

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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## Poetry.

### THE WAY TO WOO AN' WIN.

BY JAMES BALLANTINE.

"I had a good lassie, I had her for lang,  
I wou'd her w' pipe an' I wou'd her w' sang;  
I wou'd her by streamlet an' bonnie green shaw;  
I wou'd her at kirk an' at market an' a'.

I proffer'd nae gowd, an' I offer'd nae gear,  
I proffer'd her naught but a heart o' sincere;  
But gin I can't near her, w' head cast aye,  
She cries, 'Play your pranks w' some ither than me.'

I heard m'ny sighs, an' I shed m'ny tears,  
For moments o' hope I had town'd o' fears;  
I gaz'd an' I gapt, w' heart loupin' fu',  
My words were sae big that they stuck in my mou'.

But her lips o' coral an' bosom o' snaw  
Seem'd hard as the ice that nae summer could thaw;  
For gin I come near her, w' head cast aye,  
She cries, 'Play your pranks w' some ither than me.'

Last week on the hairt rig we shure side by side,  
I telted w' kindness to soften her pride;  
I shure'd an' I gapt, w' heart loupin' fu',  
An' I left the lassie but little to do;

But lo! how my heart lap when doun 'mang  
The corn,  
She ask'd me to pick frae her wee hand a thorn;  
Her head on my bosom fu' soon fell an' down.

She sighs, 'Gie your love to nae ither than me,  
W' deeds, nae w' words, thus I won my sweet bride,  
For kindness gae kindness as flossie swell the tide;  
An' he who would marry as the lassie he loves,  
May say what he likes, but mair mind what he does;

For virtue is modest an' near kin to pride;  
It's nae very easy to divide  
She's weel worth the winning w'ise head's  
cast aye.

An' cries, 'Play your pranks w' nae ither than me.'

## Select Tale.

### A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

An old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay, evidently an old neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written towards the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

'He'll be fit for nothing,' said my father; 'an awkward booby who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand.'

So said my father, and so, alas, I felt. I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a saddle, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a collar, nor do anything that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read rightly; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors' sons.

'I don't know what he's fit for,' said my father to the rector of the parish. 'I've set him to carpentering and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burnt his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to do? There! Look at him now, cutting that strap for the squire with his left hand.'

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and nearly spoiled.

'There now! Look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain.'

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I banded my finger.

'You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for its very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please.'

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamis leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the altar, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so clear, so sweet, so pure it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel-voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

'You awkward sound! Look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment. Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it? Drop it, I said, waking up. Drop it! And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, 'She sang!'

'And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead? There, I said, and he told me his plans.

before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt.'

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shuffling away, an altered being. There was a world where horse-collars and horse-shoes, tenons and mortises, right-hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

'What is he fit for? every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering-pots, and when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. O happy months, when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener, and hear her sing. My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden, as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said—

'You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?'

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset, and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

'How awkward to be sure!' she exclaimed. 'And how angry uncle will be.'

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserable unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there up back did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew by his bearing, with cruel, hard gray eyes; and she sang. I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer, as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh, guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often I had him for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concert of the woods.

One day I was whistling as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

'Sam, where did you learn that?'

'Learn what?'

'That Tune.'

'At Church.'

'You've a good ear, Sam.'

'I've nothing else good, but I can whistle anything.'

'Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn? I did so.'

'Good; very good. Know anything of music, Sam?'

'Nothing.'

'Like to?'

'I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play anything. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught.'

'So you shall Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry those skins, and you shall learn at once.'

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violinello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

'You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam.'

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing, I was well provided for, and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers so rigid and stiff for every other impulse should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease and exactness.

'Sam, my boy,' said the cobbler, one day, 'you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him.'

'But he don't know a word of this,' I said. 'Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it,' and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choir of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

'And you, Sam,' said he, 'shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here. It will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so, too.'

How I practised, morning, noon, and night, for the great day; how the old man daily hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with all its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery, I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

'Sam, my boy, said my master, 'it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you, and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid sent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.'

She came at last, and service began. O that night! I shall never forget its pleasures—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed, squire's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. O it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's thou new anthem, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

It began—harsh inharmonious, out of tune—I know not how or why; but as it progressed, a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and heard the doctor say—

'I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would.'

'Thank God!' murmured my mother. My dear boy, how we have feared for you.'

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. 'Genius' and 'Very clever!' and 'Delightful talent!' such were the expressions I now heard, instead of 'stupid!' 'awkward!' and 'unfit for anything!'

My father bought a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

'My dear boy,' said my mother; 'the like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing and all left playing, and only you and Miss Cecilia kept on we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. O, I'm sure, the like never was; and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-wheeler.'

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there in the long winter evenings we used to sit; and while I played she sang. O those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love here. I did not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter, a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful towards her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah me—those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as again I sit in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—ah, alas! not with her mother's voice, all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the open-air, respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and once in the year, the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the church with a glory that day. I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew-tree outside, and it may be, near, to her still in the longest for future.

'Selling' a Follow.

Last summer, while engaged in the tobacco and cigar business, I used to have for a customer in cheap cigars one of those knowing fellows whose knowledge serves better to bore his victims than advancing science. You couldn't make him believe that—O, no! Tell him they were regalia cigars that cost \$40 per thousand!—it might do to stuff down the throats of those who knew no better; he was none of them.

And so it was with everything; he always knew best. It always appeared to be his delight to draw me into some controversy, no matter what the subject, in order to hear himself hold forth. I tried every way I could think of to circumvent him, but at last I did succeed in laying him out as flat as a flounder.

It was on Saturday afternoon; he came in, made his purchase, and seated himself to deal me out his usual portion; but I was awake for him.

'Captain,' said I, 'I have made up my mind to go to California, and if you wish to go into a speculation, now is your time.'

'As how?' said he.

'Why, you see them fifteen boxes of cigars? Well, there are two hundred and fifty in each box, and I will let you have the whole fifteen at a low rate, providing you take them all.'

'Very well,' said my friend, 'let's hear the conditions.'

'You give me one cent for the first box, two for the second, four cents for the third, and so on, double up on every box.'

'Done!' said he; 'fetch on your cigars. S'pose you think I haven't money enough—eh?'

'Not at all; so let's proceed; here's the first box.'

He drew out from his pocket a leather purse, and took out of it a handful of coin.

'And here's the cent,' said he, depositing a green, discolored copper on the counter.

'Here's your second box.'

'And here's your two cents.'

'Very well; here's your third box.'

'And here's your four cents,' said he, chuckling.

'Here's your fourth box.'

'Exactly; and here's your eight cents, Ha! ha! old fellow! go on!'

'Here's your fifth box,' said I, handing down another.

'And here's your sixteen cents.'

'Here's your sixth box.'

'And—ha! ha! here's your thirty-two cents.'

'And here—ha! by Jove, the joke is getting too rich—and here's your sixty-four cents, and nearly half of your cigars are gone.'

'Here's your eighth box,' said I, assuming a cool indifference that perfectly astonished the fellow.

'And here's your dollar and twenty-eight cents.'

'Here's your ninth box.'

'And here's your—let me see—ah! two dollars and fifty-six cents.'

'Here's your tenth box.'

Here he drew his wallet thoughtfully, and on the state made a small calculation.

'And here's your five dollars and twelve cents.'

'Here's your eleventh box.'

'And here's your—twice five is ten, twice twelve is twenty-four—ten dollars and twenty-four cents.'

At this stage of the game he got quite doleful, and I continued:

'Here's your twelfth box; hand over twenty dollars and forty-eight cents.'

Here the globules of perspiration, large as marrowfat peas, stood out in bold relief on his face, but at length he doled out the sum.

'Here's your thirteenth box; fork over your forty dollars and ninety-six cents.'

At this crisis he looked perfectly wild. The sweat was pouring off him in streams, and the tobacco-juice was running out of his mouth.

'E-c-c-y n-n-e-e-y-six. If I do it, but if I do I will be hanged, I will!'

What is the Bible Like?

It is like a large beautiful tree that bears sweet fruit for those that are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for pilgrims on their way to heaven.

A Funny Dog Story.

When the war in Italy commenced, the Zouaves embarked for Genoa; but as they were going on board the ship, they saw a formal order forbidding the entrance of all dogs upon the vessel. As they were very much attached to their dogs, they were stricken with grief. It was not easy to deceive the sharp lookout kept by the intendant, for every soldier advanced along the narrow gangway, one by one, as their names were called. Necessity is the mother of invention. The drummers unscrewed their drums and the best dogs of the regiment were concealed in the drums which were screwed up again. When the regiment embarked no music was played, but on this occasion the Colonel determined there should be music. He ordered the trumpets and drums to take the head of the column, and to play a lively tune. The face of the drummers—every one of whom had a dog in his drum—may be conceived! The trumpets and drums began to beat. The moment the drums began to beat innumerable dogs began to howl and to bay, to the astonishment of everybody but the Zouaves. Everybody looked right, left, backward, forward—no sign of a dog anywhere; and yet the more the drummers beat the more the dogs howled. At last a spaniel fell out of a drum, rolled over and over on the ground, got up and took to his heels, howling louder than ever. Roars of laughter greeted this explanation of the mysterious howls. The intendants ordered the drummers to advance on board, one by one, and to roll the drum as he came. One of a barking was heard, the drum was unscrewed, and the dog put ashore. Only one dog got on board; it was Tonton, who kept quiet throughout all the rolling. It need not be said the 3rd Zouaves adore Tonton. He made his entry into Paris, at their head, a few days since.—Paris Letter.

Thoughts for Young Men.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the former of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it most certainly and necessarily grows. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental power in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen the most, or has read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down, like a boat of burden, by an overladen mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man that can boast merely of native vigour and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy had not pre-eminence because nature had given him strength and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him to bend it.

Men and Women.

Men love things, as facts, possessions, and estates; and women, persons; and while a man regards only abstract scientific facts, a woman looks only at the person in whom they are embodied. Even in childhood the girl loves an imitation of humanity, her doll, and works for it; the boy gets a hobby-horse or toys, and works with them. But the noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is the object of love, and kisses, and watching; and anger them only by complaints and anger; and the feeble creature, that requires the most, repays the least. But the mother goes on; her love only grows stronger, the greater the need, and the greater the unthankfulness of its object—and while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels more love for the feeble and garrulous.

Mourning for the Dead.—I saw a mourner standing before the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, 'My brother!—oh, my brother!' A sage passed that way, and said, 'For whom dost thou mourn?—One,' replied he, 'when I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I now feel.' What would thou do, if he were restored to thee? The mourner replied that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace. Then waste not thy time in useless grief,' said the sage; 'but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day, be dead also?'

Religious Belief.—I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens even in death, and from destruction and decay calls up beauty and divinity.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—while the one ascends the other descends.

True goodness is like the glow-worm; it shines most when no eyes except those of Heaven are upon it.—Aron.

## Items Foreign & Local.

The report of the state of the crops is universally satisfactory.

Stanton and Hamilton is a Presidential ticket organizing in the War Department.

An English M. P. is writing a work on the Irish in America.

A man found dead on a London door step had \$10,000 in his pocket.

A married woman in Canada West has eloped three times with the same man.

The English ex-champion, Tom King, has committed matrimony.

Pelican eggs from Pyramid Lake are sold in the California markets at 75 cents per dozen.

Gen. Grant says he will accept no party nomination for the Presidency.

Ketchum the forger has been pardoned from the New York State Prison.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee is farming his plantation near the White House.

An Eastern saint says July, 1866, is the hottest month in 89 years.

A journey to Scotland, it is said, costs Her Majesty £1,000, and the return to England costs the same amount.

A despatch of forty words per diem over the Atlantic Cable, to the Associated Press, will cost \$125,000 per annum.

Nine horses standing together on an open prairie near Broad Head, Wisconsin, were killed by a single stroke of lightning recently.

About seven thousand Scandinavians have passed through Chicago this season for Minnesota, and more are expected.

Notwithstanding the heat, the opening operation performance in New York, in aid of Garibaldi, drew a large audience.

The convicts in the State prison at Charleston, Mass. have contributed two hundred dollars for the relief of the Boston sufferers.

Victor Hugo, the author, thinks he has mistaken his vocation. As a painter he thinks he would have achieved great fame.

John Stuart Mill pronounces Mr. Gladstone the greatest Parliamentary leader since the time of the Stuarts.

A marble statue of Washington Irving is to be erected in the vestry of the church erected as a memorial to him in Sleepy Hollow.

A thousand shoemakers in and around Newark, N. J. are idle, because their employers attempted to reduce their wages 14 per cent.

W. H. Russell, who witnessed the fight from the Tower of Koniggratz, had his head cut open by the Prussians, and narrowly escaped capture by the Russians.

The Richmond Times says negroes are very seldom born. With young children the black mother finds it difficult to procure remunerative employment.

Vesuvius is showing signs of greater disturbance than has been the case for two years. The volcano is thundering, and the crater emits an enormous volume of fire.

In the New English Divorce Act just passed it is enacted that a decree nisi for a divorce shall not be absolute for six months after it is pronounced. Up to the present time the period was three months.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh inspected the United States ship of war 'Miantonomoh' at Sheerness. Their Royal Highnesses were afterwards entertained by the officers of the ship.

Mr. Alexander of Caldwell county, Ky., killed his husband, aged 60, and was afterwards found dead in the yard. She committed murder and suicide because her husband refused to be married a second time after a short separation.

By some curious coincidence it appears that the coming year, 1867, has been fixed upon by Mahomedans, Brahmins, and various other sects, as well as by some few Christians, as a period in the history of the universe to be marked by some great and marvellous change.

Mr. Jesse Wilson, of Mount Sterling, Ohio, set fire to his clothing last week, while riding home on horseback, smoking a pipe, and was killed by the fire whirling rapidly around set her all in a blaze, and she was so badly burnt that she died in a few hours.

Hosea Merrill of Pittsfield was married last week, aged 85 years. He gave his bride \$30,000, she being somewhat younger than himself. He was unable to get out of his carriage, and the ceremony was performed while the parties were sitting in the carriage.