

The Carleton Sentinel

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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Poetry.

OLD FRIENDS.

The old old friends!
Some changed, some buried; some gone out of sight;
Some enemies, and in the world's swift fight
No time to make amends.

The old old friends—
Where are they? Three are lying in one grave;
And one from the far off world on the daily wave
No loving message sends.

The old old friends!
One passes daily; and one wears a mask;
Another long estranged, cares not to ask
Where careless anger ends.

The dear old friends!
So many and so fond in days of youth!
Alas! that Faith can be divorced from Truth.
When love in severance ends.

The dear old friends!
They hover round me still in evening shades;
Surely they shall return when sunlight fades,
And life on God depends.

—All the Year Round.

Select Tale.

LOVE AND MORAL COURAGE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"But why don't you like him, Agatha?"
"Oh—because!"
What philosopher ever solved the mystery of this true woman's reason? "Because" means ten thousand things that pretty, dimpled lips don't choose to put into shape—it means that they know perfectly well themselves, but won't tell; and not all the coaxing of curiosity can get it out of them.

And so pretty Agatha Milne played with the knot of scarlet roses whose velvet petals glowed in her belt ribbon, and lifted up her soft hazel-brown eyes with a provokingly absent, unconscious look.

"But, Agatha," pursued Ruth Allenwood, stopping for a moment in her occupation of braiding and arranging Agatha's beautiful waves of auburn golden hair, "I'm sure a pleasant partner at balls and parties, and—oh, my dear Agatha! don't jerk your head so, or I shall have to braid all these strands over again."

"Nonsense! that's not a test at all!" said Agatha, pettishly, the peach-like crimson mounting to her cheek; "what can you tell about a young man from a mere ball-room acquaintance? Any one can be agreeable enough to hold your bouquet, or bring you an ice-cream; that is, if he knows enough not to tread on your toes in the polka, nor to step on your flounces in a promenade."

"I know it," said Ruth, "but the question is—"
"But the question is," interrupted the impatient young beauty, "how do I know that Mr. Fitz Aubyn, silver-tongued as he is to me, with his homage and his compliments, don't go home and swear at his mother and sisters? How do I know that Mr. Jennings, who has the whole dictionary at his fingers ends, doesn't cheat his landlady? What means have I of ascertaining that young St. Simons, who is such a graceful waiter and agreeable small talker, don't finish his evenings in a drinking saloon? Oh, Ruth, we have tests for ascertaining spurious dollars and counterfeit bank notes, but how on earth are we to know a counterfeit husband, until he is tied to our unlucky apron-strings for life?"

She laughed as she sprang up to look for her bonnet, but the long eyelashes dropped with a suspicious moisture.

"Well," said Ruth, caressingly patting Agatha's tiny hand, "I am very thankful that Providence didn't make me a beauty and an heiress, since it has such a tendency to awake suspicion and distrust. But, Agatha, in spite of all you have said, I feel convinced that Charles Stanton is a noble fellow."

"Very likely," said Agatha, lightly, "but here comes Fitz Aubyn, with those splendid horses of his, so give me my shawl."

"And whether are your footsteps to be directed to-day?"

"Oh, we intend to go to that private view of pictures in—street, which I told you about."

And Agatha swept out of the room with the port of a queen.

The white lustre of moonlight, pouring down through the circular dome of frosted glass, gave a gleam to the superb paintings whose gilded frames infinitely covered the walls of the spacious apartments. Here and there, groups of absorbed dilettanti moved, with subdued whispers and brandishing opera glasses, as if it were a forbidden thing to speak above one's breath in the presence of these fair landscapes and scenes from history's pages.

Directly in front of one of the finest works of art stood a pair who had unconsciously been the object of many a curious glance and whispered observation of the other sight-seers—a tall, stylish looking young man, with an old lady leaning on his arm, whose antique dress of snuff-colored bombazine and old shaped bonnet occasioned a great many covert smiles and half concealed titters from those present.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Milne," said Fitz Aubyn, as, in their progress round the rooms, this couple gradually came in view, "you have not seen the greatest curiosity of all as yet."

"Where?" said Agatha, raising her opera glass.

"You are mistaken—it don't hang on the wall," said Fitz Aubyn, laughing. "Look nearer earth, if you want to see Stanton and his fossil aunt."

Agatha turned her head accordingly, without remark—she smiled a little, however; "twas all Fitz Aubyn wanted."

"Should you suppose any mortal youth would have the courage to bring such a last century specimen to a place like this where he might know he would meet all his fashionable acquaintances?—Upon my word, I believe he'll take her to the opera next! See him carrying her morocco bag and cotton umbrella. Don't he remind you of Don Quixote in his youthful days?"

"Probably she has some money to leave one of these days," said Agatha, the distrustful element uppermost in her mind for the moment.

"Not a solitary red cent. I know, for I have inquired. She is in 'reduced circumstances.'—That's the term, I believe; but Stanton is very fond

of her, nevertheless. She has come up to town from the backwoods for a few days, and—
He paused abruptly as the very pair in question approached, still absorbed in picture gazing.

"My dear Charles," said the old lady at length, "you cannot imagine what a treat this is to me! I have not seen such pictures as these since I was a child. How thoughtful of you to bring me here!"

"I know you would enjoy it, aunt."

"And you are not ashamed of your old-fashioned relative among all these gay young people?"

"On the contrary, dear aunt, I am as proud as a monarch, while you are leaning on my arm."

Agatha heard it all, and she also heard him answer, in reply to the gay challenge of some companion:

"Thank you, but don't reckon upon me as one of your party this evening at the opera. I am going with my aunt, who is passionately fond of music, so you must excuse me for once."

"I told you so," said Fitz Aubyn, in a sotto voce tone, shrugging his shoulders. "Did you ever see such a fellow as Stanton?"

"Never," was Agatha's reply; but it was so emphatically spoken that Fitz Aubyn started. And that night when the courted beauty was brushing out her luxuriant hair, she paused many a time and fell into a thoughtful reverie.

"Moral courage!" she murmured to herself. "I have somewhere read that it is nobler far than the iron resolution which makes men reckless in battle. I wonder—"

And there she stopped resolutely.

What a glorious, bracing, New Year's Day it was! There had been just snow enough in the night to form a white glistening coat over everything, and to afford an excellent excuse for the merry sleighs that darted hither and thither with streaming furs and jingling bells. All the fashionable world was astir—the gentlemen hastily consulting their interminable list of calls, and the ladies putting the last touches to their gorgeous toilet.

There were not many upon that day who received more adulation than Agatha Milne, as she stood like a young empress in her splendid drawing room, every mirror flashing back her loveliness. Her dress was very simple—pink silk edged around the shoulders with snowy ermine, and long sprays of jasmine drooping from her hair, yet she knew that she had never been so beautiful as now, as she listened with languid smiles to the compliments showered upon her. It was nothing new.

The gilded chandeliers had been lighted, and the jeweled fingers of the tiny alabaster clock on the mantle pointed to a late hour, when the peal of the door bell announced a new incursion of guests, and Mr. Fitz Aubyn entered, surrounded by a gay party of young men.

"Good evening, Miss Milne! surely I am not too late to wish to you the happiest of all imaginable New Years? Whom do you suppose I saw steering in the direction of your hospitable mansion just now? Here he comes to speak for himself—the Chevalier Stanton!"

Agatha turned calmly to welcome the new comer, and the keenest eye could scarcely discern the deeper shade of color that glowed on her delicate cheek, as he quietly came up to greet her.

"Fill your glasses, gentlemen," exclaimed Fitz Aubyn, holding high above his head a tiny chalice of engraved Bohemian glass, brimming with crimson wine. "Let us drink to the health of our fair hostess, Miss Agatha Milne."

The impromptu toast was received with acclamations of satisfaction, and Fitz Aubyn glanced around to see if all had followed his injunctions, ere he touched his lips to the glass.

"Come, Stanton, no lack of civility here—water with the greatest pleasure," said Stanton, smiling, "but I never touch wine."

"Never touch wine! and pray why not?"

"It is against my principles," said Stanton with quiet frankness.

Agatha smiled at his lip in contemptuous silence, that was several degrees harder to bear than spoken obliquity; but then another young man leaned forward to interpose his word.

"Offer the wine to him yourself, Miss Milne;—surely he cannot be so lost to all sense of gallantry as to refuse it from your fair hand?"

Agatha had grown very pale, but without speaking, she filled one of the goblets, and held it towards Stanton.

"Will you take it from me?"

Stanton looked at her with calm dignity, he replied:

"Miss Milne, I should be a coward indeed did I allow my persuasions to sway me from the fixed principles which are the guiding star of my life."

He bowed and withdrew. The glass fell from Agatha's hand and shivered into a thousand sparkling fragments. She bit her earlobe till the pain of excitation, with a strange sympathetic thrill of determination, she would have despised him.

"A very poor investment those horses of mine, and all this behavior! A good-boy-in-story-books," muttered Fitz Aubyn, about four weeks subsequently, as he strode into the brilliantly illuminated salons of the Club House. "Waiter, a glass of brandy and water, quick!"

"What's the matter, Fitz? You look as black as a thunder cloud," observed a by-stander, who was leaning against a marble pillar and picking his teeth in a most epicurean manner.

"The matter? Do you remember that magnificent Agatha Milne, the queen of all the beauties?"

"Of course I do! she hasn't lost her wits or her property, I hope?"

"No, but I feel lost the latter item pretty effectually. Who do you suppose she is going to marry?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. Do tell your news at once, and don't keep a fellow in suspense."

"Well she is going to become Mrs. Charles Stanton; actually going to marry a man with a fossil aunt, and principles that won't allow him to drink a glass of wine! Bah! the palpable humbug that passes current in this world!"

"I could have prophesied as much before, my dear boy, if you would only have done me the honor to listen to me," observed the other, coolly unfolding the newspaper so as to get at the inside columns.

"You say and dash your young fellows around as if they were so long as a girl wants to amuse herself; but when it comes to a life long question, she is apt to prefer a safe man for a husband."

Fitz Aubyn groaned very deeply, but considered his position too precarious to be worth arguing.

Meanwhile, little Ruth Ellenwood was as busy as a bee working at her cousin's wedding ring of antique white satin, and asking ten thousand questions, the finale of which always was:

"But, Agatha, you never would tell me why you didn't like him, and now you are just as bad. Tell me, that's a darling, why you changed your mind."

And Agatha only laughed and crimsoned, and made the same old provoking answer:

"Oh—because!"

Taking up a Collection.

Rarely have we had a better story, or a better told story, than this, from a reverend gentleman in Missouri:—

The life of a preacher in a new country, from a secular point of view, is hardly as smooth and free from difficulty as a position in more cultivated and populous communities usually appears to be. The people are thinly scattered here and there, engaged in different pursuits, though chiefly agricultural. Being collected from all parts of the older States, and gathered from every class of society, they meet upon the same common ground, upon terms of easy familiarity, and unrestrained by irksome conventionalities. People in a new country generally have a pretty hard time of it. They live a sort of "rough-and-tumble" life, wearing out their best efforts in a struggle for existence. Under these circumstances the material sustenance absorbs the spiritual; and the people not unfrequently "get so far behind" with the preacher they have frequently to be powerfully "stirred up" from the pulpit.

On one occasion we had a visit from the presiding elder of our district at one of our quarterly meetings. We had not paid our preacher "ary dime," as the boys say, and we expected a scolding from the elder.

Well, we were not disappointed. He preached us a moving discourse from the text "Oce no man anything." At the close of his sermon, he came at once to the "subject in hand."

"Brethren," said he, "have you paid Brother—anything this year? Nothing at all, I understand. Well, now, your preacher can't live on the air, and you must pay up, pay up, that's the idea. He needs twenty-five dollars now, and must have it! Steward, we'll take up a collection now."

Here some of the audience near the door began to "slide" out.

"Don't run! don't run!" exclaimed the elder. "Steward, look that door, and fetch me the key!" he continued, coming down out of the pulpit and taking his seat by the stand-table in front.

The steward looked the door, and then deposited the key on the table by the side of the elder.

"Now, Steward," said he, "go round with the list. I must have twenty-five dollars out of this crowd before one of you shall leave this house."

Here was a "fix." The congregation were all taken aback. The old folks looked astonished; the young folks tittered. The steward gravely proceeded in the discharge of his official duties. The hat was passed around, and at length deposited on the elder's table. The elder poured "the funds" on the table, and counted the amount.

"Three dollars and a half! A slow start brethren! Go round again, steward. We must pull up a heap stronger than that!"

Around went the steward with his hat again, and finally pulled up at the elder's stand.

"Nine dollars and three quarters! Not enough yet. Go round again, steward."

Around goes the steward the third time.

"Twelve dollars and a half! Mighty slow, brethren! 'Fraid your dinners will all get cold before you get home to eat 'em. Go round again, steward!"

By this time the audience began to be fidgity. They evidently thought the joke was getting serious. But the elder was relentless. Again and again circulated the indefatigable hat, and slowly, slowly, but surely, the pile on the table swelled toward the requisite amount.

"Twenty-four dollars and a half! Only lack half a dollar. Go round again, steward!"

Just then there was a tap on the window from the outside; a hand was thrust in holding a half dollar between the thumb and finger, and a young fellow outside exclaimed—

"Here, parson, here's your money. Let my gal out 'o there! I'm tired of waitin' for her."

It was the last hair that broke the camel's back; and the preacher could exclaim, in the language of the Turtle, "This 'ere meetin's done bust up."

Dr. Pusey and the Princess of Wales.

There has been diffused through all classes in England a deep and genuine feeling of joy at the happy marriage of the Prince of Wales, and consequently a great number of congratulatory addresses presented to him. The University of Oxford determined to follow this example, and, in a meeting of the council, proposed to congratulate the Prince on having found a Protestant Princess, whom the Act of Settlement permits him to marry. One would think that the form, long sanctioned by usage, had nothing in it objectionable; yet Dr. Pusey opposed it and carried an amendment. Our readers will be surprised to hear that his objection was, that the Princess Alexandra, being a Dane, could not properly be called a Protestant! He argued that Denmark was given up to Rationalism, and on that ground the obnoxious word was left out by a majority. Now, in the first place, though it may be true that many classes of Danes were infested with Rationalism, it is certainly not true now. There has been a double reaction in Denmark towards ultra-Lutheranism on the one side, and on the other to that school which in England is called Evangelical. So that the accusation was not even true, but if it were true, it would still remain a monument of glaring bad taste.

Position in Sleeping.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side. If one goes to sleep on the left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food, resting upon the great vein of the body, near the back-bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. For persons who eat three times a day it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising a day of comfort.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A western paper says:—"Never plead guilty to poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you had better admit that you are an infernal scoundrel."

Why are railways like laundresses? Because they have ironed all England, and have occasionally done a little mangle.

Mr. Thackeray at the Royal Wedding.

On the day of her entrance into London, who looked more bright and happy than the Princesses? On the day of the marriage the fair wore its marks of care already, and looked out quite grave, and frightened almost, under the wreaths, and lace, and orange flowers. Would you have had her feel no tremor? A maiden on the bridegroom's threshold, a princess led up to the steps of the throne. I think her pallor and doubt became her as well as her smiles. That, I can tell you, was our vote who sat in X compartment, let us say, in the nave of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, and saw a part of one of the brightest ceremonies ever performed there. My dear Cousin Mary, you have an account of the dresses, and I promise you there were princesses besides the bride whom it did the eyes good to behold. Around the bride sailed a bevy of young creatures so fair, white, and graceful that I thought of those fairy-tale beauties who are sometimes princesses and sometimes white swans. The Royal Princesses and the Royal Knights of the Garter swept by in prodigious robes and trains of purple velvet, 30s a yard, my dear, not of course including the lining, which, I have no doubt, was of the richest satin, or that costly "miniver" which we used to read about in poor Jerrold's writings. The young Princesses were habited in kilts; and by the side of the Princess Royal trotted such a little we solemn highlander! He is the young heir and chief of the famous clan of Brandenburg. His eyrie is among the Eagles, and I pray no harm may befall the dear little chieftain. The heralds in their tabards were marvellous to behold, and a nod from Rouge Croix gave me the keenest gratification. I tried to catch Garter's eye, but either I couldn't or he wouldn't. In his robes, he is like one of the Three Kings in old missal illuminations. Gold Stick in waiting is even more splendid. With his gold rod and robes, and trappings of many colors, he looks like a Royal enchanter, and as if he had raised up all this scene of glamour by a wave of his glittering wand. The silver trumpeters wear such quaint caps as those I have humbly tried to depict on the playful heads of children. Behind the trumpeters came a drum-beater, on whose back a gold-laced drummer drubbed his march. When the silver clarions had blown, and under a clear chorus of white-robed children chanting round the organ, the noble procession passed into the chapel and was hidden from our sight for a while, there was silence or from the inner chapel ever so faint a hum. Then hymns arose, and, in the hush, we knew that prayers were being said, and the sacred rite performed which joined Albert Edward to Alexandra his wife. I am sure hearty prayers were offered up outside the gate as well as within for that princely young pair, and for their mother and Queen. The peace, the freedom, the happiness, the order which her rule guarantees, are part of my brightest as an Englishman, and I bless God for my share. Where else shall I find such liberty of action, thought, speech, or laws which protect me so well? Her part of her compact with her people what Sovereign ever better performed? It ours sits apart from the festivities of the day, it is because she suffers from a grief so recent that the loyal heart cannot master it as yet, and remains true and true to a beloved memory. A part of the music which celebrates the day's service was composed by the husband who is gone to the place where the just and pure of life meet the reward promised by the Father of all of us to good and faithful servants who have well done here below. This one gives in his account, surely we may remember how the Prince was the friend of all peaceful arts and learning; how he was true and fast always to duty, home, honour; how, through a life of complicated trials, he was sagacious, righteous, active, and self-denying. And as we trace in the young faces of his many children the father's features and likeness, what Englishman will not pray that they may have inherited also some of the great qualities which won for the Prince Consort the love and respect of our country? The papers tell us how, on the night of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, all over England and Scotland illuminations were made, the poor and children were feasted, and in village and city thousands of kindly schemes were devised to mark the national happiness and sympathy. "The bonfire on Coppleton at Folkestone was seen in France," the Telegraph says "more clearly than even the French marine lights could be seen at Folkestone." Long may the fire continue to burn! There are European coasts, and inland places, where the liberty light has been extinguished, or is so low that you can't see to read by it—there are great Atlantic shores where it flickers and smokes very gloomily. Let us be thankful to the honest guardians of ours, and for the kind sky under which it burns bright and steady.—Cornhill Magazine for April.

LOSS OF THE "ANGLO SAXON" AT CAPE RACE.—300 LIVES LOST.

A telegram from St. John's, N. F., announces another disaster to the Canadian line of steamers. The "Anglo Saxon" left Liverpool on the 16th April, for Quebec, and went ashore at Cape Race on the 27th April in a dense fog. The following is all the information received up to this time:—

St. John's, N. F., April 28.

The "Anglo Saxon" sailed from Liverpool on the 16th of April, with 300 passengers, and a crew of 84 persons, making in all 444. She was wrecked four miles east of Cape Race, at noon, on the 27th instant, in a dense fog; 73 persons escaped from the wreck by ropes and spars, and 24 in two life boats.

Boats Nos. 4 and 6 not arrived—they are supposed to be off the Cape in a dense fog.—A raft with seven persons on it is also missing.

There is a heavy sea, and the fog is quite dense. The Commander is supposed to be among the drowned. The Purser, first and second Engineers are saved, and one cabin passenger, Lieut. Sampson, of the Royal Artillery.

Hon. John Young, of Montreal, and family are supposed to be in one of the missing boats.

The deck broke up about one hour after vessel struck.

Nothing but mizzen mast standing. Several persons clung to fore rigging till foremast fell. No assistance could be rendered.

Guns are being fired at the Cape to attract attention of missing boats.

Associated Press crew went immediately to the wreck.

This was the second or third voyage of Captain Burgess as Captain.

The missing boats are said to have been seen in company with a steam tug off Cape Race, and it is thought they are safe, but the thick fog prevailing prevents them reaching land.

The following is the first officer's statement:

The "Anglo Saxon" left Liverpool 16th inst., at 5 p.m., experienced strong west gales until Saturday, 25th, at 8 p.m., fell in with ice and thick fog, when engines were slowed; at 10 p.m., ice being so thick and heavy, stopped altogether, a light breeze from the South forcing vessel about about 1 knot an hour. At 5 p.m., 26th fog lifted and ice having started, set foremast and head sails, moving engines occasionally, dead slow. At 10 30 fog cleared away altogether. Saw clear water to West North West from mast head. Started towards clear water.

At 2 p.m., got ship clear of ice, steered North West by West full speed with all possible sail. Moderate breeze from Southward.—Latitude at noon 46 57, long. 47 24, by chronometer. At 10 p.m., breeze freshened, strong S. S. E., with high sea and dense fog; took in all sail; at 8 a.m. the 27th still dense fog, supposing ship to be 40 miles off Cape Race, altered the course to West half North, and slowed engines to half speed, which we supposed would have taken us 17 miles South of Cape Race. At 10 minutes past 11 a.m., breakers reported on starboard beam. Capt. Burgess being on bridge ordered engines to be reversed at full speed; before her head was in fog, she struck the bank and found it difficult to get out. She struck back rocks off Cape Race, about 4 miles north of Cape Race, heavy sea rolling in drove her quarter on rocks, carrying away rudder, stern post and propeller. Finding there was no possibility of ship coming off, orders were given to let go both anchors to hold ship on rocks. Carpenter was sent to examine fore peak and found it filling fast; examined fore hold and found no water there. Chief Engineer coming up directly after reported forward stoke hold filling fast; opened valves and blew steam out of boilers.

Boats all immediately lowered except Nos. 1 and 3. Ship being so close on rocks they could not be got out. No. 2 boat with some of the crew and passengers, commanded by Captain Crawford, went to find place to land passengers. Some of the crew being landed on rocks by means of studding sail boats, with some passengers; got hawser secured to rocks to keep vessel from listing out. Commenced to land female passengers on rocks by which from fore yard arranged for the crew to get ashore. About noon ship's stern swung off from rocks and settled down very fast, listing to port at same time and going down in deep water. Captain and great many passengers on deck with part of the crew all lost.

THE RAILWAY.—After Mr. Howe had concluded the debate on the railway question in a lengthy and able address, the House divided on the following resolution, moved by Mr. Tobin:—

"Whereas the Canadian Government rejected the terms offered by the British Government for the construction of the Intercolonial railway, which puts the question at rest for the present."

Therefore Resolved,—That the Provincial Government be instructed to proceed with the construction of the railway from Truro to Pictou, the terminus to be at Alberton, 10 m.

For the amendment, 10; against it, 42.

For—Pryor, H. McDonald, Tobin, McKinnon, P. Smyth, Harrington, I. McDonald, Henry, Caldwell, Martel.

Against—Grant, McKenzie, Annand, Howe, Wier, Locke, Morton, Heffernan, Bailey, L. Smith, Burgess, A. Campbell, Hatfield, Coffin, Mosely, Gamble, McLehlan, Archibald, Blanchard, Morrison, Chambers, Robertson, Chipman, S. Campbell, Brown, Ross, Cochran, Shaw, Shannon, Townsend, Killam, Wade, Moore, Tupper, Churchill, Longley, McFarlane, Johnston, Dunkin, Robicheau, Bourmont, Cowie.

Dr. Truett moved an amendment as follows:—

"Whereas the Canadian Government have refused to accept the terms offered by the British Government, and no action of this House can effect any practical result at present. Therefore Resolved,—That on the eve of a general election it would be as unwise as it would be impetuous to pass the resolution now before us."

This was lost 28 to 24, all the Government members except one voting against it. Mr. Jas. McDonald voted with the majority, and Mr. C. Campbell was not present at any of the divisions, the having returned home.

The original resolution moved by Mr. Howe, that the terms offered by the Imperial Government be accepted, and that ten miles of the railway be constructed was then passed and carried by a similar vote.—Halifax Journal.

GEN. FREMONT ON EMANCIPATION.—The Committee of Congress on the conduct of the War in their report expresses the opinion that Gen. Fremont's Emancipation Proclamation at that early day was most effective in crushing the rebellion. In proof of this, they state that his successor, when transferred to another Department, issued a proclamation embodying the same principles and the President, as Commander-in-Chief, has applied the same principle to the rebellion since then. On the whole, they assert that the administration of Gen. Fremont was eminently characterized by earnestness, ability and most unquestionable loyalty.

SHIP BUILDING.—The Colonial Presbyterian states that ship building in St. Andrew's proceeds rapidly; that Mr. Anderson, a most energetic man, to whom St. Andrew's owes a debt of gratitude, is engaged on two or three vessels of about 500 tons burthen, and will, altogether, undertake half a dozen of such ships; that Mr. W. Whitlock is building another of about the same size; that Mr. B. Pettigrove is building a lumber ship of seven hundred tons burthen, and to class for seven years; and that there is probably not less than 75 men, on an average, employed on each of these vessels, and their wages will average \$1 40 a day.

What is the difference between a good bottle of whiskey and a human being? One has a body to the spirit, the other a spirit to the body.

The road to happiness lies over small stepping stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling blocks of families.

General News.

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The following is the first officer's statement:

The "Anglo Saxon" left Liverpool 16th inst., at 5 p.m., experienced strong west gales until Saturday, 25th, at 8 p.m., fell in with ice and thick fog, when engines were slowed; at 10 p.m., ice being so thick and heavy, stopped altogether, a light breeze from the South forcing vessel about about 1 knot an hour. At 5 p.m., 26th fog lifted and ice having started, set foremast and head sails, moving engines occasionally, dead slow. At 10 30 fog cleared away altogether. Saw clear water to West North West from mast head. Started towards clear water.

At 2 p.m., got ship clear of ice, steered North West by West full speed with all possible sail. Moderate breeze from Southward.—Latitude at noon 46 57, long. 47 24, by chronometer. At 10 p.m., breeze freshened, strong S. S. E., with high sea and dense fog; took in all sail; at 8 a.m. the 27th still dense fog, supposing ship to be 40 miles off Cape Race, altered the course to West half North, and slowed engines to half speed, which we supposed would have taken us 17 miles South of Cape Race. At 10 minutes past 11 a.m., breakers reported on starboard beam. Capt. Burgess being on bridge ordered engines to be reversed at full speed; before her head was in fog, she struck the bank and found it difficult to get out. She struck back rocks off Cape Race, about 4 miles north of Cape Race, heavy sea rolling in drove her quarter on rocks, carrying away rudder, stern post and propeller. Finding there was no possibility of ship coming off, orders were given to let go both anchors to hold ship on rocks. Carpenter was sent to examine fore peak and found it filling fast; examined fore hold and found no water there. Chief Engineer coming up directly after reported forward stoke hold filling fast; opened valves and blew steam out of boilers.

Boats all immediately lowered except Nos. 1 and 3. Ship being so close on rocks they could not be got out. No. 2 boat with some of the crew and passengers, commanded by Captain Crawford, went to find place to land passengers. Some of the crew being landed on rocks by means of studding sail boats, with some passengers; got hawser secured to rocks to keep vessel from listing out. Commenced to land female passengers on rocks by which from fore yard arranged for the crew to get ashore. About noon ship's stern swung off from rocks and settled down very fast, listing to port at same time and going down in deep water. Captain and great many passengers on deck with part of the crew all lost.

THE RAILWAY.—After Mr. Howe had concluded the debate on the railway question in a lengthy and able address, the House divided on the following resolution, moved by Mr. Tobin:—

"Whereas the Canadian Government rejected the terms offered by the British Government for the construction of the Intercolonial railway, which puts the question at rest for the present."

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