

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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WHOLE NO.—924.

Poetry.

THE BIRD'S QUESTION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Behold us at our evening meal,
The gray bird ate his fill,
Swung down by a single claw
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his head and crimson tail,
And set his head askew,
And in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Pie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing
And go to sleep"—but he'd o'er and o'er
He asked the self-same thing.

Then smiling to myself I said,
How like are men and birds!
We are all saying what he says,
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
We faint the bag would crawl;
Weigh above our crowded nests
For fish that never swim.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill,
For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants,
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withhold or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest and perch and hearth and church,
Repeat, "Thy will be done."

Select Tale.

A ROMANCE.

HOW AN ESQUIMAUX WOMAN BECAME THE WIFE
OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

Amid these specimens of feminine archeology, grouped, as we have said, before windows of the shops, you cannot fail to remark a pale young woman of small stature, and expressing herself in English with a slight accent, which gives to her language a charm hitherto unknown. A lady of a certain age and a gentleman who accompanies her, do not cease to regard her, and, according to a popular expression, has "to drink her words."

This young woman, who has borne for six months only, one of the most aristocratic names of the three kingdoms, was called but a short time ago Tookoolita. Three years ago she inhabited with the Esquimaux, her countrymen, the Bay of Oukavleer, called by the English Grinnell's Bay, and which is situated about the sixtieth degree of north latitude. In the place of the elegant costume which she now wears, with such ease and grace, her attire in her native land consisted of a vest of seal skin, embroidered on the seams with red and white woad in arabesque; a pantalo made of the same thick material, confined her small waist and descended to the knee, leaving to be seen, in all their exquisite proportions, her legs and diminutive feet, eased in boots of plant leaf leather. Finally, her abundant head of hair of a jet black, was tied at the top of the head by a broad blue band, made of the skin of the Isatis, and colored by the unctuous juice of a certain kind of lichen.

An adopted orphan of one of the women of her tribe, she passed the short summer under a hut, or tent, made of the skin of the reindeer, and nine months of the year in an igloo, that is to say, in a house built of blocks of snow, soldered together by the cold and capped by a dome of the same material. In the centre of the strange dwelling, a stone lamp, supplied with the fat of a seal, burned uninterrupted during nine months of the year—a long and dreary night.

The light, among other things, served in lieu of a fire-place for drying her clothes, penetrated by the humid atmosphere, and for warming her hands, benumbed by sewing in the cold twenty degrees below zero, with needles made of bone and thread composed of shreds of animals.

The Esquimaux have no other means of combating the rigors of a winter, compared to which ours is but summer.

The debris cast upon our shores by the too frequent shipwrecks of European vessels, are never burned by the natives for the purpose of warming themselves, but are employed by them in making sledges. In fact, they leave unutilized the numerous heaps of coal which Lady Franklin has caused to be placed at different points, in the hope that they may be of service to her husband, whom she believed lost and wandering in these frozen regions.

Three years ago Lord Frederic Fitz—made, as ensign, one of the crew of the George Henry, sent in search of Sir John Franklin. This ship was built expressly for this voyage, and was constructed after the manner of the whale ships; for a ship with high sides cannot navigate these seas without great danger.

On the approach of winter the George Henry was suddenly frozen in the ice. This misfortune produced the most serious inquietude—the more so as the stores of food were getting short, being now reduced to tainted salt meat and the uncertain chances of the chase.

came to her eyes at the sight of the poor young man, about to die without the hope of relief. She immediately proposed by gesture to take the young man with her, and to nurse him at her own house. The officers eagerly accepted this chance of relief for their companion, improbable as his cure seemed to be, aiding Tookoolita (this was her name) to remove Frederick to the sleigh of the kind-hearted girl.

She gave the signal for starting to the dogs by a peculiar slapping of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and drove rapidly away with the ensign. Having arrived at her home after a two hours' ride, she entered a few minutes after with a wooden vase filled with the blood of the sea-calf. To her great surprise Frederick refused this singular drink. However, he soon overcame his repugnance, and "found it excellent." This is his own expression in the volume he has published of his voyage. He partook every day, not only without distaste, but even with avidity; of this medicine, and he felt his strength return so fast, that in three months after, dressed in the costume of the natives, he rivalled them in daring address, in driving a sleigh, chasing the sea-calves, scaling the rocks, and carrying away birds' nests across shoals and broken ice, not to mention that he managed in the most intrepid manner with a single oar, his long narrow bark made of skins called a Kias. Tookoolita accompanied him in all these excursions, and did not quit him for a moment.

Endowed with the marvellous facility of the people of the north in acquiring foreign languages, she not only spoke English purely, but thanks to the lessons of Frederick, she read and wrote it. About the month of April following, the George Henry was disengaged from the ice which enveloped her, and began to prepare for weighing anchor and returning to England. When Tookoolita learned this news she retired to her tent of reindeer skins, pitched on the shore. Frederick came to her and found her bawling in tears. "Sister," said he, for he called her habitually by that name, "Sister, my mother expects you in England—come."

Tookoolita dried her tears, gave him her hand, and accompanied him without hesitation on board the George Henry, which arrived unexpectedly three months after in England.

Some time after that, Lady Fitz—, who did not quit the young stranger for a moment, still prettier in the European than in her native costume, presented her to Queen Victoria as her future daughter-in-law.

The Queen declared that she would sign with her own hands the marriage contract between the officer of Marines and Tookoolita. "As this name is a little strange, I ask of my young friend to renounce it and take the name of Victoria."

A Wife and Something to Boot.

Old Vivian, a well-to-do farmer, had some four marriageable daughters; and being one of those men who think their girls should get married as soon as they are out of their short cloths, felt somewhat chagrined that his girls should remain on his hands so long. Now, there was a young fellow in the neighborhood who had been waiting on the Vivian girls for some time and gone the round from oldest to youngest; and the old man had been anxiously waiting for, and expecting young Bounce to ask consent for some one of the girls, but as yet he waited in vain. Bounce, however, had proposed and been accepted; but the old folks had not been made acquainted with the fact.

In the meantime, young Bounce had purchased a fine horse of the old farmer, and had given him a bill at six months for thirty pounds. Well, pay-day was fast approaching, and Bounce had not the ready to meet it; so the day before the note became due, he made his way over to the old farmer's, determined to ask him for his daughter, hoping thereby to get an extension of his bill at least. As good luck would have it, he met the old man in the yard, and was about to go through with the interesting ceremony of asking consent, when imagine his surprise and joy on hearing the old gentleman break out with the following:—"Look here, Bounce, you young rascal, you have been courtin' my gals for mornin' a year; you have been gaddin' and courtin' round with the whole 'em. Now, your bill comes due to-morrow, and I'll tell you what I'll do. You shall marry one of my girls—I don't care a snap which—and I'll give you a good settin' out and your thirty pound bill to boot; and if you don't I'll sue you by Jupiter!"—"It's a bargain," said Bounce; "I'll do it." The next week there was a wedding; and to this day, Bounce chuckles over the way the old man gave his consent without asking, and thirty pounds to boot.

Do not wait for a change of outward circumstances; but take your circumstances as they are and make the best of them. Luther moved the world, not by waiting a favorable opportunity, but by doing God's will day by day, without thinking of looking beyond. We ought not to linger in inaction until bluer comes up, but the moment we catch sight of him in the distance, to rise and charge. Hercules must go to Atlas, and take his load off his shoulders perforce.

Female friendship is to a man the bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.

A Remarkable Death.

BY REV. S. S. SMITH.

During the winter of 1821-2, I taught a school in the town of Sudbury, Mass., which, like most of the towns in that vicinity, was under the prevailing influence of a lax theology, styled Liberal Christianity. Soon after my entrance into the place, in stating my belief in certain of the prominent truths of our holy religion, an individual present said, "If such are your religious views, you ought to see and converse with old Mr. Bowker; he will agree with you exactly, although there are few in this part of the town who agree with him. I can assure you." I soon learned that the person referred to was 97 years of age—yet still possessing a clear and vigorous intellect, and capable of conversing intelligently upon all religious subjects, but especially delighting in religious conversation. Having descendants in my school, I inquired of one concerning him, and learned that he had expressed a desire that I should make him an early call. This I soon did, and was received by him with the greatest cordiality; for, as he said, when the children told him that I had Bible-reading and prayer in school, he was delighted, and had not ceased to pray for me that God would bless me in my labors.

From him I learned that he had been a member of the Congregational church for about 60 years—that he had floated along with the prevailing current of religious feeling, perfectly satisfied with himself as a moral and religious man, and feeling perfectly secure in respect to his eternal interest. But at the age of 87, unaccountably to himself, a sudden change came over him, and the idea of dying and going to the judgment seat of Christ filled his soul with the deepest alarm. So great was his terror and distress, in anticipation of death, that he could hardly eat or sleep, and his only resource seemed to be to go from house to house and tell the anguish of his spirit to all he met, hoping that some one would speak to him a word of comfort. Some thought that he was becoming deranged, others that it was only the weakness of childhood; and his minister told him that his trouble was one of those incidents to old age, when even the grasshopper becomes a burden, and he must endeavor to banish it from his mind. "For Mr. Bowker, if you, as good a man as you are, are going to hell, what will become of the rest of us?" So he continued for some time seeking some one to lead him into peace, and finding none; until at length a pious Baptist woman from the neighboring town of Farmington, on hearing his tale of mental anguish, said to him, "Mr. Bowker, I know what is the matter with you—you are under conviction of sin. The phrase was new to him, but the sentiment it contained was well understood by him. To his inquiry, "What he should do?" she promised to send her minister—Rev. Charles Train—to converse with him; which promise she was faithful to fulfill; the result of which was, his burdened soul was relieved, and new views of Christ and of the way of salvation filled him with delight and joy. Of course, one thus brought into the kingdom of heaven would not hesitate to renounce his old religious connexion, and enter into new relations with the people of God. He united with the Baptist church in Farmington; and for ten years was an open and earnest advocate of the truth as it is in Jesus.

This was the venerable man with whom I was now brought into acquaintance and whom I often visited up to the hour of his death, uniting with him in prayer, and singing a hymn, commencing with the line "Whither guest, pilgrim stranger?" The first few verses referred to the dangers that filled the way of the pilgrim, and the unseen guide that guarded and sustained him, and another spoke of the river of death and its angry waves which threatened to overwhelm him, and above which he would rise triumphant through faith. This he took great pleasure in hearing, and in this respect he was gratified at each visit I made him.

One day near the close of my school engagement, one afternoon of the Bowker children, and to the number of five or six, came to me, each with a special message that "I must visit grandpa that evening." To each I replied that if the snow-storm then prevailing abated, I would endeavor to comply with the request, but if it continued into the evening, I gave up the idea of going out a mile or more on foot. About six o'clock an older member of the family drove to the door in a sleigh, with the emphatic words "Grandpa says you must come out and see him this evening." I entered the sleigh, and was soon in the presence of the venerable man. He was seated in an old-fashioned easy chair, before an old-fashioned New England fire-place, looking as bright and cheerful as I had ever seen him. Taking my hand he said, "My dear young brother, I have sent for you to come and pray and sing with me once more, and then I am going right up to heaven." Do you feel that you are as near heaven as that, Mr. Bowker?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "I know I am; I shall soon be with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven, to go no more out forever." A stranger to me just then entered the room, whom he greeted as "Brother Stewart," adding, "I am glad to see you. I have sent for this good brother to come and pray with me, and then I am going right up to be forever with the Lord." He then directed that all the family should be at once called in, and on being told that his daughter-in-law was taking some rest in sleep, in anticipation of needed services in his behalf in the night, he replied, "No; that won't do, I shall need her services to-night, all the family must be here; for as soon as Brother Smith has prayed, I am going right up to heaven."

Soon all were gathered around his chair, when, resting his head upon his hand, with his elbow upon the arm of the chair, he said to me, "Now, Brother, do you lead us in prayer." How I prayed I know not; but I trust that the Holy Spirit who was evidently presiding over the scene, indited the petition, so that it was not unsuited to the occasion. When I arose from my knees, without changing his position, he said, "Now that good hymn." Standing by his side I commenced it, and sang to the verse which refers to the river of death, when he suddenly threw back his head, spread out his arms, and was gone in an instant, without a struggle or a groan. There was no running for stimulants or artificial helps, but each one looked on in silent amazement, until after a moment I broke the silence by saying, "He has indeed gone to heaven." "Yes," answered his son, "and if you live fifty years, you will not forget this scene."

I assisted in preparing the remains of the sainted man for the coffin, and returned to my boarding house before nine o'clock, grateful to God that I had been permitted to attend a Christian pilgrim, even to the gates of the Celestial City.

Afraid He might be Dead.

Scene in the counting room of a morning newspaper. Enter, a man of Teutonic tendencies, considerably the worse for last night's spree:

Touton (to the man at the desk).—"If you please, sir, I want de bapers mit dis mornin's. One vat hash de names of de beebles vot kills cholera all de vile."

He was handed a paper, and after looking it over in a confused way, said:

"Vil you pe so good as to read de names vot don't have de cholera any more too soon just now, and see if Carl Geisenkoppfen has hush got 'em?"

The clerk very obligingly read the list, the Teuton listening with trembling attention, wiping the perspiration from his brow meanwhile, in great excitement. When the list was completed, the name of Carl Geisenkoppfen—well, no matter, about the whole name, wasn't there. The Teuton's face brightened up, and he exclaimed:

"You don't find 'em?"

Clark—"No such name there, sir."

Touton (saying him warmly by the hand).—"This ish nice—this ish some funs—dat ish my names. I pin drunk ash never vas, and, py tam, I vas afraid I vas gone mit cholera, and didn't know it. Mine Got! I vas scart."

Manners.

I make it a point of morality, says an eminent writer, never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of "good society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies; and if there is any standard of manners, it is well founded on reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the bending of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand, the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation—"How are you, my old friend?"

Matrimonial Card.

To The Ladies.—I have lived solitary long enough; I want somebody to talk at, quarrel with, then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposals from young ladies and widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition, and hair of any color but red. As nearly as I can judge of myself, am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. I am sound in limb and on the nigger question; am very correct in my morals, and first-rate at nine-pins; have a regard for the Sabbath, and never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal, and perfectly docile when shirt buttons are all right. If I possess a predominating virtue it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to offend. Money is no object, as I never was troubled with any and never expect to be.

TWO DARK THINGS.—Uncle Bill Todd was a drover from Worcester county. Being exposed to all weathers, his complexion suffered some, but at the best he was none of the whitest. Stopping at a public-house near Brighton, a man rich in this world's goods, but of notoriously bad character, thought as Uncle Bill came in he would make him the butt of a joke. As the black face of the weather-beaten man appeared in the doorway he exclaimed, "Mersey on us, how dark it grows!" Uncle Bill, surveying him from head to foot, coolly answered, "Yes, sir; your character and my complexion are enough to darken any room."—*American Paper.*

"Please, sir," said a snub-nosed girl, fourteen years of age, to a dealer in dry goods, "to send me the patterns of your calicoes, and I will send them to you, for she is going to get a new gown soon, and wants to see what'll wash."

"Who is your ma'am?" "My ma'am is Aunt Oily Doe, sir." "Your sister was here yesterday and took patterns of all I have." "Yes, sir, I know that; but then she sewed them all up for patchwork, and would not give me any, but told me to go shopping myself."

A lady wished a seat in a crowded hall. A handsome gentleman brought her a chair. "You are a jewel," she said. "Oh no, I am a jeweller, I have just set the jewel."

A Tale of the Black Forest.

Many years ago there lived in a village near the famous Black Forest a worthy old pastor. His life had been spent in doing good, in helping the poor, and comforting the unhappy; and now in his old age he was calmly waiting the summons to his eternal home. Wishing, while still able to travel, to visit a widowed sister, with her children lived at a considerable distance, and to give them a small sum of money which he had saved, he set out one fine autumn morning, hoping to arrive before nightfall at his sister's cottage. His path lay through a portion of the forest; and as he looked up to the clear blue sky, visible through the still thickly covered branches, his heart rose in thanksgiving to the God of Nature, who had so graciously preserved him so many years. Suddenly he was surrounded by a band of fierce-looking men, who seemed to have sprung from the ground, and with threatening words demanded money.

Trembling, he delivered up his little travelling-bag, telling them to take all he had. After emptying it of the few articles it contained, the chief of the robbers seized him roughly, and asked whether he had any valuables on his person. Still trembling, he answered, "no." With a scornful laugh the robber set him free. Fear seemed to have quickened his steps, and sooner than he had believed it possible he found himself on the outskirts of the wood, and not far from his sister's dwelling, where he hoped in the pleasure of the meeting to forget his misfortunes.

Then for the first time he thought of the money which he carried inside the lining of his black velvet cap. He said to himself, it is certainly a sin to steal, but it is also a sin to tell a lie. Am I not as bad as they? how could I die happily with a lie on my conscience? After a few minutes' deliberation, he turned back, determined that, cost what it would, he would restore peace to his mind by telling the robbers what he had done.

The moon had risen before he reached the spot where he had been attacked, and by its light he saw several of the band sitting on the ground, smoking their long meerschaums and laughing over the contents of his knapsack, which lay near. One of them held in his hand a silver bowl and chafed paper book, one of the few family relics the old pastor had possessed, and was just about to tear it asunder. At this moment he perceived the old man, who advanced to him, in a timid voice, "I have come back to tell you that I am guilty of a lie. In saying that I had no other property about me, I did not remember, in my fear at being attacked, that I carried a few gold pieces in the lining of my cap, which I had carefully saved for my poor sister. But I would rather tell the truth to you than lie to my conscience, so I have come to give you the money. Here it is," he said, taking it out of his cap.

None of them dared to touch it, so much were they surprised at this strange man, who seemed to them almost a supernatural being. Seeing the impression he had made on them, he continued, in solemn tone, "I have lived long, and expect soon to stand before the Judge of all men; I dare not appear with a lie in my hand. For God's Word says we must neither lie nor deceive. It is a sad thing to live without God, and more terrible still to die without Him; but worst of all, to be forever banished from His presence."

Some of the men endeavored to make a jest of these words, but in vain; their guilty consciences accused them of habitually disobeying the command, "Thou shalt not steal." Silently they returned every article they had taken from the old man, who with tears in his eyes, and in a few heartfelt words, exhorted them to repent of their evil ways, before it was too late. "Believe me," said he, "when I became conscious of my sin, I was miserable until I had repented and sought forgiveness; then peace returned to my soul. You, too, are sinners; but if you turn and seek God truly, you will have pardon and peace in this world, and afterwards an eternity of happiness." Then surrounded by them all, he prayed aloud, gave them his blessings, and departed.

During the remainder of his journey it seemed to him as if the dark wood was changed into a pleasant garden, his heart was so full of holy and happy thoughts. His sister and her children received him joyfully, and provided him with the rest and refreshment he so much needed after his long and eventful journey. Till his death, which took place not many months after, he never omitted to pray for that wild band of robbers, and he cherished the hope that the occurrence of that day, and the words he had spoken, might be the cause of turning even one among them to a new and better life.

A Man His Own Grandfather.

The following has been translated for the New Haven Register:

"A European friend of mine related the following story: I married a widow, who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife got a son—he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e. my step-daughter, had also a son, who was of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

Very few persons have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.

General News.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.—THE CANADIAN CASE OF WAR.—The anti-Penian excitement in Canada is assuming a new phase. The military preparations which were recently resumed under an apprehension of invasion, continue unabated. Judging from the announcements which appear daily in the columns of the local press, the province is once more on the lookout for attacks of which we, in this latitude, hear nothing. Something formidable is evidently feared, and the defence question again looms up as the Aaron's rod of Canadian politics. In addition to notes of alarm, however, we now observe notes of threatening. The war spirit is leading or driving public instructors on to dangerous ground. Besides preparing for the Penians, they are reading lectures to the United States, and spurring their rulers to more vigorous attention to "diplomatic duty." This country, we are told, must be held to a strict account unless Fenianism is put down; the Executive at Washington is to be forthwith called upon for Fenian movement, Canada is advised to "at once declare war."

The unreasonableness of this line of remark is on a level with its ingratitude. After having saved Canada from the Fenians, it is neither civil nor just in the Canadian mind to turn round and abuse us as "passively conniving at Fenian designs," and as "virtually throwing our strength upon the side of those who are constantly menacing the provincials with pillage." The London press evinced a more correct appreciation of the situation. When the situation of the leading journalists on the other side of the Atlantic were loud in their expressions of thankfulness for the vigor with which the Washington officials acted in the emergency. The London Times saw on the instant, that the situation of Canada was attributable to the good faith and honorable adherence to law of the United States Government; and there was no reserve in that quarter as to the obligation under which Great Britain has been placed by the American Government. The Montreal Herald and the Journal which agree with it, forget all this. They forget the proofs of good faith already afforded by this country, and foolishly threaten war, if measures be not immediately adopted to relieve Canada from the anxieties of its present position. We need hardly say that these threats estimated according to their merit amount to nothing. We have but to recall the circumstances attendant upon the recent difficulty on our northern frontier to realize the absurdity of any declaration of war between Canada and the United States. This Journal at any rate, has earned the right to speak frankly to our Northern neighbors. And we tell them plainly that they err, and err grievously, when they assume that they may influence the domestic policy of this country by any talk of responsibility, or by any allusion to the possible results of a policy of which they complain. Left to herself, Canada is helpless. Exposed to war with this country, Canada would be the theatre of desolation, and eventually of conquest. And a serious menace is committed when provincial newspapers endeavor to accustom their readers to threats against the United States, and to war as a contingency possible upon the rejection of their demands.

Compared with the neutrality law of Great Britain, the laws of this country are trifling. What was done with impunity in England during the progress of our great struggle would here be impossible. We prevent that which was there permitted; we punish that which was there allowed. The laws themselves afford proof that it is neither unable nor unwilling to enforce its laws, though at the risk of temporary unpopularity. The laws themselves afford proof that it is neither unable nor unwilling to enforce its laws, though at the risk of temporary unpopularity. The laws themselves afford proof that it is neither unable nor unwilling to enforce its laws, though at the risk of temporary unpopularity.

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THE ENEMIES OF PEACE.—The enemies of international peace are hard at work here as they are in Europe. It is a painful thing to say, but the great majority in this country are still rather hot at war than peace. In public gatherings, outdoor or indoor, you can still hear what is called the popular heart in no such effective way as by declaring that the French must be driven out of Mexico and the British out of Canada at the point of the bayonet. The Fenian element, in fact, have never contemplated fighting, have always relied upon the strength and prevalence of this sentiment. They have seen that the strong antagonism existing between the native American democrat and the British imperialist, has been the cause of the Fenian movement, and they have seen that the revival of a good understanding between the two countries. And under the inspiration of this happy idea, Fenianism has acquired its present strength. Its devotees are in the market ready to take any money for the purpose of carrying out their scheme, which shall promise them aid in their attempts to invade Canada. They reckon on now, that if they should attempt another raid in October or November next, they will not be interfered with by the United States Government. They believe that they have got Mr. Stewart and President Johnson on the hip and that they can fit out any number of marauding expeditions at their leisure. There may be exaggeration in their calculations; but it would be terribly unwise for the British Government to leave the provinces without a strong frontier guard of regulars during the coming season.

There ought to be twenty thousand reliable troops in Canada alone—from this time forth until the excitement of Fenianism has won its self out. Five thousand at least of these should be regular cavalry. The expense of maintaining such a force need be very little more than in Scotland or England, where a comparatively small force is needed for garrison duty. Such a body of regulars would inspire the Fenian troops of the Province with more than ordinary courage; and their presence itself would go a long way to discourage all future attempts at raiding.

THE GREAT ISSUE.—The following is the Constitutional Amendment for the reconstruction and restoration of the lately rebellious States as passed by Congress, and now before the States for their ratification:

Joint Resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of both Houses concurring), that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE 14.—Sec. 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without the process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Sec. 2. Representatives shall be appointed among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, representatives in Congress, and executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of its Legislature, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be adjusted so that the ratio which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Sec. 3. No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath, as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of its Legislature, or as an official judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

Sec. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave, but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be paid.

Sec. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

THE SECRET OF PRUSSIA'S STRENGTH.—Sixty years since, Napoleon, the conqueror of Europe, imposed upon the defeated Prussians the obligation of limiting their military establishments to a strength of 150,000 men. It was impossible to control the Emperor, and not easy, as might be thought, to deceive him, but the device was not long in being discovered. At the outbreak of the war of 1870, the Prussians not only evaded the decree of Napoleon, but laid the foundations of that military strength which has since been displayed in a career of unexampled triumph. Schlieffen had realized the actual strength of the Prussian army, and he had kept this army in a state of perpetual change. Its constitution never remained the same for twelve months together, but resembled the waters of a lake which receives a river at one end and discharges it at the other. As soon as a recruit was thoroughly drilled and had become an effective soldier, he was dismissed to his home, and a fresh recruit was received in his place, to be again drilled and again dismissed. The result of this system was a standing army, but not a standing corps of a nation of soldiers. For every soldier in the ranks there was five as good as he in the body of the people, all ready at the first call of the trumpet to re-enter the line of the army. When, therefore, seven years after his great defeat, Napoleon once more took the field with two hundred thousand men, admirably drilled and equipped, the place of an army which Napoleon believed he had cut down to a fifth of that number. The Prussians were not unprepared to their benefactor. To this day the statue of Schlieffen stands in the city, by the side of the great guard-house in the great thoroughfare of Berlin—a record of military sagacity as well as national fame. The secret, then, of the Prussian strength consists in this, that the reserve force is practically as good as that in the field. The regular army merely represents a portion of the entire army on duty for the time. The reserves are simply troops not on duty, but just as competent for duty if their services should be required.—*London Times.*

ADVISES FROM CALCUTTA gives heart-rending accounts of the famine in the provinces of Orissa and Mithnapore. No less than 75,000 persons are daily fed by public charity, and it is estimated that an equal number are supplied privately, chiefly by the efforts of the British community. The number of deaths from starvation averages 3,000 per week, and one day reached 5,000. Besides these, many die in the interior whose cases are not reported. Accounts appear daily in the papers, reported by eye-witnesses, of the desperate and heart-rending scenes which are being enacted in the famine-stricken districts. What is worse, the sufferings of the people have been aggravated by the outrageous if not criminal mismanagement of the famine relief efforts of one wretch while they wait for his companion who is dying, or of the child taken from the breast of its mother, who has been dead two days. What is worse, the sufferings of the people have been aggravated by the outrageous if not criminal mismanagement of the famine relief efforts of one wretch while they wait for his companion who is dying, or of the child taken from the breast of its mother, who has been dead two days.

It is understood that Major General Charles Hastings Doyle will be the British agent in a few days to assume the duties of his new position as Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick. He will be mislead from Halifax where he has won universal esteem, both as Administrator of the Government and Commander of the Forces. In leaving the Province, he carries with him the good will of every Nova Scotian. We have no doubt he will be equally successful in securing the respect of the people among whom he is now going to reside, and where he is already well known. He cannot easily be less fortunate in this respect than his predecessor, Sir Arthur Gordon, has been; but it is very certain that he will never give the same cause for exciting popular ill will. Partisanship is foreign to his nature, and our neighbors in New Brunswick will find that his predecessor, Sir Arthur Gordon, has been; but it is very certain that he will never give the same cause for exciting popular ill will. Partisanship is foreign to his nature, and our neighbors in New Brunswick will find that his predecessor, Sir Arthur Gordon, has been