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NO. 31

## Poetry.

### MY HEART AND I.

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I;  
We sit beside the hearthstone thus,  
And wish that name were carved for us.  
The more we're tired, my heart and I.

We've walked too straight for fortune's end,  
We've loved too true to keep a friend;  
At last we're tired, my heart and I.

How tired we feel, my heart and I!  
We've seen of no use in the world;  
Our faces hang gray and uncheered  
About men's eyes indifferently;  
Our voice which thrilled you so will let  
Your sleep; our tears are only wet  
What do we here, my heart and I?

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!  
It was not thus in that old time  
When Ralph sat with me beneath the tree  
To watch the sunset from the sky.  
"Dear love, you're looking tired," he said;  
I, smiling at him, shook my head:  
"So now we're tired, my heart and I."

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!  
Though now none takes me on his arm  
To hold me close and kiss me warm  
Till each quick breath e'en in a sigh  
Of happy languor, now, alone,  
We lean upon this graveyard stone,  
Uncheered, unloved, my heart and I.

Tired out we are, my heart and I!  
Suppose the world brought diadems  
To tempt us, crowned with loose gems  
Of powers and pleasures? Let us try.  
We scarcely care to look at even  
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,  
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

Yet who complains? My heart and I!  
In this abundant earth no doubt  
Is little room for things worn out.  
Didst thou, break them, throw them by!  
And if before the days grow rough  
We once were loved, need we not grieve,  
I think, we've loved, my heart and I.

## Select Tale.

### WRECKED AND RESCUED.

It was a dark night of December, 1790, and the clock in the study of Rev. Isaac Hepworth, the clergyman of a New England sea-coast town, had already struck the hour of twelve, when that divine finished and laid within his desk the sermon upon which he had been too busily engaged to note the lapse of time.

Late as was the hour, the Rev. Isaac did not immediately retire to sleep, choosing rather to rest his weary brain and relax his constrained muscles beside the cheerful fire. So, throwing on another log, he wheeled round his study chair, settled himself comfortably therein, and placed his slippers feet upon the fender.

"Ah! this is comfort!" murmured the Rev. Isaac Hepworth, nestling behind the skirts of his dressing-gown across his knees.

Some fifteen minutes of intense quiet passed, and the clergyman, subsiding to the united temptations of fire, chair, and weariness, was dropping into a luxurious doze when he was suddenly and thoroughly aroused by a low tap upon his study window.

Springing to his feet a little nervously, Mr. Hepworth drew aside the curtain and peered out. A man's face, dimly visible in the darkness, was pressed close to the glass, and met the clergyman's astonished gaze with a reassuring nod.

"O Jarvis, is it you? Wait and I'll let you in."

Jarvis nodded again, and, falling back into the gloom, went round to the door, which Mr. Hepworth had opened very quietly, that he might not disturb his sleeping household.

"Well, Jarvis, what's the matter?" asked he anxiously, when the two were shut into the snug little study.

"Why, something very queer's the matter, Sir, and I'm right glad I found you up, for, according to my reckoning, the fewer that's let into it the better; and as soon as I see the lights in these windows, I said to myself, 'There, there won't be need for Miss Hudson's knowing nothing about it.'"

"About what, Jarvis?" asked Mr. Hepworth, mildly, as his sexton passed to enjoy the satisfaction of a vulgar man who possesses a secret which he intends yet grudge to impart.

"Well, Sir, it wasn't more than half an hour ago, and I was in bed sleeping as sound as any babe, when my wife nudges me, and says she—

"John," says she, "there's some one knocking at our door."

"Pho! go to sleep, woman, and don't be disturbing me with your silly dreams," says I; for I didn't like to be woken up, Sir; and I was just a going off again, when sure enough, I heard a kind of softly knock on my front door, sounding just as if some one wanted to wake us up, and yet hated to make a noise.

"Well, I jumped up and I listened the window."

"Who's there?" says I.

"A friend," says a man's voice, though I could not see no one 'cause of the dark.

"Hain't you got no name?" asks I kind of sharp, for it's a main old night, Sir, and I can't be over comfortable.

"That's of no consequence. I want to speak with you, if you're the sexton of Mr. Hepworth's church, and you shall be paid handsomely for the trouble of dressing and coming down," says the voice.

"Well, Sir, I considered that it wasn't no ways Christianly not to hear what a feller-creeper had to say, if he wanted to say it bad enough to come out such a night; and so says I.

"Hold on, and I'll come down soon's I've put on my trousers."

piece of money in my hand [showing a golden guinea]; and says he,

"Now, I want you to come right along to the church, and open the door for me and my companion to go in, and then you must summon the clergyman to perform a marriage ceremony."

"Why, Sir, says I, 'ef so be's you want to be married, why can't you go to the tavern and wait till morning; or ef suckumstances is such as you can't wait, go to the minister's own house and be married in his study. Folks here don't never go to the meeting-house sech times, and more'n all, it's as cold and colder there than 'tis out doors."

"Upon that, Sir, the man he got kind of impatient, and says he,

"Friend, it ain't advice I want of you but service. And with that he put inter my hand this other piece of money."

And the sexton complacently displayed another guinea.

"Well, Sir, upon that I considered, as I didn't know any thing unlawful in a man's being married in a meeting-house at twelve o'clock at night, ef so be as he was a mind to, and the minister was a mind to marry him, so says I.

"Well, Mister, you wait outside till I get my lantern, and I'll show you the way to the ministers house and let you in, and then I'll go and tell the minister about it, and ef he he's a mind to come, why he will; and ef he ain't a mind to, why he won't."

"Has he a wife?" says the man next.

"No, he hain't," says I.

"Have you a wife, then, Goodman?" says he.

"Yes, I have," says I. "And a good wife, too. It's she was the widdier Jones, and darter to old Samwell Rubbles of this town."

"I was a going on, when the man he broke right in.

"Can you persuade her to rise and accompany us to the church?" says he.

"Lord, Sir, says I, right out (for which I hope I'll be forgiven), 'what upon earth ken you want o' her?"

"My companion, the young lady that is to be my wife, should have the support of a woman's presence at such a time; and besides that, it is necessary to have two witnesses to the marriage, says the man.

"Wa'al, I don't know just what to say," says I kind of considering, and, Sir, that man he slips this other piece o' money inter my hand."

And from his dexter pocket the vernal sexton extracted a third guinea, and added it, with a humorous air of innocent astonishment, to the two already in his right hand.

"And then you went and called your wife?" suggested Mr. Hepworth, dryly.

"Why, yes, Sir, I considered that it was hard for a young woman to go and be married in a meeting-house at twelve o'clock at night and no women folks about; and I considered that Marthy like enough would take a notion to go, and be kind of riley ef I didn't give her the chance; and more'n all, I heerd her first then call my name mighty softly over the balusters. So says I.

"Wa'al, I'll go and see," says I, and I shet the door and went up stairs, and there was Marthy dressing herself faster'n ever I see her before, and all her hurrying me off to get you."

"And were the strangers all this time out in the biting cold?" asked Mr. Hepworth, reprovingly.

"Why, yes, Sir. I thought 'twas safest so, for we never know what shape Satan may come in to destroy us, and I felt more kind o' easy to keep 'em outside. Marthy, when she got dressed, she went down and asked 'em in, but it wasn't no wish of mine, nor she didn't stop to ask my leave. Women folks is dreadful kind o' headstrong sometimes, Sir, though I suppose you hain't never had no call to find it out," said the sexton, sighing.

"And these strangers, where are they now?" asked the clergyman, who, already cloaked and laced, stood with the door in his hand waiting for his companion to precede him.

"In the meeting-house," said Mr. Jarvis, taking the hint, and passing out. "They wouldn't come in no ways; but when I went out, the man he told us both to get into a kerriage he had out in the road, and there was the young woman all curled away in one corner a crying; and the driver he drove right straight to the meeting-house as ef he'd been there afore. So I unlocked the door and lit a candle, and left 'em all there while I came to tell you, Sir."

"You would have done better, friend, in putting the end of your story nearer to the beginning," said the clergyman, a little indignantly. "We might have relieved the discomfort and anxiety of these poor people half an hour ago if you had been less diffusive in your narrative."

To this reproval John Jarvis listened in respectful though puzzled silence—a silence lasting until the two approached a bare, bleak, uncomely edifice—the universal type of the New England meeting-house of seventy years ago. A feeble light shone through the uncovered windows, and, pushing open the door, Mr. Hepworth stepped inside, not without a shudder at the deeply cold far more insupportable than the keen but living air without.

The bridal party (strange misnomer) were seated in a pew near the upper end of the church, and rising, as the quick step of the clergyman sounded hollowly up the uncarpeted aisle, they stood ready to receive him.

Foremost was a man of about thirty years of age, tall, handsome, and of a gentlemanly bearing. Behind him followed the sturdy helpmate of John Jarvis, tenderly supporting a girlish figure with a veiled face, whose stifled sobs attested her agitation.

"Mr. Hepworth, I believe," said the stranger, in a voice harmonizing well with his appearance.

"That is my name," said the clergyman, mildly.

"Can I render you any service consistent with my duty, Sir?"

"The greatest. I wish to be married at once to this young lady. We are to sail for Europe on the morning tide. A boat now waits to convey us on board, and our passage is taken as man and wife. Our right to this purity rests now with you."

"But you will surely tell me, Sir, the cause of this very unusual manner of proceeding? Are the young lady's parents aware of the step she has taken?"

"They are not, Sir," returned the stranger, firmly.

"Her only parent, a father, is, on the contrary

bitterly opposed to my claims, and would force his daughter into another marriage as abhorrent to her feelings as to humanity. She is of age to decide for herself, but has not the courage to openly maintain her rights in presence of her father. She has chosen me, and no power on earth shall prevent her from becoming my wife. If you refuse to perform the ceremony, we must embark unvowed, and the scandal of all who may hereafter hear the tale, and stand to have our marriage solemnized upon the other side the water."

"That were, indeed a scandal!" ejaculated the clergyman, with horror.

"And yet to that extremity shall we be driven unless you will at once make us man and wife," said the stranger, coolly, as he drew out his watch and held it in the dim light of the candles. "It is now hard upon half past one. At two we are to take boat."

Mr. Hepworth turned to the bride.

"Daughter," said he, softly. "Have you considered what you do?"

"Yes, Sir. I hope I shall be forgiven," sobbed the girl.

"And is it your resolve, should I decline to solemnize so strange a marriage, to follow this man across the sea unwedded, at the imminent peril of your fair fame here, and eternal happiness hereafter?" asked the minister, solemnly.

The sobs became convulsive in their strength, but presently the timid voice again whispered,

"Yes, Sir. But you will not refuse—oh, will you?"

Mr. Hepworth walked nervously up and down the open space before the pulpit, and then returning to the group said, impressively,

"I will not refuse my ministrations here; for if your avowals are an earnest of your intentions, I shall, by refusal, tempt you to a deeper sin than disobedience; but I warn you both, and especially you," turning to the bridegroom, "who, as the stronger and more responsible party, should bear the greater blame, that God's blessing rests not on those who seek it while openly violating His commands; and of these obedience to parents ranks next to obedience to Himself."

"Enough, Sir. We are not to be dissuaded from our purpose," replied the bridegroom, haughtily; adding more persuasively after a momentary pause; "And even by your own precept we are justified; for in choosing each other, and in resisting those who would separate us, we feel to be obeying the voice of God, even in opposition to that of a parent."

Mr. Hepworth to this argument opposed only a gesture of deprecation, and immediately took his place in front of the pulpit. As silently the others ranged themselves before him.

"Will you uncover your face, daughter?" asked the clergyman, kindly, as the bride showed no inclination to raise the veil behind which she had hitherto sheltered. Now, however, she immediately removed it, and the eyes of all her companions centered upon her face—those of the clergyman with benevolent scrutiny, of the Jarvises with broad curiosity, of her bridegroom with tender and sympathetic love.

It was a lovely face—pale now and disfigured by weeping, but undeniably beautiful, and, as Mr. Hepworth said to himself, not wanting in a latent strength such as the trials in the new path on which she now was entering might speedily render needful.

"Your name, my dear!" asked he, after a moment's attentive observation.

(To be continued.)

TAKEN UPON A CHURCH.—In a certain Dutch settlement in the vicinity of Communipaw, in the State of New Jersey, the dominie of the church gave notice from the desk that those who wished to unite with the church should attend at the parsonage on the following Wednesday afternoon, that he might examine them on religious subjects before being received as members.

"Hans, a simple, harmless fellow, with a soft heart, and a head of the same consistence, went and presented himself as a candidate for church membership; or, as he expressed himself, 'to be taken in upon the church.'"

The dominie, suspicious of Hans' knowledge in doctrinal matters, began his enquiries by asking how many Gods there were.

Hans, counting on his fingers said: "The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob—dat ish tree; den dere ish God de Father, God de Son, and God de Holy Ghost—dat makes six; and may be dere is some more I don't recollect, so we will call it eight."

"Hans," said the dominie, "you will never do; you must go back and learn your catechism."

So Hans, crest-fallen, and somewhat indignant, set off on his way back. Having nearly reached home, he met his old acquaintance, Conrad, on his way to be examined, and asked him if he was going to be taken in upon the church? Conrad saying that he was, Hans told him to stop, and he would let him know whether he would pass an examination.

"Now," says Hans, "tell me how many Gods there are?"

"One," replied Conrad.

"Then," said Hans, "you may just turn back, you will never pass; I told the dominie there were eight, and he was not satisfied."

"Polly, dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to settling at the Cape?"

"Oh I'm delighted at the idea! You recollect when Morgan went out there he was poor as we are, and he died in three years worth £2000!"

A Scotch lecturer undertook to explain to a village audience the word phenomenon. "Maybe, ma freens, ye dinna ken what a phenomenon may be. Well, then, a ll'tle tee. Ye've seen a coo (cow) nae doot. Weel, a coo's nae a phenomenon. Ye've seen an apple tree. Weel, an apple tree's nae a phenomenon. But gin ye see a coo gang up the apple tree tail foremost, to put 'apples, that would be a phenomenon."

An exchange speaks of the colour of different seas, the Mediterranean being a beautiful sky blue, the Adriatic a reddish grey, the Bosphorus violet, the Baltic a milky tinge, and the south Atlantic an imperial azure. He might have added a decidedly blue tinge for all "half-seas over."

A FORTUNATE KISS.—The following pretty little story is narrated by Frederika Bremer, who vouches for its truthfulness:

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a noble youth, with great love for studies, but without means of pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying to look at the future, which looked so grim to him.

His good humor and excellent qualities made him beloved by his young comrades.—One day he was standing on the square with some of them, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a young and beautiful lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, was slowly walking over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady was governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked at with admiration by all the students.

As the young men stood gazing at her as she passed on like a beautiful vision, one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!"

The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked on that pure angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration—

"Well, I think I could have it!"

"What?" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered, "but I think she would kiss me now if I would ask her."

"What! in this place—before all our eyes."

"In this place—before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one of the party.

"And I,"—"and I," exclaimed three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and the bet ran high on so an improbable an event. The challenge was made and received in less time than we take to tell it.

Our hero (who authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain) I have my peculiar ideas for believing he was rather plain) immediately walked up to the young lady and said:

"Mine fraulien, my fortune is in your hands."

She looked at him with astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his comrades.

The young lady listened attentively, and at his ceasing to speak she said blushing, but with great sweetness:

"If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish in me to refuse your request;" and publicly and in the open square she kissed him.

Next day the student was sent for by the governor. He wanted to see the man who dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she consented to kiss so.

He received him with a scrutinizing bow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he ordered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising student in the University.

Three years were now passed since the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second kiss to the daughter of the governor.

He became, after one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, and much respected for his acquirements as for his character. His works will endure while time lasts among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden even at the present time, and whose wealth and high position in society are regarded as trifles in comparison with its wealth in goodness and love.

THE ADVANTAGE OF USING TOBACCO.—The following was communicated to Com. Wilkes, of the exploring expedition, by a savage of the Foeje Islands. He stated that a vessel, the hull of which was still lying on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen into the hands of the islanders.

"What did you do with them?" asked Wilkes.

"Killed 'em all," answered the savage.

"What did you do with them after you had killed them?"

"Eat 'em—good," returned the cannibal.

"Did you eat them all?" asked the half-sick commodore.

"Yes, we eat all but one."

"And why did you spare one?"

"Because he taste too much like tobacco. Could not eat nobow."

If a tobacco chewer should happen to fall into the hands of New Zealand Savages, or get shipwrecked somewhere in the Foeje group, he will have the consolation of knowing that he will not be cut into steaks, and buried in the unconsecrated stomach of a cannibal.

A ROARER.—The following anecdote is told of a Western judge. He was once holding court at a place where a temporary jail had been erected out of a stable. A case of local interest was brought before him, and the judgement given excited the intense admiration of one of the roarer species present. His delight was too great to be repressed, and he burst forth—

"Go it, old Gimlet-eye!"

## Items Foreign, & Local.

The London "Spectator" says that the Russian Government has applied officially to that of Great Britain for the loan of a brigantine.

The investigations into contractors' accounts with Government by Messrs. Holt and Owen have resulted in a saving to the country of *seventy millions of dollars!*

There are 9 single saws and 5 gangs in the mills at Calais, which manufactured 150,000 feet of lumber daily during the last week of June.

The "Kangaroo" sailed for Liverpool, from New York on the 19th ult., with over one million dollars in specie.

The Secretary of War says that replies to the call for three hundred thousand volunteers have begun to come in, and that the responses are more prompt and far more favorable than the Government had anticipated.

The Calais "Advertiser" states that more than fifty persons wearing the apparel of men, having from Penobscot, are now bounding "over the line" to escape a draft.

A correspondent of the Halifax Reporter states that Mr. Tidmarsh, formerly of that city holds the situation of Commissary General in the Confederate Army.

In the late Democratic Convention in Fairfield county, Ohio, the following resolution, was enthusiastically adopted:—

"Resolved, That we are in favor of the union as it is, the Constitution as it is, and the negroes where they are."

The correspondent of a Halifax paper writing from Tangier, says: The mining population has decreased within the last ten days, several persons having left to get in their crops of hay at home.

The St. Croix "Herald" states that a valuable copper mine has been discovered on Simpson's Island, 16 miles from Eastport.

The army and navy of the United States contain 1753 Sons of Temperance from Maine and 1712 from Massachusetts.

The officers and patrolmen of the New York police force, numbering about 2000 men, have been commissioned to muster recruits for the army, and are to be paid a bounty for every volunteer they may obtain.

The imposition of an excise duty of 20 cents a pound on snuff in the United States has increased the price of that commodity in St. John about one shilling a pound.

The N. Y. World (Republican) calls the law to make postage stamps a legal tender "the crowning act of insanity that consummates the iniquitous paper money system of Mr. Chase."

A terrible encounter took place at Lynn, England, between a bull and a station, in which both animals fought with the greatest ferocity. The bull at length became victorious. The horse was frightfully lacerated, and dropped down in the field dead before it yielded.

The crops in the Shenandoah Valley are said to be unusually fine, and the Southerners congratulate themselves that Virginia alone will supply food for their army for twelve months.

In Nova Scotia they now tax New Brunswick newspapers one cent each—small business at best.

We understand that Councillor Wilson of this City took 100 large salmon and 100 "fiddlers" out of his week's few mornings ago, the result of only one night's catch.—*Yves.*

A telegraphic despatch was received by a gentleman in this city this forenoon from New York, stating that the Irishmen of that Empire City had held a mass meeting, at which it was resolved that no further enlistments should take place, in consequence of the wounded of the Federal army being uncared for, and the non-payment of the Northern soldiers engaged in the war. It is rumored that there will be resistance to the projected conscription.—*Halifax Express.*

Silver change now commands twelve per cent. premium, and it has been suggested that the merchants and traders—the business men of this city—should receive and pass silver quarters at 28 cents, thus avoiding much difficulty in "making change," and perhaps preventing speculations. The use of postage stamps may produce a reduction in the premium at which gold and silver is now held.—*Portland Transcript.*

The Frederick Reporter says that the house of John McMillen, Esq., Douglas, was entered by a burglar, about 3 o'clock on the morning of Saturday the 13th inst. He and the burglar exchanged shots in the dark. Both shots missed, and the burglar, and his ally outside, made off.

By the statistics of last year it appears that there are ten millions of dogs in France of high and low degree. A German economist makes the cost of feeding these animals, at two sous a day each one, amount to the sum of seventy-five millions of francs (\$15,000,000); which sum he would prefer to see applied to the nourishment of a higher order of the animal—the human.

The skeletons of hundreds of Indians, who were killed in the feuds carried on between the various tribes which inhabited this section of the country many years ago, are being dug up by the men now engaged in excavating and grading the new line of the Chicago and North-western Railroad, across Lake Butte des Nories, opposite Menasha.—*Er.*

The Legislature of Jamaica has passed an act to encourage the settlement of free blacks on that island.

The Confederates think the grain crop of the Valley of Virginia will be sufficient, without an accident, to feed an army twelve months; and dwell fondly on the "yellow fields," which look like "sea of gold."

It is reported that Gen. McClellan estimates that there are now thirty-five thousand abettors from the army of the Potomac, who are well enough to take the field.

Capt. Geo. W. West of Co. D, 10 Regiment, is appointed Major of the 17th Regiment, Major West is from Fort Kent, and is one of the best officers in the service.

It is said that there were 11,000 slaves in Fauquier county, Virginia, before the rebellion, about 5,000 of whom have left their masters and sought employment elsewhere. Many of them remain in the country, but demand payment for their labor and generally obtain it.

The New York Times suggests that Parson Brownlow be immediately made a General and provided with troops to march through East Tennessee, which is still loyal but kept in subjection by rebel guerrillas.

## General News.

STONEWALL JACKSON—A PORTRAIT.

Thomas Jefferson Jackson was born in Lewis County, Virginia, in 1825. He is, therefore, just thirty-seven years old—the fatal age for men of genius—an argument against me. It was by family influence, exerted in behalf of his intellectual and moral promise, that he was made a West Point Cadet at the age of seventeen. He graduated with high honors in the same class with McClellan, just as the Mexican war broke out, immediately entered service with General Scott, as a brevet Lieutenant, and was made full Lieutenant for gallant conduct in the memorable campaign from Vera Cruz to Mexico. For the same suffering reason he received a Captain's shoulder straps at Cerro Gordo, and was breveted Major at Chapultepec, where he distinguished himself. On his return home with impaired health, after the war, resigning his commission, he was elected Professor of Natural and experimental Philosophy in the military Institute of Virginia. In connection with his Mexican