated, with courtesy, we have but in one instance been disappointed, and we hardly feel bound to notice the emanations of the Journal, by any rule of courtesy, when its editors have proved themselves so entirely destitute of ordinary good manners, or fine feeling. When it suits their conveniences we are handed over to "Tom Jones," a truckler to base passions, and a dispenser of slanderous aspersions, (who when we nailed a lie upon him had not the manliness to acknowledge his error,) or else they pour out their stainless venom upon Mr. Connell, not injuring him, but insulting his constituents. Until the Journal learns a few lessons, we hold ourselves at liberty only to notice him when and how we choose.

MELANCHOLY AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Ziba Shaw, 2nd, of Wakefield, was killed on Sunday last under the following circumstances: She had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Clark, who was ill, & was returning to her own home in a wagon driven by Mr. C. Clark, when the horse becoming restive, she seized one of the reins, turning the horse into the gutter; the wagon tilted, and they were both thrown out. Mrs. S. was, melancholy to relate, killed upon the spot. By this sudden bereavement, a large circle of relations and acquaintances have been plunged into the most profound grief.

BEAT THIS WHO CAN.—Mr. Thomas Akerson, of Lower Brighton, has sent us a Cucumber raised by him measuring 13½ inches long, 2½ diameter, and weighing two pounds fourteen ounces. It appears sound and good, and if left on the vine would doubtless have attained a much greater size.

We shall endeavour to make room for "M." and "W. F. C." next week.

## TOWN COUNCIL.

September 3rd, 1856.

Rules of order read and adopted.

Truck Licence granted to John Lindo.

Do. do. B. H. Atherton.

Do. do. J. Kelly.

Do. do. C. M'Indoe.

Wholesale liquor licence granted John M'Keon, for 3 months.

It appeared that Mr. M'Keon had been convicted of selling without Licence, and fined two pounds; having, however, previous to the offence, left money in the hands of the Treasurer for his Licence. A motion was thereupon made that the amount of the fine be returned to Mr. M'Keon.

Mr. Baird said he would vote to have the fine in this case returned, but wished the public to know, that this must not be taken as a precedent for action in future cases, for he should never again vote for remission in a similar instance. Parties not reputable might, by merely placing a certain amount in the Treasurer's hands, obtain the privilege of selling for whatever time intervened before the meeting of the Council, without let or licence.

Fine was remitted.

Atkinson's bill ordered to be paid.

Mr. Melville's bill, for feeding prisoners in Lock-up House, 6s. 3d., ordered to be paid.

Mr. Bradley feared the prisoners were fed too well; it might be an object for some to get imprisoned. His opinion was that the usual gaol allowance of bread and water, was all they should be allowed.

The Mayor.—The presumption of law is that parties are innocent until proved guilty and convicted, and until that, should have their regular meals.

W. R. Melville's bill for printing, 35s., ordered to be paid.

J. H. Jaques reports having collected tax for 19 dogs; and of them that he had not been able to collect.

Moved by Mr. Bradley, and resolved, that statements of moneys received and expended by Fire Department, from January, '56, be laid before the Council.

Mr. Baird, from the Fire Wardens, reports, that since January, '56, there has been \$20 placed to credit of Fire Department, and nothing paid out.—Report accepted.

Mr. Bradley moved, seconded by Mr. Hammond, That the Report of Fire Wardens be referred to a Committee to report upon.

Mr. Dibblee said,—This appears to me a strange proceeding. I can't understand it. It appears to me the Committee should have been appointed before the Report was accepted. I may be wrong, but it seems to me irregular.

The Mayor thought there was no irregularity in the proceeding.—Resolution then passed.

On motion—Messrs. Bradley and Hammond are appointed the Committee.

Ordered, That the Clerk call upon Mr. Jacques for amount of Dog Tax in his hands.

The Mayor stated that one of the Constables, Doherty, had been brought before him charged with drunkenness, and assaulting a party, and that another charge has likewise been laid against him. It becomes the Council to determine whether such parties should be continued in office. He had himself heard taunts thrown out by many persons against the Corporation, and its laws on account of the looseness and inefficiency of its officers.

Mr. Bradley was sorry to hear such statements as his Worship had just made. He regretted that a Constable should behave so. He feared there was more than one guilty, and should move for a revision of the whole list of town officers.

Mr. Dibblee fully agreed with the remarks which had fallen from the Mayor, and Mr. Councillor Bradley. Some of the officers of the Town were guilty of improper conduct, particularly Doherty; he had been drunk nearly the whole week.

The Mayor stated that there had recently been some convictions for violation of the Sabbath under the Act of General Assembly; and it had created considerable talk. Some persons seemed to think that the law was only made for boys. On Monday last there were some adults brought up and fined, and on Saturday next there were to be some others. These complaints and convictions are not under any of our own laws, but under the statute of Assembly. I shall not hesitate, when any of these complaints are brought before me, to enforce the law.

Mr. Bradley.—There were many opinions about the observance of the Sabbath. I frequently myself go out to take a drive on the Sabbath, and many mechanics confined all the week, go and hire a horse and carriage, and take their family out to drive; but for this they may be brought up and fined. He did not think the object of the law was to stop this means of recreation, nor travelling.