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NO. 28

Poetry.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

My little wife once (his strange, but his true)
Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane,
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming
The bell chimed and ceased, yet she heard not its strain;
The bell chimed and ceased, yet she heard not its strain;
And I walking near her,
(May love ever cheer her)
Who thinks all such wandering of sin void and free,
Strove hard to persuade her
That he who had made her
Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.
My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—
Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane,
Sat on the hill-side till her shadow grew long,
Nor tired of the preacher that thus could detain.
I argued so neatly,
And proved so completely
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be,
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,
And owned that she loved and would wed none but me.
My little wife, if not always quite sure—
Sweet little, dear little, heart-cheering Jane—
That joy will not tarry where people are poor,
But only where wealth and her satellites reign.
In each balmy-treasure
She finds a new treasure:
If purse and domain should by chance disagree,
She smiles, bravely humming,
"A better time's coming."
And trusts in good health, in the future, and me.

Select Tale.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Husbands are often thoughtlessly exacting, and impose such a variety of petty duties on their uncomplaining wives that the color fades from the cheek, and joy dies out of the heart. A little more thoughtfulness and tender sympathy would change the entire aspect of many homes. A contributor to *Life Illustrated* tells a story which has a good moral.—

It was the freshest of April mornings, with a soft wind that had rifled all manner of sweet scents from dimpled hollows, purpled over with young violets, and solitary brook-sides, fringed with white anemone stars, and wafted them into the city streets, to revive many a staid dweller among paying stones. Mrs. Arden, wearing at her window, looked down at the few feet of earth that city people dignified with the title of "garden" and felt the sunny spring influence there.

"What a lovely morning!" said she to herself, "this is the very time to put my dahlias into the ground, and take care of the roses—how fortunate that to-day will be a comparatively leisure time to me! Women don't often get released from the domestic treadmill, and what with spring sewing, company and house cleaning, I have been literally a slave for the last three months. Once out in the open air, among the flower-roots, and I shall feel as though I was entering a new life!"

Ignorant Mrs. Arden! Had she lived to be thirty years old without knowing that a married woman ought not even to breathe, without first asking her husband if it was proper and convenient? Mr. Arden had laid out an entirely different programme for his lady-wife; and in he came, disconcertedly eyeing the new overcoat he had been buying.

"Nellie, can't you fix this overcoat somehow? There is something hitchy about the collar—you can tell where the trouble is, you are so smart with your needle!"

Mrs. Arden took it out of his hands, and looked at it despairingly—there was full three hours work about it.

"And Nellie—if you wouldn't mind altering these shirt-bosoms—they're all in a wrinkle—the pattern was a bad one."

"You insisted on having them made according to the very pattern, entirely against my advice."

"Well, I know I did," said Mr. Arden, rather sheepishly; "but Martin said it was a good one, but Martin don't know everything."

"I wish you had found that out before the shirts were made," said Mrs. Arden, petulantly.

"I say," interposed her spouse, apparently rather desirous of changing the subject, "what are you going to have for dinner?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the vexed reply.

"I believe men are always thinking about eating—no sooner is breakfast over than dinner begins to trouble them."

"I wish you would make one of those puddings. I like—make it yourself, for Susan always mangles it. We haven't had one for a long time now."

"There goes my day of leisure that was to have put my garden in such beautiful order," sighed Mrs. Arden.

"O, please!" said her husband, contemplating his whiskers in the glass, "what do you care about garden work? A woman ought to find her chief happiness in domestic duties. I don't approve of this everlasting fidgeting about flowers!"

"Harry," said his wife, "you would not be at all contented if your office work was so endless that you never get a moment's time to smoke a cigar, or read a book or a newspaper?"

"N—no," replied Mr. Arden, hesitatingly; "but then you are not a man."

"No—I know I am not," said Mrs. Arden, quickly, "if I were my wife should have a little leisure to breathe occasionally."

Mr. Arden went out, shutting the door with some vehemence behind him.

"I never did see such a complaining set as women are," was his internal reflection, as he walked rapidly down the street.

Two or three hours steady work soon disposed of the press of office business awaiting him, and he threw himself back in a chair to rest, and look over his newspaper. But the balmy wind fanned his forehead like narcotic incense, and the sensation of *dolce far niente* was inexpressibly delightful—the closely printed columns became a confused blur, and the first Mr. Arden knew, he was—not exactly asleep, perhaps, but certainly not very wide awake.

Something carried him back to the time when Nellie had been a bride—fresh and blooming as a rose. How well he remembered the blue light of her eyes, and the satin brightness of her complexion. She had grown wan and weary looking since those days. Was it possible that he had been lacking in care and tenderness? It was rather an uneasy twinge of conscience, for he did love her, rather-brained and thoughtless though he was.

He thought of her, sitting alone through the glorious April day, bending over the work he had assigned to her, until the pallor deepened on her cheek, and the eyes grew dim and lusterless—he remembered the many, many days she had spent in the same wearisome occupation. No wonder that the little garden was a sunny spot to her—no wonder that she loved the flowers, whose freshness seemed to revive her whole nature.

A man may be very cruel to a woman without even beating her, or denying her necessities of life. Suppose she should drift away from him, like a delicate leaf upon a swift-running stream! He shuddered at the very idea. She was not strong—the time might come when a narrow grave and white headstone would be all that remained of his little wife. And then, should he not remember all these things?

He started up from the troubled net-work of fancy that had woven itself into a vague dream; the sunshine lay brightly on the floor, and the fingers of the office clock pointed home to dinner.

The pudding was made—the coat in prime order, the unsatisfactory shirts ripped apart, and Nellie, though pale and tired looking, came to the door with a smile, to greet her husband.

"Why, Harry, what on earth have you got there?" she exclaimed, as Mr. Arden came up the steps, really staggering under the weight of two or three blossoming geraniums and verbanas, which he had brought from down town with incredible difficulty.

"Thought you'd like some flowers for your garden, my dear," exclaimed he; and Nellie straightway gave him a pleased, happy look, which he did not soon forget.

"And now," said he, after dinner, "there isn't much to do at the office to-day, suppose you and I devote the afternoon to garden work? We can make the little place as neat as pink."

"O, Harry, that would be delightful!" but the shirts—

"O, no matter about the shirts! let 'em wait! I want to see your cheeks a little redder, my love." Mrs. Arden wondered in her secret heart what had wrought this agreeable change—she didn't know anything about her husband's dream.

How Coal is Formed.

The land on which coal plants grew has passed away; no human eye will see their like again—no human eye saw them, no human hand touched a leaf of these gigantic trees and ferns. No lumberer's art ever portrayed those dense forests, nor surveyor's pen mapped down the broad estates on which they rankly grew. But certainly as the rays of light fell on the surface of the earth, so will the segregation of the earthy particles into which their long and creeping roots penetrated, the bedding of the *grains of sand and clay which intimately covered them up*, tell us the story of the ancient physical condition, under whose influence lifeless trunks and leaves and boughs became converted into coal.

Low were those ancient lands, surrounded by marsh swamps, bounded by shallow estuaries, up which salt sea water gently rose and fell; one can scarcely speak of tide, so smoothly between the steams and undergrowth of water loving tree trunks, and through the tangled jungle it sluggishly flowed. Into the muddy waters of estuary and lakes, and on the oozy ground around, the leaves fell year by year, as autumn chill unloosed the trees. And the trees too, in the roll of time, rotted at their bases by the watery medium in which they grew, toppled over, and became immersed in the boggy soil under a surface coating of ferns and humbler plants, mixed with mosses; the rank herbage ever growing, rotting and fermenting. Green and verdant at the top, dark, heated and distilling out from the decaying vegetable matter, globules of bitumen below, to mingle with and penetrate the half-rotted closely matted mass of leaves and fibres, and of porous wood. Thus was the coal-seam formed. It was not open to the day until it had dried into the turt, or rotted into soil. But it was covered up at a certain stage of its elaboration, and so preserved for the human use.

It may have completed in the earth the process of its conversion into coal, but it was originally the produce of the *debris* of a living vegetation buried under a covering of mud. The accumulation might have long been going on near the surface, new bitumen seeping below; going on for ages before the mass was buried in. Covered in at last, stratum after stratum of mud and sand are piled over it, the weight of the superincumbent materials pressing down the spongy fibrous upper part of the future coal-land into the bituminous lower portion, the semi-fluid bitumen is squeezed upward amongst the compressed fibres, and forced into the pores of the wood, the thickness of the vegetable bed is reduced, and it becomes an almost solid mass of wood and vegetable fibre, impregnated with the bitumen distilled from itself. If it had parted with its gases and bitumen before it had been covered in, it might have become fossil heat. But coal the produce would never have been. Briefly then, such was the origin of coal. This view of the matter excludes at once the anthracites from any right to the term of coal. Next, to dispose of the lignites. Lignites may or may not at some future time—ages to come—be converted into coal. They are not coal yet; they are still lignites.

The wood structure is so well preserved in the brown coal of Switzerland and Germany that in some places it is used for rafters, beams and other building purposes. The stages of elaboration are not yet complete, which are requisite for the production of coal. It is the babe, not the man. Anthracite has lost its bitumen. It is the corpse. It might have been coal once, it is less now. Shale is the earth on which the corpse was laid. It may be saturated with its blood, but it is not the body.

An old author says: "A good wife commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she maketh plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it."

"Impossible is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools," said Napoleon. It is not intellect that makes a man great, so much as earnest purpose. The men in all times who have deeply impressed their character upon their age, have not been so much men of high intellectual power, as men of indomitable will and unceasing industry.

Habits of a Man of Business.

A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements; does nothing carelessly, or in a hurry; employs nobody to do what he can as easily do himself; keeps everything in its proper place; leaves nothing undone which ought to be done, and which circumstances permitted him to do; keeps his designs and business from the view of others; is prompt and decisive with his customers, and does not overtrade for his capital; prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit transactions, at all times when they can be advantageously made, either in buying or selling; and small profits, with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard. He is clear and explicit in all his bargains; leaves nothing to the memory which he can or ought to commit to writing; keeps copies of all important letters which he sends away, and has every letter, invoice, &c., belonging to his business, titled, classed, and put away. He never suffers his desk to be confused by many papers lying upon it; is always at the head of his business well knowing that if he leaves it, it will leave him; holds it as a maxim, that he whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted; and is constantly examining his books, and sees through all his affairs as far as care and attention enable him; balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers and his constituents both at home and abroad; is economical in his expenditures, always living within his income; keeps a memorandum book with a pencil in his pocket, in which he notes every little particular relative to appointments, addresses and petty cash matters; is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous only when urged by motives of humanity.

"Only One Killed."

Only one killed. That's all. Only one vigorous young life suddenly cut short, only one happy household shrouded in gloom, only one home chain broken, only one wife made a widow, one group of little ones made fatherless, or perhaps one found mother's heart robbed of its idol, one tender sister made brotherless, one loving young heart stricken down in its first great agony. How many times within the last few months have faithful comrades broken the turf and deposited underneath the form the "only one killed." The next morning's papers perhaps told of a "brilliant affair, repulse of the enemy, with only one killed on our side," &c; and after an indifferent glance at it, we passed on to the next paragraph. And yet for some poor hearts the term "only one killed," contains only an immeasurable amount of sorrow. In vain will they watch for that loved one that went out from them in all the strength and beauty of youth; in vain will they listen for the sound of that voice whose last music will ever be broken, for that voice will always be wanting. "Nath the Palm-tree is a little mound, and there, quietly sleeping is the "only one killed." And alas! how many such little mounds there are scattered over the sunny South—mounds that are marked by no headstones! No loving friends ever plant flowers on them, no loving eyes ever water them with their tears. Hands laden with grasping steel congealed the dust, and none but eyes unused to weeping, gaze on those little low mounds. We do not realize the vast amount of sorrow this is creating. None but those from whose heartstone have been taken the "only one killed" can realize it.—*Am. Ex.*

A TENDER EPITAPH.—Love is no dream, as the following billet doux picked up in front of the post office will show:

My dear sweet Dickiey:
I am so happy to hear from you so often—it affords me such a great pleasure. You always was to me, I hope you'll soon be dearer.
You know that I never hinted anything about marriage and never more so—Take your own time for that. I shall always remember the old saying, no thing should be done in a hurry, 'cept ketchin' dese.

The fondest wish of my heart is that we may soon become one. Do you read Franklin's *Extractions*—his remarks concerning marriage is delightful. Our hearts be sought to assemble one another in every respect: they ought to be heterogeneous so that our union may be mixed as well as uniting—not like oil and water, but like tea and sugar. Truly I can feel for the mortal Wals when he sez—

The rows is red the violet blue,
Sugar's sweet and so is you.

Mother says matrimony is better to think on than the reality.
I remain till death or marriage, your own sweet candy.

MARY ANN.

N. B. I had a cuzzin married last month who sez there ain't no true enjoyment but in the married state.

MARY ANN.

P. S. I hope you will let me know what you mean to do, as there is fore or five fellers after me hot foot, and I shall be quite uneasy till I hear. Your loving sweet

MARY ANN.

Talford says of the effects of an imaginative literature: "The world is not in danger of becoming too romantic. The golden threads of poetry are not too thickly or too closely interwoven with the ordinary web of existence. Sympathy is the first great lesson which man should learn. It will be ill for him if he proceed no farther; if his emotions are excited to roll back on his heart, and to be basted in luxurious grief. But unless he learns to feel for things in which he has no personal interest, he can achieve nothing generous or noble. The soul will not be the worse for thinking too well of its kind, or believing that the highest excellence is within the reach of its exertions."

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced unfortunately to say: "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instance in my own person: I myself have two little manners." The Judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

I think, wife, you have a great many ways of calling me a fool.—I think, husband, that you have a great many ways of being one.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court house.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The firing in Prince Edward Island for the Silver Cup will take place in the latter part of the week beginning on the 11th of August.

The *Freeman* says the absence of shipping from the port of St. John is one of the most melancholy proofs of the ruinous effect of the American war on trade. There was more shipping in St. John harbor in the dead of winter than there is now, and Quebec and all the ports of the Gulf of St. Lawrence suffer in like manner, the tonnage entered at any of these ports being comparatively small.

A bill to repeal the "Personal Liberty Law" of Wisconsin was passed by the Assembly of that State on the 14th inst., by a vote of 51 yeas to 25 noes.

The new Canadian Ministry consists of six Protestants and five Catholics, the Premier, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, being neither the one thing or the other.

Gen. Scott has received intelligence of the death of his wife at Rome, on the 10th inst. She was attended in her last illness by her daughter and son-in-law. Her age was seventy-two.

The Scottish American Journal says that the troops sent to reinforce McLean will bring his army up to 100,000 effective men.

We understand that one of the parties who was injured by means of the Railway Accident last winter, has commenced proceedings against the Government for damages, and that others have put in notices with the same object in view.

A rumor is current in England that the British Government intend to purchase all the telegraph lines in the Kingdom, and combine them with the Post Office Department, making every Post Office—both in the cities and country—a telegraph station.

Some deserters from the British army in Canada recently arrived at Middlebury, Vermont, and entered in an American Regiment. They will make poor soldiers.

A boy in Syracuse, a few days ago, desired a whipping by his father by jumping from a three-story window and killing himself.

Two brothers, by the name of Rich, were lately married to two sisters by the name of Wings, and have emigrated—thus showing that 'riches take to themselves wings and fly away.'

The will of the late E. P. Christy, the noted mineral, who recently died at New York, has been offered for probate and contested. There are two women who claim to be his lawful wives, and there is a prospect of a great suit.

The Attorney General of the State of Maine has accepted the Colony of a "three months" regiment which is to be raised in Portland.

A liquor store in Ottawa took fire in consequence of a light coming in contact with some liquor. An old woman and three children were burned to death.

A large steamer will shortly arrive in the Thames—a Danish government vessel—and the freight will be 200 of the most talented youths of the Polytechnic school and other Danish Institutions. They are sent to study the Great Exhibition wonders at the expense of their government.

The number of emigrants who left Ireland during the year 1861 was 66,306, of whom 2,104 belonged to other countries. The total number of males was 32,053 of females 32,443. Compared with 1860 there was a general decrease of 21,250.

The merchants of Liverpool, to the number of 170 have presented Captain Wilson, of the *Leinster*, St. Pierre, and his two brave associates with a testimonial, to mark their admiration of the coolness and resolution they displayed. The admiralty have also intimated their intention to present Captain Wilson with a lieutenant's commission.

We learn from the *Globe* that the steamer "New York" has been sold in the United States.

A bill has been introduced into Congress, creating the rank of Admiral in the United States Navy.

The negroes in Washington are said to be greatly terrified at the correspondence between the Federal Government and the Danish Minister, and seem to prefer returning South again to being sent comfortably to the West Indies.

A movement is on foot by the corporation of New York, to procure a plot of ground in one of the cemeteries in the vicinity of New York, where the bodies of all the New York volunteers who may die in defence of the Union, may be interred at the expense of the State.

The City of New York pays more than \$90,000 per annum for advertising, nine "official" papers being subsidized.

Mr. Ward, late American Minister to China, was on board the *Memphis*, which recently ran the blockade into Charleston.

The official report of the Fair Oaks battle show that the Confederate loss in killed, wounded and missing, was 5,807. The Federal, 5,730.

In France, since the beginning of the present year, there have been committed not less than three hundred thousand suicides. There were 3,993 in 1858, and 9,050 in 1859.

The Half Holiday movement was inaugurated in Halifax last Saturday, several of the shops and other places of business being closed at one o'clock.

A little girl, five years of age, died recently at St. Peter's C. B., from the effects of eating the phosphorus substance off the ends of lucifer matches.

An English paper says that a man lately found guilty of a felony at the Central Criminal Court, entreated the Court to "deal leniently with him, and give him a short imprisonment, as he was particularly anxious to see the Great Exhibition."

The Imperial authorities have ordered two batteries of powerful Armstrong guns—40 pounders—to be forwarded to this province.—*Church & Witness.*

The Annual Session of the Loyal Orange Association of New Brunswick, was held in Fredericton during the past week, S. H. Gilbert, Esq. M. P. P. Grand Master.

Mexico owes England at the present time fifteen million sterling, Spain two million, and France one million.

Mr. Kellogg, brother-in-law of President Lincoln, has been arrested and placed in the confederate states prison.

General News.

EMIGRATION.—The Government did a wise thing in sending home a well qualified gentleman to lecture upon the resources and capabilities of this Province. It was always matter of regret, and very often of annoyance, to our people that the inhabitants of the "Old Country" knew and understood so little about us; we felt that if we could get them to understand we were not a parcel of savages, that we could raise the necessities of life that we were acquainted with the art of being as contented as other people; that we enjoyed rational liberty, and, on the whole, got along very happily, numbers of them would come out and make their homes among us. Everybody, therefore, concurred in the desirability and necessity of advertising our advantages, with great fidelity, working for the Province emigrants fast enough, that the people were leaving the country much faster than they came into it, and said other things of a similar nature, which the truth did not justify, for our last census shows that in ten years we increased 30 per cent.—a much greater rate than by the natural increase, which is generally held to be 17 per cent., in old settled countries, and perhaps 20 in new.

It was no part of the duty of the gentleman whom the Government sent home to lecture, to organize a system of emigration. That, to have been efficient, would have been entirely too expensive. He was to confine himself to spreading information, and he has done so with great fidelity, working for the Province with an ardent almost patriotic zeal. The result of his mission will be a work of time. Some who have heard him describe New Brunswick have already come here, (we have met with several,) some more are coming this year, and others may not come until next year or the year after. Many, we need hardly say, will not come at all.

As part of a plan for the settlement of the country the sending home of Mr. Brown was an excellent arrangement; but here the Government should not have stopped. While that gentleman was lecturing in Great Britain and Ireland, the Emigrant Office in St. John should have been preparing a scheme with a view to the settlement of any emigrants that might arrive here; so that Mr. B.'s labors might be entirely lost. We do not find that this has been done. On the contrary, as soon as the first ship-load of emigrants arrive, then, for the first time, comes up the question, what shall we do with them? Where shall we send them? It is proposed that a tract of land shall be surveyed—but, the land ought to have been surveyed long ago.

Before any thing can be decided upon, the Government must have a meeting, but the Government ought to have a plan decided upon before this, and the Emigrant Office, as soon as ever the emigrants arrive, ought to be prepared with the machinery to carry out that plan. The "colonization" (it that word will suit you) of the Province ought to be going on continually, upon some regular system, under the direction of the Emigrant Agent. His office is not simply a place where information is to be dispensed to those who go to the trouble of finding out where it is located, for the purpose of asking some useless question. It ought at least to be something more. As matters now are if emigrants come here in large numbers they are to be thrown upon the larger towns and cities of the Province, because they can do no better. We trust the Government will think of this. During the long and tedious hours of the winter days, when the emigrant officer, who has the department of emigration in charge, cannot by any possibility have any position to fill, he might as well be doing some other thing to do, he might as well be in connection with the Chief Commissioner of public Works, for the settlement of our public lands.

If we are told that nothing of the kind can be done, we will disbelieve it; for what has been done by the Roman Catholic Aid Society and by the energetic people of the Free Church, can surely be done by the Province acting in a more official manner. We think this ought to have been done before, but a year behind will not be entirely to the disadvantage.

REBELLION AMONG THE MOHAWKS.—About 1000 men, women and children, under the leadership of a man named Morris, who claimed to be "the Prophet Moses re-appeared on earth" lately settled at a place 30 miles north of Salt Lake City and committed depredations on people in their vicinity. They refused to work for a living, pretending that the Lord would supply their wants. On the complaint of some of the number who had been imprisoned, the United States authorities interfered, and treated with contempt. Eventually 250 soldiers with artillery were sent against them, and found them strongly entrenched and thoroughly armed. Fighting ensued; several were killed on both sides; but the authorities finally overcame the Morrisites, and captured 147 of them, who will be tried by the Courts. This is but the beginning of trouble in Brigham Young's dominions.—*Morning News.*

BORDER MORALITY.—The Northern papers nearly all are tremendously indignant at the members of the British Parliament for referring in the manner they did, to the Baiter proclamation. It is all right for American papers published in American cities to do so—so we may respect their convictions while they think lightly of their morality. But it is something over-ool for an American paper published in New Brunswick to say as follows:—

"We are surprised and not surprised. Surprised that such a grave assemblage of the first men of Great Britain should for hours deliberately discuss such a trivial matter, and not surprised that Mr. Bull should grasp even at this flimsy pretext for another display of hostile feeling towards the United States. * * * Is it not imbecility and childlessness to raise such a tornado over such a baseless and trivial affair as this?"—*Id.*

GEN. McCLELLAN'S SISTER AND NEPHEW.—A Mobile letter states that, a few days since, Mrs. English, sister of Gen. McClellan, the Yankee commander-in-chief, was in this city, and of course attracted some attention. Her husband is a wealthy planter and lives just above this, on the Alabama river. Young English, the General's nephew, was at Corinth to fight for the South. He seems to desire nothing so much as to meet in hostile combat his distinguished kinsman.—*New Orleans Delta.*

SINGULAR MISTAKE.—The Austrian Minister of Finance has been obliged to admit in the Representative Chamber that he made a mistake in his financial calculations—having at first estimated the deficit of last year at 60 millions of florins instead of 74 millions as he afterwards discovered it to be. The House refused to consider the question of increased taxation until it was settled what the deficiency really is.

It is pleasing to find that some of our charitably disposed ladies have been ministering most considerately to the comfort of the Fair Isle people, during their temporary sojourn in this city. We understand that of these emigrants, six families, consisting of about 31 persons, have left for Bathurst, and that arrangements are in progress for forwarding the rest to Miramichi. Several influential gentlemen at both places have kindly engaged to do all in their power to have them suitably settled.—*Presbyterian.*

VERY KIND IN THE EMPEROR.—It is said the Emperor Napoleon has signified his intention of contributing one thousand francs from his private funds towards a Literary Institute which has been founded among the French Academics of Rustic. P. E. Island. A short time ago the French Emperor sent honors to French officials in Canada, and we have heard of correspondence being kept up between some of his secretaries in France and certain parties in Nova Scotia. It is quite evident that he wants to keep himself prominently and favorably before the French inhabitants of the North American Colonies—for a while object he knows best himself.

TERMS OF THE CARLETON SENTINEL per annum, \$1.80, cash payment in advance. \$2 if paid within 8 mos. Clubs of 11, \$15, and one to the order of the club. Advertisements must be handed in on Thursday.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862.

County Council.

SEMI ANNUAL MEETING CONTINUED.—July 2, 1862. COUNCILLORS all present.

On motion of Mr. Kilburn, the following were confirmed parish officers for Richmond: Owen Finnegan, Stockwell Lawrence, Silas Ladney, John Atkinson, Calvin Green, Thomas Gartley, Davenport Gilchrist, Martin Garth, Surveyors of Highways.

Messrs. Banks and Williams made return of Ferris sold at Florenceville and at Lloyd's; the first sold for \$43 25; the latter for 25cts.

On motion of Mr. Phillips, seconded by Mr. Giberson: Resolved, "that an assessment be levied on the Parish of Kent for \$30, to pay Wm. Rogers for damages occasioned by a road running through his farm, but that no warrant be issued until called by us (Phillips and Giberson)."

Mr. Banks presented a petition from sundry inhabitants of Kent and Peel, praying that no warrant be issued. This, with petitions presented last January, were read, after which Isaiah Lookhart was heard in the matter, when the above resolution was carried.

Mr. Raymond moved, seconded by Mr. Williams: Resolved, "that Charles B. Upton be appointed to expend the money derived from the sale of Ferry at Florenceville; said money to be expended at Florenceville landing." Motion lost.

On motion, Messrs. Tompkins, Raymond and Banks were appointed a committee to make a full investigation of all matters connected with the sales and proceeds of Ferris for 1860 and '61 at Florenceville.

On motion of Mr. Hayward, seconded by Mr. ———, "Whereas the convenience of the travelling public require that a Ferry be established between the landings of Frederick Phillips' lower line, in the parish of Northampton, and that of John Fisher, in Woodstock; Therefore Resolved, that a public Ferry be established between the said landings."

Mr. Dibblee moved, seconded by Mr. Phillips, "Resolved the resolution establishing such Ferry and others to appoint a Ferryman, be rescinded and expunged from the minutes." On motion of Mr. Raymond, seconded by Mr. Tompkins, "Resolved, in amendment that the resolution establishing said Ferry be sustained, and that all others be expunged." Amendment carried.

On motion of Mr. Hayward, seconded by Mr. Banks, "Resolved that the proceeds of sale of Ferry at Hayden's be applied to the repairing of the said ferry road, on the west side of the river, and on the landings, under the supervision of Councilors Gallop and Shaw." Carried.

On motion of Mr. Harper, the following are appointed parish officers for Wakefield: Asa M'Inch, Cornelius Phillips, Benjamin Brittain, Enoch Gray, James Haley, Aaron Kinney, Isaac Miller, James M'Grath, Samuel Freeman, Henry Fletcher, Wm. Plummer, and Francis Drake; Constable, Edward M. Boyer.

On motion of Mr. Hayward, the following were confirmed as parish officers for Brighton: Revisor, George Stickey in place of Albert Orser; Pound Keeper, R. K. Shaw.

On motion the following persons are appointed to constitute Sanitary Commissioners: Brighton: Frederick P. Estabrooks, William Crandfield, Daniel Brown, John Day, J. M. Nevers, R. M'Kinney and John Stockford.

Northampton: W. P. Tompkins, David Gibson, Wm. Montech, George Alexander, Charles Sheel, Frederick Phillips, and Wm. N. Hale.

Richmond: James M'Lean, John Watson, John M'Brice, S. P. Hall, Patrick M'Intyre, Chas. M'Donald and George Ivory.

Wakefield: A. K. Boyer, Richard Clark, Anthony Kearney, Wm. Hannah, C. Connolly, Joseph Barpee and Thomas Lindsey.

Peel: P. R. M'Monaghy, Charles Rideout, James N. Farley, Daniel Cox, C. M. Loyd, Bnj. Atwatte and Joseph Foster.

Simonds: Bishop Carvel, James Corbet, T. G. Tomes, David Merritt, Stephen Appley, John Raymond and G. R. Upton.

Thursday, July 3.

Sanitary Commissioners for Woodstock appointed as follows, viz: Robert Hay, T. W. Watson, Chas. W. Raymond, Geo. T. Hartley, David Munro, M. P. P., T. W. Longstaff, Wingate Weeks, William F. Dibblee, Phillip McCaffery.

It was on motion of Mr. Phillips ordered, that the names of parties obtaining Tavern license at this session be published.

Henry Akery, Constable, having been heard in reference to certain charges of official dereliction made against him by John Bedell, Esq.,

Mr. Hartley moved seconded by Mr. Tompkins, that the charge against Henry Akery be dismissed; whereupon Mr. Dibblee moved seconded by Mr. Phillips, Resolved that Henry Akery be dismissed from the office of Constable; upon this amendment the Board divided, yeas, Messrs. Dibblee, Phillips, Harper, 3 yeas; Messrs. Hemphill, Kilburn, Giberson, Hartley, Gallop, Shaw, Hayward, Raymond, Tompkins, Banks,—10.