

H. Russell

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CRUELTY OF THE CZAR.

It will be remembered that the Princess Troubetzka had followed her husband in his exile to Siberia. The first portion of the punishment compelled the Prince to work for seven years in the mines of the Onral. The unhappy couple, buried alive, nevertheless had children.—At the end of seven years the Princess addressed a petition to the Czar in order to be allowed to send their children to school. The Czar replied, that the "children of convicts, themselves convicts, would always be sufficiently learned for their station." The unhappy young woman endured her horrible life in the mines for seven more years. When the fourteen years had expired, the Prince and all his family were sent to an extreme part of Siberia, chosen *designedly* by the Emperor, and not yet marked in any map by the Russian geographers, who are nevertheless, very minute. The poor mother, frightened on the children's account, by the cold hunger, and wild animals which threatened them, again broke silence, and a letter was forwarded to the Czar by a courageous relative of the lady. In the letter she begged the *favor* of being allowed to reside with her children in one of the towns of Siberia. The Autocrat, turning with a terrible look towards the relative said: "I am astonished that any one dares to speak to me of the family of any man who has conspired against me!"

Nicholas, at a review, was displeased with the appearance of a whisker of a soldier. The personal strength of the present Emperor of Russia is perhaps equal to that of any man in Europe. He dashed at the soldier, seized him by the whisker, and never let go his grasp till he tore the whisker from the cheek, with the flesh attached to it; and actually boasted of this feat as a manifestation of his strict attention to discipline.

LONG PRAYERS.—Some men never know when to stop. If they commence a speech, or a prayer, it is all the same—your patience is wearied out. On all occasions they are the same dull, lengthy sermonizers and speech makers. At a wedding or a funeral, asking a blessing or returning thanks, they keep you waiting till your face is red with anger, or your feet are half frozen with the cold. What are long prayers good for? As far as humanity is concerned they might as well be spoken to the waves. It is not for us to say whether the Almighty looks with approbation or not upon long formal prayers; but—we will speak out—we don't believe he does. Has he not told us as much? And yet there are men who will preach and pray so long, that the congregation gets out of all patience. You can see them look at the clock, take out their watches, and wriggle about. If we are speaking to dull and lengthy preachers, prayers, or talkers let them repent and sin no more.

LOOK BEFORE YOU KICK. A minister of one of the orthodox churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road he was traveling.—The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt proud of them—they were so plump, round and sweet. Of course she insist-

ed on her minister taking some of the links home to the family. He objected on account of not having his portmanteau along. This objection was soon overruled, and the old lady, after wrapping them in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in either pocket of the preacher's capacious great coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pockets of the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking these whelps away. The obsequies at the grave being completed, the minister and congregation repaired to the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached. After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who desired to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch, to get his attention.—The divine thinking it a dog having designs upon his pocket, raised his foot, and gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps!

"You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister, confusedly, and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it—I have sausages in my pocket, and that tarnation dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises!"

"Your readers may judge of the effect such an announcement would have at a funeral. Tears of sorrow were suddenly exchanged for smiles of merriment.—*Germania Epitaph.*"

A self expanding petticoat has just been invented in Paris and is all the rage with the "fashion." It is filled with air through a concealed pipe by the wearer and can be enlarged or reduced in size at pleasure.

A GOOD WAY OF HEARING FROM HOME.—A young man in California, whose friends had not remembered him as he thought they ought adopted the following expedients: He sat down and wrote some half dozen letters to different persons at home, inquiring the price of land and stock—what he could buy a handsome farm of 200 or 300 acres for &c.; intimating that he had large sums to invest, and was very rich generally. By return mail he received no less than seven letters, all anxiously inquiring after his health, when he was coming, &c., and has received three or four every mail since including some very warm ones from an old and very cold sweetheart.

FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED.—Victoria I, Queen of Great Britain, is the niece of William the Fourth, who was the brother of George the Fourth, who was the son of George the Third, who was grandson of George the Second, who was son of George the First, who was cousin of Anne, who was sister-in-law of William the Third, who was son-in-law of James the Second, who was the brother of Charles the Second, who was the son of Charles the First, who was the son of James the First, who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of James the Sixth, who

was the son of Henry the Eighth, who was the son of Henry the Seventh, who was the cousin of Richard the Third, who was the uncle of Edward the Fifth, who was the son of Henry the Fourth, who was the cousin of Richard the Second, who was the grandson of Edward the Third, who was the son of Edward the Second, who was the son of Edward the First, who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard the First, who was the son of Henry the Second, who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry the First, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror.

WHAT CANNOT PRINTERS DO?—The Cincinnati *Unionist*, a paper conducted by practical printers, "hollers loud" on the versatility of talent possessed by "Typos" generally, and by the proprietors of the sheet in particular. Listen to it.—"In this office are some twenty printers engaged; only look at them, in ages ranging from twenty to forty; in size and complexion, from the ordinary stout man (we never knew a fat printer) to some that might crawl through a greased flute; some white as Circassians, and others brown or rosy as your 'Georgia cracker,' or Pennsylvania publican.—Some bearded like the bard, others smooth-faced as the Greek Slave. One has travelled all over the North American continent, hunted bears in Arkansas, and the wild horse in the pampas of South America; another has been out on the broad ocean, and seen 'life before the mast'; another graduated at West Point, served in the army, and accompanied Col. Doniphan in his Xenophenic grand campaign all over New Mexico. What a book he can write! Another has kept a tavern, sold goods at auction, travelled over the United States several times, been well off, and been broke—often. Two have been 'on the stage,' a profession printers are much addicted to, for about half the actors on the American boards were printers. One we believe, has preached sermons, and another given lectures to crowded houses. Another has served in Mexico with Gen. Scott. A sixth has been stump-orator, member of the Legislature 'out West,' and fought a duel, we believe. Three have practiced medicine, kept stores, dealt in horses, cotton and negroes.—Two have held municipal offices. Four or five have been officers and privates in various military companies. One served with Gen. Houston in the Texan Revolution, and one in the Canadian Rebellion. Six or eight have edited and published newspapers in various parts of the United States. One has been officer of a packet on the 'ragin' canal. One was wounded—leg off—at the storming of Monterey. Another has clerked it on a Mississippi steamer, was blown up and slightly killed. Some are, or have been married; some are old bachelors. All have seen more or less life, and its changeable scenes. They are all live men, good practical printers, speak various languages, and form a newspaper 'corps' hard to surpass or equal."

A judgement for £600 has been rendered against a Quebec merchant named Seymour, for speaking disrespectfully of a Miss Ferguson who was trying to court one of his clerks.

THE ACQUITTAL OF THE RIOTERS.—The farce is ended. The Gavazzi rioters have been acquitted. The violators of "the temple of the living God," as Mr. O'Farrell, counsel for some of the prisoners, sneeringly and blasphemously called Chalmers' Church, have been set at liberty, not because they did not assault Gavazzi, and his secretary, Paoli, knock down unprepared men, and frighten women and children, but because they had not designed to demolish the edifice. The Hearn, Gibbins, Bowens, Redmonds, O'Brien, Burns, and Roehs, who entered a lecture-room—we will not say a church—and behaved like savages, are triumphantly acquitted. The reader smiles. The verdict was anticipated. Mr. Justice Panet was on the Bench, and six Canadians and six Roman Catholic Irishmen were in the Jury Box; and it would be doing as much injustice to him as it would be to the Jury, to say that he did not behave with dignity and impartiality on the judgement seat. Nay, it is but right to acknowledge that Mr. Justice Alywin agreed in opinion with his learned brother, that there was no concerted plan of demolishing a church between either the rioters or their friends. Some foolish people, possibly friends of liberty, cried out occasionally during the *melée* "fire the building," "if we cannot kill, let us burn the scoundrel." These, however, were only spontaneous ejaculations, and had the gas-pipes been properly cut, and—as Mr. Philip Peables said—fire applied to a pipe communicating with the main pipe, the church undoubtedly would have burned, and some forty or fifty persons, including, perhaps, Gavazzi and Paoli, have perished as free thinkers were wont to do, at the stake and in the flames. It was a noble intention, and much like those with which a certain warm place is said to be paved. How it was frustrated, is the difficulty; for, according to the sworn testimony of a crowd of witnesses, with the exception of Mainhood, perhaps, Baken, Courtenay, and one or two others, the police looked calmly on during the riot, proud of the rascality and daring of their fellow-countrymen.—*Quebec Gazette.*

BURNING OF A STEAMER AND LOSS OF SIXTY LIVES.—*New Orleans Jan. 29.*—The Steamer Georgia, from Montgomery, Ala., caught fire on Saturday night was totally destroyed with most of the cargo, consisting of upwards one thousand bales of cotton, nearly two hundred passengers, principally emigrants going to Texas, and slaves; 30 were drowned; many others were missing. Loss of property over eighty thousand dollars.

SECOND DISPATCH.—It is estimated that sixty persons were drowned or burned on the Georgia. All baggage and money were lost.—The boat was valued at \$28,000.

A son of the late Malachi Haines, of Salem, aged 17, was brought home a corpse from Danvers, where he had been sent to complete his education. His death was caused by severe and unmerited chastisement by his teacher. If a rope were tied around the neck of that teacher, passed over a pulley, and the other end placed in our hands, we think our weakness would allow of our supporting ourselves on *Trans. Telegraph.*