

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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Poetry.

ENGLAND.

O where is the land like our own fair land,
In the glow of its golden prime?
For a thousand years with its bold right hand,
It hath seized the Crowns of Time.
The little Isle, that to left and right,
Hath its standard of power unfurled;
Till the flag of the flag is a sound of might,
To the peoples of all the world.
The Earth may whirl round through the shadows of night,
And day succeed unto day;
But the roll of its drums to the morning light
Will never die away.

'Twas the Honey-Isle, and the Happy-Isle,
And the snow-white Isle of yore;
And still it looks in Heaven's bright smile,
And ripens to bloom by the morn.
Far mightier in war—more splendid in peace,
Than the old Assyrian clime;
And richer in arts than the dreamland of Greece,
Or Rome in her palmyest prime.
Her sons have the Orient mood of thought,
With the dash of the quick North blood;
And her daughters, with peerless grace fraught,
Are indeed the true and the good.

When the shadow of peace broods over the land,
Like a dream of enchantment rise!
But the "arm of war" is sounded, and lo!
How her thunders roll along,
And she leaps up, and stands before friend or foe,
To the battle for Right against Wrong!
O England, great England, our dear Father-land—
In the glow of thy golden prime;
May'st thou live in the hollow of God's right hand,
Through the calm and storms of Time.

Select Tale.

THE DUTCH MERCHANTS.

On the evening of the 10th of January, 1795, the city of Amsterdam was thrown into an unusual bustle and confusion by the entrance of the French army under Pichegru. While the troops with stacked arms awaited their billets and rations, the citizens hastened to illuminate in honor of their arrival, and in spite of the piercing cold thronged to welcome the heroes.

Among the general rejoicings, one house alone remained with closed doors and darkened windows. It was the dwelling of the wealthy merchant Worden, who, wholly occupied in business, cared little for politics, still less for the arrival of the French, and was far too careful of his money to waste it like his neighbors in illumination.

Wrapped in his fur dressing gown, a seal skin cap drawn closely over the few grey hairs time had left upon his head, he had wheeled his easy chair close to the chimney, and he rubbed his hands over the bright coal fire, seeming lost in reverie, from which neither the beer nor the long clay pipe on the table beside him had power to rouse him.

All at once the silence was interrupted by a violent ring at the house bell. The old man started, and turning to a stout, red-cheeked servant, who, seated at a respectful distance, was occupying herself in knitting a stocking—

"See who it is, Jacqueline," said he, "that comes to disturb us at this unreasonable hour."

In a few minutes a tall young man entered, and throwing off his cloak saluted the old man as father.

"Ha! it is you, Wilhelm? I did not expect you back so soon."

"I have just returned from Broeck," replied the other, "and should have arrived long ago, had not the road been so encumbered with troops and riders."

"Have you seen Van Elberg?"

"Yes," answered the young man taking his seat by the fire, "and he consents to my union with his daughter, but refuses to give more than four thousand ducats for her dowry."

"Then he may keep both ducats and daughter," said the merchant, angrily.

"But consider, father—"

"Consider what?" interrupted Worden—

"There is nothing to consider. I know that at your age love outweighs gold, but time will teach you that when poverty comes in at the door, love soon flies through the window."

"Yet, father," argued the young man, "Van Elberg is one of the richest men in the country, and sooner or later his daughter must have his fortune."

"Tut, tut," said Worden. "Van Elberg knows well what he is about, but cunning as he is he shall not put his daughter in pawn. As for you, Wilhelm, I have promised to give you up my business, and now recommend your taking a word of advice with it; never give more than you receive, and always consider your transaction; rely on it, that it is the only way to prosper in business as well as love. And now we will drop this subject."

The young man knew his father's humor too well to press the matter further, at least at that moment.

As he sat brooding over his disappointment, the bell rang, and the tread of a horse's feet was heard in the courtyard, while the watch-dog commenced a furious barking.

"It is certainly a stranger this time," said Mynheer Worden, "there's no mistake in the dog's bark."

He was interrupted by the servant bringing in a package.

"Commissariat department?" said her master, with no little surprise, as he opened it; but an expression of uneasiness which had at first slightly contracted his features; changed into one of pleasure as he read on:

"An order to deliver four hundred thousand herring for the use of the French army," he continued, "a very acceptable commission. Wilhelm! you shall marry Van Elberg's daughter, and he shall give her a handsome dowry in spite of himself."

"How say you, my dear father?" replied the son, unable to believe his senses at this unexpected transition.

"Leave all to me, Wilhelm," said Worden—"Order our horses to be saddled at daybreak; and mind that I am called in time, for we must be at Broeck before twelve o'clock, and now good night."

The rising sun saw our travelers on the road to that celebrated village, where cleanliness is carried to such an extent, that before entering the streets both father and son, in compliance with an inviolable custom, were obliged to dismount and leave their horses to the care of a servant. At the door of Van Elberg's house they were required to do what a few years later neither Napoleon nor the Emperor Alexander were exempted from, and taking off their boots replaced them with slippers be-

fore they were allowed to enter the room where he sat with his daughter Clotilde.

"Good morning, Mynheer Worden," said he, shaking his friend warmly by the hand. "Have you been frightened out of your good city by the French, that you honor me so early with a friendly visit?"

"Not at all, Van Elberg," said the other, "I care nothing about the French, and as I never meddle with politics, it is quite immaterial to me who governs our town. But I come to make you a proposal. I have undertaken to furnish the commissariat four hundred thousand herring on this day month, and I wish to know if it would be convenient for you to procure them for me in three weeks."

"At what price?" asked his friend.

"Ten guilders per thousand."

"Ten guilders," repeated the other, "you shall have them."

"Draw out the contract then," said Worden, "and when it is signed I shall be happy to partake of your hospitality, for my ride has given me an appetite."

Then turning to Clotilde, he continued, "I have come to arrange another matter, too, which we can discuss after dinner."

It was in vain that, during the evening, Worden tried every way to change his friend's resolution respecting his daughter's fortune.

After a long discussion he was obliged to give up the point, and the marriage was at length fixed to take place the next week.

Next day, when Wilhelm and his father returned home, the former could not refrain from expressing some curiosity concerning the cause of this sudden change in his prospects.

"What do you mean?" asked his father.

"Have you not given up the point about his daughter's fortune?"

"I should have thought you knew me better," replied Worden, looking slyly at his son. "But no matter—it is sufficient that you marry the girl you like."

Once more at home the merchant shut himself in his office until evening, when he appeared with a packet of letters, which were immediately sent by post.

On the day appointed for the marriage, Wilhelm and his father arrived at Broeck, where they found a large party of friends and relations assembled to meet them. Van Elberg welcomed them with cordiality, but there was an expression of care and embarrassment on his face that at first made the bridegroom fear fresh obstacles to his happiness.

The elder Worden, however, in no way shared his son's anxiety, for he could give a tolerably good guess at the cause of his host's uneasiness.

"Mynheer Van Elberg," he exclaimed, "what can be the matter? Are you unwell?"

"No, my dear friend," replied the other, "not ill, but in the most unpleasant dilemma possible. I would wish to speak to you immediately in private."

"Is it anything respecting the marriage?" asked Worden. "If you wish to be off your word there is still time."

"Not for the world."

"In that case we will proceed to the church at once. You know that I like to do things regularly, and as I came here to see my son married, we will finish that business first, and then I will be happy to hear what you have to say."

There was no remedy; and it was not until after the happy couple had been made man and wife that Van Elberg could succeed in catching his friend alone.

"I am bound to deliver you four hundred thousand herring in fourteen days," said he, "and not a single fish can I get at any price."

Worden could not restrain his laughter. "I dare say not," he replied, "I bought them up long ago."

"In that case, of course, the contract is at an end," said Van Elberg, looking doubtfully at his friend.

"By no means, or at least on certain conditions. We have this day united our children, Van Elberg, and shall leave them a fortune when we die. But as regards the present, matters are less fairly arranged. My son received a capital business, while you only gave your daughter four thousand ducats. Now as I did not like to make them unhappy by refusing my consent to their marriage, I thought you and I would settle the matter another way. You are to deliver four hundred thousand herrings at ten guilders per thousand; you can get them from no one but me, and I must have fifty guilders per thousand, or I do not part with a single tail. The difference is sixteen thousand guilders, which I intend to pay my son as his wife's just dowry."

Van Elberg looked rather foolish during this explanation, but at the end regained his self-possession, and even smiled as he said, clapping him on the shoulder, "you've outwitted me, Mynheer Worden, and I must pay the penalty; so say no more about it. And now let us join our friends."

Eight days afterwards Van Elberg went to visit his daughter at Amsterdam, and in his turn found Worden in the greatest perplexity.

"You are the very person I wanted," said he, seizing his hand; "unless you can assist me I am a ruined man. The herrings are all ready, but high or low not a barrel is to be found."

Van Elberg's little grey eyes twinkled cunningly. "Every man for himself, Worden; you bought the fish and I bought the barrels. But as an old friend I won't take the advantage of you, and you shall have as many as you want for exactly sixteen thousand guilders above the cost."

Worden looked rather blank, but did his best to conceal his vexation. "The trick is not a bad one," said he, with a forced smile, "but you must confess that I taught it to you."

"Ay, ay," returned the other, "you are clever fellows at Amsterdam, but we are not all fools at Broeck."

A noble Gascon complaining that his pumps did not last long enough, the maker asked him of what stuff his lordship would wish to have them made.

"Make the vamps," said he, "of the throat of a chorister, the quarters of the skin of a wolf's neck, and the sole of a woman's tongue."

"Crispin made bold to ask 'why?'"

"Why, ay, blackhead," replied the wag, "because the first never admits of water; the second never admits of dryness; and the last, though always in motion, never wears out."

Light of the Moon.

As the moon's axis is nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, she can scarcely have any change of seasons. But, what is still more remarkable, one-half of the moon has no darkness at all, while the other has two weeks of light and two of darkness alternately; the inhabitants, if any of the first half, look constantly in earth-shine without seeing the sun, whilst those of the latter never see the earth at all. For, as it is just stated, the earth reflects the light of the sun to the moon in the same manner as the moon does to the earth; therefore, at the time of conjunction or new moon, her further side must be enlightened by the sun, but the other half will be in total darkness. To the lunarians the earth seems the largest orb in the universe; for it appears to them more than three times the size of the sun, and thirteen times greater than the moon does to us exhibiting similar phases to herself, but in a reverse order; for when the moon is full, the earth is invisible to them; and when the moon is new they will see the earth full. The face of the moon appears to us permanent, but to them the earth presents very different appearances; The Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, in the course of each twenty-four hours, will successively rivet their attention and the velocity of motion must excite both surprise and conjecture. Though, as aforesaid, certain of those gentlemen only behold the earth for half a month at a time, those near the border see it only occasionally, and those on the side opposite the earth never see it at all. The moon being but the fiftieth part of the bulk of our globe, and within 238,000 miles of us, may be brought by a proper telescope, which magnifies 1000 times to appear as she would to the naked eye were she only 250 miles off.—*Capt. Smith's Cycle of Celestial Oris.*

Death of a Child.

We have sometimes seen a little coffin like a casket of jewels, all alone by itself in a huge hearse, melancholy with plumes, and gloomy as a frown, and we have thought, not so should we accompany those a little way who go in the morning. We half-wondered why they did not take the little coffin into the carriage with them, and lay it gently on their laps—the sleeper there lulled to rest without a bosom or a cradle. We have wondered what use there was for tears in such a going in the early morning from home to home—like fair white doves with downy wings emerging from nether light, and fluttering for entrance at the windows of Heaven. Never has there been a hand wanting to take the wanderer in, and shut out the darkness and the storm.

Upon these little faces it never seemed to us that death should place his great seal. There is no thought of the charnel-house in those young listeners to the invitation, whose acceptance we are bound not to forbid; there should be morning songs, and not sighs; fresh flowers, and not badges of mourning; no tears, nor clouds, but bright faces and bright dawns together.

Fold up the white robe; lay aside the forgotten toy; smooth the little unpressed pillow, and gently smile as you think of the white raiment, and of the harp of gold, and of the fair brow with its diadem of light; smile as you think that no years can make that memory old. An eternal guileless child, waiting about the threshold of paradise for the coming friend from home. Here the glad lips would quiver with anguish, the bright curls growing grizzled and gray, the young heart weary and old—but there, changeless as the stars, and young as the last new morning. How many of these little ones there must be in Heaven—gathered up from all climes, even from heathen shores—who have died so young as to retain no memory of earth, and to whom the world of glory seems as their native land.

The Colors of Nature.

He who exhibited such matchless skill in the organization of material bodies, and such exquisite taste in their formation, has superadded that ethereal beauty which enhances their permanent qualities, and presents them to us in the ever-varying character of the spectrum. Without this tinge of vegetable life might have filled the eye and fostered the fruit which it vails, but the youthful green of its spring would have been blended with the dying yellow of its autumn. If the objects of the material world had been illuminated with light, all the particles of which possess the same degree of refrangibility, and were equally acted upon by the bodies on which they fall, all nature would shine with a leaden hue, and all the combinations of external objects, all the features of the human countenance, would have exhibited no other variety than that which they possess in a pencil sketch or a China-ink drawing. The rainbow itself would have dwindled into a narrow arch of white light, the stars would have shone through a gray sky, and the mantle of a wintry twilight would have replaced the golden vesture of the rising sun.—*Sir David Brewster.*

To Become Unhappy.

In the first place, if you want to be miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself, and of your own things. Don't care about anybody else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly towards them, and speak slightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin; for your "rights" are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.

A DRY JOKE.—A Gleggman, on his way to church, one Sunday, was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. On arriving at the vestry he exclaimed rather impatiently, "I wish I were dry!" "No," answered his colleague, "you will soon be in the pulpit, and there you will be dry enough."

Sensible Decision.

A writer in the Knickerbocker says:—I entered a log school-house once, where a "debating" society was holding upon the question: "If a man saw his wife and mother in the water drowning, which should he help out first?" The question was considered with animation on both sides for a while, when a "backwardness" begun to manifest itself. The President desired debaters, "If they had anything to say, to continue on." After a pause, a peaked-looking man in the back part of the house got up and said, with considerable diffidence and embarrassment:

"Mr. President, I think if a man saw his mother and wife in the water drowning, he ought to help his mother out first; because, you see, if his wife did get drowned, he could get another one, but he couldn't get another mother—not easy!"

This settled the question, and the verdict "accordingly."

A Genuine Irish Letter.

The following letter was written by an Irish gentleman to his son at college:

Dear Son: I write to send you two pair of old pants, that you may have a new coat made of them. I send some new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you may not spend it wisely I have kept back half and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if you do not you are an ass, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents.

Mr. Billings' Family Proverbs.

Don't swap with yer relashuns unless you ken aford to give them the big eend of the trad.

Mary young, and the circumstances require it of ten.

If you kant get good cloathes and edication too; get the cloaths.

Say how are ye? to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a gud stock of impudence on hand.

If you argy never get beet.

Be charitable: three sent pieces war made on purpose.

Don't take enebodys' advice but your own.

It costs you more to borrow than it does to buy.

If a man flatter yu, yu ken kalkerkate that he's a rouge, or your a fule.

Keep both iz open, but don't see more than half yu notis.

The Year of Nines.

The present 1863, presents some curious combinations in regard to the figure 9.

If you add the first two figures together, thus 18 they equal 9.

If you add the last two, 63—they equal 9.

If you set the first two figures 18, under 63—and add them together the result is 81, the figures of which added together, 8+1=equal 9.

If you subtract the first two from 63—the remainder is 45, the figures of which if added together 4+5=9.

If you divide the 63 by the 18, the quotient is 3, with remainder 9.

If you multiply all figures together, thus 1x8x6x3 the result is 144, the figures of which, 1+4+4=9.

If you add all the figures of the year together, the sum is 18, and the sum 1x8=equal 9.

If you divide 1863 by 9, the quotient is 207, 2+0+7=9.

If you divide 1863 by 3, the quotient is 621, 6+2+1=9.

If you divide 1863 by 23, the quotient is 81, 8+1=9.

There are other similar results. The year 1881 will provide a large variety of similar combinations.

Ashantee.

The vilest paganism is practised in this country—the worship of snakes and snakes; and with it is coupled the brutality of human sacrifices in their most appalling features. The remarkable thirst for blood the monarch and people have for human blood springs either from a desire to vent their spleen on enemies taken in war, to worship their deities, to appease the spirits of their heroes killed in battle, or from the belief that the victims will act as slaves to them in a future state. Sometimes the skulls and other bones of great men are dug out of their places of burial to be washed with the blood of the slain.—*Travels in Africa.*

THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.—The Romans had a goddess whose name was *Fides* or *Fidelity*—a goddess of "faith and honesty," to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of frankness, candor, and modesty; and her symbol was two right hands joined, or sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands, whence in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you do to-day?" "Och, docther, dear, I enjoy very poor health inirely. The rheumatics are very distressin' indade; when I go to slape I lay awake all night, and my toes is swilled as big as a goose hen's egg; so when I stand up I fall down immediately."

The following epitaph is to be found in the churchyard of Upton-on-Severn:—"Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion, Doth lie the landlord of the 'Lion.' His son keeps on the business still, Resigned unto the heavenly will."

An editor says he has seen the contrivance lawyers use when they "warm up with the subject." He says it is a glass concern and holds about a pint.

Instead of fighting misfortune, we too often make it prisoner.

If money is your god, it will be certain to plague you like the devil.

Items, Foreign & Local.

Twenty six thousand three hundred & twelve emigrants have arrived at the port of New York since the beginning of the year, being 14,356 more than during the same period in 1862. The Commissioners of Emigration have a balance in bank of \$34,071.31.

The average number of readers at the British Museum in 1862 was 419 per day, and each reader, on an average, consulted 10 vols. Deducting fifty-two for the Sundays, and twenty-one days (at a guess) for holidays, we have thus a total of about a million, and a quarter of volumes consulted in the course of the year.

The new Canadian Ministry have decided to ignore the Intercolonial Railway; to leave the question of Representation by population an open one for independent action of individual members; and to give large additional facilities to the Grand Trunk Railway.

His Excellency the Governor recently visited King's County, was presented with an address made a reply in which he commended the agricultural propensities of the people, and recommended more attention to the mineral resources.

The Farmer's Gazette says that one pair of rats will create a progeny of sixty-five thousand in three years, which will consume more food than will suffice to sustain sixty-five thousand human beings.

It is said that Russia has already expended 18,000,000 florins in her abortive efforts to put down the insurrection in Poland.

It is said that cases of lunacy are becoming alarmingly frequent in France. It appears from official documents that the number of lunatics in France, which a few years since was 12,000, has at present increased to 60,000.

Out of a population of 20,220,000 included in the ancient kingdom of Poland, there are supposed to be about 8,560,000 Roman Catholics, 3,740,000 Greek Catholics, 3,430,000 members of the Eastern Church, 2,150,000 Protestants, and 2,119,000 Jews, besides about 50,000 Mahomedans.

The Pension Office at Washington has lately recorded the nineteenth thousandth application for a pension, which was that of a widow of the war between the Northern and Southern States.

The "Domestic Missionary" of Taunton, Mass., reports the number of drunken women in that town at five hundred!

In his advance from Port Gibson, General Grant captured two immense piles of bacon, each covering an area of 2500 square feet piled as high as the forest trees and each containing by estimate, 40,000 pounds. The rebels not expecting Grant to advance had piled up the bacon in the woods, where the Federals when advancing, "found it."

Mr. Russell, the special war correspondent of the London Times, has gone to Poland to report for that paper the events of the revolution in that country.

A California exchange announces the formation in one day in San Francisco of fifteen mining companies with an aggregate capital of \$10,875,900.

It is stated the decrease of the black population in New York is so rapid, that in forty years, at the same rate, not a colored man will be left in that State.

A blue rosette said to have been produced by the French Floriculturists.

Capt. Hawkins of H. M. 15th Regt., died at Frederickston on Thursday, 28th ult.

The wheat crop in the South is unusually promising.

A bronze statue of the late Gen. Jackson is to be erected by his friends; cost to be \$80,000.

A large and destructive fire occurred in the town of Moncton, on the night of the 28th ult.

Col. Crowder, A. G. of Militia in this Province, has been visiting Gen. Hooker at his quarters on the Rappahannock.

Lady Franklin is in London, after her travels round the world.

A bill to organize a volunteer navy has been introduced into the Confederate Senate.

The population of California is about four hundred thousand, of which about fifty thousand are colored.

THE DANGERS AND DEFENCES OF CANADA.—It deserves not to be forgotten that the same Duke of Newcastle whose want of the common sense destroyed the British army before Sebastopol, has been entrusted with the destinies of Canada under Lord Palmerston. He it was who had blankly to acknowledge to the commission that he had made no provisions for the army's wintering in the Crimea, because he had not thought of their future maintenance, he is asked why he has let two years pass by in mere official routine, he should reply that he never expected the United States would be mad enough to cross the St. Lawrence. Whether or no they ever do so it is clear enough that we should be spared half this blustering, and very many if not all the outrages and humiliations, before such a desperate and suicidal war as this, between two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, if it were known at New York that British North America was a dangerous wall for the Yankee generals to run their head against. We should not then find them openly speculating on the consolations which Quebec and Montreal will afford them for the fall of their enterprising enterprises at New Orleans and Charleston, or proposing to satisfy the claims of the lawless "rowdies" and "loafers" who serve in their ranks with the territories and spoils of the colonies of a friendly country.

Ten thousand British troops, some of the finest and best drilled regiments of our infantry, now compose the defenses of British North America. But it must not be forgotten that the beginning of winter cuts them off from all support and reinforcement, and their ground of action lies over an enormous range of frontier, the greater part unclaimed forest, against bodies of enemies, before whose onset even our artillery attacks they must inevitably melt away. Our already too vast military expenditure, it is urged, puts it out of the question that more troops can be kept in the idleness of anticipation across the Atlantic. For the same reason no corps of cavalry has yet been sent to Canada, although this arm seems to be more needed than even artillery by the raw levies of the States.—*London Standard.*

THE WOOD TRADE.—We make an extract from Farnworth and Jardine's Timber Circular of May 15th:

Spice and Pine Deals.—The auction sales have been as follows, viz: ex "J. Webster Clark," from St. John (from the yard)—spruce at an average of about 47 1/2s 9d, and Pine at 47 1/2s 6d per standard; ex "Maricetta," from St. John, (from the quay) spruce at about 47 1/2s, and 2nd quality Pine at 47 1/2s 3d; ex "Shipping Girl," from St. John—Pine, 1st quality at an average of about 47 1/2s 3d, 2nd quality at 47 1/2s 2s, and 3rd quality 47 1/2s 3d per standard; ex "Miners," from Port Maitland—spruce, chiefly 16 feet long and upwards at about 47 1/2s per standard. Three cargoes of St. John Deals were offered by auction, but only one sold, viz: ex "Trumps"—spruce Deals averaging 47 1/2s 9d, 6 inch Deals 48 1/2s, Sentling 45 1/2s, and fourth quality Deals 46 1/2s 6d per standard; Pine Deals, 1st quality 47 1/2s 2s, 2nd quality 47 1/2s 6d, and 3rd quality 47 1/2s 6d.

BYE ROAD COMMISSIONERS.

The following persons to be Commissioners to expend the unappropriated Sums of Money, being the Appropriations of 1863.