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NO. 33

Poetry.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Downward sinks the setting sun,
Soft the evening shadows fall;
Light is flying,
Day is dying,
Darkness stealth over all,
Good night!

Autumn garners in her stores—
Foes of the fading year;
Leaves are dying,
Winds are sighing—
Whispering of the winter near.
Good night!

Youth is vanished, manhood wanes,
Age its forward shadow throws:
Day is dying,
Years are flying,
Life runs onward to its close.
Good night!

—London Inquirer.

Select Tale.

WRECKED AND RESCUED.

(Continued from our last.)

Seizing a spar that mercifully would have dealt him a death-blow, James Murray found himself floating in the water, surrounded on every side by drowning men and fragments of the shattered vessel. Clinging to his spar, he struggled to maintain his head above the blinding waves that sought to bury him while yet quick in the grave beneath his feet, and he succeeded.

The storm soon scattered the few survivors of the wreck who had not at once been drowned; and when at last the morning broke, and Murray, raising himself as well as he was able upon the spar, looked despairingly about him, no trace remained of ship or company—nothing but the wild waste of waters, stretching far away to where on the horizon line the great waves reared their crests upon the sullen sky.

"Worse than death—worse a thousand times!" groaned the desolate survivor; and for a moment he was tempted to release himself from spar and life preserver, and sink at once, escaping thus the torturing hours lying between him and the almost inevitable end. But in the powerful organization of the man vitality was strong and deeply seated; and after his first weak terror at the gloomy prospect, James Murray summoned his strength, and resolved to die, if die he must, with no farther effort of his own could sustain him.

Hunger and thirst were now his greatest foes. Against the former he was fortified for a while by some bread and meat which he had placed in his pockets before coming on deck, thinking it possible that the crew might suddenly take to the boats without adequate preparation, and determining in such a case neither to be left behind, nor to die of starvation should the winds and waves allow a boat to live. But this food, saturated as it was with salt water, would only increase the fearful thirst already tormenting him—a surer and a crueler foe to life than any hunger—and so Murray reflected, with a shudder. Still he resolved to neglect no means of preserving life, even though it must be in torture, and tying together his cravat and handkerchief, he passed them about his body, and firmly secured himself to the spar. This left both his hands at liberty, and gave him greater ease of position.

Extracting from his water-filled pocket a bit of the meat, he ate it hungrily, and could have cried at finding the bread a mere mass of saline pulp, entirely inedible. Somewhat refreshed by this slight nourishment, the lonely man looked once more about him, scanning the horizon with anxious scrutiny, if haply a white-winged vessel might be on its way to rescue him. But the only comfort that could be gathered from all the untold miles of sea and sky around and above him was the hope that the storm was over. Surely the clouds were thinner and more broken; the rain had ceased; the fitful wind did not so incessantly lash the waves into more furious sweeps. Toward noon a watery sun shone for a moment through rifts of sullen cloud, was overwhelmed, but struggled out again with fuller rays, and from that gained steadily upon the clouds, until at setting he flashed out a broad banner of victorious rays far across the unquiet sea, still throbbing fiercely with its late emotion.

Still no hope, no rescue for James Murray. Every hour of that December day had stolen somewhat from the vigor that upheld him. His limbs were numb, although he tried to keep the blood alive in them by active motion. His teeth chattered, and his eyes grew dim, a sick dizziness at his brain made sea and sky swim before his sight; in his ears grew a drowsy song as of the sirens calling to him from beneath the waves.

"I can not live till morning; and oh, my child!—No anger now, only yearning love and bitterest sorrow. In that dreary trial the heart of the world's man was learning the lessons that prosperity had never taught. Again he said:—
"I hope she will never know how her poor father died; I hope she will be happy all her life. I wish she knew that I forgave her before I died. Poor dear, I said hard things to her that night before she left me. I would give all my slender chance of life to take them back. Why should she not choose for herself, as I did in my youth? Cruel and tyrannical! She did not say it, though. That poor little note she left for me had no such words as those in it. I tore it, and stamped upon the pieces before I burned them. God forgive me! Did her mother see me do that, I wonder. Fifteen years ago since Mary died, and she bid me to be father and mother both to that poor child. Have I done it? O God, let me live! Save me from this death that I may make amends for the wrong I had sworn to do!"

He raised himself from the water as far as he might, and gazed once more on all around with a piteous earnestness such as no care for mere life had brought into the hard face.

Nothing but sea and sky, cloud and wave. Only there, on the horizon line, what is that? A wave leaping higher than its fellows? No, for it does not sink and rise as the waves do. It cannot be a ship, it is so low in the water; there are no masts to be traced on the golden background of the sunset clouds. A boat, perhaps; if so, are there men in it? Will it cross his path? Can he attract their notice?

A wild flutter of hope and desire thrill through the soul and body of that man, struggling so vehemently for life, and he begins with all the little strength at his command to swim toward the distant haven of his hope. But before he has made the least perceptible progress, before he has resolved one of all those doubts as to the nature of the object he so wildly strives to gain, heavy darkness shuts down upon him and it. It is no longer possible to distinguish the least trace of the boat, if such it was, and with a bitter groan James Murray ceases his efforts and sinks down upon the spar in listless inaction.

"It will be gone by morning," said he, "or I shall be dead."

But morning dawned, and he was not dead. Very weak and exhausted indeed, unable to swim or to make any other motion, but still alive, still conscious of that little light holding him to this lower world, still anxious for the sunrise, that he might with his dying eyes sweep the wide horizon line before he closed them forever.

So faint and weak he was he could not bring himself at once to make the exertion of rising on the spar that he might take that last look. It was not till the warm sunlight fell upon his face that he gathered his energies and feebly rose.

Oh, God is good! It is close upon him, drifting slowly down across his very path. No boat, indeed, but the dismantled hulk of a vessel, its bows shattered and sunk, but its stern high and safe above the water, and human figures looking down from it curiously upon him.

He raised his arm and feebly raised it; as feebly should a reply to the hail that met his dull ears, and then the sound of the siren shut out all other sound, a thick darkness closed his eyes, and he had fainted.

An hour after, when James Murray unclosed those heavy eyes, he stared incredulously into the face bending so tenderly over him, and moved unhesitatingly within the arms that folded themselves about him. But he could not shake off the dream.

"Hope?" whispered he, incredulously.

"Yes, dear, dearest father, it is indeed your own wicked child, to whom God has kindly given time and space to ask your forgiveness."

The father feebly closed his eyes without reply—it was all so strange. It was so little while since he had longed to live that he might ask her forgiveness.

A man's voice spoke next:—
"Let me pour some of this brandy between your lips, dearest. You should not have spoken yet of such matters."

"I could not help it, Miles. I have so longed to say it. But see, he is getting better surely; see the color in his lips. Oh, father dear, open your eyes once more!"

James Murray did not resist that appeal, but opening his eyes, fixed them more lovingly upon his daughter's face than she remembered him ever to have done before.

Tears rushed into her own, but she restrained them at a look from her husband, and only stopped to kiss her father's cheek.

"It was Miles who saved you," whispered she, after a moment. "He leaped in and drew you to the vessel."

"Where is he now—Miles?" asked Mr. Murray, feebly.

"Here. Oh, darling father, you forgive us both—I see that you do!" And then the tears would come, and did.

"And now, Sir, if you are strong enough I will take you down to the cabin and put you in a berth," said Trevelyan, presently. "We have the after-part of the ship at our command, and may be very comfortable here for a long time if the fair weather holds."

"Wait a while and I'll go down myself. I'm too heavy for any one to carry."

"I think not, Sir, if I may try." And the broad-shouldered young Englishman, raising his reluctant burden from the deck, carried him carefully down the steep steps, and after stripping off his wet and almost frozen clothes, placed him carefully in a berth and covered him deep with blankets.

"Now, if you will take a good long sleep, Sir," said he, cheerily, "I think you'll wake up all right, and Hope will have some hot tea ready for you."

Mr. Murray did not answer, but went to sleep with a queer smile upon his lips. To think that this should be the end of all the threats and curses he had heaped upon the head of that young man!

Hope was ready with the tea, and before night her father was nearer to being "all right" than could have been expected after the severe exposure he had undergone.

The next day he was able to sit up and hear the story of the *Trevelyan's* voyage and present position. He was not surprised at learning that this very hulk on which they now found themselves was the remains of the destroyer of the *Rebeck*. That shock so fatal to the smaller vessel, was not harmless to the larger. Her bows were badly stove, and shortly after the collision a cry was raised that the ship was sinking, and must be deserted. With the selfishness of terror the crew seized upon the boats and refused to allow the passengers a place. The Captain, after exerting alike uselessly his authority and his powers of persuasion, declared finally that unless the passengers were taken he himself would remain behind.

"So much the better!" cried the brutal boat-swain as he pushed off the overloaded boat, which was immediately hidden by the darkness. The three thus abandoned, sat down quietly upon the quarter deck, and waited for their death. It did not come, and in the morning they perceived, that having settled to a certain depth, the ship would sink no farther, at least toward the stern. The cabin and cabin stores were thus saved to them, insuring shelter and subsistence so long as the hulk should float in its present position. A quantity of charcoal stored in an empty store-room promised the comfort of fire, and in all, except the uncertainty of permanent safety, their situation might be as agreeable and comfortable as it had been during the first days of their voyage. But a few more hours brought yet another shock to convince them that no man may calculate in what form his last hour will meet him.

[Concluded in our next.]

The Commanders at Waterloo and the British Troops.

Waterloo moreover is the strangest encounter in history. Napoleon and Wellington: they are not enemies, they are opposites. Never has God, who takes pleasure in antitheses, made a more striking contrast and a more extraordinary meeting. On one side precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, retreat assured, reserves economized, obstinate composure, imperturbable method, strategy to profit by the ground, tactics to balance battalions, carnage drawn to the line, war directed watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to chance, ancient classic courage, absolute correctness: on the other, intuition, inspiration, a military marvel, a superhuman instinct; a flashing glance, a mysterious something which gazes like the eagle and strikes like the thunderbolt, prodigious art in disdainful impetuosity, all the mysteries of a deep soul, intimacy with Destiny, river, plain, forest, hill, commanded, and in some sort forced to obey, the despot going even so far as to tyrannize over the battle-field; faith in a star joined to strategic science, increasing it, but disturbing it. Wellington was the Barre of war, Napoleon was its Michael Angelo, and this time genius was vanquished by calculation.

What is truly admirable in the battle of Waterloo is England, Englishness English resolution, English blood; the superb thing which England had there—may it not displease her—is herself. It is not her Captain it is her army.

Wellington, strangely ungrateful, declared in a letter to Lord Bathurst, that his army, the army that fought on the 18th of June, 1815, was a "delectable army." What does this dark assemblage of bones, buried beneath the furrows of Waterloo, think of that?

England has been too modest in regard to Wellington. To make Wellington so great is to belittle England. Wellington is but a hero like the rest. These Scotch Grays, these Horse Guards, these regiments of Maitland and Mitchell, this infantry of Pack and Kemp, this cavalry of Ponsonby and of Somerset, these Highlanders playing the bagpipes under the storm of grape, these battalions of Ryland, these raw recruits who scarcely knew how to handle a musket, holding out against the veteran bands of Essling and Rivoli—all that is grand.

Wellington was tenacious, that was his merit, and we do not undervalue it, but the least of his foot-soldiers or his horsemen was quite as firm as he. The iron soldier is as good as the Iron Duke. For our part, all our glorification goes to the English soldier, the English army, the English people. If trophy there be, to England the trophy is due. The Waterloo column would be more just if instead of the figure of a man, it lifted to the clouds the statue of a nation.—*Victor Hugo.*

David's Perplexity.

The fishermen of the North of the Frith of Forth have always been looked upon by those of the south shore as little more than savages, and very unpolished. At one time a very heavy north-easterly storm drove a Buckhaven boat toward the Dunbar coast, and during the detention of several days one of the north shore boys fell violently in love with a strapping damsel of Dunbar, whom he ultimately married. The young bride did her best to instruct her husband in the proper language, and less jaw-breaking dialect of the aristocratic south shore; but he was a very slow pupil, as the sequel will serve to show.

In process of time a son was born to the loving pair, and all in due time a second youth, the very image of his mother, made his case known in the house of his father, shortly after which the following colloquy was held:

"Noo, Duvid, ye're gawn to the minister's to see about the baptism, but mind, ye're no to speak about the *bairn*; that's a vulgar word—just like ye folk o' Fife. Eh, mon, gin I had ye over at Dunbar, I wad mak a man o' ye! bit Duvid, my man, ye're to say to the minister, 'Gin ye please, Maister P—k, will ye come down this evening, and baptize the infant?' Mind, noo, Duvid, no the bairn, bit the infant."

David looked with open his young wife; at her learning and good breeding, and he loved her more than ever. But the word infant was new to him; it was too soft and sweet for his untutored lips to lip; but true to his love, he tried it, and promised her faithfully to try it again, and muttering it over and over—infant, infant—took his way towards the minister's house. But, ere he reached it, David had lost the flow of the syllables, and before he had recovered his presence of mind he found himself in the minister's hall. The worthy minister, half suspecting what had brought the fisherman along so early, said—

"Well David, how are all down the way?"

"Brawly, sir, thank ye, we're as well as can be expected."

"Ah!" said the minister, "has there been anything ill the wind, David?"

"Oo, ay, sir, the wife's been down."

"Ay, David! It'll be a lassie this time?"

"No, sir," replied David. "It's not a lassie."

"Hoot man," said the minister, "another lad! Ye'll be made up we laddies, if ye gang on at this rate."

"Weel-a-wat, no," said David: "it's not a ladie, neither."

David, David! asked the minister in sore astonishment, "what is it man, if it's neither a ladie nor a lassie?"

"Well, sir," replied David, "as sure as death I dinna mind, but I think the wife ca'd it an *elephant*."

An Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveller, he stopped him with—"your money or your life!" Seeing that Pat was green, he said: "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you all my money for that pistol." "Agreed," Pat received the money and handed over the pistol.

"Now," said the traveller, "hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out." "Blaze away, my hearty," said Pat, "never a drop of powder there's in it."

General News.

Chase of the English Steamer Herald.

The Nassau *Guardian* of July 26 has the annexed account of the pursuit of the British steamer *Herald* by the United States steamer *Adirondack*, which is briefly reported by telegraph:

"One of the most glaring outrages we have ever had occasion to record took place within sight of our citizens yesterday morning. At daylight two steamers were observed from the shore, one giving chase to and firing at the other. The vessel turned out to be the Federal man-of-war *Adirondack*, (14) Commander Gansevoort, and the English steamer *Herald*, Capt. Coxeter. We have been favored with the particulars by an eye-witness on board the latter vessel."

The *Herald* was steering for Nassau at half speed, the *Adirondack* being in sight, and shortly afterward saw a vessel about 2½ miles ahead. At half-past five o'clock she was about four points off the star-board bow and a mile distant. She then changed her course, and stood for the *Herald* as if to cross her bows. When within two or three hundred yards of her she rounded up alongside. The former then hoisted the British flag, and the latter fired a shot across her bows, slightly grazing her, and afterward showed the American flag.

On this Captain Coxeter ordered all steam to be put to his vessel, when the American sheered off between three and four hundred yards and fired a broadside, which was ineffective. From this time she kept up a continuous fire, throwing shell, solid, chain, and grape shot, giving chase and not desisting till the *Herald* was within two miles or less of the lighthouse. The flag was shot down but immediately replaced. The deck was splintered over the cabin by a shell, part of which was found on board. Capt. Coxeter stood on the paddle box all the time, and was heard to exclaim: "He may sink me, but he shall not take me."

No material damage was done to the vessel, and not a man on board was hurt. The *Herald* entered the harbor between six and seven o'clock, and reported the case to Captain Hickey of H. M. S. Greyhound, who immediately got up steam and proceeded to the *Adirondack*, for the purpose of protesting against the proceedings of Captain Gansevoort. The Captain of the federal man-of-war, however, asserts his right to search any vessel suspected of carrying contraband of war within three miles of any coast, and quotes Vattel on International Law in support of the step he has taken.

The subject, we understand, will be referred to the home government, at the request of Captain Gansevoort.

With all due deference to the Captain of the *Adirondack*, and the authority he has shown for his support, and his untoward act, we feel confident that the imperial government will never countenance such a gross infringement of the neutrality laws, and we sincerely trust that no similar outrage will be perpetrated again within our waters.

Our goods are detained from month to month by the authorities of New York; our goods are constantly being boarded by Federal gunboats within our own waters, and that while our time-honored flag is flying; not even the mail packet British Queen can pass along unmolested, for she is fired at and brought to this very passage. Only a few weeks ago the British steamer *Bermuda* was captured off Alaska, within sight of the Sandwich Islands; and on the 8th inst. what do we find? Why, the Federal gunboat *Adriatic* carrying off the British steamer *Gundat*, within sight of the Bimini. It is high time to put an end to these unheard of proceedings.

The New Merrimac.—We find the following contribution in the Baltimore American, dated 11th inst.: "Sunday three weeks I was on board the Merrimac, being anxious to get a look at her before I came away. She is a very formidable vessel, constructed with much skill. Her wood work was then finished. On the following day she was taken across the river to the Tredgare Works to have her plating put on."

Her plate are about ten feet long, and ten inches in width. They are punched entirely through with holes for the insertion of the bolts, and will overlap one another when in position.

Like Merrimac No. 1, she is a formidable ram, but is somewhat smaller than the great original, which, in every other respect, she greatly resembles. Her roll runs up to a peak of such a height that the sides rise at a sharp angle. When ironed, and her machinery put in, her guards will probably not be over one foot above the water. Being much smaller, she will be far more manageable than Merrimac the First. Her guards were about six feet above the water's edge. The ram was well fixed, reaching about four feet above the deck, and extending out six or eight feet.

Although her armament was of course not yet on board, its character was no secret. The entire public having access to the vessel, it was easy to be seen what number of guns she was to carry, as well as their approximate character. From other information, however, I can state that she will carry one how, one steam, and three side guns. They are to be of the same description as those which are mounted at Fort Darling, their ability to pierce our iron-armored vessels, having, in the attack upon that fortress been exemplified—at least to the satisfaction of Seesh. The balls to be used are steel-pointed, and were being made on the day of our departure, as well as previously.

She is no doubt completed by this time and ready for offensive operations, as a very large gang of workmen were employed upon her. She is the pride of the Richmonds, who rely upon her for the defense of the city as much as upon their armies. It is hoastfully declared and universally believed by them, that 'she will sweep the James River.' While she is undoubtedly handsome, it is certain she has one feature of formidableness not possessed by Merrimac No. 1—her armor plating extends below the water line.

Singularly enough, her crew is to consist only of the old crew of Merrimac the First.

MORMON TREACHERY.—The Omaha *Nebrosian* of the 24th says, it is reported that the first Mormon train for Salt Lake City this season were stopped at Fort Laramie by order of the Government, on account of the destruction of mails and stage stations, the robbery and murder of emigrants, and further crimes heretofore attributed to the Indians, but which the Government now has evidences were committed by the Mormons. Among the reasons for this belief is the reported fact that, while emigrant trains for California and Oregon are continually harassed, the Mormon trains have passed without molestation.

It is further said that Brigham Young has ordered every able-bodied man in the Territory to be mustered into active service.

EXPENSIVE UNDERTAKING.—A gentleman lately returned from a visit to Canada, and who among other places visited Ottawa, informs us that the new Parliamentary Buildings have already cost him not yet proceeded beyond the erection of the bare walls. The original contract for the whole, thoroughly finished, was five hundred thousand dollars, or five eighths of the sum already expended. So much for contracts and contractors.

Belle Boyd, a notorious and handsome female rebel spy and mail carrier was "captured" near Warrenton, Va., recently and sent to Washington on the last instant, where she is now a prisoner.

Carleton Co. Agricultural Society's PREMIUM LIST FOR 1862.

This Society will hold an Exhibition of Stock, Grain, Domestic Manufactures, etc., at the County Court House, on Tuesday, 14th October, 1862, to commence at 10 o'clock, A.M., open only to members who have paid the subscription for the current year on or before the twentieth day of September, at which the following Premiums are offered for competition:—

Class I.—Live Stock.

Best Stallion, 4 years old and upwards	\$4 00	Best 3 year old Steers	1 50
2d do	3 00	2d do	1 00
3d do	2 00	3d do	1 00
Best Brood Mare with Foal	2 50	Best fat Ox or Steer	2 50
2d do	2 00	2d do	2 00
3d do	1 50	3d do	2 00
Best 3 year old Colt	2 50	Best Ram over 1 year	2 50
2d do	2 00	2d do	2 00
3d do	1 50	3d do	2 00
Best 2 year old Colt	2 50	Best Ram Lamb of 1862	2 00
2d do	2 00	2d do	1 50
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 50
Best 1 year old Colt	2 50	Best pair Ewes over 2 years old	2 50
2d do	2 00	2d do	2 00
3d do	1 50	3d do	2 00
Best pr Horses, m'ch'd	2 50	Best pair Ewe Lambs	2 00
2d do	2 00	2d do	1 50
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 50
Best Bull, 3 years old or upwards	2 50	Best pair Ewe over 1 yr old	2 00
2d do	2 00	2d do	1 50
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 50
Best Bull 2 years old	2 50	Best Boar Pig of 1862	1 50
2d do	2 00	2d do	1 00
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 00
Best yearling Bull	2 50	Best Breeding Sow	2 50
2d do	2 00	2d do	2 00
3d do	1 50	3d do	2 00
Best Bull calf of 1862, age to be stated	2 50	Best Sow Pig of 1862	1 50
2d do	2 00	2d do	1 00
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 00
Best Milch Cow	2 50	Best 2 year old Heifer	2 00
2d do	2 00	2d do	1 50
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 50
Best yearling Heifer	2 50	Best working Oxen 5 yrs old and upwards	2 00
2d do	2 00	2d do	1 50
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 50
Best 4 year old Heifer	2 50	1862, age to be stated	1 00
2d do	2 00	2d do	1 00
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 00

Class II.—Grain, Roots and Seeds.

Best sample of Wheat	\$3 00	Best sample of Rye	\$2 50
2d do	2 50	2d do	2 00
3d do	2 00	3d do	1 50
Best sample of Corn	2 50	Best sample of Beans	2 50
2d do	2 00	2d do	2 00
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 50
Best sample of Barley	2 50	Best sample of Peas	2 50
2d do	2 00	2d do	2 00
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 50
Best sample of Oats	2 50	Best sample Timothy	1 50
2d do	2 00	2d do	1 00
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 00
Best sample Buckwheat	2 50	Best North Clover seed	2 00
2d do	2 00	2d do	1 50
3d do	1 50	3d do	1 50

Class III.—Root Crops and Garden Produce.

Produce.

Best crop Swedish or Lp'd Turnips raised on 1 acre	\$3 00	Best 12 Blood Beets	\$1 00
2d do	2 50	Do 15 ripe Onions	1 00
3d do	2 00	Do 6 heads Cabbage	1 00
Best crop Aberdeen or White Turnips r'd on 1 acre	3 00	Do 1 peck pole beans	1 00
2d do	2 50	Do 1 Squash	50
3d do	2 00	Do 1 Pumpkin	50
Best crop Carrots r'd on 1 acre	3 00	Best sample of Apples	2 50
2d do	2 50	2d do	2 00
3d do	2 00	2d do	2 00
Best crop Carrots r'd on 1 acre	3 00	2d do	2 00
2d do	2 50	3d do	2 00
3d do	2 00	Best 5lb Swedish Turnip	1 00
Best crop Potatoes 1 acre	3 00	2d do	1 00
2d do	2 50	Best 5lb White Carrot 1	1 00
3d do	2 00	Best 5lb red Carrot seed	1 00
Best crop Turnips	3 00	Best 12 Turnips	1 00
2d do	2 50	2d do	1 00
3d do	2 00	2d do	1 00
Best 25 Garden Carrots 1 acre	3 00	2d do	1 00
Best 25 Parsnips	1 00	3d do	1 00
		Best 12 Parsnips	1 00