

## Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of Correspondents, unless editorially endorsed.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

MR. EDITOR.—The following lines were hastily written on hearing of the fall of Sebastopol. If you think them worthy a place in your columns they are at your disposal.

LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING THAT SEBASTOPOL WAS TAKEN BY THE ALLIES.

Had I the powers of Homer great,  
Or could I wield the poet's pen,  
Bold deeds of heroes I'd relate,  
As e'er were done by valiant men;  
But pen or pencil can't portray,  
Nor tongue relate the praise in full,  
Of those great heroes on that day,  
Who boldly storm'd Sebastopol.

In freedom's cause those worthies fought,  
In that same cause great numbers fell;  
And warrior's fame they nobly bought,  
As future story long will tell.  
Dire hardships sore they did endure,  
Which those who saw will ne'er forget,  
But valiant blood in them was pure—  
They suffered all without regret.

Great Britain's banners floated high,  
And Gaul's as splendid flutter'd near,  
"Death or victory" was the cry,  
But not a symptom there of fear;  
With dauntless hearts they onward rush,  
While thousands shout their country's name,  
Each striving first to mount the breach—  
All seeking for immortal fame.

The thund'ring cannon boom'd from far,  
And dealt destruction on the foe,  
And missiles then but new in war,  
Full many a Russian there laid low;  
The boldest soldier fled his gun,  
For who could stand that awful storm?  
Death meeting them on every spot,  
In ev'ry shape and dreadful form.

Here shatter'd legs and broken arms,  
There scatter'd skulls and sever'd frames,  
Here piercing cries and dying groans,  
There agonizing frenzied screams;  
The falling towers from on high,  
The houses cracking all in flames,  
With magazines blown to the sky,  
And belching fire in dreadful streams.

"They run! they run!" the generals cry,  
Come now my heroes scale the wall,  
The steel's the weapon you must try,  
You have no time to use the ball;  
Think of your countries—of your homes,  
And think of glory still more dear,  
The hour you wish'd for long has come  
And victory now to you is near.

Britannia's sons of courage true,  
In solid phalanx onward press'd  
With fearless step their way pursue,  
To meet the foeman breast to breast;  
With firm resolve "to do or die"—  
To gain the height or nobly fall,  
Each with his comrade then did vie,  
Who first should mount the tottering wall.

And Scotia's troops—their country's pride,  
Did quick advance with courage bold,  
Whose sires in battles oft were tried,  
And gain'd renown in days of old;  
They vow'd they'd shed their dearest blood,  
Or drive the Russians from the town,  
As Bruce and Wallace often stood,  
They'd die or conquer on that ground.

And Erin's boys with many a shout,  
Dash'd madly through the dreadful throng,  
Like tigers from their dens rushed out,  
With looks as fierce—with hearts as strong  
"Glory or death" aloud they cry  
"Now is the hour—the wish'd-for day,  
Five thousand Moscovs here must die,  
O! Erin go Bragh, we'll clear the way."

The gallant French for valour famed,  
Cry "vive l'Empire!" onward stretch,  
Fresh laurels in that hour they gain'd,  
When facing that most powerful breach;  
Full many a charge that day they stood,  
And many a deed of valour done,  
Cover'd with glory and with blood,  
Hurrah brave boys the town is won.  
Richmond, 29th Sept. 1855.

To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel:

"Another Dodge, and we'll keep a dodging!"  
"Hold on to the Maine Law."

SIR.—"Truth is stronger than fiction." Your contemporary exemplifies the force of this true observation, by his devoting nearly three whole columns of his paper last week to ward off the effect of the truthful deductions poor "Tobias" drew from his artful and plausible appeal to the Rate Payers of the County to elect men of the "independent," alias Church Party to represent them for the next year in the Municipal Council of Carleton; and the reason was so obvious that "Tobias" deemed it his duty to put his fellow-

voters on their watch, and caution them against falling into the snare that the clique fancied they had so artfully laid. People of Carleton "Tobias" belongs to yourselves. He wishes to see you take the initiatory in your own affairs—to be subject to no party—to put the last finishing stroke to the work so well begun, and rend asunder for ever the shackles by which a dominant party has long kept you subject to its beck and nod, under the specious pretence of "Church and State,"—or in other words, "Ourselves and our pockets." What an infinite disgust the *Journal* organs feel for the people! How little community of feeling subsists between the self inflated notions of aristocratic importance, and those over whom they would lord their usual arbitrary power! Read how they exult in "the pains which we took to draw the portrait of the contemptible class to which he ("Tobias") belongs." "That contemptible class," men of Carleton, is yourselves. "Tobias" belongs to no other. He has no interests apart from yours; and it remains for yourselves to rise up in your strength and assure the dominant clique of Woodstock, (there are but few elsewhere just now in the County) that "contemptible" as you may appear in their eyes, yet you have sufficient intelligence and sufficient self-respect to protect your own interests.

The *Journal* says that he will not further notice "Tobias." So let it be. "Tobias" will drop him after he has a little chat with you, you see these *Journal* folks have high notions. Just look at the Editorial of last week. No less than Lord Montague called in to assist in defaming one of your Representatives. Ah! you recollect what the good book records of a certain man sitting at the gate. The *Journal* has laid down a text which consists of four dodges, and feels much alarmed lest the people throughout the various Parishes in this County should be deceived. This is certainly very pious indeed—quite meek. The plain truth is that there is a small knot in this County who have at all times and on all occasions fought against the power being handed over to the people to control their own local affairs. There are some among us who would carry matters to the extreme, such for instance as Red Head, and his cousins who will tell you that the affairs of this Province would be better managed by a Governor and Council than by what they call, the rabble as sent to the present Legislature. To such "Tobias" has to say that the people are waking up and he is glad of it. We have no man who has done so much to open the eyes of the people of this County in reference to the tricks of the "Old School," as Mr. Connell, and to him the people of Carleton are indebted for the exertions he made to secure them in the management of their County and Parish matters.

The *Journal* has a peculiar habit of visiting the silent grave. The spirits of the dead must be invoked to suit their purposes. "Tobias" will not be much surprised to hear that they have called forth the Witch of Endor, and then he expects to have a chapter on table rapping of the tallest kind. Even the election of Mr. Connell in the Spring of 1853 is alluded to, when in spite of the power and influence of the government office-holders, and all the funds they could procure besides, he was returned triumphantly, as was the case on three former occasions. Such is their appreciation of his services by the freeholders of this County, that they have elected him four times at the head of the poll. This I think, should be gratifying to that gentleman and his friends, and satisfactory to the *Journal* that he is the people's choice.

Judge Beardsley was justly and highly esteemed by the freeholders of this County; but his best friends were dissatisfied with him that he should permit a clique of those who, on all former occasions, had opposed him, to use his name for the purpose they intended. The freeholders were alarmed at the dodge, hence the reason that they called upon Mr. Connell to come down from the Legislative Council and again represent them. I think there must be some mistake about dates in the *Journal*. It was not at the rejection of "Joe" that those who were not for progress got their eyes opened a little. I have a kind of recollection of the time which was when *Red Bill* undertook to elect *Harry*. The freeholders then showed the old school their opinion of them. It was a hint that has lasted ever since. They made another dodge with a Sheriff as a tool. They are quite welcome to the success of this last dodge.

Great hopes are entertained for the next election. The Ballot! oh yes! the ballot! The late Municipal election ought I think to satisfy them on that point. Mr. Connell, I believe, was among the first who publicly avowed the principle of the vote by Ballot, extension of the Franchise to Rate Payers, and direct taxation for the support of education. It is at him this cabal is hinting. I think

that they need not give themselves any trouble. It will be quite time enough to look about these things when they come. I know his friends give themselves no uneasiness on that score. He has always avowed his willingness to leave such matters with the people, and I am quite certain that if he continues his present course the people will not deceive him. As for the Leger influence the people know they have no cause for fear. The clique need not talk so much about Leger influence, they have neither the energy nor industry to have a Leger. The greatest trouble with such people is to keep them off the Leger, and when some of them get there how much do they try to get off it? Aye, that's the talk!

I reiterate the statement made in my last communication that the offices of emolument are held by the Church party. Let the *Journal* publish the names and then we shall see.

"Tobias" presents his compliments to Harry, and requests his opinion whether "to use craft; to shift place; to play fast and loose;" be a correct definition of Dodge, as he recognizes no higher authority than that gentleman in matters of that kind, who understands the game of playing fast and loose in all its variations, and has practised it more effectually than any other man in this country.

It is amusing to observe the Dodge to throw the onus of writing upon Mr. Melville when the public hold him guiltless of the matter. Another neat and ingenious Dodge is to deprecate dragging religious matter into the political arena. The term "independent" is used as a cloak to cover the real cognomen of "Church" party, and both are used synonymously wherever and whenever it is deemed most advisable, as one of the party can tell how this was done in Richmond at the last election for a Representative. This party has thrown down the gauntlet, but when their designs and the tendency of their sentiments are displayed they repudiate with virtuous indignation the idea of arraying sect against sect. Not a bad dodge, but it won't take.

TOBIAS.

## The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1855.

THE DEMONSTRATION.—The Demonstration is over. Wednesday the 3rd of October will long be remembered in the annals of Woodstock. As Paddy says, "It was a great day entirely." It was expected from the interest generally felt in the momentous struggle going on in the East that a large concourse of people would assemble to participate in celebrating the downfall of Sebastopol; and notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather expectation was more than realized. The quaint Scotch invitation—"Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' the gither," seemed to meet with a general response, as we do not remember ever seeing a larger concourse of people in Woodstock at a public celebration. It is estimated that upwards of 2,000 persons were present. We did not discover such a good attendance of the fairer sex as usual, owing to the rainy day, but the "lords of creation" were present in abundance.

The day was ushered in by salvos of artillery and ringing of Bells. The Calathumpians, clothed in the grotesque costume of their order attracted attention by their antic gestures. Their Commander delivered a very spirited address before they separated.

The Procession was formed by A. K. Smedes Wetmore, Esqr., acting as Marshal, who discharged the functions of his office in a manner that afforded general satisfaction, and reflected much credit upon himself. The Dragoons, mounted neatly all upon grey horses, and dressed in good taste, led the van. The TRIUMPHAL CAR followed. We cannot do anything like justice to the tasteful manner in which it was decorated. There were to be seen the banners of England, France, Turkey and Sardinia. The Turkish Fez and Crescent, and the French Eagle occupied a prominent place. A flag with the Initials of the reigning sovereigns of those countries proudly floated to the breeze. Representations of several of the implements of war now in use in those countries were seen in bristling array around the Car. We doubt if the neatness of design and happiness of execution has been exceeded in any procession throughout the Province. Next followed the Artillery and Rifles, after which came the Band, discoursing their choicest music.

Our space will not permit our giving the full Programme for the day. Suffice it to say that the different Trades and Callings were duly represented with suitable Banners. The Printer's craft was not forgotten. A "Press" from the Sen-

tinel Office was in operation, circulating the glad intelligence that Sebastopol had fallen. The "hands" of both offices were in attendance in honor of the day.

The Procession marched to Upper Woodstock, where, as at the Creek Village, splendid arches, decorated with flags and wreaths, were tastefully erected. The Lower Village was next visited, and the procession returned to the Creek, where, as at the Upper and Lower Villages, squares were formed—salutes were fired, and a suitable address, prepared for the occasion, was read by the Marshal, announcing the pleasing fact that a glorious victory had crowned the heroic efforts of the Allied army, and that the powerful stronghold of Russian aggression had fallen. Such is a brief summary of the proceedings of the day.

We could not but remark the spirit and energy that evidently pervaded the prominent actors of the day. The Dragoons made a most excellent appearance. The activity of the Artillery and Rifle Companies formed a subject of general remark. But few present ever belonged to those Companies before, and consequently had but little or no practice. Some of them, we understand, only joined that day, yet the firing of both was excellent. The Band although small in number afforded much satisfaction.

We have often regretted that the Dragoon, Artillery and Rifle Companies had almost become extinct. We would respectfully suggest to the Officers in command that if the impetus given by the late demonstration were promptly followed up we might soon see those companies in their former efficient state.

In the evening a general illumination and Bonfire took place.

There were four beautifully decorated Arches erected over the Bridge, on which were exceedingly well executed transparencies representing England France Turkey and Sardinia, surmounted by emblems of power peculiar to those countries. Transparencies in almost endless variety were seen in different parts of the town representing the scenes of the different battles of the Crimea, as well as the names of every General of note connected with the allied army. The night was very dark—one continual pour of rain—and the effect was really excellent.

At 8 o'clock the fire works were commenced, and worked admirably. Fears were entertained that the dampness of the atmosphere would prevent the display, yet nothing could pass off in a better manner. At 12 o'clock another salute of artillery was fired, and thus passed off the celebration of one of the most important events of modern times.

It is well to glance at the feeling that pervaded the community at large in reference to this event. The people seemed mov'd by one common impulse. No sectional interest whatever was indulged. Sectarian distinctions were merged in the desire to commemorate the mighty achievement. The various Committees worked harmoniously and with energy. We may be permitted to say, without giving offence, that Mr. Nash, of the Telegraph Office, was the moving spirit of the whole affair.—Flags, Banners, Mottoes—& these were to be found in great profusion—were in a great measure the offspring of his suggestions. His taste was rendered more conspicuous in the decoration of the Car as well as the perseverance displayed in carrying his plans into execution. The public are deeply indebted to him for the unwearied interest he has manifested throughout the whole affair.

Before the Procession left the Institute in the morning, an excellent address was delivered by E. J. Jacob Esqr. We called upon that gentleman requesting a copy for publication, with which he promised to furnish us. On the afternoon of Thursday we received a note from him in which he "regrets to have to say that I cannot find a copy of the Address I delivered yesterday." We mention the circumstance so that our readers may understand the matter, and the reason why we have not published it.

We regret that the Commander of the Calathumpians did not favour us with a copy of his address. We naturally expected that having published a notice gratuitously for a meeting of the Order, that courtesy, if nothing else, would prompt the propriety of rendering one good office for another.

We are requested to direct attention to a TEA MEETING to be held this afternoon at Northampton.—See Advertisement.

The Quartette Club purpose giving a Concert in the Hall of the Institute on next Wednesday evening. As this is their last Concert for the season, we advise all to attend and encourage "Native talent."—See Notice.