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## Original Essay.

### QUIDAM'S PERIPATETIC SOLILOQUY ON FEMALE SYMPATHY.

Truly this sympathy is a noble trait of human character; and it surely exists in those cold-looking houses whose appearance seems even colder and colder as I perform my daily perambulations thro' the streets of this town.

I know it is there; for these are the dwellings of women, of motherly matrons and kind-hearted maidens.

If I ever had a doubt, my sick-bed would most conclusively prove to me that, while man is kind, woman feels and sympathizes. I believe this is a peculiarity of female character the world over. No doubt, females of every age, nation, climate, and condition, are more disposed than males "to weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with those that rejoice;" indeed, in my younger days I observe that the boys are they who kill the kittens, while the girls plead, pity, and remonstrate.

This peculiarity of female character, which, so far as it goes, allies woman with purer than earthly beings, is, I suppose, the cause of some of the idolizing devotion which some young men often confess to; but, beautiful and essential as is this element of the character of woman, I do not conceive that it constitutes her perfect womanhood.

Sympathy may be an amiable trait, but it is only a part of the character of the real woman. If she could always be surrounded by suffering, which her assiduous labors could alleviate, though destitute of cultivation, judgment, independence, mental force, brilliancy, or animation, she would be a ministering angel forever.

But this cannot be; and there is in the mind of the young lady whose only recommendation is her tender feeling, in the absence of sympathetic excitement, a deficiency of soul-life, an enormous vacuum. And, as nature abhors a vacuum either in matter or in morals, this vacuum must be filled. The material which is permitted to enter this very desirable abode, measures the excellence of the individual. I suppose that some allow it to be crowded with sickening and repulsive habits, and that there might often be found, on a very slight inspection, a pride of position; eager longing for still greater exclusiveness; restless desires for social excitement, for attention, for admiration, and dilated, diluted vanity. I suspect that it would frequently be found to be the repository of envy, jealousy, unkindness, and nonsensical conversational frippery.

Of this class public opinion forbids that I should express my views, even to my own insignificant self. Nevertheless, this void may be and is often filled in such a manner as to make woman the perfection of earthly excellence. I think the soul-life should draw its existence from the pleasant and endearing duties and avocations of home; from a proper play of the affections towards parents, kindred, and whatever and whoever is worthy of affectionate regard; from the wondrous revelations of science; from the enchanting beauties of nature and art; from a correct appreciation of the excellence of refined literature; from a vigorous training of the intellect, and, above all, from religion. The purifying, enlightening, vivifying, strengthening communion with the infinitely wise and good; the loving and following of Him whose life was the perfection of self-denial, benevolence, forbearance, sympathy, and love. With the soul-life and heart-life thus matured, woman commands my highest respect, admiration and reverence. I see continually new and varying exhibitions of character which call forth feelings of approbation and delight; but nothing to displease; no descent to insipidity, no

distressing intellectual poverty; no diminution of kindness and sympathy; no foolish devotion to society's phantasms, to its empty, painted shell, and hollow excitement; no brazen assurance, no offensive shyness; no hypocritical affectation, no exclusiveness of aught beside the base and guilty.

If this is the character of the "blue-stocking," I cannot drift down the popular current, and shudder, and halt, and loathe, and be horrified. However, I am not certain that I ever saw a single specimen of that terrific genus of females; and indeed I have sometimes doubted that this much-abused race ever had any other than a mythical existence. I have thought that possibly they were fabulous creatures, invented solely for the selfish and unholy purpose of frightening young ladies away from the pleasures of intellectual culture. This is the character of a woman who may be and must be the cause of continually increasing respect, admiration and love, not for a few short seasons, but during an entire life-time; such a one as will be the glory of her husband, the blessing of her children, the comforter and the helper of her associates—a fountain of innumerable and ever flowing streams of purifying, elevating, holy influences.—Both when full of life and freshness, and in more mature age, she is always most flattered, when her intellect, not her vanity, is addressed; when she is treated as though possessed of a soul. As a maiden, she never appears to countenance baseness, even under the pretence of elevating the polluted.—From her lofty virtue, dishonesty and impunity flee as from the Deity. Honest men enjoy her society, without exciting constant suspicions of cupidity.

Lima, N. Y., July 9th, 1856.

QUIDAM.

## General News.

The different nations of Europe may expect to find their diplomatic relations with the Government of the United States, already so difficult, become less and less agreeable. The total absence of forms, united with an exaggerated national vanity, characterises the executive power of the United States; and if General Pierce believes it necessary for his re-election to quarrel with some other ambassador, we may await further scandal on his part. Whilst the Washington Cabinet shows itself so ticklish on the chapter of enlistments for the British service, it allows recruiting for the filibusters of Nicaragua to proceed publicly. Offices have been opened for the raising of troops in New York, and officers of Walker parade in grand uniform in the streets with their soldiers.—*Paris Univers.*

AMERICAN FRIGATES.—The Americans have five frigates nearly completed, so their newspapers state, on the scantling, tonnage, and lines of their Niagara steam frigate. She is 367 feet in length, 56 feet beam, 28 feet draught of water, and she is upwards of 2,000 tons, with engines that can work up to 2,000 horse power. The Niagara is fitted with Griffith's propeller, and has realized eleven knots without lifting the screw, which would give the difference of a knot and a half more. The frigate carries an enormously heavy armament. Our last built frigates, the Imperieuse, the Euryalus, and Shannon, are perfectly dwarfish in comparison, and no more fitted to contend with the Niagara than the Macedonian and Guerriere with the Constitution and United States. The Americans have waited for all our improvements, and twelve more of these giant frigates are now to be added to the Niagara and her five sisters; so that the Americans will have the unexampled naval force of eighteen of these flying Leviathans, equal in tonnage and superior in weight of metal to our screw line of battle ships.—*English Paper.*

The New York Daily News says:—We notice in some of our contemporaries a crowing over this concession of England, as though the English people were afraid of a conflict with us. This is absurd. The countrymen of Shakespeare, Burke, and Bacon are not fools. Nor are the same race as Marlborough, Cromwell, Sydney, Wellington, and Wolfe, cowards. It still behoves our statesmen at Washington to keep a sharp look on Central America. We said some months ago, that if we got the best of John Bull in the enlistment difficulty, he would take it out in the Isthmus. Lord Palmerston is a very shrewd bird, and, like all Irishmen, when the honor of England is left in their hands, very tenacious of the trust.

CAPTAIN SIR ROBERT MCCLURE AND THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE.—An elegant and costly testimonial has just been presented to Captain Sir Robert McClure, late of her Majesty's discovery ship Investigator, by a number of officers of the Royal Navy, in admiration of his intrepidity and perseverance in penetrating through the Polar Ocean in search of Sir John Franklin, which it is well known led to the solution of an important geographical problem in the discovery of the North West Passage, and has rendered his name illustrious in the naval annals of the British empire. The testimonial consists of a winged figure of Fame standing on a globe representing the Polar Seas, and in the act of blowing a trumpet.—It is exquisitely carved in frosted silver, and stands on an ebony pedestal, which bears an appropriate inscription commemorating the services of this Arctic navigator, and the motives in which the testimonial originated.

JOHN SADLER.—Mr. Maguire, M. P., writing in *Cork Examiner*, revives the strange story that "the late Mr. Sadler" is still alive. He writes:—"Not one of John Sadler's relatives saw the body, or, if they did, not one of them ever declared that it was his body. And they ask how, supposing it to have been John Sadler's body, did John Sadler come to the particular spot on which it was lying. Did he ride, or did he walk? If he rode, where is the cabman who drove him? If he walked, whether the whole way or any part of the way, how did it happen that the boots were perfectly clean, and free from stain of any kind? How did he cross the moist and muddy ground that encircled the hillock on which the body was found? If that hillock could not be approached in the day time without the shoes or boots being dirtied, how did it happen that John Sadler contrived to get at it in the dark, without spot or stain of any kind?—Then, there was no *post mortem* examination. The presence of the essential oil of bitter almond was ascertained by smell; but whether any of the poison had reached the stomach of the body then examined was never ascertained, because knife never touched it. If another body passed for awhile for that of Foschini, the Italian assassin, why might not a well selected body pass for that of John Sadler, especially when so many concurring circumstances helped the spectators and the public to an easy credulity? It is then triumphantly asked, why should he kill himself? Money was what he toiled, and schemed, and lied, and forged for; and money he had to an enormous extent—a quarter of a million at the very least. If he had not, where has it gone? Who can account for its disappearance? Who can tell one word about it? Sadler alone can clear up the mystery. Mystery as it is at present, I am told there are interested people in the city who are beginning to be confident, that it is a mystery not altogether impenetrable; and that one of the banks is even now attempting to trace no less a sum than £237,080 which it is thought can be done by the aid of certain cross checks. Curiously enough, the same belief in Sadler's existence is also entertained in the monied circles of Paris."

FEARFUL TORNADO.—On Monday, last a fearful tornado raged through the neighbouring State of Vermont and the eastern portion of the State of New York. Early in the morning dark clouds were observed to be forming in the west; they continued to grow darker till the entire sky was one dark mass and there was a constant rumbling of thunder. About half-past ten the rain came down in torrents, and then hail began to fall, which was of an immense size, some weighing about an ounce; one of these struck a hen in a yard in Rouse's Point and killed her instantly. The storm came from the south-west, and not a window facing in that direction escaped without broken panes. In the village of Rouse's Point above one thousand panes of glass were broken, but this is no loss compared with the destruction of crops and garden vegetables. In the garden of the Editor of the Rouse's Point Advertiser, and many others' nothing is left above the ground. Tomatoes, melons, and cucumber vines, onions, beets, &c. are among the things that were the vines in particular being stripped of all their leaves, and beat off close to the ground. The field crops are seriously injured, while barley and other grains in an advanced state are completely ruined. The same storm visited Chappin's Village (New York) and made sad havoc with windows, gardens and crops in that vicinity. The village of Chappin, situated on the line of the Ogdensburg Railroad, a short distance from Rouse's Point (New York) was also by this storm, nearly entirely destroyed. But one house in the whole village escaped, while the rest were either unroofed, or removed from their foundation, or totally demolished.—Barns, sheds, and outbuildings were scattered like chaff in every direction. Scarcely a tree or a fence on the track of the tornado remains. The Catholic church was totally demolished flat with the ground. Heavy green railroad ties eight feet long, and one foot thick, were taken up and carried a long distance. The track of the tempest is about two miles in width, and its length is several miles.—The forest through which it passed is completely levelled to the ground. One man was killed, but a great number were more or less wounded. It is said that about four hundred houses in this village were destroyed. The amount of suffering caused this disaster is immense. It is contemplated, we understand, to raise subscriptions to relieve the sufferers. We gather the above particulars from the Rouse's Point Advertiser.

In Congress, on Thursday, the House of Representatives, by a vote of 101 to 99, reconsidered their vote of Monday, rejecting the bill for the immediate admission of Kansas as a State with the Weyka Constitution; and the bill was then passed by a majority of 100 to 97. The Senate, after a session extending through the whole of the previous night, passed Mr. Douglas's bill relating to a convention to be held in Kansas to form a State Constitution. The vote was 33 to 12. The question now is whether the House ought to re-consider the Senate bill, or the Senate pass the House bill. The latter would obviously afford the quickest and most certain mode of determining the present unhappy troubles; and it would be consistent with every principle of justice.

The Bas Canada states that fifteen families of French farmers from Normandy, and fifty-two individuals from Belgium, have arrived, to settle on Government lands, in Lower Canada, and are only the first instalment of a large French emigration expected here during the season. We believe that these fifteen families from Normandy are a larger emigration from France to Canada than has taken place in any one year since the conquest of the Province.