

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

TERMS, 25¢ if paid in advance.

VOL. X.

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NO. 4.

The Carleton Sentinel,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Law and General Intelligence, particularly adapted for circulation in Carleton and Victoria.

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At his office, corner of Main and Water Streets.

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Prediction, 4th June. 4217

J. READ & CO., DEALERS IN

Flour, Corn Meal, Pork, Sugar, Tea, AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS,

23 South Market Wharf, ST. JOHN, N. B.

JOHN C. M'INTOSH, No. 45 Dock Street, Saint John, N. B.

MANUFACTURER OF SHIP BREAD, FINE BISCUIT, AND ALL SORTS OF FANCY CAKE.

N. B. All orders from the country carefully attended to, and delivered on board steamer free of charge.

March 21. 30-17

M'ACKIN & RITCHIE, WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS,

Liquors, Teas, Sugars, Tobacco, Flour, Meal, &c., THOMAS A. M'ACKIN, 16 Dock-street, GEORGE M. RITCHIE, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

C. R. P. STEWART & McLEAN, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Wholesale Provisions, Fish and Oil Dealers, at Ferry Landing, Water-street, St. John, N. B.

HENRY HALE, Queen-street, Prediction, N. B. DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS, MELODIONS, ACCORDIONS, and all kinds of Musical Instruments and Tools.

* Orders received at the office of this paper. 97

W. H. GIBBON, 19 South Market Wharf, COMMISSION MERCHANT,

AGENT FOR THE SALE OF FLOUR, MEAL, TEAS, SUGARS, MOLASSES,

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS, CORN, &c., COUNTRY PRODUCE, FRUIT, &c., &c.

A good assortment of the above constantly on hand and sold at the lowest rates.

* Orders solicited. St. John, Oct. 18. 81

JONATHAN ANDERSON, FISH AND PROVISION DEALER,

No. 24 South Market Wharf, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A constant supply of all kinds of DRY & PICKLED FISH always on hand. Oct. 18. 81

CROTHERS, PRICE & CO., (Successors to Mr. J. Harrison.)

Carriage & Sleigh Manufacturers, Portland, Saint John, N. B.

N. B. SPRINGS and AXLES constantly on hand. Also SLEIGH ROBES in season. Oct. 18. 81

RANKINE'S Steam Biscuit Manufactory, MILL STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOMAS RANKINE, Baker, manufactures and keeps constantly on hand—

SODA, BUTTER, CRACKERS, GRAM, STRAW, WATER, CRACKERS, GROCERIES, CRACKERS, FAMILY FLOUR, AND GROT BREAD; PLOT, ME-DULL AND NAVY BREAD.

* Packages delivered at Indian Town free of charge. Orders from the country punctually attended to. Oct. 18. 81

WM. PAISLEY, Importer and Dealer in Flour, Meal, Sugar, Molasses, Pork, Fish, Teas, Tobacco, Fruits, Spices, &c.

And all kinds of GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B. Aug. 2. 49 Next door above the "Barber House."

MR. PHEASANT, (Organist of St. Luke's Church.) VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Organs, Piano-Fortes, &c., tuned. Rooms at English's Hotel, where orders may be July 31.

Poetry.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

'Twas morn—saw the golden sun Adorn the misty hill;

And heard the songs that greeted him, From vocal grove and rill.

Those countless flowers, whose dew-bent leaves Shed rays of every hue,

Their sheen more pure than starry beams, Eye scarce could stand to view.

And as I gazed upon the scene, "I thought of other years;"

My mind went back in those bright dreams, When childhood re-appears.

I was a happy boy again, Where bright upon the hills

Were spent my sunny hours, Among the fairest flowers.

'Twas noon—I wandered forth again, The scene was bright and fair;

But ah! the dew had left the rose, And sultry was the air.

How like the scorching sun of noon, The cares of manhood seem;

To dry the moisture from the flower, And chase life's morning dream.

"Tis thus our gay-sport festive nights, And busy, bustling days,

"With cares and toils in endless round Encompass all our ways."

'Twas eve—I walked abroad once more, And saw the setting sun;

His trembling, struggling, fading beams Told that his course was run.

And such the backward glance of age On all that once was fair;

The trembling hand and aching heart, And look of sad despair.

But if the light of heavenly truth Has shone into the mind,

They gladly seek a brighter world, And leave their cares behind.

"Thus life is like a summer day; Youth's morn is fresh and green—

Nonn is like manhood's ardent career, And evening shuts the scene."

W. C. South Richmond, September, 1857.

Select Tale.

MARY MOORE.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER I.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All

my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life long I had known Mary Moore.

My first recollection is of a little boy, in a red

frunk and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which

reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite

a year old. That boy was myself—Harry Chutrell;

that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

No one but I, see myself at the little school-house,

drawing my little chair up to the door, when I

might ride home. Many a beating heart I gained

on such occasions, for my boys besides me liked

her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even

in her infancy. How elegantly she came tripping in

in her pinafore, when I called her name! How gaily

she ran out that merry laugh—that fairy laugh!

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But no! a servant answered my summons. They

were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent

one, when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought

like this was passing through my mind; I heard the

scoldings from the parlor, and saw a half-suppressed

smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made myself

known or asked after the family. And while I

stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before

me. From behind the servant peeped out a small

golden head, a tiny, delicate face followed, and a

sweet, childish face, with blue eyes lifted up to

mine—like to those of one who had brightened my

boyhood; that I started back with a sudden

feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my little one?" I asked,

as the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes, (I

had seen that very attitude another in my boy-

hood, many and many a time), and answered in a

sweet bird-like voice:

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

"Mary Moore's Chester!" I replied the child.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an

end to all the bright and dreamy days of manhood!

Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often

tried, and tried in vain, to usurp my place beside

the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her

away from me! This was his child—his child and

Mary's.

"Frank, body and soul, under this blow, and hid-

ing my face in my hands, I leaned against the door,

while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one

gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her

pretty lip as if about to cry, while the perplexed

servant stopped to the parlor door, and called my

sister out, to see who it could be that conducted

himself so strangely.

I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced

maiden of twenty, not much changed from the day

when I had seen her last. I looked at her a moment,

and then, stilling the tumult of my heart by a

mighty effort, I opened my arms, and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and

threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her

heart would break. I drew her gently into the

lighted parlor, and stood with her before me all

the while. There was a rush and a cry of joy, and then my

father and mother sprang towards me, and wel-

comed me home with heartfelt tears. Oh, strange,

and pleasing meeting! I had been a wayward

wanderer. And as I held my dear old mother to

my heart, and grasped my father's hand while Lizzie

stood clung beside me, I felt all was not yet lost,

and although another had secured a life's choicest

blessing, may a joy remained for me in this dear

retreat of home.

"There were four other inmates of the room, who

had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the

blue-eyed child whom I had already seen; and who

now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his

hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest

sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had

hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken,

stood a tall, slender figure, half hidden by the

heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie

led me forward with a timid glance, and Frank

welcomed me with a hearty "hello."

"Welcome home, my boy," he said, with the

loud cheerful tone I remembered so well. "You

have changed so that I should never have known

you, but no matter for that, your heart is in the

right place."

"How do you look, my brother?" he asked, and

my brother, gently. "To be sure, he looks older, and

graver, and more like a man than when he went

to school, but his eyes and smile are the same as ever."

"It is a heavy beard that changes him. He is my

brother still, I see myself at the little school-house,

drawing my little chair up to the door, when I

might ride home. Many a beating heart I gained

on such occasions, for my boys besides me liked

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up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks

them to take the baby, scold if the fire has got

down, or, if everything is just right, shut their

mouths with a snarl of satisfaction, but never say,

"I thank you."

"All you want, man, young and old, if you did

not show an ordinary civility toward those com-

mon articles of housekeeping, your wives; if you

gave them the hundred and sixteenth part of the

compliments you almost choked them with before

you were married, if you would stop one badinage

about your wife, and give her when married one

is dead, such things wives may laugh at; but

they sink deep sometimes, if you would cease to

talk of their faults, however bantering, before

others, fewer women would seek for other sources

of happiness than your apparently cold, snarling

facetiousness. Praise your wife, then, and you may rest

assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbal-

anced by your own.

The Loaf.—Once upon a time, during a famine,

a poor man invited twenty of the poorest children

in the town to his house, and said to them:

"In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each

of you; take it and come back every day at this

hour till God sends us better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled

and fought for the bread, and each one got the

largest loaf; and at last went away, without

even thanking him.

Francesca alone, a poor but neatly dressed little

girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf

which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed

the good man, and then went home in a quiet

and becoming manner.