

Carleton Place Journal.

VOL. XV.

CARLETON PLACE, C.W., OCTOBER 26, 1864.

No. 7.

The Unbroken Slumber.

Yes, I shall rest! Some coming day
When blossoms in the wind are dancing;
And children in their merry play
Hear not the mournful wail advancing,
Up through the long and busy street,
They'll bear me to my last retreat.
Or else—it matters not—may rave
The storm and blizzards of winter weather,
Above the narrow, new made grave,
Where care and I lie down together.
Enough, that I should know it not
Beneath, in the dark, narrow spot.
For I shall sleep! As sweet a sleep
As ever graced a child reposing,
Awaits me in the cell so deep,
Where I, my weary eyelids closing,
At length shall lay me down to rest,
Headless as clouds above my breast.
Asleep! How deep will be that rest!
Free from life's fever throbbing wildly.

Its bosom shall receive me mildly;
For not a gleam of earth shall come
To invade the slumber of that home,
O deep repose! O slumber blest!
O night of peace! No storm, no sorrow,
No heavy stirring in my rest,
To most another weary morrow!
I shall heed neither night nor dawn,
But still, with folded hands, sleep on!
Sleep on, though just above my head
Prowl sin and misery's haggard faces!
For the deep slumber of the dead
All sense of human woes erases,
Pallies the heart and eases the brain
Of every thought of outward pain.

Arms above my rest may tramp
'Till not a rib of iron rigid muscle!
I shall not heed their iron stamp
More than a leaf's complaining rust;
Nay, were the earth beneath my breast
My laden sleep, I should not wake.
And yet, methinks, if steps of those
I'd known and loved on earth were round
To break the night of my repose—
Shiver the iron coils that bound me:
Save that I know this cannot be,
For death disowns all sympathy!

Well be it so! Since I should yearn,
Anxiously watch for their appearing,
Chiding each lingering, late return,
And ever sad, and ever fearing—
Living life's drama o'er again,
Its tragedy of hope and pain.

Then mourn not friends, when ye may lay
The cloths of earth above my ashes;
Think what a rest awaits my clay, [ashes]
And smooth the mound with careless
Clad that the resting form within
Has done at length with we and sin.
Think that with me the strife is o'er
Life's stormy, struggling battle ended;
Rejoice that I have gained that rest
To which, though weak, my footsteps tend:
Breathe the blessed hope above the sod,
And leave me to my rest with God.

Laugh at no man for his pug nose; you
can never tell what will turn up.
Socrates, being asked why to honest
fame, said, "Study to be what you seem."

It is rumored in Dublin that the special
commission for the trial of the Belfast riot
cases has been abandoned. Thirty-nine
Protestants and twenty-three Catholics are
for trial.

A diplomatic convention on sugar duties
is sitting at Paris. The object is to assimilate
and equalize the drawback on refined
sugars in France, Belgium, Holland, and
England. Experiments are being made as
to the sugar to be extracted from beet root.
The Brewers.—It is understood that the
Brewers' meeting on Friday informed the
deputation of Brewers from Hamilton
that he would make the modification sug-
gested by them, by withdrawing the require-
ment of the objectionable stock-book.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.—Judgment has
been given in the case of Professor Weir
against the Managers of Queen's College,
Kingston, in favor of the plaintiff, the Court
of Chancery ordering his reinstatement as
Classical Professor.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.—Do all in your
power to teach your children self-govern-
ment. If a child is passionate, teach him
by patient and gentle means to curb his
temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality
in him. If he is selfish, promote generos-
ity.

Prince Humbert of Italy and suite visited
Aldershot on Monday, when a grand review
and holiday of the troops at the station took
place. His Royal Highness left London
on Thursday for the Continent. The
Prince went to Folkestone, and there took
the steamer for Boulogne.

Dr. Brown, we regret to learn from the
Brandon Courier, is dangerously ill from
typhus fever taken while attending some
Scottish friends who were suffering from
that malady, and that his life on Saturday
last, was despaired of. We hope that the
disease may not prove fatal.

MINERAL LANDS.—There is a great
demand for mineral land on the North Shore.
Valuable iron mines have been discovered in
Goulais Bay, Lake Superior. Three
American companies, with a capital of \$750,000,
commence working it next spring. It
is a continuation of the Marquette vein.
The iron, perhaps, the best in the world;
its existence was never suspected until
recently discovered.

BURNED TO DEATH.—A man named Jno.
Erebit, while in search of horse on Satur-
day night week, lost himself in Mr. West's
bush, about two miles from McKay's Cor-
ners, Harwich, and becoming cold through
the night he built two fires and laid down
between them to sleep. During the night
his clothes took fire and were so severely
burned that he was unable to rise, and
the upper portion of it being burned off,
he died on Friday morning when death
set an end to his pains.

ACCIDENTAL SHOT.—A most distressing
accident, resulting in the death of Mr. J. P.
St. Michel, of Montreal, Ward, junior,
occurred on one of the lower portions some
days since. Mr. St. Michel having gone
down in company with a friend on Satur-
day evening, it appears that on Saturday
night he was in the company of a friend
at a party. The sufferer lingered in
great agony till Friday morning when death
set an end to his pains.

Awful Catastrophe at Belvedere.

On Saturday two gunpowder magazines,
on the southern bank of the Thames between
Woolwich and Erith, exploded, killing eight
or nine persons, wounding others, and ex-
citing alarm among the inhabitants of the
whole neighborhood. Although the scene of
the catastrophe is 15 miles from Claring-
cross, the explosion was heard and felt
throughout the metropolis, and at places 40
and fifty miles from the spot. There is
nothing to compare with the wide-spread
terror it produced, or the intense interest
which it excited, unless it be the explosion
at Gateshead, eight or ten years ago. At
first the idea was that the inhabitants of the
metropolis and its suburbs had experienced
the shock of an earthquake, but by noon on
Saturday the exact nature of the catastro-
phe was pretty generally known. The even-
ing papers appeared, containing accounts of
the matter, and were sold in incredible num-
bers; and thousands of people had rushed

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engaged in a perilous calling. One was
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Messrs. Hall, another named Walter Silver,
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their magazines at Belvedere was a subst-
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consisting of two floors. It was erected at
a cost of £2,000, and around it were 18
acres of land, with the view to isolate the
building. For miles at that part of the
river there is an embankment, which pro-
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Between their magazines at Faversham and
the magazine at Belvedere, a distance of about
50 miles, the gunpowder is conveyed in sail-
ing barges, navigated by a couple of men.

The explosion occurred at 20
minutes before 7 o'clock and it is presumed
that Messrs. Hall's men were then unload-
ing one of the barges. There were three
distinct explosions and the belief is that the
first took place on board one of the barges;
that the concussion produced by it tore
apart the magazine, and some of the
burning fragments alighting in it caused
an explosion infinitely more appalling, and
which was instantaneously followed by the
explosion of the smaller depot. At Wool-
wich, four miles off, the first impression was
that the powder works in the Arsenal had
exploded. Shortly after the explosion show-
ers of letters and papers fell within the
Arsenal, and indicated the scene of the
catastrophe, but it was long before the
people could be persuaded that their
relatives were safe. Immediately after the
calamity an immense pillar of smoke rose
from the spot into the thick air, with a
huge spreading top, and about a quarter
of an hour elapsed before it died away. So
soon as it was supposed to be safe people
from Erith and Belvedere ventured to ex-
plore the ruins in search of anyone that
might be living. Of the magazines not a
single stone remained upon another, the
very foundations being blown up, and was
mired by huge figures and obstructions. The
barges, with the jetty had been split into
fragments and blown into the air, and an
enormous rent had been made in the em-
bankment, exposing miles of country to the
peril of inundation. Of the cottage of Bay-
ser, nothing was left but a bit of brick wall
and a doorway. The lifeless body of the
unfortunate man himself and his son were
close by, and his wife and a child were dug
out of the ruins alive, but hurt in various
ways. A child, niece of Silver, was killed,
while he escaped with some slight injuries.
His wife had gone on a visit to some friends
at Midstone. The cottage is simply a ruin.
Three of the sufferers, nine in number, who
were still living were conveyed to Guy's
Hospital. One of them died shortly after,
and the lives of the other two were despaired of,
and it is apprehended that the men in charge
of the barges have perished.

The Yarnier being in the embankment,
about a mile in width, next demanded at-
tention. Luckily it was low water at the
time of the explosion, but still only about
four hours were available for the rough re-
pair of the damage. A message was sent
to Mr. Houghton, and within twenty min-
utes he had arrived with 400 navvies. A
company was sent to work on the jetty, and
the troops formed themselves into lines
along the bank, and passed it along from
hand to hand, with great rapidity. About
half past 1 o'clock, when near high water,
the work was resumed, and by 2 o'clock
the jetty was nearly repaired, and the
cottage had been raised.

The damage done at Erith in the way of
inundation and the injury to property in
other respects is very great. There is
nearly a foot of water in the river, and
the water is so muddy that it is impossible
to see the bottom. The water is so muddy
that it is impossible to see the bottom.

The explosion occurred in a gunpowder
depot belonging to Messrs. Hall and
Bosch, and in a magazine used by Messrs.
Daye and Barker. On about 20 acres of
ground, separated from the neighbouring
inhabitants by a few working men, were
engaged in a perilous calling. One was
George R. Hays, storekeeper in the depot of
Messrs. Hall, another named Walter Silver,
in a similar capacity under Messrs. Daye
and Barker. Each had a cottage about 100
or 200 yards from the magazines, and the
rest, who were men employed in the larger
depot, occupied a cottage in common. The
Messrs. Hall have been engaged in fabricat-
ing gunpowder for more than 50 years, and
have executed large contracts for our and
foreign Governments. They have a large
factory in the neighborhood of Faversham
occupying about 200 acres part of the works
erected in the reign of Elizabeth. There
their magazines at Belvedere was a subst-
antial building, about 50 feet square, and
consisting of two floors. It was erected at
a cost of £2,000, and around it were 18
acres of land, with the view to isolate the
building. For miles at that part of the
river there is an embankment, which pro-
tects the marshes from inundation. Both
their depot and that of Messrs. Daye and
Barker stood close behind the embankment,
and had a wooden jetty into the river, to
facilitate the loading and unloading of gun-
powder. The Messrs. Hall state that there
were about 750 barrels in the depot and per-
haps 200 more in the barges. The quan-
tity in the magazine of Messrs. Daye and
Barker has not been ascertained. These
were places used entirely for the storage of
gunpowder and in no sense for its manufac-
ture, and but experienced men were em-
ployed. The manager had been the storekeeper
for 12 years, and accustomed to the man-
agement of gunpowder from his boyhood.
Between their magazines at Faversham and
the magazine at Belvedere, a distance of about
50 miles, the gunpowder is conveyed in sail-
ing barges, navigated by a couple of men.

Horrible Death of a Child.

About three weeks since a child two years old,
belonging to Richard Martin, 4th concession
Huron Township strayed from his home and
got lost in the woods. Although upwards of
two hundred neighbors turned out to search
for him he was not found until the week ago,
when he was discovered surrounded by his clothing
and a bag with his head downwards, and one foot
and a portion of his leg gone. It appears to
have been climbing over the log when it fell
off and caught by its clothing above. It
was in a thicket, not over a hundred yards
from the house, and was found a number of
times by these men.

It may seem like a wonder, but the
breaking of both wings of an army is
easily done. The army of the
Confederates was broken at Gettysburg.

An Ottawaite in Battle.
The friends of Captain McDonell of Com-
pany O, Eighth Michigan Cavalry, and son
Samuel McDonell, Esq., Portage du Fort,
will bear with pleasure the following story,
within the Federal line from the disastrous
Stoneman raid, in which his name appears
in the Detroit papers as having taken an
active part. In a letter dated Nicholasville,
Ky., Oct. 2, 1864, to his friends, he says:
On the 27th July, occupying a position on
the right of Sherman's front at Atlanta, we
moved 100 miles in rear of the rebels to a
point called Mason, where a number of our
prisoners were confined, our object was to
release them, but they were forwarded to
Charleston, S. C., so we commenced making
a retrograde movement, after destroying
bridges, railroad track, ammunition, com-
munications, in fact anything that was
of use to the confederacy. I was put in
command of the advance retreating column.
We did not anticipate any attack from our
front, but my command had not gone far
before we were challenged by the rebels. We
charged them for five miles, driving them
well until we reached their main force. It
was now 10 p. m. and so dark that they
could not see our hand before us, still we
advanced, capturing and slaughtering the
enemy for 7 miles. We were then ordered
to halt, so I formed my brave little advance
column into a line, and awaited orders. Dawn
soon appeared. Our regiment was in line,
another officer put in command of the ad-
vance. They could not go very far, as the
rebels had entrenched themselves during the
night. Next day, (August 31) we charged
them time after time, losing a large number
of men. Finding it useless to attempt cut-
ting their way through, I gave up the idea.
I returned to our regiment, and our sur-
roundings were not as good as we had
reached our line, when we were sur-
prised by an overwhelming force, and our
regiment was cut to pieces—out of 350 some
50 escaped. I was taken prisoner, but with
a concealed knife I cut my way out, and
affected my escape, coming secretly into
our lines. During the Stoneman raid, which
was the roughest I have been through dur-
ing my term of service, now over three
years, we were in saddle nine days, and all
the sleep we had was in the back of a
wagon. I never enjoyed better health than I do
at present.

"We submit the following extract from
the Detroit Free Press headed Stoneman's
raid, disastrous results of the expedition,
gallant conduct of the Eighth Michigan,
showing the merits of our brave Captain
Capt. McDonell.
Major Buck, now fully aroused, saw at
once the condition of things. Without stop-
ping for his horse, commenced forming the
men into line to repel the charge, but it
was next to impossible to keep them in line;
it being dark, they could not distinguish
one another. Captain McDonell, who was
friends from oncoming Captain McDonell
immediately joined Major Buck, and they,
without any assistance from any other offi-
cers, used every effort to rally the men; it
seemed that both officers and men were com-
pletely paralyzed with the sudden and un-
expected attack. The two officers mentioned
succeeded in forming a line of men in line
on the right. Capt. McDonell, seeing that
the left was somewhat in confusion, dashed
off, dismounted, and ordered the men he

