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NO. 34

Poetry.

A QUIET MAN'S LOVE.

I chose my love from out the crowd
Of beauty and of youth;
I chose her for her loveliness;
I chose her for her truth;
I never cease to bless that hour,
When first I chanced to see
The graceful and the beautiful one
Who dearly loveth me.

'Tis not amid a festive group
My love doth seem most fair;
She best becomes the cheerful heart,
And well I love her there.
For oh, 'twas in her quiet home—
A maid's sweet sanctuary—
That first I won her sinless heart,
And knew her love for me.

It may be wrong—I cannot brook
That each rude eye should greet
The brightness of her form-like glance,
Her form and features sweet;
Oh, no! I would that her dear charms
Should all mine own charms be,
I would not lose one glance of hers
Who dearly loveth me.

'Tis sweet to know a treasure mine,
Which none beside can share;
'Tis sweet to think that beauty's lips
Are moved for me in prayer;
'Tis sweet when she doth soothe my woe,
Or light my hours of gloom;
Oh, well I love the gentle maid
Who dearly loveth me.

Select Tale.

WRECKED AND RESCUED.

(Continued.)

The Captain, whose great weakness was a love of gain, had mentioned several times that a great deal of money might be collected from the women's chests in the forecastle, if we could get at them, as the sailors had, according to custom, received their wages for the outward voyage upon the day of sailing.

The next morning after the shipwreck he had been heard to quietly leave the cabin at an early hour and ascend the companion-way. Some time after, Trethen, going up to join him, was startled at finding only his coat lying upon the deck. The Captain was never seen again; and the two survivors could only surmise that he (being a bold and skillful swimmer) had dived into the forecastle to try to recover the treasure hidden there, and had either become entangled in the wreck, or struck his head in the descent so as to stun himself. At any rate the sea never gave up this one of its many secrets, and Trethen and his bride remained alone, until, by almost a miracle, James Murray was brought to join them.

A week passed away, and, spite of all the perils of their position—spite of their uncertain future—Hope thought and said that it was the happiest week of all his life. Her father having once made up his mind to forgive and like her husband, did it so heartily that his daughter sometimes laughed merrily at finding her own opinions and arguments peremptorily set aside in favor of Trethen's, and in noticing the honest admiration in the face of the older man, when his new son argued eloquently and firmly, and almost respectfully, with Murray's unreasoning prejudice against England and Englishmen.

Trethen, too, beginning with a mere feeling of compassion and forbearance, grew to feel a real affection for Hope's father—to regard him with that complacent fondness one always feels for a person he has won over from opposition to amity. But these pleasant days were drawing to a close. Hope, awaking one night from uneasy dreams, was startled by hearing the splash of water close to the edge of her berth, and putting out her hand, dipped it into the ice-cold element stealing so treacherously upon her sleep. Rousing hastily her husband and father, and procuring a light, her terrible suspicions were soon confirmed. The wreck was settling. They must at once abandon the cabins, and trust themselves to the shelterless deck. Hastily gathering what food was at hand, and snatching some clothing from the beds, the fugitives fled from the cruel foe, steadily if slowly pursuing them.

The first effort of both men was to shelter as much as possible the delicate girl so dear to both; and when Hope was wrapped closely in shawls and blankets, and seated between them upon the deck, there seemed no more to be done but to wait resignedly, till that creeping, sliding water, whose warning splash sounded every moment nearer, should at last reach and overwhelm them.

"What should be the cause of this sudden change?" asked Mr. Murray, breaking with an effort the painful silence.

"Captain Jones told me," said Trethen, "the reason the vessel did not sink at once was that he had caused a bulkhead, as nearly air-tight as he could get it, to be placed across some portion of the hold, thinking that, in case of just such a disaster as befell us, this confined body of air would, as it actually did, buoy up the stern and prevent the wreck from sinking. In the first moments after the collision he supposed that his experiment had failed, and did not mention it to us until several hours of safety had reassured him. I suppose this partition must now have given way at some point, so as slowly to admit the water. Probably it was just beneath our feet last night, while we sat so cheerfully talking over our future plans before separating for the night."

"Dreadful!" murmured Hope, hiding her face upon her husband's breast.

"Well, I don't know, daughter and son," said James Murray, after a little pause. "It don't strike me that we've been so hardly dealt with after all. It would have been worse if I had died floating on that spar, and you had gone down with your shipmates dead, and neither of us had ever said the words we have said since. It would have been worse, even if you had got safely to England and lived out your lives, with the weight on your conscience of having started wrong; while I, a poor, miserable, lonely old man, had staid in America cursing and swearing at my disobedient children."

"Oh, father!"

"Well, I did girl, and so that Mr. Hepworth will tell you—would have told you, I may as well say. No, children, I think, on the whole, Almighty God has done full as much for us as we any way deserve, considering we none of us have kept straight to the mark; and I for one have wandered

off far enough. Now, son and daughter, don't you agree with me that we shall all go off into eternity the happier and the better for this last week we've spent together?"

"Indeed I do, Sir," said Miles, solemnly; and Hope, sobbing on her father's neck, answered him with quivering kisses.

"I know I haven't lived what the ministers call a godly life," said James Murray again, after a little thought. "But I hope I've been sorry first or last for all the wrong I've done; and I've heard it read that such as repented were to be forgiven. I don't know yet. We all shall soon. Hope, child, can't you say over one of those prayers I used to hear your mother teaching you in the old times?"

Controlling her own emotion with quiet womanly strength, Hope, after a little pause, repeated in her clear, low voice the simplest and the greatest of all petitions, the Lord's own prayer.

When she had done, no more was said for a long while. Each one took counsel with his own heart, and silently set his house in order for the mighty visitor who stood close without the door. At last Trethen said, quietly,

"The day is dawning."

All eyes turned eastward and watched silently while the sun rose through a glory of purple and golden clouds and came to look at them. Presently his light and warmth revived their chilled frames, and, creeping closer together, they divided the food they had brought with them in their hasty flight. It was not much, more than would last one day; but as all thought, though none said, it was very unlikely that another sunrise should find them in need of earthly food.

The bright winter day passed on. The air, though keen, was not insupportably cold, and the little party were well provided with wrappings of various sorts, and exerted themselves, from time to time, to take such exercise as the limits of the deck, now very nearly level with the water would allow. But here again the waters stayed. For what reason they could not tell, but from an hour before sunset the settling of the wreck was suspended, and faint human hopes and longings came creeping back to the three hearts that thought to have done with them forever.

Darkness fell, and the father slept, his head upon his daughter's lap. She, gathered to her husband's breast, neither spoke nor moved, and though her blue eyes did not close, her spirit seemed far away. Trethen, strong and manful, warded off as yet the subtle attacks of cold and hunger, watching sleeplessly the starry horizon, hoping, longing to see there the dim outline of a sail.

The long night passed, the morning broke. Hope, quietly arousing herself, drew forth the remnant of her yesterday's food and tried to slip a portion into her father's mouth that he might unconsciously swallow it. But Murray, awaking suddenly, detected the pious fraud, and snaling feebly, said,

"No, no, child; life is young and full of promise for you—keep it while you may. My race is run."

"Will you not take it, father? Indeed I do not want it."

"No, Hope; positively no."

"Then you must, Miles. You are the strongest of us all. Eat, and you may yet be saved."

"Do you think, my wife, that I would live so?" asked Trethen, reproachfully. "What charm remains on earth for me, that I should take the morsel from your lips and watch you die of hunger in my arms? Eat this morsel yourself, my darling if you love me!"

"No, Miles, I can not—I will not. Indeed, I think it would choke me were I to attempt it."

"Then we will divide it in three parts, and each agree to eat his own share for the sake of the others."

"I will try," said Hope, faintly; and James Murray, sitting upright, could not restrain the hungry glare of his hollow eyes as he seized the portion offered him by Trethen. Hope—her husband's eye upon her—swallowed with difficulty her own morsel, watching in her turn Trethen, who, making a very good pretense at eating, quietly hid his untasted food, reserving it for Hope.

Again the sun rose and looked pityingly down upon the forlorn group clinging to that sinking wreck.

The three watched it steadily.

"Hope! Mr. Murray! what is that? There, close under the sun—you can hardly see it for the light! Is it—can it be? it is, a sail!"

"You're right, boy; it is surely a sail!" cried the father, rising excitedly to his feet.

Hope did not speak, but her dim eyes turned to Miles with a look of unspeakable thankfulness.

It was indeed a sail—a homeward-bound merchantman, sweeping gayly on before a strong east wind, directly in the path of the sinking hulk.

Every moment as it passed brought her nearer, and brought back life and hope to those three, so lately resigned to die.

Nearer and nearer, till the fluttering ensign of distress held aloft by Trethen was acknowledged from her decks; and nearer, till she gracefully rounded to, and a boat was manned and lowered. Then, as it came leaping on across the waters, those hungry eyes watched lest it should not, after all, be meant for them; lest they should die some sudden death before it reached them. And then, when it was come—when rough hands, but tender hearts, helped them aboard with many a word of pity and of wonder—then how the truth of their safety in very deep came crowding in upon their hearts, till even Trethen turned away his face, while Hope and Murray sobbed aloud.

All honor to that captain and that crew, Englishmen every one! All honor to the underlying good of human nature in its roughest form! How many ways it found to prove itself in the days before that merchantman dropped her anchor in Boston harbor! How affectionately Trethen and Murray and Hope herself grasped the hard hands of those sailors as they parted from them at the wharf!

And so Miles and Hope came home to the roof whence they had stolen a while before; and that angry father welcomed them there as one welcomes all that makes life dear; and when the year came round, and there was a baby to be christened none but Mr. Hepworth should bestow the benediction on his little heir, and sanction with his presence the merry dinner afterward, which Mr. Murray gave, as he told every one, in honor of "My grandson, Sir, Miles Trethen, Junior!"

"Womans Rights."

(London Fan.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—A great deal has been said about "Woman's Rights," but I fear the most important have been overlooked. I send you a list of those I think deserving of prominence. Do, like a dear creature, have them inserted in your pages, and oblige yours, etc.,

Martha Homebred.

A list of "Woman's Rights" which have been sadly overlooked.

It is woman's right to stay at home. For what other reason did her husband marry her?

It is woman's right to have her home in order whenever her husband returns from business.

It is woman's right to be kind and forbearing whenever her husband is annoyed.

It is woman's right to examine her husband's linen, and see that it wants neither mending nor buttons.

It is woman's right to be satisfied with her old dresses until her husband can buy her new ones.

It is woman's right to be content when her husband declares he is unable to take her to the seaside.

It is woman's right to nurse her children instead of leaving it to a maid.

It is woman's right to get her daughter married—happy, or not at all.

It is woman's right to feel pleased, though her husband brings a friend unexpected to dinner.

It is woman's right to be content with her own garment, without encroaching on those of her husband.

And finally, it is a woman's right to remain a woman, without endeavoring to be a man.

KILLING TIGERS.—A very ingenious method of destroying tigers is used in Persia and Hindostan.

This device consists of a large hemispherical cage, made of strong bamboo, or other efficient materials, wove together, but leaving intervals throughout of three or four inches broad. Under this cover which is fastened to the ground by means of pickets in some place where tigers abound, a man, provided with two or three short, strong spears, takes post at night. Being accompanied by a dog, which gives the alarm, or by a goat, which in its agitation answers the same purpose, the adventurer wraps himself up in his quilt and very composedly goes to sleep, in full confidence of his safety. When a tiger comes and, perhaps—after smelling all round—begins to rear against the cage, anxious for a closer acquaintance with the man or the goat, the man then stabs him with one of the spears, through the interstices of the wicker-work, and, without injury to himself or his fellow-prisoners in the cage, the man rarely fails of destroying the tiger, which is ordinarily found dead in the morning, from the wounds of the spear inflicted upon the most unprotected part of the animal's body. Thus the tiger's strength, swiftness and ferocity are outmatched by the ingenuity of man.

SEMINOLE TRADITION.—Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned, and after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed and came out of the water purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, became maddened, and when he bathed he came out copper-colored; the third did not leap till the water became black with mud, and came out its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt the weight chose the heaviest; the copper-colored then chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink, and paper—the engine of the mind, the means of mutual improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

In a town in New Hampshire lived old farmer P., who was very deaf. On his farm near the road stood a very large tree, and thirty feet from the ground on this tree was a large knot. As farmer P. was passing one day, he thought he would cut it down to make a mill post of. He had been at work some time, when he thought some stranger would come along, and ask him the following questions:

"What is that tree for?" asks the stranger.

"A mill-post," replies the farmer.

"How long are you going to cut it?"

"Up to that knot."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Five dollars."

"I won't give it."

"Well if you don't somebody else will."

As old farmer P. was working away, sure enough a stranger did come along, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Good morning," said the stranger.

"A mill-post," replied the farmer.

"How far is it down to the corner?"

"Up to that knot."

"How much do you ask for it?"

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Items Foreign, & Local.

The Diphtheria, here, (Carleton County,) as also where in the Province, is still prevalent.

The Wheat in Annapolis Co., N. S., is infested with lice, doing much damage there.

Large meetings in favor of intervention in American affairs have been held in the United Kingdom.

The Canadian Parliament is summoned to meet on the 28th inst.

The fruit crop of Nova Scotia promises an abundant yield this season.

A World's Exhibition of Dogs is to be given in London, in May 1863.

A Printer's Battalion is forming in Chicago. A large number have already enlisted.

Cardinal Wiseman has been named General Vicar in Rome, in case the Pope should leave that city.

We understand that a large quantity of the new silver for this province arrived in the last steamer at Halifax from England.

The Baptist Visitor, St. John, had its head abstracted last week, and in consequence a head had to be extemporized for that issue.

Great Britain has now 2070 steam merchant vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 758,377.

The Edinburgh College of Physicians have decided by a vote of 18 against 16, that women doctors shall not receive diplomas.

\$50,000, in 20, 10, and 5 cent Silver pieces—New Brunswick Coins—have been received at the Treasury in St. John.

The National Republican, published at Washington, boldly declares that "the farce of restoring the Union is played out."

Over five thousand dogs have been killed in Chicago, during the last two months.

The yield of gold in California this year will exceed that of any previous one. About \$5,000,000 per month in gold and silver are arriving at San Francisco from the mines.

Nearly nineteen million dollars worth of silk manufactures have, this year, been imported to England from France.

A lump of gold worth \$800, taken from the Tangier mines, is on exhibition at Halifax.

The monstrous fact is stated by a London paper that 1,049,314 law suits of proceedings were commenced in England in 1861.

Sir Allen M-Nab died of gastric fever at his residence Canada West. He was 64 years of age.

A Toronto (C. W.) despatch says:

There are an extraordinary number of Americans here to escape the draft. The Globe characterizes them as craven-hearted."

A mammoth ox weighing nearly 500 stone, is now exhibiting in London.

Belgium exhibits a larger amount of iron-work in the Exhibition than any other country, except Britain.

Accounts of the harvest in the south of France are not satisfactory, and it will be fortunate if there is a very ordinary yield.

John Marks, of St. Stephens, won the cup at the International Rifle Match, at Charkie Town, P. E. I., making 21 points. Prince Edward Islanders made 20,—Nova Scotia, 17.

The question whether tobacco is wholesome or injurious, is under discussion before the Institute, at Paris.

The Russian Grand Duke Constantine wore a fine steel coat of mail between his shirt and flannel waistcoat, at the time the recent attempt was made to assassinate him. The steel stopped the ball.

It appears that the story about Ellen McGillick having lacerated Brown, the man who murdered Hogan, turns out to be a hoax. Canadian papers now state she has not made any statement that would lead the public to suppose her evidence at the trial was a mere fabrication.

A member of the Order of Sons of Temperance, a soldier in the 7th Me. reg., having under orders of his commanding officer, procured and sold to his fellow soldiers, ale, has been found guilty of violating Art. 2 by his division, and the action sustained by the National Division.

The Montreal Gazette of Thursday states that the Provincial Government are now engaged in organizing an Active Volunteer Militia Force of 30,000 men to be paid, armed and clothed; also, that it is their intention, when this is completed, to endeavour to organize another force of 30,000 volunteers, to be armed and clothed only.

The "Temps" of Paris observes an extraordinary fact, that the French Government, with all its resources, cannot publish early in the morning a debate which, after all, is not near so long as many of those which private enterprise in England never fails to give to the public without delay.

There are in London, 2,800 streets, which if placed in a single line would measure a distance of 3000 miles, or twice the distance between Calais and Constantinople. A person walking ten miles a day all the year round, Sundays excepted, would be occupied the whole year in walking through every street, and at the end of the year would find that a new London had risen up in the meantime."

The wheat crop of Ohio amounts this year to 30,000,000 bushels, and is said to be the best and largest crop produced since 1850—which was the largest ever grown in that State. The consumption of the State itself for food and seed is about 13,000,000 bushels, leaving 17,000,000 for sale.

A Fourth Street, Cincinnati, merchant said to his hired man the other day—"Here, Patrick; here's fifty dollars; now go and enlist in some good regiment right away; enlist in some regiment, I don't care what one it is." "I'm obliged to you, but I'd rather be accused," said Patrick; "here's a hundred dollars," pulling the roll out of his pantaloons pocket, "here's a hundred dollars if you'll enlist in some good regiment."

The celebrated Congress Spring at Saratoga is in litigation. The value of the property is alleged in complaint at \$400,000. A Mrs. Shellen, survivor of the heirs of one of the owners, asserts that the papers by which she conveyed her share in the springs property were obtained from her by misrepresentation and fraud. The annual yield of the spring is from \$340,000 to \$500,000.

The Montreal Transcript says—"We observe among the recent arrivals at the Dominion Hotel, the names of Messrs. Perogshaw, Postogoe, and D. Plama, of Bombay, India. They are wealthy Indian merchants, who have branches in the principal commercial cities of Europe and America. These gentlemen have attracted some attention in our streets by wearing the costume of their country.—They were introduced at the Merchant's Exchange by Mr. David Torrance, where they recorded their names in Indian characters with the English spelling subjoined. They are gentlemen of thorough English education and high cultivation."

What weighing 60lbs 4oz. to the bushel is shown as the produce of the colony of Victoria at the Exhibition.

One very interesting relic has been deposited in the Canadian court by a London gentleman, viz., the sword worn by General Wolfe during the capture of Quebec.

General News.

Execution of Taping Prisoners.

The following account of the brutalities committed on the Tapes by the Imperialists is from the pen of an Englishman, who was present, in company with English and French officers and soldiers, at the execution by disemboweling of Taping prisoners.

"I went with the crowd to see the execution of the Taping prisoners that had been given up for execution into the hands of the Imperialists by the English and French authorities; or what is the same thing, they took no measures to prevent the ruthless butchery of those they lent their aid to capture; when horror of horrors! how am I to describe the dreadful scene, or will it ever leave my memory? Among those wretches were young and old of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes, from the infant newly born to the man of eighty, tottering on his staff; from the emaciated woman to the young maiden from ten to eighteen. The latter were pushed out by the guards among the crowd of ruffians assembled, and were taken, into sheds and by-places and detached, and again dragged back by the hair of the head to the Chinese guards, to await their turn for execution. Some of them had fainted, and were pulled along the ground to the executioners, who threw them on their backs, tore off their clothes, and ripped them from the lower part of the abdomen to the breasts, which were cut off, and dashed in a curse to the winds. The wretches, as a matter of course, gesticulated, but the out with a knife in such a way, and so skillfully, and with such expertness, that the intestines were seldom injured. After a little time in this state of excessive torture, the executioner thrust his hand into the chest and tore out the reeking heart, his victim looking him in the face all the while. A young female, apparently a nurse, and who had been with a fine boy of ten months old cowering and jumping in her arms, had him snatched suddenly away from her, and flung to the executioner, who plunged the ruthless knife into its tender breast before its mother's eyes. Infants but recently born were torn from their mothers' breasts and disembowelled before their faces. Young strong men were castrated, mutilated, and the parts cut off, thrust into their own mouths, or flung among the admiring and laughing crowd of Chinamen. But no more; I can write no more of these scenes. I can now only regret for ever that I looked on the dreadful sight. I am no longer fit to be a soldier. I have been in many battles for the last twenty years, and in the thickest of the fight in most of them, where a rage and a thirst for carnage is dreadful to reflect on afterwards, but nothing heretofore that I have seen or heard of, or even read of, could be compared to the dreadful cruelty of the disemboweling execution. May God forgive England for the part she has taken in this war, and may the sun of the enormities she has assisted in perpetrating on the defenceless women and innocent and helpless child be removed from her door; and after the treatment English women and children met with from the hands of the blacks in the Sepoy mutiny, it is truly wonderful that Englishmen should join in or countenance similar atrocities here. It is no secret that the Russian Grand Duke Constantine wore a fine steel coat of mail between his shirt and flannel waistcoat, at the time the recent attempt was made to assassinate him. The steel stopped the ball.

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