

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII.

WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

TERMS. \$2 if paid in advance \$3 at the end of year.

NO. 16.

Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the mountains, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet!

Dancing,
Whirling,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! that can do nothing wrong,
Plying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
The town is alive, and the heart is a glow,
To witness the coming of beautiful snow!

Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the carriages that eddy around.
The town is alive, and the heart is a glow,
To witness the coming of beautiful snow!

Low the wild crowd goes sweeping along,
Hailing each other with laughter and song!
How the gay sloughs like molasses run by—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!

Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Saw so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;
To be trampled and trodden by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street,

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell;
Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell,
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell, to be soiled, to be spit on and spat.

Reading,
Cursing,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Nemesis! God! have I sinned so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a soul like its glow,
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.

Another,
Sister, all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The virtue which I have lost by my fall,
Will take a while to sweep out I wonder too high;
For all that is now or about me, I know,
There's nothing that is pure but the beautiful snow!

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with no more to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice should be so kind to him!

Fainting,
Dying alone!
Too weak for prayer, too weak for my mean
To be used in the case of the crazy town
Gone and in the joy at the snow coming down,
To be used in the case of the crazy town
With a God and a sinner of the beautiful snow!

Select Tale.

MY HUSBAND'S CHILD. A SECOND WIFE'S STORY.

BY MARTHA H. WILLARD.

I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the heavenly father's knee.

—Lowell.

I had married a widower. How many times I had wondered, blushed, laughed at, such marriages. How many times I had said to myself, "I will never marry one whose first love had been given to another—whose offered me the ashes of a heart. A second-hand garment, I had said, was had enough; still, were it a choice between such and freezing, one might wear it; but not a second-hand husband. Better freeze than warm one's bed at such a fire. I had said all this, and yet I had married Hiram Woodbury. When I first met him, however, I did not know that he had ever been married.

Our acquaintance came about odd enough. I was staying with my schoolmate, Elizabeth Simons, now Mrs. Dr. Henshaw. I had been there for a week, enjoying myself heartily. It was a pleasant change from the boarding-house in the city, where I lived in three rooms and a bathroom, with my guardian and his wife, to Lizzie's pleasant and spacious country house; with the wide, handsomely laid-out grounds around it; and free from range of wood and hill in the background. I had thought, at first, that I should presently weary of the monotony, but each day of the seven I had grown more and more charmed, until I began to believe myself in love with nature.

"I like it," I said to Lizzie, throwing myself down, after a long morning's ramble, in the easy chair in her sitting room. She looked at me kindly, with her kind blue eyes.

"I knew you would like it. Look at yourself in the glass, Agatha Raymond. See that round, well-rounded form—those great, black, earnest eyes—the forehead with more brains than beauty—the dark face with the crimson blood glowing through its olive! Does it look to you like the face and form of one to be contented with confinement, and sloth and fashion?" I laughed.

"I never had the means to be fashionable, Lizzie. My poor first husband a year has to find me food and shelter, besides garments. Even if I had it all to spend in personal adornment, I could only stand in the outer vestibule of the temple of fashion."

"If you had five thousand a year, instead of five hundred, fashion and frivolity would never fill your heart. It is a good, honest, true heart; although it is proud and wayward, I know it well. I can see just the kind of future you ought to have. You should marry a man who is a worker, a bold, strong worker in the strife of life; one whom you could be proud of and look up to; one whom you could silently strengthen and help. You would be at rest then. Failing to secure such a husband, you will have to make a career for yourself. Some way the world must be better for your living in it, or your heart will know no peace."

I made no answer, but her words touched a responsive cord. I felt that she had painted the future which I needed; but would it ever come? I had never yet seen a man whom I could look up to and trust entirely, fearing nothing earthly so he was mine. Kind and good as Lizzie's husband was, I could never have married him. I had never seen the man I could have married. It was not likely, I thought, that I ever should see him. If not, I must do something myself. What path would open for me—what, and where? I looked listlessly from

the window. A man was coming up the walk, dusty and stained with travel, carrying a heavy portmanteau, a man not handsome exactly, nor graceful exactly, but with a good face, a face expressing dignity, kindness and much power—the ability to command himself and others.

"Who is it?" I asked, beckoning Lizzie to the window.

"No other than Hiram Woodbury, the Doctor's first friend, and certainly the last man I expected to see to-day. He's always welcome to Dick, though, and of course that makes him so to me."

I ran up stairs to smooth my tangled hair, and make my costume a little more presentable, and when I came down Mr. Woodbury was engaged in an animated conversation with the Doctor and Lizzie. He was a tall, powerfully made man of thirty-five, with lightish brown hair, bold and massive features, and eyes of a deep blue. I learned, afterward, that he was a remarkable mechanical genius and had realized a handsome fortune by some of his inventions; also, that he was a zealous reformer, leading the van of every noble work.

I did not know Mr. Woodbury four days before I felt in my heart of hearts that there was a man whom I could entirely trust and reverence, my, whom I could entirely love. Still I was proud, and I strove to retain my affections in my own keeping. I did not feel sure that he was interested in me, but sometimes there seemed a language in his eyes I dared not trust myself to interpret.

By the time he had been there a fortnight we knew each other better than we could have done in a year had we met solely in society. It was on the fifteenth day after his coming that he told me he loved me, and asked me to be his wife.

We were alone, sitting under a clump of pines at the west of the house, where we had gone to see the sunset. We had watched the clouds silently as they changed from gold and crimson to the softer shades of rose and azure, until they were all gone. Then I looked up, and saw that his eyes were looking at me very earnestly, with a strange tenderness in their depths. As he met my glance he spoke.

"I have only known you a short time, Agatha, but you are already dearer to me than I can say. Do you think you could ever love me well enough to be my wife?"

"I do," I answered, struggling with a strange sensation of fulness at my heart which seemed almost to choke my utterance.

"G-d bless you Agatha. You are what my soul needs."

His words were strong and fervent, and he gathered me close in his arms to his heart—me, an orphan since my earliest recollections, and realizing now, for the first time, what it was to be intensely loved by any human being. We did not talk much about our emotions. I think we both liked best to sit there hand clasped in hand, feeling how utter was the happiness and satisfaction of each in the other's presence. At length he said—

"I know that I shall be giving a good mother to my little Lizzie. I should be cruel were I to forget her in my joy."

"I could not at first divine his meaning. I looked at him inquiringly.

"Your little Lizzie?"

"Yes! my child, my little girl. You know of her existence surely?"

"No!"

"I had supposed that the Henshaws had told you all my history. Did you not know I had been married?"

"My wife, my Diana, died five years ago, and my little Lizzie is just five years old."

"What could I say?—I was said so often that I was a widow woman by taking from her her husband's love? I could give up Hiram Woodbury, perhaps, but I could give up my life as well. I clutched at a hope. I asked—

"Did you love her—your wife?"

"Tenderly, most tenderly."

"And she loved you?"

"With all her heart."

"She was your first love?"

"Yes, the love of my youth. But why these questions, Agatha? Are you not satisfied with the love I pledge to you—a love as strong and true as any ever gave to woman?"

"I must be," I whispered, in a voice whose calmness startled me, it contrasted so strongly with the tumult of my heart. "I must be. I love you so well, heaven help me, that I have no other choice. And yet I had thought to be the first love of the man I married."

"You are my love, Agatha, my dear, true love! You will be Lizzie's mother, will you not?"

Heaven made me truthful. I did not deceive or belittle myself in that hour. I answered honestly.

"I will be Lizzie's mother, so far as seeing to all her wants and being kind to her is concerned. I will love her if I can. If I cannot you must not blame me. We cannot force our hearts to love, merely because it is our duty. I was born jealous, and it would be hard for me to forget that you loved Lizzie's mother before you loved me; perhaps better than you ever could love me."

love you as tenderly as any woman's heart can ask."

I was silent on the subject afterward, for very shame, but the demon of jealousy made his hair in my heart, and I am afraid his wicked eyes looked out of mine now and then.

For five weeks we were travelling together, and this our honeymoon was a happy one. For the most part, my jealousy slumbered, for there was nothing to arouse it. After our bridal night, until the day before we were to go home for the first time, I had not alluded again to his first wife, or his child. It was while packing up my trunk, preparatory to an early start the next morning, and he was talking to me of my new house, that I looked up and asked—

"Where is little Lizzie? How has she passed the time while we were getting acquainted, and these weeks since our marriage?"

I suppose he interpreted the question as a sign of an awakening interest in his child, for he bent over me and kissed me before he answered.

"Thank you, Agatha. I am glad you think of Lizzie sometimes. She has been spending the summer, so far, at my sister's, but she will be here to welcome us to-morrow. I have taken care that she should be taught in advance to love her new mamma."

It was a beautiful home on the east bank of the Hudson, to which we went the next day. A handsome carriage met us at the boat landing, and the drive wound from the river along the ascent of a wooded hill. A short turn brought us in sight of a stately stone house;

"With its battlements high, in the hush of the air,
And two towers towering."

I had not been prepared for so splendid a sight. "I never saw anything half so beautiful," I whispered ecstatically to Hiram, who sat enjoying my surprise.

As the carriage stopped, a little girl ran out upon the piazza. I think I should have known her anywhere, from her likeness to her mother's picture. My husband stepped from the carriage and only pushed to hand me out before the little creature was clasped in his arms.

"And is it that New Mamma?" I heard her ask, as he put her down.

"My little Lizzie?"

She came up to me, a little timidly. I bent over her and received her caress passively, but the kiss I gave her was a very cold one. Selfish heart that I was, I could not love her, for she was my mother's child—a daily reminder, so I felt, to her father, of my dead rival.

I should blush to describe all the incidents of the year that followed. How patiently the poor little motherless girl—motherless still, though I had taken her mother's name and place—struggled to propitiate and please me. How cold I was to her, I neglected none of her bodily needs, but to the little heart which asked me for bread I gave only a stone. No once in all the twelve months did I gather her into my arms and kiss her; not once bestow on her any voluntary caress. I wonder I did not sooner feel for I was myself expecting to give welcome to a little child who might be a leet motherless as she had been. Perhaps this only hardened me the more. If my child were so left, I questioned, would its father ever love it half as well as he loved Lizzie? She is his child, I said bitterly, to myself, his first; as her mother before her; and I, who give him the most of myself, such absorbing love, hold only a second place in his heart. Looking back to those days I really wonder that he loved me at all. I had disappointed him so thoroughly. He had believed me noble and generous. He found me selfish and exacting. Yet I do not believe his great, noble heart ever, for a moment failed toward me in tenderness and patience. He bore with my waywardness, as one bears with the faults of an irresponsible child. Perhaps he never lost his faith in my ultimate regeneration.

I think Lizzie suffered beyond what I had supposed a child's capacity for pure mental suffering. The disappointment to her was most cruel. She had longed all her life time for a mother to love her as she had seen other children loved. For many weeks before I came she had been told that she was to have what she most craved—a new mamma, all to herself. She had found in me less affection than she would have received from a governess or a house-keeper. I knew all this. I had never been deliberately cruel before, but I was now. All Lizzie's gay vivacity was gone. She seemed all the time fearful of displeasing me. She moved and spoke in a slow, quiet way, that I could see it was exquisitely painful to her to utter a word. I do not know how it was that his love for me was not utterly quenched, his patience all worn out. Perhaps he thought I was not well, and that the sweet new mother for whom he hoped, would heal my nature of its pride and pain and passion.

At last my day of trial dawned. There were many hours of terrible suffering, during which my husband hovered over me almost in despair, revealing the depth and fulness of his love as I had never dreamed it before. I lived but the baby they laid upon my bosom was dead. No faintest thrill of life survived those delicate limbs—no pulse fluttered in the tiny wrist—no heart-beat stirred the little, still breast. The delicate blue-veined eyelids would never lift; the tiny mouth never opened. This little cold, dead thing was all. Where was the soul? Would they treat it tenderly at the country of spirits—that soul so young, so tender, going out alone into the infinite Dark? Had God measured out to me such measure as I had measured, and to my cry for bread given a stone?

My husband could not fully share my feelings. He was disappointed, it is true, but in his thankfulness for my spared life he had little room for grief. It was not his first child—the loss could not be to him what it was to me.

I had been ill three days, when, one morning, my nurse went out for a few moments, leaving the door open. I lay there with closed eyes, my heart full of bitter, rebellious grief. I heard little footsteps crossing the room very softly. I knew Lizzie had come in. I did not move. I wished her to think I was asleep. I felt that I could not bear to speak to her then. She came to the bedside and looked at me for a moment, then she knelt down and murmured a little prayer, whose words pierced me like a sword.

"Oh, Father up in Heaven, please let dear new mamma get better, and make her love little Lizzie."

I believe, since that hour, that there may be sudden conversions—single moments which change the whole tone and current of a life. Mine was changed then. I opened my eyes, my arms, my heart.

"Come up here little daughter," I whispered, with such tenderness as she had never heard in my voice before.

She crept up beside me, and I drew her to my bosom—a mother's loving bosom to her forevermore. For a few moments I wept over her silently—I could not help it. Then I told her my sorrow.

"Laurie," I said, "God gave me a little daughter, and the same hour he gave it, he took it from me. Your mother and my baby are both in Heaven; will you be my little girl on earth in the place of the dead?"

Her eyes brightened! She cried eagerly, plaintively—

"Oh, I love you, new mamma, I always did! Will you love me, too, and let me be your little girl?"

"Forever my darling whom God has given me."

When my husband came in half an hour afterward, he found me asleep, with Laurie watching me.

"New mamma loves me loves me dearly," she whispered, joyfully, and her father's tears which fell on her face and mine awakened me.

There was never any jealousy in my soul afterward. The fulness of Hiram Woodbury's love satisfied every longing of my heart, and Laurie was as dear to me as to him.

I sometimes think the intuitions of childhood are deeper than the lore of the philosophers. It was Laurie's childish faith that "the Heavenly baby," as she always called the little lost one, had been given in change to her own dead mother, who was nursing it tenderly, as I nursed her child below. It was a child's conceit, but it has dwelt pleasantly in my heart.

Laurie is growing toward her sweet womanhood. I have never had another child. I go alone, sometimes, to a little grave, where the blue violets spread their canopy, and weep above it tears which long ago lost their bitterness. But even if my tenant could have lived to bless my sons and heart, she could hardly have been dearer than the sweet daughter of my adoption. [True flag.]

Tiger Chase by Baboons.

The following account of a tiger-chase is extracted from the *North Lincoln Sphinx*, a regimental paper published at Graham's Town:

The writer, after alluding to his sporting experiences of all kinds, and in all quarters of the globe, declares that he never witnessed so novel or intensely exciting a chase as that about to be described:

Not long ago, I spent a few days at Fort Brown, a small military post on the banks of the Great Fish River, where my friend W. was stationed. One evening as my friend and I were returning home after a somewhat fatigued day's shooting, we were startled by hearing the most extraordinary noises not far from us. It seemed as if all the demons in the infernal regions had been unchained, and were trying to frighten us poor mortals by their horrid yelling. We stood in breathless expectation, not knowing what could possibly be the cause of this diabolical row, with all sorts of strange conjectures flashing across our minds. Nearer and nearer the yelling and screaming approached, and presently the cause became visible to our astonished eyes. Some three or four hundred yards to our right, upon the brow of a small hill, a spotted leopard commonly called in this country a tiger, though much smaller than the lion of the Indian jungles came in view bounding along with all the speed and energy of despair, while close behind him followed an enormous pack of baboons, from whose throats proceeded the demoniac sounds that had, a few seconds before, so startled us. On went the tiger making for the river, the baboons following like avenging demons, and evidently gaining ground upon their nearly exhausted foe, though their exciting yells seemed each moment to increase his terror and his speed. They reach the stream, the tiger still a few yards in advance, and with a tremendous bound, he cast himself into its muddy waters and made the opposite bank. The next moment his pursuers, in admirable confusion, were struggling after him, and as the tiger (now fearfully exhausted) clambered on the land again, the largest and strongest of the baboons were close at his heels, though many of the pack (the old, the very young, and the weakly) were still struggling in the water. In a few moments all had passed from our sight behind the brow of the opposite bank; but their increased yelling, now stationary behind the hill, told us that the tiger had met his doom, and that their strong arms and jaws were tearing him limb from limb. As the evening was far advanced, and we were still some miles from home, we did not cross the river to be in at the death; but, next morning, a few bones, and scattered fragments of flesh and skin, showed what had been the tiger's fate. On our return home we were told by some Dutch gentlemen, that such hunts are not uncommon when a tiger is rash enough to attack the young baboons, which often happens. All these creatures for miles around assemble and pursue their enemy with relentless fury to his death. Sometimes the chase lasts for days; but it invariably closes with the destruction of the tiger—a striking instance that the idea of retributive justice is not confined to man alone.

Several days since, while travelling on the Virginia Tennessee Railroad, when the cars stopped at Prince's Tank, we overheard the following conversation between a young gent from Georgia, who was on the train and a small boy on the road:

Passenger—"What did the cars stop for?"

Boy—"To take in water."

Passenger—"What river is that?"—pointing to the water in the ditch.

Boy—"I don't know."

Passenger—"What do you know?"

Boy—"I know the cars brings a lot of darn'd fools along this way." The young gent drew his head in, and was soon fast asleep.

The "Palmetto State" is in the condition of the fellow who said—"It is nothing to get married, but it is hard to keep house."—*Knoxville Whig*.

Censure is most effectual when mixed with praise. So, when a fault is discovered, it is well to look up a virtue to bail it company.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The *Woodstock Times* of the 18th inst., records the death of Judge Cook, of Houlton, at the advanced age of 85 years. Judge C. was widely respected, and was one of the earliest settlers of Houlton.

Hon. Lot M. Morrill has been elected United States Senator for Maine, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin.

Gaspe, a Canadian port at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, has been made a Free Port.

The Charleston, S. C., *Mercury* puts the proceedings of the U. S. Congress under the head of "Foreign news."

South Carolina bonds have been hawked about New York, and offered as low as twenty cents on the dollar, but could find no purchasers.

Two men were buried at Wheatland, near Rochester N. Y., last week, forty feet under ground; by the falling in of a plaster pit, and after eleven hours, digging both were got out alive.

The bodies of the prisoners who died in the hands of the Chinese had been brought to Peking and buried.

The St. John *New-Brunswick* informs us that on Sunday afternoon a man calling himself Chas. H. Stevens, passed a counterfeit \$10 bill on the Brighton Bank to a young man in Portland. He was followed, arrested, and \$140 in counterfeit money found in his possession. He was lodged in jail.

The *Macbias* Republican says that their harbor is as clear of ice as in summer, and vessels are loading and discharging at the wharves.

The Paris correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* says that the Emperor has brought his "Life of Julius Caesar" so well forward as to have lately read some of the last chapters of it to his intimates.

Peru is a good cotton growing country—1500 bales of her cotton have been sent across the isthmus of Central America to Europe. The Southern confederacy will not like this.

The New York *Tribune* says that Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the President elect, has arrived in New York to make purchases for the White House.

In the Old South Church, Boston, Fast day, the Rev. Mr. Manning preached a discourse which was greeted with applause, and at its close one of the congregation rose and cried out "Three groans for Buchanan."

Unusually severe cold weather continues in London, England.

Fifteen thousand men are engaged on the new lines for the defence of Portsmouth.

It is said that the late Duke of Norfolk has left the Pope a legacy of £10,000.

The people in Australia express a very anxious desire that the Prince of Wales will pay them a visit.

The Archbishop of Freiburg, in Baden, has at the request of the Government, interdicted the clergy from making collections in private houses of St. Peter's Pence.

A large number of Garibaldians have arrived in Paris from Naples, on their way home.

A large number of the native negroes of Louisiana have through the *Delta*, proposed to fight for her in 1861 as they did in 1814-15.

In France, the Acclimation Society offers a medal worth \$200 for the complete domestication of the kiang—a valuable beast of burden, of great swiftness, which belongs to Tibet.

The Custom duties received at the port of New York in the month of December last, were only \$764,010, against \$2,812,816 for the same period last year.

Accounts from Hungary are very unsatisfactory, no taxes were being paid.

The Italian correspondent of the *London Times* says that the year 1861 will not perhaps grow very old before French troops are in possession of Gaeta, and possibly Naples itself.

The Empress Eugenie is not allowed to attend Cabinet meetings, as formerly.

The *London Times* says Nana Sahib is still alive with 3,000 of 4,000 followers in Thibet, and has plenty of money.

From the St. Andrews *Standard* we learn that the St. George Rifleman gave a grand dress ball, the 8th inst. The ball was opened by the Company going through a handsome part of their *Drill*, dressed in full uniform. Dancing was maintained until 3 in the morning, and we should judge they had a good time generally.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these 33,333,333 die every year; 7,780 every hour, and 69 every minute, or one in every second; but there are always more births than deaths, and so population increases.

The people of Chatham, Miramichi, are making efforts to have that town lighted with Gas.

The ship *Albani*, from London, brings to New York on freight 900 bags of white gun powder a new invention.

Mdme. Georges Lafayette, daughter-in-law of the brother-in-law of Washington died in Paris a few days ago, in her eightieth year.

A paid fire department has been organized in Fredericton.

There are 148,400 slaveholders in the seven States that threaten secession.

The abolition of the penny stamp duty in England has created quite a competition among newspapers. The *London Times* has reduced its price from ten to four cents per copy.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

Carleton County Council.

On the division of the bye road money, the resolution to divide which equally, we published last week:

Mr. Perkins was of opinion that an equal distribution among the Parishes was not fair, because they were not of the same size: Simonds was a Parish of great extent, and certainly required more money for its bye roads than Woodstock, or Peel, or other small parishes, besides the roads in Simonds were in a very bad state, so much so that in some parts the mail could scarcely get along.

Mr. Tompkins said, the usual course had been to divide the bye road money equally, and that practice he considered the wisest and such as should be followed now. It was true that some parishes were larger than others but, it must be remembered that in most instances, the smaller parishes required the most money, as they had more occasion for new roads, and had the smallest population. Until last year there was not a road in the interior of Peel, during the year there had been a long distance of roads laid out, on which not a dollar had as yet been expended and therefore to meet this contingency at least, an equal division of the money was desirable.

Mr. Kilburn said that the amount for expenditure on our bye roads was too trifling to need much discussion as to the distribution, but he certainly thought it should be distributed so as to benefit those Parishes where there were the worst bye roads, and where its expenditure was most needed. The object of the bye road money was he thought, to repair roads already travelled on.

Mr. Cox said that Kent certainly needed as large an amount of the money as could be obtained, but they claimed it, not because the roads in that Parish were in a state fit for travel; there was not much travelling simply because the roads were so bad that they could not be travelled on. He would go for the expenditure of the money where it was most needed, and thought an equal division the fairest.

Mr. Banks was favorable to an equal distribution of the money. In the Parish which he represented (Peel), there were he thought more new roads, on which immediate expenditure, to facilitate settlement and accommodate those settlers already there was required, than any other Parish in the County.

Mr. R. Hemphill said it would be perfect nonsense to think of dividing the money according to mere extent of Parish or of population, for of course those Parishes which were most thickly settled had better roads and larger expenditures of great road money; the correct principle he believed was to divide the money equally. In some of the Parishes there were settlers who had been living in their present locations for 20 years, who have scarcely been able to get a wagon to their doors.

Mr. Stickey said that the member from Simonds, Mr. Perkins, should be the last to dissent from the very liberal policy of dividing the bye road money equally; as the great road to Grand Falls ran through Simonds, and its principal cross roads were likewise on the great road list. He should go for 3/4 equal division, as that he conceived to be the fairest, for, if the money were to be so expended where really most needed, the whole grant would be laid out in Brighton, where the bye roads were in a most deplorable state. One strong claim which Brighton had on the road fund, and which claim recommended itself to the inhabitants of this County generally, consisted in the fact that to Brighton, farmers on this side the river were turning their attention, as the best and readiest locality in which to secure land for their sons, and it was there likewise that the incoming emigrants from the old country seek locations, in a majority of cases.

Mr. Lindsay considered that Woodstock stood in a worse position than other Parishes, as she had no wild lands and consequently did not enjoy the benefit which other Parishes derived from settlement and road making under the labor act. In his opinion the expenditure of the whole of the bye road money should be in that County, instead of being as now, half in the County members. As one instance of the state of the bye roads in Woodstock, and the need there was of a large expenditure on them, he mentioned the road from Woodstock to Marvin's mills, which