

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 4

Poetry.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship like the morning dew,
Bright it is, but fleeting;
Rears the heart we deem so true,
Lonely rights keep us;
Gave to me this treasure rare,
Through this wide world ranging;
Give me friends who never grow cold,
Hearts that know no changing.

Summer blossoms droop and die,
Though with care we cherish;
As the things we fondlest love
Oft at first do perish;
Give to me this treasure rare,
Through this wide world ranging;
Give me friends who never grow cold,
Hearts that know no changing.

Summer friends in wintry hours
Soon desert and leave us;
And we long for friendship true,
Which never will grieve us;
Give to me this treasure rare,
Through this wide world ranging;
Give me friends who never grow cold,
Hearts that know no changing.

Select Tale.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Midnight—twelve o'clock precisely.—The town-clock had just proclaimed it to all who have ears to hear, and the wish to listen. I had been to the theatre. It was interesting, and I stayed to the end. How late, or as I should say—on might make into an excuse—how early. I was some little distance out of town, on my way homeward, my steps led me past one of the city cemeteries. At this spot I stopped unintentionally, or perhaps my thoughts caused me to pause. It was a beautiful summer night, and I took things generally easy.

I had ever been fond of testing my own courage, merely for my own benefit—my own confidence, my experience. What a lucky chance! A graveyard at black midnight! were the gates locked? No, I entered.

It was here that my poor parents were buried; here lay the mortal remains of those I once so dearly loved and respected. I had very often visited, and knelt by their graves before—the quiet names of the dead—mourning in melancholy silence my loss and bereavement, but never before had I approached at night.

Was I timid, fearful? why no; there was no fear I was not coward, though I could not help noticing how gloomy—how very lonely and sad looking every thing before me appeared. I passed on—on through the long path by the still drooping willow—on past the white row of tomb-stones and raised mounds to my parent's grave.

I walked with firmer step and quieter nerve than I had expected, though the idea of my situation caused me to shudder perceptibly once in a while; and here I beg you to remember, that with the stoutest and bravest hearts, there has been a time of similar sensation. Not fear, not cowardice; I would not style it that, but rather nervousness; deep feeling, sensitiveness.

I sat down on my mother's grave and gazed about on my singular position. A cool night. Fast-fleeting black clouds over head, indicating rain, breaking now and then over the star-studded sky, casting gloomy shadows along through the rows of graves. The bright moon, now, perhaps, damped of its shrouds, casting a bright stream of light on the weary earth, chasing the retreating shadows before it, and running up to my very feet. Then again it would sink in the surrounding clouds, and the long shadows creeping over the silent ground, like spectres, added a strange, weird aspect to the scene.

While the low, inspiring winds, gently wafting through the full leaved trees, would make a sound like that of dropping rain. To be a solitary visitor of such a place, and at such a time, was not a very desirable luxury; and I remember when in my childhood, I should have shuddered at the very idea of it.

Very naturally my thoughts became directed to those who had passed before me, from this life to that of eternity. As is generally the case with one deep in thought, my eyes became riveted on one spot, some little distance in front of me, across the path where I saw by the dim moonlight, a new-made grave—another tenant in the final, universal resting-place. That it was a poor person who had been buried there, I judged by its situation. Yes, indeed wealth and poverty follow to the tomb, retaining their outward mark of distinction even there.

Perhaps I would not have noticed it, but, was it a fancy—was it a reality? I saw something move upon it. It cautiously rose and approached. What caught my eyes? A bundle of rags and two little bare feet, stretched across the mould. A child, sobbing—mournfully sobbing. I advanced and touched the little specimen of humanity on the shoulder.

With a shiver and a start he jumped to his feet and turned his fearful, sorrowing face toward me. Frightened and angry at this interruption, he attempted to escape.

"Stop, my little fellow," said I, in as gentle a tone as the occasion would permit, and catching him by the arm. "Come, tell me what your name is, crying for. Don't be afraid; what is your name?"

"Lambert White," he stuttered, through his tears.

"And for what are you crying so?"

"Poor boy," he broke from my grasp, threw himself down over the grave with such a scream as I thought would have broken his heart, and sobbing piteously, "O mother—mother! dear mother!"

Strange—or was it strange!—I thought not of my own home—I thought not of the time. My mind was engrossed, in the fate of the poor helpless little fellow beside me. On he led me, on through dreary streets, by cross lanes, through blind narrow alley. I followed the cold, small hand wherever it led. He stopped at last, in front of a crooked, rotten looking building, dirty and ancient, as far as I could ascertain in the dark. He spoke not a word but up a pitch dark, broken pair of stairs, I stumbled almost at every step, and scarcely knowing if it was discretion, whether it was policy or not to proceed any farther, though I dearly loved adventure, and now I certainly knew not what was before me. At last my guide put his hand to a latch, I could only tell it was such by the sound, and opened a door.

A low garret-looking room, with but two small windows, half of the lights stuffed with rags. The ceiling broken, cracked and dirty. A small table and a light, O Poverty! one bit of tallow candle, flickering and wasting by the wind from the window—stuck between three nails on a block of wood threw a dim glare over the greater portion of the apartment.

In one corner there lay a heap of rags, meant, I suppose for a bed, and in another a lot of old kettles and a stove. This, as far as I could see, constituted the possessions therein. Everything betokened want and wretchedness.

"And this is where you live, my boy!" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And where is your father?"

I had scarcely spoken—even before an answer could be given, a heavy clumsy step could be heard outside on the stairs, and a hoarse, gruff voice singing some profane song.

"It's father," whispered little Lambert.

Good heavens! could a fellow be so degraded? even on the night of his wife's burial!

A coarse, drunken blot, in the worst state of intoxication, I saw, as he tumbled into the room and cast his wild bleeding eyes upon me. His poor boy! so young, and to experience such misery, such degradation, in his only parent! That tyrannical rule there I saw in a moment, as the dead wife must have suffered? The very thought bid me thank God that he had taken her to himself.

"With an oath the man demanded my business. I informed him of the circumstances in which I had found his son, and politely requested him to deal mercifully with him."

"That's my business, and none of yours," he grunted, savagely.

And, in defiance of me, or to glut a hungry and ferocious temper, he rolled towards the child, seized him roughly, and commenced beating him in the most brutal manner. I remonstrated, and managed to get the victim from his clutches, with the determination of taking him from the place. As I reached the door, the drunken brute, with terrible curses on his lips, ordered me from the house, staggering upon me, and raised his huge fist to strike me down. I evaded the blow but he fell forward through the doorway, head over heels, with frightful velocity—fell heavily to the bottom of the stairs, and all was still.

Greatly excited and fearful of the result I rushed for the light, leaped down the steps in almost

the speech was a mighty success. The mob was calmed and calmed and began to sneak away. Wellington gave a smile of recognition to the man who had saved his life, and ever afterward he provided for him, as he did for many others, of his own private fortune, in his own quiet, selfless way.—*More.*

ANGULAR DETECTION OF A THIEF.—A musician played at one of the London theatres possessed a shony flute with silver keys. He seldom used however, in consequence of one of the upper keys being defective. The musician had for a lodger a young man, a theatrical tailor, and between the two there existed a considerable friendship. One night, while the musician was away at his business, some one stole the flute with the silver keys, and suspicion fell on an old char-woman who used to come to do the housework. However, nothing tended to show that the old woman was really guilty, and the affair was shortly forgotten. In a few months, the tailor left the house of the musician, and went to live in a town a few miles off; but as the friendship between the two men still existed, they occasionally visited each other. Nearly a year afterwards the musician paid the tailor a visit, and was pleased to find him in possession of a beautiful bullfinch, who could distinctly whistle three tunes. The performance was perfect, with this exception—whenever he came to a certain high note he invariably skipped it, and went on to the next. A very little reflection convinced the musician that the note in which the bullfinch was defective was the very one that was deficient on the shony flute. So convinced was he, that he at once sharply questioned his ex-lodger on the subject, who at once tremblingly confessed his guilt, and that all the bird knew had been taught him on the stolen flute. —*Deaton's Home Pets.*

A GOOD DOG STORY.—A gentleman had a splendid Newfoundland dog, which became the subject of conversation. After praising the qualities of his favorite very highly, the owner assured his companion that Nero would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this, a marked shilling was first shown to the dog, and then put under a large square stone by the side of the road. The gentleman then rode for three miles, when the dog received the signal from his master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back, the gentleman rode on, and reached home; but to their great surprise the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the stone under which the shilling was placed, but it being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place till two gentlemen on horseback, hearing the noise made by the dog, stopped to look at him, when one of them, alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not at the time thinking it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses twenty miles, remained quietly in the room where they supped, followed the maid into the bedchamber, and laid himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his breeches upon a nail by the bedside; but when the travellers were both asleep, the dog took the breeches in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which was left open on account of the heat, reached the house of his master about four o'clock in the morning with his prize, in the pocket of which were found, besides the shilling, a watch and money which upon being advertised, were returned to the owner; when the whole mystery was explained, to the admiration of all parties.—*English paper.*

Wellington facing a Mob.

One morning in February I noticed threatening clouds near the Pall Mall gate, not far from the statue of Achilles. This statue was cast from cannons taken in the Iron Duke's various battles, and was dedicated "To Arthur, Duke of Wellington, by the Women of England." I determined to watch the Duke, and see what was going to be done.—Punctual to the moment, he descended the steps of Apsley House, his residence. His appearance was imposing. He was at the head of the Cabinet, Premier of England, and he was *par excellence* the first man in England.

It was a drizzly morning. He wore a blue frock coat, buttoned up to the chin, a military stock, and brown pantaloons. His falcon eye surveyed the excited groups about the Park gate with a sort of silent contempt. The mob were either awed by his appearance, his prestige, or they had not yet secured their courage to the insulting point. The Duke passed on horseback, attended by his faithful valet. Nobody molested him till he reached his office.—There the mob kissed him; but when he turned around and faced them hissing ceased. He then quickly entered his office. As I knew the hour he would leave Downing street to return to the Park, I was there in due season. The neighborhood of Horse Guards probably deferred a good many of the excited families from gathering about the office, but numbers were gathered. The Duke was punctuality itself, came out at the appointed moment and mounted his horse, amid groans and hisses. After he passed the Horse Guards, the noise increased to shouts. When he passed the Charing-Cross, and entered Pall-Mall, the mob began to throw missiles and dirt. Near Pall-Mall gate, there was a whirlpool of human beings eddying round in a strange, wild, and yet in a sort of symmetrical confusion. I heard they would murder him there. As he approached the gate a good deal splattered with mud and dirt, the mob, as if compelled by some higher power than that of earth, made a lane for him to pass. For a moment they seemed awed, and appeared to relent. But when he had entered the gate, their violence rose to fury. He dismounted with difficulty, placed his back against the statue of Achilles, and calmly faced his furious assailants. I shall never forget that moment. Not one word did he utter. There was no shrinking—not even a cloud of apprehension upon that glorious face. Oh, how infinitely small and contemptible his assailants looked! How great is man! How little are men!

There was a lull in the storm of shouts and missiles and dirt, and an old Irishman, with a wooden leg, hustled his way up to the side of the Duke. This man sold apples by the Hyde Park gate, and his basket had been upset by the mob. When he had reached the Iron Duke, he stood by his side and unbound his wooden leg, and made a speech that immediately subdued the monster mob. He began: "My curse on ye for cowardly scoundrels! If ye have pluck come and fight me. Let it be two of us against you all. Come and kill us both. This is your fair play! This is English justice! Thousands against one! Think of Waterloo! But for him and my ozen, I would have beaten ye! I've got my wooden leg for fighting for ye—ye villains!—and ye are going to pay him by murdering him, ye bloody scoundrels! Came on but come one at a time, not like cowards and ruffians as ye are also together!"

My speech was a mighty success. The mob was calmed and calmed and began to sneak away. Wellington gave a smile of recognition to the man who had saved his life, and ever afterward he provided for him, as he did for many others, of his own private fortune, in his own quiet, selfless way.—*More.*

THE MINTS OF THE UNITED STATES have coined since they commenced operations—a period less than seventy years—the large amount of eight hundred millions of dollars—about one-fifth of the whole metallic currency of the world. Of this amount five hundred and twenty millions of dollars were derived from the mints of the United States.

The knapsacks of the French and German armies are made of calkins, tanned with the hair left on. They shed the rain better than those formed of plain leather, and they are not so much affected with heat and cold as those made of water-proof fabrics, because the hair is a good non-conductor.

W. E. Gedge, of London, England, has secured a patent for the employment of iron wires as a substitute for wood laths used on the walls of rooms that require plastering. The wires are stretched and crossed on the studs and joists and then secured in screw rings. The wires are fixed at such a distance apart that the priming coat of thick plaster mixed with hair will adhere to them perfectly. These wires do not shrink nor warp like laths, and on this account they are said to be superior for plastered walls.

The population of Asia is 721,000,000; Europe, 272,000,000; America, 200,000,000; Africa, 80,000,000; Australia, 20,000,000; making a total of 1,274,000,000.

The force of Royal Engineers in America will consist of over 700 men.

Government has decided on forming a reserve of troops at Bermuda.

A body of trained nurses on Miss Florence Nightingale's plan were to proceed at once to Halifax.

Portland and Newport are said to be the only harbors which the steam frigate "Warrior" can enter.

A salute of forty-two minute guns was fired from St. George's Battery, Charlottetown, P. E. I., on the 8th inst., as a mark of respect to the memory of the Prince Consort.

Henry J. Raymond, Esq., editor of the New York Times has been unanimously elected Speaker of the House of Assembly of New York State.

The population of China is about 200,000,000.

Wm. H. Needham, Esq., has been elected Mayor of Fredericton.

It is a law amongst the Japanese that he who lends them cash in this world, will receive in the next world the capital and ten per cent. at simple interest.

Gussey, coming into the house one day, with his pants much worn at the knee, was reproached by his mother, but escaped punishment by saying,—

"Why, ma, you see I wore 'em out saying my prayers in the back yard."

Items, Foreign & Local.

The debt of the City of Boston proper is \$8,402,645.

In the space of forty years Mecca has had no fewer than fifty-five different governments.

The thousandth birthday of the Empire of Russia will be celebrated at Novgorod next August.

Col. Colt, the inventor of the well known "Colt's revolver," died in Hartford on Friday night.

The British Mail Steamers on their way to the United States will henceforth call at Halifax weekly.

The Nova Scotia Legislature will meet for the despatch of business on Thursday, the 13th February next.

The Halifax Debating Club has decided that the Southern States were justified in seceding from the Union.

It is said that, during the whole excitement caused by the Mason and Slidell affair, the conduct of Lord Lyons was eminently that of a high toned gentleman and diplomatist. It is so appreciated in official circles in Washington, and it is due that it should be so also throughout the country.—*Boston Journal.*

Frederick A. Conkling commenced earnest work in Congress last Tuesday, by retrenching some extravagant items in the civil appropriation bill. He incidentally remarked that the fate of the republic would be decided within the next thirty days.

It may not be generally known that the family name of the late Prince Consort is—Buisici.

We learn from the Montreal Herald that the Federal Government is fortifying Croil's island, which is in one of the channels of the St. Lawrence, and commands some of the canal locks.

Gold bearing quartz has been discovered within four miles of Digby.

There was a meeting held at the Great Salt Lake on the 6th inst., relative to the admission of that territory into the Federal Union as a State.

The New York World is informed by one of its most trustworthy Washington correspondents, that there are over four hundred cases of small-pox among the civilians in that city. The great neglect of sanitary duties by the medical authorities in the government service is severely criticised, in connection with this spread of a fearful pest.

A Spanish journal has the singular hardihood to insinuate that Prince Albert did not die a natural death, and that the Queen herself was instrumental in the deep damnation of his taking off.

Such was the demand for the "Cartes de Visite" portraits of his late Royal Highness Prince Albert, that 3,000 of these little souvenirs were sold by one firm in London before ten o'clock on the day of the funeral.

The Montreal Advertiser says the United States have purchased 10,000 tons of hay along the Grand Trunk in Canada, and calls upon the authorities to put a stop to its transportation.

More than 2,000lbs of putrid, or diseased meat, and 950 head of, game and poultry, unfit for human food, were seized in London Markets in one week during last month.

An eccentric old gentleman died suddenly of apoplexy in the Tuilleries garden in Paris the other day. In his will he provided that after death his face was to be coated over with pitch, his mouth and nostrils hermetically sealed, and an incision made in his heart. He left a little fortune of £600 a year. His monomania was the fear of coming to life again after interment.

The cost to the United States for the conveyance of Mason and Slidell across the Atlantic will not be less than \$20,000.

The London Court Journal announces that a second petition had been received from citizens of Maine, asking a re-annexation of that State as a British province.

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Carleton County Council.

January 15th 1862.

Messrs. Clowse and Dibblee absent.

Committee on public accounts reported, upon which the accounts were taken up separately and disposed of.

On motion, a tax of \$4 20 paid by Mr. Thomas Stephenson, which he had no legal right to pay, was refunded.

Mr. Harper presented a petition signed by 800 persons, male inhabitants of the County, praying that no tavern licenses be granted for the present year by the Council, which was received and consideration of it ordered to-morrow.

Mr. Hayward presented a petition from sundry inhabitants of Woodstock, Northampton, and other places, asking that John McDougall be encouraged to establish a Steam Ferry Boat on the Ferry, between Shea's and Coomb's, and that he have the exclusive right to such Ferry for a period of ten years.

On motion resolved, that Charles Shea and Lewis Coombs be called upon to pay over £10, the rent of said Ferry for 1861, being the amount provided to be paid in case they failed to establish a horse ferry boat on said ferry.

On motion, Messrs. Connell, Kilburn, Tompkins, Auditor and Sec. Treasurer were appointed committee to suggest such improvements as may be deemed necessary to improve the present system of keeping the Parish accounts with the County.

Auditors report and parish returns being submitted, the Council went into Committee of the whole on parish returns.

January 16, 1862.

On motion of Mr. Dibblee, seconded by Mr. Harper, Resolved, that Justice Raymond be required to account for all fines collected by him, and for all delinquent lists placed in his hands for collection.

On motion of Mr. Phillips, seconded by Mr. Banks, Resolved, that Joseph Riddout, Esq., be required to account for all fines collected by him, and all delinquent lists placed in his hands for collection, and that he be required to account for the same at or before the July session; and further, that all justices notified by order of the last July session be again served with the same notice, and further that in the event of the failure of any of these gentlemen making return at or before said July session, such steps will then be taken as may be considered necessary to compel a proper return and payment.

The petition of the Carleton County Temperance Convention was taken up. Mr. Harper moved seconded by Mr. Gallop, Resolved that the prayer of the petition be complied with. After some preliminary conversation, during which Mr. Harper referred to the terms of the Provincial Statute as being—The Council are empowered to grant licenses to such persons of good moral character as they in their discretion may think proper. The following discussion occurred:

Mr. HARPER.—The right to petition is acknowledged and due weight has always attached to individual petitions. The petition now before us demands our most respectful consideration, coming to us as the expression of the deliberate opinion of some 800 male inhabitants of the County, comprising individuals in every parish thereof. The heading of the petition is in itself a forcible Temperance speech the arguments of which cannot be contradicted or disproved by any member. Licenses are obtained from this Board, which professes to guard and control them by certain restrictions, but these restrictions it is, in the very nature of things, impossible to carry out. Let me refer you to some of the conditions with which this Council guards its licenses.

VII. Be it ordained that every licensed tavern keeper shall close his or her Bar-Room (except to travellers who may be admitted at all hours) at nine o'clock, p. m., in winter, and at eight o'clock p. m. in summer, and shall not suffer any idle or disorderly persons to remain drinking or tipping in his, her, or their house.

IX. Be it ordained that no Tavern Keeper shall upon any pretence whatever, sell any spirituous or fermented liquors to any person in a state of drunkenness or intoxication, or allow any such drunken or intoxicated person to drink any such liquor within or about his or her premises.

X. Be it ordained that every licensed Tavern Keeper shall keep his or her Bar-Room closed on Sundays, and shall not suffer or permit any idle or disorderly persons to loiter about his or her premises on the Sabbath.

Mr. Warden will any Councilor present say that any of these regulations are observed—on the contrary it is not a well known fact that the taverns are open all hours of the night, and are resorted to for the purpose of gambling and other improper practices, and too, do we not know that the Sunday selling regulation is constantly violated. Here Mr. Harper mentioned a case in point, of a person who in Hardscrabble had obtained liquor (on Sunday, became drunk, disturbed the congregations assembled for divine worship and finally fell from his wagon and was killed. But the evils which result from the sale and use of intoxicating drinks are acknowledged and self evident, and the question arises who are responsible for those evils—the man seller or the parties in authority who legalize the traffic, and encourage and nurture those evils by giving the man seller power to perpetuate and extend them.—I, Sir, think the authorities are responsible, if not in this world in the world to come.

Mr. DIBBLEE.—There are two sides to this as to every question. There is no disputing the correctness of the allegations set forth in the petition.—The abominable drinks, so vilely adulterated, which are sold at the present time infest society with evils of immense magnitude. If a vote of this Board would remove the evils, I would willingly urge the giving of that vote, but it is not so.

I believe this Board has no discretionary power to take the law out of the Statute, but is under obligations to carry out the provisions of that law; now the language of the Statute means that the parties who represent the laws are bound to license, to refuse to license would be therefore to repudiate our obligations, and to lose all control of the traffic.—The law is good and the restrictions adequate, but the great fault is in the laxity which prevails in carrying out the law, and enforcing its restrictions.

Now, Sir, will one jot or tittle of good result supposing we grant the prayer of the petition? not one glass less of liquor will be drunk. The Temperance body is doing itself an injury by these too hasty movements. I am a Temperance man myself and I would do anything to extend the principles

but I have not the power as a Councilor to refuse license if properly asked for by persons legally qualified. The effect of the adoption of a measure like that proposed, would be to throw the Temperance cause back just as the prohibitory law did. One effect would be the illicit sale of liquor in every dog-hole in the County. We are not vested with the discretionary power to say that men can't drink liquor. I am told there is a man at the Scotch Corner who, in years past, has been in the habit of coming here for license, who for the last two years has been selling without license, and yet has never been fined, such is the laxity of the administration of the law in this and everything else.

The best way will be to appropriate a sum of money for the enforcement of the law. When public opinion becomes strong enough in favor of the measure to sustain it, then a prohibitory law may safely be enacted, and liquor prevented from coming into the Province.

Mr. KILBURN.—I am a Temperance man, although in this matter I differ with many of my Temperance friends. We tried this same experiment once already, but while the famous prohibitory law was on the statute books there was quite as much intemperance as at any other time. If I thought the adoption of this measure would check the evil I should go for it, but I believe it would increase it.

There has been considerable talk and excitement in my parish on this subject, and many of the inhabitants, very good men, and men whose opinions demand respect, determined that it was advisable that tavern licenses should be prohibited. I differed with them on the subject. One principal argument I used was: you won't take advantage of the right you now enjoy, and shut up those who are selling without license, and until you show a proper appreciation of privileges enjoyed you cannot consistently ask for greater ones. Still I told them I was prepared to carry out the wishes of the people fairly expressed. A parish meeting was called and the result was an almost unanimous vote that licenses should be granted as usual. It may be said, and very truly, the meeting was not a large one, but this only proved how little interest either party manifested.

Mr. PHILLIPS.—When I first came here to attend the sessions I entertained the same feelings, so far as regards the general principle involved, that I do now. We have now before us a petition, conveying the remonstrance against granting any more licenses, in this county, of 800 persons comprising the names of the most respectable inhabitants of the different parishes. These persons have seen the great evil which results from indulgence in intoxicating drinks; some have experienced in themselves, or in their friends those evils, and therefore ask us to legislate for their suppression. I may agree with Mr. Dibblee in many of his remarks but I cannot think that our obligations make it imperative on us to grant licenses. I cannot think that injury must follow a refusal to grant them; on the contrary I believe that if we withhold licenses now, that action may lead to the ultimate adoption of a prohibitory principle, or at least doing away with the license system altogether. Knowing what I do, and regarding the consequence of intemperance as I do, I cannot with a clear conscience go against the prayer of the petition but must go for it.

Mr. HARTLEY referred to the difficulty experienced in carrying out the prohibitory law, stating that at an attempt to seize liquors at John Caldwell's some Temperance men came near getting his head broken which he would, and others as well, had they not cleared out. He complained that Temperance men did not put the axe to the root of the tree. If they showed a disposition to go to work in the right way the Council would doubtless go with them.

Mr. HENPHILL.—I remarked that there were but a few names from Richmond or Woodstock on the petition, and there is no doubt a large majority of