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Poetry.

EVENING SOLACE.

By CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

The human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed;
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed.
And days may pass in gay confusion,
And nights in noisy riot fly,
While lost in fame's or wealth's illusion
The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening silence come,
When soft as birds their pinions closing
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seem to languish
A tender grief that is not true,
And thoughts that once were groans of anguish,
Now cease but some mild tears to flow.

Select Tale.

"THAT WHICH SATISFIETH."

A LIFE LESSON.

"I declare," said Abner Leeds, speaking to his wife, as they were walking home one evening, "Philip Twombly's house has a comfortable, cosy, appearance."

"So it has," was the reply of his wife.

"How neat and well arranged Mary Twombly keeps everything," pursued Abner. "She is an excellent woman."

The wife was thoughtful and made no reply to this.

"I did not mean, Julia, that she was better than my own wife. Of course you didn't understand me."

"No Abner; I did not think you would find fault with me. At all events, I try not to give you occasion," Julia Leeds looked up with a smile and pleasantly replied. "Mary Twombly is a good housekeeper, and a warm, devoted friend. Still, I think her house is no better than ours."

"Of course it is not," said Abner.

"Only," continued Julia, "she has more to do with it. Our house is exactly like theirs in its construction; it is finished in the same manner, and even the wall paper is the same."

"Yes," replied Abner. "Our houses were built by the same man, and from the same plan."

"It is the addition of those pictures, and pretty ornaments, which make Twombly's rooms look so cheerful," remarked Julia. "Oh how much pictures do add to the attractiveness of a home. Don't you think so, Abner?"

"Why—yes, Julia—I think they do."

"And," pursued the wife, "what fine pictures they have. How neat and pretty the frames are, and how tastefully they are arranged. I think I could arrange some very tastefully, too, if I had time."

Abner Leeds did not reply at once to this, but finally he said, a little dubiously:

"I don't know, after all, Julia, as such things are of any real benefit."

"Oh yes they are, Abner. Everything is a benefit which helps to make home cheerful; and what is there in the way of ornament, more cheerful than good pictures? They are companions. I should not be homesick where there are pretty pictures. Think when you are tired and weary, or when you are weak and sick, how much comfort you can take in resting the eye upon a cheerful picture. Pictures make a room attractive; and surely we cannot have too many attractions at home."

Abner Leeds liked pictures; and he knew that his wife was aware of that fact; so he could not dispute her position. He could only say:

"I admit all that Julia; but you know I cannot afford to buy pictures. I have often thought, when I have been at Twombly's house, that I would like pictures and merriment like his; but its of no use to wish for them. I find no money for such extras."

"I wish we could have a few, Abner; but I wouldn't wish for them unwisely. Perhaps at some time, you can afford to purchase some."

At this juncture they arrived at their own house, and entered the quiet little sitting room where Julia's sister was caring for the two bright eyed children. The apartment was as neat and tidy as any in town; but the walls were bare; and as Julia cast her eyes over the vacant spaces, her thoughts might be easily read. How pleasant some pretty pictures would look there; and how much more cheerful the room would be.

Perhaps, as Abner and his wife sat there took the children had gone to bed, their thoughts took the same channel. Julia knew that Philip Twombly did not receive any more wages than her husband. She knew that they both owned their houses, and that they both had about the same expenses to meet in the support of their families. Julia thought of this; but she would not speak of it, for she knew he was not a spendthrift; and if he had any little habits which he wished to indulge, she would not find fault. He was kind and generous, and true and faithful, and she prized him as a precious companion.

"I am thinking of pictures," Abner said as he saw his wife's eyes wandering over the bare walls. Julia started, but quickly replied, with a smile:

"Not selfishly, my good husband." She kissed him, and then added— "Sometime, when you can afford it, you will buy me one, I know, and until then I shall be content."

Abner kissed his wife in return, and said that he would certainly buy a picture when he had the money to spare.

Only a few days after this, Abner met Philip Twombly, and the latter had a fine oil painting under his arm.

"Come home with me and see it," said Philip.

It was only a few steps to Twombly's house, and Abner went with him. The picture was taken from its wrapper, and proved to be a beautiful landscape, from some of the lake scenery of New York; and when it was hung in its place upon the wall, it seemed nearly to shed new radiance over the apartment. It was attractive and refreshing.

"I declare," said Abner, as he cast his eyes about over the pictures, "I should like some such as these, but I don't have the money to spare. What

did this landscape cost?"

"The picture and frame together cost fourteen dollars."

"Upon my soul Philip, I don't see how you afford it."

"Ah," replied Philip Twombly, with a smile, "there's a secret in that."

"A secret?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you, Abner. Just sit down, and you shall know how I afford these little attractions to my home."

Abner Leeds sat down, and Philip spoke as follows:

After we had been married a year, or a little more, we went to visit my wife's uncle. He had a great many valuable pictures in his house, and both Mary and I took much pleasure in looking at them. When we came home Mary often expressed the wish that we could have some pictures. I wished as much as she did, but I was not so free in the expression of my wish, because I felt that I could not afford such luxuries. One day while we were in the book-store, we saw a picture which we both fancied. It was an engraving, a scene—from Shakspeare—there it hangs in that gilt frame. The price was ten dollars, for the picture and frame.

Mary was very eager, but I had to put her off. I had not ten dollars to spare. That evening as I sat alone in this very room, looking up at the very place where that picture now hangs, I thought how pleasant it would be to have the ornament there, and how much it would please my wife. I think this last consideration had the most weight with me then, for Mary was a precious wife, and did so much for my comfort. As I sat thus pondering, I took out a cigar, and was upon the point of lighting it, when I remembered that Mary had asked me not to smoke in the parlor, because the odor of the tobacco clung so long to the curtains. I was in a thoughtful mood, and my thoughts took a curious turn—a new turn for me. They ran in this way:

"I could not possibly afford to buy the picture which my wife so much wanted, and which would add so much to the cheerful aspect of our parlor. Ten dollars was more than I had to spare for any such purpose. I looked at the cigar which I held in my fingers, and thought what that cost. I knew that I paid five cents for it, and that I was in the habit of smoking four or five of them in a day, and sometimes more. My cigars did not always cost so much as that, but I did not hesitate to set down that item of expense at fifteen cents a day. This led me to another thing. I drank from three to four glasses of ale a day, making another daily item of at least fifteen cents. So here was an expense of thirty cents a day for ale and cigars. I reckoned it up, and found that it amounted to over two dollars a week; and about one hundred and nine dollars a year! So, in a little over four weeks, I smoked and drank a ten dollar picture!"

"This led me to another thought. What good did the cigars do me, and what good did the ale? I rather fancied that I should be better off without them. Not only were they making a bonanza of me, but I had good reason to believe that they were gradually undermining my health. I sat an hour in this mood, and when I arose, my resolution for the future was taken. I threw my cigar away, and on the evening of the next day, I put thirty cents into a box, having left my ale untouched. On the day following I did the same, and so I kept on doing. For a few weeks I missed my old masters, and there were some seasons of struggle; but I had an object in view, and I was firm. At the end of a month I found ten dollars in my box, and I went and bought the picture. When I saw my wife's sparkling eye, and received her warm kiss of thanks, I had reward enough for all the efforts I had made. But this reward was not all. I not only conquered an evil habit, and gained thereby the means of adding new attractions to our home, but I also improved in mental and physical strength. That was something over three years ago. The old box is still in use, and into it drops my daily tribute. Thus, you see, the pictures which adorn our walls, the ornaments upon our mantles, and the little statues in our garden, are the things which I have chosen in lieu of ale and cigars. In short, Abner, in the expenditure of money for the purchase of what we may term luxuries, I have learned to strive after that which satisfies."

When Abner Leeds went to his home that evening, he had new thoughts in his mind. He made daily use of ale and cigars. He had never thought of any harm, and even now he did not regard it in that light. But he was led to ask himself if from his limited means his spare money might not be spent for something which would be of more benefit to himself and family. He had strength of mind enough to keep a resolution when it was once formed, and before he pressed his pillow that night, his resolution had been taken. On the following morning he prepared himself a box, with a hole in the top, and when evening came, he dropped into it three dimes. It was the money saved from the old channel. He had smoked no cigars and he had drunk no ale through the day. Another day passed with the same result. It came hard; there was a conflict and a struggle. Such tyrants were not to be conquered without effort. But Abner Leeds was firm. His foot had been set, in the new course, and he would not yield his manhood to old appetite. And he triumphed. When the tempter was entirely put away—when the desire for the old narcotic and stimulant had been wholly overcome, he went to his box, and he found fifteen dollars there. Away he went to the store where pictures were sold, and purchased a pair of handsomely framed engravings. He carried them home, and hung them up, and called his wife to look at them.

Where did they come from? O, how pretty! She hoped he had not inconvenienced himself in purchasing them.

And then Abner told his wife the whole story—told her what he had done, and what he meant to do.

Ah! when the arms of his fond wife were about his neck, when she kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how happy and grateful she was—then he began to realize in a new and brighter light, the reward of his self sacrifice.

And Abner Leeds was true to his promise. As the months rolled on, new pictures were added;

new books were brought home; pleasant ornaments graced the mantles; and new joys thus flowed to the household. And for all this what had he lost? Nothing. He had been the gainer in every way. It was truly a blessed lesson of life which he had learned, and he tried to teach it to others, so that other homes might be as bright and cheerful, and as attractive as his own.

A Paragraph for Ladies.

Most of our fair readers have a decided aversion to that part of their duty which falls under the "patching and darning" denomination. They are of opinion that a "rent may be the accident of a day, a darn premeditated poverty." But if they only knew how pretty a well-executed piece of repair looks, when you see in its warp and woof the bright threads of economy and independence, and womanly thrift, crossing and re-crossing each other, they would lay aside embroidery and crocheted-work and take up, instead, the mending-basket.

We rode down town the other day, when the only occupants of the stage were a young gentleman and a lovely girl, of, we should think, about eighteen. She was the prettiest, freshest-looking girl one would want to see—there was no tell tale traces of midnight parties and headachy mornings in these peach-blossom cheeks, and clear, bright eyes; and all the numberless little items of her dress were as fresh and trim as she herself—from the pink bonnet-strings down to the neatly fitting gloves, and delicate garter boots. If we had been an old bachelor, or a young one either, we would certainly have fallen in love with that girl, particularly after we had discovered that she was as industrious as pretty.

And how do you suppose we found it out? The handkerchief that lay in her lap told us so. The neat little darn, elaborately executed, in its corner, with its small white stitches and skillful handiwork had a tongue quite audible to our ears. Time and patience and wise company had been there. The gentleman sitting opposite saw the little token also; we noticed his eye turning from the handkerchief to the blooming face, and back to the handkerchief again, and we knew perfectly well what he was thinking of—the good wife the young lady would make, and how neat her husband's cravats and stockings would be! Poor fellow, the edges of his shirt-bosom were a little frayed, and one or two buttons were missing, whose detection the most skillful arrangement of his cravat-ends could not conceal. Perhaps he had a wife who did not believe in mending and darning—perhaps he had none at all. However that may have been, his admiring eyes appreciated the darn on the handkerchief more than it had been the richest and most sight-dazzling embroidery—not for what it was, but what it betokened. Girls! don't shrink from a mended place as if it were a plague spot; the longer your old things last, the better able you will be to have new ones by and by. Sensible people read your character in little things; and nobody will think the worse of you, whatever may be your station in life, for the exercise of economy and thrift. A stitch in time saves nine, and sometimes it saves a great deal more than that.

THE POWER OF MONEY.—The late Sir Robert Peel spoke in the House of Commons in the year 1835 to the following effect:—"When I was Chief Secretary of Ireland, a murder was committed between Garrick-on-Sair and Clonmel. A Mr.—had a deadly revenge towards a Mr.—and he employed four men at two guineas each to murder him. There was a road on each side of the river Suir, from Garrick to Clonmel, and placing two men on each road, the escape of his victim was impossible. He was therefore foully murdered, and the country was so shocked by this heinous crime that the Government offered £500 for the discovery of each of the murderers. And can it be believed," said Sir Robert Peel, "that the miscreant who bribed the four murderers was the very man who came and gave information which led to their execution?" and, again exclaimed Sir Robert, "with these hands I paid in my office in Dublin Castle, the sum £2000 to that monster in human shape."—*Kerry Star.*

A BRIEF LECTURE ON BUSINESS.—A calm blue-eyed self-possessed young lady in a village "down East" received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither. "I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr. D. Now, if folks inquire again whether you be or not, what shall I tell 'em I think?" "Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unflinching steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, tell them that you think you don't know, and you are sure it is none of your business."

An unfortunate editor in Kentucky, thus addresses his delinquent subscribers:—"Friends we are almost penniless—Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present depressed treasury. To-day if the price of salt was two cents a barrelful, we couldn't buy enough to pickle a jay-bird."

"I haven't taken a drop of liquor for a year," said an individual of questionable morals. "Indeed! but which of your features are we to believe your lips or your nose?"

"I remember," says Lord Eddon. "Mr. Justice Gold trying a case at York, and I when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed:—'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box, where is the twelfth?' "Please, your, my lord," said one of the eleven, "he has gone away about some other business, but he has left his verdict with me."

"Speaking of bathing," says Mrs. Partington from behind the steam that arose from her tea, as a veil to her blushes, when touching upon so delicate a subject, "some can bathe with perfect impunity in water, as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands; but for my part, I prefer to have the water a little tepid."

A merchant, lately advertising for a clerk, "who could stand confinement," received an answer from one who had been years in the state prison!

As the storm which bruises the flower nourishes the tree, so absence, which starves a weak affection, strengthens a strong one.

Items, Foreign & Local.

They say half a million people attended the last Derby race in England, and many dollars changed hands by betting.

In the Hall of the Natural History Society at Portland, they have a plank six feet five inches wide. It was sawed from one of the mammoth trees of California.

Andrew Belcher Gray, a Colonel in the Engineer Department of the Confederate army, and brother of the Hon. John H. Gray, of St. John, was killed at Fort Pillow on the 27th April.

The Portland Press says that in order that the State of Maine may be able to send forward her quota of troops recently called for with promptitude, and probably will be necessary to order a draft on the militia; and adds: "Why not? If men are wanted at once, they must be furnished at once."

There appears to be a very large emigration to the Mormon country this season. As many as six thousand wagons started a few days ago to cross the plains. A great part of these emigrants are from England and Scotland.

The Boston Journal acknowledges the receipt of "some" strawberries that weighed an ounce each, and measured six inches in circumference.

The quantity of Cotton burned by the Southerners to prevent its falling into the hands of the Federals, is estimated at 1,650,000 bales and its present value at \$165,000,000.

A ship has arrived at Halifax from Wales with 30 Welsh miners who want employment at the Nova Scotia gold diggings.

According to the Quebec Gazette, the order for the return of the Drill-Sergeants to England, per steamer from Quebec on 28th inst, was countermanded for the present.

It is said that Queen Victoria has once or twice visited the international Exhibition in privacy.

Gold is at a premium of Twenty per cent. in New York, and sterling exchange is 150. It is further said that there is a great panic in New York, consequent upon the refusal of the British Government to give up the *Emily St. Pierre*.

Princeton College has conferred the honorary degree of A. M., on the Rev. William Elder, of St. Stephen, Editor of the *Colonial Presbyterian*.

We observe by the English News that General Bruce, the gentleman who was here with the Prince of Wales, has just died in London.

Another Comet was discovered by Prof. Bond, Director of the Observatory, Cambridge, on the night of the 2d instant, in the Constellation "Ursa Minor."

The Toronto Leader notices the falling off of emigration to the Canadian provinces this year, so different from what was anticipated, and remarks that "it is not easy to account for this unsatisfactory state of affairs."

New wheat has been brought to market at Chicago. The price \$1 10 per bushel.

Professor Kirby, of ventriloquist fame, has been arrested in New York on a charge of having four more wives than the laws allow. His last conquest was a venerable widow of sixty-two, with fifteen thousand pecuniary accomplishments. Claimants on the Professor's hand and heart are located in Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Philadelphia, and Philadelphia—two in the latter place.

Mr. Cyrus Bad of London, Vermont, owned a sheep the past season that had a lamb with two regularly formed heads. The heads were attached to the right and left of the neck, side by side, and were similar in size and shape.

New potatoes were sold last week in St. John for 60 cents per bushel, from the farm of John Robertson, Grand Lake.

The St. John Brigade Band spent the greater part of the 4th July in Somerville, Mass., where they performed much to the satisfaction of the citizens.

Two oxen weighing 2,200 lbs each were received at the Halifax Meat Market last week. New potatoes have been sent to Halifax from Wolfville, N. S.

Mrs. Martha Tyler, a widow, living in Henrico County, Virginia, ten miles west of Richmond, has eight sons in the service of the Confederate States.

What next? Marriage Licenses are we see, advertised for sale in Westmorland, in the *Times*.

Massachusetts' quota of troops, under the late call of the President, is 15,507.—Can they be raised?

During the first five months of the present year, goods to the value of \$72,000,000 were imported into the United States, while the exports amount to only \$51,000,000.

The olive tree is extensively cultivated in the southern part of the State of California, and olive oil, of excellent quality, is manufactured and sold in considerable quantities.

The Rev. Dr. Wood has been elected President of the Canadian Wesleyan Conference.

A number of Shares of Bank Stock were sold in St. John on Wednesday, at from 8 to 10 per cent discount.

The last Wesleyan contains the valedictory of its editor, the Rev. Charles Churchill, who is about to return to England.

Mr. Osborne, Manager of the St. Andrews Railroad informs us that it is the intention of the Directors of the road to establish a telegraph along the line of the Railroad from St. Andrews to the present terminus at the Houlton Road. In that event a subscription will probably be raised to continue the line to this place. The cost including instruments, etc., is estimated will not exceed \$22,000. So says a St. John contemporary.

The Telegraph office Fredricton narrowly escaped destruction on Sunday, during the storm, by the electric fluid entering it on the Woodstock wire. A number of slips of paper, used for writing messages, were half consumed. No further damage was done.

The *Freeman* says on Friday morning a Confederate Flag was raised on the Flag Staff of one of the Engine Houses. This was done probably because the day was the Fourth July, and some of the boys wanted to celebrate in that way the recent Confederate successes. The Mayor very properly ordered the Flag to be taken down as soon as he heard of its being up.

Mr. Frederick M. Edge, correspondent of the London *Star*, is believed to be a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. He was missed by his friends after the battle of Gaines Hill.

The latest accounts from Newfoundland state that hay was selling there for £10 per ton.

The total number of men who have emigrated from California and British Columbia since the year commenced is estimated at 20,000.

The King of Prussia has conferred the order and the gold medal of the arts and sciences on Madame José Ristori, the celebrated actress. It is the first time that this honor has been conferred on a female.

Kerosene has been used successfully in destroying the small white insect current and gooseberry bushes. Put a small quantity into a sprinkling pot and shower the bushes.

General News.

ANOTHER ELEVATOR BUILT.—A few weeks since we had to chronicle the fall of a portion of the elevator warehouse of Port Stanley, and now we find from the signal that a similar accident has occurred at Godrich. It appears that on Monday evening about six o'clock the eastern end of the grain elevator of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway at Godrich, yielding to the pressure of its contents, fell with a crash. A track passes through the building to permit cars to go under it to load. At the time of the accident a car was loading with wheat, in which were four men, two at each end of the car. It stood partly under the building. John Geyo was attending at the spouts which conducted the grain to the car; he heard a noise as of timbers breaking; it was repeated; he walked to the end of the building, only a few paces, and instantly discovered what was wrong. He called to the men in the car, but the words had barely been uttered, when beams, boards, and wheat, mingling in one confused mass, and falling to the ground, smashed to pieces the end of the car which projected beyond the elevator and buried in its ruins Michael Cotter. John McCallum, who was in the same end of the car as Cotter, endeavored to escape, and was partly successful. He was caught by the legs, but managed to get the rest of his body without the car, and sustained no serious injury. The other two men escaped unhurt. It was nearly an hour before the body of Cotter was extricated; then life was extinct. The end of the elevator which burst is about 48 feet wide, divided into three bays, which contained about 2,000 bushels of wheat each. They are built of 3 by 6 inch plank spiked together. It was at one time intended to fasten them together with bolts, but it has never been done, and the impression that a sight of it leaves upon the mind is not one of great stability.—*London Free Press*

THE WOOD TRADE.—We cannot—indeed it is not expedient—note any improvement in this branch of trade. The shipments to Great Britain and Irish ports, for the fortnight beginning on the 24th inst, and ending on the 7th inst., were 22 tons of Birch, 215 of Pine, and 5,330,000 superficial feet of Deals, a decline of over 1,000,000 superficial feet of Deals as compared with the preceding fortnight. The clearances in the fortnight were—Liverpool, 5 vessels of 4,730 tons, with 4,024,000 feet of Deals; Clyde, 1 vessel of 404 tons, with 352,000 feet; Irish Ports, 4 vessels of 857 tons, with 872,000 feet; and 91,000 feet to other ports. In 1860, the clearances from 1st January to 31st July, for British ports with wood goods, were 139 ships, of 87,108 tons, with 3,550 tons of Birch, 13,316 of Pine, and 55,844,000 superficial feet of Deals. In 1861, during the same period, 179 ships, of 102,928 tons, with 3,654 tons of Birch, 12,159 of Pine, and 78,318,000 superficial feet of Deals. In the present year, during the same period, 95 ships of 67,483 tons, with 1,894 tons of Birch, 9,273 of Pine, and 53,227 superficial feet of Deals. There were in port on the 7th, 13 ships of 8,766 tons, against 31 ships of 22,314 tons—of which 7 are loading for Liverpool, against 10 in 1861.

On Tuesday 1st inst., the Court was occupied with the important case of Berton Bros., vs. the Central Bank.

This was an action brought by the Plaintiffs to recover the amount of an order of John McIntosh on the Central Bank. It appeared in evidence that an arrangement had been made by the Bank with McIntosh to receive certain property from him in absolute assignment, and to pay the claims of a number of parties against his estate for logs felled last spring. McIntosh accordingly drew up on the Bank in favor of the parties for their respective claims payable in instalments, and the Bank made the first payment punctually, endorsing the amount on the orders, but on demand being made for the second payment it was refused on the ground that Mr. McIntosh had no funds in the Bank. It was further ascertained that the President declined to accept the orders, *pro forma*, but assured the parties that the payment would be made. Defendants Counsel took the ground that as there was no written acceptance the Bank was not liable, and for Plaintiffs it was urged that the endorsement of the first payment and the verbal promise of a remainder was a legal acceptance. The point was reserved and the Jury returned a verdict for Plaintiffs.

The case assumed additional interest and importance from the fact, that it was but one of a number occupying the same position, and the Judge's decision of the reserved point will be looked for with much anxiety.

Counsel for Plaintiffs, Hon. John A. Street; A. R. Wetmore, Esq., and—*for Defendants*—*Philanthropist*.

WESLEYAN MINISTERS.—The following appointments have been made by the Wesleyan Conference now sitting in Halifax, for New Brunswick, for the ensuing year:—

St. John South—Matthew Richey, D. D., James R. Norraway, A. M., A. J. Anderson, Wm. Temple, and John B. Brownell, Superintendents.

St. John North—John Prince.

St. John West—Hezekiah McKewen, R. Taylor.

St. Andrew's—William Smith.

St. David's—William Wilson.

St. Stephen—Robert A. Temple.

Mill Town—Thomas Angwin.

Sussex Vale—Isaac D. Currie.

Grand Lake—Robert Wilson.

Godrich—Stephen T. Teed.

Kingston—John Mosher.

Upland—James R. Hart.

Federicton—James England.

Sheffield—Richard Waddell.

King's Clear—Edward Evans.

Woodstock—William Wilson and Joseph G. Angwin.

MOUNT ALLISON WESLEYAN COLLEGE AND ACADEMY—President—H. Pickard, D. D.

PROFESSOR IN INSTITUTE—George S. Milligan, A. M.

PRINCIPAL OF FEMALE BRANCH—John Allison, A. M.

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION—C. DeWolfe, D. D.

Moncton—George M. Barratt; W. Allen, Superintendency.

Richibucto—Douglas Chapman.

The Rev. John McMurray has been appointed editor of the Halifax Wesleyan by the Conference.

Yesterday afternoon officers Jones and Warren of the United States Marshal's office, arrested five men in this city—father and four sons—for having on divers occasions expressed their sympathy with the rebels.—Their names are Charles P. Gordon, head of the firm of Gordon & Co., silversmiths, No. 190 Washington street, Curtis S. Gordon, Frederick S. Gordon, John H. Gordon and George B. Gordon. The four first named reside in Melrose, the latter in Brighton.

It is said that upon the reception of the news of the late sad reverse of the Union army before Richmond, those men, one and all, were heard to cheer for Jeff. Davis and utter groans for McClellan. Their loyalty was suspected by many of their acquaintances, and Messrs. William Washburn and Peter Hobart Jr., waited upon them and requested them to display the stars and stripes, which they refused to do. The case will be examined on Thursday.—*Boston Journal*

A notice in the *Royal Gazette*, requests that in future all official correspondence transmitted by mail to the Crown Land Department, be addressed to the Surveyor General.

The residence of James Boyd, Esq., M. P. P., at St. Andrews, was destroyed by fire on the night of Sunday, 29th ult.

CRICKET MATCH.—A cricket match, which excited a good deal of interest, came off on Tuesday, on the new cricket ground near the Common. The players were the Halifax Club, against an eleven from New Brunswick, of the "St. Anne's" club, Fredericton.

The wickets were pitched at 12 o'clock, and the Halifax club winning the choice, took the field, when the St. Anne's went in and scored 82 for their first innings.

The Halifax club, on going to the wickets