

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

TERMS. \$2 if paid in advance \$3 at the end of year.

NO. 15.

Poetry.

A Winter Scene.

BY H. STODARD.

It is a morn in winter,
The air is white with snow;
And on the chimar branches
Jasmins seem to grow.

The furrowed fields and hill-tops,
With icy treasures shine,
Like scales of silver fishes,
Of jewels in a mine.

The bitter wind has banished
The silent nightingale,
And the rose, like some coy maiden,
Is muffled in a veil.

Its silver song of summer
No more the fountain sings,
And frozen are the rivers
That fed the bath of kings!

No flower-girls in the market,
For flowers are out of date;
And the keepers of the roses
Have shut the garden gate.

No happy guests are drinking,
The goblets crowned with vine,
For gone are all the merchants
That sold the merry wine!

And gone the dancing women,
Before the winds and snows;
Their summer souls have followed
The nightingale and rose!

Select Tale.

THE BURNING OF SALTONE VILLA.

(Continued.)

Madam Davenant killed William Saltone; she first destroyed his reason by this ruthless and subtle power; she exhausted his vitality; she drew his life and soul into herself, an left him without character or force. The struggle of the natural man against this horrible influence, which seemed to him only a phase of his passion, inordinate and absorbing, sapped the reason of the victim, and his death became necessary. Like myself, William Saltone was a man of high aspirations, but they were social and ambitious as mine are intellectual. His wife, a woman of strong passion, loved him with ardor because of this and other harmonies and agreements in their moral and physical natures. In spite of these, I repeat it he fell under the Vampire influence of her iron will exercised with absorbing cruelty and selfishness. Madam Davenant controlled every person within her reach. She did this without effort. The moral power was so intense and immediate, to be in contact with her was to yield almost without an effort. As I have before said, the strong and cultivated nature of the man revolted, and this conflict ended in loss of reason and of life. He died loving and hating the same object. My passion was only hate.

"But with you?" I asked, wondering and curious.

"With me it was the same. Julia Saltone would tell that I should marry her; and I did so. She had better have taken my life. Every action she would it was impossible for me not to perform. There was infernal magic in it. I struggled in vain against her; I could plot and devise; I could maintain silence and secrecy; in mind I was not a slave. In social relations I was, in fact a fool—an idiot—the servant of her will. Worse still—she knew this and she exercised her power consciously. She would even speak of it to me. Believe me or not, if she discovered any purpose of mine and opposed it I could not act. Imagine the horror of my situation. It was death—worse than death."

"Did you never quarrel?"

"Quarrel? What? with an elephant that could play at chess with you as if you were a pawn! As well might the needle have quarreled with the magnet! Enough; I have told you all. Let us forget it now, said he, with a feeble effort at a smile.

"Perhaps," I said, as he rose to leave me, "there is a better life for you in the future."

"Ah!" he answered, looking at me with a timid expression, "I dread the future. I will try, but there are remorse I cannot forget."

As Davenant appeared too much agitated and fatigued with this painful explanation I refrained from pressing business upon him, but merely said that I would call the next day evening at his hotel. It was necessary for him to look over the accounts of the estate. The city house, planned by Madam Davenant, was unfinished, and I had suspended the work until the proprietor should return. He consented to receive me at his rooms at the hour I proposed, and there to arrange everything to my satisfaction.

Early in the evening of the next day I entered his apartments. Here, as always, he was surrounded, bailed, in luxuries of art and taste. Two of the suite of four rooms were filled with pictures, statuettes, and engravings; mostly unpacked and laying without order or management as they were taken from the cases. Davenant was kneeling upon the floor in the middle of the room, under a gas candle, intensely studying and old and smoking looking picture. "At Paris," said he, without looking up, or even saluting me, "I became acquainted with an intelligent connoisseur who fancied he had discovered the materials used by the Italian masters as a vehicle for coloring in painting. I was at once interested in that subject, and I think I can now tell a genuine old picture from a modern imitation by the quality of the varnish."

"Before you left us," said I venturing an idle remark, in keeping with his own, "you were deep in horological mechanism, and if I may believe the housekeeper, Sarah Behn, you were making improvements in Dutch clocks. Sarah says that the monthly movement added to the clock at Saltone was of your invention."

Davenant rose up instantly and turned upon me as I spoke with a look at once terrible and penetrating.

"What does Sarah Behn know about it?" he exclaimed, in a thick voice. "Tell me the truth now you have been lying to me about the fire. She was burned man—burned in the fire, and it was—" He paused and turned away.

My astonishment at the violent emotion of Davenant, excited by such a trifling cause, must have been visible, for his manner became instantly calm. "This affair," said he, "has unsettled my nerves.

Come into the bedroom; I will lie down, and then we will talk of business. I am not well; pardon my violence; old scenes, bitter recollections."

When he had composed himself upon the couch and swallowing a customary opiate I drew forth my papers. He examined all intelligently, and gave directions, which I wrote down. My expenses were reimbursed, and fund appropriated for clearing away the ruins of Saltone and building a new villa more splendid, if possible, than its predecessor.

"You will be solitary," I suggested, "in so large a house."

"No," said he, his face radiant with a smile of hope, "I shall be happy—I mean to marry Bessie Satterlee; we have loved each other these many years. She will be mine—she will be mine! The other was a demon, but this one is an angel."

"Bessie," said I, "is a handsome girl, but uneducated. You will be an admirable instructor however, and she can not but learn from a person she loved."

"Education, did you say? Curse on education! Was not the other—she—educated?—pah! Give me innocence and goodness of soul; I ask for nothing more."

"Reasoning with lovers or madmen?" thought I, "is equally a fault." It was now late, and I rose to depart.

"Stay," said he, "what have you done with the papers—I mean those that were in the vault? There were some memoranda of inventions."

"The iron chest is at my office," I answered.

"It was filled with documents. Those that were sealed were of course not opened."

"Send them all to me to-night—all. I shall not sleep till I have them."

Late as the hour was—past midnight—I found it was necessary to comply with this absurd requisition. By three in the morning, after infinite trouble I succeeded in getting the cumbersome iron chest into the hotel and bedchamber of the mad Davenant. He insisted upon my staying with him while he looked over the papers. I laid down on the sofa and fell asleep, leaving him eagerly and anxiously unfolding and searching. Suddenly I was awakened by a rude shake. Davenant stood over me. The expression of his haggard features was a dreadful mixture of horror and suspicion. "Get up, Sir," he repeated, dragging me by the collar, "and say what you have done with the paper. You have it—no lies or I will kill you—up, I say; you have read it, I see it in your eyes—confess—wretch—confess, or I strangle you!" Fortunately for me the madman was my inferior in strength. Seizing both his wrists I thrust him backward to the bed, where he fell exhausted and fainting with the violence of his emotions. A physician seemed to be more needed than a lawyer for such a crisis; and, as soon as the proper attendance could be procured, I left the hotel and retired to my room in a no very agreeable state of mind.

The next evening my client presented himself, but not in a mood of threatening or violence. I received him coldly, and gave him to understand that our business connection was terminated by his conduct of the preceding night.

"Sir," said he, in a pleading tone and a manner almost abject, "you have in your possession a secret so dreadful to me, your knowledge of it deprives me of all hope—even of the possibility of life. The paper which you have taken from the chest—"

"Mr. Davenant, before you make any further betrayal of this dreadful matter, the nature of which I cannot even guess, I give you the word of a Christian and a gentleman, that I have neither read, nor do I possess any documents of yours, saving those of which you have communicated."

"Then," said he, "I am the more surely lost, since the paper must be in the possession of some other, who will use it less mercifully than you. Pardon my violence," said the unfortunate man, "and promise, whatever happens, you will be my friend and adviser in extremity."

"It is not necessary for me to make such a promise," I replied, "since it is included in the duty of a legal counsellor. But I must caution you that, unless I am made acquainted with the nature and extent of your crime or misfortune, I shall be unable to advise you how to avoid its consequences."

"Must I then confess all? and will you assist and defend me when you know all?"

I assented.

He seated himself opposite to me, and continued for a time silent, as if struggling with the terrible secret that refused to be expressed in words.

"I have told you," said he, speaking in a slow and hesitating manner, and avoiding to meet my eyes, "that I hated Madam Davenant, but the word she conveyed only a faint intimation of the intensity of fear, bathing, and detestation with which I regard that woman. Her beauty was to me like that of a serpent, and her intelligence diabolical. As early as the second month after my marriage, the idea of compassing her death used to present itself to me in dreams, and had I been a somnambulist I should have stabbed her as she lay beside me in my sleep. An idea born so inwardly, and suggested by nature itself, could not fail to expand and become a part of daily and habitual meditation. I would frequently pause and stand motionless, regarding her with a fixed but passive look. This condition was like a trance, and did not seem to originate from my will. It was forced upon me by every circumstance of her life. If she ate or drank in my presence, I meditated the possibility of poison. That idea becoming familiar and ordinary, I would devise its execution; and finally reject it as not feasible, or involving the danger of detection. At other times I would plan trap-doors, secret panels, and pit-falls, which would serve to hide the evidences of a violent death. Absurd and impossible methods of effecting my desire occurred to me, as ordinary topics of meditation. I imagined visits to precipices, over which I could thrust her unseen; bathing on a dangerous shore; ascending in a balloon; and a hundred dreams of equal absurdity and wickedness."

"Madam Davenant apparently divined what was passing in my thoughts, and kept a strict and severe watch over my actions. Without betraying in any manner her real fears, she made me sleep, after a time, in a separate apartment, never allowed herself to take food or drink with me until I had partaken of the same. These precautions were indeed unnecessary; her overpowering character was always a sufficient protection. I could do nothing

directly aimed at her life; for with my hatred went evenly along a degree of respect which no lover ever felt for a mistress, no idolater for the god of his adoration.

"Madam Davenant attended generally to household matters, and the business of her estates. She had a shrewd and calculating head. I was constantly free to occupy myself in my workshop and observatory."

"Early in the last year the idea occurred to me of an improvement in astronomical clocks, the time of which should be regulated by magnetism."

"The foundations of Saltone rest upon magnetic rocks, which also powerfully attract atmospheric electricity. I had caused rods of iron to be placed within the walls at short intervals, which served as a safeguard against lightning. You were mistaken in supposing that the destruction of the villa was by lightning. My precautions had made such an accident impossible. By means of this powerful electrical apparatus, bedded in the frame-work of the house, I was enabled to communicate a regular and invariable motion to the pendulum of my great clock, which stood in the bedroom of Madam Davenant, and also by a galvanic connection moved an oscillating index in the observatory. It was only necessary to communicate an annual instead of an eight-day movement to the clock, and the apparatus would be the most perfect in the world."

"I was several months employed in completing a machinery which should mark off sidereal time upon the dial-plate by a small interior wheel, corresponding with a duplicate movement in the observatory, also with a galvanic connection."

"I worked at these beautiful inventions with a childish interest, which caused me to forget for entire months my scheme of vengeance against Madam Davenant. I saw that she despised my enthusiasm; and when all was finished, the murderous dreams began again to visit me nightly, and served as food for reverie during the day. Meanwhile my intercourse with her was calm and reserved. There was even an air of mutual confidence, which deceived all persons but ourselves."

"The old fear now took possession of her, and growing weary of continual watchfulness, she slept with her chamber door locked against me at night—a vain precaution had I chosen to effect an entrance. She supposed that I should go to Paris to select pictures and furniture for the new house which we, or rather she, was building in the city. To hear was to obey. I went, but before going the diabolical idea occurred of which I will now make you the confidant."

"Madam Davenant never left her room during the night. She retired early, and rose regularly at sunrise. That she would not leave Saltone in the summer appeared to me morally certain. I had then only to adjust the sidereal index of the clock, which stood near the head of her bed, and this unconscious machinery would, if I chose, accomplish her death while I was on the other side of the Atlantic. The idea inspired me with horrid delight. My moral nature, if I have any, made no response, conscience was asleep or extinguished."

"I placed a magazine of explosive combustibles, composed and prepared with the utmost care to avoid the possibility of failure, in the case of the clock. It was the work of a minute to do this during her absence. I then established a connection by simple means, so that at two in the morning on the thirtieth day after my departure, a violent explosion and conflagration was sure to take place. No person would be injured but the one I wished to destroy. She slept always alone, entertained no guests, and the servants occupied a remote wing of the house."

"The murderous machinery worked surely to its appointed hour, but, by a strange and unlooked-for chance, Madam Davenant was not in her room when the explosion took place. The storm of the night completed the singularity of the event. A clap of thunder must have joined with and disguised the sound of the explosion. No one, therefore, could discover the means by which Saltone was destroyed."

"What, then," I asked, "is the cause of your anxiety? Why do you fear a discovery?"

"The paper, the memorandum! It is not in the chest."

"What was the nature of this memorandum?"

"It was a fixed habit of my life to write in full each night the acts and incidents of the day. My scientific discoveries and inventions were in this manner minutely recorded. After I had completed the arrangement of the clock, I went as usual to the observatory and wrote down all in detail. You will ask why I did this? It is impossible to account for such folly; and still more strange that I should have filed this fatal paper with the record of the month, and placed it in its natural order in the iron chest. It is no longer there. Some person has removed it."

"Do you find the other papers in the order of their dates as you yourself placed them?"

"Yes, nearly; that is the only one missing."

"Did you find the seals broken?"

"The seals were broken."

"Then you may rest assured Madam Davenant herself removed the paper. She could have done that, could she not?"

Davenant made no reply.

"Your secret is safe, Mr. Davenant, with me and with the elements. The paper was taken away by the only person who could have discovered it, and was destroyed in the fire."

The miserable man sat mute before me, shuddering and covering at the consciousness of his own wickedness; but while his heart seemed to shrivel like burning parchment in the intensity of remorse, his ingenious mind worked over the incidents of the dreadful story, seeking an explanation of the whole.

"Early on that night," he at length said, speaking half to himself, "she must have gone to the chest. She examined the record of the last month. There must have been something in my manner that excited suspicion."

He paused, and after a long silence, which I did not care to interrupt, continued:

"She broke the seals of the journals, discovered the paper dated the 20th of May, and secured it. She then knew that, at two in the morning, the explosion would happen. It was near the precise moment. To escape unharmed she must remain in the vault; she did not know what might be the degree of danger. She had no fear for the servants, as they were not in the main building. She went

to the trap and shut it down to escape the horror of the sound; she had a nervous dread of thunder and of all violent noises. The explosion would naturally throw open all the doors. At the foot of the cellar stairs was a door opening inward; it swung over the trap and prevented its being raised from beneath. In her mortal agony and despair, thinking to die there in that dungeon, she would take out the last letters of William Saltone and read them; for Madam Davenant believed that she would join him again in heaven—mistaken woman! The fire that destroyed the building destroyed also the iron frame-work bedded in the house; the smoke furnished a conductor for the electric fluid; she sat upon the iron chest and was killed by the lightning, and not by me," said Davenant, looking up with an expression sad and terrible, beyond the power of any art but the painter to delineate. He leaned back in the chair and spoke in a feeble voice.

"You are wrong, Sir, about the memorandum. It must have been in Madam Davenant's possession, and was taken from her person by some one. Tell me," he added, fixing a grieved and anxious look upon my face, "who was it that took the clothes from the corpse after you removed it to the village?"

I dared not reply.

"I understand all, now," said he; "Bessie has that memorandum, and she was first to know that I am a murderer!"

"Yes," I replied, "but she has kept your secret, and it is safe with her; for I am sure she loved you."

Davenant made no reply. His eyes were closed, but as I looked intently upon his motionless features, the lids opened slowly a little way, disclosing the dull glaze of dissolution.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK AND CANADA RAILWAY COMPANY.

A case of considerable importance to this company and of much interest to the public generally, especially to the people of New Brunswick, has just been decided in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, London, involving, as it may, the very existence of the above named Company, from whose line of railway the Province has expected to reap great benefit. It seems that a gentleman named Muggidge applied for 250 shares in the undertaking, as described in the Company's prospectus, and made the required deposit of two pounds per share. Afterwards he refused to accept the shares or to pay the calls on them, on the ground that the prospectus contained misrepresentations. The facts which we gather from the Vice-Chancellor's judgment, seem to be that the prospectus held out, as an inducement to shareholders, their right to a certain quantity of land along the line, not as a contingency merely, but as a right of the partnership. So far as the language of the prospectus went, in effect, there was nothing to point out that the holder of shares, such as Mr. Muggidge had paid the deposit on, was not immediately to enjoy the land. The prospectus did not, indeed, state in express terms that the shareholders should have a certain and a indefeasible title to the land, but there was not the slightest hint that events might so turn out that no one shareholder would be entitled to a single rod of the land which was held out as an attraction to the public."

It did so turn out, for the Colonial Legislature had only undertaken to grant the land to the company on the completion of the railway, and the company was not entitled to a foot of land, or even a survey of it until their work was done. The Court held that this was sufficiently a misrepresentation, or rather a want of that full, true, and accurate representation of facts, to warrant Mr. Muggidge in refusing to become a shareholder in the concern, and judgment was given in his favor. If it turns out that Mr. Muggidge is alone in his desire to withdraw from the company, his individual "secession" will do its affairs no greater harm than the exposure of a weak point in its prospectus, and there would be reason to hope that its valuable work would be pushed on speedily to completion. But it is impossible to smother the suspicion that other applicants for shares, who have gone no further than the payment of the deposit, may be inclined to take advantage of the decision in Mr. Muggidge's favor, and on the same ground to refuse the payment of calls. In this case, the already too frequently delayed operations of the company will again be deferred, just as the hopes of the Colonists had revived that the undertaking was at last to be carried to completion. This is a result to be deplored; for, independently of the promise which this line gives of ultimately leading the flow of travel by railway from Canada to the Atlantic through British territory, it must immediately open up in New Brunswick an extensive and fertile tract of new country, as well as connect with the good port of St. Andrews more than one wealthy and industrious settlement. We hope that this good work will not be hindered by any ill-considered action on the part of the shareholders in Britain, nor that much of the work is done, and the gradual revival of the trade and industry of New Brunswick promises them a speedy return for the capital they have invested.—*Scottish American Journal.*

THE ENGLISH PRISONERS IN CHINA.—The sufferings of the English prisoners in China were terrible. After the first day, Lieutenant Anderson became delirious and remained so, with a few lucid intervals, until death, which occurred on the ninth day of his imprisonment. Two days before his death his nails and fingers burst from the tightness of the cords which his captors placed upon him and mortification set in, and the bones of his wrist were exposed. While he was alive worms were generated in his wounds, and out into and crawled over his body. They left the body three days and then took it away. Five days after his death a sow, named Ramdam, died in the same state. His body was taken away immediately. Three days after this Mr. de Norman died.

BOAT BUILDING BY MACHINERY.—On Tuesday the Duke of Somerset accompanied by Rear-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, C. B., proceeded to a factory in the vicinity of Regent's Park for the purpose of viewing and inspecting some very ingenious machinery, the invention of a clever American gentleman. The object sought to be obtained is the saving of time, labour, and expense in boat building; and when we state that by the process in question a cutter of 35 feet in length can be turned out of land ready for the water in ten hours we have said enough to show the extraordinary character of the means used to produce such a result, especially when it is considered that the same work performed by the process now in existence could not be finished under eight days.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

Items, Foreign & Local.

It is 4,600 miles from Cape Race to San Francisco, and news has traveled this distance in the almost miraculous short time of nine days.

An English Baronet is now a gas fitter in New York. In poverty he left his native land 26 years ago. His name is William Norwich, or perhaps we ought to say Sir William Norwich.

A workman in Paris, has been granted a pension for life, for the discovery of a method of preserving gas and water pipes from rust, by enveloping them in a thick coating of clay.

The Charlottetown Volunteers marched to Church on Christmas day, headed by a band of music.

Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, is engaged upon a new poetical romance, the heroine of which will be the British Queen Boadicea.

The New York authorities have allowed a company to lay pipes through all the streets, to convey "hydrogenated fuel," or other heating agents, to every house just as gas and water are now conveyed.

Statistics go to prove that tea is used more or less as a beverage by one half the human race—500,000,000 people.

Michael Potty, Way office keeper at Trandee, Sydney County, N. S., has been arrested, charged with the murder of a young man named John Delory.

There are boats used in China called snake boats, of the width of 5 feet, and length of 100 feet, and which are sometimes propelled by as many as fifty or sixty oars, when they travel at a tremendous pace.

Handkerchiefs were first manufactured at Paisley, Scotland, in 1743. Hats were invented for men in Paris in 1403. Knit stockings were invented in Spain in 1550. Linen was first made in England in 1253.

"By the ancient law of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was in consequence, extremely rare."

The Nova Scotia Legislature meet on the 31st inst. The Bridgeport (Annapolis) Register, of the 2nd inst., says, "Copper Ore of nearly virgin purity is said to have been discovered not far from this town and within the boundaries of this township."

The Wesleyan Parsonage premises at Millstream, Stoddard, K. C., including dwelling, outbuildings and barn, were totally destroyed by fire last week. Rev. Mr. Smith and family barely escaped with their lives. Mr. Smith's personal loss is estimated at \$1000.

Twenty three thousand persons have died in New York city, this past year.

The African Aid Society has addressed a letter to the King of Dahomey urging him to abandon the slave trade, and to engage instead in the cultivation of cotton. The letter endeavors to demonstrate to the King's satisfaction that he will find the cotton trade more profitable than the iniquitous slave traffic.

The copy-right of Webster's Dictionary yields \$50,000 a year.

A remarkable religious interest in London, is noticed by the newspapers of that city. It is said to resemble that of which so much has been heard within the last year in Ireland. On the 2nd instant Exeter Hall was crowded—one of the principal speakers having been a noted pugilist.

A sleigh maker in Canada has made a splendid sleigh, which is to be presented to the Duke of Newcastle.

By railroad accidents in 1860, there were killed in the United States 74 persons, and 315 wounded. This is the smallest number in any twelve months in the past eight years.

The Canadian Literary Institute and the Baptist College in Woodstock, C. W., were destroyed by fire the 8th inst. Loss \$25,000—insured \$8000.

The English Parliament is to meet for the despatch of business on Friday, the 5th Feb.

The N. Y. Herald of Saturday says there are ten thousand tailors, men and women, out of employment at the present time in New York. It estimates that the number depending upon these unemployed for sustenance will swell the total up to 28,000.

It is expected that King Victor Emmanuel, as soon as Gaeta and Messina have fallen, will send Italian Ambassadors to Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, as bearers of the message that he has assumed the crown of all Italy.

It has been discovered in Ireland that bathing is certain remedy for the terrible cattle disease known as pleuro-pneumonia.

We are sorry to learn that the small pox is still raging to a large extent in Halifax, N. S.

The P. E. I. Monitor says—"The weather continues so mild that the channels of the various rivers in the neighborhood of this city still remain open, and there is nothing to prevent vessels from either entering or leaving this port, a circumstance, we believe, without a parallel in the history of this Island."

A Madrid paper asserts that 30,000 tracts and other works defending Protestant doctrines has been printed at London in the Spanish language, and that 60 emigrants had undertaken to introduce them into Spain.

Mr. Train, it is said, has had an interview with Lord Palmerston, relative to his plan of laying down a rail from Pekin to the shores of the sea.

In thirteen of the United States there are 900,852 farms.

Mrs. Jane Sparks, of New York city, having a \$1000 and a \$5000 bill, saved them for safe keeping in one of her under garments, and then forgot all about it until the clothes had gone into the wash. The bills were not to be found, and the wash-woman was arrested, but denied all knowledge of the money.

There is a bible in the library of the University of Göttingen written on 5476 palm-leaves.

We copy the following advertisement from the Texas Pioneer, a paper published in Springfield, Lexington county, Texas:—

"NEGRO DOGS.—Charles H. Stillwell offers his services to the public to catch runaway negroes and abolitionists. The latter he proposes to catch, free of charge, for food for his dogs. He can always be found at his residence, two miles north of Butler, Freestone County, with fast horses and a fresh pack—ready and 'spiling' for a chase."

The Carleton County Council.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

Carleton County Council.

COUNCIL MEET, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 12th, 1861, all present but Mr. Hutchinson. Minutes of yesterday read and approved.

On motion of Mr. Stickney, Ordered that the Secretary Treasurer be directed to call upon all Justices of the Peace in whose hands delinquent lists have been placed, to make their returns to him previous to the next Semi-annual meeting of this Council and in case of neglect or refusal of any to do so, this board will deem it their duty to report such to the Executive.

On motion of Mr. Ahern, Resolved that the sum of £15 be assessed on Kent for the support of Poor for the year 1861.

On motion of Mr. Ahern, Parish list of Kent was confirmed.

Mr. Perkins read a petition from Seth Milbury, showing that he had been notified to attend as Grand Juror at Supreme Court 1859; that he could not attend on account of absence from home, and praying that the fine of 30s. imposed on him may be remitted.

On motion of Mr. Perkins seconded by Mr. Williams, Ordered that the prayer of the petition be complied with, and that the Deputy Sheriff be directed to pay back the said fine to the said Milbury.

Mr. Lindsay from the committee on Parish returns made the following report, which on motion was ordered to be received and placed on the minutes.

Woodstock.

Collector of Rates—Satisfactory.

Overseers of Poor—needs explanation.

Bye Road Commissioners—Satisfactory.

Fire Wards, Upper Woodstock—No vouchers for money expended.

Collector for Fire District—Satisfactory.

Commissioners of H. ghways—Elisha Baker, John Montgomery and Thomas W. Watson, Satisfactory.

Hugh Harrison—no return.

Richmond.

Overseers of Poor, Bye Road Commissioners, Collector, satisfactory.

Commissioners of Highways—no returns.

Wakefield.

Collectors of Rates, Francis Goodland & W. Boyer, correct.

Overseers of Poor, Eliza Briggs, correct, amount overpaid, £1 11s. Daniel Tracy correct, showing a balance in hands of £7 15s. No return from E. Gray, the other Overseer.

Commissioners of Highways—Return from Geo. W. Boyer showing commutation in hands of Secretary Treasurer of £1 8s. 9d. belonging to district No. 2. No returns from B. Bart and James McCready the other Commissioners. Bye Road Commissioners, correct.

Simonds.

Overseers of Poor, George Wheeler and Robert Smith, correct, no return from Isaac S. Carville, the other Overseer. Commissioners of Highways, Robert Bridges and John Good, correct, James Montgomery, other Commissioner, correct in figures, showing a balance over expended of £3 6s. 4d. for which amount there are no vouchers. Bye Road Commissioners, correct. Collectors of Rates, Daniel J. Shaw correct, no return from George Wheeler, other collector.