

THE SENTINEL.

AND NEW-BRUNSWICK GENERAL ADVERTISER.

VOL. I.

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EDMUND WARD.

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PROSPECTUS.

To the Inhabitants of New-Brunswick.

It has long been a subject of surprise, that a town so
populous as that of Fredericton; and being the seat
of government of an extensive and rapidly improving
Colony, should be destitute of a Newspaper, conducted
upon liberal and independent principles; and in
which the various objects that from time to time en-
gage the public mind, might be fearlessly, yet tem-
perately discussed. To this circumstance the attention
of the subscriber has repeatedly been turned; and he
feels assured that a well conducted Public Journal,
would meet with general patronage; and that its con-
ductor might confidently rely upon his fellow sub-
scribers in New Brunswick for adequate support. He there-
fore avails himself of the present opportunity to state,
that he proposes establishing a Weekly Newspaper, to be
published at Fredericton; and intends publishing THE NEW
BRUNSWICK SENTINEL, to be
published at New-Brunswick, and the
interests of the Province. The price will be Three
Dollars per annum, exclusive of Postage—half in ad-
vance; and the Paper will be nearly the size of THE
OBSERVER, printed at St. John.

Having for several years conducted THE FREE
PRESS in Halifax; whose independent principles,
while under his control, are known to many persons
in this Province; he is relieved from the delicate task
of recommending himself as the Editor of the proposed
public Journal; with the conviction that the testi-
mony which may in this way be adduced, will en-
sure for the publication he proposes to establish, and
also for his exertions in the line of his profession, the
countenance and support of every friend of religious
and civil liberty.

At the present stage of the contemplated under-
taking, it might be deemed premature to enter immo-
diately into the details of those principles, by which as
the conductor of the proposed Paper, the Subscriber will
be actuated. But it may be proper here to state, that
he will always be found the firm and consistent ad-
vocate of the rights of the people, and the determined
opponent of every exercise of arbitrary rule; that
the pages of the Journal which he desires to con-
duct, shall be open to the most searching investiga-
tion and unflinching exposure of abuse, wherever it
may be found to exist; and that no rank however ele-
vated, or power however paramount, shall be exempt
from the rigid watchfulness and surveillance of that
portion of the Press, which may be under his guidance
and control.

Yet while the SENTINEL will thus be found faith-
ful at its post, its columns shall never be prostituted
to attacks on private character or intrusions upon do-
mestic peace; nor shall a communication or article
at any time appear, that may be found to contain ex-
pressions vindictive or malignant in their nature or
tendency, or personally offensive to the humblest in-
dividual.

The SENTINEL will contain full and impartial Re-
ports of the Debates in the Assembly, also those of
great public interest, that may take place in the Leg-
islative Council,—Debates in the Imperial Parliam-
ent;—Law Reports, when they can be obtained, and
copious extracts from English, Colonial and Ameri-
can papers; and generally whatever may have a ten-
dency to develop the resources of the Province, or
promote the domestic comfort, individual happiness,
and permanent prosperity of its people.

The SENTINEL will appear early in November.
And in concluding this brief address to the inhabi-
tants of New Brunswick, the subscriber trusts he
may confidently submit this outline of the proposed
periodical, to the patronage of an intelligent and lib-
eral Public; with the assurance, that its pages and
his best abilities, shall be devoted to the interests
of this invaluable and important portion of the British
dominions, the defence of its liberties, and the sup-
port of its laws.

EDMUND WARD.

Fredericton, August 1837.

Improvement of Ireland.—The Irish land
improvement society have taken two tracts
of land in the counties of Galway and
Clare, with a view to test the efficacy
of their philanthropic scheme for benefiting
the condition of the Irish peasantry. At
a meeting of the proprietors and share-
holders on Thursday week, at which the
Earl of Devon presided, the noble chair-
man stated he was confident the society
would confer great benefit upon Ireland.

The Mobile Register of the 19th inst.
says that the schooner Blooming Youth,
commanded by Capt. Mitchell, concern-
ing whom so much has been said in the
Northern papers in connexion with the
pirate story, arrived there on the 17th
from Key West in charge of an officer of
U. S. revenue cutter.

THE YOUNG CONSPIRATORS.

At the revolution in Naples in 1779, two bro-
thers, one fifteen the other twelve years old, were
condemned to death; and upon the entreaties
of their mother for their pardon, the King's Attorney
told her that one should be spared, and bade her
choose. The agony caused by this heartless ap-
peal to the feelings of a mother and outrage upon
maternal tenderness, are graphically portrayed in
the following concluding portion of a Tale, found
upon the mournful incident.

There had been a tranquil day, undistur-
bed by rumour or apprehension, and at twi-
light Rosalba and her sons sat in their favori-
te bower. Something of the lovely confi-
dence of the past was restored. Lorenzo leaned
with his arm thrown around the neck of
his mother, and Ferdinand threw himself on
the turf at her feet, his flashing eyes softened
by her gentle smiles.

'How like your father you are growing,'
said she, as she pressed her lips to his polished
forehead.
'I shall be jealous, mother,' said Lorenzo.
'I call such kisses mine,'—and he turned
her cheek with his hand until it came in con-
tact with his own.

They were interrupted by strange voices,
and suddenly there stood before the group
several officers of police, who arrested the
boys as prisoners of state. Rosalba sat for
a moment like one in a dream.

'This is some strange mistake,' at length
she said to them. 'These are mere children,
and have scarcely ever wandered from my
side.'

The men showed their orders;—they were
definite; the individuals could not be mista-
ken. The charge was conspiracy.

Rosalba turned from the men and wildly
urged the boys to assert their innocence.—
Her heart sank within her at their state-like
silence. The movements of revolutionary
periods are rapid and decided. They were
conveyed to prison, before her eyes, and
sentenced to death.

Rosalba hastened to the constituted authori-
ties, and with tears and prayers implored
their pardon. The answer was, that one
could be saved—she might choose between
them.

She repaired to the prison, broken hearted.
They were in different cells. As she entered
the first, the light through the grating fell
strongly on Ferdinand, and now flashed forth
to her sight in stronger lines the likeness to
his father. Those deep full eyes were his;
that ivory forehead and the crisp-retreating
curls that showed its strong development
were his; the compressed lip and manly
bearing were his, and his too the smile, which
was so soon to be extinguished for ever. She
sank into his arms. Ferdinand supported
her to his wretched pallet, kissed her cold
cheek upon which his big tears fell fast;
twined his arms around her, and bade her
be comforted.

'Comfort! oh God, comfort! shrieked the
widow, in the first paroxysms of hopeless
wretchedness, 'where, where but in the
grave with my children?' and hiding her face
in the bosom of her son, her sobs rose so
strong and wildly that he thought her heart
would break.

'Listen to me, mother, listen to me, he
said, in tremulous tones, 'and I will tell you
what will comfort you;—the memory of what
a good parent you have been, from the first
moment I nestled in your arms, until this
dark hour. How you have warned, and
guided us, and sacrificed your wishes to ours!
You have been a true mother to me, God
knows. You have been like an angel watch-
ing my path, my own, own mother,' and as
he said this he knelt and bowed his head to
her lap and hid his face there.

She spoke not, she even shook him off in
her agony;—the waves were rolling over her
soul, and the life-star was gone.

He drew her gently towards him and sooth-
ingly pressed her hands in his. 'Since I left
you, mother, I have had a dream: a strange
but sweet dream. I have never thought
much of heaven before, but I am sure I was
there in my dream. We were all there, all
four; and you and father were so young and
beautiful!—A wreath was on your heads,
and a light around you, and you seemed too
glorious to Lorenzo and me, until we saw
your lips move, and heard you say, 'my
children! Oh, mother, there were no tears
in that heaven, no death,'—and as he said
this his voice faltered, a shudder went over
his frame, and he was silent.
'Death, death!' almost screamed Rosalba,
'why did you not die in your cradle? I could
have closed your eyes softly, and crossed your
small hands on your breast, and strewn your
grave with flowers. Now, now!—there
was a pause of passionate sorrow.

Ferdinand knelt still at his mother's feet,
and gazed in her face with a look of plead-
ing earnestness. 'Mother, dear mother, for
mercy's sake be composed, or I shall go wild
too,'—and he pressed his hands to his head.
'Mother, you forget that I must be strength-
ened for this great trial, and our poor Lorenzo
too.'

Rosalba turned on him such a gaze of
mournful admiration, as we give the mete-
or during to sudden extinguishment. Lorenzo's
name subdued her, it was not a moment
for words, but turning from Ferdinand she
knelt before a rude crucifix inserted
in the wall, offered a silent prayer, and
kissing him passed to the cell of his brother.

As she entered, Lorenzo rushed to her
with such a scream of joy and fear, that the
empty vaults sent back the sound.

'You have come to save me, mother,' he
cried. 'I knew you would not let your poor
boy die.'

Rosalba turned aside in agony. He fol-
lowed her beseechingly. 'Look at me, mo-
ther. I am your own, your youngest one.—
Here,' said he, throwing back the glossy hair
that shaded his features, 'here is your like-
ness. My father loved me because I looked
like you;—you would not have me die!—'
and he threw his arms around her neck, and
nestled as a bird beneath the parent wing.

Rosalba sat upon the damp floor, and took
the boy to her heart as in the days of infan-
cy: she wiped away his glistening tears, and
uttered soft low tones of encouragement.

'You will save me, then, my mother?' he
asked wildly.

'I can save one of you,' she whispered al-
most inaudibly. 'The sentence is that one
of you may live, if I will choose him.'

Lorenzo sprang from her arms, and threw
himself at her feet. 'You will save me, me!'
he cried vehemently. 'I am too young to
die. Mother, my heart will break with ter-
ror if you say I must die. Oh mother, I
think of it, I dream of it. I am afraid I am
poor, mother; save me, save your poor,
poor Lorenzo!—and he clung to her with a
piercing look of entreaty.

The agonized mother turned upon him
with a kind of fierceness, and almost shout-
ed in his ear:

'You say that Ferdinand is to die. I will
it not. Thank God it rests not with me.—
I am guiltless, and she stamped the narrow
cell with almost maniac footsteps.

'I said it not, mother,' said the boy mourn-
fully. Ferdinand must live, and I will go.
It is fearful, but I must go,—and with a
frightened look he swooned away.

Three days and nights Rosalba passed in
alternate visits to her children. She ate
no food—she slept not. The keeper's eyes
moistened as she passed to and fro. Some-
times in the horror of despair she threw her-
self down in the dark passage, and beat the
impassive stones with her debate hands,
sometimes she knelt, and gazed on her cruci-
fix as if asking aid from heaven; now low
muttered sounds escaped her, as if reason
reeled. She shed no tears—suffering had
gone deeper than their fount.

On the fourth day an eager crowd gather-
ed to the execution of two youths. At the
closing moment, when there was a hush in
the multitude, a shriek went up from among
the spectators, so piercing and wild, and un-
earthly, that many a sleeper that night start-
ed in his dreams as he remembered it. When
the populace dispersed, a senseless female
form was discovered closely enveloped in a
veil. The pulse of life had ceased to beat in
that fair and gentle bosom, on which was
discovered the miniature likeness of two
beautiful boys embracing, and a braid of
dark hair encircling the name of Rosalba di
Loria.

THE FARIES SONG, OR CAN Y TYLWITH TEG.

[From the Poetical Works of the late Richard
Lloyd, just published.]

Of all the popular superstitions prevalent
among the Welsh, their idea of Faries, is
perhaps the most poetical; and it is
the most ancient. In Wales there appear to
have been two distinct species of Faries, the
first sort of gentle manners, and well dis-
posed towards the whole human race; the
other maliciously inclined, and full of mis-
chievous sportiveness. The former is denomi-
nated Tylwith Teg, or the Fairy Family;
the latter Ellplon Elves, or Goblins. The
Tylwith Teg are a mild and diminutive race
leading a life completely pastoral, and be-
friending fond and youthful lovers, pretty dai-
rymaids, and hospitable and industrious
housewives. They are the inspirers of pleas-
ing dreams, and the assiduous encouragers
of virtue and benevolence; and never fail to
reward the faithful servant or the affection-
ate child. But the most prominent attributes
and pastimes of this gentle race are sweetly
set forth in the following stanzas:—

From glassy glades and ferny shades,
My happy comrades hie;
Now day declines, bright Hesper shines,
And night invades the sky.
From noon-day pranks, and thymy banks,
To Dolydd's dome repair;
For ours the joy that cannot cloy,
And mortals cannot share.

The light-latch'd door, the well-swept floor,
The hearth so trim and neat,
The blaze so clear, the water near,
The pleasant circling seat;
With proper care your needs prepare;
Your tuneful labours bring;
And day shall haste to tinge the east,
Ere we shall cease to sing.

But best I'll creep where mortals sleep,
And from the blissful dream,
I'll hover near the maiden dear,
That keeps this hearth so clean;
I'll shew her when that best of men,
So rich in manly charms,
Her Enion true, in haste in blue,
Shall bless her longing arms.

Your little sheaves, or primrose leaves,
Your acorns, berries spread;
Let kernels sweet increase the treat,
And flowers with fragrance shed;
And when 'tis o'er, we'll crown the floor
In jocund pairs advance,
No voice be mute, and each shrill fit
Shall cheer the mazy dance.

When morning breaks, and morn awakes
From sleep's restoring hours,
The flocks, the field, his house we yield,
To his more active powers.
While clad in green, unheard, unseen,
On sunny banks we'll play,
And give to man his little span—
His empire of the day.

French Definition of the word Fortnight.

—A Frenchman who had fallen into the
Thames and who had been fished out and
taken to an adjacent tavern, was advised
to drink a tumbler of very hot brandy and
water, and thus addressed the waiter,
who was mixing it:—'Sir, I shall thank
you not to make it a fortnight.' 'A
fortnight,' replied Joo, 'hadn't you bet-
ter take it directly?' 'Oh, yes,' said
Monsieur, 'directly to be sure, but not
a fortnight—not two week.'

From the Halifax Acadian Recorder.

Canada.—By the Albion and other New
York papers we hear of a fracas between a
party of the Canadians and some of the Do-
ric Club, in which to use the language of
that varacious Tory the Montreal Herald,
'the first were totally routed.' We wait
the particulars from less suspicious authori-
ties than the violent print above quoted.—
That some dangerous encounters may be ap-
prehended through the winter it needs no
spirit of prophecy to foresee. That the dis-
positions of both parties are sufficiently in-
flammable without the igniting agency of
the press no one will doubt, and it is much
to be regretted that its influence instead of
being used as a sedative upon the irritability
of the public, is exerted as a stimulant to its
passions. The address of the Bishop seems
to have met with a discourteous reception,
and the whole parish of Chambly—that
furnished the victors of Chateauguy—deserted
the Church on its being read. This is a novel
feature in the history of Canada. If once
wrought up to a renunciation of that autho-
rity—hitherto so kindly used for their guid-
ance and government—we shall regard such
a state of things as one of the least fallacious
indicia of future trouble; this controversy will
be found of more importance when we reflect
upon the deference usually shown by the peo-
ple of that creed to the pastors of their pre-
lates. The document itself, from its mode-
rate spirit and tenor, bespeaks the Bishop's
sensitivity to the peculiarity of his posi-
tion, and its careful abstinence from even the
expression of an opinion upon the questions
in dispute entitles it to much serious and con-
siderate attention. Indeed we could not, in
its perusal persuade ourselves that a refer-
ence to the situation of the christian soldiers
in the despotic legions of Rome, did not co-
vetly imply an analogy between their condi-
tion and that of the Canadians; if so we
should assume such passages to be more
christian than complimentary to the opposite
party. A mild but masterly analysis of this
mandement has appeared in Canada. The
good spirit of the advice, and the purity of
its intention are not to be controverted, but
its unseasonable production at a period
when one party will hail it as a triumph and
the other regard it as an anathema, we have
heard pronounced as a matter of regret, lest
at some future day when the Episcopal ad-
monition, may be in season and requisite,
much of the weight it would have had, may be
found wanting.

Canada is a great and valuable appendage
to the realm of Britain; its half a million of
people (hitherto the consumers of English
manufactures) cannot be parted with, other-
wise than to the injury of thousands of the in-
dustrious artisans at home; its commercial
relations with the parent state are important
and immense; the result that may ensue
from a disturbance of these, few can accu-
rately predict; and yet some are found in
this Province and elsewhere to halloo on the
parties to a collision. And this forsooth is
conservatism: To deprecate the effusion of
blood—to invoke a spirit of forbearance—is
shrewd and ardent radicalism. To construe a
gibbet for Papineau is thought a far more le-
gitimate use for Canadian Timber, than to
furnish the materials of a British hull.—
These are lubricious times in which we live.
It may be thought that these affairs of Cana-
da should not occupy so prominent a space
in our columns; we feel differently. It is
the first in our sisterhood of North British
Provinces; its fidelity during the war of the
Revolution to the cause of the Empire in de-
fiance of urgent temptations; the prompt of-
fer of its youth and its blood during the last
invasion by the States; when, unaided by
British bayonets, it gallantly and gloriously
did its duty in the field, are with us (radicals
though we be) some slight reasons why it
might be as well to hesitate about imme-
diately signing their death warrants. Where
were half the city that now so gallantly seek
for arms when DeSallaberry left his home to
meet the American army, and returned with
their defeated remains? Knife-grinding at
Sheffield and Cotton spinning at Manches-
ter: good and worthy occupations doubtless,
but still not necessarily such as must at
once convert them into Aristocracy of Cana-
da. Aye, and the cry is to enrol the Con-
stitutionalists as a rifle corps. How happy
is their selection of a title! for one half of
them have been rifling the Province since
their introduction into it. 'Britain exists
all over the world in her Colonies,' was the
sentiments of Mr. Rush, and, unless driven
as they may be to desperation by misnamed
loyalists—she will long exist amidst the Cana-
dians.

The Baltimore American states that a
steam ship is building there of 900 tons,
to run between New York and Natchez.

Warlike Means of England.—We in-
dited a paragraph some time ago, intend-
ed to give an idea—faint and inadequate
indeed, but shadowing forth the reality—
of the amazing wealth of England. It
was very extensively copied, whence we
infer that to many readers the considera-
tions and facts which it presented were
not already familiar. Not less new, we
suspect, and equally surprising to many,
would be a statement showing the vast
military and naval resources of the pow-
erful little island. Take the royal arsenal
at Woolwich for instance: the principal
depot of cannon and other implements of
war. After 22 years of profound and al-
most undisturbed peace, during which
time many thousands have been condemn-
ed and sold, there are still in this estab-
lishment nearly 24,000 pieces of ordnance,
and this is but a small portion of the
mighty resources of the British nation.—
Of the above number nearly 3000 are of

gun metal and the remaining 21,000
of iron. This mass of destruction
is divided into pieces of 202 different
natures and lengths. There are also
in the arsenal nearly three millions of
cannon balls and bomb shells. It is
said that when the allied sovereigns
came to England and visited the ar-
senal, they imagined that some wood-
en imitations of artillery had been
made to deceive them, and when
convinced of the reality of the spec-
tacle, they could hardly find language
to express their surprise.—N. Y. C.

AGRICULTURE.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

In the winter of 1819, a disease
prevailed among the cattle to an al-
arming extent; some farmers lost more
than one half. I had at this
time nineteen head of cattle on my
farm, which were kept confined to the
barn yard; they were watered at a
trough standing near a log house. I
watched closely those that were affect-
ed with the disorder, and observed
that they would very often, after they
had drunk, turn to the log house and
endeavour to eat the clay from be-
tween the logs, that is when the
ground was hard frozen and covered
with snow. Knowing that all animals
are governed by instinct, and seldom
eat that which is not beneficial, I de-
termined to try the experiment; ac-
cordingly, I procured a quantity of
clay, and offered it to them in pieces
of a proper size, which they greedily
ate from my hand; they were after-
wards fed with clay twice a week un-
til the snow disappeared, and never
were cattle healthier, or in a better
condition when the spring opened—
since then to the present time 1836,
my horses, cattle, calves and sheep,
when the snow and frost has prevent-
ed them from obtaining clay for them-
selves, have been supplied.

I have fed it to calves in the spring
and summer, and it has never failed
to restore them to their appetites when
they refused to eat, correcting all ac-
cidities of the stomach, and stopping all
scouring, as magnesia does in child-
ren. As to calves I have never lost
one in a winter, and of sheep two, in
a hundred, since I commenced feed-
ing on clay; and out of one hundred
and forty sheep, during the last win-
ter I lost not one, and most of them
were good mutton. During last win-
ter the sheep of Dr. Butler, an exten-
sive wool grower, were taken with
the scours; and many had died before
he was aware of it; he immediately
had clay dug up and thawed and fed
them, after which he lost not another
sheep. I am perfectly satisfied that
it is as necessary that cattle and horses
should have clay given them in win-
ter, when the ground is covered with
snow, as it is that they should have
salt in summer; and as to sheep and
calves I would rather mine should do
without salt than without clay.—N.
Y. Cultivator.

HALIFAX, Nov. 25, 1837.

Organic changes it is now admit-
ted are to occur in our provincial poli-
ty—a Legislative Council, com-
pounded of materials suitable for its
improved structure, and derived in
part, from the several counties. True
it is that the elective principle is not
to animate the new system; yet if a
felicitous selection of new members
is made, we are content to abide the
issue. If gentlemen of experience
and practical knowledge—combined
with suitable talents—are honored
with Her Majesty's mandamus, and
come with a heart of devotedness to
the true interest of the people, the e-
ventual result must be good. If ru-
mor utters the voice of truth (and we
see no reason at present, to distrust
it) His Excellency, though naturally
perplexed by rival claims upon his at-
tention, is sedulous in his search for
such names as will entitle this second
branch of the Legislature to the con-
fidence of her Majesty's Government
and the approbation of her people in
this province. We are not prophets
at all—the avant couriers of future
discontent. We begin to rear our
heads in hope, and tho' it may be
that the next opening of our provin-
cial Parliament will display less of the
pageantry warranted by the 'dignity
of dollars,' yet with gentlemen from
the country, who owe their independ-
ence to God's blessings on the fruits
of the earth or the riches of the sea,
we shall feel more satisfied than with
some who have worn out the pave of
the Province Building by visits to the
Treasury.

The Legislative Council must have
a fair proportion of members who re-
side at the capital, and whose talents
are of that order necessary in debate