

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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NO. 33

## Poetry.

### THE GIFTS OF THE GODS.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

The saying is wise, though it sounds like a jest,  
That 'The gods don't allow us to be in their debt,'  
For though we may think we are specially blest,  
We are certain to pay for the favors we get!

Are riches the boon? Nay, be not elated;  
The final account isn't settled as yet;  
Old Care has a mortgage on every estate,  
And that's what you pay for the wealth that you get!

Is Honor the prize? It were easy to name  
What sorrows and perils her pathway beset;  
Grim Fate, and Detraction accompany Fame,  
And that's what you pay for the honor you get!

Is Learning a treasure? How charming the pair  
When Talent and Culture are lovingly met;  
But Labor unceasing is grievous to bear,  
And that's what you pay for the learning you get!

Is Genius worth having? There isn't a doubt;  
And yet what a price on the blessing is set—  
To suffer more with it than without,  
For that's what you pay for the genius you get!

Is Beauty a blessing? To have it for naught  
The gods never grant to their veriest pet;  
Pale Envy reminds you the jewel is bought,  
And that's what you pay for the beauty you get!

But Pleasure? Alas!—how prolific of pain!  
Gay Pleasure is followed by gloomy Regret;  
And often Repentance is one of her train,  
And that's what you pay for the pleasure you get!

But surely in Friendship we all may secure  
An excellent gift; never doubt it—yet  
With much to enjoy there is much to endure,  
And that's what you pay for the friendship you get!

But then there is Love?—Nay, speak not too soon;  
The fondlest of hearts may have reason to fret;  
For Fear and Bereavement attend on the boon,  
And that's what you pay for the love that you get!

And thus it appears—though it sounds like a jest—  
The gods don't allow us to be in their debt;  
And though we may think we are specially blest,  
We are certain to pay for whatever we get!

## Select Tale.

### A MISTAKE ABOUT MARRIAGE.

When I was a little girl, I was a fat, merry, jolly dumpling, as happy as the day was long. Every body pinched my red cheeks, and I waddled about with my doll in my plump arms, finding fun in everything and fully believing that my doll was as sensible as myself; and perhaps she was almost. But though I had a natural antipathy to a spelling book, and had no fondness for spending a long summer's afternoon in picking a needle in and out of a bit of calico; though I considered patchwork all foolishness, and guests as utter superfluities; though I was called a simpleton for asking my mother why she cut cloth up and sewed it together again, still I was fond of picking up ideas after my own fashion. When the wise people around me supposed I was thinking of nothing but my play, my two little ears were open to every word spoken in my hearing, and many were the words impressed on my memory, which the speaker forgot the next minute.

When I was ten years old, I had one sister aged fifteen, and another seventeen; and, as usual with girls at that age, they had a set of cronies, some very like and some very unlike them in character. One afternoon, as I was tending my doll Ophelia who was sick in bed, I heard a brisk discussion among these girls, which I may almost say, decided my fate for life.

The first words which caught my attention came from an animate, romantic girl of sixteen, scolding because the heroine of a novel she had just read was left unmarried at the end of the story.

One of my sisters did not seem to sympathize with this burst of disapprobation, and then came the pithy question:

What! would be willing to die an old maid?

Mary said very quietly, yes; and sister Ellen added—so would I.

Then such looks of amazement and incredulity. You can't mean what you say cried one. If I did not know too well to think you a hypocrite, said another. Why it was *meant* that all women should be married, exclaimed a third.

Then why are they not all married? asked Mary with simplicity.

Eager and hot grew the controversy, and I lost not a word, while Ophelia lay flat on her back, her stiff kid arms sticking out, and her croop quite forgotten. Then first did I take notice of that terrible combination of monosyllables, 'Old Maid.' In how many different tones of contempt, dread and deprecation did I hear it uttered by those juvenile voices. What anecdotes came forth about cross old maids, and ugly, and dressey, and learned, and pious and flirting, and mischievous old maids! Never did a heavy regular fifty-year old spinster utter so much scandal in one afternoon as was poured forth by those blooming young creatures.

Two or three friends of my mother who I had always cherished in my innocent affections, because they talked so pleasantly and were so kind to me, now appeared like new personages.

Miss Z. was so ugly, she never could have an offer. Miss Y. dressed so shabby, and wore green spectacles to look literary. And Miss A. was forever talking about Sunday School and Exter Hall meetings, and so on.

You may be sure that the next time these ladies came to our house, I scanned very closely the face of Miss Z., a face I had always loved before; but now I saw that it was exceedingly plain. I looked hard at Miss Y.'s drab colored bonnet and shawl, perceived that they were old fashioned and ordinary, and that her green spectacles looked pedantic. Then Miss X., beside whom I had always squeezed in upon the sofa, encouraged by her kindly smile and delighted with her conversation; how uninteresting she had become. They were all old maids!

It must be observed that my sisters—right, good, sensible, domestic girls they were—had no part in this bewilderment of my young ideas. They were in the minority, so I took it for granted they were in the wrong. Besides, what children are ever as much influenced by what is uttered in familiar voices in their own family, as by the words of comparative strangers?

I learned my lesson thoroughly, for it came to me in some shape every week. I read it in every novel and newspaper, and heard it from every lip. The very men who spoke truth and sense on the subject, sometimes neutralized it by an idle jest in

some moment of levity, and the jest drove out the truth from my young heart.

At eighteen, I lived only for the ignoble purpose—I can not bear to say—of getting married; but what could have been the ruling wish of one who had been taught by society to dread celibacy worse than death? I dare say I betrayed it in the ball room, in the street, every where. I dare say I was duly laughed at.

At last, quaking on the verge of six-and-twenty, I had an offer—almost absurd one. I was six years older than my lover, had ten times as much sense, probably, excepting on one point. I knew that he was rather wild, as the gentle phrase goes; in short, I neither loved or respected him, but I was willing to marry him, because then I should be Mrs. Somebody, and should not be an old maid.

My parents said No, positively. Of course I thought them unreasonable and cruel, and made myself very miserable. Still, it was something to have had an offer of any kind, and my lips were not hermetically sealed. I had several confidants, who took care that all my acquaintances should know the comfortable fact I had refused Mr. S.

I went on with increasing uneasiness a few years longer, not seeing how to be useful, or trying to find out for what good purpose I was made. Neither was I looking for a companion who could sympathize with my better aspirations and elevate my whole character, for I had no right views of marriage. I was simply gazing about in anxious suspense upon every unmarried man of my acquaintance, for one who would lift me out of that dismal Valley of Humiliation into which I felt myself descending. Had I met Apollon himself there with the question on his lips, I believe I should have said yes.

At thirty-six I wore more pink ribbons than ever seen excepting from a child; a respectable woman could go, wondering why girls went into company so young, found I was growing sharp faced and sharp spoken and was becoming old maidish in the worst sense of the word—because I was an old maid against my will. I forgot that voluntary celibacy never affects the temper.

My sisters, be it remembered, were older than I. They too, were single. But they had lived more domestic lives than I, had read fewer works of fiction, had been cultivating their own natures and seeking to make everybody around them happy. And everybody revered them and loved to look upon their open, pleasant countenances; I mean everybody worth pleasing; and they were very happy.

At last our good parents died, and left each of us a little independence. Within a year I was married. I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory.

I have had luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He likes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at seventy-five degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of at school, which I hate—I like music and want to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is but one thing which we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word.

I have had bad luck as a mother; for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they just quarrelled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his cat-like claw to Mortimer's ribs;—while the baby Zebulon, in my lap, who never sleeps more than an hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been roused by their din to scream in chorus.

I have had bad luck as a house-keeper for I never kept a housemaid more than three weeks. And as to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting sternly through my kitchen as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thunder gust and hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico. My new housemaid bounced out of the room, yesterday flinging her duster, and muttering, 'Real old maid, after all!' just because I showed her a table on which I could write 'slut,' with my finger in the dust.

I never see my plump, happy sisters, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long, doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. It is every day of my life.

Yet half of my sex marry as I did; not for love but for fear? fear of dying an old maid.

They have their reward. And those whose idle tongues create this mischievous fear, and thus make so much domestic misery, have their responsibility.

"A Penny, Please."

Upon the corner, where the cold winds blow mercilessly on the chilled and shivering frame, playing wild pranks with the tattered rags, stands the little vagrant, with trembling hand outstretched, and blue lips uttering the plaintive cry.

"A penny, please."

Have human hearts no pity, no compassion for the friendless one?

Yonder comes a haughty lady, bounding by her side her beautiful boy; surely the cry will reach her mother heart; the love she bears her little one will swell her soul with pity, see how the divine spirit of compassion has stirred the boy, how humid grew his bright eyes, as he pleads.

"Mother, do give her something; give her some money to buy some bread, some shoes to cover her naked feet."

Alas, my boy, you plead in vain; 'tis but a cold repulse you win!

She is but a little street beggar, unworthy of a moment's thought; it is no deed of mercy to give to such as she!

Oh, woman, woman, heed what you do. Would you pluck from your boy's heart the tender germs of sweet pity, of divine charity, and plant in their stead the noxious weeds of selfishness and distrust? Soon, quite soon enough, will the heart grow hard and callous in contact with worldly selfishness and pride. Were it not far better even to bestow unworthily, than to turn that little green spot that should be kept sacred by a mother's prayers, made fruitful by a mother's gentle counsel, into a wilderness of noxious weeds?

He is dressed in fine broadcloth, and carries a

canoe with a jeweled head, and walks with the haughty air of one whose coffers are lined with gold. He can well spare a penny for thee!

"Get out of my way, little beggar!"

Aye, out of the way, little beggar there is no room in this great world for you!

Very true, sir, there are places provided for vagrants; there are homes for the friendless; asylums for the orphan; steel your heart if you can with the plea, 'it is but encouraging vice and idleness.' But, as you enter your own house of luxury to-night, where your little ones are clothed and fed, and tenderly shielded from every care, as you press your lips to the sunny brow of your fair-haired girl, can you close your eyes upon the vision that rises before them, of the trembling, shivering form of one, whose years are as tender as hers? and as you fold your darling closer to your heart, thanking God that has never entered your dwelling, can you shut from your ears the haunting, imploring cry.

"A penny, please."

She is clad in robes of rustling silk, that lady fair; brightly flash her sparkling eyes, while her cheeks are rosy with youth and health. Surely, so loveliness and form can only mate with a gentle heart.

"A penny, please."

Ah, lady, that look of scorn ill becomes thy face. Draw thy costly robes around thee, ere the touch of the beggar child pollute them. 'Tis a pity those bright eyes of thine should ever have to gaze upon an object so loathsome; a pity thine ears should ever be assailed by a cry so annoying; but *greater, far greater*, the pity thine heart should be dead to all gentle and womanly feeling!

OLD DR. BRECHER'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.—Excepting exemption from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action is the greatest pleasure of mind. I could hardly wish to enter heaven did I believe its inhabitants were idly to sit by purring streams, fanned by balmy airs. Heaven, to be a place of happiness must be a place of activity. Has the far reaching mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp as useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter and Cyriac and Edwards and Payson and Everts idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of restless activity, the abode of never-tiring thought, David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity, and the minds of saints, unlogged by cumbersome clay, will forever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought. My young friends, go on, then, you will never get through. An eternity of untiring action is before you, and the universe of thought is your field!

A CORDIAL GREETING.—The Knickerbocker tells an amusing anecdote of old Peter G.'s going to church for the first time in his life. It seems old Peter was a hale, hard-working, blunt, open-hearted farmer, who thought more of looking after his stock and farm than of visiting a house of worship on the sabbath day. A near neighbor who was his very opposite, and thought it sacrilege to miss a regular church meeting, called on Peter one day, and asked him to attend on the next Sabbath to hear Parson D. preach, who by the way, had quite a large church in the village. So Peter promised to be there the next Sunday. Punctual to the time, as Peter thought, but a little too late, he arrived at the door, which was closed, the minister having begun. Peter knocked at the door some one sitting near opened it. In walked Peter with his blunt "How do do? how do do?" and walking up the aisle, spoke to every one whom he knew. When his friend who had invited him rose up to seat him in his pew, he grasped him by the hand, asking him with a loud voice, "how are you and how are yours?" which made such an unusual commotion that the congregation was in one titter during the sermon. This was his first and last visit to Parson D.'s Church. He said they were the most unpersonable set of people he had ever seen when they got their Sunday-go-to-meeting faces on.

A BRAVE MAN.—In a Shropshire mine not long ago, an incident occurred which occasioned very general sorrow. Three men, who were working without the usual precaution, were struck down by a mass of earth and stone. Their fellow workmen rushed up to them, and in the first instance turned to the man who seemed most to need help. He was lying beneath a huge fragment of rock. No," he said, "go to the other men first." They hesitated. "Go to the other men first, I say. I am a 'doggie' (foreman) of this pit and you must obey me, go." The two men were liberated and ultimately recovered. The lacerated "doggie" was with difficulty raised to the bank. The surgeon prepared to do what he could, and tied up the femoral artery which was severed, but it was too late. Suddenly a change came over the countenance of the wounded man. "Let me turn on my face, lads." The surgeon paused, and raised his hand with a meaning which could not be mistaken. The noble spirit had fled.

"Samuel, can you tell of what parentage was Napoleon the Great?" "Of Cors-I-can?"

Why is a married flirt like a wheel?—Because she goes round with the fellows as well as the hub.

Why is the marriage bond like the office of a head servant, in a crack public house? Because it is *high mental*.

The more ladies practice walking, the more graceful they become in their movements. Those require the best carriage who do not ride in one.

Make the best of everything. If you have the jaundice, exult that you have a golden prospect before you.

The law is a pretty bird, and has charming wings. 'T would be quite a bird of paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

The man who with a hammer smashes the end of his own finger, probably thinks he hasn't hit the right nail on the head.

QUEER EPIGRAM.—The following may be seen in the old church at Haddon, Northumberland: "Who lies here? who dye ye think?" Nathaniel Davison, give hym a drinke; Hys soul and beere dyde caste hym deare, But now he ys dead hys bones lye here." Anno Domini 17th Feb., 1692.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

The Lancashire Relief Committee have a balance at the bank of no less than £340,000, but they say it will all be absorbed before the close of winter.

The Marquis of Hastings, an English peer, has been fined \$25 for fighting game cocks on Sunday.

Bruce, the great French giant, 30 stone weight and 8 feet in height, and only 22 years of age, has arrived in Glasgow from England.

The New Zealand chiefs visited the House of Lords, and watched the proceedings with much apparent interest. There were eight males and three females of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, the phenologists, were entertained to a complimentary supper in Bristol, when Mrs. Fowler was presented with a silver inkstand, a gold penholder and pen, a paper knife, and a seal.

A Mr. McCullin swam from New Brighton to Liverpool, a distance of nearly 6 miles in one hour and forty minutes.

The hon. Adelaide Cavendish has been appointed one of Her Majesty's Maids of Honor, in the room of the hon. Victoria Alexandrina Stuart-Wortley, resigned.

Both the sons of Hon. Edward Everett, were drafted in Boston.

There is a general impression amongst many Continental politicians that Denmark will ere long be attacked by Prussia and the German Confederation.

The will of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort has been presented to the Court of Probate, but it becomes a question whether it will be proved in the ordinary course.

A twelve ton cutter, built of steel plates, begun and launched in three weeks, is one of the novelties of the Thames.

Among the items of public revenue for the year 1862-63, the "Conscience Money" received by the Chancellor of the Exchequer amounts to a total of £10,422,38 1d.

A reduction to one-half the charge made on letters to and from England is likely to be the first result from the deliberations of the Post-office conference now sitting at Paris.

A brick building in Middle-street, Lowell, Mass., was demolished by the exploding of a steam boiler on the 20th ult. Three men were instantly killed, and several others severely injured.

2200 girls of the British League of Juvenile Abolitionists left Edinburgh for Dirlinton Castle, on an excursion lately.

A single firm pays \$150,000 a year to the London Times for advertising, and the amount is treble returned to the advertisers.

The largest railway carriage company in the world is said to be at Berlin; it employs 15,000 men, and turns out carriages to the value of nearly £375,000 per annum.

It is estimated that more than a quarter of a million of Irishmen have donned the Federal uniform and taken arms in defence of the American flag.

The 20,000 acres under cotton in Naples promise to yield 100,000 bales.

In a new play in Paris, on the "Death of Montezuma," Lord Palmerston is introduced.

The ninth deposit of £50 a side in the match between Heenan and King for £1,000 has been paid.

Mr. Lindsay the shipowner, has sent a fleet of four fine steamers to the North Pacific waters to engage in the commerce there, which has been interrupted by the American war.

After all, the sears of war are soon effaced. The field of Antietam has lost all trace of last year's desolation, and smiles with golden wheat, scented clover, and luxuriant corn.

Jeff. Davis's library has been captured at Jackson, Miss., with bundles of political papers, which, it is said, will bring to light the whole secret history of secession.

The Standard is advocating the erection of a public hall in St. Andrews.

A meeting to promote the restoration of peace in America will shortly be held in London. It is intended to give an official character to it, by asking the Lord Mayor to preside.

A Bill is pending in the British House of Commons, extending only to Scotland, proposing that after February next, a schoolmaster or schoolmistress shall be liable to a penalty for receiving into a school a child under fourteen without a medical certificate of its having been vaccinated.

Five officers and two compositors have been drafted in Pennsylvania.

There have been one or two cases of yellow fever in New York harbor.

The Toronto Leader says that accounts from all parts of the province agree as to the bountiful nature of the harvest which is now reaping. The fall wheat is in some places slightly affected by the mildew. The spring wheat looks remarkably well. Of oats, peas, rye and barley we hear nothing but the most promising accounts. Potatoes look well and promise an abundant yield.

The greatest cask in the world has had its light diminished; that of Heidelberg has now a rival in a cask just made at Dover, England. Eight couples danced on the top, and the cost was £200.

The fashionable dance of Paris is now the "Marche Coquette." It is danced backwards, each gentleman holding the lady before him by clasping her around the waist. When well practised, it is said to be highly entertaining; and the Empress is said to have a peculiar talent for its execution.

American papers state that the Methodist societies in the neighboring Republic are agitated by the question of Lay Representation. The lay members of the Methodist must that they shall no longer be debarred of a privilege already enjoyed by the Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Baptists,—that of having a voice in the making of the ecclesiastical laws by which they are ruled.

There has been outbreak in Berlin, but not of much consequence. The king has gone to meet the Emperor of Austria for a conference.

A genius down East intends applying for a patent for a machine, which, he says, when wound up and set in motion, will chase a hog over a ten-acre lot, catch, yoke and ring him; or, by a slight change of gearing it will chop into sausages, walk his bristles into shoe brushes, and manufacture his tail into a corkscrew.

## General News.

THE WOOD TRADE.—The clearances of wood laden ships at this port, for ports in the United Kingdom and Ireland for the fortnight ending yesterday, were 9 vessels of 9,354 tons, with 431 tons Birch, 1075 tons Pine, and 7,629,000 superficial feet of Deals.

They were sent as follows: to Liverpool 5 vessels of 5921 tons burthen, with 431 tons Birch, 1075 tons Pine, and 4,308,000 feet of Deals; to London 2 vessels of 2540 tons burthen with 2,247,000 feet of Deals; to Bristol Channel 1 vessel of 587 tons with 556,000 feet of Deals; to Ireland 1 vessel of 306 tons with 518,000 feet of Deals.

The total shipments this year from 1st January to 4th August are 135 vessels of 97,310 tons, carrying 4387 tons Birch, 7892 tons Pine, and 77,327,000 superficial feet of Deals; for the same period of 1862 there were 125 vessels of 85,346 tons with 2,402 tons Birch, 9761 tons Pine, and 68,470,000 feet of Deals; for the same period of 1861, 230 vessels of 120,936 tons with 6802 tons Birch, 16,039 tons Pine, and 97,839,000 feet of Deals.

The total amount sent from this port to Liverpool this year is 37,953,000 superficial feet of Deals; in the same period of 1862, 39,810,000 feet; in the same period of 1861, 38,691,000.

There were in port yesterday 23 ships of 17,543 tons, against 25 ships of 21,215 tons here at this date last year, of which 7 are loading for Liverpool against 11 in 1862.—Globe.

BUSINESS IN ENGLAND.—We are glad to note an improvement in the English Deal Market. Gibbs, Bright & Co., in their Liverpool Circular of July 25, report the sale of the cargo of the *Genius* from St. John at auction at an average of 47 1/2s. We give the items: 16 feet and upwards, 3x11. 3x3 and 3x7, £8 5s.; 2x7, £8 2s. 6d.; 12 to 15 feet, 3x11 a 3x7 17 1/2d.; 3x7, £7 13s. 5d.; 2x7, £5 2s. 6d.; Pine Deals, £8 5s.; Scantlings £7 3s. 6d.; Deals, £6 5s.; Balings £6 3s. The cargo of the *Flora* from St. John, sold at £7 16s. 3d. at auction for Spruce; and of the *Lancaster* and *Far West*, both from New River, at £7 16s. 3d., for Spruce.—Globe.

RIOT IN BERLIN.—The Cologne Gazette of yesterday publishes the official report of the riot in Berlin, which has been carried on for several days. The disturbance is limited to the part of the city called the *Kopnickersfeld*; in some of the streets of this district mischievously disposed crowds have gathered, which the police have not been able to disperse. The report states that the disturbances were renewed on the evening of the 3rd; throughout the afternoon groups had continued to assemble on the *Mortiz-platz* and the adjacent streets, though without entirely closing them to the ordinary traffic.—But as the evening advanced these groups were joined by others, consisting chiefly of young men. Being that some of the spectators were policemen disguised, the mob attacked them so violently that some persons were in evident danger of their lives. A body of police who came to their assistance were also attacked on all sides, and driven into the neighbouring houses for protection. Several of the constables were wounded. The mob then attacked a house in which one of the constables had found refuge, and smashed the windows. In the meantime, some slight barricading was attempted, and considerable damage done to the street fronts. A large body of police were then sent to the spot, and order was restored, about eighty of the rioters having been arrested.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 233.—The following order of the President is published for the information and government of all concerned:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, July 30.

It is the duty of every Government to give protection to its citizens of whatever class, color, or condition, and especially to those who are duly organized as soldiers in the public service. The law of nations and the usages and customs of war, as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war, and public enemies. To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color, and for no offence against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism and a crime against the civilization of the age. The Government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers, and if the enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color, the offender shall be punished by retaliation between the enemy's prisoners in our possession. It is therefore ordered, that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier shall be executed, and for every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.  
By order of the Secretary of War:  
E. D. TOWNSEND, A. A. Gen.

LEGALITY OF POLYGAMY.—The *Deseret News* contains a report of a case of *habeas corpus* recently decided by Judge Drake, of Great Salt Lake County, which shows forth what is in the future for Utah through polygamy. A mother, by writ of *habeas corpus*, brought her daughter of seventeen before the Judge, asking that "he mother have custody of the daughter who was then under the control of a man named Park, who claimed her as his lawful wedded wife. The case coming up for hearing, it was shown that Park already had one wife, by whom he had several children and that his two wives lived with him in the same house. The Judge decided that the second marriage was not lawful, but a crime against the laws of the United States, and therefore null and void, and censured rests upon it. The Judge decided that the mother was entitled to the custody of the girl. The *News* characterizes the Judge's doings as a "detestable proceeding," and an "official outrage."

We yesterday announced the death of the Rev. E. B. Demill, Pastor of the Leinster street Baptist Chapel, and son of N. S. Demill, Esq., of this city. Mr. Demill died of consumption at the early age of 34 years. He was for a time Editor of the *Christian Watchman*, published in this city, and in that capacity, evinced so many rare powers of mind, and gave evidence of so much ability that we think his early death must be an irreparable loss to the denomination of which he was one of the brightest ornaments in this Province.—Globe.

During these last five months the Russians in the kingdom alone have burned and pillaged 28 towns and 23 villages, destroyed about 60 palaces and halls, and put to the sword above 2,000 wounded, clergymen, children, old men and women, not to speak of outrages on ladies and girls not older than eleven. Yet the barbarities committed in the kingdom cannot be compared with those perpetrated in Lithuania, Wolynia, and the Ukraine.—Letter from Cracow.

The rifle championship of England this year, has been decided at Wimbledon in favor of Sergt. Roberts, of the 12th Shropshire Militia, who made 65 points. In the match between eleven numbers on the House of Lords and eleven of the House of Commons, the Peers were defeated, the Commons scoring 450 points against their 423. In the contest between Cambridge and Oxford, the former won. In that between Scotland and England, the latter won.

The *Fredericton Reporter* says it is rumored that His Excellency the Lieut. Governor has expressed to his Worship the Mayor, a desire to plant our Streets with trees, commencing the present year with Queen Street.—The only condition required is that the City Council shall protect them.

## ST. JOHN CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN, Aug. 4th, '63.

DEAR SENTINEL.—Absence from my post accounts for the absence of my usual letter to your readers, promised some time ago. In this, however, they have not been deprived of much information, as the place has been unusually barren of anything that would interest or please. During the week just passed, our good city has been visited, and our citizens enlightened, by a lecture from no less a personage than the hon. T. D'Arcy McGee, the distinguished Irish orator and statesman, and present member of the Canadian Parliament. A committee of reception, composed of members of various professions—even Editors of newspapers—occupied the platform on the night of his address, when he took for his subject, the Union of the Colonies, and the effect of the Inter-Colonial Railway in hastening such union. In bold and gratifying contrast with his sentiments expressed in 1848, he would have the Colonies governed by a Prince of the blood Royal of England. He would also have a court, peers, nobles, &c., with such titles, I presume, as Lord Carleton, Duke of Woodstock, Earl of Tobago, and Marquis of Grand Falls. He would also have a uniform tariff, a Canadian currency, uniform laws, and, why not a uniform climate. To this last proposition, the people of St. John would not object, as by its being carried into effect, they would lose a large portion of the fog, which is such a frequent and unwholesome visitor among them. But as easily could the climate of St. John be changed, and a portion of its fog be transported to the far west of Canada, as that a tithe of anation could live and thrive on our soil. We are sufficiently loyal without these adjuncts of royalty; we are sufficiently prosperous without a crowned head among us. Let the Colonies be united if you please; let uniform tariffs and self-government be established; let there be but one Parliament and one Governor for all, but let that Governor be something more than Governor. No objection can be had to a son of Queen Victoria filling the situation, but let him come among us as a Governor, and nothing more. Mr. McGee may now be earnest in his opinions, but he is not the sentiments and ideas which a North American Colonist should, in his earnest moments, give expression to. I hope they are not the sentiments of a majority of the people of British North America. It is needless and it would be unfair to say anything here of the past history of the lecturer, or to contrast the sentiments of McGee, in poor, degraded, and poverty-stricken Ireland, under British rule, with the opinions of McGee in prosperous and flourishing Canada, under the same dynasty. It would be idle, too, to speculate upon the object which the hon. gentleman may have in view, in case his dreams are realized. A man of his power, talent, and learning would command a Peerage; and self-aggrandizement may be uppermost in his mind, but the events which he advocates are consummated, he will have passed into another world, and the most that he can expect will be a public monument, and the thanks of a grateful people, enabled through his patriotic and loyal exertions. As a piece of oratory, the lecture was all that could be desired, and of original and beautiful smiles, grand flights of fancy, expressed in elegant language, and in an eloquent manner. The proceeds of the evening were given for the benefit of one of the Militia Companies. On the following day, Mr. McGee, in company with a number of gentlemen, proceeded upon the Railway as far as Moncton, the "Prince of Wales Car" being placed at their disposal. They had dinner at King's Hotel, and speeches, afterwards, as lengthy as an hour's time would admit.

The little petition notion of the Directors of the Mechanics' Institute over the Provincial Exhibition of 1864, appears to have raised early protest, nothing has lately been said or done about the opposition show. A little calm reflection, no doubt, has improved the judgment.

Trade has been very dull for some time back. There has been a falling off in the stock of ship timber, and it is thought that prices must rise. Our markets are well supplied with early produce of the country; new potatoes are quite plentiful, and worth from \$1 to \$1.40; meat is high, and lamb brings from 7 cts. to 8 cts. per lb.; of course there is no scarcity of berries, of which the soil in the neighborhood of St. John produces large quantities; 20 cts. to 30 cts. per pair is all they are worth.

Pic-Nics and Festivals are numerous, but the fog of the past two weeks has sadly interfered with these little seasons of recreation. Last night the coloured population of the city celebrated the 29th Anniversary of the Emancipation of the Slaves in the West Indies. The meeting was a very large room, and a large number of the beauty and fashion of the Negro race was present. Their white brethren also attended numerously and enjoyed themselves amazingly. Speeches were made by some two or three coloured gentlemen, who had once been in slavery. Mr. Anglin, of the *Freeman*, also volunteered to arrange the programme, telling the Africans around that he was glad they were able to appreciate the freedom which they enjoy, but he would also inform them that the African race was not the only one in slavery, for there are millions of white men in Europe, in bondage worse than that of the slavery of the South. Messrs. Wedderburn and Wetmore also made a few remarks. The audience became very boisterous, and called in disharmoniously, for speeches from dancing masters, lawyers, police magistrates, and public loafers, and the meeting broke up in a rather disorderly manner, all apparently pleased with the evening's entertainment.

The city is full of strangers from various parts. Americans in large numbers to escape the draft, and Americans and Canadians on pleasure tours; and even Turks, in flaunting robes and rounded turbans are to be seen lounging about our streets.

Yours,  
A. S.

PRINCE ALFRED'S BOAT UPSET IN THE NEWS.—The *Benfshire Journal* mentions that on the night on which the Prince arrived at Essoek (Inverness), he went out in his "Duch Duff" (small boat) for the purpose of shooting sea-birds. Unluckily the vessel upset, and His Royal Highness was immersed in the water. Being a good swimmer, he made for the Racon, and reached it in safety. The gallant tar appeared quite hearty after his bath.

GEN. BUTLER OBLIGED TO SEE FOR MERCY.—Gen. Butler got into a quarrel the other day with a son who was at work for him, and finally slapped him in the face. Whereupon the mason pitched in and belabored the General so lustily that the hero of many fields was obliged to surrender and sue for mercy.

We regret to learn that Robert Jardine, Esq., has been attacked by paralysis in such a manner as to deprive him of the use of his legs. It seems that he left child 11 the other evening while driving home, and arriving at his residence, he sought relief in a warm bath. On the following morning he awoke to find that both legs were paralyzed. The attack is not so severe as to be regarded as incurable. We sincerely hope that Mr. J. will speedily recover.—News.

LORD LYONS has notified the authorities of Bermuda and West India Islands that he failed to induce Mr. Seward to remove the restrictions upon the export of beef cattle. The West Indians are, therefore, compelled to come to the Provinces for supplies, and they have already effected some heavy purchases both here and in Nova Scotia.

A NEW MISSILE.—A Parisian inventor has offered to the Polish committee a new sort of fulminating water which will explode even after being an hour under water. These bombs can be made in the midst of the woods with ordinary materials, and at a low price, and it is said that many persons might be injured by a single discharge.