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By James McLaughlan

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Poet's Career.

LINES ON THE DEATH

MRS. ALLEN,

Who died on the 23th of January, 1855.

For months she lingered weak in frame,
Contending with disease;
Till God in mercy heard her prayer,
And sent a blissful release.

The clouds of night had gathered round
The room in which she lay;
But yet there were no gloomy fears,
Or longings hee to stay.

At length the clouds of death more dark,
Came rolling on apace;
She triumphed in that hour of gloom,
And hymned her Saviour's praise.

We watched her as the spirit fled
To realms of light unknown;
Up to the presence of her G. d.,—
Before the Eternal Throne.

The spirit fled, we knelt around
That cold and lifeless clay;
We offered up our fervent thanks
To Him that was her stay.

In all her sufferings here below,
Her hours of toil and pain,
So that with holy joy she cried,
For me to die is gain.

Her body now, in yonder grave,
Lies mould'ring in the dust;
Her happy soul has soared on high,
To dwell among the just.

In that bright world above
Where all the blood-bought throng
Unite to sing in doles divine,
That soul-inspiring song.

To him that loved us unto death,
And spilt his precious blood,
To save us from eternal death;
And make us priests to God.

We would ascribe the honour due,
And evermore agree,
To sing the wonders of his Grace,
To all Eternity.

Woodstock, Feb. 6th, 1855.

W. T.

English and Foreign.

[From the New Brunswicker.]

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

The stirring debates in Parliament on the conduct of the Aberdeen Ministry in prosecuting the war in the Crimea, and which resulted in the overthrow of the Cabinet, has created a good deal of feeling in England. Mr. Stafford, who had just returned from the Crimea, drew a gloomy picture of the state of the hospital at Scutaria, and the treatment of the sick and wounded soldiers in the East. After visiting the English hospital, he crossed to the other side of the Bosphorus, to examine the state of the French hospital, and he thus speaks:—

His visit took place on the 20th of November, and he found such system, such cleanliness and ventilation, such supplies of beds and blankets and conveniences for the sick, that he felt deep shame at the contrast thus presented to the condition of the English hospital. It was, indeed, aptly remarked by a person present with him on the occasion, that it seemed as if the French had been there for ten years, and that the English came only the day before, so different was the state of

the hospital of the two armies. Gloomy as was the picture he was now drawing, he must congratulate the Secretary at War on the sending out of the female nurses last autumn. Success more complete had never attended human effort than that which had resulted from this excellent measure. They could scarcely realize, without personally seeing it, the heartfelt gratitude of the soldiers to these noble ladies, or the amount of misery they had relieved, or the degree of comfort—he might say of joy—they had diffused; it is impossible to do justice, not only to the kindness of heart but to the clever judgment, ready intelligence and experience displayed by the distinguished lady to whom this difficult mission had been entrusted.—(Cheers.)

When the news of the autograph letter of Her Majesty reached the hospital at Scutaria, he believed there never was spent, within the walls of such an establishment, a happier night than that which followed the proclamation of the cheering and consolatory tidings of their Queen's sympathy and concern for their affliction. (Hear.) He saw one poor fellow proposing to drink the Queen's health, with a preparation of bark and quinine, which he was ordered to take as a medicine, and when he (Mr. Stafford) remarked that the draught was a bitter one for such a toast, the man smilingly replied—"Yes, and but for these consoling words I could not get it down." (Laughter.) This anecdote was told to his fellow-sufferers, and this was the way in which they sweetened their bitter draughts. He had had no notion of the noble qualities possessed by these brave men until he had lived and laboured among them.

Mr. Stafford then alluded to the London Times and gave that journal credit for bringing before the people of England the situation of the army; otherwise the evils would not have been remedied even to the extent that they have been. He must therefore, express his solemn conviction that that press, on the whole, had faithfully discharged a sacred and imperative duty; and he concluded by saying that if the House pursued the path of straightforward duty that evening, it would inspire confidence and encouragement in our recruits, and give hope to the perishing remnant of our heroic army; it would offer to those unconquerable men who yet survived, the best pledge we could hold out that they would be respected, sustained, and comforted by a generous and grateful country; and that when England sent forth other armies to aid them it would send them forth to imitate them in all but their misfortunes. (Cheers.)

The speech of the Duke of Newcastle (says Willmer) places his own career as War Minister in a much more favourable light than it stood previously. He did not force himself, as was implied into the situation, but was induced to take it at the express invitation of his colleagues; and he had discharged its duties, amidst all the obstructions arising from a faulty system, with a degree of energy and ability for which we were hardly prepared. The details into which he was compelled to enter prove how much he had achieved, and how manfully he had conquered many of the extraordinary difficulties which beset his path. His fall as a Minister occurs at a time when his successor will reap the benefit of his measures, and when the events of the war may possibly prove that he was "more sinned against than sinning."

The London Times points with exultation to the statement of Mr. Stafford, and says:—

"Mr. Stafford gave an example of manly candour in asserting without reserve that but for the efforts of this journal the horrors of our army's situation would never have been revealed, and, never being revealed, would never have been remedied even to the extent that they have been." The same speaker, himself an eye-witness of the scenes he depicted, and an energetic labourer in the cause of humanity, disposed conclusively of the puerile apprehension that in telling the truth to England we might be telling too much to the Czar. The Czar, it is manifest, must already know at least as much as any correspondence from the Crimea could possibly tell him, and the true remedy, as Mr. Stafford observed, was not to conceal or deny the disease, but to lay it bare courageously to open day—to examine it, to discuss it, to grapple with it, and to conquer it. Take the question in its broadest and most practical form. Had the press held back from that sacred and imperative duty, which, by Mr. Stafford's own testimony, it has upon the whole, faithfully discharged, what would have been the consequence? The nation would have been left in ignorance of what the Emperor Nicholas, we may be very sure, would have substantially learnt, and all the advantage of the information would have been on the enemy's side.—Our soldiers would have been left without the succours which these reports have secured them, and their condition would have been even worse, while their countrymen at home were in the dark. The disclosure of the real truth to the public has compelled extraordinary efforts to remedy the evils complained of, the sufferings of the troops have been materially alleviated by private benevolence, the measures of government have been quickened, the government itself is at last to be remodelled for the avoidance of future mismanagement, and the Emperor of Russia is taught that we have learnt our misfortunes only to surmount them by resolution and wisdom. Which of these courses was the better or more becoming is a question which we confidently leave to the judgment of the country."

PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.—A letter from Marseilles of the 29th, says, on the authority of French correspondence from the seat of war, that the French have pushed their siege works up to the very town—they have mined the Flag-staff Battery—and that the allies may enter the place whenever they think it expedient. The following cheering letter was received yesterday from a colonel long resident and universally respected in Marseilles:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Jan. 11.

"Our mortar batteries commenced firing on the 1st inst. They have caused the Russians serious injury. At the moment I am writing the deafening sound which comes from Sebastopol, from which we are not more than 1,000 yards distant, gives me hopes that the great blow will be struck before long. The number of bombs thrown daily is incalculable, and the fire is more animated than ever during the last forty-eight hours. Our projectiles cause immense injury, not to the town, which is a mere heap of ruins, but to the besieged, who do not know where to hide themselves. The Russians make frequent sorties, but they are always victoriously repulsed. There are 15,000 Turks at Eapatoria. Omar Pasha will be shortly there at the head of 40,000 men. He will cut off the retreat of the Russians, and render the arrival of supplies

impossible. You may perceive that everything is progressing as well as possible, and that the reason General Canrobert does not press the assault is, that he wishes to make himself master of the garrison, and at the same time avoid useless carnage. With the exception of some cases of men frozen in the trenches, the sanitary state of the army is satisfactory. Unfortunately, I cannot say as much of the English. Our entire brigade has been occupied for the last three weeks in making a road from Balaklava to the camp of our allies, and in transporting their food and ammunition. The cold is so severe that our soldiers have been forced to abandon their tents and to dig holes under ground. Those subterranean habitations are warm but very damp."

SUFFERINGS OF THE ALLIES.—A letter from Sebastopol, 13th of January, in the *Courier de Marseilles*, says:—

"I have been endeavouring in vain to write to you for several days past, but the weather is so cold that I scarcely dared to move in my sheepskin cloak, or shake about my legs in their thick coverings. You cannot imagine the extent of our sufferings. Picture to yourself a snow storm lasting forty-eight hours, lying round our tents and our huts to the depth of several feet. Then suddenly comes a heavy rain, which melts the snow, leaving in our precarious places of shelter a liquid mud from which we have no protection. Notwithstanding all, the spirits of our soldiers are not cast down, and the state of their health is superior to the sufferings they endure. Our soldiers amuse themselves with making men with snow. One heap of snow has been cut into caricatured representations of the Emperor Nicholas and Prince Menschikoff, and on the pedestal of the statues the artist has engraved with his bayonet a very witty inscription. Unfortunately, the English are not so well off. Their sufferings are much more severe than ours; they have within the last few days lost several men from suffocation in their huts from charcoal, which they burned without allowing proper ventilation, others were found dead in the trenches from cold. On other points whole regiments are absolutely destitute of fuel to cook their food, which they are often obliged to eat raw. It is this which causes the debility which affects so great a number of the English soldiers."

THE CONQUEST OF THE CRIMEA CONTEMPLATED.—"The warlike operations in the Crimea," says a Vienna Journal, "seem to develop themselves in a manner which responds to the diplomatic negotiations. At least, the extensive plans of operation which the French, English, and Ottoman Generals are reported to have agreed to, indicate that the exertions of the Allies do not merely aim at the conquest of Sebastopol, but that the conquest of the Crimea entire is now intended, in order to gain a strong basis for the further operations against Russia, which may hereafter become as injurious to that Power as once were the horde-like wanderings of the Tartar tribes."

THE BALTIC FLEET.—An order from the Lords of the Admiralty has been received at Portsmouth, and we believe also at all the other dockyards, for the whole of the ships now under repair or refit which formed part of the Baltic fleet of 1854, to be expedited in their refitment, as they are required to be ready for service by the end of Feb.