

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

TERMS. \$1.80 if paid in advance.

NO 10.

## Poetry.

### TRUE FREEDOM.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,  
For liberty to fight;  
We want no blare of murderous guns  
To struggle for the right.  
Our spears and swords are printed words,  
The mind our battle plan;  
We've won such victories before,  
And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—  
They stain the highest cause!  
'Tis not in blood that liberty  
Inscribes her civil laws.  
She writes them on the people's heart,  
In language clear and plain;  
True thoughts have moved the world before,  
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love  
Of freedom's cause sublime;  
We join the cry, "Fraternity!"  
We keep the march of time:  
And yet we grasp no pike, no spear,  
Our victories to obtain;  
We've won without their aid before,  
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade,  
To show a front to wrong;  
We have a citadel in Truth,  
More durable and strong.  
Calm words, great thoughts, unfinching faith  
Have never striven in vain;  
They've won our battle many a time,  
And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—  
The ignorant may sneer,  
The bad deny; but we rely,  
To see their triumph near;  
No widow's moon shall load our cause,  
No blood of brethren stain;  
We've won without such aid before,  
And so we shall again.

## Select Tale.

### THE OFFICE BOY.

[Concluded.]

It was early autumn when she entered the office, the winter was over and gone, and one morning early in spring the editor came in, and as usual found a good fire, the office swept and dusted, and his boy busily engaged in writing.

"Good morning, Alison," said he pleasantly. "I have been over to see Blake. He is decidedly better at last, and thinks he shall be able to go to work in a few days."

"And then you will want me no longer, gasped Alice. And she turned very pale, and grasped at the desk to prevent herself from falling."

Mr. Morley saw the look, and the act, and stepped quickly forward.

"Do you really like your place and your employment, so much?" he questioned.

"Ay, and my employer more than either," she uttered, impulsively, and blushing at the words as soon as they were spoken.

"Do not be alarmed, then, for there are so few in the world that do that, I cannot afford to lose one. Blake has received the offer of a better berth than I give him, and will not come back to my office. Tell the truth boy, you are worth quite as much to me as he ever was, with the exception of writing an editorial occasionally."

"How do you know but that I could do that?"

"I think not: few possess or acquire the gift."

"What will you have—the one you spoke of upon the condition of the times generally, or something else?" And with a blush, and smile, she passed him the paper upon which she was engaged at his entrance, with ink as yet scarcely dry upon the last page.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Morley, laughing, as he ran his eyes over the last page. "I couldn't have done it better myself. Did you really do this, boy?"

"Certainly, sir. They used to say I had some knack at composition at school, and I've been trying my hand at it lately."

"Why didn't I know you had such a talent before?"

"I hardly knew it myself."

"But what are you trying to do with it?"

"Just practising a little to get my hand in," said Alice blushing.

"I see it all," said the editor, with a searching glance. "You have looked weary and worn of late. You are sitting up nights, after a hard day's work, striving to realize some ambitious dream of authorship. You must not do so. You are to young. You will soon sacrifice your health as your brother has done."

"But in a case of necessity, sir—"

"What necessity I would like to know? Do I not pay you enough for your support?"

"Yes, and much more, more than I dared hope for."

"But you wear the same old clothes—you live in obscure lodgings—you go to no place of amusement—tell me, won't you, for what are you denying yourself all the pleasures of youth?"

"I hate to plague you with my troubles, Mr. Morley."

"It is no plague. I like to have those about me give me their confidence."

"Well, sir, you know that my brother is sick, needing many comforts in a foreign land, where gold melts away like the dew before the sun."

"Ay, you told me as much before."

"Well, he thought he took money enough out with him to last until his return; but it was gone before he hardly realized the fact, and twice he has written for more—the last time saying he wanted quite a large sum to bring him home in the early summer, supposing all this time that he had enough in the hands of a trusted friend to make him quite independent of surrounding circumstances. But that friend had failed. We have lost all our dependence; but I dared not tell him so yet, through fear that the shock might kill him. So what was I to do but contrive some way to supply the deficiency?"

"You should have come to me."

"I had no claim on you, sir. You had paid all more than I had earned, and there was no one else upon whom I could rely."

"But what did you do?"

"I wrote."

"What pray?"

"Can you tell me who is the author of the Golden Dreams?"

"What, that long serial we began to-day?"

"The same, sir."

"You are not the author of that splendid story—the lady whom ill health prevented from calling to make the arrangement?"

"I believe so." And Alice laughed and blushed as she took the correspondence from her pocket and presented it to him.

"I will confess myself nonplussed and imposed on. For you recollect I told you that I could see the feminine characteristics sticking out all over it. But I'll be why you deceived me so? Couldn't you have come to me in your own character just as well?"

"I feared you would despise the article coming from a mere boy; and besides, a little mystery is sometimes a benefit to an author, is it not?"

"Perhaps. But how must you have enjoyed the freedom of my comments. Authors don't often have so fine an opportunity to hear themselves cut up," said he laughing.

"You were very kind, and I thank you," said Alice, tearfully; "and in accepting what has caused me so much care and anxiety, you have relieved my mind from a great burden."

Mr. Morley chided her for risking her health and life in the night watches that the article must have cost her, yet he could not help admiring the self-sacrificing devotion that led to it.

"The world attributes all the nobleness, generosity and self-devotion in the universe to weak, vain, frivolous women; but give me a man or a boy for the display of such sentiments," he thought, and in consideration of this he gave her an extra fifty dollars for the story, for which Alice was sufficiently grateful.

The mail that carried Arthur his remittance in due time brought Alice his reply, and she was rejoicing in heart at the near prospect of his return, with renewed health and brighter hopes, when a circumstance happened that changed the aspect of everything materially. In taking out her handkerchief, one day, as she was about to leave the office on some errand, Arthur's last letter came out without her observing it. Mr. Morley was absorbed at the time and did not notice it; but rising for something not long after, he observed it and picked it up to see what it was.

"Some office paper I suppose—Ay, an open letter," said Alice. "Miss Alice Hamilton, No. 510 Cherry street, W. I. postmark. Alice Hamilton, who can that be? Patron or correspondent? 510! As if I live that! Alice's number! What does it all mean?" And eagerly opening the mysterious epistle, our editor read as follows:

HAYANA, Cuba, May 25, 1859.

"MY DEAR SISTER ALICE—You can't imagine how glad I was to hear from you and receive that welcome remittance, for my money was all gone. I every moment to be turned out of doors by my landlady. I had sought in vain for employment, retrenched every expense and sold my watch and most valuable effects to satisfy my grasping creditors, and but for this timely relief, must have shipped as a foreign hand and run away to avoid paying a few small debts. I feared you were ill, that my letter had mis-carried, or that there was some trouble with Harding about getting the money; but I did not blame you, dearest sister, for I knew you would do all you could for me, at the earliest possible moment. My health is very much improved, and now that I have the means, shall come home at once, and you may expect me by the next steamer."

Yours, now and ever,  
ARTHUR HAMILTON.

There could be but one solution to all this, and we won't say our huncher editor's heart did not give a bound as the truth flashed over him, or that he was very angry at the thought that the boy he had befriended so much, who had been his constant and almost only companion for months, who had grown into his affections, and won his admiration as boy never had done before, was a girl after all. What a goose he had been not to have known it all the time. He remembered now that she had revealed herself in a dozen different ways, had he but thought of it, and he wondered now that he had been blind so long. He had half a mind to wait and amuse himself by seeing when and how she would reveal herself; but he was too eager for the denouement to do this, and besides he judged rightly in supposing that she would drop the character and disappear without any explanations, when her brother returned, for such had indeed been her intention. People who called that afternoon thought our editor wonderfully absent-minded; but his wondering wits came back from their wool-gathering when Alice returned in the evening. Waiting till the evening work was done, and they were about to quit the office he turned to her suddenly and said:

"Have you lost anything lately, Alison?"

"Not that I know of." And Alice put her hand to her pocket, but without revealing her loss.

"Does this belong to you?" And he regarded her with a keen, searching glance as he gave her the letter.

She took it carelessly, but the instant she glanced at the subscription, and then up to his face, she knew that he had discovered the truth, and crimsoning to the roots of her hair and overcome by an impulse of shame, she turned without a word, and was leaving the office, when a firm hand was laid upon her arm.

"Do not go, Alice, you grieve that the truth is revealed to me," said Mr. Morley, earnestly. "I know your motives, and what were your necessities too well to blame you severely. But you must have known that it was a dangerous experiment."

"My choice was between that, starvation, and the street," sobbed Alice, shuddering at the remembrance; "and now you can disgrace and turn me out again, if you wish; and she sank into a seat and buried her face in her hands."

"Alice, have I ever given you reason to wrong me thus?" said Mr. Morley, in a deeply agitated voice.

"No, no; you have been all that is noble, kind and generous, and for my sake as well as for your own you will keep my secret and shield my name from obloquy."

"Your trust in me shall not be in vain, Alice."

"But I must leave you, you will not have a woman in your office knowingly."

"Yet I cannot spare you, Alice. You have done me a world of good and almost saved my life by coming here, now I cannot begin to do without you."

"But you must, for Arthur is coming home and I would not have him know—"

She had hushed her sobs, but the expression of his face, as she looked up made her hesitate.

"Alice," he said in a tone that was eloquent with emotion, "if I know myself, the world would be a blank to me if you shall leave me forever. O, stay with me always and become my wife."

"But you hate women. You despise the whole sex."

"I hate their vanity and folly; you have none of it, and if you could but return a title of the deep love I bear you, I could worship the whole of them for your sake. You know me well, and that I am many years your senior, and knowing this, can you love me well enough to be my wife?"

Alice looked into the strong manly face that bent over her, to read its anxious solicitude for her favor; but still she doubted.

"You know my poverty and dependence," she said, "and it is pity alone you feel for me."

"No, by my hopes of heaven! For years a lonely hearted man, I felt the magnetism of your presence though I knew not all the causes from the moment you first entered the office. But I see how it is. You cannot return my affection, and say in your heart that the bright spring and the dreary autumn were never designated for the same place in the season. My age and plain person," said he sorrowfully, "are—"

"No objection with me," said Alice impulsively. "Did you think I could not see the noble soul through its plain outward setting? Or that all your kindness and generosity were lost upon me? No, Mr. Morley, I have seen and felt it all, as an impulsive woman must, and for months I have been conscious of such a deep and absorbing love for you as I had never felt for another."

"Thank God for the precious gift, my darling," he said, as the blushing face was hid for a brief moment upon the bosom to which she was pressed so tenderly. "Life will bloom anew for me, if this is true dear Alice."

"But you know my poverty, my inferiority of intellect when compared with your own she murmured."

"Not a word of that. I value you above the wealth of the Indies, and in intellect few women can compare with you."

Need we say that Arthur Hamilton, upon his return to the north, took the "boy's" place in the office as junior partner in the firm, or that Alice was joined in another and a dearer partnership with the chief or senior partner of the establishment?

A RUSSIAN WINTER PICTURE.—The streets of the town are wonderfully gay and picturesque. Sledges with the famous Russian trotters move gallantly about over the clean white snow, the swift horses jingling their merry bells and tossing their heads in their gay silver harness. Fair fur clad ladies talking pleasantly, and making quite a holiday time of it, go jouncing about in delightful high spirits. The awful winter is to them a mere change of pleasures; they take their brisk recreation of sledging by day, and muster at brilliant balls and assemblies at night. Nothing can quench their thirst for excitement and society; but the theatres are closed by the police, lest the coachmen waiting for players should be frozen on their box. The tariff ceases for public carriages, and the droshky drivers hardly enough to brave the weather may charge their own fares. Gentlemen walk about with pelisses of the black fox, costing as much as £800 a-piece, because this fur is the lightest and warmest—for even fashion has reason in its caprices. Persons less wealthy, or less luxurious, wrap themselves in the skins of the racoon, or the skunk, the bear, or the beaver. Ladies go clothed in sables the finest of which should be of dark hair tinged with grey. The yellow fox gives a good light warm fur, but it is discredited on account of its cheapness. Our houses are, in the south, not so well built for this weather as those in St. Petersburg and the north. Not only do our windows freeze, but the frost and snow force their way inside the rooms, and lies inches deep of a morning under the balcony doors and between the double windows. But by means of ovens between the walls, which we call stoves, we can contrive to keep our rooms facing the south at about 14 degrees of heat Reaumur. An iron stove when it burns well, which is not often, will bring even a northerly room up to 18 degrees; but this is too warm. It requires some management to get a comfortable temperature, which is about 15 degrees Reaumur. An English fireplace, however large and well-fitted, will by no means make head against the difficulty.—*Dickens's All the Year Round.*

"You can't do anything with them Southern fellows," the old gentleman at the head of the table was saying, "if they get whipped they'll retreat into their Southern swamps and bayous along with the fishes and crocodiles. You haven't got the fish nets made here'll catch 'em."

"Look, here old gentleman," screamed a fiery little fellow at the foot of the table. "we've got just the nets for traitors, in bayous or anywhere."

"Hey, what nets?"

"Bayo-nets?" and the little fellow pointed his joke with a fork, spearing a fishball savagely.

AN INSATIABLE SOUTHERNER.—Neath a ragged Palmetto, a Southerner sat, a-twisting the hand of his Panama hat, and trying to lighten his mind of a load, by humming the words of the following ode: Oh! for a darkey, oh! for a whip, oh! for a cock-tail, oh! for a nip; oh! for a shot at old Greeley and Beecher, oh! for a crack at a Yankee school-teacher, oh! for a captain, and oh! for a ship, oh! for a cargo of darkeys each trip. And so he kept on for what he had not, not content with owing for all that he'd got.

PIOUS EXAMINATION.—In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "Oh, yes," replied he, "if it blows on at this rate, it will blow us to heaven in half-an-hour." The chaplain, in alarm, exclaimed, "Oh! God forbid!"

"My bradders," said a waggish darkey to a crowd "in all affliction, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy."

"What? what?" shouted several of his auditors.

"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

Mrs. Partington wants to know if the Pope sent any of his bulls to the cattle show?

Laura Keene, the famous New York actress, is dying of consumption.

The Miramichi Gleamer is calling upon the Government to initiate a Bankrupt Law for this Province.

The excitement at Windsor continues unabated. The citizens are determined to resist the payment of the railway rates at all hazards. On Saturday last two or three functionaries were hung in effigy, and burned on Monday, after hanging in air all day Sunday.—*Halifax Journal.*

Two privates were recently drummed out of the 30th Regiment at Toronto, for criminal offences, for which they had been sentenced to the Penitentiary.

The Norfolk papers publish the names of fifty-six blacksmiths and twenty-four finishers who have offered to work upon the *Merrimac*, to get her iron-plated and ready for sea, free of charge to the Confederate Government.

We find that the French population comprises in its totality 37,472,732 souls. France, therefore, finds herself to-day the second of the European Powers as to population, Russia being the first with 58,470,000 souls, and Austria the third with 36,965,300.

The renowned Dr. Augustus Rawlings, A. S. S., was with the Barnside expedition, and returned to Fortress Monroe on the steamer Eastern State.

Felix K. Zollieffler, the rebel Gen. killed, was of Swiss origin. He was a printer by trade. At 22 years of age, he edited the *Columbia Observer*.

Rev. Edward Arnold, the grandson of Benedict Arnold, rector of a church in Hartfordshire, has fallen heir to some lands in Canada, donated by the English Government to his grandfather, which are now worth over \$20,000.

The small pox is raging in Jewett City, Conn., to such an extent that the mills are stopped, the district school suspended, public gatherings forbidden, and a general blockade proclaimed.

The *Toronto Leader* says: A man is now lying in the Bremer county, Ia., jail, for throwing his wife's newly-born child into the hog pen, and allowing it to be devoured by the hogs; he denying his own paternity of the child.

Forty American sea-going craft were lost during the month of January.

A soldier in one of the Kentucky camps says the motto with them is: "United we sleep, divided we freeze!"

An expeditionary way of getting up a row is to carry a long ladder on your shoulder in a crowded thoroughfare, and every few minutes turn round to see if any person is making faces at you.

In the new museum in Kew Gardens (Eng.) there is a specimen of cotton, 600 hanks, weighing only a pound (upon so fine); they measure more than 500,000 yards, or 250 miles in length.

A Canadian paper says that one of their officers, on hearing that the militia were to be called out, sent his commission to his Lieutenant Colonel, endorsed as follows:—"dear General, I beg to resign my commission. Being a desicple of Krist, I cannot take up the sword."

An Inquest was held in Fredericton on Tuesday, by S. D. McPherson, Esq., on the body of a newborn infant, found in a water-hole in the River; when a verdict of willful murder against some party unknown, was returned.

Rev. O. D. Miller of Nashua, N. H., who says he has been a spiritualist medium for nearly eleven years, writes to the *Christian Freeman* of the 13th ult., that seeing no prospect of good resulting from a spiritualism, and that it has been the source of a great deal of suffering and harm to him, he has thought it his duty to renounce it, and hopes others may profit by his sad experience. Further he enters his solemn protest against it, as fraught with much evil to the community.

The London Post states that an iron-clad elevated road is built on the after deck of the *Warrior*, and fitted with telegraphic apparatus, communicating with the engine room and all the apartments of the vessel. In this room the commander witnesses in comparative safety all that is going on and sends his orders with lightning speed to any part of the ship.

The military authorities are experiencing difficulty in procuring accommodation for the troops in Canada. There are plenty of buildings, but they are held at extravagant rates.

The report which has been in circulation, stating that 16 men of the 62d regt. were frost bitten, while on their way from St. Andrews to Canterbury is denied by Col. Ingall.

The Mayor of the city of St. John has received, through the Duke of Newcastle, the warm acknowledgements of the Home Government, for the liberality and kindness shown to the troops while on their way through that city.

During the storm of Tuesday week, two buildings in Carleton, St. John, one a three story, and other a two story building, were blown over.

In New Orleans 2500 black troops are regularly mustered.

When the cold wind blows, take care of your nose, that it don't get froze, and wrap up your toes in warm woolen hose.—The above, we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows, the effect of cold snows.

The heavens are a print from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bad from the bower of His beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of His power.

THE BREATH.—In a life of fifty years, a man makes upwards of five hundred millions of respirations, drawing through his lungs one hundred and seventy tons weight of air, and discharging nearly twenty tons of the deleterious carbonic acid; and a quantity of ten cubic feet of air per minute is required to supply him with the amount of oxygen necessary for the performance of this function; whilst the constant change of the atmosphere is evidently imperative to get rid of the products of respiration and the effluvia from the body.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

A NEW SEBASTOPOL.—By accounts received at St. Petersburg, via Siberia, it appears that Russia is at present attempting to found a second Sebastopol in the North Pacific Ocean. In the straits of Corea are to be found two little islands, called North and South Tsu-sin, geographically belonging to the Japanese archipelago, and subject from time immemorial to the empire of Japan. A St. Petersburg letter of the 27th says:—"Whilst Admiral Sir James Hope was lately taking a cruise in her Majesty's ship *Rindove*, having heard favorable accounts of the natural advantages and capabilities of these islands and their sheltered harbour, he determined to look in there, and he did so; but it was with the greatest wonder and astonishment that, on doubling the cape that shuts out the sea from view, he found three Russian frigates at anchor, who seemed to have made themselves quite as much at home in the island as if they were at Cronstadt. Bustle and activity prevailed everywhere on shore, boats were drawn up on the beach and undergoing repairs, stores were being landed and warehoused, sailors were exercising with small arms, and to crown all, the imperial flag of Russia was floating from the summit of the buildings, which were separated from the native town, and surrounded by strong defensive works."

AN AMERICAN POPE.—A tiny bit of American news, just published, is this:—Three British sea men who had been captured for a breach of blockade, had been required to take an oath that they would never enter into an engagement to perform a similar proceeding. Mr. Seward absolved them from their oath. The absolution must be a great comfort to Jack, whose conscience upon the subject of swearing is known to be excessively tender. But the more interesting point is the new function assumed by the American Minister. It seems that he has the power of granting absolute pardon on oath. This is satisfactory, because when the compromise with the south has to be arranged, Mr. Seward, who can release men from an oath, can surely release them from disputed allegiance. The announcement shows that the Dollar is not the only supernatural authority in America.—*Punch.*

THE CALICO BALL AT QUEBEC.—The *Quebec Chronicle* of the 12th says:—"The Calico Ball, at the Music Hall last night, was at once a great novelty, and a great success. About four hundred persons were present—including His Worship the Mayor, and a number of our most prominent citizens, besides Col. Wiley and Maj. Ogilvie, of Montreal. Among the invited guests were W. H. Russell, Esq., *Times* correspondent, Hon. Maj. Anson, M. P., and Mr. Ronde. The *coup d'oeil* presented by the Hall, tastefully decorated with a variety of calico patterns draped along the galleries, was fine in the extreme. The novel and unique appearance of the ladies' dresses, was also one of the most striking features of the entertainment."

THE SOUTHERN BLOCKADE.—The *London Morning Advertiser* states in the most positive terms that until the 23d of January, it was the intention of the Emperor Napoleon to announce in his speech his resolution to abolish the Federalist, and to give a hitch to the business of Earl Russell, who seemed it politic to defer doing anything for a few weeks. The Emperor therefore, alluded to the question, in his speech, in a manner that would bind him to nothing. The *Advertiser* says that all the co-operation which Napoleon asked from England was moral co-operation.

THROWING DOWN THE GLOVE.—In a wealthy family of Vienna, the husband made his wife a New Years gift of a dozen pairs of gloves. Indignant at such stinginess, the lady, as soon as her husband's back was turned, flung the gloves into the fire. Explosions ensued at table and what was the inevitable result? The husband, on learning that each pair was wrapped up in a bank note for 100 florins.

A KING TO BE GIVEN TO MEXICO.—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, writing on the 21st January says:—"There is exciting news here to-day about Mexico. The French, we are told, are going to send out three thousand men, there is to be an armed occupation of Mexico, and these men are to serve as a support while a new system of Government is organized for the Mexicans. In other words, the Grand Duke Maximilian, of Austria, as I intimated to you about six weeks ago, is really to be placed to the throne of Mexico by the advice and at the instigation of France, seconded by England and Spain. From late indications I am inclined to believe that such a project really exists. We shall probably know the truth in time for the next mail."

THE CORRESPONDENTS OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *World* writes on the 10th as follows:—"I need not say to an intelligent public that the intimacy and influence with the heads of this government which the New York *Herald* enjoys, are all a sham, and cover for its clearly established sympathy with the rebels. That cover is now torn off, and its treason most wittingly rebuked in the arrest of Dr. Ives, its representative here, as a spy and a traitor. In attempting to practice upon Mr. Stanton the terrorism which has frightened weaker men, the *Herald* has made the greatest blunder of its treasonable career."

SUICIDE OF A CHAPLAIN.—Rev. Mr. Gerwig, Chaplain of the 30th Ohio regiment, Col. Seibert, at Camp Clifton, Va., committed suicide early last Monday morning in his tent, by blowing out his brains with a revolver. The cause is said to have been reports that had been circulated, charging the chaplain, who had the direction of all the letters in which money was enclosed to their friends at home with appropriating the money.

WANT OF HARMONY AT A FUNERAL.—A rather discreditable affair recently took place at Cambridgeport, Vt., in the meeting house at a funeral. Two choir boys took their places in the seats allotted to the singers, and when the hymns were announced each sang at a time. Thus two tunes were sung at the same time, making most discordant sounds, and entirely destroying all the solemnity that usually invests such occasions. The difficulty originated in some trouble about rival preachers.

AN ARABIC PAPER GIVES THE FOLLOWING odd statement of the Trinit affair:—"And there was an English ship, bearing two of the men in authority of America the South, coming to 'Inglaterra,' and it ran against one of the ships of America the North, on the lookout on the coast; and the ship of the North demanded that the English ship should give up the two men in authority of the South, *volens volens*; and the ship of the North sent forth its fires on the English ship, and took the men in authority, and plundered the ship; and at this news fell the Funds in London."

What will they say in Halifax? The heaviest laden and largest ships which have been, and lain in perfect safety.—The *St. Andrew*, deeply laden, lies there now discharging her cargo, and the other day that heavy, lumberous "Old Tub," the *Calcutta*, "swung round" at half tide and steamed down the Harbour without the slightest let or hindrance. In fact, almost the largest vessel afloat may be safely accommodated, without the risk of being frozen in, as in Halifax, some cold night.—*Globe.*

A woman died in Baltimore on the 21st ult., at the great age of 118 years. She lived to see her fifth generation.

## General News.

TERMS OF THE CARLETON SENTINEL per annum, \$1.80, cash payment in advance. \$2 if paid within 6 mos. Clubs off, \$15, and one to the sender of the club. Advertisements must be handed in on Thursday.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

Editorial Correspondence.

Fredericton, February 28, 1862.

To-day the committee, struck to try the charge of bribery and corruption, brought against Mr. Lindsay commenced its session. The committee is an intelligent one, and will no doubt discharge its functions with a proper regard for the responsibility resting upon it and to the justice due the country, the well-being of which demands that with an impartial and heavy hand the prevention of systematic bribery and corruption, so freely engaged in at elections should be handled. The preliminary preliminaries, so to speak, were got through with to-day—that is the Council on the side of Mr. Lindsay was heard as to why the charge should not, from certain informalities, be entertained, and why the committee should not enter upon its functions.—These however did not have weight with the committee. W. H. Needham and J. A. Street are the lawyers, the former for Mr. Lindsay the latter for the petitioners. This being the first case ever brought up under the existing law, there are naturally a great many points which, however trivial in themselves, by the ingenuity of counsel can be magnified vastly and never fear this ingenuity will be displayed.

In the House to-day the request of Mr. Glasier, whose seat is also contested, to be heard at the bar by counsel was refused. The House determining as in the case of Mr. Lindsay that all the House had to do was to constitute a tribunal, by the appointing the committee, to try the merits of the case.

Mr. Munro submitted a report of the Lumber Committee on his bill to facilitate the cutting and carrying away of lumber, which is favorable to the same. Further progress was made in the bill to do away with the death penalty in certain cases; the spirit of the House seems to be in favor of a more moderate policy in this matter than has characterized past legislation.

The question of the application of the seven pound ten rule, led to-day, to some difficulty and the closing of the doors of the House for a time. A bill was introduced, received and read a first time—the object being to establish a wet dock in St. John—after it had proceeded thus far all at once some hon. member called to mind the existence of a rule referred to, and the result was a motion to reconsider the action which was carried—before, however, the reconsideration took place and another vote was taken Mr. Cudlip, the introducer of the bill, got it into his possession and determined to retain it. This was considered by some hon. members, as in common sense it seems to be, unparliamentary, and Mr. W. J. Gilbert got up and proposed to move a resolution that Mr. C. be required to give up the bill. Thereupon Mr. C. remarked that perhaps Mr. Gilbert was able to take it from him, in words to that effect, and then the standing order was moved and the affair decided, we suppose, behind closed doors.

This thirty dollar rule, correct though it be in principle, is costing the Province an immense deal in fact, we fear, there is little doubt it costs more than it comes to. However it is small consolation to know that there are other matters beside this, connected with our Legislature, which is affected in the same way.

A committee to prepare an address of condolence to Her Majesty was appointed to-day. This action has been anticipated by the Legislative Council, which body has adopted a very finely written and appropriate address on Her Majesty's late afflictive bereavement. The question was long and ably discussed in the Upper House, whether the address should be joint or single. The address having been prepared and adopted by the Upper House, without holding any communication with the other body, some hon. members entertained fears that their address would not be concurred in by the Assembly. There are precedents in favor of a joint address prepared by a joint committee; there are also very conclusive precedents of action being had under circumstances like those in which the Council had placed themselves, and we do think the good sense of the Lower House would have insured the recognition of the principle it had itself established and the adoption of the address. We regret the matter was not tried out. We at the same time think it in much better taste the presenting of separate addresses in a case like this. The matter of course under any circumstances sinks into a rather formal affair, but it is as well to keep what appearance of heart-felling in it we can, and therefore, as suggested by the hon. Mr. Odell, the address should come as a spontaneous offering from each branch of the Legislature.

March 1st.

The committee on the Glasier scrutiny case was struck to-day as follows, Dr. Dow, Dr. Vail, Messrs Kerr, Gilmour, and Munro. Subsequently Mr. Kerr was elected chairman. Mr. Grimmer is nominee for the petitioners, Mr. Allan is for the sitting member.

I think in a former letter I stated that Mr. Cudlip had given notice of motion for a committee, to examine into the affairs of the Central Bank. To this motion Mr. McPhelim to-day gave notice of an amendment; that it is inexpedient for this House to adopt any resolution relating to any Banking Institution, until the measures contemplated in the Governor's speech at the opening of the session, have been considered. The matter is to come upon Tuesday for discussion.

Mr. W. J. Gilbert brought in a bill relating to French papers, Moncton; Mr. Skinner one to amend not relating to qualification of practitioners of medicine; Mr. Young one to divide the County of Gloucester; Mr. Perley one relating to polling place, Magalloway; Mr. Cudlip one relating to wet dock at St. John.

Mr. Kerr gave notice of motion for address, asking for returns respecting defaulting Deputy Treasurers, also for statement of all monies paid and expenses incurred for Delegations to Great Britain, Canada, United States, &c., from January 1855 to