

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Poetry.

THE HUNTER AND MILKMAID.

The lark is singing her matin lay,
Oh, come with me, fair maiden, I pray!
Sweet, oh! sweet is the morning hour,
And sweeter still is your loved lover;
Oh, come, fair maiden, along with me!
Ah, Sir Hunter, my mother is near!
I really mustn't be loitering here!

Thy mother, fair maiden, is far away,
And never will listen to a word we say;
I'll sing thee a song that ladies sing,
In royal castles to please the king—
A wondrous song, whose magical charm
Will keep the singer from every harm,
Fie! Sir Hunter, a fig for your song;
Good-bye! for I must be going along.

Well, if singing will not prevail,
I'll tell thee, then, a terrible tale;
Tis all about a baron so bold,
Huge and swart, and ugly and old,
Who saw the ghost of his murdered wife!
A pleasant story, upon my life!
Ah, Sir Hunter, the story is flat,
I know one worth a dozen of that.

I'd teach thee, then, a curious prayer
Of wondrous powers the wold to scare,
And frighten the witch that hovers night
To blight the young with her evil eye;
Oh, guard fair maiden, thy beauty well,
A fearful thing is her wicked spell!
Oh, I can read my misal, you know,
Good-bye, Sir Hunter, for I must go!

Nay, tarry a moment, my charming girl,
Here is a jewel of gold and pearl;
A beautiful cross it is, I ween,
As ever on beauty's breast was seen;
There's nothing at all but love to pay,
Take it and wear it, but only say,
Ah! Sir Hunter, what excellent taste!
I'm not—in such—particular—haste!

Select Tale.

WHAT HE HEARD.

"Have you heard the news?"

"No, 't is what it is now?"

"Squire Dunham is gone; he was found dead in his bed this morning; was carried off by a stroke of apoplexy."

"He was one of our prominent citizens, and will be widely missed."

"You are not at all certain about the last remark. In my opinion there'll be very few mourners at Squire Dunham's funeral. He was a hard old customer, from first to last; and all he thought of, or cared for, was to make money. He was shrewd enough at a bargain, and always got the best of it; but I think you'd have to go a long way to find the man, woman or child that's any the worse off because Squire Dunham has finished his days."

"It's a great pity he couldn't take any of his bank stock or real estate with him. I tell you, my friend, after all, it's a losing operation to have all one's property in what goes for nothing on the other side. They want a different kind of coin there."

"That's a fact. I reckon Squire Dunham has learned some new truths by this time."

The above conversation took place in a city car just as the night was falling, so that the passengers could scarcely discern one another in the dim twilight. The speakers were two plain looking men, in the prime of their years; and the conversation was suddenly cut short for the car stopped at the street crossing, and the friends hurried out together.

In the seat behind them sat an old man, of some what portly figure and dignified presence, he had a hard, cold sort of a face—a face which no tender sympathies, no high and noble purposes, no earnest unselfish strivings for right and truth, had softened or spiritualized; and looking into the keen, grey eyes, under the shaggy eyebrows, a heart that had gone to them for pity or mercy would have been turned away. Beneath lay no sweet, gushing springs of human love, only the cold hard rock where no flowers blossomed, and from whose bosom gushed no streams gladdening the waste desert of the man's soul.

But it was evident that the old man had been an interested listener to the conversation which had transpired in the seat before him. At the first mention of Squire Dunham's name he had leaned forward, and drunk in breathlessly every word which followed; while quick flashes and strange agitation went over the hard thin face. He leaned back, so that the men could not catch a glimpse of his features as they left the car, and his reflections went on somewhat after this fashion.

"Well, it's pleasant, that's a fact, for a man to sit still and have his life held up after he's laid in his coffin. I never met either of these men, but it appears that one of them, at least, is pretty well posted up about me, and the estimation in which I am held in public opinion—though he has mistaken my name for Silas Dunham, the old lawyer, who died last night. Complimentary, wasn't it Stephen Dunham?" spoke there was a little spite and envy at the bottom of it all, just such as poor folks always have toward those who have got more money than they; but then—

At that moment the car stopped in front of the stately dwelling in which the old banker resided. And that "but then" followed him into his house, and sat down with him at his solitary supper table, and after it was through, these words were the text which the roused conscience of the man took up and preached to him after this wise.

"But then Stephen Dunham," it whispered, as the rich old miser walked up and down the gorgeous parlor of his lonely home, "you know that what that man said about you was true. There is no getting aside of it, for he hit the nail straight on the head. You know, too, that your object and aim in life has been to make money, and that there isn't a human being above ground who would have reason to shed a tear if you were laid beneath it. You've got money, as that man said. You generally get the best of the bargain, but after all, your half million that you delved your whole life to get together, won't pass for anything in that world which you are getting pretty near now; and, as there's nobody to mourn you here, it isn't likely that you will have any welcome there."

And here Squire Dunham sat down in his velvet-cushioned arm-chair, by his marble table, and his thoughts went back through the long winding path of the years of his youth. His boyhood, his gladsome boyhood, came back to him. The gentle,

loving mother, the young sweet face of his sister, rose up before him and he saw the little brown cottage where his life came up to him. The old apple tree in front was frosted with the blossoms of May; and he stood there with Hetty, his sister, and her laugh, sweet as the mountain brook, was in his ears, and her little, round, plump arms about his neck. How she did love him, that little sister Hetty, over whose sweet face had grown the grass of so many summers—how proud she was of him! and he could see the little golden head dancing out of the house every night to meet him, when he came home from his work.

Stephen Dunham's mother was a poor widow, and he had his own way to work in the world. He had risen step by step in his native town, and saw at last that greed of money had taken possession of him, until every other wish and purpose of his life had been swallowed up in the pursuit of riches.

He was still a young man when he came to the city, but he brought with him the title of squire, which he had borne for three years. He took to himself a wife, the daughter of a rich man, and she brought him a hundred thousand dollars for her dowry; but in a few years death had summoned her away, and she had left no children, whose soft sweet voices calling him "father," should melt the cold heart that knew but one love, and that was money.

All this Squire Dunham thought of, as he sat alone by his table, with the bright light of the chandeliers gilding the gray head that rested on his hands; and he thought, rich man that he was, that his money didn't pay; that after all, the great object of his life had been the man said, "a losing operation," and he longed to feel that in the wide world there was one human being who would be sorry to hear that he was dead—one human being, man, woman or child, who would say, "I am happier this night because you are on earth."

And in the midst of want and yearning, a sudden determination flashed across the mind of Squire Dunham. He rose up and walked again to and fro with his hands behind his back, and his forehead knit with perplexing thought, and a variety of emotions floating over his face. Suddenly he stopped, and set down his foot resolutely. "I'll do it—I'll do it this very night!" and he went into the hall and took up his cane, and passed into the street, contrary to his usual habit—for the night was dark and cold.

"Did you see Mr. Minor, Henry?" It was a faint, mournful voice which asked this question, and the speaker was a pale sad-faced woman, whose sunken eyes and hollow cheeks at once told you she was an invalid. The chamber where she sat was very poorly furnished, but everything was neat. A small fire was burning in the grate, and a solitary candle on the stand.

"No, mother, Mr. Minor won't be at home for a week," answered the boy slowly, as though he disliked to communicate the news. He was a slender, delicate looking boy, apparently in his twelfth year.

"It is my last hope," said the mother, looking despairingly on the thin hands which lay in her lap. "There's no way to pay the rent, and the agent said if I wasn't ready when he called to-morrow, we must go into the street. What will become of us, my poor children? I'd hang to Mr. Minor's getting back, he was so kind to your father before he died, but my last hope is gone now. I could have earned the money, if it had not been for this sickness, brought on by steady sewing, but to-morrow we must go into the street." She said these words with great tears slowly eluding themselves down her pale cheeks.

"Don't cry, mother, I earned a shilling this afternoon, selling papers, and bought you and Mary each a nice orange," interposed the boy, trying to speak in a bright hopeful voice.

And now a small hand was thrust out for the fruit, and a little voice said earnestly, "Oh, mother, don't let us feel bad, now we've got the oranges."

At that moment there was a loud rap at the chamber door, which startled the little family, but Harry was not long in ushering in the room an old gentleman who inquired if Mrs. Carpenter resided there.

He glanced, first around the room, and then at its occupants, and after taking the seat which Harry Carpenter brought him he said:

"I am Squire Dunham, and I have called here to-night, Mrs. Carpenter, to say that I would not press the matter about the rent; that if you could not meet it, you might stay here and I would not trouble you."

A flash of joy went over the three faces, but the mother broke down into a sob. "Oh, sir, God in heaven will bless you for this!" and they were the sweetest words which Stephen Dunham had heard for many a day.

But before he could answer, his gaze was attracted to a small, wistful, upturned face in the corner, and his sweet blue eyes, and the golden gleam in his brown hair, were like that face which shone away off in the morning of his boyhood, the face of his sister Hetty.

As his gaze met the little girl's she arose up and came toward him.

"You won't send mamma, Harry and me, into the street, will you?" she said to him, in her sweet pleading way; "because we can't live there when the wind blows, and the rain comes, and the carriages will go over us; and mamma's sick, and I am a little girl, you know, and Harry isn't big enough to do anything but sell papers."

"My child," said Squire Dunham—"you shall never go into the street!" and his voice was not quite steady, and there was a strange moisture about his eyes. He took the little girl up on his knees, and she nestled her bright young head on his shoulder—chattering away to him, and thinking what a good man Squire Dunham was!

The landlord remained some time with his tenants. Many kind words and promises cheered them for that little head rested softly against his heart, and gladdened it; and before he left, Squire Dunham bent down and kissed the little girl, and left two ten dollar gold pieces in her chubby hand.

He went home that night a happier man than he had been for years, sure that three hearts beat lighter because, he was in the world.

The lesson that Stephen Dunham learned in the car that night, on his way home, took deep root in his heart, and brought forth much fruit.

Keep your Eye on your Neighbors.

Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves and families a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be; perhaps he contemplates stealing something, some of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head. If you find any symptoms of one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else that you can see, and be particularly to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself or any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; it is said there was silence in Heaven for the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. If, after all your watchful care, you cannot see anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps, in an unguarded moment, you lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are not better than they should be—that they should not wonder if people found out what they were after in a while, then they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it going, and some one will take the hint and begin to help you after a while—then there will be music, and everything will work to a charm.

The Deacon and the Wasps.

A worthy deacon in a town of Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The "Divine Word" was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was engaged in mowing, with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving his swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps," was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion," and taking the workman's swath, he moved but a step, when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfort.

"Ah?" shouted the other, with a chuckle—"the prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing field.

Story of a Field Mouse.

A singular instance of the foresight of a field mouse was lately brought under our cognizance. A person clearing the garden ground of Mr. Thompson, Dalkeith, came upon a growing turnip, which he pulled up by the root. Guess his astonishment when he found that the turnip was completely hollowed out as neatly as if it had been done by the chisel of a joiner, and the interior filled with large garden beans. The work, from the size of the hole whence the inside of the turnip had been extracted, was manifestly that of a mouse, and the object, no doubt, of filling the interior with beans, was to provide against hunger in the barren winter weather. Near the place where the turnip was growing there were several stalks of beans, upon which some pods had been left, and it is supposed that the cute mouse had helped itself to these. We counted the beans in the turnip, (a small one,) and found that they amounted to no less than six dozen and two.—*Scottish Farmer.*

A STEP FATHER IN FAVOR OF THE BIRCH.

The Principal of a public school has been sending circulars to the parents, asking for written authority to "inflict such punishment, corporal or otherwise," as may in his judgement be proper. The following answer proves that one of the parents, at least, was pleased with the idea: "Dear Sir—Your flaming circular is duly received. I hope as to my son John, you will fog him just so often as you like. He's a bad boy is John. Although I've been in the habit of teaching him myself, it seems to me he will learn nothing—his spelling is speshall outrageously deficient. Wallup him well, and you will receive my hearty thanks. Yours, MOSES WALKER, P. S.—Wat account for John being such a bad scollar is that he's my son by my wife's first husband."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SEA EAGLE.—The sea eagle watches his prey hovering above the water, until he sees a fish; when pouncing down upon it, he raises it up in his claws, and sails away with it to his nest, where he devours it at leisure.

One day, a contented shepherd watching his flocks on a hillside, overlooking a river frequented by salmon, saw one of these mighty birds hovering over the water. He heeded none of the smaller fish, but at last pounced upon one of enormous size. The shepherd wondered to see, that, in place of flying off with his quarry, he was violently flapping his wings on the water, and on going to the spot he found the eagle drowned, but having the large salmon, also dead, in his claws.

The fish had proved stronger in its own element, than the bird of prey between air and water, and so the shepherd carried home both the eagle and the salmon.

Thus it is that the ambitious and greedy are often fishing for the contented, and themselves falling into destruction and a snare.

TRUE COURTESY.—Manners are more important than laws. Upon them in a great measure the laws depend. The law can touch us here and there, now and then, Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt, or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals; they supply them or they totally destroy them.

A young gentleman was fondling his betrothed's hand. "I hope it is not counterfeit," he said. "The best way to test it is to ring it," was the reply.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The cost of taking the census of 1861 in Canada amounted to about \$166,528, being double the amount expended in 1851.

A London hairdresser advertises the remarkable fact that he was married on the same day as the Prince of Wales, and that his wife was confined on the same day as the Princess of Wales, of a son.

William, King of Wurtemberg, is the oldest sovereign in Europe, having attained the age of 82 years.

The receipts of the Nova Scotia Railway for the month ending January 30th, amounted to \$10,368.85, against \$8,447.72 in the corresponding month of last year, being an increase in favor of '64 of \$1,921.13.

A private of the 30th regiment, named Geo. Armstrong, who took advantage of his leave of absence to cross from Canada to the American side, enlisted there, received the bounty, and then returned to his regiment boasting of his masculinity, has been tried by Court Martial, and sentenced to be drummed out of the service, and afterwards imprisoned for two years.

At Swanton Falls, Vt., at a public exhibition, a travelling dentist administered a quantity of laughing gas, to Miss Bell, a beautiful girl, of 17 years of age, from the effects of which she died, although she was apparently in excellent health.

Bishop Coleman has been deposed from his office unless he retracts his heresies before the 16th of April. The total cost of the monuments built and being built by the Federal Government, will be \$22,150,000.

Some physicians have given it as their opinion that diphtheria is a new disease, caused by the prevalent use of kerosene oil.

A woman, named Mary Creed has been indicted in Brooklyn, for giving a common scold.

In Ware county, Ga., on the night of Jan. 23d, a negro entered the house of a lady where there were no males and violated her person. He was reprimanded, and the next day pursued by dogs, caught, condemned by a jury of citizens, and burned to death.

Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb gave birth to a son on the 12th inst.

The winter in Turkey is the severest known for very many years.

There is a manuscript in the library of Dresden, containing a fragmentary history of the Incas of Peru, written on human skin.

The Federals have 50,000 prisoners in their hands double the number of the whole army of Denmark.

President Lincoln's stable and six horses were destroyed by fire last week.—Congress has voted \$12,000 to build another stable.

At a lecture in New York, on Sunday night, a lady loudly disputed the existence of the devil, and received the plaudits of over one thousand of the spectators as the reward of her labor.

Beauregard regularly pays the United States tax on his property in Memphis.

The monthly report of the Surgeon-General shows that on the 1st inst., there were in the Union Army Hospitals in the United States 80,213 beds, and 42,780 patients.

Two soldiers were recently murdered in St. Petersburg. The authorities had their eyes photographed, when the likenesses of two soldiers of the imperial guard was distinctly visible. The murderers were sought for by the the likenesses, and discovered.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn, the celebrated blind preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church has become an Episcopalian.

Napoleon will enter into his fifty-seventh year in March.

Powerful revivals are taking place in various places in New England.

The "Bohemian" is the eighth of the same line of steamers that has been lost by the same company, in a comparatively short space of time.

THE PALMERSTON-KANE SUIT.—The London Correspondent of the N. Y. Times says that Lord Palmerston, preparatory to the meeting of Parliament, has made a move to dispose of the divorce case scandal in which he figures as a venerable co-respondent, and which his little daughter has put in answer to her husband's petition for divorce, in which she denies, in the first place, that she is the lawful wife of O'Kane, and in the second that she has ever committed adultery with the First Lord of Her Majesty's Treasury; and that Mr. Kane, who is unhappy in the United States Capital to the tune of \$20,000 damages, and a rule to silence, because why the petition should not be thrown out has been entered. The whole affair seems to have been a deliberate attempt at extortion.

IRON ORE IN ARROSTOCK.—Dr. J. C. Weston of Bangor, a member of the Board of Agriculture, in a report upon "The Influence of Manufactures on supply the smelting furnace in many localities where the necessary fuel can be cheaply furnished, and the means of transportation provided. The most promising ore is found in Wade Plantation, in this county. He says that iron has remarkable strength and tenacity, and like its counterpart in Woodstock, N. B., is the best for sheathing our gunboats, and hence its national importance. Great Britain has used plates manufactured from Woodstock ore in the construction of the Black Prince having ascertained by experiment, that while plates made from other iron were shattered by projectiles from an Armstrong gun, these were only slightly indented.

WESTERN RAILWAY EXTENSION.—The Committee on Railway Extension met on Tuesday at the Mayor's Office. There was a large attendance, and the discussions were of a spirited character. Reports on petitions were given, showing that about 2000 signatures had been obtained. The petitions are to be kept at the bookstore of Messrs. Chubb & Co., and another at the store of Mr. James McFarlane. A letter from Mr. Robertson, at Moncton, favorable to the object was read; the report of a meeting at Woodstock was also read from the Carleton Sentinel and excited much interest. All further arrangements for the presentation of the petitions are to be made at next meeting of the Committee.—*News*

MR. BRIGHT AND THE BIRMINGHAM PIRATE.—There is rather a curious story going the round of the papers regarding Mr. Bright and a young blackguard belonging to Birmingham, named Rubery. It appears that the said Rubery had become Bankrupt in Birmingham, and had gone to California. He got a crew aboard a steamer to lie off San Francisco in order to intercept a gold ship, murder the crew and secure the prize. Some of the sailors got ashore—told the pilot, and Rubery was to have been hanged—so great was the popular indignation. Mr. Bright, hearing the story wrote to the Federal authorities at Washington, soliciting a commutation of the sentence. This was granted, and then Mr. Bright applied for a pardon for the blackguard. By the last mail he received a letter from a high authority in Washington—at all events such a letter has been communicated to Rubery's friends—containing the following passage:—"Rubery's pardon will issue as soon as the papers can be prepared. There is much feeling in California against the crime of Rubery and his associates; but the Judges who tried him, and both Senators say, that everybody will be satisfied if it be known that Mr. Bright, the good friend of our country, desired the pardon."

General News.

LOSS OF THE BOHEMIAN.—We give from the Portland Argus of Wednesday morning, some further particulars respecting the loss of the Bohemian. It is thought nineteen lives were lost, in all.

The calamity is of the most remarkable nature. A new steamer under the command of officers who have sailed in and out of this port many times, running of a tranquil evening, the atmosphere not so thick but the lights could be and were distinctly seen, and striking upon a sunken rock, the situation of which is known to even the casual traveller, is a matter so strange and inexplicable as to call for the most rigid investigation.

She struck upon a spur of Alden's rock, a sunken ledge some three miles from the main land of Cape Elizabeth, and stove a hole in her engine compartment. The vessel did not remain upon the rock, either running over or sliding off from it. The extent of damage was soon learned and she was headed for the shore but the rush of water soon extinguished the fires. They succeeded however in getting her within less than a quarter of a mile of the shore, in Staples' Cove, where she sunk in four fathoms of water.

The steamer's boats were amply sufficient to have contained every soul on board, but on the wild excitement that ensued the passengers rushed into boat No. 2 in such numbers as to swamp it along side the ship by which sixteen people, mostly women and children of the steerage passengers, were drowned.

Capt. Borland reports that he was entirely misled by the hazy state of the atmosphere, and supposed that he was some miles further off than he proved to be. He also says that he was steaming but one and a half knots per hour at the time, as he was anxiously looking for a pilot and had been throwing rockets and burning blue lights for help from the shore.

A passenger said that he was standing on the deck and that he in common with other passengers, observed the buoy which marks the rock, but in the haze, they thought it to be the pilot boat. Immediately after the steamer struck.

The confusion and excitement after it was discovered that the steamer was sinking, is represented as intense, many of the passengers leaping into the water in order to be picked up by the boats that had been pushed away. One mother lashed her infant to her shoulders and sprang into the water toward a boat leaving the ship. They were saved. The residents of Cape Elizabeth did everything in their power to make the ship-wrecked people comfortable. They threw open their houses, kindled blazing fires, provided such refreshments and comforts as they had at hand, and conducted the unfortunate to them.

Many during the day reached the city and were cared for by the citizens and city authorities. Hundreds from the city visited the scene of the disaster during the day, taking with them refreshments and dry clothing for the destitute.

Of course, the passengers lost nearly everything they possessed in the world; many of the women and children are described as being nearly naked, and the majority had only the clothes in which they stood. The merchants of Portland held a meeting and \$700 were subscribed immediately, and the amount the papers thought, would be greatly increased on Wednesday.

MISS SUSANNAH EVANS, THE ORATOR OF FIFTEEN YEARS.—There was a great curiosity to hear Miss Evans, the youthful orator, of fifteen years of age, who was to speak in Tremont Temple, Boston, last week. Rev. T. L. Cuyler, of New York, uses the following language in relation to Miss Evans:—

"We had a late visit of Miss Evans' the young Welsh discourses on Temperance, to the pulpit of our Lafayette Avenue Church. Orator is not the word exactly; she is a modest maiden of fifteen, with a clear and sweet voice, a pleasant face, and a warm, Christian heart. She talks right up with the utmost simplicity and directness, eschews all clap trap and buffoonery, and when she is through hundreds are ready to enroll themselves in the ranks of pledged abstinence. Full-grown men are impressed by her artless eloquence and a little child leads them in her speaking in our church, reminded us of the pastor who prepared a powerful discourse expressly to reach a six-foot sinner of strong intellect in his congregation. But when the man soon after presented himself for admission to the church he stated that he was led to Christ by some touching story in her speaking in our church, reminded us of the pastor who prepared a powerful discourse expressly to reach a six-foot sinner of strong intellect in his congregation. But when the man soon after presented himself for admission to the church he stated that he was led to Christ by some touching story in her speaking in our church, reminded us of the pastor who prepared a powerful discourse expressly to reach a six-foot sinner of strong intellect in his congregation. But when the man soon after presented himself for admission to the church he stated that he was led to Christ by some touching story in her speaking in our church, reminded us of the pastor who prepared a powerful discourse expressly to reach a six-foot sinner of strong intellect in his congregation. 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