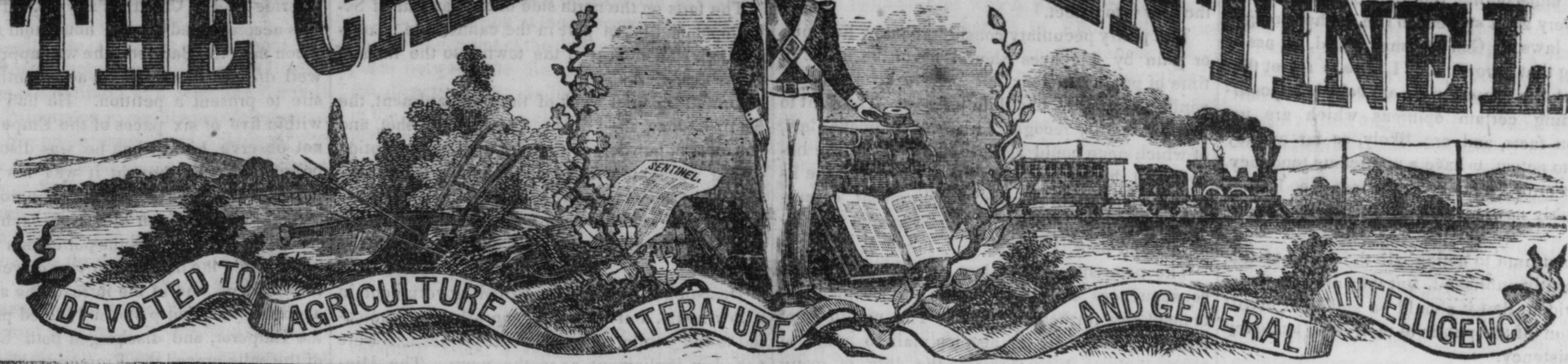


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By James McLaughlin

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THE EMPEROR'S DEPARTURE FOR THE CRIMEA.
—On this subject, the Paris correspondent to the Daily News says:—

"While many people are yet doubting of a fact which has never from the first been a moment doubtful—the Emperor's fixed intention to go to the Crimea—there appears in the *Constitutionnel* of this morning the following very conclusive announcement:—

"The camp equipage of the Emperor was sent off yesterday to the south by the Lyons Railway in charge of several employes of the Menns Plaisirs, who, before their departure, were provided with a complete uniform, and an ample cloak.—The men selected from the best upholsterers of the garde-muble, will have the care of the Emperor's tent and all its accessories during his Majesty's progress, and it will be their duty to see that the Emperor is properly lodged wherever he may be."

This is the first positive intimation that has appeared in any French paper, that the Emperor was going to take the field in person. For a long time journals were prohibited from alluding to the subject, and later they were only permitted to speak of the subject as a contingency.

I believe it to be not doubtful that the Emperor will leave Paris on the 10th, (a day already frequently mentioned,) if not—which is very probable—sooner. I understand that his Majesty, as Generalissimo of the Allied Forces, will have a staff composed of officers of the four armies, English, French, Turkish, and Piedmontese.

A FEMALE SPY.

The following is related in a letter from Kamiesch, dated the 30th ult.:—"For some days past nothing has been talked of but the arrest of a young Russian woman; she had been remarked several times before, as her favourite walk appeared in the trenches. The rumour circulated for some time, and the general was at last informed of the fact. He ordered a stricter watch to be kept, as he thought it could be only a spy disguised in woman's attire. At 6 o'clock on the morning on the 28th the same woman presented herself in front of our men while they were at work. She was of tall and majestic stature, and held an extinguished lantern in her hand, and seemed to examine the works with much attention. Some perceived she held a roll of paper, half open, in which probably she noted all the observations she could collect. At the sight of our soldiers and officers she quickened her pace, and entered a sort of ravine which is at the extremity of the French trenches. As soon as she reached that spot she began to run, but the commandant sent two Zouaves in pursuit, and they soon overtook her. Two hours after she was conducted to General Canrobert. Her examination was not long; she constantly replied that it was for the good of her country and to avenge the death of her husband, Boninoff killed at the Alma, that she acted thus, and, moreover, that she felt no regret. She was then searched. The searchers found in one of her pockets a paper book, containing several details on the state of our batteries, the number of men employed, the number of guns in the batteries, &c.; and in another pocket a double-barrel pistol, and a letter addressed to Prince Menschikoff. After the visit she was shut up in the general's head-quarters, under the guard of two soldiers, until such time as she can be sent to Malta."

A stick of white oak timber, measuring fifty-one feet eleven inches in length and squaring forty-one by forty inches, making nearly six hundred cubic feet, has been manufactured at Wallacburg, C. W. This is said to be the largest stick of timber ever cut on the North American continent.

It is stated in the London journals that the wines used at the civic feast, in honor of Louis Napoleon, included Johnisberg of 1822, Champagne of 1825 Malvoise from grapes grown on Mount Ida, Amon-tallado 109 years old—part of a cask supplied at the enormous price of £600 per butt to the Emperor Napoleon I."

RETURN OF EMIGRANTS FROM AUSTRALIA.
—An Australian paper of January 31, states that out of two hundred passengers arrived at Melbourne from England in one vessel, over one hundred and fifty had in less than a week engaged a passage back. The revulsion of trade there has caused much distress among the thousands who without capital had flocked to the colony.

ROCHESTER, MAY 8.—FIVE MEN KILLED BY A POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.—The powder mills situated about five miles from this city, exploded at six o'clock this evening, killing five men; the shocks, three in number were distinctly felt here. This is the fourth time those mills have blown up in five years. The buildings around them were blown to atoms.

ONE ACRE MORE.—Our spring proves to be rather backward. The warm rains haven't visited us yet, and the sun seems to be playing the modern dandy, by wrapping himself up every morning in a shawl, and going his rounds in rather a gloomy humor. But never mind that. The good book, you know, says, "The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold, therefore he shall beg in harvest and have nothing." So don't let us be caught in that company.

But what shall we do? Why try to do a little more than we did last year. We are aware that seed is scarce, and consequently high in price. We are also aware that the drought last summer cut off the hay crop, and in many sections of the State it is very severe, and that renders the team weak, and diminishes the propelling power of the farmer; but still, a little extra exertion will enable every farmer to cultivate one more acre than he did last year, in some sort of a crop. If you cannot do any better, lot out an acre somewhere, to be put by-and-bye into ruta baga or flat turnips. These are valuable for cattle feed, and the more cattle feed you get of this kind the less call there will be on your grain bin, and by consequence, the more breadstuffs will there be for the people.

There are two reasons why breadstuffs are so high now. One is the droughts that we have had for three successive seasons, which diminished the grass crop. The other is the inordinate avarice of speculators who deal in breadstuffs. They take advantage of circumstances, and combine to keep the price up beyond its actual value. To obviate this state of things every farmer must make it a religious duty to exert himself a little more in order to increase agricultural products among us. Let "one acre more" be the watchword, and with determined zeal, and strong in faith and good courage, carry out the plan.

Produce of every kind brings remunerating prices, and the farmers who have the means can now not only employ them profitably for themselves, but can occasionally give a neighbour a lift who may be in a pinch, or need a little addition to his team occasionally; to help him start the lead.

So let us be of good cheer—help ourselves prudently, and our neighbour kindly, and not stop ploughing by reason of the cold, lest in the harvest time we find ourselves in the *vacative* among the empty-bag gentry.—*Maine Farmer.*

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing more.

A DUELLING ANECDOTE.—Two Spanish officers met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bahia, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents.

"We wish to fight—to fight to death," they replied to the representations of their companions.

At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a lameable voice said—

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family and would"—

"My good, man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers; "don't you see that my friends are going to split each other? We are not in Christian humour."

"It is not alms I ask for," said the man. "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that those two gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins."

At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other and walked away.

"PERSEVERANCE," said a lady, very earnestly to a servant, "is the only way to accomplish great things. One day eight dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared. "Sally, where all those dumplings?" "I managed to get through them, ma'am." "Why how on earth did you contrive to eat so many dumplings?" "By perseverance, ma'am," said Sally.

"I say, Ned, who is that girl I saw you walking with?"

"Miss Hogg."

"Hogg, Hogg—well she's to be pitied for having such a name."

"So I think," rejoined Ned. "I pitied her so much that I offered her mine, and she is going to take it presently."

NO HOBBS FOR THAT. "Can you tell me, my dear fellow," said a hen-pecked gentleman to a bachelor friend, "what lock is that which even Hobbs himself cannot take to pieces?" "Not I," was the short reply. "Happy dog!" was the rejoinder, "to be without my experience! It is wed lock! If ever that gentleman offends us, we will tell his wife—that's all."

The man who has not anything to boast of but illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

[Sir T. Overbury.]

TO RESTORE PORK.—In warm weather the brine on pork frequently becomes sour and the pork tainted. Boil the brine, skim it well, and pour it back on the meat boiling hot. This will restore it even when it is much injured.

Communications.

(To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel.)

DEAR SIR,—Formed as man is for thought and contemplation, there is nothing to which he can direct his energies, and which is better calculated to enlarge the powers of his mind, than the study of the works of nature. Bearing in mind, as he proceeds with the investigation, that God is the great Architect of nature, he will be involuntarily led to exclaim "O Lord how great are thy works, and thy thoughts are very deep!" The numerous references made to this subject, both in sacred and profane history, afford abundant proof that many of the ancients had been accustomed to dwell upon the works of nature, and

had made considerable progress in the science.—The writings of Moses, the book of Job, and the Psalms of David abound with expressions which prove that they were not ignorant of the philosophy of nature. As the result of such investigations many of the heathen were led to entertain enlarged ideas of God as the great Author of nature.

Extensive as is our solar system, it may be compared, when contrasted with the works of God, to a single dwelling situated in the midst of a thinly populated district,—our nearest neighbours being the brightest of the stars of Lyra and Lynx, and others of the first magnitude, though distant many millions of miles from us. The less brilliant of the smaller stars may be regarded as similarly scattered dwellings, at somewhat greater distances from us. The small groups such as the Pleiades and the Dolphin, constitute the hamlets of our vicinity, while the brighter and more clouded of the Milky way form the villages and towns, dispersed throughout the country around us. Yet extensive as this view may appear, these eight or ten millions of Suns with their attendant Planets form but one firmament, they show forth the power of God in but one corner of his vast empire.

Recent investigations have resulted in bringing before the minds of men enlarged views of the work of nature. Aided by telescopes philosophers have discovered in those lucid spots called *Nebulae*, thousands of firmaments similar to that to which we have referred—each apparently separated from our region by spaces as much exceeding the distance of the stars as the mighty ocean exceeds the little rill which separates two hamlets; and some of these firmaments are supposed to be so far distant that the combined radiance of their millions of suns never reach our vision—forming but a faint streak of light to the most powerfully reflecting telescopes. But even this view, extensive as it may appear, is, we believe, far from grasping within its limits the extent of creation. What mind can measure its lengths? What thought can comprehend its breadths? This assemblage of worlds, those myriads of firmaments, from each of which millions of suns pour forth their floods of light; while around these suns millions of planets revolve in God-like order,—in their divinely appointed orbits; and each of these planets, peopled with millions upon millions of human beings, form but a small portion of the works of God, and are as nothing but the drop of the bucket, or as a grain of sand upon the ocean shore, when compared with that vast extent of empire over which the Almighty reigns. How vast then must be the expanse of nature in order to afford room for the widely extended operations of those mighty globes. To what mighty lengths must the Almighty Architect have stretched his line when he formed the stupendous plan? On what resists the grand majestic concave of the sky? While generations of busy mortals have sunk as the bubbles upon the stream, it remains unshaken and unimpaired. The stars—those prodigious globes—remain fixed in their lofty situations. They are not hung in golden or adamantine chains. They rest not their ponderous weight on rocks of marble or columns of brass. An Almighty spirit has breathed upon the whole; and upon the mysterious principles of projection and attraction the whole fabric is supported!—the latter acting as the all combining cement, and the former as the operating spring. What then should be our views of the Divine Being, seeing these are but a part of his ways—man by searching being unable to find out God, or know the Almighty to perfection. Let us then, while we admire his wisdom and magnify his power, adore him as the incomprehensible Jehovah.

Years, &c.,

SCIENCE.