

The Carleton Sentinel.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1853.

The *Head Quarters* thinks we are to have a new election this fall, but the *Freeman* says there will be none, and of course there will not, as the *Freeman* knows best; he is in the confidence of the Government and acquainted with all their secrets, but he does not wish the enquiry to be made how he obtained his information! He is ashamed even to admit that one man can be found in the Government so lost to everything honest and honorable as to forfeit his obligation to the Council Board and make a confidant of him. A member of the Government making a confidant of the editor of the *Freeman*! Well, that's rich—yet we believe it; but what must be the state of that man's mind who is driven to such a dire necessity. A man professing to be a Protestant, making a confidant of one known to be a deadly enemy to everything British—everything Protestant; one sent into the country to preach rebellion and stir up strife and discord. We envy him not his feelings, and when he comes to throw himself upon the mercy of a St. John constituency he will find that he has reckoned without his host. The people of that city and county are not to be bought or bullied by such men.

Messrs Gray and Street, the *Freeman* says, are the parties who objected to the dissolution; perhaps they did—perhaps they have not received quite enough of the *Freeman's* abuse to secure their return, and they wait for a little more. Mr. Wilmot, it appears, has received plenty and is now ready for the fight, but the *Freeman* is not done with him yet, as a new secret has come out from the Government, and Mr. Wilmot is charged with making false statements in order to procure his own appointment as Railway Director. Had this statement appeared in any other paper in the Province it might have been entitled to some little credit, but as it is no one believes it. The *Freeman* was never known to speak well of any one above him. Integrity or talent is sure to find in him a deadly foe. He would even persuade his readers that Mr. Wilmot's conduct as Surveyor General is very unsatisfactory to Lumbermen, and to the community at large. Now we happen to live in a community of Lumbermen, and we know that Mr. Wilmot has given general satisfaction since he has been in office, and we never heard a wish expressed for a change, or a complaint except from the *Freeman*. The *Head Quarters* from which the "Freeman" quotes largely does not find fault with Mr. Wilmot, but with some of the Regulations of the Crown Land Office. Mr. Wilmot is not accountable for these Regulations; he merely forms one of a body at whose deliberations they are made, and for aught the *Freeman* knows he may have protested against them a dozen times, or even suggested a remedy but been unable to carry it. As usual with this great politician and would-be law-giver he finds fault, but recommends nothing in the shape of improvement.

How long will the people of this Province submit to the unrelenting, ungodly slanderer? A spare corner offering in his paper of the 23rd ult., he must needs take a trip in imagination to Woodstock for the purpose of pouring forth a tirade against Mr. Connell. He says "It is said Mr. Connell writes, or causes to be written, several letters which appear from time to time in the 'Sentinel,' all devoted to the most extravagant praises of his conduct, and also that Mr. Connell is in the habit of telling the farmers of Carleton that they owe the Municipal Corporation Bill and every good measure to him, and that the people are silly enough to believe him, and this he has heard more than once."—Now Mr. *Freeman* you must excuse us if we tell you that we do not believe one word of this beautiful effusion; we do not believe you ever heard so. The men of Carleton are not fools—nor if you think they are, come up and buy a horse or trade one. Mr. Connell is not in the habit of boasting of what he has done—he has the credit of being mainly instrumental in introducing the Municipal Act into this County, and he is intitled to the credit. Anything further you never heard, and as to the letter you refer

to allow us to inform you that Mr. Connell was not in the place at the time it was written.—Your other assertions are about of the same value.

It would, we think, prove a salutary exercise for those who cannot see in this Province any hopeful sign of progress for the future; or, unthankful for the blessings of the past, serve by dismal croakings to drive from our shores numbers of our young men, to waste their energies too often in the vain pursuit of *wealth without work*, to let the mind travel back to the period when a few resolute individuals landed on the bleak coasts of what was then almost a *terra incognita*, and compare the struggles of that hardy band for bare sustenance, with the abundant supply of everything necessary to comfort and convenience, now to be found surrounding the homes of us, their descendants and successors.

What a wonderful transformation for the better has been effected in New Brunswick within so short a time—a period of only about 70 years; and yet how few even among the most fortunate of ourselves seem to realize this as a great fixed fact in the history of human progression.

We have, to be sure—speaking as our "fast" brother Jonathan does—"made haste slowly;" but let us console ourselves with the reflection that things of slow growth are also of slow decay; and that if we are behind the age in the matter of wholesale homicide, through the medium of blown up steamers and smashed railway trains, yet we have a climate of surpassing healthiness, a soil that even with the careless husbandry too generally practised, yields an ample return to the farmer, and noble forests, which, notwithstanding the reckless manner they have been hacked and hewed for so many years, still continue to furnish to the hardy lumberman—and through him to the community at large—a source of immense wealth.

Search among the people of this earth, "and the rest of mankind," ye grumblers, and then point out where the country is to be found in which the farmer, mechanic, or laborer, get better (or as good) remuneration for their toil, as in the much abused Province of New Brunswick.

Take all things into consideration, and it will appear abundantly evident, that on making up the sum total of human happiness, both in its moral and physical aspects, as large a share falls to our lot, as to that of the same number of people in any other part of the globe.

We then say to all, quit unmanly complaining, and let us by putting our shoulders to the wheel for a united effort, to carry out every enterprise calculated to place our country in the position which nature, by lavishing on all hands the elements of greatness, intended she should occupy among the nations of the earth.

We regret to learn that the weevil has attacked the wheat in many places in this County. It is not known yet what the extent of the injury may be, but it is feared from the sudden and general attack throughout the fields where it has been discovered that serious damage will be done.

The weather continues dry and warm, and if the hay crop is not as heavy as usual, the excellent order in which it is put up will make it of more value and go further than a much larger quantity put up in catching weather, or what is called half bleached. Other crops promise well.

The services of our old friend, J. A. Torney, Esq., appear to be in great demand in Canada. We learn from the *Ottawa Citizen*, that he is now employed in obtaining a full return of the capabilities of the various establishments, and information generally respecting the manufacture of sawed lumber on the Ottawa timber district. The *Citizen* thinks the return, when completed, will be in the highest degree useful and interesting.

We this week present our readers with two letters, the first of a series each, which, if we are not much mistaken will prove interesting to all classes of readers, before they are completed. The first is from "A Mechanic" on the state of the Province; the other on matters and things connected with Municipal Corporations in Victoria County. Don't neglect to read them, one and all!

On Monday young M'Glynn and a son of Jedediah Jewett were riding in a waggon, when a loaded gun in the hands of M'Glynn was accidentally discharged, and the contents, a load of shot, was lodged in the thigh of Jewett. The boy suffered considerably, but is not considered dangerously wounded. This should be a warning to parents not to allow children the use of fire-arms until they understand how to use them. Had this shot taken effect in the body of the boy, it would in all probability have killed him on the spot.

A public meeting was held in the Methodist Chapel in this place, on Wednesday evening last, for the purpose of aiding in the educational movement now in progress, in connection with the Wesleyan Academy, Sackville, N. B. The agent of the institution, the Rev. Mr. Allison, addressed the meeting at some length, on the benefits of education, and the facilities for obtaining it at the Wesleyan Academy, and stated that the present movement was to obtain funds to erect a female department in connection with the Academy.

The *Morning Times* will please accept our warmest thanks for the last as well as for the many other handsome compliments he has paid us from time to time. We shall endeavor to deserve his good opinion, as we prize it highly.

CURRIERS BEAT.—A young man named David Thomas, now working at the establishment of S. Parsons & Son, has done, as we believe, the greatest day's work that has ever been performed by any Currier in the Province. He has positively finished, in eleven hours, forty large sides of upper leather, which is double the number finished by any person previously in this Province. When this is beat he will try again. So much for Woodstock.

A communication in the *Reformer* says, a person chasing a *lame gosling* in Richmond, picked up a package of letters, one of which was addressed to a Mrs. Fraser, Nova Scotia, and that a sum of money had been taken from it, but we are not informed whether the *lame gosling* was captured or not, or what ailed the poor bird; whether it was a ring-bone, or spavin, or only a stone-bruise. We hope to hear more of the interesting little thing before it gets to be a *goose*.

Bridget O'Flannigan thinks that the articles advertised in the "Reformer" will not be sold at Auction, at the time appointed, as the party interested in having them advertised will be crying out "*buy none*" (Bynon)

The *New Brunswicker* comes to us this week considerably enlarged, and rejoicing in new type. We are glad to see such evidence of our contemporary's prosperity.

THREE MEN DROWNED.—PERILOUS SITUATION.—*Buffalo*, July 19.—A boat in which there were three men asleep, got a drift last night and floated into the current where it was upset.—Two of the men were carried immediately over the Falls of Niagara, and dashed to pieces on the rocks below—one of them was named Andrew Hannaman; the third, named Joseph Avery, caught at a stump in his passage, and clung to it, where he was discovered, almost on the brink of the Falls. Several boats have been launched in order to rescue him, but they were swamped the moment they touched the rapids. Thousands of citizens are on the banks in full view of the unfortunate man, but at present without means to relieve him. A party on the bridge, however, have just succeeded in floating a boat with provisions to him.

A second dispatch, dated noonday, states that the man is still in the rapids. The life-boat sent from Buffalo has just been launched, but proved too light, and was swamped immediately and went over the rapids. The man is drooping, and his situation grows more critical every moment.

A third dispatch, states that the man went over the Falls at six o'clock this evening. He was swept from a raft which was floated to him when he attempted to swim to a small island, but was eventually swept over the rapids.—*Boston Paper*.

The Accident at Niagara.

The *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* gives the following particular account of the late frightful casualty at Niagara Falls:—

Our informant tells us that the man was in a part of the rapids where the rocks rise nearly to the surface of the water. A log of wood, apparently wedged tightly between the rocks, and crossed by another, still higher out of the water, was his resting place.

Here he remained, half clinging to and half perching upon the log, from which he would occasionally slip down and walk a little on the rocks, which were only a short distance under water. A few feet in advance was a small fall of about four or five feet, and here on each side of him, the waters rushed wildly on at a speed of about forty miles an hour.

Since our report of yesterday was made up, about half-past 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a raft was constructed formed of crossed timbers, strongly fastened in a square form, a hoghead being placed in the centre. The raft was strongly secured with ropes on each side, and was floated down to the rocks upon which Avery was stationed.

As it approached the spot where he stood, the rope got fast in the rocks, and the raft became immovable. Avery then appeared to muster strength and courage, and descending from the log, walked over the rocks to the place where the rope had caught, and laboured long and hard to disengage it from the rocks.

After some time he succeeded, and then with renewed energy, inspired by the hope of rescue, he pulled manfully at the rope until he succeeded in bringing the raft from the current towards his fearful resting-place.

Avery now got on the raft, making himself fast thereto by means of ropes which had been placed there for that purpose, and those on the land commenced drawing it toward the shore.

It had approached within thirty feet of one of the small islands, toward which its course was directed, when suddenly it became stationary in the midst of the rapids, the ropes having again caught in the rocks. All endeavors to remove it were found to be in vain, and much fear was entertained that the strain upon the ropes might break them and occasion the poor fellow's loss. Various suggestions were now volunteered, and several attempts were made to reach him.

One man went out in a boat as far as he dared to venture, and asked him if he would fasten a rope round his body, and trust to being drawn in by that. The poor fellow, however, shook his head despondingly, as though he felt he had not strength enough remaining to make himself secure to a rope.

At length a boat was got ready—a life-boat, which had arrived from Buffalo—and was launched. Seeing the preparations, Avery unloosed his fastenings, with the intention of being ready to spring into the boat. Borne on by the rushing waters, and amidst the breathless suspense of the spectators, the boat approached the raft.

A thrill ran through the crowd—the boat lived in the angry waves—it struck the raft—a shout of joy ran forth from the shores, for it was believed that he was saved—when suddenly the hope that had been raised was again destroyed—a moment's confusion followed the collision, and in the next the victim was seen in the midst of the waters, separated from his frail support, and struggling for life.

For a minute or two the poor fellow, striking out boldly, swam strongly toward the island, and the cry echoed from shore that he would yet be saved. But soon the fact became certain that he receded from the shore—his strength was evidently failing. Gradually he was borne back into the fiercest part of the current—slowly at first, then more rapidly.

Swiftly and more swiftly he approached the brink of the precipice—the waters had him at last, their undisputed victim, and madly they whirled him on to death, as though enraged at his persevering efforts to escape their fury.

A sickening feeling came over the spectators when, just on the brink of the precipice, the doomed man sprang up from the waters—clear from the surface—raising himself upright as a statue, with his arms flung wildly aloft, and with a piercing shriek that rang loudly above the mocking roar of the cataract, fell back again into the foaming waves, and was hurled over the brow of the fatal precipice!