

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N.B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

NO. 4.

Poetry.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere,
Dutifully blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust of avarice's wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought,
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals, on nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the soul at rest when labor's close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the bath that drops on the slumbers deep;
Bringing sleeping draughts to the weary bed,
Where luxury pillows his aching head,
His simpler opiate labour dreams
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great drama will thus unfold,
And yield a treasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities congregate;
The shrine of love and the heaven's life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows a sinking head,
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer need not be told,
That heaven is better than gold.

Select Tale.

MOTHER OF PEARL.

[Continued.]

"Oh, Gerald!" she cried, "I have been so frightened. What has brought all this blood on the pillow and the sheets? Where have you been? When I awoke and missed you, and discovered these stains, I knew not what to think. Are you hurt? What is the matter?"

I stared at her. There was not a trace of consciousness in her countenance. It was the most consummate acting. Its very perfection made me the more relentless.

"There is no necessity for this hypocrisy," I said; "it will not alter my resolve. We depart for home to-day. Our luggage is packed, the bills are all paid. Speak to me, I pray you, as little as possible."

"What is it? Am I dreaming? Oh! Gerald, my darling, what have I done, or what has come over you?" She almost shrieked these queries.

"You know as well as I do, you fair-faced monster. You tried to murder me last night, when I was asleep. There's your mark on my shoulder. A loving signature, is it not?"

I bared my shoulder as I spoke, and exposed the wound. She gazed wildly in my face for a moment, then tottered and fell. I lifted her up and placed her on the bed. She did not faint, and had strength enough left to ask me to leave her alone for a few moments. I quitted her with a glance of contempt, and went down stairs to make arrangements for my journey. After an absence of about an hour I returned to my apartments. I found her sitting placidly in an easy-chair, looking out of the window. She scarcely noticed my entrance, and, O God! the same old distant look was on her face!

"We start at three o'clock. Are you ready?" I said to her.

"Yes, I need no preparation." Evenly, calmly uttered, without even turning her head to look at me.

"You have recovered your memory, it seems," I sneered. "You wasted your histrionic talents this morning."

"Did I?" She smiled with the most perfect serenity, arranged herself more easily in her chair, and leaned back as if in a rapture. I was enraged beyond endurance, and left the room abruptly.

That evening saw us on our way home. Throughout the journey she maintained the same pathetic air. We scarcely exchanged a word. The instant we reached our house I assigned her her apartments, forbidding her strictly to move from them, and dispatched a messenger for Doctor Melony. Minnie, on her part, took possession of her prison without a word. She did not even ask to see our darling little Pearl, who was a thousand times more beautiful and engaging than ever.

Melony arrived, and I laid the awful facts before him. The poor man was terribly shocked.

"Depend on it, it's opium," he said. "Let me see her."

An hour afterwards he came to me.

"It's not opium, and it's not insanity," he said; "it must be somnambulism. I find symptoms, however, that puzzle me beyond all calculation. That she is not in her normal condition of mind is evident; but I can not discover the cause of this unnatural excitement. She is coherent, logical, but perfectly apathetic to all outward influences. At first I was certain that she was a victim of opium. Now I feel convinced that I was entirely wrong. It must be somnambulism. I will remain a few weeks in the house, and trust me to discover this mystery. Meanwhile she must be carefully watched."

Melony was as good as his word. He watched her incessantly, and reported to me her condition. The poor man was dreadfully puzzled. The strictest surveillance failed to elicit the slightest evidence of her taking any stimulants, although she remained almost all the time in the apathetic state which was so terrible to behold. The Doctor endeavored to arouse her by reproaches for her attempt on my life. She, in return, only smiled, and replied that it was a matter in which she had no further interest. Not a trace of any somnambulist habit could be discovered. I was thoroughly wretched. I secluded myself from all society but that of Melony; and had it not been for him and my darling little Pearl I am certain I would have gone mad. The most of my days I spent wandering in the great woods which

lay in the neighborhood of my farm, and my evenings I endeavored to divert with reading, or a chat with the good Doctor. Yet talk of what we would do the conversation would always return to the same melancholy topic. It was a maze of sorrow in which we invariably, no matter in what direction we wandered, brought up at the same spot.

IV.

The Doctor and myself were sitting one evening late, in my library, talking gloomily enough over my domestic tragedy. He was endeavoring to persuade me to look more brightly on the future; to dismiss, as far as possible, from my mind the accursed horror that dwelt in my home, and to remember that I had still a dear object left on which to centre my affections. This allusion to little Pearl, in such a mood as I was then in, only served to heighten my agony. I began immediately to revolve the chances that, were my wife's disease really insanity, would it not be perpetuated in my dear child? Melony, of course, pook-pooked the idea; but with the obstinacy of grief I clung to it. Suddenly a pause took place in the argument, and the dreary sounds that fill the air in the last nights of autumn swept around the house. The wind soughed through the tree-tops, which were now almost bare as if mourning at being deprived of its leafy playmates. Inexplicable noises passed to and fro without the windows. Dead leaves rustled along the piazza like the rustle of the garments of ghosts. Chilly draughts came from unseen crevices, blowing on back and cheek till one felt as if some invisible lips were close behind, pouring malignant breaths on face and shoulder. Suddenly the pause in our conversation was intruded on by a noise that we knew came either from air or dry leaf. We heard sounding through the night the muffled tread of footsteps. I knew that, saving ourselves, the household had long since retired to bed. By a simultaneous action we both sprang to our feet, and rushed to a door which opened into a long corridor leading to the nursery, and which communicated, by a series of rambling passages, with the main body of the house. As we flung back the door a light appeared at the farther end, advancing slowly toward us. It was borne by a tall white figure. It was my wife!

Calm and stately, and with her wonderful serene step, she approached. My heart was frozen when I saw spots of blood on her hands and night-robe. I gave a wild cry, and rushed past her. In another instant I was in baby's room. The night-light was burning dimly; the colored nurse was sleeping calmly in her bed; while in a little cot in another part of the room, I saw—Ah! how tell it?—I can not! Well, little Pearl was murdered—murdered! My darling baby!

It was I now who was insane. I rushed out of the room back into the corridor to slay the fiend who had done this horrible deed. I had no mercy for her then. I would have killed her a thousand times over. Great God! She was leaning against the wall conversing as calmly with the Doctor as if nothing had happened; smoothing her hair with her red-fingered fingers, nonchalant as if at an evening party. I ran at her to crush her. Melony leaped between us.

"Stop," he cried. "The secret is out; and as he spoke he held up a little silver box containing what seemed to be a greenish paste: "it is Hush-bush, and she is confessing!"

Her statement was the most awful thing I ever listened to. It was as deliberate as a lawyer's brief. She had contracted this habit in the East, she said, long before I knew her, and could not break it off. It would be her nature in chains of steel, by degrees it grew upon her, until it became her very life. Her existence lay as it were in a nut-shell, but that shell was to her a universe. One night, she continued, when she was under the influence of the drug, she went with me to see a play in which the wife abhors her husband and murders her children. It was "Medea." From that instant Murder became glorified in her sight, through the medium of the spell working drug. Her soul became wrapt in the contemplation of the spilling of blood. I was to have been her first victim, Pearl her second. She ended by saying, with an ineffable smile, that the delight of the taking away of life was beyond imagination.

I suppose I must have fainted, for when I awoke from what seemed oblivion I found myself in bed with Dr. Melony by my side. He laid his finger on his lip, and whispered to me that I had been very ill, and must not talk. But I could not restrain myself.

"Where is she?" I muttered.

"Where she ought to be," he answered; and then I caught faintly the words "Private and—house."

Oh, Hush-bush! demon of a new Paradise, spiritual whirlwind, I know you now! You blackened my life, you robbed me of all I held dear; but you have since consoled me. You thought, wicked enchanter, that you had destroyed my peace forever. But I have won, through you yourself, the bliss you once bottled out. Vanish past! Hence present! Once upon actuality! I land in hand, I walk with the conqueror of time and space, and suffering. Bend all who hear me to his worship!

A Patriotic Lady.

The following incident is vouched for by a correspondent of the Christian Register:

A daughter of Massachusetts, living in New York was riding in a crowded street car. An intelligent young soldier, suffering from lameness, was standing. This lady kindly offered him her seat, which he as politely declined; whereupon a city dame, occupying the next place, gathered up her robes and said she thought things had come to a pretty pass, when a New York lady offers her seat to a man, especially a soldier. "Shame upon you, madam!" rejoined our humane friend; "have you no dear ones in the army?" "No," was the reply. "My husband should not go." "Indeed!" was the patriotic answer, "I had rather be a soldier's widow than a coward's wife!" An outburst of applause greeted the speaker.

There was a happy finale to the incident. The lame soldier soon obtained the very next seat to the unfeeling woman who had so insulted him. "Glorious to the woman who shows such spirit!" adds the writer.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

A Word for the Young People.

I want to say a word upon what seems to me a most injudicious and blameworthy practice, common in many boarding-schools for both sexes, of routing young people out of bed to attend long recitations and prayers before breakfast. There are undoubtedly some children so constituted as to bear this without positive injury, though I never can believe, with benefit; but where one child could hear it, half a dozen would drop under it. Everybody knows that there are people literally unable (not necessarily invalids, either) to be out of bed half an hour without partaking of nourishment, under penalty of a miserable day of exhaustion and headache. And when you pile upon that the necessity of mental exertion, the result of such a daily torture upon young growing children may be easily foreseen. For one, I think it positively barbarous, though I have reflection to believe that it is more from want of reflection in parents and teachers, than from indifference or inhumanity. Still the effect remains quite as disastrous.

Poor, sleepy, gaping victims! If I wanted to make a child hate "prayers" or lessons, I would twirl them out of bed, and standing them on their astonished feet in this way, bid them, on an empty stomach, to go at it.

When will people learn not to expect of children what adults cannot do? There are few grown men who are not savage as hyenas when they are hungry. Nobody but an idiot or a woman would ever think of asking a favor of a business man just before dinner. Why should children be amiable, patient and docile, and get up an appetite for grammar and geography and prayers, when their bread and butter in the blue distance? I don't know.

I say unto you, feed them, so soon as you take them out of bed. Feed them well, too. Not luxuriously, but well; not on bad butter, sour bread and skim-milk. Not in a frosty hall in winter, where their teeth can't perform for chattering with cold, but give them a generous breakfast in a decent eating room, then bring on your morality and arithmetic in small doses suited to the capacity. I speak feelingly because experimentally. From my childhood up I never had strength to tell my name before I had swallowed my breakfast; and when I think how many children there are thus constituted I grow indignant at the perpetration of this inhuman practice in many of our schools. There—now I feel better.—Fanny Fern.

Courting in Church.

A young gentleman happened to sit in church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady far whom he had conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text:—Second Epistle of John, verse fifth:—"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth:—"Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, 'Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing that I am a stranger?'" He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John:—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full." From the above interview a marriage took place the following week.

Joke or Earnest.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander, in a speech delivered at Hamilton, related a story of a half-witted man who was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field behind a turfy-dike. One day this individual was followed by his retirement by some evil disposed persons, who, secreted themselves on the opposite side prepared to listen to what he should say. Jock commenced his devotions, and among other things expressed his conviction that he was a great sinner and that even were the turfy-dike at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sinner had he said this than the persons on the opposite side pushed the dike over upon him. Scrambling out from amongst the debris, Jock was heard saying, "Heeh, sirs! it's an awfu' world this; a body canna say a thing in joke but its ta'en in earnest."—Edinburgh Journal.

"Say Mr. Clerk, have you a good strong Porter about the Hotel?"

"Yes sir, we have the strongest one in the State."

"Is he intelligent?"

"Quite intelligent, for a Porter."

"Do you consider him fearless—that is bold, courageous?"

"I know he is; he would not be afraid of Satan himself."

"Now, Mr. Clerk, if your porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 107, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bedbugs, I would like to have him bring it down."

The Printer.—A printer is the most curious being living. He may have a bank and coins and not be worth a penny; have small caps, and neither wife nor children. Others may run fast; he gets along swifter by setting fast. He may be making impressions without eloquence; may use the type without offending, and be telling the truth. He may set standing, and do both at the same time; use furniture, and yet have no house.

A teacher at a ladies school, while putting a company of her pupils through the spelling, came to the word "lad," of which she asked the signification. One little puss, on the question being put, with a sidelong look unblushingly answered, "They are good for courting with."

A woman will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees; you may wave over her head the very flag of victory, but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten—in the same way that there are Frenchmen who will not admit to the present day that they have lost the battle of Waterloo.

A person in public company accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world was mildly answered by an Irish gentleman "that it ought to be otherwise for the Irish meet with hard rules enough to polish any nation upon earth."

Items, Foreign & Local.

There are 20,000 societies in England. Two members of Congress have died, at Washington, of small pox.

There is a couple in New South Wales, aged respectively 111 and 107.

Kanchamacha, king of the Sandwich Islands, is dead. He was a well educated man; his wife an Englishwoman.

The Toledo Commercial talks about a hog 23 years old that weighs 1,232 lbs.

It is rumored that Cardinal Wiseman intends to resign in consequence of ill health.

Cork carpeting has been introduced in England. It is durable and slightly.

One pork house in Indianapolis packs three thousand hogs daily.

The passport system is now thoroughly enforced in the United States.

A statistician declares that there are 2,116,175 horses in England—600,000 for private use.

Adjutant Charles Hasey, of Houlton, has sent home three red swords taken in the field.

A bill is before Congress to repeal the duty on paper.

An exchange says that an Englishman is soon to take out a patent for propelling cars, coal drags, and other vehicles through the streets by air.

Two, of the three moose, which were being carried from Halifax to Italy, died ere reaching Boston, owing to severe cold.

The Great Eastern consumes 6,500 tons of coal on an American voyage, and will require 20,000 for a voyage to India.

The N. Y. Tribune says that a million of dollars would be a low estimate of the amount wagered on the King and Heumen fight.

The retail liquor dealers in New York have had a meeting and raised the price of a drink from 25 to 50 per cent.

A man sat down on the sidewalk in Quebec, a few days ago, and froze to death, dozens of people passing all the while.

On examining a bankrupt in England lately, it was found that his wife had 54 yards of silk in one dress.

1,100 persons, in Newbern, N. C., have taken the oath annexed to the President's amnesty proclamation.

Gov. Conney, of Maine, in his message to the Legislature, is down on the reciprocity treaty, and strongly favors the Aruostook railroad scheme; also capital punishment.

The Pioneer says 6 hogs were slaughtered a few days ago, belonging to Mrs. G. W. Smith, of Ashland. Their united weight was 3,000 lbs. Average 500. The largest weighed 776 lbs.

A man breathes 29 times a minute, 1,200 times an hour, and exhales in quantity about 18 pints of air a minute, 1,067 an hour, or 57 hogheads 1 gallon 7 pints per day.

A shneetday lady was recently relieved of a tape worm which measured 18 feet 9 inches. The monster was expelled by the use of a very simple remedy, namely—pumpkin seeds.

A bill is before the Confederate Congress to compel all soldiers who have enlisted for short fixed periods, to serve to the end of the war; otherwise they are to be treated as deserters and shot.

The value of the exports from the port of Portland in 1863 was \$5,018,356 against \$4,117,292 in the year previous. The war has not done Portland much injury.

The Pope concurred in the proposal for a Congress, in his answer he states, he should especially demand the re-establishment, in Catholic countries, of the real pre-eminence, naturally appertaining to the Catholic religion, as being the only true faith.

The Saint John Chamber of Commerce have taken hold in good earnest, of the western extension railway scheme, and now things look as though Woodstock might soon be put in connection with St. John and the United States.

A challenge to all Scotland has been sent from Canada. A Mr. Alexander McDonald, a resident in Upper Canada, offers to throw a 14lb. hammer with any man in all "broad Scotland" for £200 sterling a side.

The New York Herald says it is the intention of the Federal government to organize an immense cavalry force of at least 100,000 men, to be ready for active operations by next spring. This force, if thought, operating against the South, will sweep everything before it.

The star of fashion in Chicago is a Canadian half breed. She is said to be surpassingly beautiful, and is the petted and idolized wife of a rich man. She took when a little child from her mother's lodge had her education in a convent, and for a time set all Chicago wild with his lovely foreign bride.

Christmas day was rather curiously celebrated in Toronto. A store was broken into in the morning; a dwelling house robbed at noon; a horse and buggy stolen from a hotel in the evening; and to crown all, a large wool factory burned down by incendiaries, entailing a loss of over \$8,000.

The New York Post says that there are at least 100,000 temporary residents in New York. The hotels are all crowded. It is next to impossible to find a house to hire, and just as difficult to secure ordinary sleeping apartments. All the hotels and boarding houses have raised their prices, and yet have to turn applicants away.

Syud Ahmad is preparing a full answer to Bishop Colenso in his next volume. We live in strange times. Who could have thought to see a Christian bishop impugning, and a Mohammedan in reply offering inspiration and authenticity of the writings of Moses?

In Falmouth, (England,) recently an imbecile was discovered, in a filthy den in connection with his brother's house, where for 20 years he has been confined, naked and without even a wisp of straw to lie upon, and surrounded by the most revolting accumulations of filth.

Three fifths of the adult white population of California are men without wives. Four out of every five white men are bachelors, and from necessity; three thousand eight hundred and fifty six white men in the State, there are only forty-eight thousand one hundred and forty-nine white women.

Lieut. Thomas, of the 32nd Light Infantry, Falmouth Garrison, who walked 60 miles between Preston and Lancaster in 20 hours, with the full accoutrements of a private soldier in September last, is now matched to walk from Berwick-upon-Tweed to the Land's End for a very large sum of money. He is to walk 40 miles per day consecutively until the whole distance be travelled, carrying accoutrements weighing 42 lbs.

The Independence Bells of August 28th says that at Marene-les-Dames, a village on the banks of the Meuse, about two leagues from Namur, a lock is being made for the purpose of canalizing that river, between the 1st December, and Shanghai dates of Nov. 22. Kangawa was still guarded by men from the fleets. The French were fortifying the heights, and were daily expecting the arrival of two regiments of infantry from Hong Kong. It was the general belief that a peaceful solution would be found for the troubles between the foreign governments and the Tycoon, although civil war between the latter and the Danais was already progressing. The Tycoon's ministers had waited on the American Minister, offering to pay the indemnity demanded for the attack on the steamer Hsinshin in June last, during her passage through the inland sea. The proposition was accepted; but Minister Pruyn will refer the terms of settlement for the subsequent attack on the steamer Wyoming to the Home Government. Under the increased prospect of unbroken peace business at Kanagawa was improving. Silks and tea were coming in freely in consequence of the removal of the previously existing restrictions.

Trade at Shanghai has somewhat revived. There is increased activity among the shipping, and there is a very large number of vessels in port.

General News.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—To those who look below the surface, of current political movements, the wire-pulling, or the Presidency presents one of the most ludicrous and grotesque spectacles of party engineering. It was Wendell Phillips who said in one of his inspired moments, that the President and his Cabinet were a Committee to arrange who should succeed to the Executive Chair. Since that speech was made, evidence of its truth has been accumulating day by day. Mr. Chase has stamped it in the West ostensibly on the ground of encouraging the anti-Vallandigham sentiment of Ohio. Mr. Seward, not to be a day behind, has unfolded his views on the succession at his home in Central New York; proclaiming, oracularly that Mr. Lincoln's claim to re-election is valid, on the ground that he has thus far been cheated out of his rightful inheritance by reason of the rebellion, and must therefore, remain where he is until the South is subdued, and the king shall enjoy his own again. This ingenious mode of settling the succession, so intensely Sewardian, is of course intended to balk the chances of Chase. For, that once achieved, Mr. Seward is content to let the Presidency take care of itself. More amusing, however, than the tricks of the chief performers, are the antics of their subordinate and camp followers. Thus, the Tribune agent in Washington, who has the double duty to perform of thwarting Seward, and running down such military candidates as Generals Grant and McClellan, tells us in one of his late narratives that Congress—that is the Republican members thereof—has ample evidence that on no account will Gen. Grant oppose Mr. Lincoln's re-election, but will content himself with the honor proposed for him of raising him to the rank of Lieutenant-General. This astute Tribune man fails to see that his betrayal of meanness at the popularity of Gen. Grant, who is a favorite with the Democratic party and all who have a proper regard for successful generalship, is a bad sign of Republican weakness.

Turn we, however, to President Lincoln himself and his aspirations. With all his acknowledged bluntness and tact, he has been unable to conceal from the public in most of his recent public acts, that he has an eye on the succession. The message which he has sent to Congress, is a shining example of a disingenuous phrase rival the obscurest of the Delphic Oracles. The rights of States are to be maintained; but the people, who are to be entitled to assert these rights, are to renounce all their property. Patent of the appointment of the President, a little contingency which may arise. If it should turn out to be unconstitutional to abolish slavery by Executive proclamations, then—well then the slaves must remain as they are. Dexterity like this surely ought to have its reward in a country where "smartness" is held to be the first condition of success. However, Mr. Lincoln may have more trouble than now appears on the surface. The military forces will be dangerous competitors, as the history of many a former election clearly proves.—Scottish American.

COURT OF VICE ADMIRALTY.—On Saturday, the ninth, the Criminal Court room, in the new Court House, was literally crowded with citizens, anxious to know what was to be the upshot of the case of the steamer Chesapeake, now in Admiralty. Let us state the facts of the case as briefly as possible. The steamer Chesapeake was owned by J. W. Smith, Esq., the Registrar of the Court of Admiralty.

W. A. D. Moore, and Isaac J. Wythe, Esqrs., were moved by the Procurator General to be appointed, the first of whom represented the owners, and the second appeared for the claimant of the cargo, as also did J. W. Johnson, Jr.

The Judge, so soon as the Registrar had read the commission of the Procurator General, briefly stated that so far as regarded the case he had concluded to hand the steamer and cargo over to the owners of the steamer so soon as the proofs of the property were made, in accordance with the law and practice of the Court. He stated that he would not entertain any claims on the part of the Confederates—namely, on the part of the Federals, as the former had broken the Queen's proclamation, and the neutral laws, by peddling without permission, the cargo in the ports along the shore, and the latter were equally culpable in the seizure of the steamer in British waters.

A good deal of disappointment was manifested when the Judge expressed his opinion so firmly, and maintained them by arguments so convincing. Judge Stewart, C. B., is a gentleman of independent integrity and qualifications as a lawyer, equal if not superior to any in this Province, or even the adjoining one, and whose capacity to deal with this question might be proved from the fact that for the last eighteen years he has given the best advice available to the elucidation of the principles of international law.

The decided opinion thrown out by the Judge called up J. W. Ritchie, Esq., who was employed by nobody, but appeared there in the view, as he stated, of being employed by underbidders. He combated the opinions of the Judge with some warmth, and was supported in what he said, to some extent, by the Procurator General. The Judge mildly but firmly adhered to the position he had first enunciated; and the Court adjourned to meet again on Wednesday, the 13th inst.—Halifax Express.

ARROSTOOK & ST. ANDREWS BRANCH R. R.—A meeting of the Corporation of the Arroostook & St. Andrews Branch Railroad was held at the Snell House, Houlton, on Saturday last, agreeably to previous notice. An organization was effected by the choice of Shepard Cary, Esq., Chairman. It was then voted to accept the act of incorporation.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors for the government and direction of the affairs of the company, viz: S. Cary, Esq., J. C. Madigan, J. V. Putnam, Rufus Mansur, G. B. Page, L. Snell, A. P. Heywood, and T. P. Packard.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors, S. Cary was chosen President, and Theo. Cary, Clerk. Rufus Mansur was elected Treasurer.

The following were appointed a committee to draft By-Laws: Jas. C. Madigan, G. B. Page, Theo. Cary.

The Directors then voted to divide the Stock of the Company into 1,000 shares, and to fix the price of shares at \$20 each, leaving it at the discretion of the Directors to increase the price of these shares at any future annual meeting, should the interest of the Company require it.—Arroostook Times.

THE WAR IN JAPAN.—The ship Onward arrived at San Francisco on the 2nd inst., with Kanagawa dates of the 1st December, and Shanghai dates of Nov. 22. Kanagawa was still guarded by men from the fleets. The French were fortifying the heights, and were daily expecting the arrival of two regiments of infantry from Hong Kong. It was the general belief that a peaceful solution would be found for the troubles between the foreign governments and the Tycoon, although civil war between the latter and the Danais was already progressing. The Tycoon's ministers had waited on the American Minister, offering to pay the indemnity demanded for the attack on the steamer Hsinshin in June last, during her passage through the inland sea. The proposition was accepted; but Minister Pruyn will refer the terms of settlement for the subsequent attack on the steamer Wyoming to the Home Government. Under the increased prospect of unbroken peace business at Kanagawa was improving. Silks and tea were coming in freely in consequence of the removal of the previously existing restrictions.

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TERMS of the Carleton Sentinel per annum, \$1.50, cash payment in advance. \$2 if paid within 6 months. Clubs of 11, \$15, and one to the sender of the club. At or immediately before the end of each unpaid year, bills will be forwarded to subscribers, and such bills may be regarded as an intimation that unless immediately attended to the paper will be stopped, and proper steps taken to recover the amount of \$3, which is the price when not paid within the year. *Advertisements must be handed in on Thursday.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

Municipal Council.

ANNUAL MEETING, Continued from our last.

THURSDAY, Jan. 14th, 1864.

Mr. Tompkins presented a petition from sundry inhabitants of the upper part of the Parish of Kent, in accordance with a resolution passed at a public meeting held there, praying for the enactment of a bye-law, prohibiting cattle, &c., from running at large in a certain district.

Mr. Ahern presented a counter petition, signed, he affirmed, by the independent inhabitants, alleging that the meeting alluded to above, was illegal. After considerable discussion, it was, on motion of Mr. Farley, seconded by Mr. G. S. Hartley, Resolved that the further consideration, of both petitions, be deferred till next July, owing to the conflicting testimony advanced—carried.

Mr. McCain submitted a statement, from T. Wakeham, late Commissioner with reference to the laying out of a road in Simonds. Mr. McC. said he brought this statement as he had been asked to, but, really, he did not understand what the parties were asking for. Mr. Lloyd explained that a jury had set upon the road, the proprietors having paid the expenses, the jury had allowed two of the objectors \$20 each, and the other \$15, and the object of this document was to find, how the money was to be obtained, to