

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

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NO. 29.

Poetry.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines stand aghast;
And all the night my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my sky-bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under the dooms of the thunder,
I strangle and howl at fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the gentle sea-moan,
The sighs and the sobs of the sea,
That seem to tell of my past and my future,
And I fall the while in heaven's blue smile,
While he dissolves in rain.

The sanguine sunrise, with its meteor eyes,
And its burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing cloud,
And when the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain peak,
Which earthquakes rock and wrecks,
An eagle aloft and silent,
In the light of its golden wings,
And when sunset breathes, from the lit sea-be-
hind, its ardors of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depths of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beam of her unsees feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the roof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them white and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent of my wind-blown tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of sky fall through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,<
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when I never have stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

Select Tale.

THREE LIVES.

"In our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet us, from many strange places, and by many strange roads; and what it is set to them to do to us, and what it is set to us to do to them, will all be done."

When I came upon this passage in the book I was reading I shut it up and fell to thinking. Somehow the words came back along the way of my own life—a rugged, commonplace highway enough, and yet not without some strange, sudden turnings in it, which made me understand what the old Greeks meant by Fate. Mine has not been a stirring career. I have not guided boats through mad seas, tossing white crests of defiance to a threatening sky; I have not ministered in prisons, or nursed in hospitals. Yet is my quiet life not without its own lesson; not without its temptations, its struggles, its hours of terrible anguish; and I have thought it might be a good employment for the long, solitary days of summer, to set it all down; that perchance, sometime when the mould grows over my pulseless heart, and my faded eyes are closed forever, some other, tried and tempted as I was, may read and learn that the right has its sure rewards. If they are not always of the earth; if the crown is eternal, and the flowers are such as never fade, are they therefore less worth the winning?

How far off my youth seems, and yet I am but thirty-five! and it is only because my life must be measured, not by years, but by the incidents which have followed each other so fast, that I seem now like an old woman, for whom it remains only to sit among the shadows and wait for the morning.

Back across the years I look to the morning land of youth. I see a bright, happy home, kind parents, brothers and sisters, so many and so merry. Our life, in the pleasant country town where our home was, was not wanting in variety. We had society enough as we grew up, and the great hospitable house used to ring with gay laughter and cheery talk. In winter Yule fires burned in the wide-mouthed chimneys, for we were come of English stock, and liked to keep up good old customs; the long tables bent under the weight of bounteous Christmas cheer, and of all the glad young faces on which the fire-light flashed none was more glad than mine. I did not know what trouble meant in those days. There was a strange fascination for me in reading in books about misery and heart ache—a pleasant luxury, in the soft tears I wept, for sorrows so far removed from my own life.

They spoiled me a little because I was the beauty of the family, and they were all proud of me. No one would guess it now, but in my youth, when these eyes, which so many tears have dimmed, were black and full of sparkling light, when roses flamed on these now pale cheeks, when my lips were coral red, and my long dark hair defied comb and band to curb its luxuriant growth, I was the belle of the country town—the centre of attraction at every fête and festival. The discipline of my life has cured me of vanity. It thrills my pulses now with no throbs of the old pride to remember how I quipped it once; to recall the perilous pleasure of being followed, and praised, and sought for; the one without whom every company was incomplete. It is fashionable nowadays to make book heroes who are pale and reticent; not handsome till some inspiration kindles their eyes and colors their cheeks, and then, all at once, radiant. My beauty was not of that kind. It was bright and positive.

Of course I had many suitors; but I was not easy to win. I was reluctant to resign my proud domain over the many to sit quietly down at one man's fireside. Yet I was no coquette; I gave no

encouragement, and if any were disappointed I did not hold myself to blame. I was nineteen, and had been for three years the centre of attraction in all the society the neighborhood of Kempton afforded, before I had ever allowed any one to approach me near enough to be my lover.

I hardly know now what it was which moved me when Fred Hartwright came. He was my second cousin, but he was an orphan, and had passed most of his life away from Kempton—in school, or travelling, or at the house of his guardian in New York. When I was nineteen he came to Kempton for the summer; and, of course, with the tie of relationship between us, he was brought into constant association with our family.

He was very handsome. I think it ran in the Hartwright blood; my mother was a Hartwright, and I took my beauty from her. The Hamiltons are all like my father—sturdy, and have and true, strong to work for God and man, but wanting a little of the Hartwright charm.

I had never seen any one like Fred; never certainly, any one so graceful, so accomplished, so gifted with that rare fascination of manner which makes everything its possessor does and says seem at once thoroughly sincere, and the most subtle of compliments. Perhaps it was no wonder that we attracted each other, thrown together as we were in all the pleasant, dangerous intimacy of country life—riding, driving, boating singing and dreaming.

When he asked me to marry him, however, I hardly knew what to say, for I had not been thinking of him in that light. Pleasant friend, gay companion he had been—nothing more. But when I listened to his passionate persuasions, when I met his dark eyes so full of pleading; above all, when I knew I must be all to him or nothing—that if I said no to his suit, my gallant tender friend would go away from Kempton forever, I began to think how sorely I should miss him, and to long to keep him by my side. There was something very fascinating, moreover, in his intense, earnest way of making love. No one had ever talked so to me before. I did not believe I had ever been half so dear to any one else, and I thought I should never be so beloved again.

Before I fairly knew it we were engaged, and while I passed my days in a sort of charming, cooing bewilderment at Fred's side, my mother and sisters were busily at work upon my wedding outfit.

It was September when our bridal vows were plighted, and we were to be married at the Christmas tide, on my twentieth birthday. The three months intervening were long enough to show me Fred in other phases than the gay companion or chivalrous wooer. I began to recognize in him a passionate temper, an undisciplined will, a jealousy cruel as the grave. Oh, if I had been warned in time. But no one seemed to mind; only my grandmother Hamilton said to me one day—it was after we had quarreled and made up, when she was there on a visit—

"Remember child, stormy wooing never ends in quiet wedding."

I answered her cheerfully:

"Oh, there'll be no trouble after we are married grandma. It is only that Fred loves me so well now he can't beat any one else to look at me. After we have settled down into the quiet of wedded life, and our mutual trust is strengthened by time, it will be different. We shall jog along just as other people do."

Grandmother shook her head.

"If you could build a great stone pyramid on the top of a volcano it might keep it under, perhaps—the thing would be to keep the volcano still till you get it buried."

I knew what she meant. She thought there never would be peace enough between us to give time for building up the quiet trust of which I had spoken. With my nineteen-year-old wisdom I smiled at her fears, and thought she knew neither Fred nor me, or our love for each other.

And indeed there was something fascinating about those very outbursts of temper. I am not sure that they did not make his hold on me stronger than a calmer lover's would have been. Not that I liked his anger or his injustice; but the tender sweetness of making up seemed to atone for all. When I saw him at my feet, so humbled, so sorry, so fearful I would never forgive him, and so certain that all he needed to cure him forever was to have me all his own, and to be sure that no one else would dare to think of me, it is strange that I was ready to pardon all.

I have wondered since that my mother was not alarmed for my future happiness; but she took kindly even to the Hartwright foibles, and thought all Fred's passionate injustice sprang from the fervor of his love.

So I went on. Remember the frosty pomp of my bridal morning. An early snow glittered on the tree boughs and whitened the road side, and the bright December sun struck it all to diamond sparkles. Fred was ecstatic. Never had bride been so lovely, or groom so blest. No doubt or misgiving troubled him—there was no little cloud in all the blue sky that arched smiling over his future.

Did his rhapsodies chill me, or why was my heart so heavy? At the very last a vague presentment of evil oppressed. Still I felt no inclination to draw back. I thought what I experienced was but the natural, girlish tremor which overflows in some in bridal tears, but which turned me, instead cold and still. I spoke my vows willingly, and with unfaltering lips—pledged myself of my own free-will, and surely the contract was binding. I could have no right to complain if Fate or Providence exacted its fulfillment to the uttermost farthing.

When the ceremony was over the chill and gloom were uplifted from my mood. I was happy, as brothers and sisters and friends crowded round me with congratulations, and I turned proud eyes on my handsome, graceful husband. Many a time afterward the bitterness of thoughts which would have been harsh softened by the memory of that hour—the triumph in his eyes, the love words on his lips, the tremulous joy of which my own heart was full.

There was need enough, as time passed on, of tender and softening memories. My grandmother had been right. Stormy wooing does not end in quiet wedding.

We lived together, in outward peace, more than three years. On the incidents of those miserable

years I will not dwell. They are my secret—let the world speculate on them as it may. Both of us were wrong, both suffered. He was unkind, exacting, caustically jealous, needlessly cruel. I was defiant, unyielding, not ready enough to forgive. And so the breach between us grew wider. If any child's hand had been stretched out to draw us together, any baby lips had smiled for us, it might have saved us. But God knew best, and he sent no such blessing.

There are men and women, perhaps, who could go through a long lifetime together in outward harmony when between their hearts was yawning a fathomless, bridgeless gulf of disunion and discordance. Such must have cooler, more controlled, more long-suffering temperaments than ours.

There came a time at last, after months of alienation—months during which not one word had been spoken between us that the necessities of life or of society did not exact—when Fred entered one afternoon the room where I was sitting.

It was a June day. There was a scent of heliotropes in the air. I remember the way every article of furniture was placed—what book I held in my hand, even a white shawl on the carpet which tormented my eyes while he spoke.

"I have something to say to you, Margery."

His tone was quiet, yet with a certain note of resolve which made it forceful. He had always called me Margery, even when we were most at variance but it seemed to me his voice lingered on the name now, with an intonation that made me think of old, happier times. I looked up expectantly, yet with a cold certainty at my heart that reunion was impossible; a secret, bitter determination never again to forgive him, say what he would. But he had not come for prayers or entreaties. Looking at me searchingly, he said:

"Do you remember the address Charles Forsyth gave us in his last letter?"

Charles was our cousin—his as well as mine—and had been among the first to follow the gold rumors to California. I began to guess at Fred's intentions; but I rose quietly, took the letter from a desk, and handed it to him.

"I have made all my arrangements," he went on just glancing at it, "to go to California by the next steamer. I shall join Forsyth. I have no doubt he can put me in the way of establishing myself. I shall go in a week, unless—here he came close to me, and looked steadily down into my eyes—unless you ask me to stay, Margery."

What was my duty? I could not tell. God forgive me if I judged wrongly. He had worn my love out, if indeed it had ever been worth calling love. It was dead utterly. It would be a relief to have him go—a blessed relief—if I could only creep away into some solitude, where the world would forget me, and find rest. Yet I was not without a conscience. If I had thought any reconciliation could be permanent, remembering my marriage-vows I would have said, stay. But I was so weary of such trials! They had been made so often and so vainly! What was the use, I thought, of going through a new mockery of forgiveness and promises, and those miserable scenes after all? So I just said—and I knew my voice was cold, for I felt as if I was turning to stone—

"I shall neither say go nor stay. To talk of any influence of mine over you is an absurdity. Do as you choose."

He put his hand on my shoulder, and bending down a little, looked in my eyes with a curious expression; hardly tender, yet certainly not harsh; expectant, perhaps. I wondered if he thought there was still any magnetism for him in his touch, any spell in his eyes. I did not speak.

"I wait, Margery, for your bidding. Remember you are deciding the whole future for us both."

"Did you not understand me? I will take no such responsibility. If you go, you go. If you stay, you stay. I will have nothing to do with the matter."

He looked at me for a moment without speaking. He seemed studying my face. I think he read there a resolve sterner than his own. He drew a long breath at last, and announced his determination.

"I go, Margery. I shall trouble you no more. See to it that you can quiet your conscience as easily in the days when our vows and the way we have kept them are brought up before us in judgment as you can quiet my voice now."

I was silent. I might have upbraided him with his own offences against our mutual compact; but I said nothing, and I thought my silence magnanimous. And yet a few words, even of reproach would have kept him; for a softened heart looked out of his lingering eyes. A few words then might have saved us perhaps from so much that came after, and I did not speak them. Was it fate?

When he had gone out of the room, and I knew the matter was all settled, I felt no regret. I think I had suffered so much that it made me torpid. I felt like a frozen creature, with only one emotion—a blind, vague sense of relief that I should be put upon the rack no more, should hear no more bitter words, be subjected to no more upbraidings. I could go away—it was all I craved—and rest.

During the week that yet remained before he left I think, a few words from me would at any time have changed all his plans. I think, now that he was about to leave me, his heart yearned over me with a sorrowful, longing tenderness. He was more passionate than I—in a certain sense more cruel—but he was at the same time more forgiving. Besides, his nature was not so hard—did not retain impressions as mine did. Our three years and over of perpetual, miserable bickering had not so worn into his soul as they had into mine. It would have been possible for him to forget—to me the very tenacity of my memory was a curse.

I did not then realize, however, that he was longing to stay, waiting and hoping for some small sign of concession from me. If I had, I think I should have yielded, out of duty, not love. But it was not till afterward that the truth came home to me—when I remembered the long looks that sought my face with a speechless entreaty, the slight errands into the room where I was sitting, the little cares for my comfort. All in vain. I responded to none of them. Silent and still, cold and impassive, as if frozen to stone, I sat through the long June days, with a bit of work in my fingers for a pretense, or some book which I never read.

At last—it was the day before he was to go—he spoke to me directly.

To be continued.

A Dutch Romance.

Several of the Paris journals tell the following story relating to the interpreter of the Japanese embassy to Paris—

Frantz Bieckman was a native of Holland, but being of a roving disposition, embarked on board a vessel bound to Batavia to seek his fortune. Years passed by, and nothing being heard from him, his friends at last concluded that some accident must have befallen him, and that he was no longer living.

His father remained in Holland, but, being unsuccessful in business, he came to Paris. Here his resources soon failed him, and on writing to a friend to solicit a small loan, he received the following letter in reply: "I send you the money you ask for, and add to it the photographic portraits of the Japanese embassy. You will remark the face of one of those strangers, for he is the very image of your son." The father could not but perceive the resemblance; the features were certainly the same, but the closely shaven head, and the Oriental costume puzzled him. He, however, went to the court-yard of the hotel in which the embassy was staying, and was so fortunate as to arrive just as the Japanese were passing to go out. The original of the portrait he at once recognized, and called out, "Is that you Frantz?" In a moment the son—for Frantz it really was—and the old man were locked in each other's arms. The ambassadors, who witnessed the scene, were greatly moved; and old Bieckman's troubles were now at an end, as the son is wealthy and prosperous.

A Model Family.

About 25 years ago, two brothers, then and now residing in Kennebunk, married. Their wives never saw each other until they were married. These two brothers are blacksmiths and work together, occupying the same shop that their father and grandfather occupied. But the most remarkable and commendable feature in reference to the matter is that these two families have lived together as one family ever since they were married all eating at the same table, and all in perfect harmony. A few years ago these two men left home for California. While waiting on the Isthmus for a steamer, one of them was taken sick, and it was agreed that the well brother should proceed to California, and that the other should return home as soon as he was able, which he did. The California brother remained in the golden State, working at his trade, until he accumulated \$3600, when he returned home. After the congratulations were over, the California brother brought out his treasure, and said, "Here brother, is \$1800, your half of my earnings!" The wives took turns in presiding at the table—alternating weekly; the one off duty taking no more interest in matters than if she was a boarder.

We gather the above facts from a gentleman of this city, who recently made a short call at the home of these brothers. We set these people down as bona-fide christians.—Argus.

Evening Walks.

The youthful population of our city is just now in the midst of the disease, which is at once the happiest and most miserable of the human weakly. Evening strolls, such as sentimental bipeds have been addicted to, the world over, since time began, and love prompted actions are now the order of things. Arm in arm, or in loving proximity, the head confidently inclined toward the other's ear and a certain happy air are the infallible signs indicating a fearful decision among the unmarried. Poor unfortunate! whose future seems so rosy and beautiful, whose diet ought to be rose-petals and lily leaves, what will Cupid say to paying 30 cents per lb. for beef steak.—Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.

What she wanted.

A young woman had been converted at a camp-meeting. The minister had told her that if she had faith, the Lord would give her whatever she would ask in prayer. Believing implicitly in his words, she one evening retired to a grove, and fervently prayed the Lord to give her a man. It so happened that an owl sat up in one of the trees, and being disturbed, gave out a hoo-o-o! She thought the Lord had heard her prayer, and only wished to know her choice. She was overjoyed, and with the greatest thankfulness of spirit, answered back, "Anybody, Lord, if it's only a man."

On a rough old sailor being asked by one of the members of a learned society to write an account of the manners and customs of a somewhat barbarous nation, whose territories he had lately been exploring, he put down the following exceedingly brief summary of the characteristics of the people in question: "Manners, none. Customs, nasty."

THE RANKS.—If you step out of the ranks, the crowd may pass on, the vacant space may be occupied, and you never may be able to find your place again. There are more men than there are holes, and all the holes get filled up.

A chap in Norwich, Ct., who had hung a pair of pants near an open window and left them there two weeks, experienced a delicate sensation, when he went to put them on the other day, and thrust one of his legs into a big hornet's nest.

A gentleman walking with two ladies stepped on a hoghead hoop, that flew up and struck him in the face, "Mercy!" said he, "which one of you dropped that?"

Four lines more beautiful than these, says the Buffalo Express, are rarely written. The figure which it involves is exquisite:

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

Flavel said that if men should rise from the dead and read their epitaphs, some of them would think that they had got into the wrong grave.

It is said that empty-headed people are always happy; so corks always float.

Of what trade is a minister at a wedding? A joiner.

The surest cider in the world is made from the apples of discord.

The battle of life needs no generals, every man is his own commander.

Items, Foreign & Local. The Carleton Sentinel.

A grandson of Daniel Webster has enlisted as a private.

The income section of the new Federal Tax Bill, as it passed the Senate, is as follows: "Five per cent on incomes from \$600 to \$5,000; seven and a half per cent on incomes from \$5,000 to \$15,000, and ten per cent additional on the income of all citizens living abroad."

The Great Eastern has been ordered round to the Thames from Liverpool, where the building of the iron tanks in her inside, for the storing of the Atlantic Telegraph cable, will immediately commence.

A delicate youth.—An exchange paper very gravely informs us that a young man who was recently bathing in the Missouri river, seeing a number of ladies approach, drowned himself from motives of delicacy.

President Lincoln was received with enthusiasm by the soldiers during his recent visit to the army. The negro troops rushed almost to the horses' feet, by hundreds, screaming, yelling shouting "hurrah for the Liberator." Their wild huzzas were perfectly deafening.

It is reported that Miss Watt, the only surviving child of the eminent British bibliographer, Dr. Watt, has lately died at Glasgow in a work-house.

The New York Herald's Paris correspondent writing June 14th, says there has been a general exodus of Southerners from that Metropolis for England to help in a great movement which they hope will aid materially in bringing about a recognition of their government.

Whiskey has been added to the rations of our soldiers in the field during active operations. But, we are told, has been done after "mature deliberation." So much the worse, so says the Portland Transcript.

Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, announces officially in his organ, the Western New York Catholic, that the "Fenian Brothers" cannot march in procession with Catholic societies, nor take part in Catholic rites and holy sacrifices.

A curious feature of the war is the fact that a Confederate merchant ship has taken a freight at a high rate from an East Indian port to England, while Federal merchantmen can get no freights for fear of capture.

Lord Westbury, the Lord Chancellor of England, has introduced a bill into the English Parliament to abolish imprisonment for debt on all debts under £20, and to limit the right of action on debt, less than said amount, to one year.

A discussion is now going on among English Physicians as to the effect of alcoholic stimulants in cases of fever. Some of the best educated and most successful of them contend that a large per centage of the sick treated with Alcoholic stimulants die of the treatments.

"Violator" writes to the Times saying that, from personal experience, it is scarcely safe for an Englishman to appear in the streets of Berlin.

No fewer than 40,000 Irishwomen are at this moment wandering outcasts in New York.

Dancing is going out of fashion among the young ladies in the upper ranks of society in France. The reason is not given.

Mr. Spurgeon denies that he is about to visit the Holy Land, as was reported.

During the great inundation at Sheffield, England, a little child in a cradle floated from Sheffield to Mexborough, a distance of four miles, and came into the hands of a clergyman's wife, who has adopted it as a Providential wait, its parents having probably been drowned.

In the House of Lords on Tuesday, Lord Brougham presented a petition from 1200 to 1300 tenants, farmers, graziers, and cattle dealers in Scotland complaining, and, as he thought, justly complaining of the law of hypothec in Scotland.

The Glenae speaks encouragingly of the crop prospects in the vicinity of Clatham.

From the first day of January to the first day of June in the present year, the large sum of \$20,677.20 has been paid over to the Receiver General of Nova Scotia for rents and royalties from gold mines.

The Prince of Wales was an exhibitor in the last London dog-show, and carried off the first prize for Newfoundland by his black dog Cabot. Some of the dogs exhibited by the prince had been raised by the late Prince Consort.

The New York Journal of Commerce says decidedly that the experiment of employing negro troops to whip the South has proved a failure. Every opportunity for a thorough trial has been afforded. Rudimentary organizations were formed in such numbers as to encourage hopes of great success. But these were speedily dashed. Exposure, change of diet and habits of life, induced malignant forms of disease which carried off the men, until whole regiments, once well filled, are now almost extinct.

The N. Y. Independent accuses Mr. Seward of having disgraced himself by appearing at the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair in a state of noisy drunkenness. Seward the drunkard, and Lincoln the joker, are a pair of nice guides for the American people at this time.

The Registrar General for Ireland is enabled to report that although there was a decrease of 95,980 acres on the extent of land under tillage in Ireland in 1863, compared with 1862, yet the yield of last harvest was such that the produce is estimated at 1,893,541 quarters more than in 1862.

The appearance of three bloomers on Broadway recently, says a New York paper, created a real sensation. Three ostriches, or three zebras, calmly promenading the shady side, could not have piqued the public curiosity more effectively. Men strolled, women smiled, children laughed; but the bloomers stalked on, heedless of all.

The whole number of shoemakers in the United States is 104,680. Of this, there are in Massachusetts 41,011, or about one-fourth part of the whole. Two thousand eight hundred and ninety-six persons have been saved from death by shipwreck on the British coasts by what is called the mortar and rocket apparatus.

The Boston Post says that Lee has been made General-in-Chief of all the Confederate armies in imitation of Grant's position.

President Lincoln has received two hundred and fifty applications for the Consul Generalship of Canada.

The Globe says Garibaldi has written to the *Morning Star* to say that he left England without being urged or "instigated" to do so by any one and he caused it was his pleasure to do so. It seems the fine stories, to the contrary, which the *Freeman* of this city embraced and circulated with so much avidity, but truth like murder "will out!"

In 1766, 207,600 lbs. of powder, which was stored in the church of St. Nazaire, in Brescia, Italy, was fired by a stroke of lightning, and the explosion reduced about one-sixth of the city to ruins, and killed 3,000 of the inhabitants.

The Montreal Witness says the mortality of Montreal is excessive, being more than double that of London in proportion to its population. The cause is attributed to defective drainage, want of pure air, the unwholesome meats and vegetables that are sold in the market, the use of alcoholic drinks, and the constant drugging of children. The Witness is down on the doctors and apothecaries.

A young clerk at Chicago, who had lost all his own money, and all that he could borrow from his friends and embezzle from his employer, in gambling, wound up his career by drowning himself.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

Municipal Council.

SEMI-ANNUAL SESSION—July 6, 1864.
[Continued from our last.]

On motion of Mr. McCain seconded by J. R. Hartley, Resolved that the License money for the Ferry between John Giberson's former residence in Kent, and Gideon Estabrooks in Wicklow, for 1864 be expended in repairing the roads leading to said Ferry, and that Councillor McCain expend the same.

Mr. Kilburn submitted a report on return of Justice Kelly of Richmond on Delinquent lists of 1862—63.

Tavern license granted to Patrick Small, Woodstock, and to Wingate Weeks, Upper Woodstock.

Mr. McCain presented a petition of Commissioners of Wicklow, asking that the Parish be taxed to pay for expenses incurred in connection with opening up a certain road—read and ordered to lie over till January.

The committee on the gaol submitted a report which was accepted, and a Committee appointed to carry out the suggestions therein contained. Committee—Messrs. Kearney, J. R. Hartley and Dibblee.

The above report declares the gaol to be in a state disgustingly unfit to be occupied, and recommends the appointment of a committee to investigate as to the necessary repairs required, and to have such repairs properly effected.

Accounts were recommended as follows:

John Hunter \$12 10, E. W. Boyer \$23 37, John Bedell \$12 10, T. A. Lyons \$2, F. Crozier \$1, S. Watson \$5 15, Robert Hume \$80 10, Jas. Ebbett \$1 60, Mrs. Jas. Ebbett \$1 60, J. W. Brown \$1 75, John Leith \$2 80, Major Hamilton \$2, Samuel Watson on a count of 1865—\$17 75.

In the case of the accounts of Mrs. J. Ebbett, it is decided that on the parties presenting a certificate of their attendance at the Supreme Court last September, accompanied by a Judges order, the amount shall be paid by the Secretary Treasurer.

Mr. Scholey submitted a report on the returns of Parish officers for Simonds for 1863.

Tavern License granted to Robert Custance, Richmond, and H. T. Scholey, Centreville.

Mr. J. R. Hartley moved that the retail license at the Iron Works be \$10 a year, instead of \$30 the established price.

Mr. Hartley explained that the situation was remote and the person applying wished license merely to prevent his men, working at the mines, leaving their work and going to Woodstock to get their liquor. He did not desire a Tavern license as the neighbors were opposed to such an institution as he was himself.

Mr. Gallop said three miles from the Court House was not a very remote situation.

Mr. Dibblee thought the person applying had better employ sober men.