The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprieter.

Our Queen and Constitution.

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While panting engines, cheerly scream,
And factory smoke stacks proudly gleam,
The fruits of enterprise
And, too, far better, o'er the land,
Learning and truth with liberal hand,
Their monuments upr[illegible]

I must not forget in my story to tell,
Of the very sad fate which our Woodstock befel,
When at deep hush of midnight, the fire-fiend
came,
And swept o'er the town with its besom of flame.
Nor yet how like Phœnix the new town arises,
Which for grandeur each good country cousin
surprises;
As pretentious it seems, as why had'nt it orter,
In structures of Granite of Brick, and of Mortar:
And I hope ere the year 61 on us closes,
We wont (like the Yankee) see the town for the
houses.

Over the sea, away we roam:
First to England, freedom's home.
See her still proudly, maintaining serene,
Though political earthquakes the nations may
shock,
Her position unmoved, of all nations the
Queen,
As firm as the cliffs of hcrown native rock.
The Frog eating Frenchman t'was said would come
over,
And seize the the fair Island from Land's End to
Dover;—
But a change soon came oe'r the bright dream of
Mounseers,
When John Bull call'd to muster his brave volunteers,—
When the spirit of Britain arose at the call,—
Responding from Hovel, and Palace, and Hall.

England—the world—is sad for genius gone,
Passed to the grave, within the parted year,
Two of her sons, in different spheres renowned,
Immortal, both, McCaulay and Napier.

In Europe strange events transpire,
And despots tremble on their thrones.
As Freedom lights her sign of fire,
And sounds the tocsin, for her sons.

Where shall it end? the despots chains,
At Garibaldi's magic cry—
For "God and Country," snap't in twain,
And freedom burst on Italy.

Onward shall roll the quick'ning flame,
And other States shall dare be free,—
And first to write her living name—
Upon the scroll, be Hungary!

From Syria's land, the land to Christians dear,—
In relics of the Saviour richly rife:—
Where born, where suffered, and where triumphd here
The meek and lowly, that all might have life;

There comes the sound of woe! for mutiny,—
Has armed her savage sons, and forth they fly,
To sack and torture, violate and kill;
With Hell inspired vengance, lust, and skill.

Pekin is captured, the Chinese are brought,
Again to acknowledge their prowess, and taught;
That out-side barbarians will be respected,
And wont have their treaty's and compacts neglected

I hope that Lord Elgin will force them to pay,
For their whistle, full dear, teaching them that
to dance,—
Is a rather expensive delight in its way,
When the music is furnished by England and
France.

Back from afar with heart opprest
My muse now turns me to the west,
To Uncle Sam's once fair dominion—
Now tottling,—such is the opinion.

Beneath a cloud, terrific, brewing,
That threatens it with sudden ruin.
What does it mean? An accident?
A mishap that man might prevent?
Or is it that the stifled cry,
Of Afric's sons has pierced the sky?
That vengeance from the Lord descends,
To thwart the oppressors guilty ends,
And circumvent the brutal plan,
That chains and tasks our fellow man?
Shall fiery South—determin'd North,
Send their embatteled legions forth,
To meet in sanguinary strife,
And Brother seek his Brothers life?
Shall civil war's destructive tide,
Roll o'er the land? Kind Heaven guide—
Such fearful straits from falling on,
The beautous land of Washington.
Let Freedom universal reign,—
The slave be free—knock off his chain,
Let truth and justice still expand—
Their reign! but spare oh spare the land—
From the impending crisis. Now
With your consent, I'll make my bow;
Wish you a Happy New Year—friends farewell!

Your faithful CARRIER OF THE 'SENTINEL.'

Select Tale.

THE WHITE WAR-CHIEF.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Paul Boursejolie, or as his name is more familiarly anglicized by his American neighbors,—*old Jolly-purse*,—is an eccentric ex-mountain man, who some years ago settled down upon the right bank of the Mississippi, in the vicinity of St. Louis.

Paul's earliest recollections were of the old trading post of Mackinaw, which was his native place. His father was a voyageur in the employ of the fur company, of which this place was an important depot; and being but rarely with his family, the care of Paul, and his only brother, Jean, devolved entirely upon his mother, a half breed Chippewa woman.—But when Paul had arrived at the age of twelve, and his brother at ten, their good mother died, leaving the young lads to shift for themselves as best they could.

Of course, being thus early forced upon the world, they naturally sought the only occupation that offered, by which to obtain a livelihood; and in a few years they had become expert trappers and hunters upon the wild rivers of the west.

Together they propelled the same canoe; and together set their traps, and shared the same blanket; while the profits of their labors were mutually divided; and nothing was undertaken by one brother without consultation with the other.

But at length, strong as was the cord of brotherly love that bound them together, a separation took place; and this circumstance forms one of the stories that the old trapper most delights to narrate.

"It is now about fifty years," the old Frenchman would begin, "since Jean and I, who were stout young men, and could carry a pack with the best of the Company's men, left our last post on the Missouri, in company with eight other trappers, and started with our two canoes for the head of Milk River.

"We had heard that among the mountains, far in the Northwest, was a large lake, upon the shores of which much game abounded; and that its outlet into Milk River was the resort of immense numbers of beavers. This region, at that time, had never been visited by any white man; and it was through the Blackfeet we obtained all the knowledge we had of the region.

"A band of these Indians had visited the post and had agreed to permit us to trap on the lake, and the stream in its vicinity, in consideration of a dozen rifles, and a small lot of ammunition, which we were carrying with us.

"Well, after a journey of two months and a half, during which time we stopped occasionally to trap, we reached the lake the Blackfeet had told us about, and set at work establishing our camp and preparing for a season's hunt.

"The Indians had not deceived us about the beavers, for there were plenty of signs; but we had not been settled more than a week, when we were attacked by a party of Blackfeet; and lost two of our men in the fight. But we were too strong for the Indians, being well fortified and soon drove them off. These Indians were not of the band with whom we had made the agreement to deliver the rifles; but the next day the latter made their appearance, and, pretending that the attack had been the result of a mistake, demanded the fulfillment of the contract.

"No sooner, however, had they obtained possession of the much coveted arms, than with their characteristic treachery, they began to molest us, by robbing our traps.

"We knew that during the fight with these fellows we had wiped out a number of their bravest warriors, and were satisfied that they would not rest content till they had full revenge. We, therefore, gathered up our remaining traps as secretly as possible, with the intention of leaving the lake on the morrow, and trying our luck farther down the river, at a point where we had halted a while on our upward voyage.

"But in the night, those of us whose turn it was to sleep were suddenly awakened by a fierce, wild yell, from a crowd of Indians that filled the timber about our little stockade; and before we could snatch up our weapons the place was filled with a shower of arrows, mingled with the rifle bullets we had just furnished them. The Blackfeet, somehow, had attained a knowledge of our intentions, and determined to cut off our retreat, had assembled at least three hundred warriors against us.

"By the death of our two companions, our little number was reduced to eight men; a party, as well armed as even we were, too small too contend with such vast odds But we determined to resist them to the last; for it was better to die fighting in defence of each other than to fall alive into the hands of the bloodthirsty savages, to be tortured to death.

"We, of course, were supplied with a good sotck of ammunition, and could give them a good fight. But, unfortunately, in constructing our stockade we had built it too far from the water to stand a long siege. The rising ground of the river and lake bank commanded the approach to it, and long before noon we began to suffer for want of the precious element.

"All this time, however, the Indians were about us; and many of their numbers were shot down, as they ventured to expose any part of their bodies from behind the rocks and trees. Occasionally an arrow entered our enclosure and wounded some of our men; but Jean and myself escaped as yet untouched.

"At length our wounded comrades began to suffer for water to such a degree, that Jean proposed to go outside the pallisades for some. But this I would not consent to telling him that, if either of us went, it should be myself.

"'No, Paul,' he replied; 'you are a better shot than I am, you can, therefore, better cover me with your rifle than I can you. I will go!'" and snatching up our only bucket, he ran out in the direction of the stream.

"No sooner had my brother disappeared below the bank, than a score of the painted Blackfeet, that had been secreted among the rocks, rushed out upon him like so many panthers. This I could not see, but by the infernal noise the cut-throats made I could judge of their numbers.

"Almost beside myself with passion, I leaped over the stockade to his assistance, shouting to the men inside to cover us, should we regain the top of the bank. Amid a hail-storm of arrows I sped along till I reached the edge of the descent, where I once more caught sight of the brave boy, fighting his way through the cowardly Indians, with his knife in one hand, while with the other he grasped the bucket full of water. Already he had been wounded, for I perceived his face and breast were covered with blood, and a long, red gash extended across his forehead, from the roots of the hair to the middle of his nose.

"Frantic at the sight, I rushed to his side, and with my knife drove the fierce devils from his path, and fighting our way step by step, gained the entrance to our little fort. The noble lad though desperately beset and blinded with blood, still kept good his hold upon the water bucket, and reached our comrades with it in safety, and then sank exhausted upon the ground, with the blood still streaming from his wounds.

"I had not escaped uninjured, for besides having an arrow shot through my right cheek I carried another deeply buried in the top of my right shoulder.

"Out of our little party, six of us were now wounded; but Jean soon revived, and after his wounds were dressed, (for, beside the knife gash in his forhead, he had received a deep wound in his thigh,) he was able to use his rifle much better than myself.

"Three of our men, however, were too badly hurt to be of any assistance to us, and one shortly afterwards died from loss of blood.

"From their position on the high bank above us, the Blackfeet could easily see our crippled condition; and after a hurried consultation among themselves, made a simultaneous rush upon our frail works.

"The fight now became a desperate struggle; and scarcely had we given them a half dozen shots, than they were upon us. They poured in a stream over the enclosure, and with knives and clubs quickly despatched our wounded comrades, and forced the rest of us into a corner. Here, for a while, we fought with desperation; and my brother performed feats of valor and strength, crippled as he was, which never before or since have I seen equalled, and I have been in several quite as desperate fights as that. As fully occupied as I was, I could not but observe with exulant pride the noble bearing of the gallant youth. Armed only with a long-bladed knife, the savages fell before his blows, till they formed a rampart breast high about us.

"But what availed the strength and heroism of my brave Jean—what availed our united efforts—five wounded men—opposed to the hundreds of howling and maddened fiends about us! As redskin after redskin was piled about us, others, fresh and panting with revenge, leaped over the bloody barricade upon us; and in less time than it takes to tell it, all save Jean and myself were stricken down among the dead and dying Indians; and then we two stood alone, side by side, with our backs to the wall, while that yelling panting host pressed hotly upon us. Quickly overpowered by numbers, my poor, noble Jean fell bleeding upon our dead comrades, when a stalwart savage, with a howl of exultation, leaped upon him, and grasping the hair of his head, was about to whip off his scalp, when with one last, maddened effort, I plunged my knife through the side of the fellow into his fiendish heart; and leaving it there, and springing upon his carcass, with a desperate bound leaped over the enclosure and flew with what little strength I had left to the cover of the thicket beyond. The savages, who were all crowded within, were so intent on scalping my murdered companions, that they scarcely noticed the act till I had gained one of our canoes; and launching it upon the river, made my escape down the rapid current.

"From some inexplicable reason, the savages did not pursue me, or if they did, I was not aware of it; and after weeks of suffering I reached the post, so changed by hunger and exposure that no one there could recognize me, and for months after was not able to lift even a rifle to my shoulder.

"Years passed by after the bloody event I have just related, and though the memory of my beloved brother, and only true friend of my wandering life, was still as fondly cherished as ever, I had long since ceased to mourn his untimely death, and still pursued my hunting and trapping occupations, and passed through the many and various adventures attendant upon such a life. From my long experience, and the services I had rendered the company, I was offered promotion to the enviable position of a *bourgoise*, in command of a new post, and a large force of trappers and voyageurs. But so accustomed had I become to my wandering life, and I loved so well to measure my fighting qualities with the thieving Blackfeet, that I refused the tempting offer, and remained a simple hunter.

"Many a Blackfoot's scalp has been hung in the smoke of my camp fire, as a tribute to the memory of my brave Jean, which not all the blood of the red race was sufficient to wash from my heart.

"I was becoming an old man, for already my head was as white as you now see it, when I took charge of a trapping party, away up the Big Horn branch of the Yellowstone. We had been there most of the season, unmolested by the Indians, when one evening some of the men came into camp and reported signs of our old enemies, the Blackfeet. But these were of the Seton band. It was not long before they were upon us in a greatly overwhelming force. It was not a casual party of hunters, but a large war party decked in all the savage finery of paint and eagle feathers.

"A bloody fight ensued, and the Indians would have wiped us out as effectually as they had done my little party on the head of the Milk River, but for the little circumstance I am going to relate.

"Already several of my party had been killed, and as many wounded. There was among the Indians a brave fellow, the chief of the band, who, though leading his warriors fearlessly to the assault, and recklessly risking his own person to our shots, appeared utterly careless of his own aim, though armed with a beautiful rifle. His body was covered with war-paint, like the others, yet his hair was white, and I could see he was an old man from the deep wrinkles of his face; and there was something about his bearing, as he moved fearlessly from place to place, that unaccountably attracted my interest. Why it was I knew not, but I was reminded of my father—for such I remembered was at times his peculiar manner. Several times I had brought my rifle to bear upon the brave fellow, and as often some strange misgiving would sieze upon me, and cause me to turn my aim upon some one else of his people.

"At length the old chief, advancing from the cover of the trees into the strong light of the sun, exposed his whole person to my view; and then banishing all other thoughts but the long-cherished one of revenge against all of his hated tribe, I deliberately aimed at the centre of his forehead, intending to make a sure shot of it. My finger was already pressing the trigger, when my eye fell upon a long straight scar, reaching down from the hair almost to the end of his nose, which instantly recalled all the circumstances of that bloody struggle, years ago, at the head of Milk River; and I knew at once that my long lost, and, as I had till that instant supposed, long buried brother, my beloved Jean, stood before me!

"Dashing the weapon to the ground, I sprang towards him, and shouted his name—

"'*Jean!—Jean Boursejolie!*'

"The old chief, startled by the sound, dropped his own rifle, and gazing wildly towards me for an instant, uttered the words—

"'*Paul—my brother Paul!*' and then rushing to meet me, threw himself sobbing into my outstretched arms!

"Astonished by so strange a sight, the Indians ceased their hostile demonstrations, and gathered about us. A few words from their chief sufficed to explain it, and at his command an end was put to the fight; and the Blackfeet leaving Jean for a time retired from the spot. Even the red savages, with all their stoicism, respected the feelings of the long-parted but now restored brothers.

"It is only necessary to add that the gallant conduct of my brother at the Milk River fight had saved his life, and taken prisoner, he was finally adopted into their tribe. Doubting not that I had fallen with our comrades, and having no tie to bind him to his people, he cheerfully remained among his captors; and in course of time became the most famous chief of the Blackfeet nation, from whom not even his old love for me could induce him to depart; and, for aught I know to the contrary, he is still living—like myself, an old man, whose fighting days are over now, ready for the grave."

Italy again a Kingdom.

Nearly fourteen centuries have elapsed since the barbarian Odoacer overturned the throne of imbecile Augustulus, put an end to the Roman empire of the West, and made himself King of Italy. But the monarchy which he founded soon passed away, the transalpine peninsula became divided into a number of independant States that wasted the national, needed strength by internecine wars, and until recently a reunion of its various parts into one compact and powerful realm was hardly thought of.

At length, however, what none save the most enthusiastic dare once venture even to hope for has, through the instrumentality of Cavour, Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, grown into an accomplished fact, and now Italy (with a small exception, soon to disappear,) from her northern mountain barrier to her most southern extremity, is a second time consolidated into a united kingdom, under the sway of the Sardinian sovereign.

The ratification of this glorious event was consumated at Naples on the 18th inst. On that day the Piedmontese monarch received, in the throne-room in the palace of the Bourbons, the dictator of the two Sicilies and his ministers. The result of the *plebiscite* was announced to the King, to the effect that an overwhelming majority of the Neapolitian people had voted for annexation to his other dominions, and chosen him to be their ruler. His majesty thanked the Neapolitians for their devotion, accepted the splendid gift which they had conferred upon him, and expressed undying love of country. Then the deed of annexation was drawn up and executed, the dictatorship ceased, the ministry resigned, and Victor Emmanuel was hailed sole sovereign of Italy. The title is, of course, rather premature—the Pope being still at Rome, and the kaiser in Venetia. For day by day Pio Nono's tenure of the Eternal City grows frailer; while, judging from rumours in circulation, Austria, since the failure of her diplomats to content the Hungarians, is getting reconciled to part with her Italian possessions for a consideration. Even without Rome and Venetia, however, essential they be to the integrity and security of the whole, and the apositeness of his title, the realm of the elected King will raise him to the rank of a first class monarch, and establish his right, to be regarded hearafter as "a great power." Its area comprises over 100,000 square miles; its population exceeds 22,000,000: its climate and commercial positions are hardly to be rivalled; and, with free institutions, religious liberty, and everything that stimulates the energies of its inhabitants who can doubt that the new born kingdom is destined to a long and glorious career!

Truly, Victor Emmanuel is a favorite of fortune—a votary on whom the fickle goddess delights to shower her richest gifts. Not two years since he was the petty potentate of a little State containing some 6,000,000 souls, and almost as far, apparently, from the crown of Italy, as was the Cardinal De York when in the flesh, from that of England. Pressently, however, his prospects began to brighten. Austria, in a luckless hour, crossed the Ticino and set the ball in motion; and from that time to this it has never ceased to roll and increase in size. First came Lombardy, then the duchies and the legations, next Umbria and the Marches, and now the two Sicilies, until at length, the sub-alpine realm has swolen into a great kingdom, and its sovereign into a mighty monarch.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT PRINTING PRESS IN INDIA.—When Warren Hastings was Governor General of India, he observed that in the district of Benares, a little below the surface of the earth, is to be found a stratum of a kind of fibrous woody substance, of various thickness, in horizontal layers. Major Roebuck, informed of this, went out to a spot where an excavation had been made, displaying this singular phenomenon. In digging somewhat deeper, for the purpose of further research, they laid open a vault, which, on examination, proved to be of some size, and to their infinite astonishment they found a kind of printing press, set up in the vault, and on it moveable types, placed as if ready for printing. Every inquiry was set on foot to ascertain the probable period at which such an instrument could have been placed there, for it was evidently not of modern origin, and from all the Major could collect, it appeared probable that the place had remained in the state in which it was found for at least one thousand years,—*English paper*.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHINESE WAR.—A letter from China says—"When the French troops entered the fortified village of Pohtango they found that its inhabitants and defenders had evacuated it. In several houses were found large earthenware jars, nearly five feet high, placed in out-of-the-way corners, and filled with water. But on the surface of the water, in one was seen a human foot, and on the jars being broken, the dead body of a woman was found in each! From the appearance of the bodies the women could only have been dead a short time, and death must have been caused by being plunged head-foremost in the water. It was afterwards ascertained that the inhabitants of the town had killed in this strange way such of their women as were not strong enough to support a long march, and might in consequence have fallen into the hands of the conquerors. Altogether about one hundred dead bodies." The same letter says—"When the French, after a severe struggle, had possessed themselves of the large fort, they found in the corner a mandarin surrounded by a detachment of Chinese infantry. He was greatly excited, and endeavored both by language and gestures to induce his soldiers to return to the combat. Not succeeding, he declared that he would not survive such disgrace, and then he cut his throat with his sword. He had to make three gashes before he succeeded in his purpose. As a general rule the Chinese do not seem to fear death.

The following is the reply of Garibaldi to a deputation requesting permission for the English community of Naples to purchase a site for a church:—"Grateful for the efficacious and generous sympathy of the English, the Dictator thinks that this is a very small return to make for so many services received from them in the support of the noble cause of the Italians. Not only is permission granted to erect a church within the limits of the Capital to persons who worship the same God as the Italians, but the English are requested to accept as a a national gift the small spot of ground required for the proposed project for which they desire to use it.

"G. GARIBALDI.

Items, Foreign & Local.

Mr. Woodward, Her Majesty's new librarian, is preparing plans for the publication of the whole body of the Stuart Papers in the Queen's possession.

The Count de Persigny is named Minister of the Interior in the place of M. Billault.

Mr. Cobden is going to Egypt. He is suffering from a disease of the throat.

Judge Haliburton is said to be engaged on a new work, containing an apology for the conduct of the Orangemen during the Canadian travels of the Prince of Wales.

A new Expidition to Central Africa in search of Dr. Vogel is being prepared in Germany.

The Installation of the Duke of Newcastle, Pro. Grand Master, was to take place at Nottingham, on the 7th inst., when the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master of England, and other distinguished members of the Masonic craft, were to be present.

Late papers record a sad accident which happened at Parma. The dormitory of a seminary, had been newly whitewashed. and a fire lighted in it for the purpose of drying it. At night its occupants, sixteen in number, retired to rest, and in the morning the whole of them were found suffocated.

It is said that the London Volunteers are about to invite the famous Seventh Regiment of New York, to visit England, and to raise £25,000 to pay its expenses.

We learn from the *Freeman* that the sum of $3,722,06 has been contributed by the Roman Catholics in this Province to the Papal Exchequer. Of this amount $2,226,50 was collected in St John and Portland.

The Militia and Volunteer Force of Canada cost for the last year $61,814.48.

Counterfeit Quarter Dollars are in circulation at Quebec.

The London *Times* says that Great Britain has already expended $200,000,000 in the attempt to suppress the slave trade.

The diamonds belonging to the crown of France are 17,312 in number; weighing 18,752 carats and worth about $5,000,000.

A scientific expedition is about leaving France to explore Southern Siberia, and particularly that portion contiguous to the Amoor. The Paris Academy of Sciences is to draw up instructions for the expedition.

Rev. Mr. Pratt, the Boston agent of the Colonization Society, says the production of cotton in Liberia is increasing very rapidly. Its quality is equal to the best Southern cotton, and it can be obtained as cheap.

Protestantism is on the increase in Italy, and there is a fair prospect of that fair land gaining religious freedom. This is one of the consequences of the victories of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel.—Should the rights of conscience be respected in Italy, and free play be allowed there to Protestants, that country may take a new lease of intellectual life, and her future be even more brilliant than her past has been.

Last week two Salmon were caught in the Penobscot river at Hampden, and served, with green peas, at the Bangor House.

The Grand Trunk Company is going to resume the working of the Riviere du Loup branch.

The Quebec *Canadian*, says:—"The Earthquake caused a great innundation here. A rock was thereby detached from the summit of an almost perpendicular mountain, and fell into the bed of a river causing at present, a waterfall of about *sixty feet*. This is truly extraordinary.

The penalty of death in the case of Johnson Bean has been commited for imprisonment for life, by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor. The sentence in the case of *Munford* will be carried out.

A Ceylon diver has recovered £300,000 from the wreck of the the steamship Malabar at Point de Galle.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia meets for the despatch of business on the 31st of January, 1861.

Sir Edmund Head it is said had an interview with the Duke of Newcastle in the Colonist office on the 27th ult.

Prince Alfred, the second son of Queen Victoria, is going to visit the West Indies and the United States next Spring, provided there are any United States left by that time.

The last Mail brought news of the death of the Duke of Norfolk.

A little boy was buried to the chin in an avalanche from the roof of Mr. Deveber's store, Prince Wm. Street, St. John. on Friday morning.

A fearful colliery explosion took place near Newport Wales, and one hundred and seventy miners perished.

The Mechanical Bakery in Boston turns out daily ten thousand loaves of bread, the baking of which consumes upward of thirty barrels of flour, and employs thirty men.

H. C. Spalding, the "prepared glue" man, gives the New York *Tribune* $31,000 for a single column in all its issues for one year.

We learn from the Galveston Texas News; that three men were hung in Coryell county on the 7th, for voting for Lincoln and Hamlin.

The Pictou Standard informs us that the exports of coal from the Albion Mines this season have been in excess of last year by about 33,000 tons of large and 2,300 of small coal.

The United States Post Office costs the people $6,350,000 more than the revenue derived from it. The Canadian Post Office is now self-supporting.

Late advices from England state that Sir De La Evans was seriously ill.

Sweeden contains eighteen cotton mills, run[illegible] one hundred and eighty thousand spindles.

PAGES CLIPPED

New Brunswick, round thy cherished name,
The year, that's past, has gathered fame;
A fame which makes thee better known,
And links thee closer to the Throne:
For Albert Edward, England's pride,
And hope of all the realm beside,
Came o'er the wide Atlantic main,
With Bruce, Newcastle and Germain.
He came! and all our people wild,
With ardor, hailed him; favored child
Of Her who rules her people's hearts,
By gentle grace, and kindly arts,
Rather than by stern Queenly sway;—
The time propitious! like a Queen,
Our land was robed in summer's sheen.
He gazed upon our fertile fields,
Which nature's choicest products yields,
On Upland rich, on Valley fair,
On Streams, majestic in their flow,
'Twixt banks magnificent, aglow,
[illegible]tive charms—adorning still,
[illegible] industry and skill;
Our [illegible]
Largely, that enterpris[illegible]
That wealth and learning, hand in hand,
Go forth to beautify the land;
These he has seen and learned, and now
The story from the press will flow;
New tongues shall catch New Brunswick's name,
And emulous declare her fame.

Here, while my muse exultant sings,
Of fame which emigration brings,
We'll not forgetful be, and pass
Without respectful naming GLASS,
Who labors in Old Scotia's Land,
To send us out a gallant band,
To wake our wilds with cheery toil,
And make them like a garden smile.

My country, prosperous and free,
Onward to her high destiny,
Is making rapid course,—
Bridges o'er streams, and rapids thrown,
Through forests dense, the cars come on,
Drawn by the Iron Horse.