

Being near Casting time we walked about, saw large heaps of the Cinders or Slag extending to the River, on the bank of which, the Pig Iron is piled in 3 ton heaps ready for shipping—the landing is one of the best on the river, and accessible at all times during the navigation season. Close by the Casting-house is the line laid down in the preliminary survey of the St. Andrews and Quebec Railway, which, when completed will put these works in communication with the seaboard during the shutting up of the river navigation.

It was now time to cast, or draw off the Iron melted during the previous 12 hours, and on returning we found men busily engaged tapping the Furnace, below where the melting Cinder was lava-like flowing over. The liquid Iron flowed along a Gutter in the sand, and soon filled one of the Beds of moulds or Pigs we saw making, it was then directed into another, and continued running until a third was filled, being, as we were informed, over three tons—this is done twice in 24 hours. As the Iron was near done running a large flow of Cinder came rushing out and was led over one side of the Gutter where it soon formed a small pool of liquid fire.

We now wended our way homeward and in passing, must not omit mentioning the Company's Store and Boarding house, between which the road already partly graded runs to the mines in Jacksontown,—here the Railway is to be placed for the transport of the Ores and Limestone which lie in one continuous route.

As we stated in our last the result of the present experiments has proved highly satisfactory, Iron can be produced of excellent quality and in abundant quantity, and the Company are so far encouraged as to meditate an enlargement of their Capital Stock which the Act of Incorporation empowers, with a view to operations on an extended scale and the manufacture of the Iron into Bars.

We wish them that success which their enterprise well deserves, and with which we think the destinies of this flourishing County particularly interwoven. No need of going to California or Australia if the mineral wealth of our County be only properly developed. Carleton possesses a Steel-making Iron Ore in quantity sufficient to render Great Britain independent of Sweden or Russia for generations, and which only requires an outlay of some of the superabundant capital of Britain to make it as well known in London or Sheffield as the best works of those Countries.

We repeat, our County is rich in Mineral wealth. We have seen a very rich specimen of Lignite, the out-cropping of Coal found not over 3 miles from where we write, which, ignited well and burnt away leaving but very little residue. We have also been shown Silver-lead fluxed and melted from Ore found in this our County.

These sources of Mineral wealth and our high Agricultural Capabilities warrant the inference that Carleton is soon destined to take rank as one of the richest Counties in the Province of New Brunswick.

It must be a matter of surprise to many of our readers that we have so long submitted to the abuse in the columns of the *Advocate* without showing as much of the cloven foot as is evidenced in the writings of our Rev. Adversary and his Assistant. We have been taunted, insulted, vilified, and abused, until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, and our silence has been attributed to cowardice,—to a fear of not being able to cope with our Rev. Contemporary in newspaper warfare—and to our inability to prove any of the circumstances hinted at in a former number of our paper. A coarse and vulgar attack was made on our private character by the Editor of the *Advocate*. We made no charges in return, but a few hints were thrown out as a proof of what might come if we were not suffered to jog along in our own quiet way undisturbed, but the Editor either depending upon our generosity not to expose him and to the respect we entertain for the feelings of the members of his Church, many of whom are personal friends, or he is under the impression that he has sufficient tact to persuade his friends that he is a saint and that a conspiracy has been got up to injure his character, but

certain it is that our forbearance has been rewarded with taunts and insults beyond our nature to bear. We have not only been defied by the Editor to prove any of our insinuations, but we were told if we failed to do so he should look upon us as a base and malicious slanderer, so that under all the circumstances we feel that we are called upon to clear ourselves of the charge of calumny, and at the same time to show how near the Rev. gentleman's conduct accords with his calling. Our friends must acknowledge that compulsion and not choice has driven us to the necessity of making these disclosures and that we are not chargeable with the consequences be what they may.

The Rev. Mr. Todd is known to be an egotist of the first water, his self-importance has in more than one instance brought him into trouble with Ministers of other denominations, but so long as this failing was confined to church matters he could find none to quarrel with him. A short time ago he took upon himself the office of Editor, and here this trait in his character was soon exposed to view. He had only, as he thought, to dictate, and all must bend to his will.—Exhortation, advice or counsel he thought not of holding forth, but dictation, slander and abuse in his most acrimonious style first fell upon all who did not come quite up to his public standard of perfection.

In his second issue a communication appeared over the signature of "Crononotologus," pretending a wish to discuss the subject of Temperance, but many suppose this communication was written by the Editor himself—a man of straw built up to be knocked down—but the Editor replies to the communication, and here is an extract from the reply,—“Now Mr. Cro., (we'll call you that for a short name,) we expect you think yourselves very religious by times, well, why shouldn't you; you are very often filled with the spirit and sometimes your wives are exceedingly large, whether it is with devotion or not; that's another question. You say you have children: well! that's all right, but some people are pleased to say, they don't look much like their father: no doubt that's the reason why they are so handsome.” Now we put it to our readers whether a paper containing such language as the above is a proper sheet for circulation in the country? Is it calculated to do any good? Reader what do you think of it? It was written by the Editor, a Preacher of the Gospel. It is no wonder they should deny it. If they are not ashamed we are! and republish it with regret, but it shows the pure mind, the chaste thoughts of this celebrated *divine*. Many others were attacked in the same vulgar strain, and finally the Editor of the *Reformer* and ourselves came in for a share. We are no chicken and are able to take care of No. 1, but the Editor of the *Reformer* is accused of being a boy.—He aided them all in his power and received kicks in return; and when they thought he could not succeed with his paper their exultation knew no bounds. They, christian-like, recommended the prayers of the church to be offered, and going on say,—“One more groan, and then you are gone—unpitied—unlamented, “*Requiescat in Pace*.”—“We commend the poor boy who prints it to public sympathy.” The Editor of the *Reformer* is a boy! an orphan!—In early life he was deprived of both his parents and alone he has been compelled to struggle for an honest living. How his praiseworthy exertions have been met by the managers of the *Advocate*, the above extracts will show. Truly they are Advocates for “*Humanity and Progress*,” but devils must envy such men their feelings.

Now for our defence!—In reply to the several attacks of the *Advocate* we cautioned the Editor against the continuance of the course he had adopted, or we should be obliged in self-defence to give a history of his life from the time he kept a store in Derry until the present. In reply he came out with a long list of letters to prove what we never heard denied, viz: that he had received instruction in the Baptist Seminary at Fredericton—that he was employed in the Bank of British North America—that he taught a Sunday School in St. John—and that he was licenced to Preach, &c. Now all these letters save one or two, were written previous to the first charge of any importance

brought against him. But let us proceed in due order. We intimated that he kept a shop in Derry.—In this we are satisfied we were wrongly informed, and we apologise as publicly as we made the statement. We need scarcely go to the trouble of proving that he was a Bank-runner. There was certainly nothing wrong in that, but the Editor speaks of it as his connexion with the Bank—he would convey the impression that he was at least President, Directors & Co., and owned all the buildings,—whereas he swept out the Office and waited in the lobby for dishonored notices to carry around town,—in two months after he was licenced to preach. All his letters, as we before stated, are previous to the charge of his trial before a church committee in St. John, but as this is not denied it is scarcely worth while to go into the subject. The next charge is for loafing. In this we have reference to the amounts yearly obtained from Mr. Joseph Connell, and in good time we will be prepared with a statement showing something like the amount furnished by him to the Editor. With reference to the borrowed money we have to state that some time before Mr. Connell left he loaned Mr. Todd £10—this he was to return to Mrs. Connell to assist in defraying her expenses to meet her husband—it was not sent according to promise, and the morning she left Mrs. Connell sent to Mr. Todd for it, but she did not get it, and in consequence when she met her husband she was without a dollar.—Mr. Todd says the sum due is only six pounds; but even that is over five; the sum we are required to prove. This circumstance be it remembered is not the case of the Widow Woman, that, has reference to Mr. Bynon. We are also informed that the Editor was sued a few days ago for money due a mechanic who worked at his house and also that he purchased furniture long since, and after having it three years he was called upon for payment, he told the man he could not give it but he might take his furniture back. All these will surely amount to over five pounds. We hinted something about the back door scrape; the facts are that members of Mr. Todd's family were in the habit of calling at Mr. Joseph Connell's and getting things from the servants, requesting them not to inform their master or mistress. So long and so frequently has this been done that many are satisfied it was with Mr. Todd's knowledge, at all events it goes to swell the amount carried from Mr. Connell's house to his. We shall only notice one more of the letters at present. It was, says Mr. Todd, prepared by Deacon James Everett and A. A. Bynon, his publisher. We are informed that Mr. Todd himself had a hand in getting up this letter,—hence the fulsome flattery.

It will be recollected that the kissing affair, so called, first came out in the *Reformer*, we only promised the particulars; please read the following communication and learn whether the affair originated with us or not:

To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel:

SIR,—I have no hesitation in repeating the remarks concerning the so called kissing affair but neither you nor the Editor of the *Advocate* can expect that I will give names, but I will relate the circumstances as they were given by a man of veracity in a public store in Woodstock, leaving out the names.—A certain preacher living in Woodstock, was on his way to Jacksontown to preach, there was a young lady in the waggon with him, at a certain turn in the road and just opposite to where this man stood concealed in the bushes, he, the preacher, put his arm round the young lady's neck and gave her a very loving kiss.

Yours, &c., JAS. H. JACQUES.
Woodstock, 1853.

Now Mr. Todd here is our authority for the hint we gave,—the circumstances are no secret in the place, and we ask you to relieve us from the charge of “base and malicious slander.”

We have yet another document in our possession but we cannot bring ourselves to publish it at present, notwithstanding the Editor of the *Advocate* has spared no pains to injure us, and would, we verily believe, have no hesitation in publishing it did it contain our name instead of his; but altho we withhold its insertion we will not refuse a sight of it to any of his friends who may have the curiosity to examine it.

We sincerely hope this is the last time we will be compelled to come out on private charac-

ter, or in defence of our own, or that we be assailed by persons not more pure ourselves. Our wish is to publish a paper full and interesting to all and offensive to no one, but we have feelings as well as others, and our opponents will not respect them voluntarily we must use such means as are in our power to compel them.

We notice that E. A. Norris & Co., Boston are out with an Advertisement, in the *Carleton Branch*, offering to send newspapers to pay very cheap. Among others, they offered former Advertisement to furnish the *Yankee Blade* and *New York Dutchman* for one year \$3. We forwarded the money and received the *Blade* regularly, but the *Dutchman* stopped several weeks before the year was up. We put this down to a mistake, and in accordance with another Advertisement we forwarded \$3 again last January. The *Blade* has come regularly, but we have not seen a copy of the *Dutchman* since June. We have written to the Agents, but no attention has been paid to our complaints. We would therefore put our readers upon their guard how they send money to Agents over the line, particularly in the *Dutchman*. As good papers are published in Maine as in any part of the Union, and they are sure to come regularly if paid for.

COPPER CURRENCY.—Complaints are being made in all parts of the country of the want of change; it is, perhaps, as scarce in Woodstock as any where, and much inconvenience is felt for the want of it. We would recommend the use of letter stamps during the scarcity of copper; they are as good as Bank notes, and would certainly be very convenient in the way of change. Try it somebody!

“LOOK OUT FOR THE BELL WHEN THE BULL-GINE RINGS.”—We learn from good authority that a large party of men will be set to work on this end of the railway route, early next spring, and work towards St. Andrews.—There is nothing surer than that cars will be running on the railway between St. Andrews and Quebec before the European & North American is commenced. One will be a railway and the other a *walway*.

COUNTY ELECTION.—It must not be forgotten that the Election for our County Councillors, will take place in the several Parishes in this County, on the last Tuesday in this month, and that it is the duty of each Town Clerk to give twenty days public notice, in writing, of the time and place of holding such election, and post the same in three of the most public places in the Parish. The new Parish of Richmond returns two Councillors this year for the first time.

Godey's Book for December, is received.—It is as beautiful and attractive as ever. It is an excellent periodical, mailed promptly, and ought to be taken by every lady who has three dollars to spare.—*Frontier Journal*.

This may be true for you, Mr. Journal, but subscribers in Woodstock cannot say as much. The June, July, August, September, and October numbers did not reach here. Perhaps they were forwarded to Woodstock, Vermont, or Woodstock, Canada West. If so they will be forwarded to their proper destination as soon as this meets the eye of the Postmaster where they are detained.

A correspondent enquires of the editor of the *Advocate* if it is true that he made a compromise with us, and offered us money if we would let him alone. The editor replies that he never thought of such a thing, that he offers us money—but he will scarcely deny that he called at our office and attempted a compromise.

An Indian made application to one of our merchants the other day, for employment at running rafts. The fellow was a little “tight,” and the merchant seemed to doubt his ability to take charge of the raft. The following dialogue ensued.

Merchant.—“I never employ men who drink rum! you are not sober to-day, Pete, and will not likely be fit to work to-morrow.”

Indian.—“What hell's your business, 'spose me drink? 'spose you see cclipse moon to-day den you don't see it to-morrow—what's your business—me take raft to-morrow, sartin go safe Chawls.”