

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

[For the Carleton Sentinel.]

### ORIGINAL LINES TO THE OLD TUNE OF YANKEE DOODLE.

BY HOMERUS.

O, have you heard the doleful news, which now prevades the nation,  
Both North and South have faced about; you'll soon see separation;  
Republican and Democrat, and party strife and faction,  
Have plunged the country to distress, and rent it to distraction.

"Yankee doodle pipe it up, face about with speed sir,  
And let posterity record, your great heroic deeds sir."

Soon as the "darkies" of the South, heard Lincoln was elected,  
Their eye-balls twisted round about; they sure they'd be protected;  
That slavery was at an end, with all its toils and pains sir,  
And that freedom's flag should quickly float, from Texas to Maine sir.

"Satan strike the banjo up; dance the pickaninny,  
Old Ebenezer soon will see, his own sweet native Guinea

The Northern States having attained, ascendancy in power,  
Resolved were for to embrace, the long and welcome hour  
When public property obtained, by fraud and peculation,  
Should be restored despite the threat of Southern legislation.

"Yankee doodle blow it up, draw the sabre draw sir,  
The Southern chaps I fear you'll find, are not mere men of straw sir."

South Carolina led the van, her watchword was "Secession,"  
The sister States soon crowded in, and joined in the procession.  
They hoisted the Palmetto flag, as emblem of the soil sir,  
Fort Sumter it was captured, and that without much toil sir.

"Yankee doodle pipe it up, make the trumpet squeak sir,  
Go forth and face your rival flag, the stars and rattlesnake sir."

Old Massachusetts always first, and foremost in the fight sir,  
In crowds sent off brave volunteers, for to support her right sir;  
But when they marched through Baltimore, as bare as a tree sir,  
The Baltimoreans faced about and gave them Irish bullets.

"Yankee doodle sound it up, keep your powder dry sir,  
Jeff Davis he is on the track, you'll want it bye and bye sir."

Our heroes of the North find now, that fighting is not fun sir,  
And long will they think on the day, they scamper'd from Bull Run sir.  
When other heroes faced the foe, they thought it no disgrace sir,  
To cast their colors on the road, that they might win the race sir.

"Yankee doodle strike it up, our heroes saved their lives sir,  
They thought it best than stand the test, of Southern brute knives sir."

Both Jeff and Lincoln now may view, the country's situation  
That traitor is cramped and thousands too, are bordering on starvation;  
But should they snarl, growl and grin, and rake up fresh  
Some other dog will snatch away, the bone of their contention.

"Yankee doodle sound it up, keep your powder dry sir,  
Perhaps that yet you'd have a crack, with Nap or Johnny Bull sir."

## Select Tale.

### THE SLOW-MATCH.

Concluded.

Once she thought it had gone out. Some black ashes concealed it from her eye. She sprang up, and could have danced for joy. Ah, no! It reappeared again, brighter than before. Five minutes after, just round the corner of the tower, where she could catch a glimpse of the open country beyond the park, two horsemen appeared. She saw them, and too early thanked heaven for help. But they were not coming to the chateau; their horses' heads were turned the other way. She leaned forth from the window; she shrieked. The wind was from the west, and bore her voice away; and riding quietly on they were hid behind the trees. Henrietta sank down again, and covered her eyes with her hands.

When she looked out once more, the spark of fire had reached the nearest edge of the walk. Two feet more it had to travel, and then all would be over. It was inevitable. Fate was upon her. She tried to calm her whirling brain, to think of death—of God—of salvation—to cast from her the clinging garb of this world's hopes, and walk herself in faith for the world to come. She walked slowly and quietly to the place where stood the crucifix, and taking it from the table, carried it with her to the window, and pressed it to her breast with her crossed arms. The feeling of all hope in this world, of all doubt in regard to the dread reality, passed away. There was the small spark creeping along the slow-match. There was the locked door behind her. It was Fate. Yet she could not take her eyes from that spot of light, that glimmered there like the fascinating eye of the serpent. Still, steadily she gazed at it. It crept over the grass, among the green blades—nearer, nearer; sometimes hardly perceptible, but yet her eye detected it, and marked its progress with terrified acuteness. All her senses seemed to be sharpened with the horror of her condition. It came up, over the first turned corner, which her husband had turned away from the powder. Not above an inch or two was left. Her ear caught the sound of horses' feet galloping hard, before the riders came behind the trees. The next moment a party of men appeared. But it was in vain. She knew it; she saw it: not an inch of the match was left. Gallop hard in time, they could not reach the house as time. Oh, horrible, to be dashed to pieces with hope and relief in sight!

Suddenly the bird began to sing again. How strangely, and at what strange moments imagination acts. To her ear, the song seemed to say, "Fly far—Fly far—Fly far: Fly, fly, fly!"

The spark was burying itself in the earth. The sound seemed a warning from an angel. She darted from the window to the farthest nook of the room, where the tower was joined on to the main building; she crouched behind the bed.

Suddenly there was a roar that deafened her, and her heart stood still. The windows were dashed to pieces; the tower rocked and shook; the stout rafters and the heavy walls rent and cracked, and then she felt the whole mass swaying slowly, fearfully. Then, with a rattling as if a mountain had fallen, the front wall of the tower, part of the west angle, and a considerable portion of the flooring were cast a mass of ruins into the garden below.

Where was she? Was she living? Was she dead?—What had happened? All thought seemed for an instant to have been extinguished; all consciousness

ness. But gradually her breath came back and her recollection. Through the clouds of smoke and dust, she saw the blue sky, and the trees of the park. Her bed stood firm before her; a picture of her father hung against the wall; but beyond that was an awful fissure, and the whole front of the chamber was open to the outer air. She paused, trembling, and not daring to move, or only move to press the crucifix to her lips. Was she safe? she asked herself. Was she yet safe? Would not the tower fall? Suddenly a beam went rattling down from above, carrying part of the ceiling with it. It fell heavily on the flooring that remained. But there it rested, and the tower remained unshaken.

"Henriette!" cried a voice from without, which she recognized as that of one of her husband's cousins. "Good God! what is all this? Henriette—Henriette!"

She crept slowly forward, holding by any object near at hand, and dreading every step, till she could see out into the garden. Every thing there seemed confused and indistinct—partly perhaps from the whirling of her own brain, and the faint sinking of her heart—partly from the clouds of mingled dust and smoke which still rose up against the yellow light, paling the sunshine. She saw several figures, however, grouped together at a little distance, gazing up at the tower. Their faces she could not distinguish; but she stretched forth her beautiful arms exclaiming, "A ladder!—Oh, bring a ladder!—Quick!"

The next moment some one tried the lock of her chamber-door, and then pushed it hard; she called to them in terror to forbear, saying, "For Heaven's sake do not shake the tower! It is all shattered. Bring a ladder to the window—quick—quick!"

Poor girl, she forgot it had windows no longer. Speedily a ladder was brought, raised carefully, and lightly placed against remnants of flooring. Some one ascended from below, and as he came she saw that it was a young cousin of her husband's who had it ever been kind to her. She crept towards the edge, trembling lest the shaken boards and beams should give way beneath her little feet at every step. But they stood firm; and, aided by the lad, she descended safely to the garden.

When her feet touched the solid ground, however—when the peril and the agony were over—when she was safe, rescued, restored almost from death to life, the emotions of thankfulness and relief proved more overpowering than even terror had been, and she fainted.

On opening her eyes again, she found the same people round her; but it was the face of Alphonse de Breuil that she saw so anxiously over her. They gave her a little time to recover, and then young Claude d'Andaure told her that, while walking in the streets of St. D—, with his friend, De Breuil and some other gentlemen, he had met the old gardener, of the chateau. From him he heard that all the servants had fled, thinking their lord mad; and that Henriette herself had been locked into her chamber by her husband. The old man added, that he did not believe the Marquis to be mad at all, but only out of humor; but apprehension took possession of the kindly lad, and De Breuil proposed that they should set out instantly. Other relations were gathered together in haste, and a party of some six or seven gentlemen were now assembled before the chateau. The explosion of the barrel of powder, and the fall of part of the tower, had at once directed their attention to that part of the building; but they had as yet seen no living soul in the neighborhood, except Henriette herself. Many were the questions they asked her, as they led her to the garden's edge. But it was with difficulty they extracted a reply. Undefined, but painful feelings rendered her unwilling either to dwell upon or to relate the particulars of the terrible event which had just occurred. She would have spared her husband if she could. Young d'Andaure, however, at length asked eagerly for his cousin, and, suddenly, some words which the Marquis had uttered came back upon Henriette's memory. "Make ready," he had said, "for we are going on a long journey."

He had spoken in the plural, at the moment he was devising her death; and clasping her hands, she exclaimed eagerly, "Seek for him, seek for him! God knows what has happened! He blew up the tower to destroy me, but he spoke of himself too!" They placed her in the cottage, and while two or three remained to guard her, the rest hurried back to the chateau. The great doors were locked. Two smaller ones were tried in vain; and the windows were two high up to be forced open. But one of them remembered that the branch in the shattered tower gave entrance by the great saloon, and through it made their way into the main body of the house. They hunted through all the chambers on the lower floor, without success—the lesser saloon, the dining-hall, the library, the marquis's dressing-room; he was not there. They then went on to the floor above, which was an entresol, and in several rooms they entered, were equally unsuccessful. At length, however, they came to a door which was locked, and there they knocked and shouted. They were going on, when one of the gentlemen exclaimed, "Stay; open that door opposite, and give us some light. The floor is wet here!"

The door was opened, and then they saw a stream of blood flowing from under the locked door, across the passage. An entrance was speedily forced, and then all was revealed. The marquis was seated in a chair, with his head bent forward upon the table so that his face could not be seen. But the whole parquet was dabbled with blood, an open razor lay upon the table, and it was soon found that he had cut his throat from ear to ear. He was quite dead; but it was evident that the act of suicide had not been long committed; for the body was still warm, and the limbs flexed. His watch lay upon the table beside the razor; and it is probable he had waited there, counting the minutes till the explosion took place, and then satisfied that he had accomplished his object, had destroyed himself.

It was a sad history, which the family endeavored to bury in silence, as far as possible, and there being little publicity for any thing at that time in France, they were, to a great degree, successful. A few *propos verbaux* recorded the facts, and they were suppressed in the boxes of a police-office. But I heard the story, while travelling through that part of the country, from old Doctor S—, the physician at St. Valery, to whom I had letters. He had been one of those consulted by the relations of Monsieur d'Andaure on the first appearance of mental aberration, and had made it his business subsequent-

ly to obtain all the particulars of his after-fate and death. He told me that Henriette had not married as soon as might have been expected, although she was now her own mistress, and possessed of a considerable fortune, in the enjoyment of which, strange to say her husband's relations left her unmolested. But the terrible events which she had just passed, and a long period of anxiety and grief which had preceded, impaired her health, and depressed her spirits. She remained a widow for more than two years; and the old doctor imagined that it was a wound which Alphonse de Breuil received in battle as well as some attempts of her mother to resume an ancient and extinct domination, which had at length induced the fair young widow to bring her lover's term of probation to an end. She was again married, he said, on her twenty-first birthday, and bestowed upon Alphonse a larger family than French husbands are usually blessed with.

### The Imitation of Christ

It is reported in the Bohemian story, that St. Wenceslaus, their king, one winter night going to his devotions, in a remote church, barefooted in the snow and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant Podavivus, who waited upon his master's piety, and endeavored to imitate his affections, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him and set his feet in the same footsteps, which his feet should mark for him: the servant did so, and either fancied a cure, or found one; for he followed his prince, helped forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps for him in the snow. In the same manner does the blessed Jesus; for since our way is troublesome, obscure, full of objection and danger, apt to be mistaken and to afflict our industry, he commands us to mark his footsteps, to tread where his feet have stood, and not only invites us forward by the argument of his example, but he hath trodden down much of the difficulty, and made the way easier, and sit for our feet. For he knows our infirmities, and himself, hath felt their experience in all things but in the neighborhoods of sin; and therefore he hath proportioned a way and a path to our strength and capacities, and like Jacob, hath marched softly and in evenness with the children and the cattle, to entertain us by the comforts of his company, and the influence of a perpetual guide.

He that gives all to the poor, takes, Jesus by the hand; he that patiently endures injuries and affronts helps him to bear his cross; he that comforts his brother in affliction, gives an amiable kiss of peace to Jesus; he that bathes his own and his neighbor's sins in tears of penance and compassion washes his Master's feet; we lead Jesus into the recesses of our heart by holy meditations; and we enter into his heart, when we express him in our actions: for so the apostle says: "He that is in Christ, walks as he also walked." But thus the actions of our life relate to him by way of worship and religion; but the use is admirable and effectual, when our actions refer to him as to our copy, and we transcribe the original to the life.—Jeremy Taylor.

### Bottom of the Ocean.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters in the ocean. He gives some sketches of what he saw on the Silver Banks, near Hyatia: "The banks of corals on which my divers were made, are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear, that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet, when submerged, with little obstruction to the sight.

"The bottom of the ocean in many places on these banks, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of these more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more; giving a reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places the pendants form arch over arch, and as he stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through these into the deep winding avenue, he feels that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had long been buried beneath 'old ocean waves.' Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if these lofty columns were towers belonging to those stately temples now in ruins.

"There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants, in every crevice of the corals where the water deposited the least earth—They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with, that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and of the most brilliant hue.

"The fish which inhabit these silver banks, I found as different in kind, as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms and colors and sizes; from symmetrical goby, to the globe-like sun-fish; from those of the palest hue, to the changeable dolphin; from the spot of the leopard to the hues of the sun-beam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark. Some have heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of small size resembled a ball of wool, and came out by the old bars where Bob Emmons was at work. After a little talk, Lem left his gun and fixings on the outside, and went in to the barn to look at the cattle, and finally passed through to get a draught of cider at the house. While he was gone, Bob, who was at the bottom of all mischief done in the vicinity, dropped an extra charge of shot into each barrel of the gun, and charged it with powder. Presently Amasa came up the road with a new hat on; the half formed plan that floated in the brain of Bob was instantly completed and put into action, as follows:

Halling Amasa—"Come quick," says he, "let's have some fun with Lem. We'll draw out his shot and let him can't hit his hat." "Capital good idea," replied Amasa. "Lem thinks he can shoot; we'll open his eyes a little, eh?" Bob carefully drew out all the shots he had just put in, and put the gun back where he found it. Just then Lem came back. "Hallo, Lem," says Amasa, "what are you totting that gun about for?" "Oh, it's a new one," said Lem; "sometimes I get a chance to shoot, and then I always hit." "But you can't hit my hat—six rods," exclaimed Amasa; "but an oyster supper for the boys to-night." "Done," says Lem, "set it up."

Amasa put his hat on a post and measured the six rods, almost bursting with suppressed laughter at the ludicrous idea of Lem's looks when he should find that he couldn't hit a hat at six rods. Bob also chuckled at the success of his plan, and Lem pleased with the idea of winning the bet. He brought the gun up to his face to fire. "Double your bet and give it both barrels," says Amasa. "Ay, ay," replied Lem, and he let drive right and left. Before the smoke rolled away, Amasa jumped forward with a shout and a laugh, to show Lem that he could not hit a hat in broad daylight. But—where was it? Bits of fur here and there, and a miserable, dilapidated wreck of a hat, that looked as if all the wood-eaters of Norfolk county had been at it, lay on the ground. The sudden and instantaneous change of his countenance told Bob who had lost the wager. And that was the way Amasa was cured of betting.

es the ova till it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from four to five hundred pounds."

### European Intervention.

On this subject, which has already begun to excite some apprehension in the Northern States the New York World has the following striking article as one of its leaders:—

"The rumors which are flying through the European newspapers that the Emperor Napoleon is urging the English government to unite with him in an early recognition of the Confederate States accompanied by other rumors of an intended intervention to put an end to the war, must moderate the satisfaction caused by the pacific settlement of the Trent affair. These rumors may have little foundation, but we cannot afford to treat them with contempt. We have the unpleasant facts staring us in the face that the general feeling of Europe is not friendly; that a powerful press is persistently striving to deepen the prejudice against our cause by captions and malignant criticism; that the ultimate success of the rebels in achieving their independence is not only hoped for but believed in; and that large manufacturing and commercial interests are already suffering, and must soon suffer severely, by the continuance of our blockade. These facts lead a sufficient color of probability to the rumors that European powers are meditating schemes that bode no good to us to forbid the delusion that we can prolong this war indefinitely with only a single enemy to contend with.

"We must subdue the rebels within the ensuing three or four months or the chances are slender that we shall ever subdue them at all—There is reason to believe that France and England entered, some time since, into an understanding with each other to pursue a common policy in respect to the rebellion. Whenever these powerful nations shall become the allies of the South the last hope of restoring the disaffected Union will have vanished. Their intervention would not put an immediate end to the war, but our further prosecution of it would be merely for the settlement of boundaries and the vindication of the national honor.

"If England and France should interfere in our quarrel, the period selected will probably be the beginning of May. Meanwhile they will take no steps which they would find it expedient to retract if the success of our arms shall change the face of affairs. But if our generals shall achieve nothing decisive during February and March, the British Admiral in command of the squadron at Halifax will be reinforced, in April, by a powerful fleet ready to take advantage of the opening of the St. Lawrence. In a war with the United States Canada would be the most vulnerable part of the British dominions; England would defend it by a strong naval force in the great lakes. Soon after the arrival of a British fleet in those inland seas we should learn that the Confederate States had been recognized, and that treaties of amity and commerce had been ratified between them and France and England; their respective parts in the drama having been so arranged that France should take the initiative, in order to mask the selfishness of England, who has a greater interest in the supply of cotton, and whose stock of that commodity will be nearly exhausted at the beginning of summer. The interests of commerce will secure great advantages to the European parties to them, for the reason that their recognition is so important to the South that they can put any price on it they please. Absolute free trade between these nations and the South, with such advantages to their shipping as would make them the sole carriers of Southern commodities, would make the blockade a greater obstruction to European interests than it is already. The South, by such an arrangement would be virtually reduced to the condition of a joint colony of England and France.

"It is impossible to exaggerate the importance to this country, and to the world, of the military movements of the immediate future. The success of our generals will be the salvation of the country. But if the winter and spring campaign shall bear no fruits commensurate with our great and expensive preparations, we sink appalled at the dark and protentious future which lies beyond. It will be a burning shame, it will be the most heart-rending spectacle in all human history, if this brave, free, and patriotic people are ruined by the incompetency of those who are intrusted with the management of their abundant resources."

How AMASA WAS CURED OF BETTING.—Not a thousand miles from Jamaica Plain lived Lem Seaver, Bob Emmons, and Amasa May. Lem was fond of shooting, could shoot well, and was rather proud of it. It happened on a bright October day, that he had been hunting the cover on the Newcomb side of the pond, and came out by the old barn where Bob Emmons was at work. After a little talk, Lem left his gun and fixings on the outside, and went in to the barn to look at the cattle, and finally passed through to get a draught of cider at the house. While he was gone, Bob, who was at the bottom of all mischief done in the vicinity, dropped an extra charge of shot into each barrel of the gun, and charged it with powder. Presently Amasa came up the road with a new hat on; the half formed plan that floated in the brain of Bob was instantly completed and put into action, as follows:

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## General News.

EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION.—A paper was recently sent by Mr. Nunnally, of this town, before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, on a remarkable case in which that gentleman had successfully removed the entire tongue, for cancer of the organ, and restored the patient to comfort and apparent health. The man, otherwise of robust constitution and in the prime of life, was wasting under the agony of the diseased tongue, and such difficulty of taking food as threatened soon to destroy his life by starvation. The operation of extirpating the diseased member was most severe and painful, and, in fact, involved a series of processes extending over several days; but at the end, and when the tongue was finally removed, so rapid was the recovery that the man ate and enjoyed his dinner the next day, and continued to this time in vigorous health. But what will perhaps still more surprise some people is that he can talk without even a stump or a bit of the root of the tongue. He can pronounce every letter of the alphabet, many of them perfectly (all the vowels) most of them distinctly. The three there is most difficulty in are K, Q, and T, which are difficult and indistinct in the order they are named, K being much more so than T. In conversation he can be readily understood if not hurried or excited.—Leeds Intelligencer

A NOVELTY IN HAND-LOOM WEAVING.—There is, as the Dundee (Scott.) Courier, at present, has been weaving in one of Richard & Co's weaving shops, Montrose, a piece of floorcloth, the like of which never was wrought in Scotland, or perhaps in the known world. For the sake of the curious we shall describe it. It is 104 yards in breadth. The size of the warp, which goes through a 14 porter reel, is 134 lbs. per spindle. The weft is 24 lbs. per spindle. It requires three able bodied men to work the loom. The web when wrought, will measure 125 yards, and will weigh upwards of 1,700 pounds. This notice, we fancy, will take many of our hand-loom weavers by surprise.

THE HAZARD OF A DIE.—A nation's hopes rest upon the action of an army; the action of that army depends upon the will of one man. There is a grand movement on foot to encompass and crush the monster rebellion; what the plan is, is known to one man. The American nation has waited months upon months for this blow to be struck; when it will be struck is known to one man. Gen. Halleck, Gen. Bull, Gen. Banks, Gen. Worth, Gen. Burnside and Gen. Sherman have each a separate army but they are like puppets, with strings all held by one hand. Six hundred thousand soldiers move, and it may almost be said, live and have their being at the fiat of one man. Now Gen. McClellan may possess all the energy, talent, skill and endurance of the first Napoleon; he may be so omnipotent that he may be able to do what nothing else that any other great captain has yet done—hold eight or ten armies in a line of battle two thousand miles in length, leaving his marshals no discretion but to aim, fire, wheel or retreat at his nod, and in this way guard most surely against disasters, and win victory the most speedily—he may be able to do all these things; but he is not a Napoleon. He should be a die, who is there left can take and play his hand? Surely, a military scheme, so extensive and stately, that it cannot permit a subordinate to strike a flying force of ten thousand, which he has overtaken and can annihilate, or forbid 40,000 men to envelop 10,000, must be too vast and intricate for any hand to grasp and wield, but that which belongs to the brain which conceived it. When a nation's life is in peril, and foreign interference is imminent, shall the country's destinies hang halting on one man's health? Shall its right arm be paralyzed by a chance bullet, or the stumble of a war charger? Has the American Government a right longer to stake the Union's fortunes on the hazard of a die?—Dr.

ANNEXATION.—The Niagara Mail says: The solid men of Canada are friendly to the United States, so long as Brother Jonathan behaves himself; but let him advance one foot on our Canadian soil, with intent to annexation, and he will find a welcome warm that he will be glad to make his exit with the speed of the redoubtable (?) horses of Bull's Run.

TACKLE OF A PICKPOCKET.—A pickpocket was recently arrested at a well known place of amusement in London, and on his person were found watches, purses, snuff-boxes, and a quester of all—a box of bugs. What possible disposition could be made of such an entomological possession was a question that puzzled everybody. Subsequent developments showed that this criminal presiding officer, who, unperceived, placed one of his insect treasures upon the shawl or coat of a lady or gentleman, and then received permission to remove the disgusting creature. While thus diverting their attention he would relieve them of their superfluous jewelry.

THE WHISKY INTEREST.—Large dealers, who are pleading on behalf of the whiskey interest with the Committee of Ways and Means, make the almost incredible assertion that the total production of all the distilleries in the United States is not less than 600,000,000 gallons. If so, a tax of 10 per cent. will be a very pretty sum for the Treasury. Probably a still larger tax will be imposed.

MANNERS CHANGE WITH THE TIMES.—The London Review says: "Strange transformations distinguish the days in which our lot is cast. Had anyone predicted a dozen years ago that the Bishop of London would preach in an omnibus yard; the Rev. Lord Wrottesley Russell in a potatoe, fruit and cabbage market; the Bishop of Oxford at a railway station, and the bishops of Lincoln, Durham, and Exeter, at the Duke of Devonshire's, and that every Sunday afternoon and evening ministers of all denominations, rector, vicar, curate, Wesleyan preacher, and independent minister, would take up their places in succession on the stage and preach divine lessons to crowded audiences, he would have been set down as a fanatic or dreamer. Yet these are the weekly scenes and the recurring acts of drama, earnest, full of instruction and rich in fruits."

The Hon. Geo. L. Hatheway's team left his place on the Nashua, for St. John, on Tuesday morning, and arrived in Fredericton, with a load of twenty barrels of flour, on Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. This is said to be the heaviest load ever hauled by a single pair of horses by the Nerepis road, between the two cities.—Reporter.

A Paris despatch of the 17th says: "The Emperor Napoleon, while out shooting last week with the Duke of Magenta, was struck in the nape of the neck with two or three stray shots from the gun of his companion."

EMIGRANTS RETURNING TO IRELAND.—During the month of December, 1861, four thousand and five hundred emigrants reached Liverpool on their return to their homes. They were principally natives of Ireland.

THE "TREBUKE" ON THE WASHINGTON ADMINISTRATION.—The Tribune says:—"Our armaments have cost the country not less than one hundred and fifty millions, while those of the rebels would be dear at fifty millions. In fact so extensive and thorough have been our preparations that, though we have not yet reached a decisive battle, we stand on the verge of national bankruptcy."

The Empress Eugenie is, according to late gossip, becoming quite a politician; but her policy is directly opposed to that of the Emperor. She corresponds with many men of the clerical party, and defends warmly the temporal power of the Pope and the cause of the ex-King of Naples.—Dr.

The Emperor of Siam has sent to President Lincoln a magnificent sword with solid gold handle and scabbard, beautifully embossed and otherwise ornamented; two enormous and perfect Siamese elephant's tusks, a daguerreotype of the King of Siam with his little child on his knee, and a friendly letter from under the Monarch's hand, accompanied by a translation into English.

A North Carolina paper of recent date says, on the approaching twenty-second of February the permanent Government of the Confederate States of North America will be inaugurated at Richmond. President Davis will be installed for six years, and other interesting ceremonies take place. This don't look as if the "rebels" felt that they were going to be conquered.

TERMS OF THE CARLETON SENTINEL per annum, \$1.50, cash payment in advance. \$2 if paid within 6 mos. Clubs of 12, \$15, and one to the sender of the club. Advertisements must be handed in on Thursday.

## The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

### Editorial Correspondence.

A NEW HOUSE.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 13, 1862.

The present is essentially a new House. The first impression on a cursory glance along the benches is that the present is an improvement on the old House, for the personable and physiognomy of the thirty-eight members present are such as to speak loudly in favor of the intelligence of the Province. By-and-bye we will be able to judge as to the mental calibre which lies entrenched behind these general features. We have already endeavored to make our readers aware of what amount of talent has been lost by the result of the late elections—a loss very evident and very great from all the various degrees in the house—the polished elocutionist and fervid debater, as well as the more plodding, but equally useful man of facts and figures. Changes are, if not essential, at times very wholesome, and we may hope that the changes made in the composition of the Legislature by the people, will prove of advantage.

Comparisons are at best dangerous, and certainly a fair opportunity has not been offered to establish comparisons between this house and its predecessor, but we can express the pleasure we have experienced in noticing the premonitory symptoms of wisdom and talent evinced by many of the new members. At the present writing, but little of general interest has been done. Committees have been appointed, and bills, some, from their titles we judge, of importance, been introduced. The rule of the House long since established, requiring thirty dollars to be paid on introducing bills of a private nature, introduced originally by Hon. Mr. Mitchell, has again, for the hundredth time, been re-affirmed, although the nervous eloquence of the Chief Commissioner of Works, and of Mr. Ryan, were brought to bear against it.

Mr. Lindsay made his maiden speech in favor of the general principle of the rule, but willing to yield its suspension in some cases.

Mr. Grimmer, of St. Stephen's, elaborated the old idea about corporations, declaring such institutions to have no bodies to be kicked or souls to be damned.

The question of French debates called out Mr. Costigan from Victoria, who, in a neat and pertinent speech, gave his views as opposed to complimenting the French habitants by a grant of this nature which many of them could not appreciate, and withholding essential bonus in the shape of roads, schools and post-offices.

Mr. Lindsay introduced a Bill to place the road through Jacktonville to River de Chate, on the Great Road List.

In the Upper House quite an animated debate took place on the address, in reply to His Excellency's Speech at the opening of the session. Mr. Mitchell, as is well known, has taken his seat in that body, and the more than usually strong terms in which the address is couched were not received with favor by some of the hon. gentlemen.

After several verbal alterations were made, Mr. Mitchell, upon an amendment offered by Hon. Mr. Chandler, the effect of which was to strike out the word *approve* in one section, expressed in pretty strong terms the opinion that the Government could not tolerate any more alterations in the address, intimating that those already made had been suggested through a spirit of cavilling and opposition.

This roused the feelings of honorable gentlemen, and led some of them to assert the rights of their house with considerable vigor. The debate was the most interesting one we have heard up stairs, and one calculated largely to increase one's opinion of the talent of the Legislative Council. We are glad to see Mr. Mitchell there. His earnest manly eloquence, coming as he does fresh from and bearing with him the associations of the democratic branch, must have the effect of infusing a degree of new life into the upper chamber. Still we can not desire to see the same kind and degree of excitement there which is naturally an attendant of debate down stairs, and it is a relief occasionally to turn from the ringing tramp like vehemence of the conservators of public rights to the more polished, correct and courteous manners of the Members of the second body of the Legislature.

February 14.

To-day the Legislative Council passed the Address. In the Lower House a number of Bills were introduced, but the greater part of the day was taken up discussing the question of reporting and publishing the Debates, but as the matter is still in statu quo, we will not refer to it more particularly here.

February 15.

Simply nothing, save the introduction of a few bills, was done to day by the house, but the individual members have appeared busy and many private courtesies which one occasionally meets with, added to the general report current, shows pretty conclusively that an attempt to organize an opposition, to make its first developments on the address in reply to His Excellency's speech, is being made.

The lumber bill which Mr. Mitchell has introduced to