

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 9

Poetry.

The Sewing Machine.

"Get one? Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Ours it, or hire it? How much did you say?
Does it go with a crank, or a treadle? Say?
I'm a single man, and somewhat green,
Tell me about your 'sewing-machine.'"

"Listen, my boy, and hear all about it:
I've owned it now for more than a year,
And like it so well I call it 'my dear.'
This wonderful family sewing machine."

"It's none of your angular Wheeler things,
With steel-shod back and cast iron wings;
It would both a hundred of his;
And is worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And like it so well I call it 'my dear.'
Of coming and braiding its own black hair!"

"Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner, with what-nots and chairs;
And makes that dismal, head-achy noise;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel."

"Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes, and a dainty foot,
And sports the charming gaiter look,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons and loops;
With an almost infinite number of hoops."

"None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature's the patentee!
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk,
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!"

"One that can dance, and—possibly—sift;
And make a pudding as well as a shirt;
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady or witch;
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or do up your collars and things so nice."

"What do you think of my machine?
Ain't it the best that ever was seen?
Tisn't a clumsy mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy,
With a turn for gossip and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sewing of tares."

"Tut, tut! Don't talk. I see it all—
You needn't keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your fidgety fumbles mean,
You would like, yourself, a sewing-machine,
Well, get one, then—of the same design—
There were plenty left when I got mine."

Select Tale.

THE OFFICE BOY.

"BOY, WANTED.—One who can read manuscript well, can find a situation by application at this office."

Such was the paragraph that met the eye and took the fancy of a fair, slender girl of twenty, as she sat alone in one of the sparely furnished attics of a miserable tenement house in a great city, running her eye down the column of "wants," in a flourishing daily paper, in the dim hope of finding something that would meet her own particular "wants" and needs.

"Would that I were a boy!" she murmured. "Boys are always wanted. Men, too, are wanted, and good stout women; but nobody wants weak, slender girls like me. Teachers are wanted; but they require recommendations which I couldn't get, except from two old Irishwomen. Nurses are wanted; but I know nothing of that business. Servants are wanted; but they say I look too delicate to be good for anything, and she looked pityingly at her white, thin hands. Seamstresses are wanted, but I have tried that—I cannot now get work enough to keep me from starving—and when I did my health visibly declined. Alas that dear Arthur and I should have come to the city, alone and orphaned as we were, to live upon our slender means, in the vain hope that his authorship was to bring us such a golden harvest. How little we knew then of uncertainty or precariousness; or that this precious health, or perhaps life would be the sacrifice. As a last resort he had gone to a warmer climate, to which, but for our straitened means I would have accompanied him, and it would kill him, I think, if he knew that by his trust in a villain we had lost all upon which both of us depended, and that I was reduced to such straits to obtain means of living. I have removed to this miserable attic, sold everything that I could possibly spare, and yet—Ah, there is Arthur's old trunk that he brought from home! Wouldn't that bring something? I wonder what rubbish is in it?" and she took a key, opened the trunk, and laid out the contents upon a miserable bed.

As she did so her eyes again fell upon the staring capitals, "Boy wanted."

I declare that paragraph haunts me; and sure enough, here is quite a decent suit to clothe that boy—the same that Arthur wore when he first came to the city five years ago. Who knows but that an over-ruling Providence has purposely placed these things in my way, to keep me from perdition or death. But I will not think of that. What they want of a boy I should like to know, that I could not do just as well? Answer the devil's call for 'copy,' run errands from morning till night? Ay, and read manuscript to the lazy, yawning editor, i. e., decipher such un-intelligible hieroglyphics as puzzle him, and would make a monkey laugh. Does a printer boy do that? I believe I could do all that, though with the privilege of getting a malediction once in an hour or two, better than stitching to the tune of Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' and Arthur used to say I had a peculiar knack at guessing out the meaning of cabalistic characters, and making sense of non-sense, which I got, no doubt, by copying law papers for Uncle Hamilton. How much and how often I have tried in vain to get employment suited to my sex and condition during the past few weeks, Heaven only knows, and I cannot believe I shall forfeit its favor by playing the fictitious role of a boy. I will, I must try it, whether I succeed or not; and upon the whole, I think I should like that freedom and independence that are supposed to belong of right to the pantalons," said she, smiling.

Having come to this conclusion, the young lady proceeded to invest herself soberly in the strange garments; but she could not help smiling when she took a survey of herself in a bit of cracked mirror, and saw how nearly she resembled her brother, when a bright active boy of sixteen—all but the hair. It went dreadfully hard against the grain to clip those dark shining curls; but she did it—for necessity is a stern master—it was a struggle of life and death with her, and she must hesitate at no

means that would insure success. After surveying herself to see that all was right, and marching up and down awhile to get to the feeling of the strange garments, and get her courage up to the sticking point, she set out on her mission.

The editor of an exceedingly popular weekly as well as daily journal was sitting in his office, pen in hand, pouring over a pile of manuscript, and trying to gather his ideas into a focus, for a spicy leader, during the pause of a nervous headache, when our boy, with a trembling heart, was ushered into his presence.

"Boy, sir," echoed the obsequious servitor sentimentally. The editor looked up scowlingly, for he had just caught an idea, and did not like to be disturbed. "You advertised for a boy, sir," said she tremblingly.

"Yes. You are the fourth who has applied for the place to-day." And with a keen searching glance from a pair of sharp grey eyes, she was told to sit down and wait.

The boy's courage fell yet a good many degrees lower at this, and if her case had been one whit less desperate, she would have made a hasty retreat. As it was, she dropped into a seat with pale cheek and downcast eyes, and it was some time before she again ventured to raise them. He paid no heed to her however, but continued to write rapidly for half an hour or more before he designed to bestow upon her the least notice. But this was a benefit to her, as it gave her time to collect her thoughts, and examine his physiognomy and surroundings. At last he turned upon her suddenly, and said:

"You want a place, do you?" "Yes sir." "What are your qualifications?" "Such as I thought would suit you sir. I can read, write and run."

"Good things; but let us see about the first," and he passed her a book of selections. Now Alice Hamlin was one of the finest readers in the world, with a pleasant sweet toned voice, an agreeable expression, and a face that would light up eloquently when she read or conversed, and the fascination of her looks and tones was not lost upon our bachelor editor, even though he thought her a boy.

"That will do," he said, after several trials, "but here is where you all fail. If you can read these, you would indeed be a treasure to me now," and he passed her over a handful of the knottiest kind of manuscripts, which to his evident astonishment she deciphered at once.

The man's forehead relaxed its frown, and a genial smile broke over his face as he said:

"You will do if we can come to terms.—What is your name?"

"Alice—Alison Hamlin, sir, she said with a bright blush, for, strange to say, she had not before thought of a change of name.

"Have you friends in the city, or recommendations?"

"Neither. I came to the city but a few months ago, to live with an only brother. He was obliged to go south, on account of failing health; we lost our property soon after, so I am obliged to do as I can."

"We usually require recommendations," and he looked her over searchingly.

The bright brown eyes filled with tears, and fell for an instant before his steady gaze, and the cheek crimsoned; but they were raised again with an assurance born of the necessities of the hour, as she said:

"I could judge of a man's talents, capability or honesty, better by his countenance than his recommendations. The latter might be forged, the former never."

"Perhaps you are right," said the editor, laughing. "You are a queer boy, and I suppose you have been sitting here all this time, spaniel-like, reading my ugly countenance."

"Yes sir."

"Well, what did you make of it?"

The smiles came to the corners of her mouth, as she said:

"You look sick and harassed, and stern enough; but I would trust to your generosity or kindness of heart."

"Well, you shall not trust in vain, boy. I like you so well that I will dispense with the recommendations, and shall try and give you reason to believe you were right."

After the terms were concluded upon, Alice went home with lighter heart, and the next day she proceeded upon her new duties, and a new phase of life. She found that the continued illness of the junior editor was the cause of the boy's being wanted, and that Mr. Morley, the senior, who was a gentleman of thirty-five or so, with superior ability, but infirm health, was indeed over-worked and harassed enough by his double duty, and very much in need of an assistant. Piles of unanswered letters, and unexamined manuscripts had accumulated, and everything about the office was in the utmost confusion; for the senior had not been in the habit of attending to such matters as taking care of the odds and ends, and doing the office drudgery generally; but devoted his time to writing and obtaining general information.

He had expected only temporary and partial relief from a boy; but somehow, with her woman's tact and ingenuity, joined to untiring patience and perseverance, things about the office in a very few days began to assume quite a different aspect, and the editor looked with astonishment upon the immense amount of business performed in one day by that strange boy. Heaps of letters were answered, interminable manuscripts waded through, large quantities of papers filed, and put in their proper places and everything reduced to better system than had ever been known in the office before; and all without the least noise or confusion, or bother to the gentleman, who though constantly occupied, was yet made dimly conscious of what was going on, by an occasional low-toned inquiry, as well as by the gradual accession of comfort and freedom from harassing cares that had so unexpectedly come to him. He seldom spoke to her at first, except upon the business of the office; but after a while, upon rare occasions, he would converse with her quite generally each time with a growing wonder and admiration of the boy's abilities, and stock of general information. Where did you get such a tact for office work? Why, you are as handy as a woman," he said to her one day.

Alice had now got used to his abrupt ways, and the feeling of her strange garments; but this feminine allusion brought the blushes to her cheek, and for the moment disconcerted her.

"I used to sort and file law papers for my guardian at home, and later, since I came to the city I have copied manuscript a great deal for my brother, who is an author."

"Indeed! What was his name?"

"Arthur Hamlin, sir."

"Ah, I remember him; you resemble him. Light literature, wasn't it? Very light Blake said; but Blake was sick and cross then, and perhaps too fastidious. Look in that drawer of waste papers yonder, and see if you can find any of his productions."

Alice readily found them, for they were in her own handwriting, and she had happened to come upon them a few days before, and sighed over the broken hopes they involved, and when Mr. Morley asked her with unusual interest and condescension to read them, she was careful to do her best. He interrupted her several times with expressions of admiration, and at the end exclaimed:

"Why what was Mr. Blake thinking off? It is really excellent."

Alice's eyes glistened with tears, as she said: "I knew that you were kind generous."

"There's no generosity about it. I look at these things in a purely business point of view. The story is admirable, and shall be published and paid for; and if you have any more as good at home, why bring them along."

"Thank you a thousand times," said she, tearfully.

"No thanks; but did your brother write much?"

"Yes; but he was unknown and his writings were not highly appreciated. I have a number of articles at home that I think better than half that get into the papers; but you, might think differently."

"I have considerable respect for your judgment, Alison, and we will see what they are like."

The papers were brought, highly approved and paid for; a kindness that touched Alice the more deeply in that she heard from her brother, who was slowly improving, and she was trying to send him a remittance. From that time a more confidential intercourse grew up between the two, though neither could have told why. Alice found no happier place than the grim office, and its associations; and our editor felt lost, and a strange sense of loss whenever the boy was away until he returned again. And when more at leisure than usual, he would sometimes sit for an hour tipped back in his chair, with his feet upon another, and eyes half shut, listening entranced to the clear, bell-like tones of her voice, and watching the play of expression upon her exquisite features, as she read some grand old poem or romance, or even dry political speech or disquisition. And after often hours he would ask her home with him to his hotel, to dinner or tea, and spend an hour or two in quiet conversation.

Alice was fully aware of what misconception would be put on her interviews, were it known that she was a woman; but she trusted in her disguise, and was only too happy to enjoy them. It seemed strange to her, though, and himself even, that he should form such a friendship for a mere boy, a lad of half his years, and few of his educational advantages, but so it was.

[To be Continued.]

ANGELIC JOY.—Spurgeon utters the following beautiful thought on this subject:

You remember the occasion when the Lord met with thee. Oh, little didst thou think what a commotion was in heaven. If the Queen had ordered out all her soldiers, the angels of heaven would not have stopped to notice them. If all the Princes of earth had marched through the streets, with all their jewelry and robes and crowns and all their regalia, their chariots and their horsemen—if the pomp of ancient monarchs had risen from the tomb; if all the might of Babylon and Tyre and Greece had been concentrated in one great parade, yet not an angle would have stepped in his course to smile at these poor tawdry things; but over you the vilest of the vile, the poorest of the poor, over you angelic wings were hovering, and concerning you it was said on earth and sung in heaven, Hallelujah for a child is born to God to-day.

A HARD SHELL BAPTIST.—It is related that a rivalry exists between two regiments encamped on the Potomac, which is sometimes carried to the most absurd extremes. As an instance of this, it is stated that on one occasion the Colonel of one of the regiments was waited on by a zealous Chaplain, who wished to promote the religious interests of the regiment. The Chaplain was politely received and beckoned to a seat on a chest. "Colonel," said he, elevating his eyebrows "you have one of the finest regiments in the army." "I think so," replied the Colonel. "A lively interest has been awakened in the—regiment; the Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten men have been baptized." [This was the rival regiment.] "Is that so, 'pon Honor?" asked the Colonel. "Yes, sir." "Sergeant," said the Colonel to an attending orderly, "have fifteen men detailed immediately to be baptized. I'll be damned if they shall get ahead of us anyway." The Chaplain made a note of the interview and retired.

An ignorant fellow who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but by mistake, he committed the office of baptism for those of riper years; so when a clergyman asked him:

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

The bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone:

"I renounce them all."

The astonished minister said:

"I think you are a fool."

To this he replied:

"All this I steadfastly believe."

A spruce young man was boasting of his success with the fair sex, and among other things declared he might have sparked it with a certain lady whom he named.

"Why, then," said his friend, "did you neglect such a golden opportunity?"

"Because," answered he, "she begged to be excused, and I was such a fool that I excused her."

Items, Foreign & Local.

The Reporter says, another noble entertainment has been given to the newly arrived soldiers of the 96th Regt., by the inhabitants of St. John. We know not which most to praise, our fellow colonists, or the brave fellows sent in the hour of danger to defend us. We almost envy their happy meetings and greetings.

Angelo Chiarini, a noted rope walker, while walking with a wheelbarrow up a tight rope stretched from the ground to the top of Haye's Park Pavilion, San Francisco, fell to the ground, a distance of sixty feet, and died of his injuries on the 9th of December.

Marshal Magnan has been appointed Grand Master of the Free Masons by decree of the Emperor.

Fogs have been frequent and very thick in London this winter. The gas has been kept lighted in street lamps and houses all day on several occasions.

During the past ten days the Western Railroad, Mass., has expended in the aggregate \$70,000 to keep the track clear of snow and ice.

The Montreal Herald says, the subscription to the fund for a Memorial to the late Prince Consort had reached \$20,730 in a fortnight.

The Southern Commissioners have been denied any space in the World's Fair at London, on the ground that the allotment of a place to them might be construed into an implied recognition of the Confederacy.

It is said that there are 5,000 "contrabands" at Fortress Monroe.

The late eruption of Vesuvius has deprived 24,000 people of food, fuel and subsistence.

An old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

Two thousand six hundred Artisans are at work on the London Exhibition Building.

The celebrated piano-maker, Broadwood who died recently in London, left a fortune amounting to \$350,000, all made from piano-making.

Europe consumes annually thirty-six millions dollars worth of gold and silver for plate, jewelry and ornaments. Gold coin values half per cent in sixteen years' wear, and silver from two to five per cent.

The Memphis Appeal says that the British residents of Mobile have organized in a company for home defence.

The Montreal Gazette says that Dr. Russell, the London Times correspondent, has recovered from his illness, and will shortly return to his duties at Washington.

The proprietors of the Liverpool "Mercury" have distributed to their subscribers 60,000 copies of the portrait of the late Prince Consort.

The yielding of gold in Australia during the past ten years has been seven hundred and eighty tons, valued at \$112,000,000.

There is a farmer in Putnam County, N. Y., who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has eight boys and girls. Eight Furlongs one mile!

The New York Herald proposes to Government an income of \$273,000,000 by taxing everything from a pocket-handkerchief to a family carriage.

A company with a capital of \$250,000 has been formed in England for cultivating cotton in Queensland; another with a capital of \$1,000,000 for cultivating cotton in Venezuela, and another, with a capital of \$250,000, for cultivating it in Natal.

The total revenue of England in 1861, from all sources, amounted to the enormous sum of \$300,000,000.

Captain Jenkins, of the Cunard steamer Persia, has been presented with the sum of £5000, by the British Government, for his altogether unprecedented exploit of landing troops, conveyed in that magnificent ship from England, at River du Loup, in mid-winter.

Instructions have been given to the Store Departments to furnish, without delay, one thousand sets of cavalry swords, carbines, Colt's revolvers, saddling and pea jackets, for the service of the Volunteer Light Cavalry raising in New Brunswick.—News of the World.

The coroners of New York hold about twenty-five hundred inquests annually, and the average cost of each inquest is about \$8.

The Sydney journals contain intelligence of a horrible massacre of Mr. Mills, a settler from Victoria, and his servants, with their families, comprising 19 white people, by the aborigines on the 18th of October.

Statistics show that English imports into France for 1861 are fifty per cent above the previous year. John Adams, once President of the United States, being called upon for a contribution for Foreign Missions, said:

"I have nothing to give for that purpose; but there are in this vicinity six ministers, not one of whom will preach in the other's pulpit—now I will give as much as any one else and more to civilize these clergymen."

There was a curious case on trial at the United States District Court in Albany last week. A man and his wife were living apart by mutual consent. During this period the husband opened a letter written to his wife. He was arrested for this, at her instigation several months since, and the trial took place last week. The jury brought him in guilty. The judge sentenced him to 24 hours imprisonment in the county jail, and a fine of \$10.

We have received the Calendar of the University of New Brunswick for the Academic year 1861-62, it contains interesting and useful information concerning the working of the Institution.

A course of Lectures are being held in the city of Fredericton, under the auspices of the Victoria Rifles. Professor Campbell delivered the first of the course.

TRUTH WILL OUT.—A simple lassie, on alighting dropped a ribbon from her bonnet in the bottom of a coach. "You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger. "No I haven't; he's gone fishing," innocently rejoined the damsel.

General News.

THE FIGHT AT FORT DONELSON.—CHICAGO, Ill. Feb. 18.—A special despatch from Fort Donelson says that a portion of the ground occupied by our troops in the attack on Fort Donelson, was such that not more than one regiment could operate at the same time, while the rebels could bring nearly their whole force to bear against us. The first regiment to receive the rebels was the 18th Michigan, who fought with a desperate courage until their ammunition was completely exhausted, when they were compelled to retire, but were replaced by the 8th. They, too, were repulsed, after firing their last round of ammunition. In the meanwhile the other regiments were lending such feeble aid as their positions would admit. General Lew Wallace was then ordered to reinforce General McClernand. He sent two brigades from the centre.

Col. Logan's 51st Illinois regiment fought like veterans, defending Schwartz's Battery until the most galling fire, until every horse at the batteries was killed, together with all the officers who had charge of the guns, as well as the Lieut.-Colonel. The Major, seven Captains and a number of Lieutenants of the 24th, and the Colonel's staff, were being nearly surrounded. Capt. Cook, in command, drew off what was left of the regiment, not however until the last round of ammunition, and they had commenced driving the rebels before them.

The Second Brigade then came up and fought desperately, losing a great number in killed, but with the assistance of a portion of Wallace's Division, the 49th and 50th Ohio, drove the rebels once to the intrenchments, gaining a portion of the ground lost. The object of the rebels was evidently to cut through our troops.

The Johnson captured is Brigadier-General Basford Johnson of Tennessee.

CHICAGO, Ill. Feb. 17.—The steamer Memphis arrived from Fort Donelson this evening, bringing a Mississippi regiment of prisoners. Fifty or sixty wounded soldiers were left at Mound City. Eighty or ninety other boats are on their way with prisoners.

The escaped rebels are supposed to have gone to Nashville or Clarksville, where, it is supposed the rebels will attempt to make another stand. A great light was seen this evening for several hours in the direction of Clarksville. It is supposed that the rebels either burned the town or their steamboats to prevent their falling into our hands.

The rebel officers admit that if we take Nashville the rebellion in Tennessee is gone up.

CHICAGO, Ill. Feb. 18.—The following is an account of Saturday's fighting at Fort Donelson:

On Saturday's morning the battle was resumed with unusual vigor and determination. The 8th, 18th, 20th and 31st Illinois regiments occupied a position above the fort. They were about preparing a little food, when the rebels opened upon them with a fire of musketry. A line of battle was once formed, and the storm of leaden hail returned, precipitately thinning the rebel ranks. The rebels from their advantageous position showered upon our ranks most murderous volleys of musketry, grape and canister, killing and wounding our men almost by companies, at every round, yet every man held his ground bravely and determinedly, without flinching.

These four regiments held their ground, fighting against appalling odds and in face of every disadvantage. The 18th regiment seems to have resisted the severest storms. Against their ranks the rebels directed their heaviest fire, but instead of falling back they advanced to the very jaws of the enemy and stood in the very jaws of death, with scarcely a prospect that a single man would escape, for 3 hours.

These regiments, numbering scarcely 3000 men, held their ground against the whole rebel garrison. At one time the 18th being partially flanked, was exposed to a cross fire of both musketry and artillery. Our right wing securing the rebels' retreat, they were relieved there. At this critical moment Col. Lawler fell, and Capt. Bush, acting Lieutenant-Colonel, assumed command, but was soon wounded. Capt. Cause was shot dead. Col. Lawler was mortally wounded. Lieut. Mansford and Thompson killed, and Captains Dillon and Wilson and Lieuts. Kelly, Seaman, wounded, so that the 18th, "Egyptian" regiment stood before an overwhelming force almost without officers. They fell in heaps of dead and wounded. Companies were bereft of Captains and Lieutenants, and Captains were almost bereft of companies.

The other three regiments did their duty nobly. Canals, Ozelsky, Marsh and Logan, along the ranks, waving their hats and cheering the men to the conflict. "Suffer death, men," cried Logan, "but disgrace never! Stand firm and well!" They heeded him, and many were killed and wounded, and among the latter were Col. Logan and Lieut. Col. White. Ozelsky and Marsh's regiments fought desperately, losing, like other regiments, an undue proportion of officers. Col. Ozelsky displayed a coolness and courage that have elicited the highest praise, and served well in stimulating his men.

Never perhaps on the American continent has a more bloody battle been fought. An officer, who participated and was wounded in the fight, says the scene beggars description. So thickly was the battlefield strewn with dead and wounded that he could have traversed acres of it, stepping at almost every step upon a prostrate body. The rebels fought with desperation. Their artillerists wielded their pieces with most fearful effect. On either side could be heard the voices of those in command, cheering on their men.

The four Illinois regiments held their ground full three hours. Nearly one-third had been killed and wounded, yet the balance stood firm. Finally about 4 o'clock, our right wing turned the rebels' left, and they fell back into their fortifications, and our flag was planted upon the position occupied by their left wing, and for a time the slaughter ceased.

Dresser's and Schwartz's batteries were captured during the action, but the 18th Illinois with clubbed muskets recovered Dresser's, while the 31st recovered Schwartz's.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 18.—The Republican's Fort Donelson correspondent gives the following account of the fighting on Saturday:

Yesterday morning just at daylight, a heavy sortie was made by the rebel garrison from the left portion of their works. This attack was made upon the extreme right wing of the Union army where it was weakest. Part of General McClernand's division, under Col. Oglesby, consisting of his brigade, which was stationed there, also Schwartz and McAlister's batteries. The point was upon a ridge leading into the right redoubt, and was seated just above the main fort. During the night the enemy could be heard busily at work, but what at it was impossible to tell, as thickets and woods encompassed the Union troops on every side, rendering a view in any direction almost impossible. At daylight a large body of the enemy suddenly appeared on the extreme right.

The Montreal Advertiser states that a letter posted in New York addressed to the Cashier of the Banque du Peuple, and containing \$5,000 in South Carolina Bonds, has been taken from the Canadian mail, en route, opened, and the contents taken possession of by the Federal Government, on the ground that the Bonds are the property of an American company; but to rifle mail-bags an appropriate property of residents in Canada, is pushing the matter too far.

TERMS of the CARLETON SENTINEL per annum, \$1.50, each payment in advance, \$2 if paid within 6 mos. Clubs of 12, \$15, and one to the sender of the club. Advertisements must be handed in on Thursday.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

Editorial Correspondence.

Fredericton, Feb. 21, 1862.

Since my last, although the house has been rather busily engaged, but few matters of very great interest to our readers has been introduced or carried through.

Mr. Grimmer has presented a petition from certain electors of Sunbury County, setting forth that Mr. Glasier, the sitting member for that County, obtained the seat through bribery and corruption, and asking that it should be declared vacant, and Mr. Tapley, the late member, declared elected. This, with the protest from our own County against Mr. Lindsay's return, makes two scrutiny cases. The committees are to be struck next week, and their investigations will be interesting, even if they be not profitable withal. They have our best wishes that they may succeed in discovering when, where, how, and by whom bribery and corruption has been used.

Mr. Grimmer brought in a Bill to provide for a tax on the inhabitants of St. Stephen's to erect a Town Hall in that place, an institution we should judge very much needed.

Williston's Bill to establish Police force in Newcastle; S.H. Gilbert's Bill relating to establishment of a Polling place in Cambridge, Queen's Co., and Steven's Bill to provide a new Polling place in Grand Manan, passed in committee.

Mr. Kerr asked the Post Master General why the Mail which was formerly despatched twice a week was discontinued, and only one each week now sent. This gentleman and others, complained of the action as unjust, especially in view of two facts: one, that at this season of the year when the house was in session, people living on the route were particularly anxious for mail accommodation, and another, that since the meeting of the Legislature the postal facilities to St. John had been increased by some additional mails.

Post Master General said the change had been made because it did not pay to continue the mails twice a week. The rule followed was that mail routes should contribute an amount proportionate to its cost. The route in question cost \$1100, its receipts were \$100. Besides, he remarked, the greatest importance of the line via Miramichi, was as a feeder for the north, but the additional mail to St. John would benefit the whole north as well as St. John.

Mr. Hatheway eloquently declaimed against the policy of the P. M. G. in this matter, contending that money appropriated for the dissemination of information and fostering the intelligence of the people was wisely applied.

Mr. McPhelin has introduced a Bill to increase the representation of Carleton, Gloucester, Queen's and King's counties.

Mr. Costigan brought in a Bill to alter division line of Grand Falls and St. Leonard's, and one to create a new parish from portions of Perth and Andover.