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Poetry.

Let us Enjoy Life's Sunny Hours.

Let us enjoy life's sunny hours,
While youth is in its spring;
While hope's swift, trembling fingers strike
Upon each answering string;
For, oh, alas! too soon they fade,
And vanish like a dream,
Or as the moonlit shadows which
Flit o'er a mountain stream.

There is no time so fraught with joy
As youth's unclouded morn,
Tis then love's sweetest, sweetest rays
Upon us softly dawn,
And passing time but drops us joys
From off its golden wing;
And, oh, we never dream of grief
In youth's sweet dawning spring.

When hope's bright blossoms open by one
Upon our pathway bloom,
We never think that they will cease
To fondle memory's dream;
But after years with all their woes
This truth will to us bring,
That every pleasure we enjoy
Lasts not beyond life's spring.

Select Tale.

THE ACCUSED CLERK.

I spent an evening with Mr. Lamson; and after tea the conversation turned upon the subject of Honesty, as applied to business. I advanced the idea that some merchants made their stores schools of dishonesty. They taught their clerks the tricks of trade for their own benefit; and the clerks, thus educated, would, in after times, practise those same tricks for themselves. Mr. Lamson admitted the truth of the assertion; and then, with a smile, assured me that he could not plead guilty to the charge.

"But," said he, "I have committed errors in business; and I have committed errors in my judgment upon my fellows. When I was young I was taught to look upon all species of dishonesty with feeling of horror, and I grew up to manhood with that same feeling in possession of me. I do not believe that a real virtue can be carried too far; but I believe that any line of conduct may be carried so far as to cease to be a virtue. I can look back now and see that, in my extreme ideas of rigid honesty, I became self-righteous and unloving. In short, I forgot that greatest of the heavenly graces—Charity."

"Let me tell you a little story. It has not so much to do with the moral of the subject we have been discussing; but it has to do with the frailty of man's judgment, and is, at the same time, interesting."

"Thirty years ago—nearly how time flies!—I took George Sayers to be one of my clerks. He was then sixteen years old, and one of the most active, intelligent and efficient clerks I ever employed. His mother was a widow, and he was an only son. He had one sister, two years older than himself, who had been brought up with him. Mrs. Sayers was an excellent woman, and I know that she had endeavored to rear him in the way of virtue and conscientious honor. Ellen Sayers—the sister—was one of the fairest maidens in our town, and one of the best. She was kind and gentle, and everybody loved her. The widow was very grateful when I took her son into my employ, giving him at once a lucrative situation without submitting him to the apprenticeship of lower service."

"Time passed on, and at the end of the year I gave George Sayers charge of my books. During that year there had been several small sums of money missing, of which no account could be given. George was in a situation where he could have taken them had he been so disposed, but I did not suspect him. I had then no particular reason to suspect him."

"I had at that time a number of agents in different parts of the country, who were in the habit of remitting money to me by mail. One agent, of the name of Gibson, was travelling in Vermont. In January Gibson mailed a letter at Montpelier, containing five hundred dollars—five one hundred dollar notes. That letter arrived safely in my counting-room; because I saw it, and saw the money that was in it. My oversight of that letter happened peculiarly. I was engaged during the day in another part of the town, in superintending the alteration of some machinery in my woolen mill. In the afternoon I had occasion to go to my store, and I entered my counting-room just after the boy had brought in a batch of letters from the post-office. Among those letters were two or three of a private nature, and I put them away when I read them. The letter from Gibson, containing the five hundred dollars, I folded neatly up again, and was sure that I put it, with the other business letters, beneath a heavy ruler upon the desk. George was not in the store at the time, but I supposed he would return very shortly. I turned the key in the counting-room door as I came out, and went back to the mill."

"About a month after this Gibson returned, and we sat down to look over our accounts. There was a mistake somewhere of five hundred dollars. He claimed to have remitted five hundred dollars of which I had no account. Where was his remittance mailed? He looked over the items, and found that a remittance of five hundred dollars from Montpelier had never been credited to him. I could find no account of it anywhere; nor was any letter accompanying it on file. I called George Sayers in, and asked him if he could explain it. He said he could not. He had never seen any such letters—no such remittance had ever come to his hand. While the answer was yet upon his lips the memory of that letter flashed upon me—the letter which I had seen a month before—and I cast a look upon my clerk which made him tremble. As my gaze grew more intense, he turned pale, and I fancied that he leaned upon the desk for support. I dismissed him and then finished my business with Gibson. The five hundred dollars was missing; but as I well knew that the letter containing that money had been duly received at my store, I gave him credit for it."

"Before I again saw my clerk I made a thorough investigation of such matters as bore upon the case within my own knowledge. I found by my diary that I was at work in the woolen mill on the eighth day of January—Gibson mailed his letter at Montpelier on the fifth. Of course the letter which I saw in my counting-room, when I accidentally dropped in there on the afternoon of that eighth day was the very letter. I left that letter, with the money in it—and now, what had become of it? I learned, to my perfect satisfaction, that after I went out on that afternoon no one else entered the counting-room until Sayers came in. There was but one conclusion before me. George Sayers must have taken the money! And thus I reasoned:

"When my clerk came in, and found those letters upon the desk, he supposed that the boy had left them there, and he did not dream that I had been in before him. When I refolded the letter I must have brought the parts of the wafer so nicely together, that my clerk did not notice that the seal had been broken. When his eye rested upon that money, how easy for him to take it, and destroy the letter, and in case it was missed, to lay the blame upon the mail; for the mail had some times made mistakes. It appeared to me an absolute certainty that the money must so have gone. And this was not all. I learned that George had recently been spending considerable money in repairing his mother's house."

"In the evening, after all others had gone, and the outer doors had been closed, I called George in to the counting-room, and once more asked him concerning that letter and that money. He paled and trembled, and declared that he knew nothing of it. I told him that it could not be so. I told him how I had seen that very letter, and how I had left it on the desk with other letters. The other letters were all accounted for, but not that one. Still he declared that he knew nothing of it. I told him that he had been spending considerable money of late. He started as though I had struck him."

"Mr. Lamson," he said, his whole frame quivering with excitement, "what money I have used was honestly mine."

"I asked him where he obtained it."

"Never mind," he quickly answered. And then he informed me that he would answer no questions outside of the store while such a charge was resting against him. He declared that he had served me truly and faithfully; and that he had taken a pleasure in doing so; and he wondered how I could accuse him of such a thing."

"I remember that I gave him a stern answer, and he, in return, vindicated himself in a manner that offended me. I became impatient and demanded that he should make restitution. I know that my manner was haughty and overbearing, and the youth resented it. In the end I informed him that I needed his service no more; and I told him that out of consideration for the feelings of his mother and sister, I should not bring him to justice. In short, I turned him from my employ, and the cause of my so doing could not be hidden from the people of the town. I cannot tell you all that he said to me. With one breath he would plead his innocence in tears; and with another breath he would denounce me in the bitterest terms for my treatment of him."

"Mrs. Sayers came to me to plead for her boy; but she had no power to make me waver in my determination. I explained to her the evidence I had of his dishonesty; and though she could not believe her son guilty, still she could not lighten the weight of testimony against him."

"I engaged a new clerk, and put the missing five hundred dollars down to profit and loss. Sometimes I wondered if, by any possible means, George Sayers could be innocent. But I could not see it. My new clerk was not worth half as much for business as George had been; and I doubted if I could find another to fill the place as it had been filled."

"Of course I could not be ignorant of the movements of young Sayers after he left my store. At the end of a month he found employment in a distant town; but he did not remain there long. The story of his disgrace finally followed him, and he was discharged. He came home, and tried to work on a farm; but his health failed him, and he was sick nearly all the following winter. In the spring, his mother came to me and asked me if I could not help her boy. She said he was entirely broken down in spirit, and she feared that some day he might befall him. But I would not put forth my hand until George would acknowledge his error. If he would come forward and confess his crime, and promise some sort of restitution, I might do something for him. The widow turned from me sad and mournful. I knew that she suffered. I knew that the gentle sister suffered; I knew that George Sayers was in danger of the wine-cup. But what could I do? I had taken my stand, and I would not depart from it."

"In the month of May, I made up my mind that I would take a partner. I did not find a clerk to suit me, and I fancied that I could do better to take in a man who would feel an equal interest with me. My brother-in-law was anxious to come in, and partial arrangements were made to that effect. I took an account of all my stock; and then I went into my counting-room to overhaul my private papers. In the pigeon-holes of my cabinet were letters which had been accumulating for two or three years, and I thought it about time to destroy those which were of no use; and one evening I sat down to the work. By and by I came across some old letters from a friend in South Carolina. One of these I recognised by the superscription, and as I took it apart from its fellows, I found that another letter adhered to it. In fact, so tightly did the two letters stick together, that I was forced to tear the paper in separating them. As this second letter was turned to the light, I recognized in the superscription the hand of my agent Gibson. I opened it, and found something more. I found five hundred dollars—five one hundred dollar bank notes! The latter bore the post-mark of Montpelier, and by the post-mark of the letter which had been sticking to it, I knew that both had been received at our office the same day."

"At first I was thunder-struck; and then followed a season of bewilderment; but gradually the light broke in upon me. In a little while I was able to read the whole story. I remembered that afternoon when I came up from my mill, and found the batch of letters upon the desk. I remembered how I found two private letters, and that this letter from my agent I had opened. Furthermore, I remembered that on that occasion I had a pot of varnish with me. It was with a dab of varnish that the two letters had been stuck together. When I picked up those two private letters, and put them away in the pigeon-hole, I had unwittingly laid the remittance from Gibson away with them; and in my hurry, as I placed the remaining letters beneath the ruler upon the desk, I did not notice what I had done."

"What should be my next step? I knew now that George Sayers was innocent, and that I had wronged him. I must see him, and acknowledge the error; and the sooner it was done the better. I arose and put away the useless letters, and having locked up my store, I went directly to the widow's dwelling. The family had retired; but I called them up; and when they admitted me, I told them the story of what I had discovered. There was a flash in his eye; but I did not yet allow him to speak. I caught his hand, and acknowledged that I had done him wrong; and then I asked him to forgive me. I told him I would make the same acknowledgment to all his friends; and that if he would come once more into my employ, I would make ample amends for the mistake of the past."

"The youth did not resist my appeal. He gladly accepted my terms; he forgave me what I had done; and the mother and the sister sank down upon their knees in happy thanksgiving."

"On the following day George appeared at my store, and helped me to arrange my affairs; and before another night it was known all through the town that the dark cloud had been lifted. My brother-in-law entered into partnership with me; and at the end of two years I retired to my mill, and gave up my interest in the store to George Sayers. He married the daughter of his partner, and is, to-day, one of the most honored men of our State. I tremble, even now, when I think how very nearly a mistake of mine came to consigning that fair youth to destruction, and bringing his mother and sister down to mortal sorrow. There is a lesson in the story which every employer should heed and understand."

Chinese Wives and Mothers.

The *Experiences of Nancy* publishes the following particulars respecting the proceedings of the Society of the Sainte-Enfance, in China, extracted from a letter written by a lady, a native of Nancy, at present residing at Hong-Kong:—"All that you have heard about Chinese children is but too true. They are not, indeed, given to pigs here, but that is the case farther in the interior. At Hong-Kong mothers come to the asylum of the Sainte-Enfance and offer their children for sale, as I saw myself only a day or two ago. I have just visited this asylum, kept by the nuns of St. Paul, whose principal establishment is at Chartrou. While I was there the bell rang, a nun went to open it and returned an instant after with a female infant only a few days old. The price paid was 200 specks; but the mother a hideous creature, wanted more, or else to have the child's clothes returned, which were accordingly given to her. The nuns told me that there were women who carried on quite a trade in these poor babies. One had brought no less than 40 to the asylum, and she confessed that, before she had an opportunity of selling them, she had thrown about 600 into the sea. I must tell you that I stood god-mother to the poor thing purchased in my presence. The great cause of all these horrors is that the Chinese can repudiate their wives, and marry again every year. The divorced wives according to Chinese law have the right of life and death over their children, and if unable and unwilling to rear them, they get rid of them in any way they choose."

Amusing War Incident.

An amusing little incident occurred during the fight at Newmarket. The fight was a fierce one while it lasted, and one of the officers became very thirsty. He repaired to a spring in the forest near by to get a draught of cool water, and, kneeling down, drank from the fountain itself without the aid of a cup. As he arose from this refreshing hot, he sat himself fair and square upon his own heels, which were armed with a pair of tremendous Mexican spurs. The instant he felt the prick of the sharp spurs, he thought the enemy were upon him and a bayonet entered his flesh. When some of his men arrived, he was bawling:—"Oh, I surrender! I surrender!" at the top of his voice. The Articles of War do not admit of stating his name."

A Hard Life.

If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, he is mad. If he glosses over and smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mule. If he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he upholds a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is a tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not his paper is dull and insipid."

Shorten the Back Legs of Your Chairs.

If you cut off the back legs of your chairs, so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape. The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your slipping forward, and thus straining the ligaments in the small of the back. The expedient advised will obviate this tendency and add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting posture. The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high for the average man. The average chair is now seventeen inches high for all which no amount of slanting in the seat can make comfortable.—*Levin's Gymnasium.*

As John Randolph was walking one day, he met a man who walked straight on remarking: "that he did not turn out for a rascal." "I do," quickly rejoined Randolph; immediately stepping aside, he let the rascal pass."

It is not always a mark of frankness to possess an open countenance. An aligator is a deceitful creature, and yet it possesses an open countenance, when it is in the very act of "taking you in."

Highly would avoid sin must not stand at the door of temptation.

A Drunken Serpent.

Antipodes, loping in the lead, suddenly shied wildly away from a small rattlesnake coiled in the track. The little stranger did not wait for our assault. He glided away into a thick bush, where he stood on the defensive, brandishing his tongue, and cying us with two flames. His tail meanwhile recited cruel anathemas, with a harsh, rapid burr. He was safe from assault of stick or stone, and I was about to call in my old defender, the revolver, when Uplintz played me to pause. I gave him the field, while Kpawintz stood by, chuckling with delight at the ingenuity of his friend and hero."

Uplintz took from a buckskin pouch at his left his pipe, and, loosening from the bowl its slender red stem, he passed through it a stiff spike of bunch grass. A little oil of tobacco adhered to the point. He approached the bush carefully, and held the nicotine straw a foot from the rattlesnake's nose. At once, from a noisy, threatening snake, tremulous with terror and rage from quivering fang to quivering rattle—a snake writhing venomously all along its black and yellow ugliness—it became a pacified snake, watchful, but not wrathful."

Uplintz, charmer of reptiles, proceeded with judicious coolness. Imperceptibly he advanced his wand of enchantment nearer and nearer. Rattler perceived the potent influence, and rattled no more. The vixenish twang ceased at one end of him; at the other, his tongue became gently lambent. The narcotic javelin approached, and finally touched his head. He was a lulled and vanquished rattlesnake. He followed the magic sceptre, as Uplintz withdrew it,—a very drunken serpent—"rolled to starboard, rolled to leeward," staggering with the air of a languidly contented inebriate. He swayed feebly out upon the path, and squirmed there, while the charmer tickled his nose with the pleasant opiate, his rattles uttering mild plaudits."

At last Kpawintz, the stolid whipping out a knife suddenly decapitated our disarmed plaything, and begged the carcass for supper, with triumphant guffaws.—Kpawintz enjoyed his solution of the matter hugely, and acted over the motions of the snake, laughing loudly as he did so, and exhibiting his tidbit, trophy.—*Theodore Winthrop.*

The Turn of Life.

Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order.—He assumes mastery over business, builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a standstill.—But afterward this is a vantage, called the "Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "Old Age," around which the river winds, and then beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout and apoplexy are also in the vicinity, to waylay the traveler, and thrust him from the pass, but let him guard up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor: the "Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and powers, having reached their utmost expansion, now begin to either close in like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single excitement, may force it beyond its strength; whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.—*The Science of Life.*

SEEN AT A BULL FIGHT.—The circus at Saragossa has just been the scene of a sanguinary drama. On Sunday the place was full, and two tremendous of secondary rank, but very popular as natives of the city, named Joaquin Gil and Perez, made the customary salute, and offered to kill the bulls in honour of the president and the assembly. The first animal was cleverly killed by Perez; the second was a Portuguese animal, very vicious, cunning, and strong. He received the fatal blow from Gil, but at the same moment he tossed the unhappy man into the air, received him upon his horns, which entered deep into the body, and threw him to the ground senseless, and then fell dead by the side of his victim."

The third bull was also a Portuguese. The toradors were under a state of terror difficult to describe. The picadors would scarcely touch him.—Fierce in the middle of the arena, he seemed to defy the handerilleros, who at great risk, fixed two or three firebrands to his neck, in order to excite him. From pain and noise the bull became furious. The task of killing him fell to Perez, who advanced with hesitation, and seemed only able to stab feebly with his sword. The president called to him and pressed to have the bull's legs cut with the demi-lune (an immense scythe fixed on a pole), but Perez refused this proposition, which is considered to involve disgrace to a torador. He returned to the fight. The bull threw itself upon him; in vain he cast at it the muleta in red cloth; the bull paid no attention to it and followed him, but he seized the barriers, and in leaping over it threw his sword at the bull's front. It struck the beast in the face, and by a strange fatality rebounded and penetrated the thigh of the poor torador, cutting it to the bone. The blood ran in torrents from an open artery.—The unhappy man was carried away, and the demi-lune was then employed. Two hind legs of the beast were cut; but even then upon its stumps it appeared so terrible to one dared to approach it. The demi-lune was again brought, and one of the front legs cut off. The beast fell to the ground, and a stroke from the dagger finished him. Will it be believed that even after this the public were not satisfied, and demanded the rest of the sport, and that the authorities were obliged to give them tickets for the next exhibition? The torador Gil was buried on Tuesday; the other man is in a dangerous state, and amputation is to be tried when he seems strong enough to bear it."

If you wish to cure a sordid wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she comes to her senses. Sure cure, and no quack medicine.

It is not always a mark of frankness to possess an open countenance. An aligator is a deceitful creature, and yet it possesses an open countenance, when it is in the very act of "taking you in."

Highly would avoid sin must not stand at the door of temptation.

Items Foreign, & Local.

A sub-lieutenant on board of Her Majesty's Ship *Resistance*, has been court-martialed and reprimanded for disrespect to his captain in speaking to him with his left hand in his pocket.

The President's Message contains 9,196 words. It was telegraphed from Washington to New York in an hour and thirty-five minutes, which is said to be the greatest telegraphic feat on record.

At a public dinner in Copenhagen the Prince of Denmark, referring to the marriage of his daughter with the Prince of Wales, said he thanked God for this alliance, which was not contracted for political motives, but was the result of reciprocal affection.

The office of the Emigrant Agent in the Custom House building, St. John, was entered between Saturday night and Monday morning, but nothing of value was taken. As there is a sentry at the door, several of the military have been arrested on suspicion.

Union prayer meetings are being held in Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and other places, two or three times a day, and marked with unusual interest.

L'Ordre says that two French Canadians serving in the Federal army were lately shot for deserting. Their names were Jean Charlebois and Adolphe Blanchet.

The *Guelph Advertiser* learns from reliable authority, that it is the intention of the Government to call Parliament together at Quebec about the last of January.

The quantity of coals shipped from the Albion Mines, during the past season, amounts to 193,000 tons.

Mrs. Robert Karstend, of Studholm, K. C., gave birth to three fine girls on Saturday night, 6th inst. An exchange says, they are all doing well and weigh in the aggregate twenty-one pounds.

Upwards of 2000 barrels of apples have been shipped this season at Annapolis, for the English market. The shippers expect to realize \$5 per barrel.

Mr. Girard has invented a new kind of railway. The carriages are without wheels, but mounted on steel rails, and slide along the smooth surface of iron rails under the influence of hydraulic pressure.

Many converts to Temperance principles have been made among the Military at Halifax. At one Temperance meeting lately held twelve soldiers took the pledge and at a second meeting twenty-one names were added.

The *Celais Herald* says that ship building in that city is very brisk the present season.

Messrs. Curran, Wilson & Co., of Liverpool, advertise the *Sumpter* for sale at auction at Gibraltar, with all her stores and armament.

An American merchant in Chicago has contributed 500 barrels of flour—another 500 barrels of corn meal—and another 50 barrels of beef, for the relief of the cotton manufacturing districts of the England.

It is reported that several Mexicans, with an abundance of gold, are among the Federal troops, urging officers to throw up their commissions, and go to Mexico to fight the French.

Snow to the depth of two feet has fallen in Perthshire, Scotland. Snow has pretty generally fallen all over Ireland.

There were nearly 500 reaping machines at work in the county of Haddington, Scotland, during the harvest, and 500 acres were cut by them.

The *Boston Post* says, about one hundred millions of dollars are due to the army and navy—back pay. There are five counties in Lower Canada with a population of 78,972, in which are to be found only 32 Protestants, these are the counties of Kamouraska, Charlevoix, Vercheres, Montmagny, and Beauceville.

Ignatius Cocksbutt, Esq., of Brantford, who gave 100 barrels of flour to the general fund for the relief of the British operatives, has now given 500 barrels of flour for the special relief of the inhabitants of his native place in Lancashire.

On a late passage to Halifax, the Steamer *Euryopa* passed so near a floating iceberg that a polar bear was distinctly seen on it by the passengers.

A poor widow went to Boston a few days ago to bid farewell to her two sons who had enlisted for the war, and while shaking hands with them at the depot, some wicked picked her pocket of \$57 which they had given her for her support out of their money.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* publishes the names of eighty officers who have been dismissed from the service of the United States. One is dismissed for speaking disrespectfully of the President and the war; another for having been taken prisoner voluntarily; another for stealing government horses.—Others for intemperance, absence without leave, cowardice, &c.

It is calculated that at least 700,000 hogs will be cut up in Chicago this season. In that of 1861 the number was 231,325, and in 1862 it was 514,113. Some place the figures this year as high as a million, but the above estimate is higher. So says an American Exchange.

Artemus Ward says that "unless there's different management of the war right off, the American Eagle will have to disguise himself as a Shanghai rooster, and make tracks for Canada, while the Goddess of Liberty will have to go out doing 'gen'ral housework at two dollars a week."

The *Quebec News* says that the fishermen who prosecute their labors on the Labrador coast, are in a desolate condition, owing to the failure of the fisheries the past season; and that Government relief will have to be afforded them.

New York contains more than two hundred thousand buildings; nearly three millions of doors and windows; over a hundred and fifty thousand chimneys; twenty-five thousand awning and lamp posts; thirty-five thousand walls and fences; about forty thousand trees; and five thousand boats and larger vessels.

The *St. John Courier* says, a meeting of the Book-sellers and Stationers of that city, at which all the Trade was represented, was held last evening, when it was determined to advance the prices of Books and Paper, and all articles manufactured from paper, in order to secure themselves from the loss which would otherwise ensue in consequence of the enormous increase in the cost of these articles in the foreign markets.

The *London Times* says, Messrs. Lennard & Co., of the Pall Mall Works, have set an example of liberality which we hope will find many imitators. They have sent directions that all the goods shown by them in the Exhibition, to the value of between £500 and £1000, shall be sold off for whatever they will fetch, for the benefit of the distressed Lancashire operatives.

In his pastoral letter to the Irish bishops, Cardinal Wiseman exhorted the wives and daughters of the Irishmen to hang round their husbands' and brothers' necks till they die "carried thus into the next or next away," he says, "the weapons of love, less violence from their hands, and put the poverty or the sacred model of Mary Immaculate in their place. No Irishman's heart will assist the violent passions of religion and domestic affection."

General News.

A PRUSSIAN DEMOLITION.—A Pomeranian workman, named Masch, has lately been detected, by accident, in the course of a murderous career closely resembling that of the notorious Frenchman Danmoller. He has, together with his accomplices of whom his mother is one, committed 18 murders. On one occasion he murdered at Cursdorf a miller and his family, consisting in all of six persons. He baffled all the resources of the police, and was detected at last by mere chance. A Berlin correspondent describing the facts revealed by the trial, says: "Two farm laborers of the village of Warsin, near Sargardt, were one morning walking together on their way to their work in the fields, when it came on to rain.—For the sake of greater shelter against the wet, one of them proposed that they should proceed to their destination for the rest of the way by each leading in the forest where one of them especially, at some distance through the trees the upper half of the body of a man sticking up out of the ground, their hearts leaped to their mouths. One started off with all the speed he could put forth, while the other, more self-possessed, retreated more slowly, keeping his eye fixed on the object in question, which gradually sank into the earth. The peasants instantly made known to the owner of the estate the strange thing which they had witnessed. The police was sent for, and a number of persons, with all despatch, proceeded to the mysterious spot which was pointed out by the laborers. At first it seemed as though the men must have deceived themselves, or were fancying some practical joke, for at the spot indicated there appeared to be nothing like a hole in the earth, as the grass covered the ground all round about. On closer investigation, however, a slit was found in the grass in the form of a square. It was but the work of an instant to discover that this was the top of a trap-door covered with earth, and that a man was descending, a large cavity was discovered, from which, however, the land completely had fled. This cave was found to be the home of the wretch Masch who has been condemned to death, together with four others."

THE TELEGRAPH WORKS SHIP.—We learn, on the authority of the engineers of the highest repute, that a wonderful discovery has recently been made in electricity, as applicable to the purpose on electric telegraphs. Incredible as it may seem to many of our readers, it is said that experiments have established the fact that intelligible signals can be exchanged between distant stations without the intervention of any aerial conductor whatever, and that with equal success, whether the intervening space be wholly or partially land or water. The *modus operandi* has not been disclosed to us, and we are unable to say to what various services the invention may yet be applied. But the promoters of the system believe it to be a reasonable expectation that this discovery may one day secure any future attempt to lay an Atlantic cable. We remember that, many years ago, this achievement was regarded by some scientific men as a speculative possibility.—*Manchester Guardian.*

AN EX-QUEEN TAKING A VACATION.—That stupid Bourbon, the ex-king of Naples, having lost his kingdom by his tyranny has now driven his queen into a convent by his brutal conduct. The Queen, who acted the part of a heroine at Gaeta, in defence of her husband's crown, is scarcely twenty-one years old, and has been a brilliant and lively member of royal society. From the very beginning of her marriage, it is said, she found it a hard task to respect a husband who, owing to his natural defects, proved as little the consort of a queen, as the father of his people. Of a nature keenly alive to enjoyment, she found herself fettered in the iron gyves of a Spanish ceremonial, which did not allow her to breathe without permission, and rendered it a mortal sin to succumb without a couple of ladies-in-waiting to assist. And this ceremonial her stupid husband kept up even after every other attribute of royalty had vanished. So the queen at last actually ran away and offered herself as a lay sister to the famous convent of the Ursulines at Augsburg. Her relations were in consternation and endeavored to induce her to return to her husband, but she remained firm and even warned them that she would prefer taking the veil to having any further communication with Neapolitan royalty. She has shown herself a woman of spirit and good sense.

Sir Wm. Miles, Bart., announces his intention of giving £5 a week to the distressed operatives, so long as the cotton famine lasts.

A famine is at present desolating Finland. Out of a population of two millions, nearly half a million are starving.

American News.

By Telegraph to the "Carleton Sentinel."

BANNOCK, Dec. 12. Bombardment of Fredericksburg commenced on Wednesday evening. Yesterday afternoon 176 guns played upon Fredericksburg. Confederate sharpshooters kept their hiding places. 100 Volunteers went over the river in boats, capturing 100 prisoners. Two bridges finished and troops began crossing, driving enemy from city back to fortifications. Sufficient force now over to resist any probable attack; battle probably to-day; about 40 houses burned in business part of the city.

Antonia occupied the *Sun. Journal* at Martinique, by contrivance of French authorities.

Ship *S. B. Wales* destroyed by her belonged to Boston, her cargo valued at \$150,000. Semmes said it was twenty third vessel destroyed by her.

Another Confederate steamer, probably the *Orion*, reported cruising in Gulf, and in command of Captain Maff.

Federal loss in battle near Fayetteville, Arkansas, 1000; Confederate 2000.

ARMY OF POTOMAC reported in full possession of Fredericksburg last night; whole army would be across ready to engage the enemy this morning.—All quiet in the vicinity of Fredericksburg last evening; nothing reported since.

Gen. Grant's army captured 1200 prisoners while pursuing Pemberton in Texas, he sailed in Bank's expedition.

People of East Tennessee rebel against conscription.—Large numbers are in arms near Charlotte.

Official information at Washington warrants the assertion that the Federal Government have no idea of prosecuting propositions of armistice and mediation further.

No propositions in any form have been received from Confederates by President Lincoln, or any one of his Cabinet.

Indications of a powerful reaction against the war in interior of North Carolina.

LATELY, p. m.—Yesterday morning the fog enveloped everything. At 2 o'clock, Confederates opened from first ridge of hills, fire from the mansion of being directed upon the city which was filled with Federal troops, but only increasing the destruction of the city, every prominent building and church being reduced. Guns on left opened on Federals, and advance was within a mile of Mattingly Creek, and resting on the Rapidan, in force. Confederates are reported to have two strong lines of batteries on midland two miles west of city. Last evening men 600 of Federal moved over the river, and were ready to cross; no signs of enemy evacuation.

Philadelphia Press announces that Sigel's advance to Gettysburg has been met by Johnston, and success of Burnside's last battle.