

THE CARLETON SENTINEL



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"Our Queen and Constitution."

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NO. 3.

Original Poetry.

THE DRUNKARD'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Arise! ye pimpled tipplers, rise!
From ale-house, bar, and tavern come,
With noses red and wat'ry eyes,
And shout aloud the praise of Rum.
Our god is stronger than their laws—
We'll yet overcome the Temperance cause.

When Bacchus from the purple vine
First drew the magic, madd'ning juice,
He called the sparkling drink divine,
And thus reserved it for his use;
But every blackguard now may sip
The cup once pressed to Bacchus' lip.

The Prohibitionists have tried,
By their accursed coercive laws,
Our rights to seize, our honor hide,
And thus destroy our glorious cause;
But now our jubilee is come,
When all may shout the praise of Rum.

We fought and gained the great repeal;
We chose the men of common sense,
Who in our cause displayed such zeal
As quickly carried their defence.
We care not who enacts our laws,
So they put down the Temperance cause.

Fill high the bowl with Yankee rum,
Our cause is bound to prosper yet;
For soon the happy day shall come
When Bacchus on his throne shall sit,
And through the world proclaim those laws
Which shall destroy the Temperance cause.

O, let the rum flow freely now,
And all partake the social glass,
And pledge the deep, the solemn vow,
To bring this great event to pass,—
To rule the world by equal laws,
And strike from earth the Temperance cause.

Fill high the bowl with Yankee rum,
Let drunkards multiply apace,
To blast the peace of many a home,
And desolate the human race;
Then hasten to the drunkard's grave,
In Letho their burning limbs to lave.

Let licence fees our treasuries fill,
Though they be called the price of blood;
Let ridicule come whence it will—
We yet maintain the cause is good.
While we've the power, we'll make such laws
As shall keep down the Temperance cause.

With livid brow and trembling hand,
We'll grasp the magic goblet still,
And when we can no longer stand,
We'll quaff its dregs;—then quaff and fill!
And never, till pale Death shall come,
Dash down that bowl of Yankee rum.

Woodstock, Sept. 2, 1856.

S. F. C.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Adieu! adieu! O, Erin dear,
Thy name some comfort doth impart!
It renovates me even here,
Where cheerless wilds depress the heart.
O! shall I never, nevermore,
Those scenes long past again renew,
With friends upon my native shore—
But chiefly with a chosen few.

Though the Atlantic severs me
From these enchanting, blissful scenes,
My spirit cannot shackled be,
Though boundless ocean intervenes.
Congenial souls will seem to meet—
High converse hold from either pole;
Though transient the delirium sweet,
Its influence cheers the drooping soul.

Though here the deserts that surround
Coeval with creation be,
Yet cultivated spots of ground
And mansions neat we often see;
And these emit a brighter gleam,
Contrasted with the desert drear,

As verdant spots more verdant seem
When they on scorching sands appear.

Shall I no more Fermanagh see,
Or tread Lough Erne's verdant shore,
Where Nature clothes each field and tree
With bright perennial verdure o'er?
No lovelier spot creation boasts
Than where its waters gently glide,
There art its efforts all exhausts,
Yet seems by nature far outwied.

With numerous isles diversified,
Unrivalled elsewhere on the earth,
And princely mansions on each side,
With inmates of illustrious birth;
The ancient tower, the modern spire,—
Contrasting olden times with new,—
The scene adorn—the bard inspire—
Arrest th' astonished stranger's view.

The boats here starting side by side,
Each vies with each, and eager tries
Which prow shall first the waves divide,
Contending for both fame and prize;
While numerous fowls the waters skim,
Of variegated plumage seen;
The youthful swains with ardour swim,
And fishes leaping waves between.

Ad, lovely lake, expatiate
Forever on th' exhaustless theme;
Thou new ideas dost create
Of beauty even with thy name.
When Enniskillen, Lougherstown,
And other places to them nigh,
My thoughts arrest, the tears adown
My cheeks distil from either eye.
O, Erin! must I say farewell,
A long, a last farewell to you!
In climes remote, O, must I dwell,
And bid you evermore, Adieu!

M. M.

General News.

The following, which we find in the last *New Brunswick*, forms a singular instance of injudicious selections, and we should not wonder if our contemporary would get a sound rating for the sharpness of his scissors:—

The Legislature of Bermuda was, on the 7th inst. prorogued by His Excellency, Mr. Freeman Murray, very unexpectedly and in a most extraordinary manner. His Excellency did not even make his appearance before the House at all; he prorogued them by posting up a proclamation to that effect along one of the principal streets. This step seems to have been taken on his own personal responsibility for ought that appears in the proclamation to the contrary. The cause of this proceeding is said to be dissatisfaction of the Executive with the decision of the House of Assembly upon a contested seat. To prevent a successful petitioning candidate from taking his seat, as he would have done, on the 8th, the House was prorogued on the 7th.—*Acadian Recorder*.

Now in the name of wonder what is the difference between posting a notice of *prorogation* along the walls, and dictating a notice of *dissolution* to an Executive Council? Indeed were it not that the act in both cases springs from the same cause—namely an assumption of unconstitutional power we should say that our own Governor as yet retains the honor of capping the climax. Mr. Murray prorogued an Assembly we suppose because they would not give some favorite of his a seat, and our miniature Sovereign dissolved a House, and dismissed a Council, because they would not, in order to satisfy a favorite impulse, instantly and servilely obey his dictation! Aye, the bills have been stuck on our provincial walls with a vengeance, and long will they remain to be read and condemned after the hand that has posted them shall have found other employment.

Our friend of the *New Brunswick* is also somewhat at sea on the Railway policy of the present government, although he is determined to preserve the consistency of his friends. He knows well that they again and again condemned the "ruinous plans" of their predecessors; and now, regardless of their having been driven by the internal current of interest, to pursue the Fisher Track to "ruin," or ignorant of the fact that they have adopted it to lengthen out their existence a few weeks longer, he says:—

"It was proposed by them (the Fisher Government) to construct a line from Fredericton to Woodstock. Nothing was said of its extension to Canada, or even to the head waters of the St. John, while the people were left in total ignorance as to whether it was to be continued to this City or not. From such a loose and ill-defined scheme the Province has been delivered, and their deliverance is to be attributed to His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, who has by his late act rescued the Country from the debt and difficulty into which the scheme of the late Government would have involved it."

Really our neighbor should get "posted up," before he condemns so unsparingly the "scheme of the late Government," inasmuch as it appears to be the scheme of the present one also. If they are in earnest, it only verifies their conviction of the truth which they formerly condemned: and if insincere they deserve our united contempt and pity. Under all the circumstances our contemporary has a delicate subject to deal with, and the less he touches it the better. It will not bear to be handled either in friendship or in enmity.—*Reporter*.

The great Comet of 1856 is announced as having been seen at 9 o'clock on the night of Sunday last, in the east, south eastern horizon. The discovery was made in Maple, Township of Vaughan, C. W.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The *Halifax Sun* of the 2nd inst says:—"It is understood that the New Brunswick Government have under consideration a measure for the extension of the Electoral Franchise, so as to make it Universal Suffrage."

We, in Nova Scotia, have had a trial of the system, and the result of our experience is, that it is defective, but only because of no provision being made for registering of voters, including the requirement that the voters' names shall have been recorded three months, at least, previously to nomination day.

It is true the proposed amendment in the present Law can be carried out only at some cost to the people, but, surely, where the alternative lies between the continuance of a mode of returning to Parliament our representatives—a mode undeniable open to the grossest perversion and abuse, and the triennial outlay of a few hundreds of pounds in money, there ought to be no hesitation as to the choice. We trust that Government will speedily bring to the consideration of this question that measure of grave consideration which its importance demands."

A CURIOUS STORY.—There is a story at present floating about, which illustrates the secret working of the Jesuits, if it be true, and illustrates the popular opinion entertained of them by foreigners, whether true or false. A Roman officer, Luigi Pianciani, who has been some years an exile, announced a work for publication, entitled "Recollections of the Court and Clergy of Rome," which, it was well understood, would not be of a very favorable character. In returning from the Island of Jersey to London, it happened that the trunk containing his MS. was stolen, as the author really believes by the Jesuits. The labour of years was supposed to

be lost, but the indefatigable author was not to be so daunted. From his miscellaneous notes and from his memory he has set about reconstructing the work, which is again ready for publication, and which the author this time entitles "Recollections of my work which was stolen by the Jesuits."—*London Paper*.

At a Grand Fete lately given by the people of Leamington, England, to General Windham, the "hero of the Redan," he modestly disclaimed his exclusive right to that honorable title, mentioning many, and among others our own brave Welsford of the 97th, as equally deserving of it. The General's miraculous escape on that memorable day, from all hurt, though in the midst of showers of shot and shell, is in the memory of all. He stated in his speech, that he received his orders at 3 o'clock the day before to be ready for what they all must have considered a "forlorn hope"—"arranged his affairs for this world, and as far as time would permit, those of the world to come,—went to bed, slept soundly, awoke cheerful and entered the Redan,"—but, he adds, "I should be a scurvy dirty fellow, if I were to take to myself all the credit you would give." There were 700 present at the banquet, including Dukes, Lords, &c.—*Halifax Journal*.

Nicaragua dates are to the 9th. Walker is said to be in a precarious condition. There had been many desertions from his army, in one case a whole company. Walker had revoked the exequator of the British consul at Leon. Another revolution had been put down in Costa Rica.

Col. Salazar had been convicted of treason to Walker's government and shot. Several natives had been shot in the same cause at Masaza. It is said that papers found on the person of Salazar, led to the dismissal of the British consul.

Letters from the Spanish capital assert that considerable coolness is observable between the French and English embassies.

COMPENSATION OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.—Congress has passed the bill making provision for a stated compensation of members instead of a *per diem*. The sum has been fixed at \$6000 for two sessions of each Congress—a very liberal amount for the members to vote themselves; but we are not sure that Uncle Sam will not make a profit by the operation, if the measure results, as is anticipated, in shortening the sessions of Congress and making members more attentive to business. We presume that the bill passed the Senate in the form in which it passed the House. If so, the book perquisites of members, which have been but another way of pilfering a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars each Congress, are cut off.

Referring to the affairs of Europe the *Illustrated London News* has the following:

"This country is rapidly drifting into a second rate position. Our ambassadors have no influence abroad. England is no longer the first to be feared—the first to be thought of—the first to be consulted in every emergency. The Emperor Napoleon is the master. What he thinks is earnestly inquired, and English diplomatists take their tone from that of France, and sedulously refrain from saying or doing (whatever they think) anything that can in the remotest degree awaken the jealous susceptibilities or offered the dignity of the all-potent Autocrat of the French. They 'crawl under his huge legs,' and treat him with such obsequious deference, that he may not unjustly flatter himself with the idea that he is a greater man than his illustrious uncle. England never placed herself in the humiliating position of acknowledging the superior might of the first Napoleon. Napoleon III. has achieved what his predecessor would have given his right hand to have accomplished. He has gained all the honours of the victory, and left us with nothing but the bill, the wounds, the losses, and the discredit."