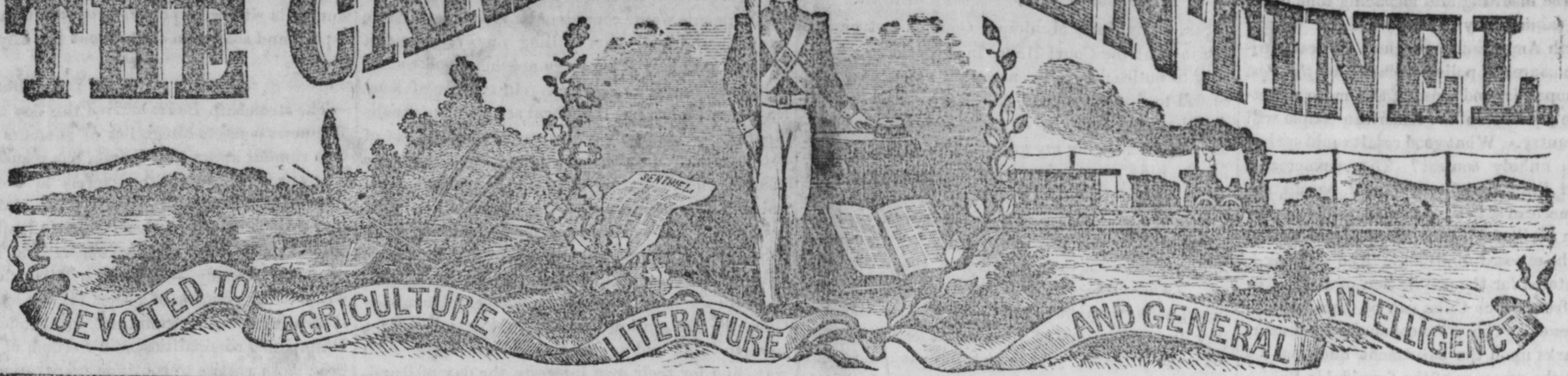


THE CARLETON SENTINEL



Published and Edited]

"OUR QUEEN AND CONSTITUTION."

[By JAMES McLAUCHLAN.

VOL. VIII.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., DECEMBER 15, 1855.

NO. 16.

Poetry of the War.

THE WIDOWED SWORD.

They have sent me the sword that my brave boy wore,
On the field of his young renown—
On the last red field, where his faith was sealed,
And the sun of his days went down.
Away with tears
That are blinding me so;
There is joy in his years,
Though his young head be low;
And I'll gaze with solemn delight, evermore,
On the sword that my brave boy wore.

'Twas for freedom and home that I gave him away,
Like the sons of his race of old;
And though, aged and gray, I am childless this day—
He is dearer a thousand fold.

There's a glory above him
To hallow his name—
A land that will love him
Who died for its fame;

And a solace will shine, when my old heart is sore,
Round the sword that my brave boy wore.

All so noble, so true—how they stood, how they fell,
In the battle, the plague, and the cold;
Oh, as bravely and well, as e'er story could tell
Of the heroes of the heroes of old.

Like a sword through the foe
Was that fearful attack,
That so bright ere the blow
Comes so bloodily back;

And, foremost among them, his colours he bore—
And here is the sword that my brave boy wore.

It was kind of his comrades, ye know not how kind,
It is more than the Indies to me;
Ye know not how kind and how steadfast of mind
The soldier to sorrow can be.

They knew well how lonely—
How grievously wrong,
Is the heart that its only
Love loses so young;

And they closed his dark eyes when the battle was o'er
And sent his old father the sword that he wore.

English and Foreign.

AFFAIRS IN INDIA.—The last intelligence from India cannot be properly called either serious or alarming, but nevertheless contains matter which may reasonably give cause for disquiet and uneasiness. A wild and fanatical spirit is abroad, so much the more formidable as it disclaims the fears and despises the interests by which the masses of mankind are governed and swayed. The force and sanguinary spirit of Islamism is aroused anew, and threatens, unless curbed by a strong hand and a resolute will, to add the scourge of civil war to the horrors of private assassination. What may be the cause which has led to so many simultaneous outbreaks and outrages in so many distinct quarters we do not know, though we may partly guess that they are the reverberations of the vast conflict that is going on on the shores of the Black Sea. On the Malabar coast Mr. Conolly, a servant of the East India Company of great merit and distinction, has been slaughtered in his own verandah by the hands of a body of fanatical Moplahs, who in their savage fury inflicted upon their victim no less than 27 wounds. These fanatics hold the dreadful creed that to perish by the hands of the infidel is the sure road to heaven, and accomplished their object by fighting desperately till they were all slain by the Highland regiment sent in pursuit of them. The extermination of the murderers has destroyed all clue to the causes of the crime, and it must remain forever in doubt whether it was stimulated by certain severe measures which Mr. Conolly thought it his duty to adopt against the sect, or whether it was part of a

concerted scheme, of which symptoms appeared in other parts of India, for rousing the whole Mahomedan population to arms.

In the territories of the Nizam we have the usual account of the Rohilla mercenaries, who rob in their own name when not authorised to levy tribute in that of the government, and of a spirited engagement, in which they were defeated and put to flight by Captain Doric. But we have also what is of far more serious import—a murderous attack by some troopers of his own cavalry on Brigadier Colin Mackenzie, occasioned, as it would seem, by some disrespect shown by him to the procession of the Mohurrum. It is hoped the Brigadier will recover, but the fanatical fury that such a trifle could excite is a circumstance too significant to be passed over without observation.

In Oude the Asiatic world is giving a singular proof of its gradual approximation to European forms and methods, even while it is seeking objects the most entirely opposed to our belief and our civilization. Fanaticism does not now content herself with raving from the pulpit or storming in the bazaar; she has called in the arts of the West to her aid, and seeks to stir up the dormant spirit of Islamism by the agency of the press. For the first time, so far as we are aware at least, in the monotonous annals of the unchanging East, a pamphlet has been circulated by the advocates of a particular class of opinions. This circumstance has in itself something gratifying, for it implies an involuntary homage to the practice of more enlightened nations, and the introduction into Asia of a new power, destined in its full expansion to be fatal alike to bigotry and tyranny; but in the meantime the title of the work, *The Sword is the Key of Heaven and Hell*, is not very reassuring to the tranquillity of India.—In Oude, indeed, all things seem ripe for the outbreak of a religious war, and long years of tyranny rapine, and murder have unsettled the minds of men; there is the *concusso fides* and the *multis utile bellum* of the poet. At the head of the Mahomedan party stands the King, as fanatical as he is said to be cruel and profligate, and the Hindoos confront him with equal resolution. There is a story of some new descendant of the Prophet having appeared; the time is deemed ripe for the employment of that sword which every true Moslem believes opens Heaven to the faithful who fall in wielding it, and, singularly enough, as if to show that the Hindoos can also have their fanaticism, amid all these symptoms of Mahomedan bigotry, we have likewise the rebellion of the Santals, which cannot be extinguished until the approach of the cold weather shall have made the jungle which shelters the insurgents practicable for European troops.

Such, with the usual amount of fighting on the north-west frontier, is the bloody chronicle of a single fortnight of the Anglo-Indian empire. Some of these coincidences may be fortuitous, and only to be traced to those peccant humours which occasionally find vent in violence in all semi-civilized societies. But there is one observation that must forcibly strike every one. The seeds of these disorders, the fountains from which these waters of bitterness flow, the *foci* from which these conflagrations are ever ready to take their rise, are the two quasi independent kingdoms of Hyderabad and Oude. In the very heart of our dominions we suffer the Nizam to entertain a band of Arab and Rohilla mercenaries, cruel, rapacious, and fanatical, lending to their Sovereign, at exorbitant usury, the money they extort from his people, and ever ready to become the instruments of collecting their interest by extorting yet more in the name of their Sovereign. Nothing can be imagined more dangerous than the existence in the very heart of our dominions of this band of lawless and reckless adventurers, fearing and hating us, but ready to shed

the last drop of their blood rather than surrender the booty they have collected, or the unlimited privilege they enjoy of extorting more. In Oude we have a Government steeped to the lips in profligacy, debauchery, cruelty, and avarice, plundering and murdering its subjects without mercy, and allowing them in return to plunder and murder each other—a barber for a Prime Minister, a fiddler for a Chief Justice, a revenue collected at the cannon's mouth, a Court alternately diverted by cruel sports or by orgies at which Nero or Heliogabalus might blush, by bloody executions, and by dangerous fanaticism. This is the State that we tolerate on the very frontier of the peaceful province of Bengal, and within a few days—soon to be diminished to a few hours—journey from Calcutta. Why do we permit this fire to burn unslaked amid so many combustible materials? A man who smokes his pipe in a powder magazine is prudent in comparison. Why do we allow in the north a State where Islamism may preach her fierce doctrine of extermination with impunity, and in the south a kingdom where thousands of greedy adventurers are ready at the first opportunity to plunge us into the horrors of internal war? Why do we suffer our Indian exchequer to be bankrupt, our expenditure for public works to languish, and our own subjects to be ground down by excessive taxation, in order to retain on their tottering thrones profligate tyrants whose destruction at the hands of their own infuriated subjects is only averted by the weight of our power and the intervention of our authority? We know not, unless it be that in the House of Commons may be found some half-a-dozen gentlemen with a taste for fallen Indian royalty, in deference to whose sentimental predilections the East India Company shrinks from assuming those powers over the whole of India which are absolutely necessary, if she would in any degree satisfy the duty she has already accepted.—*London Times*.

OPERATIONS OF THE WHITE SEA SQUADRON.—The steam corvette Ariel, Commander John P. Luce, which arrived at Plymouth on the 29th ult., from the White Sea, left Deal on the 10th of May, entered the White Sea on the 5th June, arrived at Cross Island on the 6th, and, in company with the French and English squadrons proclaimed Archangel in a state of blockade on the 8th. On the 28th September, when returning, all the ships were at Cross Island, and proceeded therefrom to the Ukandsi Isles, at the entrance of the White Sea. Here they lay during very heavy storms of snow, accompanied severe cold, the thermometer falling to 22 degrees below freezing point. Both squadrons left on the 9th inst. The Ariel anchored off Lowestoft on the 20th, and in the Downs on the 22d; she left on the 24th, was off Portsmouth in the heavy gale on Sunday morning, and arrived in Plymouth Sound on Monday. The Ariel has been industriously occupied all the summer in conveying mails and going up the various creeks and harbours of the White Sea. Between the 29th of June and the 2nd of July her boats went up the Mesou River and destroyed vessels amounting to about 300 tons. On the 11th of July she proceeded to the Gulf of Omega to relieve the Phoenix, which was anchored close to the monastery. Here a small boat was sent with a flag of truce to purchase provisions at the village of Lianitsi. The Russians soldiers requested her to approach, and then fired into her. For this treacherous conduct a few shots and rockets were fired at the village. On the 14th she anchored at the Island of Kio, where there is a monastery and small custom house. The inhabitants of this island are not numerous, but it is important as a depot for timber brought down the river. On shore there were eight immense stores, full of cut planks stacked ready for shipment, and worth £8000 to £10,000; and afloat there were seven schooners

from 90 to 100 tons each, employed in the trade.—All were left untouched, according to orders from the English and French Governments, very much to the mortification of the officers and crew, especially as several empty colliers had to be ballasted to get back to England. On the 18th of July the Ariel anchored close to the village of Kandalak, which was spared by Captain Ommancy last season in consequence of the civility of the inhabitants. The Ariel sent two boats to get provisions, but they were fired at. Some shot and shell were returned and three armed boats under the command of Lieutenant A. N. Wright, commanded by Lieutenant Kerby, sent in. They however, took the ground and three seamen being wounded were sent back to the ship. The sailors then landed and fired the place, taking some plunder amongst which were several military account books, showing that great punctuality is observed in this department, notwithstanding Kandalak is so remote. Owing to some oversight at home, although the White Sea squadron did not leave home until the 18th of May it was discovered on the 25th July, only 46 days after, that the ships were not supplied with bread sufficient to last the season, and the men were for a time past on two thirds allowance.

RUSSIAN APPEAL TO TURKEY.—The Russians have caused a number of copies of a proclamation to be struck off in the Turkish language, and distributed in the neighborhood of Eupatoria. Russia laments, in this document, the circumstance that the Porte has thrown himself into the hands of the allies, especially as the Czar was always prompted by the most honourable intentions towards the Turkish Empire. The allies it is said, will never again leave the city of Constantinople, whose only hope of independence consists in the re-establishment of the friendly relations formerly subsisting between Russia and the Turkish Empire. This proclamation was first put into the hands of Rifast Pasha, who carried as will be remembered, the congratulations of the Sultan to the generals of the allied armies.

THE FRENCH GRAPE CROP.—A letter from Bordeaux says:—The vintage of red wines is terminated. In all the arrondissement of Blaye only between 5000 and 6000 casks have been obtained, instead of from 25,000 to 30,000, the yield of an ordinary year; and at St. Macaire, only 1200 casks, instead of between 5000 and 6000. At Ambe and Montferand several owners of from 50 to 100 casks each have not made any vintage at all, owing to the small quantity of fruit. On the whole, the yield of 1855 will only be a fifth of an ordinary crop.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.—The *Morning Post* says that, disagreeable as is the aspect of the question recently raised between the United States and England, France, and Spain, with respect to Hayti and Cuba, another cause of misunderstanding has also occurred between the United States and England of infinitely more gravity and importance.—The *Post* then refers to the complication arising from the alleged acts of Mr. Crampton, Sir E. Head, and Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, in violation of the municipal law of the United States, as regards foreign enlistment: The *Post* says the English instructions as to enlistment were framed most carefully and scrupulously to avoid any violation of the law, and the sensitiveness of the American Government on this point appears remarkable, when their repeated and flagrant violation of law in Texas, Mexico, and Cuba are borne in mind.—As regards Hayti and Cuba, the *Post* is inclined to think that Uncle Jonathan, with all his bluster, is far too wise seriously to embroil himself with the two greatest maritime powers in the world, merely to bolster up a really unpopular and falling administration, whose wish is to pander to the most vi-