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Poetry.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

The following was written by the late Bishop Doane.

Chief in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel-dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With Heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives that angel-vision.

Select Tale.

THE GHOST OF ALNWICK PLACE.

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Aunt Rebecca.

The wine-like glow of sunset yet illumined the great bay window, but the rest of the apartment was already enshrouded in the gray shadows of twilight, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters, from some foreign shore. From the walls, frowned down dark old family portraits, and the crimson hangings above the arched doors waved restlessly back and forth in the draughts of wind that swept through the vast corridor.

"I don't believe a word of it!" ejaculated Aunt Rebecca, with more emphasis than before. "A ghost story, indeed!"

"Tell me about it, Violet," said young Hazelwood, to whom the echoing hall, and deep bay window, with its far off prospect of snowy hills and pine forests, veiled in gathering twilight, to say nothing of pretty Violet Orme's close vicinity, were infinitely more attractive than the more modern regions of Alnwick place.

"It is not much of a story," said Violet, flushing up to her very eyelashes at the sound of her own soft voice, "only, years ago, long before Grandpapa erected this house, the site was all one unbroken forest, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of the earliest settlers in this country, was horribly murdered by the Indians. Her grave, they say, was beneath the foundations of the house, but I scarcely credit this part of the legend."

"Of course not," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a toss of her false curls. "I have no patience with these relics of old country superstition!"

"And," pursued Violet, sinking her voice to almost a whisper, and instinctively moving nearer to the side of Hazelwood, "the story goes on to say that a figure, all robed in white, with a crimson wound gaping in its throat, sweeps through these echoing vestibules like a shadow at the dead of night."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Aunt Rebecca, impatiently; "you may depend that it is only the red hangings and the moonlight, and the wind. I never saw a ghost yet, and I don't believe I ever shall."

"Oh, Aunt Rebecca," said Violet, deprecatingly, looking round with a nervous start, as some distant door creaked on its hinges.

"Fiddlestick!" said Miss Rebecca, sharply. "Sensible people lie quiet in their graves, after they are dead, and I'll wager anything that this whole ghost story is a sheer fabrication of some fool or other, who enjoyed the idea of laughing in his sleeve at other people's senseless terror."

"I remember," said Violet, softly, "how fearful I used to be of crossing this hall after dark, when I was a little, timid child."

"But you are not afraid now?" said Hazelwood in a half whisper, looking adoringly down at the peach-bloom face turned toward him. "Don't go away yet, it is so quiet and lovely here in the icy winter twilight. See that beautiful planet, blazing like a point of gold above the red traces of sunset! You are not cold?"

"No—oh, no!" said the young girl, thoughtfully.

"I am glad you told me that ghost story," pursued Hazelwood, smiling. "Don't start—that noise was only the rustling of yonder faded draperies. There is something very pathetic in the idea of that lovely girl, murdered in the solemn silence of the primeval old pine forests! I can fancy the whole scene most vividly."

He paused, as if imagination were already at work in his brain.

"I wish you wouldn't talk so foolishly, Mr. Hazelwood," said Aunt Rebecca, uneasily.

"What are you looking for, Aunt? have you dropped anything? shall I call for Harris to bring a candle?" asked Violet, coming to her aunt's side.

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. "Come don't stay here any longer in the biting cold, unless you both want a week's medicine and doctor's visits."

"It is not cold, Aunt Rebecca," pleaded Violet, "and the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement. Just let us wait until that fiery planet mounts a little higher."

But a premonitory summons from Colonel Orme himself, who had just waked from a comfortable nap beside the glowing coal fire in the library, to a sort of vague wonder as to where Rebecca and the young people could possibly be, speedily settled the matter.

"Never mind, Violet," whispered Mr. Hazelwood; "by and by, when your father has gone to his room, and Aunt Rebecca is busy with her sage tea and curl papers in her own special dormitory, we can have a starlight stroll through the ghost's territory!"

Violet gave him an arch glance, as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the hall which led to Colonel Orme's brilliantly lighted library.

"I wish Charles Hazelwood wouldn't remain out there," said Aunt Rebecca, anxiously. "He will catch his death of cold, and besides—"

"Besides what, Aunt Rebecca?"

"Violet," said the maiden lady, "I wish you would go down and see if the housekeeper has pre-

pared that elder-flower wine, for my sore throat, that's a good girl. I believe I will go up to bed."

"But, aunt, it is so early."

"Never mind," said Miss Rebecca, who seemed to labor under a little difficulty of articulation. "I feel rather weary, and had rather retire."

"Shall I go with you?"

"Nonsense? do you suppose I'm afraid of a pack of ghosts, running about in white night-gowns?"

Violet smiled, and went to execute her aunt's behests.

How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night. It reminded one of a lovely painting executed with brushes dipped in liquid pearl, and shaded with pencils of glimmering silver! While, darkly ranged against the black-blue horizon, the pine forests and leafless oak copses stood like embattled armies, silently awaiting the bugle call of Day. As

stead so they seemed to Charles Hazelwood, as he stood in the deep recess of the gigantic bay window, nearly hidden by the curtains, the faded splendor of whose tarnished embroidery carried the mind unconsciously half a century backward on the stream of Time. But then Charles Hazelwood was in love.

The tall, old fashioned clock in the hall was striking twelve, and the colony of crickets under the warm hearth-stone were falling into a dreamy, sleepy sort of a chirp, as if their small lungs were fairly wearied out, when Aunt Rebecca emerged from her door, treading on tip-toe, and carrying a dim light in her hand. Now Aunt Rebecca, in nodding false curls, lace collar, and eighteen-year old style of dress was a very different sort of personage from Aunt Rebecca, with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, her false teeth and curls laid aside, and a long white dressing robe, enveloping her lank figure; and the latter was by no means the most prepossessing of the two. Probably some such consciousness swept across the good spinster's brain, for she shuffled with accelerated rapidity past the solemn eyes of the grave old family portraits on the wall.

"I am sure I dropped them somewhere here," she murmured, pausing in front of the bay window.

"How provoking—there goes my candle out—but I believe I can find them, however, the starlight is so bright. Mercy upon us—what is that!" The ghost—the ghost!

And Aunt Rebecca fled shrieking down the corridor, her hands clasped before her eyes, before which was imprinted the appalling vision of a tall figure sweeping past, all in white, with a crimson stain at its pallid throat!

The house was aroused into an instantaneous commotion—lights flashed into brightness at the various doors, and an eager circle of inquirers surrounded Aunt Rebecca, who evinced strong intentions of going into hysterics.

"It glided past me like a gust of wind," she shrieked, replying at hazard to the questions rained down upon her, "all in white, with that dreadful mark of blood upon its throat. It's a warning—I know it's a warning that I haven't long to live!—O, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"But I don't understand what you were doing out in the Ghost's Corridor this time of night?" interrupted Colonel Orme, staring at his sister as if not quite certain whether this were an actual bona fide occurrence in real life, or merely a hysterical part of his last dream.

"Well, if you must know," said Rebecca, with a little hysterical sob, "I dropped my false teeth out there, just at dusk, and I didn't like to look for them there, with Violet and Mr. Hazelwood standing by, and so—"

"Oho, that's it, eh?" said Colonel Orme, laughing. "Upon my word, sister Becky, you are rather over particular for a woman fifty years old!"

"Only forty-nine, James!" interjected Miss Rebecca, with a shrill accent of indignation.

"But the ghost?" inquired Mr. Hazelwood, who had just arrived on the scene of action, with rather a flushed brow and embarrassed air. Upon which Aunt Rebecca gave way to the combined influences of her brother's unkind remark, and the fright of ghost-seeing, and fairly fainted, without further notice! According to the usual custom of woman-kind on such occasions, Colonel Orme and all the other gentlemen were hustled out into the hall, while the victim of the female officials was deluged with camphor and cologne, stifled with burnt feathers, and vigorously treated with hot flannel.

"She's coming to, poor dear creature!" was the final verdict, handed by Colonel Orme through a

conel Orme, and I will undertake the task of explanations," interposed Charles Hazelwood, while the cheeks of Violet grew like flame.

"Well, may I venture to enquire what all this means?" interjected the bewildered colonel, when the library door was safely closed.

"It means, sir," said Charles laughing, and yet a little puzzled how to proceed, "that Violet—your daughter—and I, were just looking out at the stars, in the embrasure of the great hall window, when we saw some one approaching with a light, Violet went to see what the apparition meant, when Miss Rebecca (whom it proved to be) dropped her candle, and ran shrieking away."

"So Violet was the ghost, eh?" said the colonel, expressing a very strong inclination to laugh.

"You see, papa," interposed that young lady, "I wore my white cashmere mantle, for I was afraid of taking cold, and it was tied at the throat with red ribbons, and—"

"And Aunt Rebecca took it for granted that you were the murdered heroine of our family ghost-story, said the colonel, archly. "But allow me to ask, young people, what you were so much interested in?"

"Well, sir," said Hazelwood, "I had just asked her if she wouldn't marry me—don't run away Violet—and she said 'Yes,' that is if I could win her father's consent."

"Well?"

"And I would like to know what her father says to the proposition?" added the young man laughing, detaining Violet, who was struggling to escape.

"He says," answered Colonel Orme, "that your intrepidity in facing the ghosts deserves some reward, and he likewise supposes that his daughter must be allowed to have her own way. Take her, Charley, and don't spoil her! No thanks now—but let me go and see after your aunt Rebecca."

"Papa!" whispered Violet, as he rose, with his hand on the door.

"Well, my dear?"

"That you were the ghost? Just as you please."

And he went, chuckling to enquire after his sister's health. There is no evidence that he ever did betray Violet's secret; but two things may be regarded as facts in the records of Alnwick Place:—One is that Aunt Rebecca strenuously denies the existence of ghosts, and abhors the very sight of her niece's white wrapper with cherry trimmings; the other is that she is particularly careful never to pass through the solemn old haunted hall alone after sunset!

And this was "positively the last appearance" of the Ghost of Alnwick Place.

ENGLAND AS DESCRIBED BY A FRENCH WRITER.—The following is an extract from an article in the Paris Temps from the pen of M. Sherer:—

England is the classic land of liberty; and for this reason it is a holy land—a land which more than one exile has turned to with gratitude. We do not now speak of political institutions, but of civil liberty, of the respect for the rights of all, of independence of exertion, of the space left open for individual action, of the mildness of the laws, of the fewness of regulations. Elsewhere, regulations are the rule; elsewhere liberty exists only where it is expressly stipulated; but in England it is liberty which is every where and always supposed. Elsewhere civil life is encircled by a network, invisible, inextricable, of restrictions; but in England every man speaks, teaches, prints, meets, associates, builds, travels, exercises his calling in industry and commerce, fills the professions, carries out all his designs, without hindrance from anything, whatever be the equal right of his neighbor. For the truth of what we say, we fearlessly appeal to all who have crossed the Channel. They may find England monotonous, its climate sombre, its towns ugly, its inhabitants stiff, its institutions Gothic; they may grumble and find fault as much as they please, but there is one thing they cannot deny, and that is that it is in England the man who loves liberty can breathe most freely. France and England are two great schools open for the instruction of the world. In the one, more importance is given to the perfection of the product; in the other more importance is given to the happiness of the producer. In France a more scientifically combined action attains with precision results more co-ordinated. In England, power is less concentrated, but is more energetic, and more full of life. What is great with us is the thing; what is great with our neighbors is the man. In France, the State is everything, and the citizen little. In England, it is quite the contrary.

THE WAY THEY DECIDE CASES IN CALIFORNIA.—A fellow named Dunks was lately tried at Yuba City for entering a miner's tent, and seizing a bag of gold dust, valued at eighty-four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner kept his dust; that on the night of October 19th he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off.

Jim Beller, the principle witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard the man run away.

"I put for him at once," continued the witness, "but when I caught him I didn't find Bill's bag; but it was found afterward where he had thrown it."

Counsel for the Prisoner.—How far did he get in when he took the dust?

Beller.—Well, he was stooping over—about half in, I should say.

Counsel.—May it please your honor, the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening, through which he protruded himself about half way, and stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your honor, can a man enter a house, when only half of his body is in, and the other half out?

Judge.—I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved. The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" as to half of his body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half.

The judge sentenced the guilty half to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the guilty half cut off, or take it along with him.

AN ARMY OF SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN.—The Journal of Commerce thus undertakes to give an idea what an army of 600,000 men is:—"Assuming the men to fall into line, single rank, they will show a front of twenty-three miles. Should the Generalissimo wish to review his army, his charger must go on a smart trot, and it would require over half a day. This respectable army, formed in hollow square, would present a field of bayonets three miles on each side, enclosing five thousand seven hundred and sixty acres. Allowing two pounds of provisions per diem for each man, they consume six hundred tons a day, and drink one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of water."

A LAST LOOK.—There is a feeling that resembles death in the last glance we are ever to bestow on a loved object. The girl you have treasured in your secret heart, as she passes by on her wedding day, it may be happy and blissful, lifts up her laughing eyes—the symbol of her own light heart—and leaves in that look, darkness and desolation forever. The boy your father-spirit has clung to like the light of your existence waves his hand from the quarter deck as the gigantic ship bends before the breeze, the tears have dimmed his eyes, for, mark—he moves his fingers over them—and this is a last look.

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The pulse of children is 180 per minute; at puberty, 80 and at 60, it is only 60.

The average weight of a man's brain is 3½ lbs., while that of a woman's is only 2½ lbs. 11 oz.

There is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make a ploughshare weighing 24 lbs.

A Gas Company and an Oil merchant have been competing for lighting the street lamps in Hamilton, Canada West. The merchant has obtained the contract at \$11.50 per annum for each lamp. In St. John they pay \$20 for each lamp.

To remove the stains on spoons caused by using them for boiled egg, take a little common salt moist between the thumb and finger, and briskly rub the stain which will soon disappear.

The accounts of the Lumber market brought by the last mail give no promise of improvement.

In Pennsylvania great loss has been caused by floods—property worth many millions of dollars and several lives.

The following are the ages of celebrated men now living. John Bright, 51; Lord Brougham, 84; Richard Cobden, 62; Cruikshank, 68; Dickens, 50; Garibaldi, 55; Gavazzi, 53; Kossuth, 56; Mazzini, 53; Palmerston, 78; the Pope, 70; Spurgeon, 28; Tennyson, 52; Cardinal Wiseman, 60.

The London Times of the 31st of May quotes Canadian 6 per cent. securities from 108 to 111; Nova Scotia 100 to 111, and New Brunswick from 107 to 108.

Experience has fully demonstrated the fact, that sheep will do much better on our old, long grassed pastures, and better kept down bushes, briars, &c., than cattle. Besides, they will winter on a poorer quality of hay, if they are regularly fed with a moderate allowance of grain or roots.

Federal officers who have been prisoners in Alabama report the South "one vast plantation of corn and potatoes, there being only enough cotton growing for seed."

There are seventy rivers in Canada in which salmon are caught. About 10,000 barrels of this fish are annually exported from the Bay of Chaleur.

English bar and bolt iron is selling at Liverpool for £5 10 (about \$27) per ton. The best Staffordshire is selling at £27.

Scotch pig iron is selling at Glasgow at about \$13 per ton.

The German ocean has recently overflowed 10,000 acres of fertile land in Norfolk County, England.

The Imperial Government has consented to furnish the Canadian Militia with arms and accoutrements.

Late Canadian papers complain bitterly of the drought—crops are suffering severely.

More than a thousand passengers for Europe left New York on Saturday week last.

Venice is not represented at the International Exhibition, because the citizens have refused to allow their manufacturers to be mixed up with those of the Austrian Empire.

The New York World's Washington despatch has a rumor that the French Minister, M. de Freycinet, has engaged a passage for Europe in the steamer following Lord Lyons. The departure of these Ministers is supposed to be connected with the civil war now going on in the States.

A firm in Sheffield, England, produces every week twenty tons of steel hoops for ladies' skirts. It is estimated that enough crimoline has been manufactured in that city to encircle the globe seven times.

Two steamers sailed from New York for Liverpool last week with \$1,755,000 in specie.

A demand for silver for China and Japan has enhanced the price of that metal, and occasioned an exportation of gold from England to pay for the silver obtained from the continent.

The ships of war now in Halifax harbour are to proceed to sea at an early day, for the purpose of practising target firing.

The Boston Journal says, it is reported from Washington that Jackson, in his retreat from the Shenandoah Valley, has taken more prisoners from us than we have from him.

It is said that Hayti and Liberia, now that they are recognized as nations by the United States, will send white men as their representatives to Washington.

The Confederates have two steel plated rams nearly ready for launching at Charleston.

The Confederates now have 75,000 effective troops at Richmond.

There is a startling rumor of an attempt to be made by recently purchased Confederate privateers to capture the Canadian steamers.

The wheat harvest began in Kentucky last week. Accounts say the crop has suffered greatly from the recent heavy rains.

The sum of \$15,941.76, was collected at the Custom House, Quebec, on the 6th inst.

The whole number of rebel prisoners received at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, amounts to 9472, of which 510 have died, leaving 8962 who are still in confinement.

A rat hunt took place in Washington county, Pa., last week, and fourteen thousand nine hundred of the vermin were killed.

Notice has been given to the various churches in Washington, without regard to denomination, that their edifices will be used for military hospitals if necessary.

Applicants for composition under the recent emancipation act value their slaves at from \$100 to \$1500.

A correspondent of a London periodical enquires when postage stamps were first introduced in England. Another correspondent replies that they were first issued in London by an order from the Lords of the Treasury on the 6th of May, 1840, and were gradually extended throughout the Kingdom, but properly stamped letters passed free from any part of the country. Two kinds were issued—penny in black, and twopenny in blue ink.

One of the military hand was drowned while bathing in the St. John River, Fredericton, on Saturday morning the 14th inst. He was a young man, and we learn much respected.

An Halifax exchange says, we understand that a claim at Nine Mile River, occupied by the discoverer, a man not over blessed with the good things of this mundane sphere, was sold to an American—probably the representative of a Company—for \$20,000, and the money paid down last Saturday.

The Londoners have discovered a method of extracting turpentine from petroleum, and say it can be thus obtained at one third the price that has been heretofore paid for the same article from the Carolinas.

Changeable fire screen:—Draw a landscape on paper, with India Ink, representing a winter scene, or mere outline, the foliage is to be painted with mixture of cobalt for the green, acetate of cobalt for blue, and mixture of copper for yellow, which, when dry, will all be invisible. Put the screen to the fire and the gentle warmth will occasion the flowers, &c. to display themselves in their natural colors, and winter is changed to spring.

THE FUTURE OF THE PROVINCE.

[Continued from our last.]

The first and second resolutions of the series having by consent been agreed to, the third, relating to Denominational Schools being committed:

Hon. M. KINNEAR.—Your honors must be indebted to my hon. and learned friend for these resolutions, and for the able and admirable manner in which he has introduced them. He has added to his usual lucid diction that which is not at all usual with him, and which is seldom heard in this hall, to illuminate the dry statistics in which we commonly indulge, the charm of the imaginative; he has entertained us with an allegory or illustration, running so remarkably in parallel lines with the facts and positions which he wishes to establish, that the allusions were perfectly manifest. I am greatly pleased to find these resolutions pressed not as a party question, or to attack or disturb the government, so that I feel myself delivered from shackles, which more or less affect my mind whenever any question before us has such a bearing; and my hon. friend, having brought forward these resolutions in a calm manner, entirely consistent with his profession of having no party object in view—I confess I hail them as something new, yet entirely in accordance with the power of this branch of the Legislature. It is well known that we had no power to originate or amend any bill, wherein there is any measure or thing affecting the people. The great principle of *Magna Charta* has conferred that power entirely on the people. The consequence of this is, we are prevented from making up any measure by bill but such as essentially excludes the question of raising money; and, as all business of any importance in the country acquire their efficiency from the introduction of the pecuniary clauses, our share of the business of the Legislature is less than it ought to be. It is therefore a matter of congratulation to see this comprehensive subject now proposed for our deliberations, and the discussion of it I hope may be of some benefit to the country. A few years ago Lord Brougham took exactly the same course in the Lords, by introducing a number of resolutions on the question of reducing, as he desired, the paper duty, which was then being agitated in the House of Commons and throughout the country. This showed that the mode taken, as it was not objected to in any quarter, was the true way to influence the other branch, in exercising their undoubted right of raising, lessening, or abolishing taxes of any kind. For the purpose then of influencing the Government on this important point of economy in the public expenditure, and consequently the amount of revenue to be raised; and for the purpose of forming, with the aid of the members of the intelligent and influential classes of the people, a wholesome public opinion, the resolutions now before your honors are just such as we are called upon calmly and without party spirit to discuss and pass, if they deserve our sanction. I hold that it is by means of a well formed public opinion, that we must have the necessary force for effecting the British Constitution been effected, but when so effected they are seldom reversed. It is well known that Mr. Villiers was about six years bringing forward in the House of Commons his annual resolution for abolishing the Corn Laws, and even with the aid of that powerful press, the Times, it took all that time to effect a change in the public mind, but when the necessity for their alteration in the British Constitution became the subject of a permanent legislation. This House is now about to throw its medium of whatever influence it may command into the scale; and I may offer a few general remarks, upon these resolutions now.

The two main points presented are these:—The country being heavily in debt, and the necessity of economy in our expenditure. Of the first there can be no doubt; and the second scarcely needs argument. If as so ingeniously allegorized, the head of a family finds himself deficient in resources, and is a prudent man, his first step will be forthwith to decrease his expenditure. The mode in which that may be brought about by the Government of this Country is detailed in the resolutions and more fully particularized in the speech of my learned friend.

With regard to the debt there is no doubt that almost the whole of it has been caused by the building of the Railroad from St. John to Shediac; for our debt appearing now to be nearly £1,400,000, and there having been no more than about £250,000 of general debt, it followed that the railway has cost us something over £1,000,000. This with our small population and limited resources is somewhat serious; but it is a gratifying consideration that for this large sum of money we have as fine a piece of Railroad as is perhaps to be found in any part of the world; and certainly I do think that if we had anything of magnitude to be accomplished in this Province, it ought to be well done, and then it is worth paying for even though that cost be at a high rate. Besides this we have a Railroad now which connects the Bay of Fundy with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, running through three or four of the most populous counties of the Province, and extending in its northern part to the borders of counties considered to be well adapted for the production of wheat. Much more than all these is the fact that it connects us with the world, and that it is a railway which I trust will at no distant day connect with Canada, whose population and extent of territory so absorb in the British mind all thought of these lower Provinces that the whole pass under that name, just as England frequently means the United Kingdom. Whether that connection be by the northern route, or by a more important one along the valley of the St. John through some pass in the Tobique Chain, or by striking the St. Andrew's and Quebec line, now almost reaching to Woodstock, it will, when the auspicious day arrive for this Province, be hailed with great satisfaction as making them one people geographically considered, and soon also I trust, to unite them politically, having our common Parliament meeting at one central place, and retaining power as regards their own local affairs, like that of the British Parliament over the British Empire; not making the sad mistake which with their terrible slave system nursed into enormous magnitude, the neighboring country has made, of their numerous sovereign states independent of the general Government, and by the gradual extension of that which has been yielded up to it, a double mistake, indeed, which has led to the grievous calamity under which they are now suffering. But the United power should be such as may be exercised at any time, penetrating into the most remote town or parish of any or all the Provinces.

With these British North American colonies thus united, becoming soon four or five millions of people, connected by railways, and also with the United States by an extension of the one at St. John, holding fast its British connection; with the representative of royalty from the mother country at its head, they should then be prepared to understand the true nature and utility of Responsible Government; they will rise above their littleness, and feeling themselves to be an integral and important part of the British Empire, sectional jealousies and petty differences would no longer or but partially exist, and the whole people will learn to act in a great measure in accordance with the greatness of their position. Then we shall never again hear of that baneful word "annexation" which has so long been the bugbear of the colonies, of which indeed the lesson, now before them, is a most timely one. We should hear no more of the sneer against noblemen or the aristocracy, sometimes indulged in, in imitation of a neighboring people, who are unable to endure the terms "My Lord or Your Grace, or my Lord Duke," at the very time when their Generals and Colonels and

Honorables and Squires, are every where plentifully bestowed. When at times I read of or hear a sneer, I cannot conceal my surprise and disgust that men should have profited so little in reading British History as to write or speak of her noblemen with any degree of contempt! One cannot help thinking of the Bishops of England by whom, on the little island of Runnymede in the Thames, the tyrannical King John was compelled to grant the Great Charter of England's liberties, which remains untouched to this day, and whose most valued privilege was that no taxes could be raised but by the consent of the people. And passing on to a more recent period in British History, we find Lord Grey at the head of the government in 1830, when the Reform Bill was carried, enlarging the power of the people, and with subsequent wise reforms, producing such a state of satisfaction throughout the United Kingdom, that when the storm of 1848 swept over Europe, drove monarchs from their thrones, and carried revolution and dismay over almost every part of the continent, Britain stood as a rock, unshaken and untouched, the refuge and the asylum of all, whether crowned heads or humble victims, who fled from those distracting scenes. It was Lord John Russell also, a noble descendant from a noble stock of Freeman, the House of Bedford, who carried the Bill through the Commons; and it was the present Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, who carried a measure of yet greater importance through the same House, at the additional charge on the country of £20,000,000, when the National debt was already nearly £800,000,000—a measure of humanity and justice