

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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NO. 15.

Poetry.

UNDONE.

Labour with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something, uncompleted still,
Waits the rising of the sun.
By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, next the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits;
Waits, and will not go away—
Waits, and will not be gainsaid,
By the cares of yesterday,
Each to-day is heavier made,
Till at length it is, or seems,
Greater than our strength can bear—
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere!
And we stand from day to day,
Like the dawns of times gone by,
Who, as northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

Select Calc.

HOME FROM THE WARS.

"There'll be a bit'n' black frost on the hills to-night, I tell ye!" said Moses Atterly, as he threw an armful of oak logs, fringed with silver-gray moss, upon the stone hearth, and rubbed his hands cheerily before the red, roaring blaze that enfolded the rude iron fire-dogs in drift of ruddy sparks.

He was a tall, wiry-looking old man, with mild hazel eyes, and a skin well-nigh as brown as the basket of butter-nuts that stood in the corner—a man whom you might easily fancy to have grown up among those rock-bound, wind-swept wildernesses, as one of the giant pines, on the steep cliffs above had grown—stout, sturdy, and true to the very heart's core. The room was very plain, with no curtains at the narrow-paned windows, and no carpet save the odd zigzag veins in the hickory boards that formed the floor; yet there was an air of comfort in the splint-bottomed chairs, with their red moreen cushions, and the round table, neatly spread for the evening meal. Over the fire an apple-pie black-topped kept up a dreamy song, and Moses Atterly's only child sat, with folded hands, in the chimney corner, watching the vaporous wreaths curling from the spout—a pretty, soft-eyed girl, with a late rose in her braids of glossy chestnut-brown hair, and straight, clearly-cut features—now in shadow, now all irradiated by the capricious torches of flame that played at hide-and-seek in and out among the crevices of the great bubbling, singing logs.

"Have you been to the post-office to night, father?" said she, suddenly looking up as Moses gave the smouldering back log a sort of remonstrating kick.

"No; but I met Jim Grayling down by the hemlock hollow, and he said he was a goin' straight there; so I told him to ask if there was anything for our folks. He'll be here directly, I calculate, for it must be all of two hours ago."

"I am sorry," said Bessie, almost petulantly. "Father, I detest the very sight of that man!"

"My daughter!" remonstrated Moses, "that ain't accordin' to either sense or Gospel."

"Well, I can't help it, father," coaxed Bessie, stealing her soft, dimpled hand into the rough palm that lay on Moses Atterly's knee. "He always seemed to me like—"

She stooped suddenly—so suddenly that the late rose fell out of her hair and lay on the stone hearth—for, as she turned her head, she saw James Grayling standing beside them, unfolding a coarse white and red worsted comforter from about his neck. He stooped, without a word, and picked up the rose for her.

"Why, Jim!" said Farmer Atterly, "where on earth did you drop down from? I didn't hear you come in."

"Didn't you? I am sure I knocked loud enough," said Grayling, with a deep red flush slowly fading away from his cheek. "Pretty well to-night, Bessie?"

"I'm well enough," pouted Bessie, without looking at him, and tossing her recovered rose in among the glowing cinders. Somehow it had lost its charm after having lain in James Grayling's hand a second.

"Set down, Jim, set down, said the farmer, heartily. "Any mails for us to-night?"

"Nothing."

What a strange smile passed over his face as he saw the sudden downward drop of Bessie Atterly's eyelashes—the quiver around her mouth!

"Nothin'! That's queer. You see our Bessie's feelin' kind o' worried cause she don't hear nothin' from Harry Ives."

"I got a long letter to-night from my cousin, who is in the same company, you know. He says—"

"Well, it's a pretty consid'able spell," said the old farmer; "but letters do take time to reach us, you know."

"Yes, particularly when they are never sent," sneered Grayling.

"Father, don't listen to him," sobbed Bessie, passionately. "If the whole world were to tell me Harry Ives was untrue I would not believe them."

And Bessie faintly quivered, with her chestnut braids of hair drooping over her father's knee. Poor child! Could she but have foreseen the weary months of waiting for the letter that never came from the far-off Southern hills, the hopes deferred which maketh the heart sick, that were in store for her, she might have been sorry that she had not died, then and there, holding fast to that firm faith in Harry Ives's fidelity.

James Grayling, a crafty, patient man, bided his time. It came at last when the tender green of the hillside shriveled and grew brown under the starry silent frosts of the bitter December nights, and the keen wind rushed with thunderous swell through the lonely pine forests in these wild solitudes.

"Daughter, it's the dearest wish of my heart," said Farmer Atterly, solemnly, as he sat with Bessie in the old, silent room. "I'm gettin' well on in years; and if I could but see you married to some good and true man before I am taken away, I should rest easier in my grave. James Grayling has been almost a son to me these months of trial and trouble. He is coming for his final answer to-night. Let it be yes!"

Bessie shuddered. That year of sick, wistful grief had changed her into a pale, fragile girl, with large, frightened eyes, ever roving from side to side, as if vainly seeking something which never came.

"Wait, father," she murmured, eagerly, as if pleading for sweet life itself: "wait a little longer—only a little longer!"

"I have waited, Bessie. It is a year and over since Harry Ives has sent you either word or message. He may be dead—better dead than a scoundrel—but James Grayling has been as true as steel to me all this time. He deserves you, Bessie; and when you're once married you'll learn to love him. Shall we say this day month for your wedding, daughter?"

That night Bessie laid her cold hand in James Grayling's, eager palm, and said "Yes," dreamily to whatever he proposed. What had life left for her? As well be James Grayling's wife as anything else, since God willed that she should live and suffer on, and the dreary path of years lay spread out before her listless feet!

The old smoke stained walls were wreathed with feathery garlands of cedar and pine, with the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash glowing here and there; the great fire roared up the chimney with festive sound, and all the neighbors were gathered round Farmer Atterly's hearth stone; for pretty Bessie was to be married that night.

"She don't look as a bride ought to, somehow," whispered Mrs. Deacon Jennings to her companion Mahala Bird. "She seems to me just like one o' them white snow-wreaths lyin' down in the hollow yonder."

"Maybe it's that white dress," said Mahala; "but she does look like a corpse. Land o' Goshen! what be I a-sayin'! It ain't good luck to talk about corpses on a wedding-night."

For the pretty bridemaids had just laid Bessie in, robed in pure sherry silk, with snowy geraniums in her hair, and not a vestige of color in her cheek.

"There! don't she look sweet?" said Susy Jennings. "Is it time to go into the parlor yet?"

"Massy, no, child!" said Mrs. Jennings; "not for an hour. Why, Jim Grayling hasn't come yet."

So Bessie sat down in the midst of the assembled maids and matrons, and played with the white flowers in her bouquet, thinking, who knows what? Perhaps a lonely grave under the cruel Southern stars—perhaps the fair face of the woman who had wiled her lover's heart away.

Somebody spoke to her; she looked up, and all of a sudden her frightened eyes traced a figure before the open door opposite to which she sat—a figure hurriedly pressing through the crowd.

"Where is she? I will see Bessie, wedding or no wedding! Who has a better right than I?"

The next moment the pale, white-robed bride lay like a fair, still statue in Henry Ives's arms.

"Stand off, I say!" he cried, fiercely. "Let no one come between me and the woman I love. I have earned her to be my wife—earned her by long months of pain and suffering—earned her by wounds upon the battle-field of the country she loved! Do you say she is to be married to James Grayling? What has James Grayling done with the letters I sent to his care?—with all the messages I entrusted to him? She had better be in her grave than married to James Grayling. Mr. Atterly, you are a just and a good man—judge between me and the treacherous fox I fancied was my friend."

"Harry, Harry!" faltered the old man, "I never dreamed o' this. Tell us about it, my boy, for my old head swims."

And Harry Ives, still holding Bessie to his heart, revealed the story of his own truth and James Grayling's duplicity. When he had finished the impassioned recital, Moses Atterly clasped the brown, strong hand between his own horny palms, and said, solemnly:

"My boy, I ask you pardon for every doubt that ever crossed my mind, and I thank the merciful Providence that has spared Bessie from being Jim Grayling's wife. We were calculatin' to have a wedding here to-night, and it isn't too late yet, if Harry hasn't no objections to bein' married in his soldier clothes!"

"Father!" interposed Bessie, rose as a whole bouquet of carnations blended into one, but Harry took her hands into his, whispering:

"Love! I shall not feel secure until I can call you mine," and the remonstrance died away upon her lips.

"Are you all ready, Elder Wilkins?" said Moses, "cause I b'lieve the young couple is!"

Ah! she looked like a bride now, with the hazel light burning in soft fire under her long curled lashes, and the carmine dyes coming and going upon her cheek, like a proud and happy bride.

The ceremony was scarcely over before the silver chime of sleigh-bells sounded at the door, and James Grayling's voice was heard exclaiming:

"I'm afraid I am a little late, but the horse sprained his leg and I had to change him at Squire Warrenton's. However—"

"Yes, Jim Grayling, you are a little late," said Moses Atterly, taking a prodigious pinch of snuff; "for my daughter's married already."

"Married!" ejaculated Grayling, as if half uncertain whether his intended father-in-law were not a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum.

"Yes—to Harry Ives!"

As James Grayling's bewildered eye caught sight in the brilliantly lighted rooms beyond of the young soldier bending his tall head to listen to some whispered word from Bessie, he turned a dull, dead yellow, and a chill dew broke out around his mouth.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means, Jim Grayling, that you're a scoundrel!" said the old man, with a sudden fire flashing in his eyes. "There's the open door—leave this house before Harry Ives sets eyes on you, for he's a spirited lad, and mischief might come of it! And hark ye—never let me see your villainous face again!"

Silently, and like a wounded snake, James Grayling crept out into the chill darkness of the tempestuous night, a detected, disappointed man. And so effectually did he take Moses Atterly's advice, that the little village in the hollow knew his name and presence no more.

And Bessie Ives, the happiest little wife in the whole world, sings softly over her work, counting the days until, "when this cruel war is over," she shall welcome her soldier-husband back to the grand old pine forests of Maine once more.

Profane Swearing.

Rev. E. H. Chapin thus alluded to profane swearing, in one of his discourses on the Lord's prayer:

"If we would use the prayer sincerely, we must hallow God's name upon our lips. It will never drop in jest, or ring in blasphemy. I wish to touch this point earnestly. I would speak strongly against the common sin of profanity. Are there any before me who are accustomed to use God's name as an expletive, and a word, who employ it in all kinds of conversation, and throw it about in every place? Perhaps in their hearts they consider this an accomplishment—I think it manly and brave to swear. Let me say, then, that profanity is a brutal vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what clothes he wears or what culture he boasts. Despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's holy name displays a coarse nature and brutal will. Nay, he tacitly admits that it is ungentlemanly."

He restrains his oath in the presence of ladies, and he who fears not to rush into the chancery of Heaven and swear by the Majesty there, is decently observant in the drawing room and the parlor. But again, profanity is unmanly and silly. It certainly is not a grace in conversation, and it adds no strength to it. Finally, profanity is an awful vice. Once more I ask whose name is it you so lightly use? The name of God!—Have you ever pondered its meaning? Have you ever thought what it is you mingle thus with your passions and your wit? It is the name of Him whom angels worship and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain."

The Highlander's Prayer.

A Scotch Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his commanding officer, charged with the capital offence of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the gray of the twilight, stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on one of the huge forests which, at that period, covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighborhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defence was summed up in a few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer. "Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian. The Highlander replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life have you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud, that we may all bear you."

The Highlander, in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addressed his God. It breathed of imminent peril, and earnestly implored the Divine interposition in the threatened danger—the help of him who in times of extremity is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of an interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and thoughts and wishes as they arose.

"You may go, sir," said the officer, as he concluded "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy to-night." His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who have never attended drill, always get on ill at review."—Hugh Miller.

A French writer has said that "to dream gloriously, you must not gloriously when you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

PADY AND HIS WATCH.—There is an Irishman employed as a porter on a railway, who brags of having a watch that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark a few mornings since, upon pulling out his watch, "If the sun ain't over that hill in a minnit and a half, he will be too late."

Items, Foreign & Local.

A Terrible Warning. The Louisville Journal says several bachelors were found last winter frozen to death in their beds.

The New Jersey Legislature has before it a bill "to prevent the admixture of races" in that State. There are running at large at least 80,000 deserters from the United States armies. The whole number who have deserted since the war began is stated to be 127,157.

The Dublin Telegraph says the people are leaving Ireland at the rate of one thousand per day.

Before the war there were about seventy-five papers published on the soil of Mississippi; now there are only nine.

There are rich churches in New York: St. Paul's for instance took up an impromptu collection last Sunday of twelve thousand dollars.

There were 3617 emigrants landed at New York last week.

Nineteen hundred negro children attend schools in New Orleans.

The London correspondent of the New York Herald writes, in reference to the young son of the Prince of Wales his three fingers on one of his hands. The hand seems to stop at the third finger.

There are four brothers in Thorndike, Me., by the name of Parsons; whose total height is 25 feet 3 inches. The height of each is as follows:—6 feet 1, 6 feet 3, 6 feet 4, and 6 feet 7.

A Troy paper states that a young lady in that city is to be married. She has many admirers; but it seems she likes all equally well, and so adopts the lottery system to settle the *quæstio venæ*.

The Rothschilds have arranged for the purchase of all the Italian railways.

A workman in Paris has succeeded in making barrels without hoops, as solid as the best hoops in the world. The discovery which has been a desideratum for some three thousand years, is undergoing examination before the Academy of La Rochelle.

A singular law exists in Utah Territory, granting to the capital of the Territory the right of pardon of death sentences. They may elect to be hanged, to be shot, or to be beheaded.

The latest fashion in Washington of asking a party what they will take to drink is, "Please nominate your poison, gentlemen."

The celebrated London preacher, Spurgeon is to visit America in May.

The number of horse races in Great Britain last year was one thousand six hundred and sixty-eight, and the number of horses entered, one thousand eight hundred and thirty.

An English newspaper says that only one person was killed in the battle of the Marston, Holstein question, and was a German Professor who immediately went mad.

A woman named Madeline Orroff, has just died in an asylum at Rome, aged over 121 years, having been born in November 1742.

A writ has been issued, at the instance of the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia, against the City of Halifax for alleged railway liability, amounting to £100,000.

Two hundred and fifty persons were drowned by the bursting of the Sheffield reservoir (England).

The "Immortal Six Hundred of Balclava" have enlisted in such numbers in the Federal army, that the Providence Journal thinks that 1,000 out of the 600 must have survived and come to the United States.

New Brunswick is playing a deep game, and she has in her councils men of foresight and great penetration. If she can manage to make St. John, with all its disadvantages, the emporium of the winter trade and traffic of all Canada, she deserves to have it—that is all; and when that is done, the prospective greatness and glory of Nova Scotia has departed.—Halifax Chronicle.

RAILWAYS IN LONDON.—The whole aspect of London is being changed by the railways which now intersect it in every part. Three or four bridges are at this moment in progress across the river Thames, and capital is being spent with incredible lavishness in the formation of these ugly structures. There are no less than 74 schemes now claiming the attention of Parliament for railways in London, and the outcries of the great majority of these schemes will be a mere waste of paper; and it appears likely that two concentric rings of railway will be formed, an outer one, at a radius of three or four miles, from the centre of the city, and an inner one, which will be carried underground its entire length. The city of London is becoming perfectly monstrous. Not less than 60,000 inhabitants are added to its population every year—a number in itself equal to the population of a large city.

A colored man who had come with his family to New York, en route for California, was passing up Broadway in the day, not long since, when he was kidnapped by some ruffians and taken into Layfayette Hall and held there for some time. He was then taken to the hotel where he had left them, anxiously awaiting his return. He received a few dollars only as his portion of the amount to which he would have been entitled if he had been released voluntarily, and was then thrust into the guard van, and sent to the depot at Rikers Island from thence to the seat of war. There he remained three months before his story became known. He finally related the foregoing circumstances to the chaplain of the regiment, who exerted himself to have the recruit sent to New York. In the use of his statement made to Major John A. Dix, at the headquarters, he said with a mournful expression that touched the hearts of all present: "I don't know where my family is now, sir. I have never seen or heard from them since the day I went out for to get some things for the old woman and the little babies to go to California with."

A WARNING TO EMIGRANTS IN AMERICA.—"Mantabatt" writing from New York, says: "What caution should be taken of Her Majesty, or of any European nation, who arrives here a stranger, and goes to this or that lodging house: Perhaps the very first night he is made drunk or drugged. He is then searched. If he has money he is robbed of it. He is taken to camp and a uniform is put upon him. His captain, landlord, and another divide the robbery, and he gets \$300 for enlisting him. He does not know what to do: helpless and hopeless, he goes with his regiment to the war if not frozen to death on Ritter's Island. Why does he not write or send to the British Consul? Bah! he has no chance to do it. I have no doubt that there are some ten million honest British subjects, Irish, Scotch, Welsh or English, in the army, who have been seized and forced into it in this manner before they have been a week in the city. I have heard some stories connected with it that makes my blood run cold. No foreigner should make company with others. They should band together. If one is missing never let sleep come to them until they have roused the British Consul and rescued their countryman from a fate worse than death. There will be horrible stories told, if these I believe five out of seven persons that have gone to the war from New York have perished. I have my information not from one but from many. I know that seizing emigrants, robbing them, and getting rid of them is practised every hour of the day, and these poor helpless ones have no help except in God."

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

FREDERICTON, March 31, 1864.

The bill to amend the law providing for the erection of a City Hall, St. John, was recommitted, and Hon. Mr. Robertson moved an additional section limiting the operation of the bill two years.

Hon. Mr. Minchin moved the House in Committee on the bill to enable Christ's Church, Woodstock, to dispose of certain lands in Canterbury, and the question to dispense with the 34th rule in its application to this bill being proposed.

Hon. Mr. Perley: as there were no petitions from Woodstock, and the Rector had not been aware of the action taken, hoped the 34th rule would not be suspended.

Hon. Capt. Robinson thought no hardship could grow out of allowing this bill to stand over another year; this was especially their duty in view of the contradictory evidence submitted. Harm might accrue from its passage.

Hon. Col. Minchin said the people of Woodstock must by this time have become aware of the existence of the bill and its nature; they had sent no petition against its passage, but there was a very numerous signed petition from Canterbury in its favor. His hon. read from a letter received from a gentleman in Canterbury, in which it was stated that the writer had undertaken to incur the trouble of obtaining a petition in favor of the bill, and thus relieving the Corporation of all further trouble; this probably was the reason why the Rector was unaware of the action. He urged the justice and propriety of passing the bill, in order to settle the Church in Canterbury in the lands as proposed by the Corporation of Christ's Church, Woodstock. The lands were extensive and valuable. There had been recently two Churches built in Canterbury, where there were 500 dependents upon the Episcopal Church; at whose expense and labor these Churches had been erected and maintained.

Hon. Mr. Chandler thought there was *prima facie* evidence sufficient in favor of suspending the 34th rule, inasmuch as the Vestry and Church Warden had recommended it, and therefore the intent of the rule had been fulfilled.

Hon. Mr. Hazen said the object of the rule was to insure the nature of the bill being made known to the whole parish. He believed the great error in the Episcopal Church was the erection of too many Churches which, as in this instance, were often allowed to remain in an unfinished state. This bill provides for the transfer of property, and therefore more regard should be paid to the rule, the fullest notice should be given in order that the parishioners might petition against it. There was no intention to show that any such publicity had been given to this matter.

Hon. Mr. Odell said the Certificate of the Vestry meeting which had been submitted was defective, because there was nothing contained in it to show that due notice had been given to the parishioners that this matter would be introduced. He was favorable to the measure, but did not think there was sufficient information before them to warrant the suspension of the rule or the passage of the bill.

Hon. Mr. Wark said the only objections raised to the measure had been by the Rector himself, when he, but since that he had had sufficient time to have obtained and forwarded a petition against the bill, provided there were serious objections against it. He considered the information before the House sufficient to justify the passing of the bill.

Hon. Col. Minchin thought the Corporation certificate should be regarded as quite satisfactory, and as conveying the wish of the whole Corporation.

Hon. Mr. Robertson: admitting the legality of the bill, still it would not be just for the Legislature to authorize the transfer of property in this manner, without the parishioners generally agreed with the action of the Vestry. This was one of those cases where the bill should most certainly have been published. It was strange, certainly that there was no petitions in favor or against the bill from Woodstock.

Hon. Mr. Hazen read from the law, showing that legally this business could not be transacted on Easter Monday, and he concluded that the Rector had been given to take place on that day. The Saturday previous to Easter Monday was the day for the transaction of general business.

Hon. Mr. Chandler thought it most remarkable that with all the publicity which must have been given to this matter since the action of the Vestry in 1863, there had been no petitions against the measure, providing there were really valid objections entertained by any persons.

Hon. Mr. Hazen said the Corporation had no power in the law to give away a portion of the land all they could do was to ask the Legislature to authorize them to do so.

Hon. The President thought the Vestry had not exceeded its power in taking this matter into consideration on Easter Monday, and that the certificate should receive all credence. He thought there was sufficient equity in the case to authorize the suspension of the rule. The motion to suspend the rule was lost. A motion to reconsider was lost.

Bill relating to Great Marsh, St. John, &c., was again committed.

Hon. Mr. Robertson asked, in event of a new abodeau being erected, how it would affect the conveyance of water into the City.

Hon. Mr. Rice thought that every public information should be given to the parties interested, as to the nature of this bill, it must meet with public approbation, or it would be petitioned against.

Hon. Mr. Wark said that he was convinced the present law was very preferable to this bill, he would therefore move its postponement 3 months.

Hon. Mr. Steves having examined the law, was satisfied that the Railway property on the Marsh, was not liable to assessment under its provisions. There was so much difficulty surrounding the enactment of a measure which would be equitable in its bearing upon all the parties interested, and it being doubtful whether the bill contained more certain provisions than the present law, he should not oppose the postponement. It was then postponed 3 months.

A bill relating to Water Supply, of St. John and Portland, was committed.

Hon. Mr. Seelye objected to the provisions for a tax stock in trade, especially on commission goods; there would be difficulty in determining the value of stocks. Why, he asked, tax stocks in trade, and not the furniture in every man's house. He thought there should be no distinction between lands built upon, and lands not built upon but they should be taxed alike according to their value. He could not understand why there should be a distinction between Portland and the City in the distance from the main. If the water is not of value to property, more than 500 ft. from the main, in the City, he thought it would not benefit property more than 500 ft. in Portland.

Hon. Mr. Hazen was not particular about the passage of the bill, as it now is, but he was anxious that there should be some Legislation to remedy the evils of the present law, and assess all property benefited by the water supply. He had yet to be convinced that personal property in stock in trade, and otherwise, should not be assessed for water supply which is provided for the protection of these very stocks. He was quite willing to tax furniture. There could, he thought, be no difficulty in finding the value of the stocks, by taking an average at the different seasons. He referred to the general benefits derived from the water supply, in relieving insurance, protection from fire, &c.

Hon. Mr. Seelye said he approved of the general principle; he only objected to the assessing of a portion of personal property and not the whole.

Hon. Mr. Robertson spoke of the difficulty of assessing, notwithstanding their utmost endeavours, and he was very vague and indefinite, and in many respects unfair in its operations. He did not and

never regarded the amount paid for the Water Supply, in St. John, as a tax, but as an equivalent. He never heard in any part of the civilized world of such a thing as a tax upon stocks in merchandise for Water Supply. Such a thing was contrary to the usual policy which is to relieve commerce as far as possible from all petty charges. According to the bill, stock in warehouses cannot be taxed. He argued that according to this bill every man through whose hands goods passed would have to include the same goods in his average to be taxed.

Hon. Mr. Hazen differed in this view, the value would be only taken and the tax applied once a year. He (Mr. R.) said to make up any deficiency ship owners may be taxed on their ships, which derives no benefit from the Water Supply. If goods should be taxed, so should furniture, plate, dent, &c., because they may be protected by the supply.

Hon. Mr. Chandler said it was impossible to make a general law which would not, in some cases, work hardly, and so with regard to this measure which had been fully discussed elsewhere, and determined as about the best measure which could be enacted.

Hon. Mr. Steves could not understand what that justice property in Portland 700 feet from the main should be taxed, while in the City property beyond 500 feet from the main was not liable to tax. As to the equity of taxing all those who received direct and positive benefit from the Water Supply, he was agreed. But there was a difference of opinion as to the propriety of taxing stocks in trade and other personal property; he thought that that provision of the bill should be struck out.

Hon. Mr. Todd thought there could be but one opinion that this bill was an improvement on the present law, and it would be unwise to defer the passage of it in hopes of making it perfect by amendments.

Hon. Mr. Odell believed there was a provision in the bill that might interfere with private rights; it would be necessary to introduce a clause in order to protect such private rights. His hon. read a petition from LeBaron Botsford, setting forth that his private rights were liable to be infringed by the operation of this bill, but it was discovered that the objectionable system had been expunged in the Lower House.

Progress was reported.

April 1. The bill to incorporate the People's Bank of New Brunswick was committed.

Hon. Mr. Botsford stated that the Committee on Corporations had in their report directed particular attention to the very small amount of Capital Stock provided for in the bill.

Hon. Mr. Robertson characterized this proposed Corporation as a bubble, like several similar ones which the Legislature had inflated, some of which, as the Charlotte Co. Bank and the Central had burst, as this one certainly would, if incorporated with the small amount of \$50,000 paid up capital. He could not support the bill without an increase of the Capital Stock one hundred per cent., and a more explicit and effective application of the double liability principle than was now provided. He declared it to be not prudent or just to arm men with the power of this without further protection. The establishment would not bring any additional capital into the Province, nor would it increase the legitimate facilities for doing business; in fact the amount was so small—the interest being only 4750—it would not be sufficient to pay the expenses incident to commencing business, and it was a