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JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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NO. 2

Poetry.

[From Chamber's Journal.]
AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled, the bugles are still,
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;
And the banners of standards wave back with a thrill
Where the sheaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reaped, Heaven's garner to fill,
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice in the wind like a spirit's low cry;
'Tis the muffled sound, and who shall reply
For those who have fallen in glory to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait that last trump which they may not delay;
Whose hands clutch the sword hilt so grimly!

The brave heads, late lifted are solemnly bowed,
And the ridges charged stand quivering and cowed,
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning;
While Victory looks on like a queen, pale and proud,
Who awaits till the morning her crowning.

There is no mocking laughter, as slays slay to clay;
The vain pomp of peace-time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle day;
Nor odors nor shrouding are here;
Only relief that lay where the thickest the fray—
A rest and ease and the headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peels the march of the foe,
Like a storm-wave resting, spent and slow,
With sound like their spirits that faint as they go
By you red glowing river, whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are dead—their eyes are gone; but oh! not as they came;
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game,
Never more shall they stand in vanguard of fame,
Never lift the standard proud which they drew;
Never more shall they lead of a glorious name,
Never march with the host of the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and torn,
They stole on our ranks in the midst of the morn;
Like the giant of Gaea, their strength it was born,
Ere those mists have rolled up to the sky;
From the flash of steel a new day-break seemed born,
As we sprung up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death lies are cast;
And the heroes of battle are slumbering last;
Do you dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?
Would you cry it—more, oh! ye brave?
Yes, the broad road to Honor is red where ye passed,
And of glory ye took—but a grave!

Select Tale.

MARKHAM'S REVENGE.

"Consequences are unpaying."—GEORGE ELIOT.

CHAPTER II.

"You have forgiven me, Markham!"
The coast of England was in sight. From the time they left that hovel, rescued by a body of irregular cavalry, through their slow and dangerous journey down to Calcutta—through all the dull monotony of the long sea voyage—he had never referred to her confession. It was this silence which oppressed her; it would have been so much more endurable to have talked upon the subject. She had often tried to lead the conversation up to the point; but he invariably turned it off, and until the present moment she had not found courage to approach it directly.

Yet she knew full well what he felt. In long watchings beside his bed, through that dangerous fever which he had at Calcutta, she had often heard him, in the intensity of the delirium cry her sister's name, till the word smote like a sharp sword. One evening as she stood before him, he had started up in his bed, and gazing wildly in her face, and clasping her hands with his burning grasp, he had uttered in incoherent words his joy that Clara had come back to him at last.

This was the violent upheaving of nature pouring forth the deep feelings of the heart like molten lava; but with returning strength came proud endurance, beneath which those feelings were hidden away.

She would sit for hours and watch him in his fitful sleep. She knew he must always hate her; yet she liked to feel that he rested in her power as a helpless child. The vital energy was wasted from his face; the strong arm she had clung to in that terrible flight was very weak and purposeless, the hands were nerveless which had freed her from the ruffian's grasp—and yet he looked so noble in his weakness.

What was this feeling at her heart?
Was it conscience prompting her to make the fullest reparation for the past?

She felt that was not the true reply; and then she would start a terror from his bedside. The thought was fearful. What if Love should be his own avenger?

The principle her needy parents had taught her in her youth—that love was a fiction, marriage a result of worldly calculation—was growing into an utter falsehood. It had all seemed very true when she made the excellent match which had been so cleverly devised for her, and she had lived quite contentedly in the enjoyment of her wealth and worldly position.

Yet surely this remained to her the sorrowful recollection of the brave husband, who died a noble death, which might deliver her from this fatal fascination. She strove to love him dead as she had never dreamed of loving him when living.

Then she forgot his soldier habit of sternness; forgot that no sympathy had ever existed between them, and felt only on his kind indulgence, which had been bestowed upon her as upon a child, magnifying it to be utmost. Yet, after all, they twain were only pawns to a contract—beauty for wealth. She had seen her part faithfully, as a wife, but her heart had never been asked and never been given. There was no deliverance for her in all this. The feeling which wrestled with her was love—first love, with all its intensity—first love, to be met with shuddering and endured with sorrow. It was her sister's name which stole from her unconscious lips as she snatched the pillow with trembling hands, and drew aside the ruffled hair from his burning brow.

But she had saved life! there was comfort in that. The doctors all said that her careful nursing had availed more than their skill; in truth, they marvelled at the way she had, as it were, instinctively felt the slightest changes in his condition. At last they said the sea voyage, at all hazards, was the only hope of saving him. It lightened her heavy heart for the moment to lavish every comfort that money could procure in his bed, to weak to know of the arrangements that had been made.

There was a change for the better from the first day of his being at sea; yet his progress toward recovery was very slow. In the depth of her heart she was glad at this; for the more service she could render, the more the load on her soul was eased; it likewise prolonged her privilege to hear him, for she felt, when he was fully recovered, that the past must be an everlasting bar between them. She felt convinced of this, yet she hoped against her conviction—sadder logic?

He had not entirely recovered his strength; his cheeks were still thin and pale. She knew it was only the golden rose of the setting sun which flushed his face, as he sat near the bulwark, gazing on the last sunset of their voyage. She might justly claim her right of a care a little longer; he had no friends near Liverpool. He must remain at her sister's house until his health was quite restored. She was too blind to see that she had no right to take him to her sister's home. It was the only means she possessed of retaining him near her.

The captain tells me we shall be at Liverpool early to-morrow," said she, addressing him timidly. Then the set words thought of long before, escaped her at that moment; she could only add, abruptly, "You have forgiven me, Markham?"

At her last words he turned from the sunset, and looked earnestly in her face.

"I have forgiven you," he said, compassionately. "I fear your greatest effort will be to forgive yourself."

"I shall never be able to do that,"
"I am bound in deep gratitude to you, Pauline, for your devoted care."
"Not bound to me; you have saved my life!"
"Ay; that was but a chance—quick, thoughtless work. I should have acted in the same way had any one else been in your place."
"But your noble forgiveness!"
He did not appear to heed her words. "You must let me say, Pauline, that I am bound to you in gratitude, and I would do all I could to help you in this sorrow; but I know we can only forgive ourselves when God, in his mercy, allows us the opportunity of repairing the past."

"Markham, I am very rich; set me to any task of doing good."
"I shall only demand one act from you, You will tell your sister."

"She was utterly cast down. She had feared he would demand this of her. She could bear for him to know her guilt, but for another to know it—why the knowledge in his mind that another utterly despised her would inevitably lower her still further in his estimation."

"I ask an act of justice, Pauline."
She was silent.

"An act of justice! Let her know that I was true. It will be my only consolation."
In broken words she prayed him to spare her.

"I am resolved, Pauline—if you are silent I shall speak myself."
She knew the strength of his word.

Then a sense of utter desolation came upon her—she, who had been so careless of all affection, caring only for worldly prosperity—well that was attained, but she was miserable—there were only two beings on earth she loved—his love could never be hers—and her sister's love would be lost to her forever.

"Oh, Markham! grant me a respite—let me be happy a little time with her before she hates me—a few days—a week!"
"Be it so! A week," replied Markham; and he turned his face from hers towards the long beams of golden cloud which rested on the horizon, through which the sun was sinking into the sea.

"Only a week, Mr. Markham! Must you leave us so soon?"
"You are very good, Mrs. Manson, but the truth is, I ought to have gone directly up to town on my landing."

"Not to begin business yet! I'm certain your health is far from being restored."
"The directors are very pressing to see me; indeed, I received an urgent letter this morning. I think if I am well enough to enjoy myself here I have no right to delay a very obvious duty."

"You will come to us again?"
"Thank you, I can scarcely promise myself that pleasure, my engagements are so very uncertain. I believe, in a short time, when things are rather more settled, I shall have to return to my post in India."

"India! your health is not fit for that. Your friends ought never to allow you."
"It's my livelihood, you must recollect."

There was a pause in the conversation. For a few moments Mrs. Manson bent her head over the work-frame, and appeared to be busily engaged in her work.

"Mr. Markham, I know you will not misunderstand me, but when you talk of leaving us and not coming again, I feel there is something I ought to say—I know I should never forgive myself if I were silent. There is one person who will be very sorry when you go away. Now mind, it's not from any conversation between us, I give you my honor; but I can see better than words can tell—my sister loves you!"

Markham shuddered.

"Circumstances," said he, "have certainly thrown us together; but I have never observed—"

"Ah! you must trust to us women; in these matters we are the best judges. Why, the simple fact of her mentioning your name so seldom in conversation; but, besides this, I can see how much her character has altered since she went away. As a girl, though she had many excellent qualities, she was rather too fond of grandeur and show; for I will be frank with you. But that, I am sure, is all changed. She seems to cling to me for love; she's half-spoiled my boys in this short time. I fear her marriage was not very happy—Colonel Vincent was a kind, good man, but far older—and there must exist a sympathetic feeling, if I may call it so, to render marriage perfectly happy."

Markham's eyes were fixed on the ground, and he heard her voice falter at the last sentence.

"Recollect that she owes her life to you! I know, years ago, when she used to laugh and joke about people being in love, I've said, 'Ah, Pauline, with that fixed purpose of yours, when you really love it will be a matter of intensest joy or sorrow—'"

"Mrs. Manson," said Markham, interrupting her, "this announcement is totally unexpected—"

Without questioning whether you have rightly interpreted your sister's feelings, it is proper for me to tell you at once that this affection, supposing it to exist, can never be returned."

"The fault will be mine," said Mrs. Manson, sorrowfully.
"Why so?"
"For speaking so prematurely; but what could I do when I found you were going to leave?" She rose from her chair greatly agitated.
(Concluded in our next.)

Can I Help You?

Can I help you? Just say the word. There speaks the whole-souled, whole-hearted man—the man whose very shadow is worth more than the body, soul and estate, personal and spiritual, of two-thirds of our human race bearing the name. How he lifts the desponding spirit of his brother. All day he had met with cold eyes, cold smiles, cold words, cold bows and cold sympathy. Men fly him because they have heard he was unfortunate. I'll lend you ten thousand if you are worth fifty thousand; if you're unfortunate—I'm very poor myself—would help you—could have done so three days ago, or three hours ago—but positively haven't got three cents, nor shall be in possession of that amount—while your misfortune lasts. If your old aunt dies, or your old uncle, or in fact anybody who may choose to leave a fortune, why just call upon me; I'll manage to have a little change on hand.

But, look! yonder comes a broad-shouldered, frank-browed man, who meets his poor brother with a slap on the shoulder, and—"Can I help you? just say the word. Don't be afraid now—what's your trouble? Out with it, and if you'd like a little cash just say so. Don't be downcast; what if you have failed once, twice or thrice!—Haven't some of our most successful merchants done the same thing? made the same mistakes? And where would they have been if they hadn't found friends? Come, what do you want—how much?"

He don't clap his hands in his pockets with a stylized frown that says as plainly as though he had bawled it out in your ear, no entrance here. He is not one of those despicable, cross-grained, surly, monied machines that squeeze a shilling out of their victims, and reads a newspaper with a greedy, voracious eagerness, for fear he shall not get his two cents worth. He lives for something else than gain. His passport to Heaven is written on his face, his religion on the hearts of the downcast and sorrowing, in the homes he has made happy by his benevolence.

"Can I help you?"
Write the words in golden letters, for they are only heard on rare occasions. The sneer, the scorn, the doubt, the refusal—they come with every night-fall and sunrise. Niggards grow like mushrooms, but angels are scarce. Niggards can never look beyond themselves—no matter who starves next door, they scatter curses, discouragements and blights, over God only knows how many, gentle hearts. They never say, "Can I help him?" but "he's down, let's kick him!"

But the angelic ministry of those helpers to humanity, men who believe they were entrusted with power the gods might envy, that they might be used to good purpose—what shall we say to them? how give them the praise they merit? Good, whole-souled, generous man, the angels and God himself smiled approval, when with beaming eyes, and hopeful words, you said to the dispirited brother, "Can I help you?"

A Story for the Superstitious.
A few weeks ago, in a flourishing town of India, a personage of considerable local importance had some property stolen from him, and he proceeded accordingly to discover the thief by the ordeal of the saucer. He took a brass saucer, pronounced over it words of potent magic, and weird sentences from the Koran, brought it to the door of his house, and then, in the presence of an excited multitude, gave it a push and set it a rolling. It staggered a little at first, as it undecided in its proceedings, but soon took its course towards and down the main street of the town. On it rolled, upheld by divine power, untouched by human hands, and never faltered till it turned at a sharp angle down the lane, and stopped at a closed door. Still it did not fall, but remained poised on edge, while the attending crowd shouted to the inmates to undo the bolt. The owner himself came down and no sooner had he opened the door than the saucer leaped up and fastened itself on his head. He fell on his knees, confessed the crime and was brought up before the magistrates.

The most curious part of the story is to come. He was not guilty; the stolen property was discovered in another man's house and the real thief was discovered. The first culprit declared that his confession was made under the influence of religious excitement and superstitious fear of magic; and by degrees the truth came out that the saucer had been pushed along by an accomplice of the real thief, who had never leaped on the man's head at all. The people wishing to be deceived, were deceived. So much for the evidence of the supernatural, given by men who have no interest in lying. If human nature is so prone to prostrate itself blindly before fanciful marvels, those may well be excused who watch with jealousy even the puny rogues of astrology, and the assistance which they are likely to receive from judicial or literary abettors.—*London Review.*

Starting in the World.
Many an unwise parent labours hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man adrift with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arm of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you will have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources, the better.

"Illustrated with cuts," said a young urchin, as he drew his pen-knife across the leaves of his grammar.

The Old Year.
How shall we tell that the old year is gone? By the lines upon our brows, or the weight upon our hearts? By the mere passing of moments, hours, days, weeks and months, or the shadows that the dial of death has thrown over our household fires? What is the year just fleeing from our sight? A ship freighted for a distant shore? An angel crossing from star to star? A sand falling from the hour-glass of the universe? A thought dropped from the treasury of heaven! A single note—struck on the mighty harp of nature—its echoes never ending! What has the old year seen? A question only to be fully answered by him who keeps the records of eternity. A thrilling question—a fearful answer. It has seen hearts broken, youth withered, hopes crushed, wrong triumphant. It has looked, in clear, starry nights, through frost-bound windows upon pale women struggling with cold and weariness that innocent children might have a morsel of food. It has gazed through jail bars in the moonlight and beheld the prisoner wrestling in his dreams with the bloody phantom of his murdered victim. It has stood by the gallows, bent over the dying babe, sighed with the parting spirit of the brave, moaned over sinking wrecks, watched where orphans knelt, and called upon their loved and lost.

It has counted through its countless hours the fabled pulses of the dying statesman, whose loss has cast a deep shadow over the length and breadth of the land. It has beheld princes and queens mourn for their glorious dead. Yet has it noted the humble grief that followed the tiny coffin from a lowly cottage, with brow serene, as that which under costly trappings with its gliding shroud in crape, moved in long procession to the beating of a million hearts.

It has also seen the crown of roses unwithered on the brow of beauty, and the light gown parer in holy eyes of blue. It has taken note of many a "good deed" in this "naughty world." Fair ferns threading through narrow streets, and jeweled fingers holding the cup of cold water to the fevered lips of the poor man. It has known hearts under silken vestments that have throbbled and warmed to the story of the hapless unfortunate.

And now it is going with its well-filled record, to lay before the throne of the Eternal. Peace to thee old year—welcome new. May we make fresh gardens in our hearts at thy coming; sowing the good seed that drops from between thy leaves, that at the close of thy pilgrimage thou mayest bind up many sheaves of good deeds, and garner them, unhindered by tares in the granary of the eternal world.—*Mrs. Denison's "What Not."*

No Reunion Possible.
Archbishop Hughes, in a speech which he made to the Irish Bishops, declared that the unity of the States was the vital object of the present struggle, unity under the Southern Government was preferable to dissolution. This, we believe, was substantially his declaration, though we have not now his speech before us, and the same idea has been expressed by several other Northern men.

There are those who put no faith in these avowals; but we are inclined to think they were sincere; and rather than give up their benefits of the Union the North would be willing to be whipped, and unite again upon such a Constitution as the South would prescribe. The London Herald seems to labor under the apprehension of the possibility of such a result, and justly concludes that if the South was not safe under the old Constitution, it never could be under any framed by human hand. The South never asked a better Constitution than the old American Constitution, and yet it proved impotent to save her from the spirit of New England fanaticism. Her rights were every day violated with impunity, and her institutions threatened with overthrow, more gradual, but as inevitable as that which Mr. Lincoln has openly proclaimed.

No paper guarantee however plain and explicitly worded, can bind men who have already proved themselves faithless to all paper engagements, and who have parted with their own rights under the old Constitution, for the purpose of depriving their neighbors of rights guaranteed by that instrument. After the experience of the past we might safely defy the wit of man to frame a Constitution which would not subvert. Nor after the sacrifices which the South has suffered at Northern hands, could she ever consent of her own free will to live under the same Government with that people.

The blood of our murdered children would cry from the ground against their fathers if they could ever be guilty of such unnatural and monstrous ingratitude. If the South has given her blood without a murmur to this contest, it is not because she does not value blood, but because she values freedom more than life or any earthly possession. Precious, more precious, than ought else save her honor, are the jewels she has laid upon the altar of liberty, and never can she consent to shake hands again under one Government with men who have made so many vacant places in Southern households, and whose steel is dripping with the blood of our brethren and children.

Henceforth we are two people. If conquered—if forced into provincial vassalage—we must bear our condition with such fortitude as we may. To that which is inevitable—to that which involves no culpability of their own—the best and bravest men may submit. But to voluntary debasement—to willing fraternity with the robbers and murderers of our people—never, never. She only asks now what she asked at the beginning, to be let alone. We desire not to make slaves, subjects, or fellow-citizens of deadly enemies. We must live apart.—*Richmond Whig.*

"THE DEVIL'S BEANS."—"I have heard of Rowland Hill," says the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, "that he began his sermon one morning by saying, 'My friend, how did you manage to induce those pigs to follow you here?' 'Oh, did you not see?' said the man; 'I had a basket of beans under my arm, and I dropped a few as I came along, and so they followed me.' 'Yes,' said the preacher, 'and I thought, so it is; the devil has his basket of beans under his arm, and he drops them as he goes along and what multitudes he induces to follow him to an everlasting slaughter-house!—Yes, friends, and all your broad and crowded thoroughfares are strewn with these beans of the devil.'"

To Preserve Apples from Rotting.—Put them into a dry cellar, of easy access to a large family of children.

Items Foreign, & Local.

The Provost Marshal of Massachusetts states that there are over Twelve Hundred deserters from seven Massachusetts regiments.

The Quebec News states that the Mayor of that city lies dangerously ill, and that fears are entertained for his recovery.

The Lincoln Herald learns that the Delitz Stream Mills at Atlanta are now running with corn for fuel instead of wood, that article being cheaper and more easily obtained than either wood or coal.

Seward summarily dismissed the American Consul at Vienna, who, without any authority, invited Garibaldi to take a command in the Federal army.

It is stated that recruits for the Federal army are still being enlisted in Tipperary, and contiguous districts of Ireland. They are engaged as "laborers," and the bounty is called "wages."

An Irish paper announces that a Mr. Kenney fell from a carriage and broke his neck, but received no further damage.

General Beauregard's wife is seriously ill at her residence in New Orleans. It is said that Gen. Butler offered her husband a safe permit to visit her but that Beauregard would not trust himself into his hands.

The Seakville-street club, one of the principal conservative clubs in Dublin, at the fullest meeting of members ever held, have elected Sir Robert Peel unanimously. This is an honour which no liberal club secretary ever received before in Ireland.

A Greek journal observes that by a strange coincidence, the deputation charged to offer the crown of Greece to Prince Otto arrived in Munich on the 13th October, 1832, and it was on the 13th October, 1862, that King Otto left Athens to return to more.

A man was recently robbed in London, then stripped naked, rolled and stitched up in a blanket, and thrust into the street, labelled "thief."

The Machias Union says that a family on Beal's Island, Jonesport, of parents and seven children, named Wallace, were attacked by diphtheria, of which the father and six children died within a few days, leaving only the mother and one child.

Gold has been dug up near the grand Parade in Halifax, N. S.

L'Ordre says the investigation into the Montreal Post Office has resulted in the dismissal of seven clerks, "pour d'inutilité."

The Volunteers have beaten the regulars in rifle competitions at Edinburgh and at Stirling.

A compositor in the Yarmouth Tribune office recently set up, in ten hours, 31-8 columns of that paper, amounting in printers' parlance, to 12,290 ems. The type was "Bourgeois," and the matter "loved." Henry Allen, who accomplished this feat, has been four years at the business.

The Boston Journal says that a rumor is current in Washington that Gen. Fremont is to supersede Gen. Burnside.

George Francis Train lectured in Pittsburgh recently on the conduct of the war, but was so interrupted by hisses that he could not finish it.

A most distressing feature of the bombardment of Fredericksburg on the 11th was the death of a young child. As it lay sleeping in its cradle a shell burst in the room and tore it into pieces. The parents have departed and their names cannot be learned.

Up to the 10th ult., \$88,000 had been contributed in Canada to the Lancashire Relief Fund.

Wm. H. Needham and John L. Marsh, Esqs., are the candidates for the office of Mayor for the city of Fredericton, the election for which takes place the 12th inst.

The amount so far collected in Halifax and other portions of Nova Scotia in aid of the Lancashire Relief Fund is \$17,334.34.

The Toronto Board of Trade has recommended a discount of four per cent. of American silver on all sums above ten dollars.

The Rev. T. Cartwright, late curate of St. Mary's Nottingham, was sentenced a short time ago at the Nottingham assizes to three years penal servitude for forging a bill of exchange.

The Telegraph says, it appears to be certain that the Hon. Joseph Howe has been appointed to the office of Fishery Commissioner by the Imperial Government. We presume that he will not assume his new duties until the Inter-Colonial Railway has become a fixed fact. His retirement from Nova Scotia politics will lead to a complete change in the construction of parties in that Province.

The Rev. Patrick McLaughlin, Roman Catholic priest, of Glasgow, has been sent to prison for thirty days, for refusing to give evidence in the Justice of Peace Court, in the case of a theft of two half sovereigns.

The recently formed London Emancipation Society has issued circulars to ministers of all denominations urging them to give prominence to the subject of negro emancipation from their pulpits, in view of the inauguration of Lincoln's emancipation policy with the new year.

A return shows that during the present year 46 American ships had been registered at Liverpool under British names.

PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, on the 22nd day of September, in the Year of our Lord 1862, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing among other things the following, to wit, That on the 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall be in rebellion against the United States, shall then henceforth and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to oppress such person, or any of them, in any effort that they may make for their actual freedom; that the Executive will on the 1st day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, in any, in which the people therein respectively shall be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto, at the election whereof a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of stronger countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and Navy of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of 100 days from the first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are on this day in rebellion against the United States the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the Parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemine, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans; Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia, except the Counties designated as Western Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomack, Northampton, Elizabeth city, York, Princess Anne and Norfolk; and all excepted parts are for the present left precisely as it this proclamation were not issued; and by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States shall be then and there freed of their bondage, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons. I hereby enjoin upon the people declared to be free to abstain from all violence unless in necessary self-defence, and I recommend to them in all cases, when allowed, they labour faithfully for reasonable wages, and I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service, and upon this Act sincerely believed, and an Act of Justice granted by the Constitution upon Military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God. In witness whereof, &c., &c.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Duke of Cambridge, in the course of an after dinner speech in London on the evening of Saturday, the 29th, expressed his cordial action—a conviction which was strengthened by the recent experiments—that in the contest between armour-plated ships and rifled guns, the latter would carry the day. It would seem that a similar conclusion had been arrived at by the French Government. It is stated that our allies have decided not to proceed with any more iron frigates, recent experiments, more especially with flat-headed shells—the nature of Mr. Whitworth has employed with such startling effect against armour-plated targets—have, it is alleged, satisfied them that the artillerists are more than a match for the shipbuilders.

American News.
By Telegraph to the "Carleton Sentinel."

Reported Stuart succeeded in retiring across the Rappahannock, from his recent raid. Gen. Corcoran's brigade arrived at Suffolk to take command there.

A terrible battle progressing at Murfreesboro on Wednesday; Federal line suffered terribly, 4 regiments of regulars lost half their men, and their commanding officers, Major Rosecarter and Ward killed, and Gen's Stanley, Rosecarter, and Palmer wounded. Gen. Rosecarter personally superintending movement; he shot killed two of his staff officers. At 2 o'clock Gen. Thomas broke the Confederate centre, driving the enemy back. Confederate Generals Cheatham and Rains killed. Gen. Crittenden's left wing taking entrenchments at Murfreesboro; Negley's artillery still mowing Confederate centre.

Guerrilla Morgan had pressed retreating rapidly in the direction of Columbia, losing caissons, ammunition wagons, &c.

Wednesday's fight near Murfreesboro was desperate. Federal loss estimated 2500. 2 Brigades, 6 Colonels, 3 Lieutenant Col., and 2 Major's killed. Confederate loss even greater. Gen. Cheatham a prisoner.

Battle renewed Thursday morning; at 10 o'clock Wood's and Cleaves' divisions of Murfreesboro, and enemy in full retreat. The same evening three hundred prisoners reached Nashville.

Gen. Sherman's expedition up the Tennessee River encountered powerful battery. His forces would dash back and march to rear of Vicksburg. Confederate camp Elk Fork, Tenn., routed.

President Davis addressed Mississippi Legislature. President Lincoln signed bill admitting W. Va. Richmond papers of Tuesday contain Vicksburg despatches stating that Federals made four desperate attempts on Saturday to force Confederate lines on Chickasaw Bluff with heavy loss; Monday Federals, eight thousand strong, advanced, and again repulsed—lost 300 prisoners and five stand of colors. Morning 20th heavy firing heard and supposed Federals again advancing.

Federals destroyed Vicksburg, Shreveport and Lee's railroad far as Delhi and Buras, Delhi. President Davis arrived at Mobile 20th.

Gen. Grant telegraphs that Gen. Sullivan badly whipped Col. Forest, capturing six pieces cannon and many prisoners.

Fight at Murfreesboro renewed on Friday morning, reinforcements arriving. Rosecarter determined on destroying enemy at any cost. Drove them 2 miles.

Paymaster Cook arrested at Cincinnati—half-million defalcation—mostly lost gambling.

Banquet Jan. 5. Federal iron clad "Monitor," bound for Beaufort, foundered on night of 30th, near Cape Hatteras. Forty-one men, including 3 officers drowned. The iron clad "Passaic," which sailed in company with "Monitor," arrived safely at Beaufort. Accounts from Murfreesboro meagre.

Confederates attacked on Friday and were repulsed. On Saturday they again attacked Federal left wing and were again repuls