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Our Queen and Constitution.

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Poetry.

FALL.

I hear the sobbing rain,
As if the heavens weep at Autumn's breath;
I see the leaves of summer fall again,
Their beauty changed to death.

The tide will be still,
A spectral vapor haunts the barren earth;
Upon our teeming joys there seems a chill—
The chill of Winter's death.

What if the tinted woods
With outward loveliness are gay and fair,
As in around them blushing Summer broods,
Yearning to linger there!

What if their beauties
At death's cold touch are strangely glorified!
Their leaves will crumble soon to nothingness,
Or else be swept aside.

Their change is type of all,
Shine like leaves upon our toilsome way;
Man's hoarded wealth, but dust before his eye,
Passing, like life, away!

Leaves and blossoms, fall!
An after-life shall rise from out the gloom;
The Autumn mists are but the outward fall,
That hides perennial bloom.

Children of decay!
Swept by the blast and trodden by the rain,
Your scattered dust shall eloquently say
That naught shall fall in vain.

Select Tale.

THE MISER'S BEQUEST.

The hour hand of Philip Aere's old fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure eight—the snug red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and crackled behind the red hot bar of the little grate in a most cosy and comfortable sort of way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing eschilles and cornucopias in the burning coals. For Philip Aere was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascinations of a day-dream.

"I am rich!" he pondered to himself. "Ah, if, then good-bye to all these dusty old law-books, good-bye to the mended boots and thrice-turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into wretched bondage! Wouldst I revel in new books and in delicious paintings and high stepping horses; wouldst I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale pearls or sickly emeralds, but diamonds, to blaze like lines of fire upon her royal throat? Wouldst I—what nonsense I'm talking though," he cried. "Phil Aere, hold your confounded tongue! I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense! Here you are, neither rich or distinguished, but a simple law student, while Edith Willis is as far above your moon-struck aspirations as the Queen of Night herself! She loves me, though—she will wait; and the time may one day come. If only Dr. Willis were not so distrustful a fellow! However, I must learn to prove myself worthy of the sweetest prize that ever—Hullo! it came in here, whoever you are!"

It was only the serving maid of the establishment carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb.

"Please sir, the postman has just left it—two cents to pay."

"Here are your two coppers then, Katy—a pretty fair equivalent for any letter I may receive. Now, then," he added, as the door was shut behind Katy's substantial back; "let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh? Not having any relations to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic."

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over what the short business-like communication contained, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

"Am I dreaming?" he muttered to himself, as if to ensure complete possession of his senses. "No I am wide awake, and in my right mind; it is no delusion, no part of my waking visions! But who would ever suppose that old Theron Mortimer, whom I haven't seen since I was a boy of sixteen, and poked him out of the river half dead, between cramp and fright, would die and leave me all his money. Why, I'm not even the shadow of a relation; but then I never heard the old man had kith or kin; so I can't imagine it any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak! Rich—am I really to be rich? Oh, Edith! Edith!"

He clasped both his hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the loved, far-off star of his admiration would be brought near to him at last, by the magnet of gold. The years of heartless waiting were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's bequest; he might claim Edith now.

How full of heart and sunshine were the weeks that fitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smile, and made beautiful, by the soft radiance of her love.

It was precisely a week before the wedding, and the soft lights veiled by shades of ground glass were just lighted in Dr. Willis's drawing room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotrope, working on a bit of emerald ruffing, and singing to herself. She was a slender, beautiful girl, with violet grey eyes, a blue veined forehead, and glossy abundant curls, that old painters loved to portray.

"I wonder if Mortimer Place is as very lovely?" she said to a silver haired lady who sat opposite.

"Philip is going to take me there when we return from our wedding tour, aunt; and he says it is the sweetest spot that post's fancy could devise, with fountains, and shrubberies, and green delicious copes. Oh! we shall be so happy!"

She started up with a bright sudden blush, for even while these words were trembling on her lips, Philip Aere came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal. Mrs. Willis, with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the perfumed prospect of the conservatory, thus leaving the lovers to themselves.

"You are looking grave, Philip," said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her.

"I am feeling, so darling, I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night; our marriage must be postponed indefinitely."

"Philip! for what reason?"

"To enable me to labor diligently at my profession to realize sufficient means to support you, dear—"

est, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations, and my own wishes."

"But, Philip, I thought—"

"You thought me the heir of Theron Mortimer's wealth. So I was, Edith, a few hours ago, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest, I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learn to-day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although, my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Theron Mortimer. I shall, of course, immediately transfer all the property to her."

"But, Philip, the will makes it legally yours."

"Legally, it is. Could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak at the expense of this woman, I might take the hoarded wealth; but I should never respect myself again, could I dream of legally defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but would rather die than suffer any stain on my character as a Christian gentleman."

"What have done right, Philip," said Edith, with sparkling eyes. We will wait and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? what is her name?"

"That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to answer these questions, and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out, and then, darling—"

His lips quivered a moment, yet he manfully completed the sentence:

"Then I will begin the battle of life again!"

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-annegated—a sweet testimonial!

"Hem!" said Dr. Willis, polishing his eyeglasses masterfully with a crimson silk pocket-handkerchief. "I didn't think the young fellow had so much stamina about him—an honorable thing to do. Edith, I have never felt exactly certain about Phil Aere's being worthy of you before."

"Papa!"

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?"

"This evening, sir," faltered Edith, the violet eyes drooping softly.

"Tell him, Edith, that he may have your next Wednesday, just the same as ever. And as for the law practising, why there's time for that afterward. Child, don't strangle me with your kisses; keep 'em for Phil!"

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried and not found wanting!" he muttered indistinctly.

The perfume of orange blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet caskets and travelling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Aere old married people of full a weeks duration, were driving along the shores of the Hudson, in the amber glow of a glorious June sunset.

"Hullo! which way is Thomas going?" said Edith, leaning out of the window, as the carriage turned from the shore road.

"I told him the road to take, Phil," said Edith, with bright sparkling eyes. "Let me have my own way, just for once. We are going to our new home."

"Are we?" said Phil, with a comical grimace.

"Wait until you see, sir!" said Mrs. Aere, pursing up her rosebud of a mouth. And Edith dutifully waited.

"Where are we?" he asked, with astonishment, when the carriage drove up in front of a stately pillared portico, which seemed not entirely unfamiliar to him. "Surely this is Mortimer Place?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was," said Dr. Willis, emerging from the doorway. "Walk in, my boy—come, Edith! Well, how do you like your new home?"

"Our new home!" repeated Edith. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean that your little white yonder is the sole surviving relative of Theron Mortimer, although she never knew of it until this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along, but was not sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you are made of, Phil Aere. And now, as the deed of conveyance is not yet made out, I don't suppose your lawyer will trouble himself about it. The heiress will not quarrel with you, I'll be bound."

Philip Aere's cheek flushed, and then grew pale with strong hidden emotions, as he looked at his fair wife standing beside him, the sunset turning her bright hair to coils of gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny. Out of darkness came light!

Bags.

The whole world of organized beings is put into bags, and is made up of bags. If we examine our own bodies we find that every organ is placed in its appropriate sack, and each is formed of a series of sacks. The brain is surrounded by the pericranium, the heart by the pericardium, each bone by the periosteum, and all of these are delicate membranous bags. Each one of us as well as each of the myriads of lower orders of animals that have appeared on the earth, commenced its existence as a simple sack or cell; and its growth proceeded by the addition of other cells. We place a thin shavings of any bone, or a minute scrap of any organ under a microscope, we find that it is formed of multitudes of minute cells, or bags. And finally the whole system is put into that perfect bag, the skin. Bags also play a great part in civilization. The whole organization of society—with its commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, its armies and navies, its churches and courts, its republics and monarchies its opulence and its pauperism—all depends upon that little cloth bag—the pocket.

New Discoveries.—A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes.

The club with which an idea struck the poet.

A stick to measure narrow calves.

The hook and line with which an angler caught a cold.

An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants.

A knot from the board a man paid twenty shillings a week for.

A glass of lemonade made of a sour temper and the sweets of matrimony.

A Sermon on Bees.

Dr. Cumming is said to be the writer of some long letters on the management of bees which have recently appeared in the columns of the London Times. In his closing letter the writer says:

I want, in this closing letter, to turn my largest hive into a pulpit, and to preach a short apianian homily to English cottagers, which I know they will read, and hope they will "mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

1. They may carry from the hive to the cottage hearth a lesson of industry. During work the bees are so intensely absorbed in their duty that they ignore every distracting and diverging object and interest. They have learned well a text their masters would do well to copy. "Not slothful in business."

There is no getting on in this world of ours without hard work. It is not work and plenty of it that kills people, but worry.

2. Bees teach a lesson of loyalty. They are monarchical by conviction and in practice. They love a queen, whose sovereignty is motherhood, and whose service is perfect freedom. They detest your republics, and democracies, and radicalism in all its phases.

3. Bees are immensely attached to their homes. They are "keepers at home." No mother of a family gets on by gadding about, and gossiping from house to house.

4. Bees are models of cleanliness. The care with which they remove filth of all kinds is something remarkable. They plainly believe what many Christians say, "cleanliness is nearest to Godliness." The cottage cannot in this matter do better than follow the example of these admirable sanitary philosophers.

5. Bees set a beautiful example of Christian sympathy. I have seen a wounded bee, accidentally carried out from the hive and laid tenderly on the bee-board in the warm sunshine. One bee would look the sufferer with his tongue from head to foot; another would roll him over and over in the sunshine; and at sunset they would carry him into his sick bed. I do not complain of want of such sympathy among the poor. I have seen much of it in the homes of the most destitute, and witnessed personal attentions and sacrifices and services in a district surrounding Brewer's Court Ragged Schools which have never been exceeded, if equalled in the houses of the great.

6. Bees are very fond of fresh air. A hive is one of the best ventilated homes; and I have some doubt about the wisdom or success of the various arrangements made by some bee-masters for increasing the ventilation of their hives. In a hot and sultry day I have seen successive lines of bees take up their position at the mouth of the hive, and, joining the tips of their wings, work these fanners for ten minutes, and then retire, and let the second parallel line come to the front and continue the same process. This example is not efficiently followed in city or cottage. People who are most careful about what they eat and drink and put into their stomachs are utterly careless what they allow to enter their lungs. Now, the truth is, it is easier to poison a man through his lungs than through his stomach. My bees would die in a London bed-room in twelve hours.

7. Bees are very early risers. The first ray of sunshine is their matin bell, and by 7 o'clock P. M. they are most of them at home. People that live long and are healthy differ in many of their habits, but generally agree in being early risers. Every light has sanitary as well as photographic influences, which post meridian light is a stranger to.

"Early to bed and early up" is an admirable maxim—an axiom among bees, and it should be a habit among rational men.

8. Bees are peaceful and peace-makers. This will appear a hasty statement to all who remember that bees have stings. But a little thought will justify what I say. Bees never give way to aggressive warfare. They never attack those who do not attack their queen or their homestead. Their stings are purely defensive. This is a very curious fact, and very suggestive also. If they had no stings at all they would be an argument for the Peace Society. But as it is, they prove that the best defense of home is a good preparation to repel the aggressor.

When, therefore, Mr. Bright preaches the duty of breaking up the navy and disbanding the army, it would be the conduct of a great hornet impressing on bees the duty of extracting their stings. Were the bees such simpletons as to listen to his plausible logic, and give up their stings, they would be surrounded by swarms of wasps who would very soon make them give up their honey. As if to teach the bees that their weapons are to be used only in the last extremity, every bee knows that the use of his sting is followed by its inevitable loss and his destruction. It sticks where it strikes, and the violence done to the bee ends always in death. While admiring Mr. Bright's love of peace, I hope every bee-keeper in England will prefer the bees' way of maintaining it. So sweet and short is a bee-master's sermon.

A Fast Horse.

Dave C— is one of those characters that are to be found in almost every place. He is always driving a horse that he imagines is fast, and even putting on more style than the speed of the horse will warrant. As he was driving into Town recently, he overtook Uncle Ike, who is well known as a dry joker, and who resolved to take a little of the conceit out of him if an opportunity offered. As Uncle Ike was on foot, Dave stopped his horse and asked him to ride. "No," replied Uncle Ike; "much obliged to you, but I guess not."

"You had better do so," said Dave, eyeing his fast horse with much complacency; "I am going straight into the place, and will take you right there."

"Well responded Uncle Ike, as he commenced to climb in. "I don't care if I do, as I have plenty of time, and am not in much of a hurry to get there. The horse went ahead, but Uncle Ike never again received an invitation to ride with Dave.

Geographical questions:—Are the people of Cayenne hot tempered? Is it possible for Cawnpore to produce rich grain crops? Do the ladies of Paddington make up well? Is it possible to harrow the feelings of the inhabitants of Bow street so as to make them quiver? Is Asia-Minor yours?

A moral debating society out West is engaged in discussing the following question:—If a husband deserts his wife, which is the most abandoned, the woman or the man?

Save the Leaves.

An old gentleman, who has a large garden says: I don't know what on 'airth to do with them pecky leaves, they kiver up everything, and make things look kinder shirless. According to our observation, there are many others who have not learned the value of leaves. In their desire to keep the garden and grounds neat, they put the leaves out of sight without a thought of the value of what they are throwing away. Leaves are useful in two ways; in their entire state as a mulch, and decomposed as a manure. Leaves are the natural mulch. Go into the woods in autumn and look under the leaves, and you will find various seeds sprouting under them and getting a sufficient start to enable them to winter under this genial covering, and break into vigorous growth with the return of spring. The beautiful wild flowers, which die out when taken to the garden, are in the woods nicely tucked up under a covert of leaves; they sleep warm and awake strong and refreshed. There is no better covering for a strawberry bed, or for herbaceous plants generally, than a good coating of leaves. The great difficulty is, they will blow away. This may be prevented by laying brush upon them, or giving them a slight sprinkling of soil. Plants protected in this way have a covering which will ward off the injurious effects of sudden changes of temperature, but will not pack so closely as to endanger the health of the plant. Decomposed leaves are valuable, and in the form of leaf mould are considered one of the chief fertilizers. Aside from the purely vegetable matter they contain, the leaves have also a great deal of mineral matter which is deposited in them during the constant evaporation that is carried on during the growing season. This mineral matter is in just that finely divided and soluble state which makes it ready to be again taken up by other plants. The leaves of trees, when burned, give from ten to thirty per cent. more ashes than the wood of the same tree. It will be seen that leaves are of the highest value in the compost heap, the barn yard and the pig-stye, and who fails to save them disregards the sources of fertility which nature is kindly offering him. Even thus early in Autumn many leaves will fall, and the collection should be begun and continued, and any place large or small, will find a well sheltered pile of leaves valuable to draw upon for mulch, for winter covering and for use in equal proportion with manure in hot beds. Those not needed for these purposes may add to the richness of the manure heap. By all means save the leaves.

Hints for Hard Times.

Credit never permits a man to know the real value of money, nor to have full control over his affairs. It presents all his expenses in the aggregate and not in detail. Every one has more or less of the miser's love of money—the actual gold pieces and the crisp bank notes. Now, if you have these things in your pocket, you see them, as you make your purchases, visibly diminishing before your eyes. The lessening heap cries to you to stop. You would like to buy this, that and the other; but you know exactly how much money you have left, and if you go on buying more things your purse will soon be empty. You do not see this when you take credit. You give your orders freely, without thought or calculation; and when the day of payment comes you find that you have overrun the credit.

Every hand we see people living on credit, putting off pay day to the last, making in the end some desperate effort, either by begging or borrowing, to scrape the money together; and then struggling on again with the canker of care eating at their hearts, to the inevitable goal of bankruptcy. If people would only make a rush at the beginning, instead of at the end, they would save themselves all the misery. The great secret of being solvent, and well-to-do, and comfortable, is to get ahead of your expenses. Eat and drink this month what you earned last month—not what you expect to earn next month. There are, no doubt, many persons so unfortunately situated that they cannot accomplish this. No man can guard against ill health; no man can insure himself a well-conducted, helpful family, or a permanent income. There will always be people who cannot help their misfortunes; but, as a rule, these unfortunate are far less trouble to society than those in a better situation, who bring their misfortunes upon themselves, by deliberate, reckless extravagance. You may help a poor, honest, struggling man to some purpose, but the utmost you may do for a spendthrift is thrown away. You may give him money you have earned by hard labor and saved by self-denial and economy, and he spends it in pleasures which you have never permitted yourself to enjoy. The best pleasures—those which sweeten life most and leave no bitterness behind—are cheap pleasures. What better pleasure can a man enjoy than the sense of being free and independent? I will go out this morning with the proud consciousness that I owe no man anything; that even the bright day is earned and paid for. I walk up to the High Gate, and being weary, hungry and athirst, I will enter a wayside inn and feast upon bread and cheese, washing it down with a mug of ale, and there will be no pleasure superior to mine in all Christendom.—All the year round.

Some one thus defines a kiss:—There's a formal kiss of fashion, and a burning kiss of passion, a father's kiss, a mother's kiss, and a sister's kiss to move; there's a traitor's kiss of gold, like a serpent's clammy fold, a first kiss, a stolen kiss, and the thrilling kiss of love; a meeting kiss, a maiden kiss, a kiss when fond hearts sever, that a saddest kiss on earth is this—a kiss to part forever.

True Philosophy.—A country poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following ringing conclusion:—

"Oh! I wouldn't live for ever—I wouldn't if I could."

But I needn't fret about it, for I couldn't if I would."

A soldier, a miller and a policeman entering an inn to rest and refresh, the landlord (a man of few words) directed seats to be placed for them by quoting a line from a popular song. "Three cheers for the red, white and blue."

A lady of a certain age says that the reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat is that not having a husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

Items, Foreign & Local.

A bounty jumper named Conolly was shot to death at Alexandria on Friday. He had amassed a fortune by accepting bounties in almost every State where they had been offered. In his dying confession he said he had twenty thousand dollars.

A mason in Limerick, Ireland, lately hammering a stone, chipped out what he supposed to be a lump of glass. It proved to be a diamond worth \$5000.

In one settlement in Minnesota, fifteen out of the sixteen of the male residents enlisted. The other man stayed to see them off and cheer.

A living frog has been found in the heart of a solid rock excavated near Johnstown, Pa.

A lady has computed that if the women of America would dispense with the extra twelve inch tail piece to their dresses a saving of \$1,000,000 would be effected.

At the latest dates from China, the cotton export thence to England had, since the first of June, amounted to 162,761 bales.

The bears are unusually plenty in Minnesota this season. Ten have been killed in the immediate vicinity of St. Cloud within the past two weeks, some of them inside the corporation.

Strange as it may appear, a ball of a ton weight and another of an ounce weight falling from any height will reach the ground at the same time.

Bulwer Lytton has made half a million of dollars by his pen.

The New York ladies are in raptures over the new color, violette.

Fifty American vessels were destroyed during the month of August, twenty-eight of which were destroyed by rebel pirates.

Gen. Sheridan is said to be a native of Boston, where, when a boy, he sold newspapers in the street.

A new liquor law, with some peculiar features, has been put in operation in California. It requires the proper court authorities to ascertain and record the cost to the people in every case where crime was caused by liquor. Once a year these costs are aggregated, and the sum assessed pro rata in licenses issued to retailers by the County.

A Richmond paper says that 8000 Federal prisoners died at Andersonville, Ga., during the months of July and August.

A young man formerly of humble circumstances has an income of \$7000 per day paid him as his share of certain oil lands in Pennsylvania. This amounts to \$2,548,000 per annum.

Articles useful and ornamental, to the value of money, have been contributed by the citizens of Halifax towards the Southern Relief Fund. They were forwarded to England per steamer.

Late intelligence from New Zealand, via California, states that in a bloody encounter between the British troops and the natives, the latter were so completely defeated that the insurgent chiefs surrendered at once and came to terms with the British authorities, as to the basis of a treaty for peace.

A letter from Bonn states that Prince Alfred of England will arrive there in the Autumn, and will study for a year at the University, where, as will be remembered, the late Prince Consort passed a portion of his youth.

There are rumors that Prince Elinor, of Oldenburg, will be selected as a husband for the third daughter of Queen Victoria.

Spurgeon has been discharged from the Evangelical Alliance.

A man on Cape Cod, who had separated from his wife, married a second wife with whom he lived a year and a half, and then died. His first wife came forward and took possession of the estate, the second wife sued for her pay for services during the time she lived with the deceased, and a jury gave her a verdict for \$2 per week.

Mrs. Clark Martin, of Van Buren county, Pa., learning of her husband's infidelity, in connection with his sister-in-law, was so enraged that, last week, she resolved upon revenge; and while he was eating his supper she approached him, threw herself around his neck and kissed him, then stepped back and with an axe dealt him such a blow as leaves no hope of recovery.

A terrific tornado passed over Matton, Ill., on the 23d inst. It was accompanied by tremendous discharges of electricity from a dense black cloud. The storm unroofed the houses, and carried away everything movable on its path. A loaded freight train on the Illinois Central Railroad was lifted bodily and turned over beside and across the track. Some of the cars were smashed to splinters, while others were merely unroofed. One car was carried half a mile.

Files of cotton, hog, and corn, and other articles of commerce, were strewn over a large extent on either side of the track. The clearing of the line occupied the whole night. Singularly no one was hurt during all this commotion.

BRANDING IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—The London Medical Times and Gazette states on good authority that by R. H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has issued a circular from the Horse-Guards, by which the present very objectionable plan of branding soldiers is removed. When the necessity for marking a soldier occurs, the operation is to be performed by the drum or trumpet-major at the order of the adjutant, and in the presence of a medical officer. This is as it should be; and we congratulate the profession that a medical officer, no longer occupies a derogatory and false position, and the Duke of Cambridge that he has had the good sense to concede an alteration which was very urgently required.

IMPORTANT FOR ST. STEPHEN.—The Government have approved of Mr. Buck's survey of the branch line to the St. Andrew's Road by the Dan or Dennis stream and Moore's Mills. Though the line is longer than another proposed one, alleged to be less favorable as regards expense, the government, acting in a liberal spirit, will give the required bonus. We understand that the ground on this line will shortly be broken.—Presbyterian.

The statement that any arrangements had yet been made for the construction of a railway between the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia borders is, we believe, premature. The government are well disposed towards such an arrangement, and when the surveys are before them, they will be in a position to entertain proposals.—Id.

The six hundred rebel officers who are placed under fire at Morris Island are located between Forts Strong and Mottman, where shells fly freely. The enclosure is about an acre and a half in extent, with an exceedingly strong palisade of heavy timbers about twelve feet high. A row extends around the enclosure about fifteen feet from the palisade, beyond which the prisoners are not allowed to venture, on pain of being shot by the sentries, who are stationed between the "death line" and the palisades.

Several lines of pickets, forming successive cordons of guards, are stationed outside, while artillery is trained upon the camp from various directions, and such efficient precautions taken generally to prevent an escape that the attempt to do so would be madness. The rations are the same as those furnished to Union prisoners in Charleston. The prisoners are divided into eight detachments, each in charge of a negro sergeant, an arrangement for which they do not conceal their disapproval. They profess to be well contented and thus far have been peaceable and tractable.

A few fragments of shell have fallen in the enclosure, but none of the prisoners have been injured. The 6th Mass. regiment has charge of them.

AWARD OF PRIZES OF THE EXHIBITION OF THE CARLETON CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1864.

	John Bennett	3 00
Best brood Mare with foal	L. R. Harding	2 50
2d do	L. G. Slipp	2 00
Best 3 yr old Colt	Jas McGrath	1 50
2d do	John Bennett	2 50
3d do	Warren Ball	1 00
Best 2 yr old Colt	John Harper	1 50
2d do	H. Golding	1 00
3d do	Leonard Watson	1 00
Best 1 yr old Colt	S. H. Sirocock	1 00
2d do	A. Stephenson	1 00
3d do	B. Campbell	50
Best matched Horses	John Shea	2 00
2d do	Warren Ball	1 50
Best Bull 3 yrs old	Chas Stephenson	4 00
2d do	H. E. Dibblee	3 00
Best Bull 2 yrs old	John Harper	2 50
2d do	James Harper	1 50
Best yearling Bull	A. Stephenson	2 00
2d do	Elisha Clark	1 50
3d do	W. D. Smith	1 00
Best Bull Calf of 1864	John Harper	1 00
2d do	B. P. Griffith	1 00
3d do	Elisha Clark	1 00
Best Milch Cow	John Fisher	1 00
2d do	F. E. Good	1 00
3d do	Elisha Clark	1 00
Best Working Oxen	Elisha Clark	2 00
2d do	H. Harrison	1 50
Best 4 yr old Steers	Elisha Clark	2 00
2d do	L. G. Slipp	1 50
Best 3 yr old Steers	James Harper	1 50
Best fat Ox	James Harper	1 00
Best fat Cow	Elisha Clark	1 00
Best 2 yr old Heifer	Elisha Clark	2 00
2d do	A. Stephenson	1 50
Best yearling Heifer	John Harper	1 00
Best Heifer Calf	John Harper	1 00
2d do	James Harper	1 00
Best Ram	C. S. Emery	1 00
2d do	Wm Upham	1 00
3d do	Warren Ball	1 00
Best Ram Lamb of 1864	C. S. Emery	1 00
2d do	H. Emery	1 00
3d do	James Harper	1 00
Best pair Ewes	Stephen Penabody	1 00
2d do	John Gentle	1 00
3d do	James Harper	1 00
Best pair Ewe Lambs	W. D. Smith	1 00
2d do	Stephen Penabody	1 00
3d do	L. R. Harding	1 00
Best Boar	Elisha Clark	1 00
Boar Pig of 1864	Wm. Cluff	1 00
2d do	H. E. Dibblee	1 00
Best Sow Pig of 1864	Elisha Clark	1 00
2d do	L. G. Slipp	1 00
Best sample of Wheat	Jas McGrath	2 00
2d do	B. Campbell	2 00
3d do	George Hovey	2 00
Best sample of Corn	L. G. Slipp	2 00
2d do	Samuel Burt	2 00
3d do	Wm Upham	2 00
Best sample of Barley	H. E. Dibblee	2 00
2d do	G. H. Ketchum	2 00
3d do	Henry Garden	2 00
Best sample of Oats	H. E. Dibblee	2 00
2d do	Wm Upham	2 00
3d do	James McGrath	2 00
Best sample Buckwheat	Samuel Burt	2 00
2d do	G. H. Ketchum	2 00
3d do	L. R. Harding	2 00
Best smooth do	P. M. Bedell	2 00
Best sample of Rye	James McGrath	2 00
2d do	E. Phillips	2 00
3d do	Thomas Estey	2 00
Best Beans	P. M. Bedell	2 00
2d do	George Hovey	2 00
3d do	H. E. Dibblee	2 00
Best sample Peas	Hamilton Emery	2 00
2d do	H. Thompson	2 00
3d do	Samuel Burt	2 00
Best sample Grass Seed	A. Stephenson	2 00
2d do	Thomas Estey	2 00
3d do	Wm Upham	2 00
Best 25 carrots	G. Chapman	2 00
Best Parsnips	Wm Upham	2 00
Best 12 Blood Beets	H. E. Dibblee	2 00
2d do	George Hovey	2 00
3d do	Wm Upham	2 00
Best 15 Onions	Charles Edgar	2 00
2d do	Peter Ryan	2 00
3d do	H. Harrison	2 00
Best 12 Mangl Wurtzel	H. E. Dibblee	2 00
2d do	H. E. Dibblee	2 00
3d do	H. E. Dibblee	2 00
Best 6 heads Cabbage	Wm Sisson	2 00
2d do	R. Cowperthwaite	2 00
3d do	A. Stephenson	2 00
Best sample of Apples	Frank Sharp	2 00
2d do	A. Kearney	2 00
3d do	Wm Sisson	2 00
Best variety of Fruit	A. Kearney	2 00
2d do	Wm Sisson	2 00
3d do	Harriet 12 Sw'd Turnips	2 00
Best all wool falled Cloth	A. Kearney	2 00
2d do	George Hovey	2 00
3d do	F. E. Good	2 00
Best all wool Flannel	Wm Corbett	2 00
2d do	L. G. Slipp	2 00
3d do	Wm Upham	2 00
Best cotton and Wool do	Benjamin Burt	2 00
2d do	John Harper	2 00
3d do	H. E. Dibblee	2 00
Best cotton and wool, men's wear	P. M. Bedell	2 00
2d do	Wm Corbett	2 00
3d do	John Harper	2 00
Best cotton and wool, women's wear	Theo. Kearney	2 00
2d do	Wm Upham	2 00
3d do	Benj. Burt	2 00
Best Woolen Shoes	Wm Upham	2 00
2d do	Warren Ball	2 00
3d do	L. G. Slipp	2 00
Best Horse Blankets	Samuel Burt	2 00
2d do	Hamilton Emery	2 00
3d do	Wm Corbett	2 00
Best Woolen Socks	B. Carpenter	2 00
2d do	Wm Upham	2 00
3d do	John Kerrigan	2 00
Best Woolen Mitts	G. H. Ketchum	2 00
2d do	Theo. Kearney	2 00
3d do	J. Melnis	2 00
Best Woolen Blankets	B. Carpenter	2 00
2d do	D. Dickenson	2 00
3d do	F. E. Good	2 00
Best Table Cloth	Warren Ball	2 00
2d do	Peter Ryan	2 00
3d do	Hiram Smith	2 00
Best Farm Waggon	Thos Wylie	2 00
2d do	George Good	2 00
3d do	L. R. Harding	2 00
Best Single Waggon	R. Hame	2 00
2d do	H. Emery	2 00
3d do	Wm Sisson	2 00
Best Improved Churn	Thos Wylie	2 00
2d do	D. Burt	2 00
3d do	Kerrigan	2 00
Best Hay Rake	Peter Ryan	2 00
2d do	D. Dickenson	2 00
3d do	D. Dickenson	2 00
Best Cart Wheels	D. Dickenson	2 00
2d do	D. Phillips	2 00
3d do	D. Phillips	2 00
Best Upper Leather	A. Stephenson	2 00
2d do	F. E. Good	2 00
3d do	Theo. Kearney	2 00
Best Calf Skins	P. M. Bedell	2 00
2d do	John Fisher	2 00
3d do	A. Stephenson	2 00
Best Single Harness	Elisha Clark	2 00
2d do	S. H. Sirocock	2 00
3d do	G. H. Ketchum	2 00
Best Pair pegged Boots	David Burt	2 00
2d do	Saml Burt	2 00
3d do	Benj. Burt	2 00
Best fine sewed Boots	Saml Burt	2 00
2d do	S. H. Sirocock	2 00
3d do	D. Burt	2 00
Best Butter	Theo. Kearney	2 00
2d do	L. R. Harding	2 00
3d do	Wm Upham	2 00
Best Cheese	P. M. Bedell	2 00
2d do	John Fisher	2 00
3d do	John Harper	2 00
Best Bees Honey	A. Stephenson	2 00
2d do	Elisha Clark	2 00
3d do	S. H. Sirocock	2 00
Best Maple Sugar	G. H. Ketchum	2 00
2d do	David Burt	2 00
3d do	Saml Burt	2 00
Best Loaf Bread	Benj. Burt	2 00
2d do	Saml Burt	2 00
3d do	S. H. Sirocock	2 00
Best Wheat Flour	D. Burt	2 00
2d do	Theo. Kearney	2 00
3d do	L. R. Harding	2 00
Best "Fowls	Wm Upham	2 00
2d do	" Turkeys	2 00
3d do	" Ducks	2 00
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