

Poet's Corner.

THE
CARRIERS' ADDRESS,
—TO THE PATRONS OF—
The Carleton Sentinel,
FOR THE YEAR 1855.

LIST PATRONS, now, from the land of time
A year departeth, the News Boy's rhyme
Reminds, ere it foldeth its dying wing,
Of tribute his plodding toil should bring,
While he breathes for all who his stanzas hear,
The welcome wish of a glad New Year.

Let us take ere the Old Year breathes its last,
A retrospect at the changeful past,
And mark as it winged its onward flight,
How deep the shadows that dim'd our sight.
From the Turkish land where the tyrant's train,
Would fain establish despotic reign;
Scattering the brands of dissension around,
On the loyal precincts of legal ground.
In Russia old, where the blinding strife
Of faction menaced both law and life,
To Turkey's domains which now do lay,
Beneath the ban of the war-god's sway;
Revolt and discord their shadows blend,
And empires writhed by convulsions rend.
Yet purest feeling oft finds a rest
In the hidden depth of the human breast;
And this may the French and English share,
Of truth and courage they witness bear.
Oh who would not sympathize with those
Who proudly struggle with ruthless foes,
As boldly they strive the Turks to free
From hateful thraldom of tyranny,
From Alma's heights on to Klava's bay
These allies have nobly urged their way
The Russ resisting was made to kneel,
At the fatal charge of their flashing steel,
The Despot's hold in the Euxine sea,
Shall soon be held by the brave and free.
Though disaffection should seek a place,
Mid the hardy sons of Acadia's race,
Heaven grant that nought may rend away
From them the blessings of the Allies' sway.
High honor, allegiance, thus to hold,
For the land of our Sires, the wise and bold,
Home of the gifted, the great and free,
First in renown and philanthropy.
Seeking and saving the poor she rules,
Their fondling homes and infant schools,
Each daring and perilous path she tries,
As witness a Franklin's enterprise.
Brave heart and dauntless he ventured forth,
In his far research over the frozen north,
But years have sped since he pass'd from view,
And no longer survives with his daring crew.
While Britain a motherly task has done
By earnestly seeking her wandering son.
A change shall pass o'er the chequer'd scene,
And joys of sunshine glance between,
For Peace shall again her flag unfurl,
To the wearied sons of a trembling world.
The cry of treason shall be heard no more,
To sound on Turkey's sea-girt shore.
Aye! welcome peace shall find rest awhile,
Alike as in France and England's isle,
And lulled to calm will the warrior's band,
In golden Turkey's distant land.
Then may we pause to adore the power,
Who stills the storm in its wildest hour,
And with chastened spirit humbly crave,
He still will guide us, direct and save.
Such past and present,—but will we trace,
The varying lines on the spent years' face,
And mark by the aid of memory's glance,
The strange events in its brief expanse.
To the pleasing vision is first unrolled,
A wondrous tale from the land of gold,
Eclipsing the dreams of the olden past,
The new Australia seems far at last,
Thousands have sped to its far famed hills
And reaped a harvest from golden rills—
Proving a worship which all allow,
The mammon wealth makes the wordling bow.
Fair land whose sceptre and glorious throne,
New Brunswick's children are proud to own;
How nearly bound to Europe we seem,
Thro' the mighty power and strength of steam.
The great Atlantic a highway o'er,
And link'd is the Old to the New Worlds shore.
And when we receive from England's clime,
The tidings that chequer the span of time,
And sent by Telegraph's lightning speed,
The news more swift than by Arab's steed,
Thus may we march in improvements path,
To win the laurels her Empire hath;
And emulate with a steady zeal,
The father-land to whose sway we kneel:
And ever grant the beholders light,
Alike in law and religious right;
Feeling the power of Heavenly things,
Owning the sway to the King of Kings.
With humble sense of the blessings past,
So freely poured on the vanished past,
Look we with a glad and hopeful eye,
To the coming years of futurity;
And trust that our Province yet may rise,
To the proudest post beneath the skies.
And now ere the News Boy's mission ends,
His hopes he thus with verses blends;
Trusting the "SENTINEL" still may share
Its READERS smiles and approving care.
This boon secure—undeterred by fear,
To weekly bring through the coming year,
A sheet replenished in news correct,
With valued food for the intellect;
And thus he closes his humble strain,
To tread rejoicing his way again.

Select Story.

THE
BLACKSMITH'S TRIAL.
A SCENE IN A
WESTERN COURT.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICT.

In the fall of 1849, I was traveling in the west on business. I left the Mississippi steamboat at Columbia, Ky., having made up my mind to travel by land as far as Muhlenburgh county, where I should strike the Green River far enough to the northward to take one of the small flat boats for the Ohio.

Late one evening I arrived at the town of M—, intending to take the stage from there on the next morning. The bar room at the tavern was crowded with people, and I noticed that large numbers of the citizens were collected about the street corners, appearing to be discussing some matter of more than usual interest.

Of course I became curious to know the cause of all this, and at the first favorable opportunity I asked the question of the landlord. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then, with an ominous shake of the head, he gave me to understand that a most dreadful thing had happened; but before he could explain to me what it was, he was called away to attend to other business.

I soon found, however, that the 'dreadful thing' was the subject of conversation all around me, and by simply listening, I gained an insight into the mystery. It seemed that there was to be a trial for murder there on the next day, and that the criminal was a young blacksmith, who had been born and brought up in the town, and who, until the present time, had borne a character above reproach.

I endeavored to find out the particulars, but I could ascertain but little upon which to depend, for different people had different accounts, and all who knew anything of the matter were too much excited to speak calmly. The murder had transpired only about a week before, and consequently the event was fresh in the minds of the people.

The only facts that came to me, upon which I could rely, were that a middle-aged man, named Mathew Hampton, had been murdered and robbed, and that Abel Adams, the young blacksmith had been arrested for the crime, and would be tried on the morrow. Some said that the murdered man's money, to the amount of over two thousand dollars, had been found upon the young man's person, but others denied this statement. Yet all sympathized with the prisoner. He was beloved by all his townsmen, and but a few of them could believe anything of the reports that had crept into circulation.

As I was in no particular haste, I resolved to remain in M— until the trial had come off, so I went and erased my name from the stage book where I had placed it, and then informed mine host of my determination.

On the following morning, at an early hour, the people began to flock towards the court-house, and I saw that if I would secure a place, I must join the crowd. I did so, and at length found myself within the building, and, as good fortune would have it I made a stand near the prisoner's box.—Ten o'clock was the hour fixed for opening the court, and before that time, every standing place outside the door was filled. Stagings were erected upon the outside under the windows, but those, too, were crowded.

At the appointed time the court came in, and the prisoner was conducted to the box. Said prisoner was not more than five and twenty years of age. He possessed one of the most pleasing countenances I ever saw. It was one of those bold, frank faces, full of courage and good nature—just such a one as is unhesitatingly taken as the index of a pure and generous soul. He was a stout, athletic man, and carried the palm of every wrestling match in the county.

I thought within myself, this man is no murderer. And yet, we know not to what extremities a man may be driven. Young Adams was quite pale, and his nether lip quivered as he found the gaze of the multitude fixed upon him; but his eye was bright and quick, and not defiant, yet bold and hopeful in its deep blue light.

The trial commenced. The complaint was clear and distinct, setting forth the fact that the prisoner, Abel Adams, 'did, with malice aforethought,' kill, etc., on such a day, one Mathew Hampton—in the first place by striking him on the head with some heavy blunt weapon—and in the second place by stabbing him in the breast, etc. To all

this the prisoner pleaded 'not guilty.' From the first testimony called up, I learned the following facts—

Near sundown, one afternoon about a week previous, Mathew Hampton stopped at the shop of the prisoner to get his horse shod. This Hampton was a wealthy farmer, and his estate lay to the southward, near the Tennessee line, and only about fifteen miles distant from M—. He was known to have had some two thousand dollars with him at the time—money which he had received for corn. It was nearly dusk when he started from the prisoner's shop. He took out his pocket-book to pay for the job of shodding his horse. This he did within the shop, and two persons were present who testified to the fact, and also that when the pocket-book was opened, a large bunch of the bank notes were exposed. About an hour after Hampton left, the prisoner came out of his shop and went to the stable, and having saddled his fleetest horse, he mounted and started off, at a full gallop, in the direction which Hampton had taken.

Next came two witnesses, "Mr. Simple and Mr. Jordan," both of them respectable citizens of M—, who testified as follows:

They had been in the edge of Tennessee on business, and were returning home. At about 9 o'clock on the evening in question, they came to the point in the road where a high bluff overlooked the way; and while passing this they were startled by seeing something in moonlight which looked like a man. They at once dismounted, and found what they had seen was the body of Mathew Hampton, all gore covered and bleeding. There had not been there more than a minute, when they were joined by a third man, who said that he saw the murder committed, and that the murderer fled towards M—.

Simple and Jordan both recognized this new comer as one Henry Bilger, and, though his character was no means of the most exemplary kind, yet there was no time for discussion. The Hampton was still warm, so that the murderer could not have been gone long. Bilger had no horse, so Simple agreed to remain by the body while Jordan and Bilger went in pursuit of the murderer.—They put their horses to the top of their speed, in half an hour saw the prisoner, whom Bilger at once pointed out as the man. Jordan hailed the young blacksmith, and found him nervous and excited. He then asked him if he had seen Mathew Hampton, and Adams replied in the affirmative, but he spoke in a very strange manner. After some expostulation, the prisoner accompanied Jordan to M—, and there he was placed in the hands of the sheriff; and upon examining his person, Mr. Hampton's pocket-book, containing two thousand dollars was found upon him, and his hands were covered with blood.

At this juncture the excitement in the little court room was intense. The crowded mass swayed to and fro like wind-swept grain—murmurs loud and deep—and it was a few minutes before anything like order was restored.

At length Henry Bilger was called upon the stand. He was known by most of the people of M—, and though nothing positive was known against him of a criminal nature, yet he was known to be a reckless, wandering fellow, sometimes trading in slaves, and sometimes trading in horses, and sometimes driving a flat down the Mississippi. He stepped upon the witnesses' block with a complaisant bow, and he gave his testimony clearly and distinctly.

He said that he was coming down the road toward M— on foot, and when near the bluff he heard a struggle, accompanied by loud groans and entreaties. He sprang forward and arrived in season to see the prisoner leap into his saddle and ride off. The moon was shining at the time, so he could not have been mistaken. As soon as he found Mr. Hampton was, as he supposed dead, he started to go after help.

The murdered man's horse fled towards home; so he could gain no assistance in that way. He had not gone far, however, when he heard the sound of horses feet, and on returning to the spot he found Simple and Jordan there.

Bilger was cross questioned very severely, but his testimony was not to be flawed. He was very explicit in all his statements, and at the same time he professed to feel a deep regret that he was called upon to testify against a man for whom he felt as much respect as he did for the prisoner.

At length young Adams arose to tell his story. He spoke clearly and with the air of a man who tells the truth. He said that about an hour after Mathew Hampton had left his shop, on the evening in question, he went to the sink to wash his hands, and while there he trod on something that attracted his attention. He stooped and picked it up, and found it to be a pocket-book, and on tak-

ing it to the light it proved to be Mr. Hampton's. He remembered that after Mr. Hampton had paid him for shoeing the horse, he went to the sink after a drink of water, and then he must have dropped the book. The young blacksmith's first idea, he said, was to keep the book until Hampton came back, but upon second thought he resolved to saddle his horse and try to overtake him, and restore the money. Accordingly he set off, and when he reached the bluff his horse stopped and began to rear and snort: He discovered something laying by the roadside, and upon dismounting and going to it he found it to be the body of Mr. Hampton, still warm and bleeding. He first satisfied himself that he could do nothing alone, and then he started back towards M— for assistance. When he was overtaken by Jordan and Bilger, the idea of having Hampton's money with him broke upon him with stunning force, and hence his strange and incoherent manner.

When the prisoner sat down there was a low murmur which told that his story was believed.—But the Judge shook his head, and the lawyers did the same, and the jury looked troubled and anxious. The prisoner's counsel did all he could to establish his client's good character, and also to impeach the character of Bilger, but he could not refute the testimony that had been given in.

When the judge came to charge the jury, he spoke of the testimony against the prisoner, and of corroborative circumstances. With regard to the prisoner's story, he said that it was very simple and sounded very much like truth—but he would have the jury remember how easily such stories could be made.

It was long after dark when the jury retired to make up their verdict. They were gone half an hour, and when they returned the foreman showed by the very hue of his countenance that the verdict was fatal! All saw it, and I could hear the throbbing of the hundred hearts that beat about me.

'Gentlemen of the jury have you made a verdict?'

'We have.'

'Shall your foreman speak for you?'

'Yes.'

'Abel Adams, stand up and look the foreman in the face. Now, sir, is Abel Adams the prisoner at the bar, guilty of murder or not?'

'Hark! The first syllable of the word, 'Guilty,' is upon the foreman's lips, but he speaks it not.—Those who yet crowd about the windows shout with all their might, and in a moment more a man crowds his way into the court room. He hurries up and whispers to the sheriff, and then he goes to the bench and whispers to the judge. Henry Bilger starts up and moves towards the door, but in an instant the hand of the Sheriff is upon him. All is excitement, the most intense. Directly the mass at the door begins to give way, and four men are seen bearing upon their shoulders a chair—a large stuffed chair—and in that chair sits Mathew Hampton—not dead but alive. True he is pale and ghastly, but his eyes are open and his lips move. At length the chair is set down before the bench, and the old physician of M— asks permission to speak. As soon as the fact became known, all is quiet once more.

The physician says that neither of the wounds which Mr. Hampton had received is mortal, though he at first thought they were. The blow upon the head, and the stab in the breast, combined to produce a state of catalepsy which resembled death so nearly that many an experienced person might have been deceived.

When he gave out that Mr. Hampton was dead, he thought that was so. But when he found that Hampton was living, he kept the secret in himself for fear that ascertain man, whose presence was much needed might be missing.

At this juncture, Mr. Henry Bilger made a savage attempt to break away from the sheriff, but it did not avail him. The jury were directed to return to their box, and then Mr. Hampton was requested to speak. He was too weak to rise, but he spoke plainly, and in a manner that showed his mind to be clear.

He stated that when he reached the bluff on the night of the disaster, he discovered that his pocket-book was gone. He stopped his horse, and was trying to think where he had lost it, when some one came up from the roadside. He had just time to see that it was Henry Bilger, when he received a blow upon the head from a club that knocked him from his horse. Then he felt a sharp stinging, burning pain in the bosom, and with a momentary starting of his muscles he opened his eyes. He saw that Bilger was stooping over him, and ransacking his pockets. He could just remember hearing the distant gallop of a horse—that he thought his body was being dragged to the