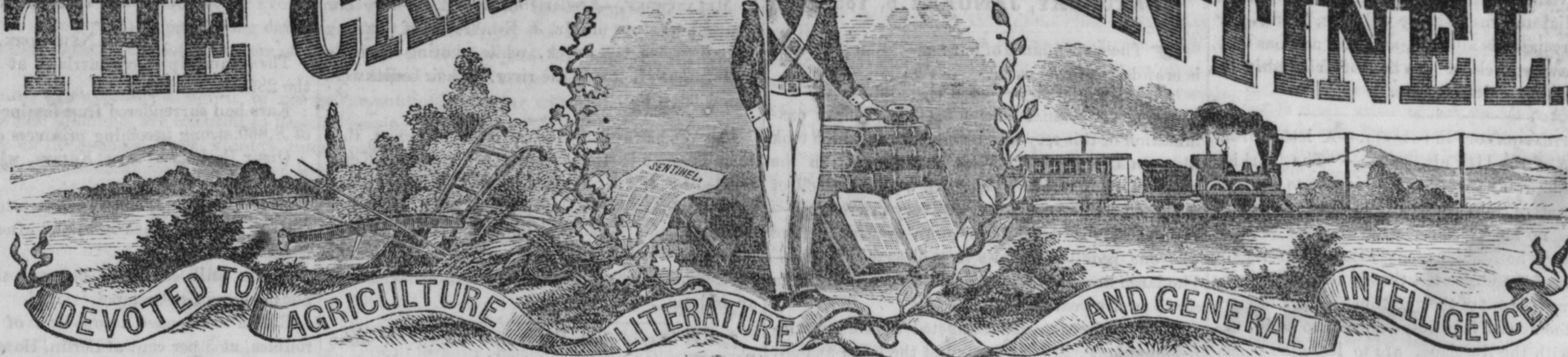


# THE CARLETON SENTINEL.



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"OUR QUEEN AND CONSTITUTION."

[By JAMES McLAUCHLAN.

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## THE CARRIER-BOYS' ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE CARLETON SENTINEL, JANUARY 1, 1855.

I had a dream last night, 'twas wondrous strange,  
It seemed my pockets did o'erflow with change;  
Now my kind patrons it remains for you,  
To make my last night's dream to-night come true.

My generous patrons of the press,  
I feel some fears, I must confess,  
Now I set out to ride,  
To high Parnassus; for you see,  
This is the first attempt for me,  
Old Pegasus to guide.  
And he perhaps may tricky prove,  
And but by fits and starts may move,  
And make my poesy dry;  
But if so 'tis, this much I say,  
I'll break him, and next New-year's day,  
"Two Forty II" he our cry.  
And first to all—sincere, I pay  
My best respects, this New-years day;  
And may it happy prove;  
May care and sorrow far be driven,  
And every happy home seem heaven—  
A heav'n of joy and love.  
Or Rich, or Poor, may all enjoy,  
One day, at least, without alloy.  
Spent at sweet friendship's shrine;  
And may contentment cheer the board,  
Whether it "Stalled Ox" afford,  
Or Buckwheat Pancakes "Shine."

Down Time's dark stream, another year  
Has swept, and o'er its lonely bier  
Now Hope and Memory bend,  
And mark the Cypress and the Rue,  
The Orange Blossom and Lilly too,  
In strange conjunction blend.

Now turn we to the old lov'd Father land,  
Land of the good, the pride in every zone,  
Land touched by Freedom's all inspiring wand,  
Land where religion, justice, find a home.

When 'gan the year, not few there were who said,  
Old England's glory's gone, her prestige dead;  
Oppression's victims now invoke in vain,  
Her aid to rescue from the oppressor's chain.  
They said, sarcastic, and with bitter sneer,  
Where now the Lion's power; the Russian bear  
Grows proud defiance at the Allied brood,  
And bathes his soil with their richest blood.  
Back those base thoughts, old '55 has rolled,  
In lasting facts another tale has told—  
Told the puissance of old Albion's might,  
Her sons, still first in peace, still first in fight;  
Added new glory to her old renown,  
And gained fresh trophies to her throne and crown;  
Made the fierce Condor of the North turn pale,  
His talon's broken, and his powers fail.  
As Freedom's star rose conquering in the van,  
On Balaclava, Alma, Inkerman;  
And those but preludes to the greater blow,  
When Malakoff and Redan were laid low.  
Then burst the rapturous chorus, wild and full—  
Then rush'd the victors on Sebastopol;  
Made the dark minions of the despot reel  
Before the flashing of a freeman's steel.  
Down from each Turret, Tower, and flag-staff height,  
Tore the fierce vulture from its towering flight,  
And gave—a source of joy to all mankind—  
Crescent, Red Cross, and Lillies to the wind.

Now a cheer for merry England,  
For England's happy Queen,  
For Albert, France—our Allies true,  
Napoleon and Eugene.  
Long may our Land in glory be,  
The first as she has been,  
And once again, with all our heart,  
God bless our Land and Queen.

A cheer for her whose name is now  
A house-hold word with all;  
Around whose name, and on whose brow,  
Immortal praises fall,  
See woman, angel, blessing move,  
Mid scenes that turn men pale,  
We speak, we think, with fervent love,  
Of Florence Nightingale.

Now to our own our blue-nose home,  
We turn with joy where'er we roam,  
And with its colds and snows still bless,  
This offspring of the wilderness,  
Which to our hearts presents more charms,  
Than countries of a sunnier clime,  
For health here rests free from alarms,  
That lurk to mar their joys sublime,  
God bless our land—the broad and free—  
Where plenty waits on industry.  
And here, where peace and plenty twine,  
May knowledge spread her light divine—  
Then o'er the earth no land may prove,  
More lovely than the land we love.  
We have no Railroad yet 'tis true,  
As we had hoped, our country through,  
Though we've had many protestations,  
And turning-sods, and demonstrations,  
And in the papers 'twas paraded,  
That twenty miles or so was gradod,  
And thousands spent. And then a row  
'Twixt classes A. and B. you know,  
And Blue-nose stockers didn't bleed,  
As freely as they ought, indeed;  
We'll let it pass, I would be civil,  
But it perplexes me the d—l.  
But now sweet hope once more illumines  
The darkness of our Railway glooms.  
The Government—a true blue band—  
Have got to work with heart and hand,  
And Premier Fisher have sent o'er the sea,  
To fix the matter up. I'm wedded  
To the belief that he'll successful be,  
For 'tis a fact that Fisher is long-headed.

Here in the Village we have little news.  
We used to be fast people; but for pelf,  
Morality, philanthropy, and science too,  
Have been cast out or laid upon the shelf.  
Temperance has not a friend (although the law  
They long have sought for goes in force to-day)  
To raise a warning voice, a helping hand,  
Or act, the dark, dank stream of vice to stay.  
We had an Institute (we have the remnant still  
Of the more building) that did once impart  
Much information; but, alas! alas!  
Pocket or passion now, not head nor heart.

The Iron Works have prospered well,  
Though now they rest them for a spell.  
Next year we hope our verse will shine,  
With the working of a Copper Mine,  
Which Mr. Stevens—gratitude unto him— [him  
Has Brought to light, may he reap all that's due

We ought to give a verse or two,  
To our good Yankee neighbors, who  
Are like, or would like, us to station,  
As part of their great all-creation.—  
They do deserve great praise and glory,  
And a conspicuous place in story.  
If they'd give up the brag and letter,  
Grow less large, and more better.  
If they don't, we fear 'twill be  
With them like the frog in history,  
Who being much given to imitation,  
Tried to swell to an Ox, and burst to tarnation!

My friends, farewell, and may the year  
Of '56 rich blessings bear;  
For you and all mankind.  
You'll find me faithful still to tell  
The news; and may the *Sentinel*  
A welcome ever find.

RUSSIA.—A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 19th of November, contains the following:—"There reigns at court here a dead silence, and the Emperor is reputed to be extremely discouraged. It cannot be explained why, a few days ago, the Minister of War, Dolgoroukoff summoned by telegraph left for Moscow, accompanied by his secretary and the director of roads, Tschettkine. The reports were that it was intended to fortify Moscow. That suffices to show how alarmed are the minds here.—Never was peace more desired, or were its necessities more fully exposed to the eyes of the Czar than in his late journey to the south. Whenever deputations from the different provinces were allowed to approach him, their language was constantly pacific. At Moscow the nobility, while protesting their profound devotedness, have drawn up with the commercial classes a report which displays the ruin of Russian commerce and industry. At Twer

a town which promises to rival Moscow as the centre of industry, an incident was communicated to His Majesty which must have caused him to reflect. One of the greatest cotton thread manufactories of Twer, worked by Messrs Kaulino and Salaguino, in 1853, employed 44,000 spindles and 1,400 workmen. Since the war it has not worked above 11,000 spindles, and has produced instead of 360 pound (7,200 kilos.) the 24 hours, only 85 pounds. This is a signal instance of the disastrous influence of the war, as also of the efforts made by Russia to become an industrial power. I will not speak to you of other manufactures of Twer, such as Messrs Meyer & Co. Twer appeared destined to become the Lyons or Birmingham of Russia. Enormous establishments had been erected for raising silkworms, but to day all are shut, and industry has vanished."

EMANUEL II., KING OF SARDINIA.—The steamer "Baltic" brought us the intelligence that the young sovereign of the small but flourishing kingdom of Sardinia was on a visit to England, and that he had met with a flattering reception at the hands of all classes. As he now occupies a prominent position from his alliance with the two great powers of Western Europe, and as the energy and rectitude of his character give him a claim upon our sympathies, the following biographical sketch, from the French journal *Le Pays*, will be read with interest:—

Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia, of Cyprus, and of Jerusalem. (such are his titles,) was born March 14th, 1820. He is the son of King Charles Albert, and of Maria Theresa of Tuscany, Arch Duches of Austria. He received the title of the Duke of Savoy, which he bore until his elevation to the throne, and to which he added a new ray of military glory. His august father determined that his education as well as that of his brother, the Duke of Genoa should from an early age, be entirely military. He therefore confided its direction to the Chevalier Cesar de Soluces, who joined to one of the first names in the country, a character of antique virtue. This worthy tutor took care to surround the young princes with the most skilful professors, and with men capable of inspiring them with the taste for great things.—From the most tender age they were prepared for the life of the camp, and they were early inured to the privations which it imposes. Such was the formal will of the king, who perhaps, already saw the moment approaching when he would need the swords of his sons. They well justified, afterwards, their father's hopes.

At the age of 22, the Duke of Savoy espoused Maria Adelaide, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of the Archduke Regier, Viceroy of Italy, and of Maria Elizabeth of Savoy, Carignan, sister of the King, Charles Albert. It will be seen that the ties of near relationship already united him with this princess whose rare beauty and the ineffable grace that overspread her whole person struck with admiration all who beheld her; while the angelic sweetness of her character, made as long as she lived the happiness of her royal husband and of her family—a happiness alas! too short, and which a premature death but recently transformed into mourning and tears.

When the King Charles Albert declared war against Austria, and entered Lombardy, the Duke of Savoy had command of the division of reserve.—This corps was not merely destined, as its name would seem to indicate, to serve as a point of support, or as an auxiliary in case victory should remain undecided. The Sardinian army was too small thus to leave inactive a part of its forces, and the division of reserve was destined to take as

active a part as any other in the operations of the campaign. The Duke of Savoy had, therefore many opportunities of displaying his talent as a general, and his valor as a soldier.

At the battle of Goiter, May 30, 1848, it was he who decided the victory. He commanded the right wing. Vigorously attacked by the enemy it was beginning to yield. The Duke of Savoy comprehended that without one energetic effort all was lost. He rushed to the front of the regiment of the Guard, and exclaiming, "Follow me Guards! to preserve the honor of the House of Savoy?" and led it to the point which was most threatened. He rode through the ranks amidst the cross fires of the two armies, electrified soldiers by the example of his bravery, and rendered them invincible. Although wounded by a shot in the thigh, he remained firmly at his post until the end of the combat.—At the moment that he received this wound, he turned to his aid-de-camps and said to them, laughingly; "The Duke of Genoa would be glad of such a wound." Words dictated by a sentiment of generous emulation between the brothers; who however, loved each other tenderly, and acquired, each, sufficient glory to have no cause for envying that of the other.

We will not follow the Duke of Savoy upon the other battle fields which were witnesses to his valor. To do so would require that we should give the entire history of that campaign.

During the interval which elapsed between the armistice of Novare (Aug. 8, 1848) and the recommencement of hostilities, (March 15, 1849,) the Duke of Savoy held himself rigorously aloof from the party dissensions which agitated Piedmont, and devoted himself exclusively to his military functions. During the campaign of 1849, he was again charged with the command of the reserve. He fought valiantly at Mortava and Novare, exposing freely as he had always done, his own person.—The issue of this campaign is known to every one. After the battle of Novare, King Charles abdicated his crown, and retired to Oporto, in Portugal, and expired a few months after, worn out by long fatigues, and overwhelmed with the weight of his sorrows. The Duke of Savoy succeeded him, with the title of Emmanuel II. He ascended the throne under the most gloomy circumstances. Yet he was not discouraged, and bravely made head against the storm. By quelling the insurrection of Genoa, he insured the internal tranquility of his kingdom, while on the other hand he labored to conclude an honorable peace with Austria. Aided by the President of his Council, the Chevalier Maxime d'Azeglio, one of the most distinguished men in Italy, his efforts were crowned with success.

Having accomplished this difficult task, the King and his government were enabled to devote themselves to the reorganization of the different branches of public administration. The army was remodelled under the intelligent direction of General Alphonse de Marmora, who now commands the Sardinian corps in the Crimea. The country was rapidly covered with a network of railroads, and finally a fresh impulse was given to industry and commerce.

All Europe was moved with sympathy at the severe afflictions which in the beginning of the present year fell in rapid succession upon the royal family of Sardinia, and which wrung the heart of the King. Never was a sovereign so cruelly stricken in his dearest affections. Victor Emmanuel saw, in the space of a few weeks his mother, his only brother and two of his sons torn from him.—The sorrows of the court were sincerely shared by the whole country, and still dwell in every heart, so many and deep were the regrets which the two Queens and the Duke of Genoa left behind them. The King of Sardinia was the first sovereign who