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NO. 52

Poetry.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed the silver, and thick ranks
Of green willows fringed the banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—"most a head";
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
Chattering with Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dandelion seed—
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;
And then, when you are weak,
Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all,
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stand again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside a little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Yastly different from the one
That she swung in years ago;
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has—rockers at the side!

Select Tale.

THE CROWN OF A HUNDRED SOUS.

It was midnight, and the bride had already been some time in the nuptial chamber, when the young spouse succeeded at last in escaping from his friends and leaving the ball room, when he ascended the stairs upon one of the landing places of which a waiting maid met him and modestly told him to enter.

The new husband rapped lightly upon the door, and threw himself at the feet of a woman who was waiting for him, seated near the fire, in an elegant night dress.

"Rise my friend," said she to her spouse, giving him her hand.
"No, no, madam," replied the young man, seizing upon a white hand which he clasped between his own, and carried to his lips—"No, leave me at your feet, and do not withdraw your hand, for I fear least you might escape me; I fear that all this is only an illusion; it seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which I used to hear when a child, and that, at the very moment of being happy, the malicious fairy is going to fly away, to laugh with her companions over my sorrow and despair."

"Be assured, my friend, that yesterday I was Lord Melvil's widow, now I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Dispel from your imagination your childhood's fairy. The tale is but a fable."

M. Frederic de la Tour had some reason to expect that a superior genius interfered with his affairs, for, within the last month, inexplicable good fortune had rendered him rich and happy beyond his desires. His age was twenty-five, he was an orphan, and barely lived upon an employment in which he was engaged, when, passing one day the street Saint Honoré, a splendid coach stopped near him, and an elegantly dressed lady leaned over the carriage door and called out to him, though not by name.

The driver descended, let down the foot board, and, hat in hand, respectfully invited Mr. Frederic to be seated by the side of the woman, glittering with jewels. The coachman then drove off.

"Sir," said the lady who had thus taken him up with a sweet voice, "I have received your letter but notwithstanding your refusal, I have yet hope to see you to-morrow at my evening party."

"Me, madam!" replied Frederic.
"Yes, sir, you," said she, "Ah! I beg your pardon, sir; but you so much resemble a person of my acquaintance that I took you for him." "Ah, sir, excuse me." "What must you think? Indeed, indeed the resemblance is so striking that any one in the world would be deceived as I have been."

Before this explanation was ended, the coach stopped in the court of a superb mansion, and M. Frederic could not but offer his hand to Lady Melvil. Frederic, dazzled by so much grace, was easily subjugated. He congratulated himself upon the happy chance which gave rise to his acquaintance with the Lady Melvil; he accepted her invitations, and in a few days became one of her most frequent visitors. The rich widow was surrounded by admirers; but they dropped off one by one, and things were so arranged before a week rolled by that the little clerk made the widow's house his home. Marriage was agreed upon, and it was she who first proposed it.

Frederic would sometimes place himself in the morning before his little looking-glass and consider himself with attention. He was not ugly, neither was he handsome. His dress, moderate, as must be that of a clerk with a salary of eighteen hundred francs, did not permit him to attribute his good fortune to his tailor. He was forced to the conclusion that he was loved for himself, else that Lady Melvil was fascinated. When the marriage

was settled, when the fortunate spouse was before the notary, his astonishment redoubled. They declared his property to be over a million. He owned property according to the contract, a farm in Normandy, a house in Paris in the street Saint Honoré, and other real estate which he had never before heard mentioned. The widow was rich in foreign wealth. She had farms in Wales and pastures in Devonshire. All was to Frederic a golden dream, and he longed to awake from it. The mayor and curate came to sanction this union; but neither the marriage solemnity nor the law was able to dispel all his doubts, and he did not leave his wife's feet, but grasped in his hand the embroidered muslin of her night dress, through fear that the dream would vanish.

"Rise, Frederic," said his wife again, "come to this arm chair of mine, and let us converse."

The young man at last obeyed, though yet unwilling to release his hold of his wife's hand, and Madame de la Tour commenced as follows:

"There was once a time."

"There," cried Frederic, "so I was not deceived. It is in truth a fairy tale."

"Listen to me, my friend. There was once on a time a young girl, born of parents who formerly had been wealthy, but who, when fifteen years of age had to subsist upon the industry of her father. They resided at Lyons, but some hope of better fortune brought them to Paris. Nothing is so difficult as to recover a lost fortune, or to regain a lost rank. This young girl's father found it so; for four years he struggled with misery, without being able to vanquish it and at last died in an hospital."

The mother soon followed the husband, and the young girl was left alone in an attic, for which the rent was unpaid. Its only furniture was two beds. If there were a fairy in the tale which I am relating, this is certainly the moment when she would appear; but there is none in it. The young girl remained at Paris, without parents, without friends without protectors, without aid, having, at Lyons debts she was unable to pay, and in vain seeking for labor, the wealth of the poor. Vice it is true stretched out its arms to her, but there are pure souls which pass by vice without suffering themselves to be sullied by its breath.

Meantime life was necessary: the hunger of the day redoubled at night, and the misery of the night was added to a second day passed without food.

"You rise from a table groaning under its weight of dainties, where wine, too, abounds to sustain, and although it is but since yesterday, Frederic, that you are rich, you have no idea of the misery I speak of, and you wonder that in the midst of the luxury which surrounds you, upon this arm-chair of gold and silk, where I am sitting, I can paint to you such a picture; but listen to me farther. Hunger led this young girl to beg. She

covered her head with her mother's veil, the only heritage she received; she imitated her body to imitate age, and went down into the street. There she held out her hand. Alas! that hand was white and fair, and there was danger in showing it; that hand was then wrapped by the young girl in the thick cloth of the veil, as if it had been eaten by a hideous leprosy.

The poor child took her station against a post not far from the lamp, and when a young girl of wealth and appearance passed by, the unfortunate girl would hold out her hand and ask for a sou. "A sou to buy a little bread!" At Paris young girls have something else to do in the evening besides drawing a sou from her pocket. If the beggar girl saw an old man passing, she also ventured to implore him. Age is often avuncious and hard, and the old man passed. The evening had been wet and rainy, night was approaching, and the patrols, the night guards, the city sergeants, were about to take possession of the streets of Paris, when the young girl, fainting with want, once more held out her hand. She addressed herself to a young man, who stopped, felt his pocket and threw her a piece of money, so much did he fear to touch the wretched one. A police officer who was apparently lying in wait for the beggar girl, all at once appeared, and laying his hand upon her, said: "Ah, I have you; you're begging. Come along my beauty."

At this, the young man interfered, with some warmth; he took the arm of the beggar which before he would not touch with his glove, and turning to the police officer, said:

"This woman is not a beggar, but one of my acquaintances."

"But sir,"—the executor of the law against beggary was going on to say,

"I repeat that I am acquainted with the lady. My poor, good woman," added he, bending over to the ear of the young girl whom he took for an old woman, "accept these hundred sous, and let me conduct you to the neighboring street. By this means you will escape this Cerberus who pursues you."

"The crown slipped from your hand into mine," continued the bride, "and, as we were passing under the lamp, which I had before avoided, I saw your face."

"My face!" cried Frederic.
"Yes, my friend, it was I whose life, and perhaps honor, you thus saved. You gave a crown to Lady Melvil, your future wife."

"You!" said Frederic, "so beautiful, so young, so wealthy—you have begged?"

"Yes, my friend, I have received alms once, and that was from you. The next day after this, and which I now reckon among the happiest days of my life, an old woman, whom I had inspired with some pity, took me into her house as a seamstress. My gaiety returned by error; I became the friend of the respectable lady with whom I lived. One day Lord Melvil came into the room where I was working, and sat down by my side. He was a man of about sixty years—tall, spare, and of a repulsive aspect."

"Miss," said he, "I know your history.—Will you marry me?"

"Marry you?" I cried.

"Yes. I have immense property, which I do not wish to leave to my nephews, and I have the gout, which I do not wish to be taken care of by my domestics. From what I have been able to learn of you, your character is as upright as it is elevated. It is in your power to become Lady Melvil, and to prove that you are destined for good fortune since you have known how to support misfortune."

"I loved you, Frederic," continued the young

woman. "I had seen you but once, but it was impossible for me to forget you, and something in my heart said to me that our lives ought to roll on together. As I looked at Lord Melvil, I saw his melancholy countenance, and his sharp and almost wary eye, I said to myself that the step he was taking was nothing else than one of revenge, and I was loath to be the instrument of it. If the noble lord did not receive a refusal, he at least easily perceived it from my agitation, and like all men, who are only rendered more ardent by rejection, he redoubled his solicitations."

My companions induced me to profit by the folly of an Englishman worth his millions, and a part of whose fortune could not but soon be mine. As for me, I thought of you, I adored you with all that my imagination lent to my memory, and the image of a man whom I had seen but for an instant, as well as most induced me to sacrifice my fortune, as well as yours, Frederic. But I had passed through too rough a school for romantic ideas to have the better of my reason. You were rejected by the young seamstress, and I became Lady Melvil."

"It was a fairy tale, my friend! I, a poor deserted orphan, was the wife of one of the richest peers in England! Seated in a carriage loaded down with servants. I was able to pass through the street where I had begged a few months before, and clothed in silk and glittering in diamonds, to mark with my eye the curb stone where I sat. The sports of chance, the caprice of fortune; the passions of men my friend, are the fables of this world."

"Happy Lord Melvil," cried Frederic, "he was able to enrich you."

"He was in truth very happy," continued Madame de la Tour, "and he proved to me very clearly that since my inclinations were honorable this marriage, which was looked upon as a very foolish act, was the most reasonable thing in the world. He was rich beyond my desires. He never could expend his income, so that he had no need of new possessions, and he thought very justly that gratitude would attach to him a woman whose fortune he would make. He never repented having married a French woman."

"I entrusted myself to the noble lord for the cure of my fortune, and I assisted him in his last days. When he died he left me all his property, and I then made to myself an oath, never to marry any one except the man who aided me in the most miserable moment of my life."

"Ingrate!" added Madame de la Tour, giving her hand to her husband, who yet came no nearer to her who wished to love and enrich him. "But sir do you never go into the world? Do you not attend shows and concerts? Ah! if I had known your name!"

So saying, the new bride detached from her neck a collar of rubies, and drew from a small bag of silk, which was attached to it, a crown of a hundred sous, set in gold.

"This is the very one," said she, putting it into Frederic's hand. "At the sight of this crown I was furnished with sufficient bread to support me till next day, and I also obtained credit for a few hours. The next day, things were so arranged that I was able to preserve your crown. It has never left me. Ah! how happy I was when I met you about a month ago! With what quickness did I stop my horses! I leaned over the carriage door, and to attract your attention seized upon the first pretext which presented itself to me! I had but one fear."

"You might have been married. If that had been the case you would have known nothing of this story, and poor Lady Melvil would have enriched you in secret; she would have returned to England where she would have grown old in seclusion, at her castle in Wales."

Frederic let go his wife's hands, he let fall from his grasp the embroidered muslin of her night dress and seized the crown, the cause of his fortune and happiness.

"So you see," continued Madame de la Tour, "so you see that I am not a fairy. On the contrary, it is you who have given me a talisman."

The Duty of Owning Books.

We find judgments of men from little things about their houses of which the owner perhaps never thinks. In earlier years, when travelling in the west, where taverns were scarce, and in some places unknown, and every settler's house was a house of "entertainment," it was a matter of some importance and some experience to select wisely where you would put up. And we always looked for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no patch of flowers in the yard, we were suspicious of the place. But, no matter how rude the cabin or rough the surroundings, if we saw that the window held a little trough for flowers and that some vines twined about strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the log cabin. In a new country, where people have to tug for a living, no one will take the trouble to rear flowers unless the love of them is pretty strong; and this taste, blossoming out of plain and uneducated people, is itself like a clump of barberries growing out of the seams of a rock. We were seldom misled. A patch of flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds, and good bread.

But in other states of society other signs are more significant. Flowers about a rich man's house signify only that he has refined neighbors, and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets, and very plain furniture, in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved *daggers* or sideboard.

Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both, if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are trading on costly carpets, and sitting upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.

Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, augmenting the comforts of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon the table, upon everything but what the soul needs? We know of many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics. A few gaudy annuals on the table,—a few pictorial monstrosities, together with the stock religious books of his "persuasion," and that is all! No poets, no essayists, no historians, no travels or biographies, no select fictions, or curious legendary lore. But the wall-paper cost three dollars a roll, and the carpets four dollars a yard!

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them! Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.

Let us pity these poor rich men who live haphazardly in great, bookless houses! Let us congratulate the poor that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and his beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed, among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning, and constantly adding to, a library of good books. A little library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.

Address to the Queen.

The following address from the New Zealand Chiefs has been forwarded by Governor George Grey to the Duke of Newcastle for transmission to her Majesty:

"Oh Victoria our Mother.—We greet you! You, who are all that now remains to recall to our recollection Albert, the Prince Consort, who can never again be gazed upon by the people.

"We your Maori children, are now sighing in sorrow together with you, even with a sorrow like to yours. All we can do is to weep together with you. Oh, our good mother, who has nourished us your ignorant children of the island, even to this day!"

"We have just heard the crash of the huge-headed forest tree which has untimely fallen, ere it had attained its full growth of greatness.

"Oh, good lady, pray look with favor on our land. Although we may have been perverse children, we have ever loved you.

"This is our lament.

"Great is the pain which preys on me for the loss of my beloved.

"Ah you will now lie buried among the other departed Kings!

"They will leave you with the other departed heroes of the land.

"With the dead of the tribes of the multitude of Ti Mani.

"Go fearless then, O Pango, my beloved in the path of death; for no evil slanders can follow you.

"Oh my very heart! Thou didst shelter me from the sorrows and ills of life.

"Oh my pet bird, caught in the forests of Rapaui!

"Let, then, the body of my beloved be covered with Royal purple robes!

"Let it be covered with all rare robes!

"The great Rewa my beloved, shall himself bind these round thee.

"And my ear-ring of precious jasper shall be hung in thy ear.

"For oh! my most jewel, thou art now lost to me.

"Yes, thou, the pillar that didst support my palace, has been borne to the skies.

"Oh, my beloved! you used to stand in the prow of the war-canoe, inciting all others to noble deeds. Yes, in thy lifetime thou wast great.

"And now thou hast departed to the place where even all the mighty must at last go.

"Where, oh physicians, was the power of your remedies?

"What, oh priests, availed your prayers?

"For I have lost my love; no more can he revisit this world."

The Newspaper.

The newspaper, the most influential of all human works, is the creation of printing. It is to the honor of England that in this country it approaches nearer to excellence, in intellectual vigor, in variety of knowledge, in extent of information, and in patriotic principle. It has, like all the works of man, occasional imperfections, and, perhaps, the most prominent are its too minute details of offences against public purity. But there is scarcely a newspaper in this age which would not have been regarded as a triumph of ability in the last. In fact, the newspaper of England is the great practical teacher of the people. Its constant and universal teaching alone accounts for the superior intelligence of the population. Schools, lecture-rooms, and universities, important as they all are, altogether fall behind it in public effect, or find that, to retain their influence, they must follow in its steps. Those steps may now and then turn from the right road, but their native tendency is forward and upward. This intellectual giant always advances, and carries the country with him to a height which no other country ancient or modern, ever attained, or, perhaps, ever hoped to attain. If, in an age of foreign convulsion, England has undergone no catastrophe—i.e., in the fall of monarchies, she has preserved her hereditary throne—if, in the mingled infidelity and superstition of the Continent, which, like the mingled letters and frenzy of a lunatic hospital, have, in our day, exhibited the lowest degradation of our nature, she has preserved her freedom and her religion—I attribute all under God, to the vigor and intelligence of public investigation, the incessant urgency of appeal to the public mind, the living organization of which the heart is the Press of England.—Crosby.

A man called upon a lawyer, the other day, and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner. "Sir, I have come to you for advice: I am a husband-in-law!" "A what?" spoke the learned counsel. "Husband-in-law, sir!" "I have never seen that defined in domestic relations?" "Don't you know what a husband-in-law is?" "Sir, you are a lawyer: you're an ignoramus! I am a husband-in-law, sir, but not in fact, sir—my wife's run off!"

General News.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The fight between Mace and King, took place on the 26th, at Thames Haven. King won, after an obstinate fight of 21 rounds, in 38 minutes. As soon as all the ropes and stakes were adjusted, Mace at once, amid loud cheers, seized his cap into the ring, followed by his two seconds, Bettle, of Birmingham, and Bob Travers (the black). After a few minutes had elapsed, King followed Mace's example, having for his two attendants, Jack Macdonald and Bos Tyler.—Bettle, 2 to 1 on Mace. The men were at once delivered to the scratch by their seconds, and their general admiration, both looking as well as it was possible to look, King having won the toss, selected the corner nearest the river, but, on account of the level piece of ground and the absence of sun and wind, there was no advantage to be obtained. As soon as they had crossed each other's hands they commenced work. King from the commencement appeared to be very impetuous and rushing, and in the second round he landed his left on Mace's mouth and drew first blood. After this Mace took a decided lead, and in almost every instance was the first up to the call of time. Up to the 10th round the fighting had been decidedly in Mace's favour, for he often landed his left and right, getting away without receiving in return, although, from his counters and exchanges received, each came up looking none the better for what had been administered. In the 19th round odds of 4 to 1 were offered on Mace, when he led off and landed his left without receiving in return; he returned to King, and was again attempting the same game, when his foot slipped, and, bobbing his head forward, King administered to him such a blow (on the side of the nose and under the left eye) as is scarcely ever seen. The effect of it was so sudden and so severe, that Mace dropped like a stone, the blood gushing out in a perfect stream, and the Kingites were in perfect ecstasies. On time being called, King was the first up. When Mace appeared, it was evident that "all was well" with him, for he staggered, and was all abroad. King at once went in again, landed one on the same spot, and again knocked Mace down. Time was called for the 21st round, which was a repetition of the last, when Bob Bettle, finding all hopes of winning at an end, at once threw up the sponge in token of defeat, and King was hailed the champion of England, after fighting 21 rounds, occupying 38 minutes. Heenan and Sayers were present, and it is stated that Heenan will challenge King to fight for the championship and £500.

"THE QUEEN VERSUS TRAIN AND OTHERS."—This case was an indictment against George Francis Train, a certain member of the restry of Lambeth, for an alleged nuisance to the highway in laying down the street railway in Westminster Road in London. The rails were taken up by the sheriff. The case was tried before the Lord Chief Justice Erle of the Court of Common Pleas, last spring, and a verdict was found against the defendants. They moved for a new trial, which was refused; and M. Train was called up for judgment in June, when a rule was made absolute for the payment by him of the costs of the trial; the other defendants were for the time being practically released. Mr. Train found bail, and came to America.

The costs above not having been paid, in the Court of Queen's Bench, we learned, that, on the 10th inst., on November 10, before Messrs. Justices Wightman, Blackburn and Mellor, Mr. Joyce moved in behalf of the prosecution to treat the bail, and for an attachment against the co-defendants. The court granted a rule accordingly. This means, we suppose, that Mr. Train's bail and the members of the vestry of Lambeth are now to be called upon either separately or collectively to pay the costs of removing the rails and the cost of the trial.

GARIBOLDI ON THE AMERICAN WAR.—Clemente Corti, by direction of Gen. Garibaldi, has addressed the following letter to Wm. Cornell Jewett, in London:—

"SIR: I am desirous by your letter, which he would have answered himself but for the state of his health.

"Gen. Garibaldi always takes the deepest interest in the American question. Nothing could please him more than the abolition of Slavery. He considers it as being at once a curse and a disgrace to a free people. Abolition, according to him, ought to be full, unconditional. For him, and those who march under his flag, human rights are before constitutional rights. Humanity must come first: commercial interests, individual prosperity, afterwards.

"As to the Roman question, Garibaldi's opinion is that Rome is ours, and that it must be given to us, let the French Emperor like it or not.

"With Gen. Garibaldi's kind compliments, believe me, your very obedient,

CLEMENTE CORTI.

"Wm. Cornell Jewett, Esq."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince of Wales takes possession of his newly-acquired estate in Norfolk, purchased by his Royal Highness's solicitor, Mr. White, of Great Marlborough street, on Monday. It was purchased from the Right Hon. William Cowper, M. P., for £222,000. The library of the mansion contains 8,000 volumes of valuable and rare works. The furniture is all newly new, having been recently supplied by Giltow. There are thirty bedrooms, and a proportionate number of reception-rooms. In the purchase, all the timber on the estate is included, which is some of the finest in England. There are also 100 acres of wooded land, and 47,000 a year from rents, which is secure, as tenants are all well-to-do. The fishing is excellent, and the shooting, like most shooting in Norfolk, first-rate, including blackcock amongst other game. The railway is within two miles.—Court Journal.

The London Court Journal says that the marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will be solemnized at the Chapel Royal, St. George's Windsor, early in April next. The walls of the Robens-room, or Kings Drawing-room, at Windsor Castle, have just been hung with a rich crimson figured satin, the pattern being the Royal Arms. The Council Chamber has also been hung with crimson damask satin, the design being a wreath of laurels surrounding the Royal Crown. The picture frames in these rooms have all been recast. It is thirty years since the walls of the apartment were decorated in a similar manner.

An intelligent "trapper," from one of the western counties of Minnesota, states that a "secret society" has been organized, having its ramifications all through the western half of the State, whose avowed objects are to hang or shoot every Indian suspected of having had any hand in the recent murders.

We understand that by the Will of the late Jas. Bruce, Esq., of Longside, (Scotland) the whole of the residue of his property, after the payment of specified legacies, is bequeathed to the poor of the Parochy of Deer, and Mr. Bruce's executors have been advised to raise a multiplicity in case of disputes, no scheme of division being mentioned in his will. The residue is estimated at about £55,000.—*Edinburgh Couriers.*

We are glad that Mr. Bruce, in his early days, carried on business in St. John, under the firm of Bruce & Shivers.—*Couriers.*

The rebels have hung a banner in sight of Burnside's army, with "Winter Quarters" written on it.

Battle at Fredericksburg.

The correspondence of the New York Herald includes the following description of the battle on Saturday, 13th inst., at Fredericksburg:

"The disposition of the Union army on Saturday morning, and as General Burnside was anxious to commence the attack at as early an hour as possible, there was not much chance for the troops to rest themselves. A few stragglers, it is true, managed to sneak away for the purpose of pillaging; but the great mass of the soldiers were constantly under arms. General Burnside was in the city all night, personally inspecting the troops and directing their movements. It was arranged that General Franklin's corps should cross the river two miles below the city, with the view of turning the enemy's position on Massaponox creek, while Hooker would engage the rebels nearer the centre, and Sumner would turn their right. By this arrangement it will be seen that Franklin was opposed to Stonewall Jackson, while Hooker and Sumner attacked the centre and left of the rebels under Longstreet and Lee.

The eventual morning came, and with it a dense fog, which obscured the movements of the enemy. The balloon was sent up just before daylight, but in consequence of the fog no observation could be had. However, the disposition of the Union forces had been made, and General Burnside determined to commence operations, fog or no fog.

THE LEFT.

Franklin moved his column, consisting of the First and Sixth Corps, just before sunrise, his right resting on the outskirts of the city, his centre advancing a mile or so from the river, and his left resting on the Rappahannock, about three miles below. Skirmishing commenced a few minutes after daylight on the extreme left. A rebel battery opened on our troops, and the fire became so annoying that the Ninth Regiment New York State Militia were ordered to charge and take the cannon at the point of the bayonet. The order was obeyed with alacrity, but after a fierce struggle the charging party were compelled to fall back. At this critical moment, General Tyler, receiving the disaster into which the Ninth New York were thrown came to their aid with a brigade. The Ninth were quickly rallied, and, assisted by Tyler's brigade, another attempt was made to storm the rebel batteries, but without success. The fight now became general on the extreme left, and another desperate effort was made to capture the rebel battery by Gen. Tyler's brigade, but the fire of the rebels was so withering in its effect, that our brave fellows were unable to gain any advantage. Each charge thinned the ranks at a fearful rate, and the chances of capturing that much-coveted battery appeared no better than at first. By noon the whole of Franklin's corps was engaged with the enemy, and a desperate effort was made to force the open left on the Massaponox, and drive him beyond the creek. General Franklin commanded the movement in person, and handled his troops with remarkable judgment. The rebels maintained possession of some small hills with their usual stubbornness, but gradually fell back as the Union troops evinced a determination to go forward. During the afternoon the rebels came to a stand, and for a time assumed the offensive; but as they advanced to meet us they were bravely met and repulsed with heavy loss. It was at this time that some three hundred of Hill's command fell into our hands, and were conducted to the rear as prisoners. Still the enemy contested every foot of the ground, and it was only by dint of the most desperate fighting that he was compelled to change his position.

It was during the heat of this engagement that the gallant Bayard was mortally wounded. He was conversing with Gen. Franklin, when a cannon ball struck him in the hip and threw him clean out of the saddle. Poor Bayard, he never dreamt of danger in the thickest of the battle, and his fall was a surprise, even when his fall was anticipated. The surgeons say that he cannot survive many days, and say that the operation they have performed can only prolong his agony a short while.

The obstinacy with which the rebels held possession of their ground rendered General Franklin's a very difficult one indeed. Had he to cope with Stonewall Jackson and the veterans of Cold Mountain, Ball Run and Antietam—troops who understood their business thoroughly, and were not to be scared by trills. Hence the task of turning the rebels' position on the Massaponox was no ordinary one. Still the Union commander was not discouraged, he had driven the enemy back seven rods and was determined to drive them farther. Old Stonewall met his match this time, and, notwithstanding his troops fought with their usual bravery they were gradually pushed southward. At sundown Franklin had succeeded in driving the enemy nearly a mile, and his troops occupied the field during the remainder of the night. The movement on the left was a complete success, although to-m