

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 14.

## Poetry.

### THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

BY SIR F. M. DOYLE.

"Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the baggage, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *katow*. The Seiks obeyed; but Major, the English soldier declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head and his body thrown on a dung-hill."

Last night, among his fellow roughs,  
He jested quaffed and swore;  
A drunken private of the Buffs,  
Who never looked before  
To-day, beneath the foam's crown,  
He stands in Elgin's place,  
Ambassador from Britain's crown,  
And type of all low born.

Poor, reckless, rude, low born, untaught,  
Bewildered and alone,  
A heart, with English instinct fraught,  
He yet can call his own.  
Ay, tear his body from his limb,  
Bring cord, or axe, or flame;  
He only knows, that not through him,  
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,  
Like dreams to come and go;  
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,  
One sheet of living snow;  
The smoke above his father's door,  
In grey soft eddies hung;  
Must he then watch it rise no more,  
Doom'd by himself, as young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel  
He put the vision by;  
Let dusky Indians wince and kneel;  
An English lad must die.  
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent,  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
To his grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron fringed;  
Vain, those all-shattering guns;  
Unless proud England keep untamed,  
The strong heart of her sons;  
So, let his name through Europe ring—  
A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his soul was great.

## Select Tale.

### THE BURNING OF SALTONE VILLA.

(Continued.)

Crazed with horror and grief, the woman threw herself down upon the wet turf, and lapsed into a succession of hysterical spasms, rolling over shrieking, and tearing her hair like a maniac. Her outcries drew together a crowd of idlers and lookers-on. I advised a general search for the missing lady, in the vague hope that, wandering off in the darkness, she might have lost her way and fallen exhausted in the forest. A score of active boys and men, and even women, acquainted with the paths and by-ways of the vicinity, started in pursuit.

The old Deacon, feeble and rheumatic, begged me not to leave him alone with the housekeeper who came out of one episode only to fall into another. With much difficulty, for she was fat and heavy, I dragged her under a summer-house that had escaped the conflagration, and rode back to the village to procure a vehicle. Luckily I found a wagon and harness in the tavern-stable, and so drove back with my own horse before it. The searchers had returned unsuccessful, and were gathered in gloomy groups under the summer-house.

It was now broad daylight, and the wind and thunder had cleared away. The fires of the burning ruin were nearly quenched by the heavy rain. Knowing the situation of Madam Davenant's bedroom, I sent to the farm-house near by for spades, axes, and rakes; and we began working in good earnest, a dozen together, in that part of the cellar which was directly beneath her bed. The heavy oaken beams of the frame had fallen inward, these, still burning, we cut away and drew out of the pit, and aided it by quenching rain with buckets of water. The fire, flashing up at intervals, hindered our progress, but by evening of that day, after repeated delays by the fire, we had thrown out the ashes and rubbish from the pit. Fragments of half-burned books, silver candelabra melted into fantastic forms, a shapeless lump of gold, recognized as the case of Madam Davenant's watch, which hung at night at her bed's head; portions of the gilded bed-posts, bundles of singed feather, the barrels of a brace of pistols that lay usually in the drawer of a light-stained between the bed and the wall, and among other relics, the wheels and the enamelled copper dial-plate of the great clock, which had once played the airs of Russia, were successfully drawn forth. I had these all taken to the summer-house and a guard placed over them.

No human remains could be found. Meanwhile Sarah Behn, the housekeeper, had recovered from her hysterics, and came over from the village in a fearful but composed condition. She recognized, with many sobs, each article of her mistress's bedroom and wardrobe, as the remnants were shown to her. The other servants of the household—a groom, two or three housemaids and the cook—assisted in the identification. All the servants of Saltone were present. If any one of these, and not—as was generally believed—the lightning of heaven, had been the destroyer of Saltone, I thought I should detect some difference of behaviour, some proofs of a guilty conscience in the criminal. All were seemingly innocent, and gave no signs but of interest and regret.

The morning of the next day villagers again dispersed through the forest, but the last of them returned at noon with the report that no traces could be found of the missing lady. As I was known to be the legal guardian of the property, my orders were listened to with respect, and fresh relays of men began to clear out the ashes and ruins of the cellars, in the hope of finding the mortal remains of Madam Davenant, who, it was now certain, must have perished in the villa.

The mansion had been built over a double tier of deep excavations, the lower tier vaulted and used as wine cellars. A large iron trap-door, opening over a flight of stone steps, led into those vaults; but as this trap was not in that part of the cellars which lay under the bedroom of Madam Davenant, but opened under the turret of the northeast corner, fifty yards distant, it was long before we reached it in the course of our excavations.

Each of the four upper cellars was about ten feet in depth and fifty feet square, separated from its neighbor by a brick party wall, with an iron door. Full four days' labor were consumed in searching and clearing three of these. The laborers began to grow weary and discouraged, and on the fifth day I had only three left, who consented for double pay to sidle me in the work. The fourth cellar, in which was the iron trap leading down into the vaults, was filled up by the falling of the observatory, in which had been the amateur work-room, the laboratory, and private library of Mr. Davenant. The removal of the relics of these costly luxuries was a tedious and laborious task, and it was only on the Monday following, eight days after the beginning of our search, that we succeeded in lifting and cutting away the ruins from the entrance of the vaults.

I raked away the ashes with my hands from the padlock of the trap, and seized an axe to break open the ring. A sensation of terror smote through me when I saw the remnant of a key in the padlock and the catch slipped from the bolt. The trap had been opened.

Had Madam Davenant escaped out of the burning house she would have been found. It was therefore certain that she had perished in the house. But if so, the bones and charred remnants of a human form ought to have been discovered among the ruins.

That she had risen from her bed at the first alarm and had gone into another part of the building was then equally certain, and she could only take refuge in the vault. The key of the wine-cellar was in her possession. No person ever unlocked or raised the trap-door but Mr. Davenant or his wife. Although the hinges were corroded with the heat, the trap yielded easily to my hand; and as I raised it a close, mouldy, putrescent smell issued from the subterranean recesses. Terrified by my visible agitation, my assistants hesitated to follow as I descended the steps. In the sudden change from light to dark I could see nothing. Candles were sent for, and, provided with these, a number of persons volunteered, though the dread of what they might behold made them silent, and we passed on under the damp arches hesitating and afraid. At the entrance of the second vault we found a package of old letters lying under the archway. Entering the fourth cellar, we saw a white object against the opposite wall. It was the rigid, nearly upright corpse of Madam Davenant, seated on a treasure-chest facing the entrance of the vault, and dressed in dishevelled costume such as she was usually in her chamber. In her haste, searching in the chest for valuable papers, the unfortunate lady had thrown others that impeded her search here and there over the floor of the vault.

That the heat of the burning house had not penetrated her tomb were satisfied by the coolness of the air, the appearance of the dress, and the natural, death-like hue of the corpse. In one hand was a letter tightly grasped, and crushed in the hollow of the palm. That she had been dead many days was evident from the condition of the body, which had begun to show marks of decomposition, and exhaled a putrescent odor. Endowed by nature with a good constitution, abstemious as she was, it could not have been hunger that deprived her of life; cases and casks of wine, and cheeses stored in the second and third vaults, made it impossible that she had failed through want of sustenance.

Madam Davenant had died suddenly in a sitting posture, and, beyond a doubt, by the effects of some powerful moral impression. A lamp, burned out, stood upon a block at the side of the treasure-chest. Was it not probable that Madam Davenant had passed during the night from her room into the wine-cellar, under the influence of some great emotion, before the breaking out of the fire—had become absorbed in the perusal of letters and papers filled, perhaps, with memorials of her past life? The trap-door, meanwhile, had fallen down unperceived; the fire broke out, inaudible to her in her abstraction under the heavy stone arches of the vault; that when she attempted to escape she found the trap closed by the fallen beams. She had then returned and seated herself upon the chest leaning back. Death came suddenly upon her in that position. Our examination of the paper which she grasped in her dying hand assisted in confirming this opinion and verdict of the coroner's jury—of which I was one—over the body of Madam Julia Saltone Davenant.

The remains of the deceased were that day interred in the village church-yard with the solemn services of the Episcopal Church, of which she had been a communicant. No tears fell upon her grave, but the incidents of her death led a deep and saddening impression upon the minds of all the witnesses. Deacon Satterlee and his daughter stood at the grave's head as the coffin was lowered, and many significant glances were directed toward the fair-haired country maid, the reputed and real rival of the late Madam Davenant.

As in duty bound, I took possession of the papers found in the vault. Among these were several letters, worn with frequent unfolding. They were from the former husband of Madam Davenant to "his darling Julia." Their language glowed with vivid descriptions of the passion that consumed his ardent nature during absence from his "adorable wife." They were evidently the work of an accomplished writer and man of society, enamored beyond the tempered measure of happiness. These I inclosed again, and sealed for delivery to the survivor. The paper which was taken from the hand of the deceased was the last of this series of letters—one written by William Saltone to his Julia on the day of his supposed voluntary death; a few lines of passionate farewell, commanding her "to the care of angels," and himself to the pardon of a merciful God.

Struck with the singular aptness of her death to the passion of grief which this letter might have inspired, I pondered long and deeply upon all the circumstances and connection of events investing the melancholy history of Madam Davenant. Her death seemed to have become a moral necessity for the completion of a life so wretched. That Davenant hated her I had begun already to surmise, more from the tone of her conversation, which was so guarded, and from the laws of nature, than from every positive evidence. He was a creature of whim and prejudice, and still more of hobbies; deep and bitter in his aversions, circumspect and full of covert satire in conversation. Adicted to mechanical and mathematical studies, his days at Saltone were passed in the garden and conservatory, and entire nights in the workshop and observatory. On one occasion he had showed me a book of inventions, in which

more than three hundred distinct improvements were suggested and described by himself, in mining, agriculture, chemistry, and the higher branches of mechanical art. His observatory was constructed on novel principles, and furnished with instruments of the best makers. Madam Davenant despised the occupations and tastes of her husband; she wished him to be a leader of society. He must have hated, equally, society and the woman who lived upon recollections of the place she had once held in it. By unquestionable testimony I knew that Davenant was madly in love with Bessie Satterlee, and had even made dishonorable proposals, wishing her to elope with him to Europe. He was mad enough to try the integrity of the honest old deacon, offering him a large sum to allow his daughter "to complete her education" in Paris, under the direction of her married lover. The old man, incapable of comprehending such wickedness, told me that he regarded Davenant as a lunatic, and sincerely pitied his misfortune.

It was evident that Bessie had been powerfully impressed with the rare personal beauty of young Davenant, who was only four years her senior.

His jovial forehead, and fair temples surmounted by a coronet of dark curls; large brown eyes under brows, straight, fine, and black; a nose and mouth haughty, and sweetly matched with a chin of Antinous, and the neck and shoulders of a Paladin. These noble features, mated with a bland and graceful manner and a voice full of meaning and penetration might well conquer the heart and possess the fancy of a handsome country coquette, ardent, ignorant, and ambitious—for such was "the Deacon's daughter."

I believe I was not deceived in observing an ill-concealed uneasiness in the air and carriage of Bessie during the week that I remained at the tavern after the funeral of Madam Davenant. On my return to the City these circumstances and suspicions were forgotten or obscured by the interests of legal business. Not until the arrival of Davenant in Boston, the second month after I had written to him the particulars of the accidental death at Saltone, did they again recur to me. As he entered my office I noticed a remarkable change in his features and expression. He had become thin to emaciation. His eyes, usually steady and lustrous, wandered in fitful suspicious glances. When we were alone he entered immediately upon the subject of Madam Davenant's decease, and drew many deep sighs of relief when I had satisfied him that she did not perish in the fire. He listened with motionless attention while I described to him the discovery in the vaults. Until all had been minutely described not a word escaped his lips. He sat pallid, or rather leaden-tinged, and breathless, with his eyes cast down. An irresistible, perhaps inextinguishable, desire to note the effect made me bring in a few words, towards the last, about Satterlee and his daughter. At the mention of her name he moved slightly, and a burning spot appeared, and as quickly disappeared, in his hollow cheek. At length he spoke.

"I thank you for this kindness and attention. As for Saltone, I do not regret his loss. The years of misery I passed there made it seem to me more like a hell than a paradise, as you used to style it. It is idle for me to deny that I did not love Julia; her thoughts were entirely occupied during the few past years with the memory of her former husband. I believe I may say that her death, horrible as it was, will prove a great and necessary relief to me, he said jokingly in my eyes, as if to solicit sympathy, if that were possible; for it is no secret to you that we did not live happily together. Whether her death of mine was the more desirable, I often pondered. Providence decided that question for both of us; and now I *shall live*. Had she lived longer I should have followed the example of William Saltone. Life would of itself be too great a burden."

"You surprise me," I said, "by this confession—pardon the word; but I saw nothing in Madam Davenant to excite so desperate a course on your part. William Saltone loved her passionately."

"And died by his own hand?"  
"Yes," I said; "but he was insane. Her affection for him was profound; he speaks of it in their correspondence which I have just given you. It proves that an ardent attachment existed between Julia Saltone and her husband, his suicide was not, then caused by unhappiness in the marriage relation."

A lurid flash illuminated the eyes of Davenant.

He raised his hand impatiently. "Listen to me," he said, "and I will try to explain something which has never yet been explained or even expressed by living man. You may have read somewhere the allegorical story of the Vampire—a human being to appearance, but human in form alone; a body inhabited by a demon, prolonging its existence in the flesh by draining the heart's blood of a lover through a small invisible wound. Madam Davenant was not a Vampire in that sense; but William Saltone, her lover and beloved, destroyed himself; and I should have done the same but for the blessed accident of her death. Whether it was a physical influence, like the pretended power of magnetism, I know not; perhaps it may have been her vast strength of will, aided by an almost subtle and cunning. Conjecture in vain in such matters. We do not understand the laws of these forces—nevertheless we live or die by them."

(To be continued.)

## The Papal States.

A TIRIN letter of the 17th, in the *Constitutionnel*, says:—

"It was reported here yesterday that Cialdini had occupied Terracina, the port of the Roman States nearest the Neapolitan frontier. That town is one of military importance, and contains 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. We now know that its occupation has not taken place, but it may be effected at any moment. One of the reasons which brought General Fanti to Turin was to submit to the deliberation of the Council of Ministers the eventual occupation of that place. It would seem that, to continue the operations of the siege of Gaeta with due regard to the health of the troops, it is indispensable to take possession of that point. The Council of Ministers authorized General Cialdini, in case of absolute necessity, to occupy Terracina, unless the French garrison of the Pontifical States should oppose such step by force. The occupation, if it takes place will only be military; the local authorities would remain as they are, unless they should spontaneously remain the town to itself. Hitherto the necessity for the occupation has not arisen, and there is some reason to believe that it will be avoided. The latest

news, come to hand is unsatisfactory. The Abruzzi and more especially the provinces of Teramo and Aquila, are overrun with armed bands, who have not forgotten the traditions of Fra Diavolo. These bands do not seek to fight in the name of the cause for which they pretend to have taken arms. On the contrary they carefully shun all encounter with the flying columns of Piedmontese sent after them.

They limit their exploits to plundering and ravaging the country, to destroying the houses of the more prominent partisans of Italian Unity, and murdering the owners who may be so unlucky as to fall into their hands. The National Guard alone was for a time charged with putting them down, but flying columns have now been organized which will probably succeed in speedily restoring order in the disturbed districts. A Provost's Court has been established at Aquila, before which all persons taken in arms will be summarily tried, and a similar court will be immediately constituted at Teramo.

PAINTING A WHITE GIRL TO MAKE HER A SLAVE.—The *Natchez* (Miss.) Free Trader of the 19th inst., says a passenger on one of our boats observed a pensive looking little girl, aged about nine or ten years, whose black hair and yellowish brown skin would indicate that she was a mulattress. There was something about her that interested him, and he inquired of the captain concerning her. He was informed that she was a slave belonging to a man on board, whom the captain pointed out, who said he was taking her to New Orleans to sell her, he having bought her for \$160 in Northwestern Missouri, on the borders. The passengers then had a conversation with the pretended owner of the child, and his answers did not agree with the captain's statement. Thereupon the little girl was taken aside and examined with the following result:—

"She said she was an orphan, and had been taken from an asylum in New York by this man; that her hair was light and her complexion brunette; that this man told her he was going to the South with her, where as his adopted child, she would have a good home; that black hair was preferred in the South, and prettier than hers, and that he had taken her to a barber and had her hair dyed black.—He also told her that if she would allow him to put some yellow dye on her skin that her complexion would become much whiter in a few days, and that he had put the stain on. On hearing these statements, the girl was taken charge of by the captain, and potash, and soap and water being applied, the dyes were taken off and the light hair and light complexion brought to light. The pretended master was seized by the excited passengers, who were about to deal with him summarily, but it was finally arranged to lock him up in a state room until the boat should land. In the meantime the boat had passed St. Joseph, and when a few miles below that town rounded to, to take on wood. At this point, how or in what manner is not known, the ruffian escaped from the boat, leaving his baggage behind.—The girl was taken by the captain of the boat to New Orleans, and placed in one of the orphan asylums in that city."

GARIBOLDI AND THE DWARF.—When Garibaldi was in Sicily, a dwarfish little man presented himself as a volunteer, but was refused by the committee. Nothing daunted, he went to Garibaldi and begged the general to accept him. Here again he was refused. After one of the first battles—I forget which, nor does it much signify—the little individual came up to Garibaldi and joyfully exclaimed, "See, general, you would not take me, but you could not prevent me coming. I have fought well; indeed I have, and an wounded too." Garibaldi, who recognised the man, replied, "Ah, bravo! and where are you wounded?" After some hesitation, the other showed a wound between his shoulders. "Oh, he!" said Garibaldi, "wounded in the back! I knew you would never be anything good (sape che non saresti mai nulla di buono). The soldier retired, quite confused and ashamed. Another battle soon followed, and it was scarcely over when the poor fellow again accosted his chief. "Here I am, general, wounded again, but this time on the right side," and pointing to a wound in his breast, he fell dead at Garibaldi's feet.—*Letter from Milan.*

SHOCKING TRAGEDY IN CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—A shocking tragedy occurred in Charlestown, yesterday forenoon, which causes great commotion in the Liver portion of that city. It seems that about 10 o'clock the wife of Mr. John Serbert, a German, who resides at No. 10 Hudson street, went from her kitchen to the front room for the purpose of making up a bed, her children three in number, being in the room at the time.

While thus engaged her husband came in, and after shutting the door commenced a violent assault upon his wife, throwing her upon the floor and striking her with a heavy axe which he had in his hand, a serious blow upon the back of the head, and making a frightful wound.

A desperate struggle then took place between the husband and wife, the children running from the room crying "murder," when she finally succeeded in escaping from his grasp, not, however until he had dealt her several blows the comb which she wore in her hair breaking her force.

Mrs. S. was taken into the house of a neighbour and Dr. Whiting called, who dressed her wounds, which are considered very dangerous. She was afterwards removed to the Hospital.

The appearance of the room where the husband first commenced the assault denotes that a most desperate struggle must have taken place, chairs and tables were overturned, bedding scattered about the room, and nearly every article of furniture besmeared with blood. Mrs. S. must have fought like a tiger in escaping from her husband.

After Mrs. S. had escaped from her husband she ran into the street crying "murder," the neighbors by this time having assembled, but her husband did not follow. Shortly after a pistol shot was heard and upon proceeding to the room, Mr. S. was found lying in the entry-way between the front room and kitchen just alive. He had shot himself with a single barreled pistol, the ball having entered the stomach and passed nearly through his body. He lived about 10 minutes after the wound had been inflicted.

A private of the 63rd Regiment, while on the way to St. John, after deserting from Fredericton, was so badly frost bitten as to render amputation of both feet necessary.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

Blackwood for this month says that by May next the French will have 600 guns behind floating armour plates, 10 vessels like *La Gloire*, and 10 gun boats.

Late English papers bear the tidings of the death of Rev. Dr. Croley, author of "*Salathiel*," "*Mars-ton*," and many other classic English works. He died suddenly in London, on the 24th ult.

Robert Cox, a young man, who was committed to jail, in Fredericton, last week for a petty offence, hung himself early the morning of the 9th inst., in his cell.

Thomas Murray, Esq., of Kingsclear, has been elected Warden for the Municipality of York.

The Queen has appointed William Young, Esq., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Province of Nova Scotia.

The Br. sloop of war *Camilla* was lost in a typhoon on the coast of Japan, on the 9th September, with all hands.

Qmer Pasha continues seriously indisposed at Constantinople, and his medical attendants have little hopes of his recovery.

The United States mints coined during the last fiscal year \$23,447,283.32 in gold; \$3,250,639.26 in silver, and \$342,000 in cents.

A Berlin letter states that the sale by auction of Baron Humboldt's household goods, &c., produced from nine to ten thousand thalers. The writing table at which he usually sat was knocked down at one hundred and fifty thalers.

One of the Pony Express riders—a German—recently froze to death on his horse.

There is a hill near Bedford, England, which is gradually attaining a greater elevation. It has been constantly growing for the last 30 years. There are young men who can remember when the field was quite level, and now there is a high mound near the middle of it. This circumstance has given rise to much speculation in regard to the cause of it, many suppose that it is owing to the upward pressure of water in the bowels of the earth.

A man of family and rather too fond of riding with the girls, having made an appointment in North Adams to ride out by moonlight with a lady acquaintance, drove smartly to the meeting place, helped the fair damsel into the buggy, and gave her a friendly hug and kiss. After recovering from the effects of the embrace the lady threw off her bonnet and the roughish face of his wife confronted the inconstant husband.

Strange voices come to us from Hungary, as if to prophesy that next year will be eminently the year of revolutions. The first victim will, probably, be Austria; but, if Austria falls, how many thrones may also fall; how many be disturbed? Will France herself, so recently revolutionised, be able to avoid that whirlpool of calamity in which it has been so often?

The Empress of the French, while at the station on her way to Perth, had her attention drawn to a soldier in extreme ill health, but bearing upon his person several decorations for actual service. Prompted, by sympathy for his infirmity, she gave him a donation, one of her attendants reminded her that she had befriended a man who had fought at Waterloo. "Then he is the more deserving," replied the Empress "for he contended with a brave enemy."

California possesses saw mills, erected at a cost of \$2,000,000. One-half are propelled by steam, the remainder by water. They cut annually 500,000,000 feet lumber, the value of which is \$15,000,000.

Hon. John E. Fairbanks, Member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, is dead.

It is rumored from Paris that poor Eugenie may be in a situation similar to that of the unfortunate Josephine of the First Empire. The Countess Castiglione, for whom the Third Napoleon is known to entertain suspicious regards, arrived at the Tuileries a few days before the departure of the Empress for England, and some gossipier asserts that the Palace could not hold both women.

The Seventh Regiment of New York have decided not to visit England. The expense would be too steep.

A subscription has been made in England for the benefit of Sayers. Among the subscribers are the Earl of Stamford for £100, the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Glasgow for £50 each, and several other noblemen for smaller sums.

There are 40,000 Sons of Temperance in Massachusetts.

H. M. S. *Esper* captured, on the 21st ult., on the coast of Africa, a magnificent slaver, fitted for 600 slaves, which she was just preparing to take on board.

Printing has been known in Japan for 600 years. The rolling stock of the railways of France is estimated at 691,223.867 francs, or twenty-three and a half millions sterling.

The *West African Herald* of the 13th September, says: From Ports between St. Paul and Lagos, and from the south coast, we have reason to believe that between the first day of January this year and last day of August last, not less than twelve thousand and Africans have been carried across the ocean into slavery, in spite of the cruisers.

A man named John McGuinness, residing on Smith Town, Kent Co., committed suicide last week by cutting his throat. He lived about six hours.

Austria has issued Bank notes of the value of four cents each.

In Brazil the press is as free, and in one respect, at least, ahead of us; the law requires that the printer shall be paid for his paper and advertisements in advance.

A Cape of Good Hope paper says that Sir George Grey is to be made Governor General of Canada.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* states that crime is becoming so rare in Paris that the criminal session, which generally lasts until the end of November, will be closed on the twenty-second, there being only ten cases for trial.

Monday, the 15th January, 1861, is the day fixed for taking the decennial census of Canada.

## The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

### Carleton County Council.

JANUARY 9th.

Several Tavern licenses granted. Board was occupied most of the day in considering Parish returns. On motion, £1 5s., being one half of amount deposited by Mr. Humphrey Tompkins for Tavern license was remitted, in consideration of the fact, of the situation of Tompkins being remote.

Mr. Ahern from committee appointed yesterday, to examine Auditors book, reported that they had attended to that duty, and found that the book had not been kept, or the entries made from the commencement, in such a way as to enable a stranger to understand how the affairs of the County and Parishes stand, and recommended the appointment of a committee, with the assistance of the Secretary Treasurer, to aid the Auditor, to balance his book; reported accepted, and Messrs. Kilburn, Clowes, Lindsay, appointed a committee for that purpose.

On motion of Mr. Kilburn, seconded by Mr. O. Hemphill, it was ordered, that the Parish of Richmond be assessed in the sum of £50, for support of poor for current year.

Mr. John Fisher was heard, with reference to a grievance which he suffered from the trespassing of cattle on his farm, and asking relief in the matter. The subject was on motion referred for further consideration.

Mr. Lindsay read the draft of a bill to amend an Act passed in the 23d. year of the reign of her present Majesty, entitled an act to provide for an Almshouse and Work-house in the Parish and Town of Woodstock.

Mr. Kilburn presented a petition from sundry inhabitants of Wicklow, praying for a warrant of assessment on said parish for £40 to build a hall in which to hold their annual elections.

Mr. Ahern presented a petition, numerously signed by inhabitants of Wicklow, praying that no such warrant be granted. On Motion, Ordered that the petitions stand over for further information.

On Motion of Mr. Hemphill, seconded by Mr. Clowes; ordered, that the Secretary Treasurer be directed to call upon A. N. Garden, Esq., to account for a delinquent list placed in his hand from Northampton for 1859.

Lists of Parish Officers were confirmed for Northampton, Simonds, Peel, Brighton, Wicklow, Woodstock, Walfield and Richmond. Council Adjourned. JANUARY 10, 1860.

Councillors, with the exception of Mr. Hutchinson, all present.

On Motion of Mr. Hemphill, seconded by Mr. Perkins; Resolved, that at the expiration of ten days, allowed by this Council for parties to pay for their Tavern Licenses, the Secretary Treasurer be authorised to publish the names of persons who have obtained Tavern Licenses at this Session of the Council.

On motion, Ordered that £7 9s. 4d., the sum overpaid by the Collector of Wicklow, be drawn out and paid to the Overseers of the Poor for that Parish.

On motion of Mr. Perkins, seconded by Mr. Williams, Resolved, that the Secretary Treasurer be instructed to pay, out of the amount to the credit of Simonds in the County funds, the balance due on an order held by Hugh McLean, Woodstock, drawn by the Overseers of Poor for Simonds, on which there was a payment made last year, to the amount of £14 3s. 5d., and that the remainder of the amount to the credit of the said parish, be paid to Overseers of Poor for Simonds.

On Motion of Mr. Tompkins, seconded by Mr. Banks, Ordered that £10 be assessed on Peel for support of Poor for current year.

Mr. Tompkins moved, seconded by Mr. Banks, Resolved, that the proceeds of the sale of Ferry between Peel and Florenceville be expended on the eastern side of the river, for the reason that the road has been changed, and the money is required to make it passable, and also that the Ferry route on the western side of the river is on the Great Road list. To which Mr. Hemphill moved in amendment, seconded by Mr. Perkins; Resolved, that the money that may be paid in for the sale of Ferry allowed to be expended for the purpose of improving the Ferry landing, and that the Councillors for Peel and Simonds be a Committee to expend the same where it is most wanted. Amendment carried.

On motion, Ordered that \$37 75, being amount of account of Enoch Campbell and Lewis Combs against the Parishes of Northampton and Woodstock for making an ice bridge across the river St. John at St. John's Ferry be paid out of revenue derived from said Ferry.

The petition from Upper Woodstock, as recorded in proceedings of Tuesday, was taken up, and on motion, Resolved, that the prayer of the petition be not confirmed.

A petition from sundry inhabitants of Wicklow, was received, praying that James McKay be appointed Pound Keeper, and Chas. Ketchum Hogreave, for Wicklow for the current year, in the place of Ralph Forestry and Adam Hunter, whose conduct last year showed that they are not proper persons to fill the same. On motion, the prayer of the petition was complied with.

On motion to grant Mr. M. Isaac a Tavern license for his house at Beckingham, Mr. Stickney said, that a similar motion had been successfully made, last year. He was then opposed to it, and expressed it as being in his opinion, contrary to the wishes of the people of Brighton. The action he then took and the opinion then expressed, had been endorsed by his constituents who, while they had rejected the gentleman who last year served with him, had at the late election returned him, the first on the poll.

His opinion now was the same as last year, and his vote must be the same. His constituents did not wish to have a tavern, with all the demoralizing influences connected with it, in their midst.

He thought this was a purely local matter, and as such should be regarded. He was happy to know that his colleague was with him on this question.

He was not pledged with reference to this application, but his principles were well known, and while he felt proud of having the confidence of so intelligent, enlightened and peace-loving a constituency as that of Brighton, he had unusual pleasure in asking the Council to accede to their wishes in this respect, and spare them the infliction of a tavern.