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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO 13

Poetry.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY BUCHANAN READ.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smiles that well-floor pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping tress
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
The flame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God,
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the soil
Received on Freedom's field of honor?

Select Tale.

[Written for the New York Illustrated News.]

ALFRED MYRDEN'S LOVE.

BY J. HAL. ELLIOT.

CHAPTER V.

[Continued from last issue.]

And so days and weeks fled away—one blissful flight of pleasure-laden hours. My own home was neglected: the grass and weeds grew in the little front garden my mother had kept so neatly; thick dust had accumulated on the windows, chairs, and tables; even the little card on the clock-face was hardly visible, and the dear old clock had long since ceased its monotonous ticking, and the hammer no longer rung the passing hours on the musical bell. I could not bear the place, it was oppressive, deathlike, and everything reminded me too forcibly of the dear lost ones. At night I saw ghosts and appalling visions; the autumnal winds whirled unearthly music in the wide open chimney, and everything was unbearable. What a relief it was to get away to the easy little home near by, where everything was so different, so tasteful and nice, just like its mistress, easy, graceful, and refined. We had never spoken of love; there was no need of it when every word, every look, every act, told the tale more surely than feeble words might tell it. No, Annie Lee needed not to be told that I idolized her, and when she looked at me, as she was wont, so tenderly—the bewildering light of her wondrous eyes satisfied me—I did not ask for more. Our love was wild, earnest, burning, a love which long years could not change or lessen, but it could not last! Our intimacy was of a nature to ruin our reputation without any real cause. We both felt it keenly, and yet there was an instinctive dread of the thought; we did not dare to break in upon the enchanting spell that enthralled us. There was a presentiment of evil, a dark shadow; but at last I determined to know all—even the worst—if there could be any dark side to that sunny picture.

Shall I ever forget that night? Without it was cold, dark, and stormy, but within that sacred little room all was sunlight and happiness; little heedless the mournful wailing of the wind, or the pitiless beating of the storm. She was on the lounge as usual, and had been reading to me little sketches from Moore's "Fire Worshippers." Oh! to hear her read was such an exquisite enchantment; her silvery voice was so finely tempered, every word was clear, distinct, and perfectly modulated; her gestures were animated and graceful, and when she was deeply interested, her eyes would flash brilliantly, and her whole form would pulsate until she became personification of the most bewitching eloquence.

She stopped reading, and the silence was so deep that we could hear the beating of our hearts. When the last faint like echo of her voice had died away, I looked up quickly and said: "Annie, will you be my Annie?" She sprang up in an instant, stood erect before me, and exclaimed almost fiercely: "Alfred! Alfred Myrden, beware! Oh, my God! what have I done? Myself! misery! misery! Yours! your Annie? Heavens! what mockery!" Then she threw herself violently on the lounge, and hiding her face in her arms, wept passionately, and such tears—how that scene has haunted me through all these weary years.

All the while I had stood as one senseless, I was bewildered: was the presentiment true? Almost shudderingly I sat down by her, and drew her head on my breast, where she lay motionless and unresponsive, sobbing like a little child for many moments. I never saw one grow so suddenly calm as she would. She looked up timidly into my face, and saw the misery written there I could not conceal. She shuddered, and whispered convulsively:

"Dear, dear Annie, can you ever forgive me? But to-night I cannot answer you; to-morrow you shall know what I dare not reveal now. Come for me at ten, with our horses, then we will ride, and you shall be answered."

"But, Annie, bid me hope. I cannot wait so long; it is an age of torturing misery!" How she trembled like a wounded bird, as I pressed her closely to my heart.

"Allie,"—the voice was beseeching—"Allie, please do not ask more; you can wait until to-morrow."

I unclasped my arms, put on my overcoat, and stood with my back towards her, pressing my head against the hard edge of the mantle piece; it was a relief, something different from the dull, steady pain, that racked my head, and I could not conceal my dissatisfaction. She came and laid her hand quietly on my arm, I shook it off impatiently, and faced her with a cold, stern look. But it vanished in an instant; how could I be angry, with that meek, pale face, and those imploring eyes upturned to mine? How could I treat her coldly, when those little hands were clasped, as if praying me, be merciful; when that idolized form was bowed and drooping with indescribable anguish? I held

out my arms, she threw her head on my shoulder, wound her arms about me and sobbed:

"Oh! Allie, don't, don't break my poor heart, bear with me just a little longer!"

I held her there a moment, and then tore myself away from her arms, and rushed out into the blinding, beating storm. I enjoyed the relief of nature, it was just like my feelings, turbulent, stormy, and wildly mournful. All night long, I tossed about on my sleepless bed, half-distracted with grief and anxiety.

CHAPTER VI.

When I stood before her gate next morning, with our horses, I looked haggard, and she—I knew she had been most miserable of the two—I never saw a face bearing so unmistakably the impression of an incurable woe. There was not the accustomed smile of welcome that morning; she came down the path-way slowly, pressed my hand, raised her dark, tearful eyes for a single moment, and then we parted, and rode slowly away, she leading. I did not know where we were going, nor did I ask, but I followed, knowing, feeling that before that day's sun should set, my fate would be sealed.

It was a long, weary ride to the city of H— when we reached the suburbs, she reined up, and driving close to my side, said anxiously:

"Allie, will you promise me to be calm for one hour; wait until your return before you give way to your feelings in the least."

I nodded assent, and followed her slowly up to a large brick building—the Insane Asylum!

"Good God! Annie, what are you going here for," I exclaimed.

She only placed her finger on her lips, and dismounting, beckoned me to follow her. She seemed well known in that fearful place; no one obstructed our passage; on we went, through a long hall, down a long flight of stone steps, and through another long corridor, lined on either side with cell-like apartments, from which issued sounds too horrible to be forgotten. Cries, screams, yells, wild shrieks, hoarse laughter, wailing, and horrid moans, greeted us on every side, until my blood curdled; I was dumb with terror.

Suddenly she stopped before one of the cells, pointed through the grated doorway, and said—with her eyes—"look!" In the far corner, chained to the floor, crouched a man, wild, fierce, wretched, now in one of his calmest moods. He did not seem to notice us, but continued a low threatening muttering, ever and anon stretching out his clenched bloody hands, shaking his fist at vacancy, and wrenching the galling chains that bound him.

I wearied of the sight; the atmosphere was thick, dungeon-like; I felt that I should be insane myself, and turned to Annie. She was whiter than a mid-night ghost, but whispered:

"Now we will return, please do not speak to me until we are once more at home."

We reached the gate, mounted our horses, and rode slowly out of the city. Once beyond its limits, Annie whipped her horse to a swift gallop, and I followed. I wondered how a woman could endure so much; she did not stop once, until just at sunset, our horses reeking with foam, we drew up before the little cottage home.

I must hasten over these scenes—this night. I almost repent my determination. I am living over again those fearful days—this vivid recollection will drive me mad. I put up our horses, and was once more in the little sitting-room. I threw myself heavily on the lounge, and waited for her. She came at last, sank on the floor by my side, reached up one little trembling hand for mine, and without raising her head, said with an inexpressible loathing—

"Allie, that man is my husband!"

I had feared it—almost known it—but now that the truth came home to me from her lips, it unnerved me; with a single agonized groan I became insensible.

It was night when I recovered. Annie stood over me, bathing my forehead tenderly—weeping. As those great tears fell on my face, one by one, like drops of molten lead, the whole truth flashed upon me. With a shudder I covered my face with my hands, and whispered—

"Annie, tell me all; I can bear it now."

"I will tell you in a few words, Allie," she answered. "When I was but sixteen, Robert Hassard sued my father for my heart and hand. They had been boys together, and still were on terms of the closest intimacy, and not unwillingly, my father promised, and one day told me that I must marry him. In vain I expostulated, entreated, raved; in vain I told him that I did not and could never love a man so old and unlike me. He was determined, and I knew I must submit, as best I might, for he had an iron will, and although a kind father, was tyrannical when his commands were disputed."

"Long weary years passed, and I tried to persuade myself that time would soften him, I saw Mr. Hassard but seldom, and each interview only increased my loathing and hatred."

A little more than a year ago—it was near my twentieth birthday—a malignant fever that was raging in the city seized my father; the crisis arrived, and they said he must die. Low could I refuse his last command? Robert Hassard and I were married by his deathbed, at midnight, and he almost instantly expired."

Mr. Hassard married me for my wealth, for he never loved me, and I hated him. And so we lived on, seldom meeting, living in the same house, with separate apartments, like strangers. Insanity was hereditary in his family; he plunged deeply into business, embarked a large fortune in an unsuccessful speculation, met with great losses, and finally, trembling on the verge of irretrievable ruin, became a maniac of the worst description, and can never recover. I was almost happy to be comparatively free again, and as soon as possible I left the city, and came here. The rest you know. I saw you at the grave of your mother, and for the first time truly loved. Forgetting my marriage vows—everything—as that love grew stronger, I allowed it to gain entire possession of me, when I knew that you returned my affection. Then followed a few fleeting weeks of such exquisite happiness, that I could not break the spell, which I knew must be broken some time, and soon."

I did not know how long it might have continued; but when you asked me to be your Annie, then a whole mountain of misery seemed to crush

me and I knew the time had come. I need not tell you more. I have sinned, O! so fearfully, I dare not ask your forgiveness or God's. But Allie," how she caressed the name—"Allie, we must part to-night, and forever! Hash! I know what you would say; but I shall die first. Do you think I can out live this agony? No—but you—you must go forth into the world, be a man again, and battle with life's ills bravely. Yes, go—and if you can, forget Annie Lee; if not, live to meet her—where? God grant it may be in Heaven. Now Allie—my Allie once—before this blissful bond is quite unsundered, kneel by me and pray for me, for I shall let us part so."

I knelt beside her; how strange it seemed. I had scarcely breathed a prayer, since when a boy I used to kneel by my mother's knee, and with her hand on my head, kiss "Our Father." But, with my arm tight around her, I prayed, as never mortal prayed before. I called on God very earnestly to forgive her—to forgive us—and a great peace seemed to rest on us both. I ceased, and with a low fervent "Amen," Annie Lee, my first, my last, my only love, fell back on my bosom, and without a single struggle, her spirit went out to Him who gave her life. A smile of transcendent peace rested on her dear face, and I knew she was forgiven. I live but to meet her hereafter.

YOUNG GIRLS.—To our thinking there is no more exquisite creature on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age. There is a period in the summer's morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendour of the day. There is at least full promise of the dazzling noon; but yet the dew-drops glisten on the half-opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So, too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this, when the rising glory of womanhood sparkles from the sports of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of boyhood. Unimpeded yet by the sweeping raiment to which she foolishly aspires, she glides amongst her gayer playfellows like a royal yacht amongst a fleet of coal-barges. Unconsciousness (alas! how soon to depart!) has all the effect of the highest breeding; freedom gives her elegance, and health adorns her with beauty. Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.

THE COQUETTE.—There is an Eastern tale of a magician who discovered by his incantations that the Philosopher's Stone lay on the bank of a certain river, but was unable to determine its locality more definitely. He therefore proceeded along the bank with a pebble of iron, to which he applied successively all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change in the metal, he flung them in to the stream. At last he hit upon the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand. But, alas! he had become so accustomed to the "touch and go" movement, the real stone was involuntary thrown into the river after the others, and lost to him forever. We think this well allegorizes the fate of the coquette. She had tried and disregarded so many hearts that at length she throws the right one away from pure force of habit.

PATCHED GARMENTS.—To the mind of an observer there is a great deal in the patched and mended garments of a poor man. They speak whole volumes of patient poverty. They tell of the unrepining and industrious wife, and of her long and weary hours spent with the needle; of striving endurance of her, who with humble pride, would turn the best side outward. Never scorn the patched coat of a poor laborer—for that laborer, may be, has one at home who loves him, and that is more, alas, than many a rich man has.

THE WATER LILY.—It is a marvel whose this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, which continual washing cannot cleanse. This is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscure life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.

CHILDREN.—Hard be his fate who makes no childhood happy, it is so easy. It does not require wealth, or position, or fame; only a little kindness, and the tact which it inspires. Give a child a chance to love, to play, to exercise his imagination and affections, and he will be happy. Give him the conditions of health, simple food, air, exercise, and a little variety in his occupations, and he will be happy and expand in his happiness.

A waggish old squire was one winter day walking with the minister, when he slipped and fell. "My friend," said the reverend gentleman, "sinners stand on slippery places." "I see they do," said the squire, "but unfortunately I can't!"

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" inquired an Illinois magistrate of the masculine of a couple who stood before him.

"Wall, squire," was the reply, "you must be a green 'un, to ask me such a question as that ar. Do you think I'd be such a playgo fool as to go to the her hunt, and take this gal from the quilting frolic, if I wasn't conspiciously certain and determined to have her? Drive on with your bizness."

A farmer, being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak paragonical of a person, than to be all the time flinging epithets at him, for no good comes to nobody that never speaks no good of no one."

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one; it sweetens the Summer atmosphere; and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effects upon surrounding things, we are assured of its existence.

General News.

THE STEAM BATTERY "MONITOR."—The New York World, speaking of this floating battery, says:—"The 'Monitor' cost over \$275,000—she has proved herself worth one hundred millions. We do overstate the case, and may easily be proved wrong which the 'Merrimack' might have committed, had not the 'Monitor' abruptly arrested her course. Which no other power on the face of land or water could have done. She could have blown our best frigates to atoms, could have scattered our blooming squadrons, could have done havoc in every northern harbor deep enough for her to penetrate. Our Government could not have afforded to part with the little craft that came bobbing round Cape Charles, such a little above the surface of the water, in the moonlight of last Saturday evening, for the best hundred millions of gold ever coined. Had she been under management that was at least with every principle of common sense and common prudence. The sum in question was but dust in the balance when weighed against the tremendous interests at stake. Allowing, what is by no means certain, that this rebellion will get its quietus before the contemplated vessels can be completed, yet, in the case of a prolongation of the war, and the need of a navy, the 'Monitor' would be a most valuable acquisition. The two other vessels were delayed in like manner, and they will not, for weeks yet, be ready for service."

The Senate last week voted down the House measure appropriating fifteen millions for the construction of twenty vessels. Economy is the plea—the same sort of short-sighted penny-wise and pound-fool management that is at work with every principle of common sense and common prudence. The sum in question was but dust in the balance when weighed against the tremendous interests at stake. Allowing, what is by no means certain, that this rebellion will get its quietus before the contemplated vessels can be completed, yet, in the case of a prolongation of the war, and the need of a navy, the 'Monitor' would be a most valuable acquisition. The two other vessels were delayed in like manner, and they will not, for weeks yet, be ready for service."

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF AN ITALIAN COUNTESS.—A death, attended with extraordinary circumstances, has just taken place at Cosena (Rome), in the person of the Countess Cornelia, who had reached the age of sixty-two without any kind of infirmity. One night her attendants observed that, contrary to her usual habits, she appeared rather restless and uneasy after supper, but she nevertheless sat up three hours talking with her maid, and then said her prayers and went to bed. The next morning her maid was horror-struck at seeing the body of her mistress in the state we are about to describe. "Not more than a yard from the bed was a heap of ashes in which lay two legs; the head was between the legs. All the rest of the body had been converted into ashes. The bed was uninjured, the clothes lying as they usually do when a person has risen; all the hangings of the bed were covered with greyish soil, which had penetrated into some drawers and soiled the linen they contained. The floor was covered with the furniture, and the walls, and the bed in the safe was also covered with it, and when offered to several dogs, they would not touch it. In the chamber, over the Countess's room, the lower part of the windows were soiled with a fatty yellow fluid. The whole standing around the body was a mass of an indescribable and most disagreeable smell, and the floor of the chamber was coated with a thick, clammy, and extremely adhesive moisture. The Countess had evidently been consumed by an internal fire. Dr. Bianchi, a physician of the town who has published a pamphlet on the case, thinks that the fire began in the lungs, and was kindled by the heat of the Countess's body, which was found in a state of decomposition. The fire had been kindled by the heat of the Countess's body, which was found in a state of decomposition. The fire had been kindled by the heat of the Countess's body, which was found in a state of decomposition."

THE DECEASED COMMANDER OF THE MERRIMACK.—Franklin Buchanan, who commanded the Merrimack in the late engagement, and has died of the wounds he then received, entered the service in 1815. He resigned last summer, and it is said with great reluctance. He wished afterwards to withdraw his resignation, but was not permitted to do so. He leaves a large family, who were dependent upon his income for their support. He was a native of Maryland.—Exchange.

Commodore Nutt, for whom Barnum gave \$30,000, drew nearly four thousand people to the American Museum on the occasion of his exhibition. He is said to be 13 inches shorter than Tom Thumb. He appeared costumed as a little Commodore, like a "bold sailor boy," as well as in the other characters, singing songs, dancing burlesques, and evincing great agility and grace. The little fellow is quite as diminutive as he has been represented, but, unlike most dwarfs, is sprightly, intelligent, and evidently bent upon making a figure in the world. A few weeks ago he was an obscure New Hampshire farmer's boy, barely able to earn his own subsistence.

LOIN HUNTING ON A GRAND SCALE.—Julius Gerard, the celebrated lion slayer, is getting up an international African society for the purpose of facilitating the exploration of Africa. He has secured the cooperation of Algeria, who ought to contribute to purge Africa of the lions and other wild beasts which, despite the exploits of Bismarck and of Castang, become each year more numerous. Before the French occupation, the Arabs, in order to deliver the provinces from these inconvenient guests, set fire to the forests and thus compelled them to quit their resorts. The superintendents of the public domains, who take care of the African forests, oppose this expensive expedient; but the people of Tunis and Morocco, and all the tribes bordering on the French colonies, continue to burn the forests in order to clear out the wild beasts. In consequence they take refuge in the French possessions where they are protected from fire, thus greatly increasing the number of lions within the last three or four years. One of the conditions required of the International Society of Africa is to capture a great number of these animals alive to stock the Jardin des Plantes and similar collections of natural history. Great cages have been constructed with this design, under the direction of Julius Gerard, as well as instruments for capturing them. The project of creating at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimation a grand menagerie where these animals may propagate and live in the open air is not abandoned, and it is not impossible that next year the Bois de Boulogne may be endowed with one of these menageries.

The second reading of a bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister was carried in the House of Commons on 29 ult. by a majority of 11.

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE.

[From the Official Debates.]

BILL RELATING TO RAILWAYS.

MR. KERR.—The object of the Bill was to prevent the further issuing of Provincial Debentures under the various acts relating to Railways.

In 1856 a Bill was passed, authorizing the Executive Government to issue Provincial Debentures for the purpose of raising money to construct a Railway. The revenue of those Debentures was not to exceed £200,000 per annum. There was no period fixed in the law when this authority was to be an end. When the Attorney General of that day (Mr. Fisher) was in England, he negotiated a loan with the Messrs. Baring Bros. for £800,000, to be advanced in sums of £200,000 sterling a year.

In accordance to this proposal, the Messrs. Baring had suggested that the sum of £60,000 should be the whole amount of the loan to construct the Railway from Shediac to St. John; and that this sum should be limited, as the largest amount, by Legislative enactment. The general impression through the country had been, that the issue of these Debentures had been limited to that amount, which was not, however, the case. In passing this Act, the House had authorized the issue of the whole line from Shediac to St. John, and pointed out the manner in which a sinking fund was to be created for their ultimate redemption, viz., by sale of the lands along the line of railway, and 1½ per cent out of the profits of the Road. It was particularly specified and required by the Act, that quarterly accounts, containing detailed statements of the amount of monies raised and Debentures issued, and of interest and dividends paid thereon, should be regularly submitted to the Legislature as the work progressed.

This had never been done, as far as he could discover. Another strange thing was, that while all public officers, who submitted accounts, were bound to verify them by affidavit, the accounts and returns of this expenditure had never been authenticated in any way.

He found that in the Journals of 1859, Appendix, page 338, after a full and detailed estimate had been carefully prepared, Mr. Light, the Chief Engineer, in his Report, says that the cost of the whole line from Shediac to St. John, to Shediac, 108 miles, including Moncton Branch Station, wharves, rolling stock, land damage and all, would amount to £8,500 currency per mile, or an average of £7,083 sterling. The estimate was based on the actual cost of the divisions from Moncton to Shediac, and from St. John to Salmon Brook, which were finished; the several contracts, with one exception, finally closed, and amounts settled, and the unfinished contracts were assumed at 15 per cent as allowance for contingencies. The land damage was estimated at £30,000, or £277 per mile; but the amount had been exceeded last year, some £13,000 or £14,000, and finally amounted to over £37,000.

The estimate referred to was in 1859. In 1860 Mr. Light had made new discoveries. In the Journals of 1860, page 338, he found Mr. Light come forward in another Report, and states that in consequence of incomplete surveys, and of the difficulty of knowing with precision the amount and kind of work required to be done, in constructing the Railway in a new country, this allowance of 15 per cent was too limited, and the ultimate cost would probably exceed the estimate about 15 per cent more. He further added, that, as all the works were nearly finished, he had the means of knowing that this calculation was nearly correct. According to the Report of the Chief Commissioner of the Road, the cost of the Road was £1,090,431; and Mr. Jardine, in that Report, said that having fulfilled the trust reposed in them, the Commissioners request to tender their resignation.

Mr. Light, in another Report for 1860, dated 10th January, 1861, says, that the cost of the Road up to November, 1859, was £1,090,431, and probably £200,000 more would be required to settle up all accounts. In concluding that Report, he says as follows: "I beg to congratulate you on having brought this great enterprise to a termination so eminently successful."

In Mr. Jardine's Report for 1862, page 11, he says, the cost per mile on the 1st November, 1861, amounted to £8,774 sterling. The total cost of the Road, as appears from these Reports, up to November, 1860, was \$4,548,564. To be added to this was the amount of the 24 per cent, interest, paid towards the interest \$844,232, making the cost up to \$5,392,796, or £1,048,181. These figures showed that the cost of the Road had actually cost no less than £12,575 per mile. All parties connected with it had reported, in 1860, that it was complete; and notwithstanding all this it appeared by the Report of the Secretary in 1861, that it was not complete. Last year a debt of \$186,000 had been added to the former debt of the Province, on account of that Road.

By the reports it appeared that the net revenue, arising from the Road, in 1860 was

1860	£5,735
1861	10,496
1862	9,108
In all	\$25,339
There had been paid to the Treasurer in 1861	\$7,277
	6,211

Making in all £13,518. Which left a balance, when deducted from the gross amount of the net revenue, of £11,880. Here was over £11,000 which the accounts showed had been realized as net proceeds from the road, and there was nothing to show that it had ever been paid into the Treasury. Last year alone out of the net earnings of the Road, there appeared to have been \$21,000 and upwards received, which was not stated to have been paid into the Treasury, but passed to the general balance of the Province. This, he said, was an extremely dangerous practice. The earnings and receipts of the Road should all be first paid into the Public Treasury; and afterwards Warrants drawn upon it for all the expenses—thus placing every item to its proper, never in the Treasurer's account, and placing the receipts and expenses in such a shape that they could, at once, be understood by all without explanation.

The Estimated Railway Impost, for 1861, had been \$116,000. In aid of that \$85,900 was asked by, and granted, to make up the necessary amount of interest; this would bring the whole sum up to \$201,900. The actual receipts of interest for 1861, had been \$2,151 only, and in aid of this was charged to the ordinary revenue \$100,273, which brought the amount up to \$202,424, about \$50,000, or more than had been estimated or asked for, equal to the yearly interest of over £200,000.

From all that he could gather or find out from the accounts, (and he wished to ask the honor the Secretary, if this were not the case) the Country was now paying interest on interest, in this way. Money had been borrowed to meet the interest of the Railway debt as it became due; on this money the Country was now, also, paying interest. He would not assert that this was the case, but could not arrive at any other conclusion. This debt had been going on and on, and increasing more and more, every year. It had now assumed most formidable dimensions. Its effects most seriously injured the Country, if continued, and it was high time for that House to resume this unlimited power of pledging the country's credit and involving it in debt, which it had so long ago vested in the Government.

Ten thousand pounds of these debentures had been issued since November last, and sent home for sale; and still, as the Secretary had stated, it was found necessary to negotiate a loan of £30,000. Three thousand pounds had actually been drawn on this loan, negotiated by the Government, without any authority from the House. He did not know what authority this had been done. It was quite as safe to have the management of these loans and

debentures in the hands of the House, as in those of the Government. Then, if it is necessary to issue Debentures, let the Government come to the House, and ask leave to do so.

There was another just ground of complaint against the management of the Railway. No regular accounts at short periods were published. It had been said there was no law to compel this. In other countries there was no law either, but such accounts were published, nevertheless. In the United States full accounts of the receipts and expenditure were published at short and regular periods. In Nova Scotia they were published once in a fortnight, by order of the Governor in Council there, and it was a principle of which he highly approved. The receipts of the road were paid over to the Treasurer every week, and the disbursement paid out as other public monies.

Another point.—He found no warrant, during the whole of the fiscal year, up to the 31st October last, had been drawn on the Treasurer in favor of the Chief Commissioner for money to pay expenses of the Road. Where was the money obtained to pay for this during the year? If he got it from Banks, they would charge interest on it. The inference was, that the earnings of the Road were allowed to lie in the hands of the Commissioner, in place of being paid into the treasury, out of which he paid the contingent expenses of the road. This, he contended, ought not to be the case. He desired to know who was authorized, in this way, to carry the neat earnings over to the construction account, without their ever being paid into the Treasurer's hands at all; and, he wished, also, to know whether the net earnings of the road were, or were not paid into the Treasury before otherwise appropriated. If they were not, he objected to the continuance of a system of this kind. In Nova Scotia their method was entirely different, and much more satisfactory. In their Savings Bank they had taken \$75,000, on which they paid but 4 per cent. while on the Savings Bank debt of this Province they paid 6 per cent. In 1847, a Law passed our Legislature, that all old outstanding Debentures should be taken up, when over 5 per cent was paid, and the interest on all reduced to that rate. All those Debentures were to be called in and the interest reduced to that rate. As the matter now stood, the Province was paying 6 per cent. on £187,000 to the St. John Savings Bank, and the other investments by Savings Banks cost the Province 6 per cent., while the Bank loan was at 4 per cent.

In Nova Scotia they had £100,000 referred to, in their railway, and kept that much of their debt in their own Province; so that the interest on it was distributed among themselves, and £122,000 of their railway debentures were sold in the Province. The interest on all this sum was, thus, kept in the country. It would have been in our Province, and it would have been in the same hands, as £100,000 could have been sold in our Province, and even if they had got as much premium, it would have been made up by the saving in commissions and per centages, payable to Barings.

There appeared to him to be some discrepancy in the accounts of the Treasurer; interest was there charged on over £90,000, and £100,000 at most. He did not doubt that it was all right, but it required some explanation. He had no desire to impugn the utility of a great public work, but thought it was time the present state of affairs were brought to a close.

HON. PROVINCIAL SECRETARY said he had not read the Bill, nor did he know what its merits were. He would not then go fully into a consideration of the speech of the hon. member for Northumberland, but would refer briefly to a few points, and reserve his comments upon the others, for a few days as he did not suppose it was the intention of the honorable member to press it at once.

With regard to the Savings Bank. This was a question which depended entirely upon its own merits; and had nothing whatever to do with the Bill. It had been very freely discussed, last year in all its bearings, and but one feeling was then expressed as to the propriety of providing a safe place of deposit for the savings of the poor. It was then decided that the Province should, and afford them a moderate return for the investment of their earnings. The maintenance of this institution was calculated to produce frugal and industrious habits, by affording the workers and laboring classes a place to invest the proceeds of their labor, where it would be not only secured, but would also be increased by the interest on the savings. It was then decided that the Province should, and afford them a moderate return for the investment of their earnings. The maintenance of this institution was calculated to produce frugal and industrious habits, by affording the workers and laboring classes a place to invest the proceeds of their labor, where it would be not only secured, but would also be increased by the interest on the savings. It was then decided that the Province should, and afford them a moderate return for the investment of their earnings. The maintenance of this institution was calculated to produce frugal and industrious habits, by affording the workers and laboring classes a place to invest the proceeds of their labor, where it would be not only secured, but would also be increased by the interest on the savings. It was then decided that the Province should, and afford them a moderate return for the investment of their earnings. The maintenance of this institution was calculated to produce frugal and industrious habits, by affording the workers and laboring classes a place to invest the proceeds of their labor, where it would be not only secured, but would also be increased by the interest on the savings. It was then decided that the Province should, and afford them a moderate return for the investment of their earnings. The maintenance of this institution was calculated to produce frugal and industrious habits, by affording the workers and laboring classes a place to invest the proceeds of their labor, where it would be not only secured, but would also be increased by the interest on the savings. It was then decided that the Province should, and afford them a moderate return for the investment of their earnings. The maintenance of this institution was calculated to produce frugal and industrious habits, by affording the workers and laboring classes a place to invest the proceeds of their labor, where it would be not only secured, but would also be increased by the interest on the savings. It was then decided that the Province should, and afford them a moderate return for the investment of their earnings. The maintenance of this institution