

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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## Poetry.

### CONTENTED JOHN.

BY MISS TAYLOR.

One honest John Tompkins, a hedger and ditcher,  
John never was found in a quarrelsome mood;  
For all such rain wishes to him were prevented,  
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the food,  
John never was found in a quarrelsome mood;  
For this he was constantly heard to declare—  
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said,  
"If I cannot get meat, I'll be thankful for bread;  
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,  
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,  
He wished himself better, but did not complain,  
Nor lie down to fret in dependence or sorrow,  
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him, or treated him ill,  
Why, John was good-natured and amiable still,  
For he said that revenging the injury done  
Would be making two rogues where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,  
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;  
And 'twere well if some folk, who are greater and richer,  
Would copy John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher.

## Select Tale.

### A TWILIGHT WOOLING.

It's an awful thing to lose a friend by marriage! To see him drop into your rooms occasionally, always with a white parcel under his arm, suggestive of lace and ribbons, instead of having him all to yourself, day in and out. To know that the blue-breathed, evening cigar will inevitably be abbreviated by "Oh, my wife will be anxious if I'm not home by 8 o'clock." To tell him about the pink bonnet you met in the stage yesterday, and be generally confidential and then find your tongue suddenly palsied by the conviction that he will tell his wife every word you have been saying. There's no use talking about the thing—it's actually indescribable.

Do you suppose I didn't feel jealous when Jack Marcyffe got married? Do you suppose the green-eyed monster didn't inspire me with all sorts of unnamable feelings toward the little brown-eyed beauty who had cut me out completely? It took some time to reconcile me to the new state of things. But when I found out that she did not object to my sitting on the balcony and smoking with Jack—may, that she actually lighted our cigars for us, and then brought her little foot-stool and set down beside us—that she laughed like a peal of merry bells at my bachelor chances and mishaps—that she liked to have me come to dinner on Sunday, then I thought Jack's wasn't so bad an institution after all. And one day when she brought out her tiny wicker work basket, and stood on tiptoe to see her loveliest button on my coat, I capitulated in good earnest.

"Jack," said I, "your wife is—well not exactly an angel, for I don't believe in angels about the house—but the sweetest little woman I ever set my eyes upon. You won't be jealous old fellow?"

"Jealous—no," said Jack, stretching his neck so far to look after the light, disappearing figure. "But I tell you what, Arthur—you ought to see Mary's sister!"

Sure enough, about two weeks afterwards, as I came in at the sweet-briar shadowed gate, and passed to look at the crimson clove pinks just opening their fringed petals, the silver tones of another voice sounded in the low-voiced piazza, and almost before I knew it, Jack Marcyffe's arm was through mine, and he was introducing me to a duplicate edition of his wife—a scarlet-tipped arch-eyed girl in white muslin, with a coral bracelet on her arm!

From that moment I was gone—I chafed, or on the top rail of the fence—I said "No, I thank you," when Mrs. Jack asked me how I was—I stirred up my cup of chocolate with a pen-knife, and tried to put the table-cloth into my pocket instead of a handkerchief—and finally disgraced myself irreversibly by putting the match box into the cradle and depositing the baby on the marble mantle piece!

"Good gracious, Mr. Arden!" exclaimed Mrs. Marcyffe, "what is the matter?"

"I believe—I think—I've got a cold in my head?" faltered I, looking all the time straight at Agnes, who was playing with her coral bracelet and pretending not to laugh.

"Jack," said I that evening, as he went out to the gate with me, "there's no use trying to mince matters—if I can't win Miss Agnes I shall take arsenic."

Jack squeezed my hand; he'd been "through the mill" himself.

"Do you think she cares for me, Jack?" I asked plaintively, about a month, afterwards. "I declare honestly, I've the greatest mind in the world to jump off the pier, or to hang myself, peacefully. Now what does she mean by flirting with that great red-whiskered Carew? Oh, Jack, do be merciful—tell me what you really think?"

Poor Marcyffe! it was about the thirtieth time I had asked him the same question.

"Why, how can I tell, Arthur? You might as well ask me to read the Hindoo alphabet as to decipher the mysteries of a woman's heart. Why don't you ask her yourself?"

"Me ask her!" and the cold chills ran through me like veins of ice. "Jack, I dare not, for my life!"

Jack burst out into a laugh.

"Well, I can't give you any better advice said he, "only remember, my boy, that a faint heart never won a fair lady."

He turned away and left me standing in the amber flush of the twilight, among the crimson clusters of the clematis roses, and the tall coronals of gleaming lilies. Up in the sky the new moon hung, a curved thread of silver, and one bright star bore its lance of pearl against the radiant horizon. I looked absently up at the fair atmosphere—down at the blossoming garden of flowers, thinking, in the midst of my perplexity, how like to the blue heaven was Agnes' eyes, and marveling that the pink roses were so near akin to the dainty color that came and went upon her soft cheek.

Beside the low French window that opened upon the piazza floor, I saw the flow of muslin drapery through the fragrant gloom—it was where Mrs.

Marcyffe was wont to sit with her baby. I caught the refrain of the low, delicious cradle song she warbled in the tiny sleeper's ear. A bright thought struck me. I would take woman's wit into my counsel.

"Mary," said I, sitting down on the piazza step and leaning my head against the rose entwined pillar, just opposite the window. "I wish you'd tell me what to do—I'm desperately in love with your sister Agnes, and—don't laugh, now—have'n't courage to tell her so."

I paused an instant and then went on.

"I love her better than my life. No—that is not saying enough—I would die to make her happy. Oh, Mary, can't you give me a word of encouragement? I dare not tell her of my love, because my heart shrinks so, in dread, from the little word, no! Will she speak it, do you think? Mary, will she break my heart?"

I spoke with trembling accents, fresh from the deepest recess of my soul—the very air seemed to sob around me as I ceased. One instant of silence, in the soft pulsing fragrance of the midsummer twilight, and then there was a flutter of light azure robes, the fall of a fairy footstep. Ere I could look up, a soft, white arm, gleaming with the clasp of a blood-red coral bracelet, was round my neck, a shower of brown curls nestled in my breast!

"She will not—she never will."

The voice was that of Agnes! I held the coy coquette's trembler to my heart.

Life has been brimming with sweets ever since—many a golden moment has passed to sprinkle its chalice of joy around my footsteps as it passed into the world of the bygone; but in all my existence never came a second time like that!

I had been pleading to Agnes herself; and Mary stood smiling in the background, the veriest epic of roguery gleaming in her hazel eyes, through the dim quiver of joyous tears!

"So I'm really to have a brother-in-law!" she said, putting aside the roses and coming forward just as the wicket fastening clicked under Jack's hand, and the fiery spark of his cigar glowed through the purple gloaming slowly travelling up the garden walk.

"Halloo!" said he, pausing abruptly as Agnes tried vainly to escape from my detaining arm—"Oh, I see now! Well—upon—my—word—for such a beautiful young gentleman, you've been remarkably expeditious! Accept of my congratulations, Aggie, ditto Arthur. I only hope you will never regret this evening's work."

We have never regretted it. If you doubt my word, ask Mrs. Arthur Arden.

### A Mormon Story.

Two years ago, along the flowery banks of a little rivulet that ran laughingly through one of the valleys of Old Wales, a maiden and her lover walked. Both were young, and one was beautiful, and both were sad. It was a farewell meeting. The lovers had met to exchange their vows anew and then to part—he to embark as a sailor upon a vessel bound to America; she to remain at home, patiently counting the long months that would elapse before they could meet again. These lovers were rude, ignorant and superstitious peasants. They knew but little, but their love was great. Fondly they pledged each other their eternal troth—lingeringly they held each other in their last embrace—slowly, and with bleeding hearts and swimming eyes they parted.

Three months afterward a letter reached the home of the young girl from the captain of the ship in which her lover sailed. He had been drowned, and in his chest were found some papers that enabled her captain to inform her of the fate that had befallen him; who alone made earth happy to her.

Not long after this came to that country the Apostle of a new faith. He was a man of strange and fervid eloquence. He drew a picture of a new home in a new world. He peopled that home with saints—he filled it with the glories and lights of Heaven brought to earth. He proclaimed himself the Moses, sent by God, to lead his chosen children to this promised land.

The parents of the young girl of whom we have spoken took her to listen to this strange and enrapturing discourse. For many weeks a deep and profound stupor had settled upon her, and she lived like one in a dream. She listened to the wild enthusiasm of the Mormon propagandist with a stolid apathy, until he pronounced the word "America."

That word, the name of the loved land for which her dead lover had sailed, acted on her like a spell. She listened henceforth as one entranced, and at the close of the discourse sought out the preacher, and conversed with him.

What lies he told her—what cunning arts he used to draw her on—what spell he threw around her in the name of religion—will be never known. In a few days the missionary, hoary-headed and the husband of a barren of wives in the city of the Great Salt Lake, was sealed as the husband of this poor and beautiful young girl, and with his colony of converts and his young wife, embarked for the land of the New Jerusalem.

Last Saturday they reached this. In the peaceful twilight of the day the poor deluded Mormon wife, separating herself from her companions, walked down to the river's brink. She stood upon its bank, and watched its angry and turbulent flood hurrying on toward the sea. She heard a footstep behind her—she turned her head, and beheld her lover, her whom she had believed to be in the ocean, and to be re-united to whom in the spirit land she had sold herself on earth.

A wild shriek pierced toward the evening sky. She drew her arms toward heaven, gazed up toward the eternal sky, and turning, leaped madly into the running stream. Without a word he followed her—for a moment they were both lost to sight—they rose again, clasped in each other's arms—and then sank to rise no more.

A crowd of agitated and weeping women soon gathered upon the bank, from whom our informant gathered the incidents of this strange story. One of them, who had known this ill-starred couple in Wales, had met the lover a few months before. The story of his death was false. He had been picked up by a whaling vessel, carried to the coast of Oregon, and from thence he was making his way eastward. She had told him that his betrothed was on the river bank—he hastened to meet her—and died with her.—*St. Joseph, (Mo.) Journal.*

### How to Sweeten the Gals.

To hear Carswell tell the "Druggist" story is worth a quarter any time. The story is capital, but it takes the man to tell it. This he does in such words as these:—

"Be you the druggist?"

"Well, I pos so; I sell drugs."

"Well, hey you got any of this here sentin stuff as the gals put on their banke'chers?"

"Oh, yes," replied the druggist.

"Wall, our Sal's gwine to be married; and she gin me nincence and told me to invest the hull 'mount in sentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so if you've a mind, I'll just smell round."

The Yankee smiled round without being suited until the druggist got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of bitters said:—

"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a handkerchief will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it, you take a good big smell."

"Is that so, mister? Wall, just hold on a minute till I get breath, and when I say now, you put it under my sneller."

The hartsorn, of course, knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has many a man. Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drunkard does? Not he; but rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said:

"You made me smell that everlastin' stuff, mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone!"

### The Late Prince Consort on Flatferry.

The Prince had a horror of flatferry. I use the word "horror" advisedly. Dr. Johnson somewhere says, that flatferry shows at any rate, a desire to please, and may, therefore, be estimated as something on that account. But the Prince could not view it in that light. He shuddered at it; he tried to get away from it as soon as he could. It was simply nauseous to him. He had the same feeling with regard to vice generally. Its presence depressed him, grieved him, horrified him. His tolerance allowed him to make excuses for individual men; but the evil itself he hated. What, however, was especially repugnant to the Prince was lowness. He could not bear men to be actuated by low motives. A remarkable unselfish man himself, he scarcely understood selfishness in others; and when he recognized it he felt an abhorrence for it. The conditions that the Prince drew up for the prize that is given by her Majesty at Wellington College is very characteristic of him. The prize is not to be awarded to the most bookish boy, to the least faulty boy, to the boy who should be most precise, diligent, and prudent; but to the noblest boy, to the boy who should afford the most promise of becoming a large-hearted, high-motived man.

HIS LOVE OF CHILDREN.

One gift that the Prince possessed, which tended to make him a favorite with the young, was his peculiar aptitude for imparting knowledge. Indeed, the skill he showed in explaining anything which, addressed to the young or the old, ensured the readiest attention; and it would not be easy to find even among the first professors and teachers, of this age, any one who could surpass the Prince in giving, in the fewest words, and with the least use of technical terms, a lucid account of some difficult matter in science which he had mastered—mastered not only for himself, but for all others who had the advantage of listening to him. The one of his children who was most capable of judging of what his conduct had been to all his children as a father and a friend, speaks thus of him: "But in no relation of life did the goodness and greatness of his character appear more than in the management of his children. The most judicious, impartial, and loving of fathers, he was at once the friend and master, ever by his example enforcing the precepts he sought to instill."

THE PRINCE'S NOBLE SIMPLICITY.

Finally, there was in the Prince a quality which I think may be noticed as belonging to the most men of genius and of mark. I mean a certain childlike simplicity. It is noticed of such men that, mentally speaking they do not grow old like other men. There is always a playfulness about, a certain innocence of character, and a power of taking interest in which surrounds them, which, we naturally associate with the beauty of usefulness. It is a pity to use a foreign word if one can help it, but it illustrates the character of such men to say that they never can become *basses*. Those who had the good fortune to know the Prince, will, I am sure, admit the truth of this remark as applied to him; and will agree in the opinion that neither disaster, sickness, nor any other form of human adversity, would have been able to harden his respective nature, or darken his soul to the wide-spread interest of humanity. He would always have been young in heart; and a great proof of this was his singular attractiveness to all those about him who were young.

JEREMY TAYLOR'S IDEA OF A FRIEND.—A friend shares my sorrow, and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy, and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable and apt to be drunk up by the first reeds of the Syrian star; but two torches do not divide, but increase the flame; and though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run upon my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp we unite the glories, and make them radiant like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and harmony.

SPIED BEER.—A piece of the buttock of beef weighing fifteen or sixteen pounds, should be covered with a pound of salt, and turned every day for a week. It should be washed in cold water, well rubbed with two ounces of black pepper, and a quarter of an ounce of mace, bound tight or skewered, and placed in a stone-covered stewing pan with two or three sliced onions fried and three or four cloves, covered with water, and baked for five hours. It should then be allowed to grow cold, and will be a very nice breakfast or supper dish, as tender as stewed, when the fat is removed, makes excellent stock for soup.

### Curious Facts Concerning the Dead in Vaults.

The New York Herald states that during the removal of the dead bodies from the vaults of the Sullivan Street Church, in that city some curious facts were brought to light. The most remarkable development is in relation to the apparent rapid decay of the bodies, flesh, bones and everything. Some coffins have been taken out in a good state of preservation, and, upon being opened, disclosed nothing inside but a little dust, apparently the only remains of what were once living, animated beings. Burials were only made in the vaults during a period embraced of twenty-five years. It is an interesting question therefore, whether, during that period the decay of bodies could be so complete as to include the absolute transmutation of flesh and bones into the condition of powder. The generally received opinion has certainly been that even in the earth, skeletons would not moulder away so rapidly.

Therefore in vaults, when the corroding influence of the earth does not operate upon the coffins and bodies, the latter ought to remain in the skeleton state for a much longer period. In view of these facts and reasons, it is supposed that the bodies alluded to must have been surreptitiously taken from the coffins and sold to the surgeons for purposes of dissection. It is supposed that after the removal of the bodies by the resurrectionists clay was thrown into the coffins, to give probability to the story of decay. One of the coffins opened disclosed a white shroud, covering nothing but a skeleton. The shroud was in a perfect state of preservation, without even having lost the stiffening. Another remarkable fact developed is, that the jewelry on the persons of the dead have been appropriated, it is alleged by the laborers employed in removing the bodies.

Very like a Windfall.

On the morning of Wednesday last, a jolly farmer who resided near the foot of the Grampians, was wending his way to Forfar market, accompanied by his wife and daughter. Having some business to transact at Kierriemuir, they halted at one of the inns, where they left their vehicle for some time. After they had got their business transacted and the farmer had carefully put in the right hand side pocket of his coat some money that he had got in exchange they again took the road, and had proceeded a little to the south of the bridge at the gas work, when the daughter, who was seated on the back seat of the vehicle, with her back to her father, thought she saw a piece of money on the road and told her father. He stopped the vehicle, dismounted and went back to the place indicated by his daughter, when he discovered it to be a half crown. After picking it up and showing it to his daughter, he put it in his pocket among the rest of his money, mounted his vehicle and drove on again. He had several times to stop and pick up money before they got half a mile out of town, the daughter keeping a sharp look out, and the farmer, as he picked up the other half crown, remarking, "Odd lassie, she shurely sowed the ground w' siller hereabouts." When they had reached near the west end of the fens, the daughter intimated that there were a knife and some money lying together. The farmer was not long in picking it up, when he remarked that the knife was very like his own; so after turning it over in his hand to look at it, he thrust his hand in his vest pocket, where he had it and his money, when, to his utter astonishment his fingers went through the bottom.—[*Northmer Wardner.*]

PARSONS, a Chicago lawyer, was trying a case before a jury, being called on for the prisoner. The judge was very hard on him, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Parsons moved for a new trial. The judge denied his motion and remarked:—

"The court and the jury think the prisoner a knave and a fool." Instantly the counsel replied:—

"The prisoner wishes me to say he is perfectly satisfied—he has been tried by a court and jury of his peers."

"Class in the middle of Geography, stand up! What's a pyramid?"

"A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other."

"Where's Egypt?"

"Where it always was."

"Where's Wales?"

"All over the sea."

"Very well,—stand there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over this country."

NO GENTLEMEN THERE.—At a hotel the other evening, a young and tully moustached dandy from a certain city, was seated at the table, at rather a late hour, when the bar-keeper came in and took a seat directly opposite. The dandy dropped his knife and fork, tipped back his chair, gazed at the bar-keeper and exclaimed:

"Fellah, do the servants sup with gentlemen in this house?"

"No sir," was the reply.

"Are you not the bar-keeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the bar-keeper is 'help' as much as the scrub girl."

"True," replied the man of toddy-sticks, "but I did not enter the hall until I looked in and saw that there was no gentlemen at the table!"

A Western editor perpetrates or steals the following on Father Adam:—

He laid him down and slept—and from his side, a woman in her magic beauty rose, Dazzled and charmed he called the woman bride, And his first sleep became his last repose.

A man being commiserated with on account of his wife's running away, said "Don't pity me till she comes back."

An officer on the deck of a federal gunboat saluted a lad who was in attitude of prayer:—"What are you praying for?" "Praying that the enemy's bullets may be distributed the same as the prize money is—principally among the officers," was the laud reply.

"You want a flogging, that's what you do," said a parent to his unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it."

## General News.

A STRANGE STORY OF CRIME.—The following story which equals in horror the blood-and-chamber production of the most sanguinary yellow-covered novelist of the age, is from the San Diego (California) correspondence of the San Francisco Alta. It beats anything we ever read in real life: "A terrible murder was perpetrated on the persons of Warren Hall and—Wilkinson, at or near Dr. Smith's ranch, on the road to the mines, thirty miles from San Bernardino. Mr. Warren Hall was agent for a stage line that had been put on the route to the mines from Los Angeles; and as it was proving a bad speculation to the proprietors, he was sent out to withdraw the stock, &c., belonging to the route and as that would be his last trip, of course the most that could be had was to be made of it. When he started from the mines, he had five passengers, and twelve thousand dollars in gold-dust, for different persons in Los Angeles and San Francisco.—He was also accompanied by one of his drivers. The night that they stood at the place above mentioned through some house or another, the money was missing. In the morning, after making the search, it could not be found; and finally, Hall, who was a very violent man, suspected a driver that had been in his employ, named Gordon, who formerly came to this State from Texas. Hall and Wilkinson accused Gordon of stealing the money, and threatened to hang him, &c., while Gordon stoutly denied the theft. At this juncture of affairs, they procured a rope, and did actually hang poor Gordon three times, telling him to confess that he stole the money; but as he knew nothing of it or its whereabouts, he had nothing to confess respecting it. Finding that they could not wring him a pick and shovel and told him to go up the gulch and dig his grave. Not being able to resist them, he started off with the tools, followed by Wilkinson, who had a revolver in his hand prepared to shoot him. As they passed out of sight of the station, Gordon told Wilkinson that the money was under a large rock near them, and to go and had hid it there. Wilkinson went to look for it, and, as he stooped over, Gordon rushed on him with a drawn knife and killed him.

Hall heard the rumour and went to see what was the matter, and as he approached, Gordon seeing that he was armed with a drawn revolver, picked him up and shot him dead. Hall, who was a very violent man, and he attacked him with the knife and cut him so severely that he soon died. Gordon was so enraged at the time that it is said he stabbed Hall some thirty times. Gordon, after despatching his persecutors went back to the station, where the passengers had been left, and gave himself up. As their driver had been killed they desired him to drive them into San Bernardino. This he did, and when they arrived he (Gordon) gave himself up to the Sheriff. The same officer also took charge of Hall's and Wilkinson's trunks and other effects. On examining the trunks one of the money was found, had away carefully in Hall's trunk, and the other half in Wilkinson's. This convinced the officers of justice, and all other present that it was their intention to steal it themselves and put the blame on an innocent man. Gordon was at once acquitted, and released by the proper officer. There is scarcely a more heinous outrage recorded in the dark annals of crime than was attempted to be thus perpetrated. Hall was a married man, and leaves a wife and two children. He came to California from Utica, N. Y. Wilkinson was a young man, and formerly lived in Illinois.

THE HYMENIAL KNOT TIED WITH A TELEGRAPH WIRE.—The Syracuse Standard states that a marriage by telegraph took place on Tuesday afternoon last, when a young lady, one of the principal villages on the Oswego railroad, and an artillery soldier, on duty near Washington. The chaplain of the bridegroom's regiment telegraphed the material question of the marriage ceremony to the lady viz:—

"Do you take—do you take your husband?" directing her to answer, "I do; and to authorize him to take me as his wife, as it will neither mix with cotton, nor is it available by itself as a substitute, owing to the want of staple in it; when drawn it snaps or breaks. To be useful it must have staple or strength, so that it can be drawn out in long floss, like the regular cotton; we need hardly add that we regret that the proposed substitute cannot be made available."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.—The Halifax Reporter says:—

"The Mountebank." The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, "gave one of his usual performances to an appreciative and enthusiastic audience in New York on Sunday evening, 4th. The following is a fair sample of the entertainment on the occasion:—

"For more than 150 years England had fattened with the spoils of commercial oppression of India and China. All the Christianity of England was not strong enough to roll an opium pill into the sea; nor was it strong enough to pay to break a thread of cotton. Of the nations that earth there was not one that stood so centrally the very Babylon of Babels made rich and strong by grinding people and eating them up as England. (Subdued but general manifestation of applause.) There was but little of present promise in Asia. In Europe the speaker noted with joy signs of reviving life in the Mediterranean nations. Southern Europe looked to a brighter future, and saw hope for her common people. As to middle Europe, the German mind was in its movements like a glacier; so slow as to be imperceptible, but terrible in its efforts. Russia presented the most noble attitude of any nation on earth. The whole national life was engaged in the direction of restoring their rights to the common people. She whom we should have thought would be the last in the first. What was most remarkable was that it was the work of the Government. The Czar of Russia stood beyond all question as the champion of the nineteenth century. He was entering the most sublime act of modern times in his drama of emancipation. In Western Europe France and England were retrograding—not to wealth for they never were more richer than now; not in material civilization, but in the tyranny of commerce, as shown in the war France was waging against Mexico, for no other than a commercial reason. Mr. Beecher said he should not speak of England and her position, for the reason that there was bad blood enough already between the nations—there was reason for bad blood. God would judge her, and history would judge her. Turning to the American continent, among her States one which led, perhaps as bright a promise as any was Canada. The unbroken cord which connected this unwedded child with its unfettering mother ought to be cut. There was no reason why she should not take her place among the great nations. God bless Canada, and give her a glorious and illustrious future."

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## The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

### Editorial Correspondence.

Fredricton, Feb. 13th, 1863.

Montgomery proposed Crocker seconded J. O. Allen for Speaker. Mr. Cleland proposed Ryan seconded Charles Fisher; on Allen's nomination—Yeas? M'Millan, Hatheway, Kerr, Williston, Vail, Beveridge, Landry, Young, Crocker, Stiles, Scovill, Munro, Montgomery, Anglin, S. H. Gilbert, N. J. Gilbert, Boyd, Smith—18. Nays: Tilley, Johnson, Steadman, Watters, Perley, Meehan, Costigan, M'Clellan, Skinner, M'Phelim, Ferris, DesBrisay, Dow, Ryan, Jordan—15. And so Mr. Allen was elected and conducted to the Chair. Glazier, Cudlip, Lindsay not present. Gillmor, Stevens, Grimmer not arrived.

The first act of the drama is thus over, and as the curtain falls what little of excitement which preceded the election of Speaker subsides, although there must remain in the minds of some members and some of their friends feelings which, in the future, will creep out and exert an important influence. So far as the possession of ability properly to fill the Speaker's Chair is concerned, there is no man in the Legislature to-day better qualified than is Mr. Allen, except in knowledge of parliamentary precedent and Colonial politics in which, of course, Mr. Fisher stands without a rival. Mr. Allen, too, had strong claims perhaps on those members of the House who call themselves Conservatives; but then we cannot forget that in addition to Mr. Fisher's ability he is the oldest member of the House, has always been of the most active, is one of the Fathers of Liberal principles and of nearly every progressive measure which has, for the past twenty years, been introduced, and in view of these facts the result of the election of Speaker has surprised us; for we supposed that if Mr. Fisher offered, his election was sure.

Complete quiet reigns here, as to the discussion of political matters, outside, and even the Intercolonial Rail road is hardly mentioned as yet. In the House of Legislation there is no notable change, except that upon the floor has been laid a new—ill-selected—carpet. The same lazy atmosphere prevails—making the place with all its appurtenances of comfort and convenience, its trim desks, and pleasant appointments, a perfect sleepy hollow, inviting to listless inactivity.

The Press is largely represented and, we have no doubt, honorable, and what the Representatives should do—how do it—and what leave undone will, never-lea, be duly communicated to the public.

The rising man in the House is Robinson Crocker who has, at the present writing, monopolized more of the attention of the House than any other member; his most notable motto has been, that the House supply the Speaker with a new coat, probably he meant *given*—as we reached this point, unmistakable indications of his Excellency's approach became manifest, and we went up stairs to hear the speech, which was as follows:—

SPEECH.

"Mr. President, and Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council,

"Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

"Your Addresses of Condolence on the death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, were laid at the foot of the Throne; and I am commanded to assure you that the Queen is deeply sensible of your loyal attachment and sympathy."

"War continues to rage in the United States, and humanity has still to deplore the spectacle of a sanguinary struggle, which inflicts misery on a large portion of the human race, and of which, though so long protracted, it is impossible as yet to foretell the issue. You will, I am confident, share my earnest hope that these calamitous hostilities may speedily reach their termination."

"I informed you at the close of the last Session, that the negotiations with the Imperial Government on the subject of the Intercolonial Railroad, were still pending. Those negotiations have been subsequently continued."

"The propositions which the Delegates of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, were in 1861 empowered to make, were not accepted by Her Majesty's Government; but, whilst declining to become parties to the arrangement then suggested, a proposal to guarantee the payment of the interest on a loan for Railway purposes was made on behalf of the Imperial Government; and at a meeting of Representatives of the Provinces interested held at Quebec, at the request of the Governor General of Canada, in the month of September last, it was resolved to accept that offer."

"Early in October I despatched a member of my Executive Council to England to confer with Her Majesty's Government upon the terms of their guarantee, in concert with Delegates from Canada and Nova Scotia."

"The Papers relating to these negotiations will immediately be laid before you, and will