

CARLETON-PLACE HERALD.

Vol. VI.

CARLETON-PLACE, CANADA WEST, SEPTEMBER 11, 1856.

No 52.

BORN IN DECEMBER.

[The following lines were found among the papers of the late Capt. George P. Blake-man, who died recently on the voyage for Havana to New York. They were written by him in the year 1845:]

I was born in December when the winds were high,
And the clouds were black in the raging sky;
I was born in December when the snow fell fast,
And the large trees bent to the angry blast;
I was born in December, and sprang into life,
When heaven and earth were mingled in strife.

I was born in December, in the dead of night,
When the sky was dark, and the ground was white;
And the old nurse said, as she held my form,
And felt the house shake with the fierce night storm,
"He is born in December—I pity the child,
His life, like the night, will be strange and wild."

Oh, many a December has gone thundering by,
With its breezy storms and its cloud-swept sky,
As my cheek grew dark and my form grew stout,
And the beard on my face stole softly out;
I now make my home on the ocean wild—
O'er the mountain sea goes December's child.

Onward I press through the battle of life,
Sometimes in calm, sometimes in strife;
Sometimes alone, unaccompanied by foes,
But equal to all when thickened the blows;
As bitter my soul as the hour of my birth,
Well fitted, I ween, for the winter of earth!

"He was born in December," the old nurse said,
As she lay at last on her calm death-bed;
He will be lamented by generations to pass,
His name will be scattered like leaves in the blast,
He will die in God's time, as man should die,
With an unstained soul and unblemished eye.

THE GREEK ADVENTURER.

—OR—
THE SOLDIER AND THE SPY.
A Tale of the Siege of Sebastopol.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

(Continued.)

Raglan, startled at so strange a speech, beckoned the soldiers to surround the door of the room into which the wounded man was lying. Geron, who was sitting looking up in surprise.

"Ha! he cried, catching sight of the wounded man's face, 'Philip! Geron's face turned pale.

"Speak not to me!" cried Philip. "My lord, have some one else to take down my words."

Lord Raglan called forward some officers, his aids-de-camp, who prepared to take down what Philip might say.

"My lord, you condemned my master, Captain D'Arcy, as a spy. He was innocent—I acknowledge myself as the plotter of the whole scheme. I was in the pay of his uncle, who wished to kill him. I stole his letters, invented one which induced him to wander outside of the camp where he was arrested. I stole his sword, and stamped those Russian letters which none but I had written, and buried in the camp. All these things I had contrived, and yet he never suspected me. What I said with apparent simplicity at the time of his arrest, was all intended to criminate him. I am dying, I wish to give this as my dying testimony, for I would make my peace with God."

"Wretched man!" cried Lord Raglan, as Philip concluded his quickly spoken confession. "Wretched man! do you affirm this on oath?"

Philip made the oath.

"Take this down. You hear all this!" he asked, turning to those who stood around.

"And now, Philip, have you anything more to confess?"

"Yes. He who aided me, who carried the thing through with feigning ingenuity, was Geron."

"Geron?" cried Raglan, turning toward his secretary, who had been in the confession stood upright, pale as marble.

"Yes, Geron. I declare with my dying breath, that he is the Russian spy!"

"This false?" yelled Geron, starting forward toward Philip. "Liar and villain!"

"Seize him!" cried Raglan, to the soldiers, who at once bound him tight.

"I affirm that Geron is a Russian spy! Look among his papers. Examine his wallet. Above all, lift up the plank in the recess in his room—the plank which forms the floor. There, Russian gold—Russian letters—Russian passports, all will be found, and prove his guilt."

Philip spoke all these things with great rapidity, as though he had only a short time left in which to say it. He fell back exhausted, when he had spoken thus.

"Bring a priest—a priest!" he gasped.

"Priest! There's no such being in this camp!"

"O, God! must I die unshriven! Forgive, forgive me! God have mercy upon me!"

The wretched man groined in his agony. "Why do you keep me confined? That madman's charge cannot affect me!" cried Geron, with the deepest agitation.

"Can it not?" cried Philip. "Hold him, my lord, do justice to D'Arcy, and I declare to the Russians all that they know of this army."

the hands of those who would make a fearful use of them."

"By heavens, father, don't talk so," cried Reginald, startled and terrified.

"And the mystery of the of the transaction," continued the father, it makes the thing worse."

"It is unaccountable! It is beyond my comprehension. I have not the slightest idea how it could have happened."

"And that is just what troubles me most," said the father.

"Do you believe in spirits?"

"Well, not quite."

"If anyone should tempt me to believe in spirits, it would be the loss of those letters."

"What the cause could have been, I cannot imagine. But the thought of it terrifies me, and gives me an undeniable feeling of insecurity. What will be the result? It throws a gloom over me, and an indefinable fear haunts me now, when I should be most exultant. When will it cease to trouble me?"

"Ah, well. A truce to this unpleasant talk about the mysterious subject. We will, I think, find the letter in some rat hole, I have heard of rats running with papers in this same unaccountable way."

"Rats could not get into a private drawer and take the title deeds of the Arbanos property?"

"True, I had forgotten that."

"Those women are at the bottom of that, I firmly believe."

"They were, of course, in some way or other."

"But how?"

"Ah, how indeed?"

Well, Reginald, we must now attend to the finishing stroke. I would have wished that those miserable and despicable Greeks had not run away, and above all that they had not taken those papers, however they got them; but since they have gone, and the loss of these different things is irretrievable, it is necessary to bear up, and endeavor to make the best of it."

"Which I shall certainly endeavor to do," replied Reginald, now near the goal to which we have been tending so long, and which it has cost so much time, and money, and anxiety to reach. But we are near it, thanks to the king of evil, his satanic majesty, and all other powers of darkness which have assisted us."

"They must be thanked, certainly. Who else?" said Reginald, with a feigning grin.

"Well, we have arrived at this point, and one small obstacle yet remains to be removed. I am not anxious that he should be finished with to-day. In fact, I should be willing to wait, as you suggested, for a week, and then wind up the affair."

"And gain the handle to your name?"

"Yes. I imagine Sir Henry D'Arcy will not mind mealy," said he with a complacent smile.

"And gam, above all, the broad acres around Deacon Hall?"

"Ah, there you have hit the nail on the head."

"You will wait, then?"

"Yes, a week."

"Good. It will be better."

"We can play as the cat with the mouse."

"Let Richard gradually tease him down, and then you go in and finish him."

"The wretch the Emperor. Napoleon thinks he will do well with Sebastopol."

"Just so. And when will the old fellow be sent to Achéron?"

"Let me see, this is the 12th of January. Let it be the 20th. That will be a good time. If he does not die before then, I can give him the finishing stroke, by telling him about Geron."

"Well, I will go. I wish you happiness, and Reginald exultingly left the room."

As Reginald left the house and went down the steps of the hall, Richard suddenly entered the chamber of Sir Gaspar. The old man suddenly sprang to his chair, and lay there apparently suffering and feeble.

"Well, Richard?"

"Master, they think themselves sure of their game."

"What news?"

"They have received a letter which makes them rejoice. They think that Lionel is slain."

within the station house, and Lionel was too busy with his own thoughts and reflections to look around him. He did not notice an elderly gentleman who sat opposite him, viewing him most carefully from head to foot.

Lionel bent his head down into the collar of his coat, and buried his face in a thousand conjectures as to the state of affairs in his family. Impatient of delay, he felt an impulse to leap from the car and set off on foot. He looked from the window at short intervals, and then at his watch to see when the cars would start.

As he looked thus impatiently, he felt a hand laid gently upon his shoulder. He looked hastily up. The elderly gentleman had touched him.

"Well, Lionel—you in England? How came you home?" When did you leave the Crimea?"

"General D'Arcy, Sir," cried Lionel, grasping his opportunity.

"It gives me a pleasant measure to see you, Lionel. I thought you had met the fate of all the brave fellows in your regiment."

"Perhaps I may wish that I had."

"Ah! I know what you mean. Do not be alarmed—you are safe."

"Yes. Rest assured of that. But tell me how you came here? I heard you were dead."

"I was taken prisoner," said Lionel, and as the car began to move, he began his story, and recounted to Sir Deacy Evans his past adventures. The old warrior was filled with enthusiasm, and listened with all the delight of a soldier to a soldier's tale. His pleasure would burst forth in exclamations, and as Lionel told of his escape, and arrival at the English ships, he seized the hand of Lionel and exclaimed:

"Well done, brave boy! brav, Lionel. Your misfortunes were a blessing to you; they led to this. Ah, my boy—you bear the true blood of the D'Arcys."

"You speak of my misfortunes. Have you heard of them?" asked D'Arcy.

"I heard of Raglan's private despatches, which mentioned the circumstance, and I told you how I was shocked. But I did not believe a word of it. It was only made known to a few of the principal generals. I spoke in your favor and induced them to look upon your actions as the effect of youthful rashness. But it is all right now."

"All right, what do you mean?" cried D'Arcy, trembling with agitation.

"Have you not heard then? Did you leave Constantinople without knowing? But how should you? Lord Raglan wrote a despatch dated 2nd January. It came here two days since. He says there was a rigorous sortie on the morning of the 2nd, that the Russians were repulsed with great slaughter, that a Greek named Philippo, who had been valued to you, was mortally wounded."

"He said that this Greek was brought to his quarters, and there made a dying confession, by which it seems that by his plotting, caused in the first instance the bribes of a powerful agent in England."

"What! in England?" cried Lionel.

"By means of this bribe," General Evans continued, "he plotted against you, and caused you to be seized as a spy. You, yourself, however, know what would be the burden of the Emperor. It induced them to consider your case again, and your character was cleared from every charge, and you were most honorably acquitted. A testimony of your valor and subordination accompanied the despatch."

D'Arcy could not speak. He pressed the hand of Evans in great gratitude.

"What was the thing was explained to all here, and your character is now unstained. But there was another statement. Philippo charged with his dying breath, Lord Raglan's secretary with spying. He was seized, his papers were examined—the charge was found to be entirely true. It induced them to consider your case again, and your character was cleared from every charge, and you were most honorably acquitted. A testimony of your valor and subordination accompanied the despatch."

"Praise be to Heaven!" cried Lionel, "which favors the innocent, and thus punishes the guilty!"

"My young friend," said Evans, "you have spoken a very wonderful plot. I shudder at the thought of the danger that enveloped you. It must have been a fierce hatred which prompted any one to treat you thus."

"It must indeed. But O, tell me—is my father—my father well?"

"Sir Gaspar?" said Evans. "He is living but he is very ill. He cannot possibly rise. I heard this from your uncle, about a fortnight since. You must hasten to him."

"From my uncle?" exclaimed Lionel, and was silent.

"Yes. He had heard of your death?"

"Had he—a fortnight ago?"

"A fortnight ago? He died the 13th, I was sure, and he was a fortnight ago, also; but it was on the 13th that he told me of your death. Raglan mentioned your death in his despatch which cleared up your name."

"Thank Heaven, I am yet in life. Ay! and able to punish my enemies!" cried Lionel, fiercely, then he remembered Evans' look of sorrow, and he said:

"Have you heard of my regiment?"

"Yes, you have no regiment now!"

"No regiment! How?"

"Out of one thousand men but three are left."

"Is it—can it be possible?"

"These three are the only way to Scutari. Disabled?"

"Yes. You are the only able man in the regiment now."

"Then I cannot return to the Crimea. For it will require a year or two to discipline recruits to fill up the ranks again, and before that time this terrible struggle in the Crimea will doubtless be over."

"O, heavens, what news you have to tell me!" cried Lionel, clenching his hands together.

"Sad news indeed. Most mournful, truly. News which has thrilled through the heart of England, and roused to madness the whole empire."

"Who will be punished for these things?"

"Who? I who can be found! On whom can the blame be laid? The newspapers, headed by the Times, attack the government, and blame the system of military rule. Others blame the expedition itself. Others throw it all upon Lord Raglan."

"You, I see, and I, and the popular favorite, just now?"

"Yes," said Evans, with a faint smile, "the ideal of an hour, you know. However, I am not carried away with it. I feel that my name is nearly run, and that in a short time I must join my gallant companions in being on the eternal shore."

"But O, what suffering! what losses! what misery! Starvation, cold, pestilence, suffering and agony of every kind, have killed the brave soldiers, but failed to subdue their lofty souls!"

try—a glorious race of women which no other land can show. I seek not to flatter them; for before they can become this, they will have to make earnest effort of one or two kinds. There are some who deprecate their condition, and some who have a false pride in it, because they merit more consideration than they merit. A want of intelligence upon all the subjects of the day and of a refined education is no more excusable in a country than in a foreign land. In these days of properly educated at home, and this education can be had wherever the desire is not wanting. A taste for reading does not exist, and all classes are ignorant of the most elementary principles of science. There is a 'farmer's daughter' in this very room in which I am writing, a beautiful, refined and intellectual woman, in whose girlhood, books were not as plenty as now, and who obtained her fine education under difficulties which would have discouraged any but one who had a true love for study.

I will state why I think the country girls are yet to prove the hope of this country. The women in towns and cities are becoming so universally unhealthy, and so almost universally extravagant, foolish, and fashionable, that men are almost in despair of getting wives who are not invalids, and providing them with what they demand after they have married them. Unless a young man has the fortune (good or bad) to be the inferior of wealth, he must spend the best blood of his youth in acquiring enough 'to start upon,' as people are expected to begin now-a-days. Men even in high places, would go to the country for their choice, if they met their equal refinement with intelligence. Women are preparing to take a noble stand in history, and they cannot do it in ignorance.

Town girls have the advantage of more highly polished manners and greater accomplishments; but country girls have infinitely more to recommend them as rivals of their fair city sisters. They have more truth, household knowledge and economy, health, and consequently beauty, simplicity, affection, and freshness of impulse and thought. When they have cultivated minds, they have more chances in their favor for good sense and real ability, because so much of their time is not demanded by the frivolities of society. The added lustre of foreign accomplishments could easily be caught by such a mind from a very little contact with the world.

I would not speak as though our farmers' daughters were deficient in education. Many brilliant scholars and talented women may be found among them. In New England this is especially so, but I would seek to awaken the ambition of all to become that admired and favored class which they ought to be, if they will but unite refined culture with their other most excellent graces.

A sweet country house, with roses and honeysuckles trained to climb over it, with good taste, intelligence and beauty within, too, to ensure health, and leisure enough to court acquaintances with books and flowers, and the loveliness of nature; with peace, plenty and love, is surely one of the Paradises of man.

SPONTANEOUS IGNITION OF SAWDUST.

The number for August of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, contains a report on the spontaneous ignition of a wooden box, containing sawdust.

It occurred in the factory of Joseph Elkington & Sons, Philadelphia. A mass of sawdust which had been confined for nine months in a wooden box around a tank for rendering grease, was observed to be heated like a mass of live coal, ready to burst into flames, although it was forty feet from any fire. The tank which it surrounded was of boiler iron, heated by steam at 50 lbs. pressure, and was 280° Fahr. The heat was applied from 6 to 7 hours in succession, and the apparatus was used two or three times per week, when the fire was first discovered, an inch board forming part of the box, was burned through.

The Committee of the Franklin Institute, in their report on this case, mention several well known instances of spontaneous combustion on wood, kept in long contact with surfaces heated by hot water.

In 1848 Dr. Martin Blacking Factory, in London, came near being burned down by the spontaneous ignition of a wooden casing surrounding tubes containing hot water; and it was also found, on examination, that wherever these tubes touched the flooring the latter was charred.

The following extract from the report we recommend the general action of all concerned; it deserves a wide circulation.

There can be but little doubt that the sawdust in the case before the Committee, exposed at intervals for nine months to a temperature about 280° Fahr., became charred by the gradual distillation of the water and volatile matters of the wood. Charcoal thus formed at a low temperature is much more inflammable and hygrometric than that made at higher temperatures.

Whether such charcoal will absolutely ignite under 300°, the Committee is not able to say, it is possible that the rapid absorption of large quantities of oxygen by it, would produce sufficient elevation of temperature to cause actual combustion. The fact, however, is established that such combustion will occur under the circumstances indicated, and is of importance, from the liability to recurrence of the accident under like circumstances, as in the case of joints running near fires, or through hot air chambers, wool-work on steamboats near the boiler, steam drum or smoke stacks, jacking of boilers in ordinary situations, &c.

The Committee believe that the attention of builders and others should be called to the fact, with the object of avoiding the risk, and thus diminishing the causes of fire, already too numerous.

Sawdust boiled for fifteen minutes in liquor containing one pound of plaster of Paris to the bushel, then dried in the sun, will be rendered perfectly proof against spontaneous combustion, like the above cited case. This would be a cheap and simple method of preventing all sawdust designed for non-conducting packing around hot water or steam pipes.

THE USE OF LARGE WORDS.

Large words pass for sense and wisdom, people and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer. As when a man, in great alarm ran to the minister to tell the minister he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end.

"O, don't be afraid," said the minister, "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria."

"Is that all?" said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

A very smart lawyer in Wilmington, N. C. had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client a plain old farmer, was last found by the lawyer's office said:

"I thought you told me you should certainly gain that suit?"

"So I did," said the lawyer, "but you see when I brought it before the judge; you said it was *coram non homo*."

"O, Well," said the old farmer, "if it was so bad as that, I don't wonder we lost it; and he paid the costs and a big fee besides, without another murmur.—*Harper's Magazine.*"

"The Portland Journal and Enquirer" reports a vast increase of drunkenness, rows, burglaries, and every species of crime. The *Bangor Mercury* says:—We are informed by a person in the express business, one who has good opportunities for seeking and knowing whereof he speaks, that the quantity of liquors brought to this city this year, is ten-fold greater than it was last year. Mark the emphatic statement of the *Calais Advertiser*:—We have seen more people reeling drunk through our streets the last three months than we have seen before in the last three years."

JOKER'S BUDGET.

On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he actually replied:—"Papa, isn't I better be mended?"

What a blessed change for society, says Punch, it would be, if all the numerous rascals now upon the turf were under its influence!

At a jeweler's shop on Ludgate Hill, London, a bill is exhibited in the window, on which is written:—"Wedding ring, at this shop, made out of lucky old guineas."

"You want a flogging, that's what you do," said a parent to his unruly son.

"I know it, dad, but I try to get along without it," replied the brat.

Old King Lear, in the play, when he was out in the storm, said in his apostrophe to the wind, rain, thunder and lightning:

"O you men of no substance!"

We wish we could say as much to all our readers.

A gentleman who was relating an accident he had met with in Cambridge from a fall, was asked by a surgeon if it was near the corner that he had been hurt?

"No, it was the reply, 'it was near the observatory.'"

A young clerk undertook to commit suicide last week, by shooting his dagger through his heart. He was unsuccessful, however. It was the third attempt he had made on his life within the last three months. *Chambers' Edinburgh Review* brought on by a doctor's direction to a young lady with autism rheumatism.