SAMUEL WATTS, and Proprietor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

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BY SAMUEL WATTS,

At his office, corner of Main and Water Streets.

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HYMN OF THE HARVESTER We gather them in-the bright green leaves, With our scythes and rakes to-day, And the mow grows big, as the pitcher heaves His life in the swelt'ring hay. O ho ! a field ! for the mower's scythe, • Hath a ring for a destiny, Sweeping the earth of its burthen lithe, As it sung in wrathful glee.

Poetry.

We gather them in-the nodding plumes Of the yellow and bearded green, And the flash of our sickle's light illumes Our march o'er the vanquished plain. Anon, we come with the steed-drawn car-The cunning of modern laws; And acres stoop to its clanking jar, As it rocks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in-the mellow fruits .From the shrub, the vine and tree, With three russet, and golden, and purple suits, To garnish our treasury. And each has a juicy treasure stored, All b'neath its tainted rind, To cheer our guests at the social board, When we leave our cares behind.

We gather them in-this goodly store, But not with the miser's gust, For this Great All Father we adore, Hath but given it in trust;

And our work of death is but for life,

Then a blessing upon the reapers' strife,

Select Tale.

FRAGMENTS FROM

EY THE AUTHORESS OF "OLIVE." ETC.

YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY.

And a shout at his Harvest Home.

In the wintry gays to come-

and as he stooped I kissed his forehead. It was vile, and afterward a whole lifetime of remorse all the deep love which nature teaches, and which I go, but always secretly, to the small daisythe seal of this my promise-which may god give me works out the explation. Six years ago ! he must nature has even now awakened in my heart, must mound. My own lost ouc ! my babe, whose face

fashion, mutually made the discovery of each other's demin me; but God knoweth all. "first loves." I said to my husband, smiling hap- He is-I believe it in my soul-he is a good man comes-I shudder-I tremble-yet I follow it. I while I live. pily, "that he need have no such fear." And I now, and striving more and more after good. I will pause a lit le, and thenrepeated, half in sport, the lines-

". He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast Like a rich wreck-her first love, and her last.'

So it was with your poor Adelaide." Touched by the thought, my gaiety melted into tears. But I laughed them off, and added, "Come, Laurence, confess the same. You never, never loved any one husband; no word, no look, betrays, or shall be-He looked pained, said coldly, "I believe 1 have not given cause-" then stopped. How I trembled; but I went up to him, and whispered, " Laurence, dearest, forgive me." He looked at me a moment, then caught me passionately to his breast. I wept there a little-my heart was so full. Yet I pray. could not help again murmuring that question-

"You love me! you do love me?" "I love you as I never before loved woman. swear this in the sight of heaven. Believe it, my wife!" was his vehement answer. I hated myself for having so tried him. My dear, my noble husband : I was mad to have a moment's doubt of thee.

thank God ! * * * Nearly a year married, and it seems a brief day; yet it seems, also, like a lifetime-as if I had never known any other. My Laurence !- My husband ! my husband ! At times I could almost think this horror was some delirious dream. daily I grow closer to him—heart to heart. I un-I do feel as I ought, deep tenderness—compassion.

have been then a mere boy. If ne had thus erred find no object, and droop and wither away, or be I never saw! If I have no child on earth, I know in youth, I, who knew his nature, knew how awful changed into repining! No! please God, that last there is a little angel waiting me in heaven. We were laughing to-day-Laurence and I- must have been the repentance of his manhood, shall never be : I will not embitter the blessings I about first loves. It was scarcely a subject for On any humbled sinner I would have mercy-how have, by mourning over those denied. mirth; one of his bachelor friends had been telling much rather must I have mercy on my husband? But I must love something, in the way that I can be in this world; never was any woman more

loved -- how much I have forgiven?

will help him-I will save him. Never shall he know that secret, which out of pride or bitterness feel shame before me.

I took my resolution-I have fulfilled it. I have met him again, as a faithful wife should meet her tray, what I know. All our outward life goes on as before; his tenderness for me is constantoverflowing. But oh ! the agony, worse than death, of knowing my idol fallen-that where I once worshipped, I can only pity, weep, and

He told me yesterday he did not feel like the same man that he was before his marriage. He said I was his good angel; that through me he became caimer, happier every day. It was true; I read the change in his face. Others read it too. Even his aged mother told me, with tears, how much good I had done to Laurence. For this, best not

I went to the cottage-alone of course. Lasked My husband ! my husband ! At times I could

the old woman to let me come in and rest. for I was a stranger, weak and tired. She did so kindly,

Let no one say I am not happy : as happy as one us of a new married couple, who, in some comical I had mercy. Some, stern in virtue, may con- would have loved my child. I have lost my babe ; blessed than I am in my husband and my sonsome babe may have lost a mother. A thought mine. I took him as such ; I will fulfil my pledge

* * * The other day, our little Laurence did something wrong. He rarely does so-he is his

In Mr. Shelmerdine's absence, I have accom- father's own child for gentleness and generosity. might drive him back from virtue, or make him plished my plan. I have contrived to visit the But here he was in error; he quarreled with his place where lives that hapless child-my husband's Aunt Louisa, and refused to be friends. Louisa was not right either; she does not half love the I do believe my love to Laurence must be such boy.

as never before was borne to man by woman. It 1 took my son on my lap, and tried to show draws me even towards this little one : forgetting him the holiness and b auty of returning good for all wife-like pride, I seem to yearn over the boy. evil, of forgetting unkindness, of pardoning sin. But is this strange? In my first girlish dreams, He listened, as he always listens to me, after a many a time I have taken a book he had touched while, when his heart was softened, I made him -a flower he had gathered-hid it from my sisters, kneel down beside me, saying the prayer-".Forkiesed it, and wept over it for days. It was folly : give us our trespasses, as we forgive them that tresbut it showed how precious I held everything be- pass against us."

what is half himself-his own son ? I will go and see the child to-morrow.

human fate ! each leaf closed until the appointed in broken words. The sweetest of all were : time--if we could bat turn it, and read. Yet it is ". My wife! my wife who has saved her hus-

longing to him. And should I not hold precious Little Laurence stole away, repentant and good. I sat thoughtful; I did not notice that behind me had stood my Laurence-my husband. He came Weeks have passed, and yet I have had no strength and knelt where his boy had knelt. Like a child, to tell what to-morrow brought. Strange book of he laid his head on my shoulder, and blessd me

band !??

PRIESTLY ESPIONAGE .- Romanism leans, to a conremembering, perhaps, how I had once noticed the siderable extent, on the support of secret societies, boy. He was her grand-son she told me-her to resist the progress of the age, and uphold its despotic powers; the order of the Jesuits being the most perfect organization of any secret seciety formed for the purpose of gaining social and poli-Laurence Shelmerdine-the elegant-the refined- tical ascendancy. The priests find it more and more necessary to work in the dark, and extend "She died very young, then, your daughter ?" I now their secret organizations to the lower classes. A correspondent of L'Avenir points out the societies of St. Francis Xavier. St. Michael and others. which have lately been established in Montreal. and under the cloak of religion, aim at some social Quickly came the blood to my heart-to my and political conspiracy. It would be desirable to cheek-in bitter, bitter shame. Not for myself, ascertain, if it could be done, to which of these societies, if any, belonged the incendiaries of Griffinthe mother's eye. I dared not ask-what I longed town, who, in their blind zeal for the religion of to hear-concerning the poor girl, and her sad their fathers, would renew a St. Bartholomew's slaughter upon Protestant freemen ; and it would "Is the child like her?" was all I could say, be equally important to know to what extent the looking to where the little one was playing, at occult influence of such societies is brought to bear the far end of the garden. I was glad not to in screening these malefactors from arrest and consee him nearer. "Was his mother as beautiful dign punishment. One of these secret societies is reported by the correspondent of L'Avenir to be times, remembering all I have lately suffered, there "Ay, a good-looking lass enough; but the that of St. Blaudina, organized here among female ploughman's son. A bad business Bess made of it. hence her selection as patroness of a secret associalittle Laurence's there; and so I canna make his the priesthood. These girls are to act as spies in up as grand a gentleman as himself; he'll never do also, to spy each other to prevent the inroads of heresy amongst their ranks and report to the priest "Alas " I cried, forgetting all bat my com- what they have seen and overheard, and await dipassion, "then how will the child bear his lot of rections for further action. The confession box makes the secret and mysterious management of "Shame!" and the old woman came up fiercely this system of espionage quite an easy matter. By establishing these several secret societies amongst mechanics, servants, and the lower classes, the I trembled violently, but could not speak. The priests are following cunning policy, well adapted to strengthen their spiritual despotism. Divide ct "I dunnot care if I blab it all out, though Bess imperia,-such is the old maxim of tyrants. The the whole much more manageable by the clergy .-wiles of the St. Blaudina Society .- Montreal Wit-

to fulfil all orders he may be favored with, for-BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES. PROGRAMMES, AUCTION BILLS. SHOP BILLS POSTERS STEAMBOAT BILLS, BILL HEADS, CHEQUES, LAW BLANKS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS. LABELS, &c. &c With every other description of JOBERRINTERCE. Which will be executed with Neatness, Cheapness and Punctuality.

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dream over that brief hour, to which my whole ex- she very much against her will. "It was wrong even for his sin. istence can never show a parallel. Wholesale Provisions, Fish and Oil Dealers, Ferry Landing, Water-street, St. John, N. B. rence Shelmerdine, and I-when there came on an I tried to speak of the innocent child-of the poor August thunder-storm. Our danger was great, dead mother; and the shadow of motherhood over HENRY HALE. Queen-street, Fredericton, N. B. fled; but I-being weak and ill-alas! my heart At last, when Louisa was half angry, I said I would "We will not talk of that. Please God, we may end of the world, self-reproach and shame-all these heart and make the face cheerful, and serve the DEALER IN PIANOS, MELODEONS, ACCORDEONS, and all kinds me : so we staid in an open space of the wood, I-- my lips. clinging to his arm, and thinking-God forgive me! So, we went. My little beauty of a boy was not whom I have made happy, you have She might, she must have loved him. I wept for infinite variety of meat, with which God fornishes -that if I could only die then, close to him, en- there; and I had the curiosity to approach the cot- no cause to die." *** Orders received at the office of this paper. 9 y -that if I could only die then, close to him, ch compassed by his gentle care, it would be so happy -happier far than my life was then. What he thought, I knew not. He spoke in huried, broken thought, I knew not. He spoke in huried, broken W. H. GIBBON, 19 South Market Wharf, words, and turned his face from me all the while. There was my little favorite, held aloft in the arms him. Down, wife's jealousy! down, woman's then, when he died, Laurence had just known me. warms of fors, and the coolness of silks ; he hath It grew dark, like night, and there came flash af- of a man, who stood half hidden behind a tree. pride! It was long, long ago. She is dead; and Alas! I weave all coverings to hide his fault. But dressed not only our needs, but hath fitted the sevter flash, peal after peal. At last there shone all "He looks like a gentleman : perhaps it is the he-Oh! my husband! may God forgive me ac- surely this strong, faithful love was implanted in eral portions of the year and made us to go dressed AGENT FOR THE SALE OF around us a frightful glare, as if the whole wood wretch of a father !" whispered Louisa. "Sister, cording as I pardon you. were in flames—a crash of boughs—a roar above, we ought to come away." And she walked for- I said to him once more; putting my arm round shall encompass him with arms of peace; it shall the florid spring appears; and as soon as the talip as though the heavens were falling-then, silence. | ward indignantly. MOLASSES. Death had passed close by us, and smote us not But I still staid-still looked. Despite my hor- ine, "Laurence, if I should die, remember how lead him on to a happy future. GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS, -and death was the precursor of Love. CORDAGE, FISH, We looked at one another, Laurence and I: then some sign of grace in the man that he should at one another. Think of nothing sad or painful :- strengthen him to do it. Yet, when I tell him all, changes of raiment, and our mess is five times big-COUNTRY PRODUCE,

not with the wild worship of my girlhood, but with something dearer-more home-like. I would not have bim an "angel," if I could. I know all his more. little faults and weaknesses quite well-I do not shut my eyes on any of them; but I gaze openly at them, and love them down. There is love enough

in my heart to fill chasms-to remove all stumbling if I could now lay my heart open before him, with all its love and pardon ; if he would let me comfort blocks from our path. Ours is truly a wedded life: him and speak of hope, of heaven's mercy-of not two jarring lives, but an barmonious and comatonement, even on earth. But I dare not-I plete one. dare not.

I have taken a long journey, and am somewhat dreary at being away, even for three days, from my pleasant home. But Laurence was oblidged to a far off-then, like the prophet who knelt on the go, and I would not let him go alone; though from rock, supplicating for Israel in the battle, let my tender fear, he urged me to stay. So kind and hands fall not, nor my prayer cease, until heaven

I have been married seven weeks. * * * I do not thoughtful he was too. Because his engagements sendeth the victory. rave in girlish fashion about my perfect happiness here would keep him much from me, he made me -I do not even say I love my husband. Such take likewise my sister Louisa. She is a good girl, words imply a separate existence-a gift consciousand a dear girl; but I miss Laurence; I did espely bestowed on one being from another. I feel not cially in my walk to-day, through a lovely, woodthus: my husband is to me as my own soul. ed country and a sweet little village. I was think-Long, very long, it is since I first knew this .-Gradually, not suddenly the great mystery of love started when I heard one of the village children overshadowed me. until at last I found out the truth shouted after as "Laurence."

that I was my own no more. All the world's beau-Very foolish it is of me-a loving weakness I ty I saw through his eyes-all the world s goodness have not yet got over-but I never hear the name and greatness came reflected through his noble my husband bears without a pleasant thrill; I ne- tell. But I will prevent that. heart. In his presence I was as a child : I forgotver even see it written up in the street without myself, my own existence, hopes, and aims. Every turning again to look at it. So, unconsciously, where-at all times and all places-his power was turned to the little rosy urchin, whom his grandam upon me. He seemed to absorb and inhale my honored by the name of "Laurence."

whole soul in his, until I became like a cloud melt-A pretty, sturdy boy, of five or six years old-a ing away in sunshine, and vanishing from the face child to glad any mother. I wondered had he a

mother ! I staid and asked-I always notice chil-All this reads very wild and mad; but, oh ! dren now. Oh! wonderful, solemn mystery sleep- he would in every way atone for the past, and lead Laurence-Laurence ! none would marvel at it ing at my heart, my hope-my joy-my prayer !who had once looked on thee! Not that he is a I think, with tears, how I may one day watch the be forgiven, and that, after death, we may meet in perfect Apollo-this worshipped husband of mine : gambols of a boy like this; and how, looking down joy evermore.

you may meet a score far bandsomer. But who in his little face, I may see therein my Lat The same of the sa the inward shining of his godlike soul-I see in my chanced to bear my husband's name. I asked the the sacrament. His face was grave, but peaceful. Laurence. His eyes, soft, yet proud-his wavy old woman about the boy's mother. "Dead! When we came home, we sat in our beautiful little hair-his hand that I sit and clasp-his strong dead five years." And his father? A sneer-a rose-garden : he, looking so content-even happy ; arm that I lean on-all compose an image wherein muttered curse-bitter words about " poor folk" so tender over me-so full of hope for the future. N.B. All orders from the country carefully attended to, I see no flaw. Nay, I could scarce believe in any and "gentle folk." Alas! alas! I saw it all.- How should this be, if he had on his soul that aw- more, save that I suppose the woman thought me beauty that bore no likeness to Laurence. Poor, beautiful, unhappy child ! of him. Sometimes I even marvel that he loved began to talk of it, I asked her to cease. But I WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS, me, so unworthy as I seem : yet, when heaven pondered over it the more. I think, if am strong rained on me the rich blessing of his love, my thirs- enough, I will go and see the poor little fellow ty soul drank it in, and I felt that had it never again to-morrow. One might do some good-who

come, for lack of it I must have died. I did almost knows? die, for the joy was long in coming. Though-as I know now-he loved me well and dearly; yet for To-morrow has come-to morrow has gone .--

some reason or other he would not tell me so. The What a gulf lies between that yesterday and its tovail might pever have fallen from our hearts, save morrow ! for one blessed chance. I will relate it. I love to * * * Louisa and I walked to the village- wrung my heart, and how I hid not scorn him, not thy sake-for thy sake-my husband!

No, no! let me not deceive myself; I love himdaughter's child. in defiance of all I love him, and shall do so ever-

Her daughter ! And this old creature was a coarse, rough-spoken woman-a laborer's wife .--Sometimes his olden sufferings come over him ; and then I, knowing the whole truth, feel my very what madness must have possessed him? soul moved within me. If he had only told me all : found courage to say.

"Ay, ay; in a few months after the boy's hirth. She was but a weakly thing at best, and she had troubles enow."

Since, from this silence which he has seen fit to keep, I must not share the struggle, but must stay but for him. I shrank like a guilty thing before history

Nearer and nearer comes the hour which will be to me one of a double life, or of death. Some- as he?"

comes to me a heavy foreboding. What, if I, so little lad's like his father, who was a gentleman servants. Blaudina was a young female slave, who ing of him all the time; so much so, that I quite young, to whom one little year ago. life seemed an born; though Laurence had better ha' been a suffered mariyrdom at Lyons in the second century; opening paradise-what, if I should die-die and leave him, and he never know how deeply I have To this day I dunnot know her right name, nor tion of Irish Catholic girls, under the control of Yes; he might know, and bitterly, should Louisa father own him. He ought, for the lad's growing families, both Protestant and Catholic; they are

> to live with poor folk like granny." In my husband's absence, I have sat up half the night writing: that, in case of my death, he may be made acquainted with the whole truth, and shame !" hear it from me alone. I have poured out all my

> sufferings-all my tenderness. I have implored to me. "You'd better mind your own business ; him, for the love of heaven, for the love of me, that my Bess was as good as you !'

> for the future a righteous life; that his sin may woman went on :

begged me not. She was a fool, and the young multiplicity of these societies, and the forming of fellevisser thing worse_ His father brind namaniha a separate out for each class of population, makes tiful, all that makes a man look godlike through grant !- I went and kissed the little fellow who last time, as I think. We knelt together, and took what had been done. My girl was safe married to them from the influence of the rest, and renders him, and the little lad's a gentleman's lawful son." Oh ! joy beyond belief ! Oh ! bursting blessed Masters who keep Romish servants, beware of the tears! My Laurence! my Laurence! * * * I have no clear recollection of anything ness.

ful sin? All seemed a delusion of my own creat- mad, and fied out of the cottage. My first con- God's PROVISIONS FOR MAN'S BODILY WANTS .-Thus is my husband-what am I? His wife- My heart was so pained, that I could not tell the ing; I doubted even the evidence of my own senses. seiousness is of finding myself quite alone, with Is not all the earth our orchard and our granary, and no more Everything in me is only a reflection little incident to Laurence. Even when my sister I longed to throw myself on his bosom, and tell him the door open, and a child looking in at me in our vineyard and our garden of pleasure? and the all. But then, from some inexplicable cause, the wonderment, but with a gentleness such as I have face of the sea is our traffic, and the bowels of the olden cloud came over him; I read in his face, or seen my busband wear. No marvel I had loved sea is our vivarium, a place for fish to feed us, and thought I read, the torturing remorse which at that childish face; it was such as might have been to serve some other collateral appendant needs; and once repelled me from him, and yet drew me again his when he was a boy. with a compassion that was almost stronger than I cried, tremulously, "Laurence! little Lau- and breath, fruitful showers and fair refreshments. rence!" He came to me, smiling and pleased. And when God made provision for his other crea-I thought I would try to say, in some passing One faint struggle I had -forgive me. poor dead tures, he gave it of one kind, and with variety noway, words that, should I die, might afterward girl !-- and then I took the child in my arms, and greater than the changes of day and night, one decomfort him, by telling him how his misery had kissed him as though I had been his mother. For youring the other, or sitting down with his draught

> and foolish," she said; " one should not meddle " Laurence," I said, very softly, "I wish that I understood all the past now. The wild, boy- themselves that are fit for food of beasts, and the from the time we were little children.'

all the face of heaven is a repository for influences

of blood, or walking on his portion of grass; but man hath all the food of beasts, and all the beasts

We were walking all together-my sisters, Lau- with vice." And she looked prudent and stern.- you and I had known one another all our lives-- ish passion, making an ideal out of a poor village "food of angels;" and "dew of heaven, and the girl--the unequal union-the dream fading into fatness of the earth ;" and every part of his body "Oh ! that we had ! then I had been a better common day-coarseness creating repulsion-the bath a provision made for it ; and the smoothness for we were in the midst of a wood. My sisters my own soul, taught me compassion towards both. and a happier man, my Adelaide !" was his answer. sting of one folly which had marred a lifetime - of the olive and the juice of the vine refresh the was breaking quietly, though he knew it not-1 go for I had a secret reason which she did not live a long and worthy life together; but if not-' excuses I could find; and yet Laurence had acted ends of joy and the festivity of man : and are not had no strength to fly. He was too kind to forsake know. Thank heaven those words were put into He looked at me with fear. "What is that you ill. And when the end came : no wonder that re- only to cure hunger or to allay thirst, but to apsay! Adelaide, you are not going to die? you, morse pursued him, for he had broken a girl's heart. pease a passion, and to allay a sorrow. It is an

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part any more. I said, looking up from his face were hastily summoned home. So I had time to think not. Louisa says I lay all the time silent, to him, nor make me doubt his own, which I had not the owner within. WM. PAISLEY, dull, and did not even notice my husband, though won. unto the stars, " Laurence, in our full joy, let us think what I was to do. Benificence is the most exquisite luxury ; and the Importer and Dealer in I knew all now-all the mystery of his fits of he bent over me like one distracted. Poor Lau-Flour, Meal, Sugar, Molasses, Pork, Fish, His heart seemed bursting : he bowed his proud gloom-his secret sufferings. It was remorse, rence! I see him but little now : they will not My task is accomplished. I rested not, day or good man, after all, is the genaine epicare. thank God, and pray IIim to bless us.' Teas, Tobaccos, Fruits, Spices, &c. head, dropped it down upon my shoulder, and cried. perpetual remorse. No marvel! And for a mo- not suffer me. It is perhaps well: I could night, till the right was done. Why should he And all kinds of "Nay, rather pray him to forgive me. Adelaide, ment my stern heart said, "Let it be so." I, too, bear his grief and my own too: I could not be able fear the world's sneer, when his wife stands by Beware of judging bastily; it is better to suspen & GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, I am not worthy of happiness-I am not worthy was wronged. Why did he marry me, and hide to keep my secret safe. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, all this? O vile ! O cruel ! Then the light broke to shrink from this confession that must be made QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B. of you." He, to talk in this way! and about me! but I on me; his long struggle against his love-his I went yesterday to look at the tiny little mound But I have given him comfort-ay, courage. I If we all had windows in our hearts, many of Aug. 2. 49 Next door above the "Barker House." answered him soothingly, so that he might feel how terror of winning mine. But he did love me; -all that is left to me of my dream of motherhood. have urged him to do his duty, which is one would take good care to keep the blinds closed. half-maddening as I was, I grasped at that. Such a happy dream as it was, too ! How it com- with mine. MR. PHEASANT, dear was my love-how entire my trust. He said, at last half mournfully, "You are con Whatever blackness was on the past, he loved me forted me, many a time : how I used to sit and My husband has acknowledged his first mar-To excuse one's self before he is accused, is (Organist of St. Luke's Church,) The said, at last half mourning, where the said at last half mourning at my feet. The said at last half mourning at my feet where the said at last half mourning at my feet. If the said the TEACHER OF past-to bear with my present-to give hope to my woman." VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. unt up. ** Rooms at English's Hotel, where orders may be I answered, solemnly, "I will." Then, for the of a moment which management w heir of the Shelmerdines. All are happy in the He is the best accountant who can correctly, the sam of his own errors, July 31. first time, I dared to lift my arms to his neck ;- of a moment, which may seize on a heart not wholly Perhaps I may never have another child. If so, thought. And I-

never seen my child.

mother says, because he had no heir.

together. There never can be such a meeting, save And the miserable mother ! I, a happy wife, could have loved none else in the world. And so what- I have walked through this cloud of misery-shall creation.-Jeremy Taylor. two parted ones, who meet in heaven. No have wept to think of her. I wondered, did he ever chances, be content."

"-but we knew that between us two langhed and chattered, lavishing on him all those agitated; but as he kissed me. I felt on my cheek Something oppressed him, his old grief perhaps. there was but one soul. We stood theid-all the pet diminutives which children make out of the tears that my own eyes, long scaled by misery, had My beloved ! I have a balm even for that, now. while the storm lasted. He sheltered me in his sweet word "father." I did not hear this father no power to shed. arms, and I felt neither the thunder nor the rain. answer by a single word.

said, "one moment and I will go.

wished it so; and I disputed not-I never disputed put it down, and came forth from his covert. with him in any thing. Besides I was not happy Heavens! it was my husband ! jested with me because he was grave and reserved dead, save for one thing-I turned and met my done. I shall write here no more-perhaps for-feigned names I had used all along. -even subject to moody fits sometimes. They said, sister's eyes. They were full of norror-indig- ever. "I should have a great deal to put up with ; but nation-pity. She, too, had seen. estate atoned for all." My Laurence ! as if I had future : my father's wrath-the world's mockery I woke out of a long blank dream-a delirium of I clung to him and wept.

ever thought whether he were rich or poor ! I -his shame. smiled, too, at my sisters' jests about his melan- I said-and I had strength to say it quite taken away. One only giveth-one only taketh. tell me-" choly, and the possibility of his being " a bandit in calmly-" Louisa, you have guessed our secret; Amen!

disguise," None truly knew him-none but I !- but keep it-promise !" Yet I was half afraid of him at times; but that She looked aghast-confounded. THOMAS RANKINE, BAKER, manufactures and keeps was only from the intensity of my love. I never "You see," I went on, and I actually smiled, my breast-but I remember nothing - nothing! I think that I felt I had need to pardon. asked him of his for me-how it grew-or why he "you see, I know all about it, and so does Lau- was mad all the while. And then-it died-and I Laurence sank down at my feet, laid his face on ences come upon the human heart, and when parchhad so long concealed it; enough for me that it rence. It is-a friend's child." was there. Yet it was always calm : he never May heaven forgive me for that lie I told ; it was sweetness that had been : it is all to me as if I had * * * The tale of his youth was as I guess showed any passionate emotion, save one night- to save my husband's honor. Day after day, week after week, goes by, and II I had only had my senses for one day-one the twilight gloom. I was glad of this--that not

I went with him to the gate myself, walking in yet I live-live, and living, keep the hour: If I could but have seen Laurence when they even his wife's eyes might scan too closely the pang the moonlight under the holly trees. I trembled a in my soul. It must remain there buried forever, gave him his baby boy. Bitterly he grieves, his it cost him to reveal these long past days. But all

me long in his arms ere he would part with me- It so chanced, that after that mour I did not * * * My first waking fear was horrible .-- he might feel I held my place there still, and that the last brief parting ere we would have no need to see my husband for some weeks; Louisa and I Had I betrayed any thing during my delirium ! I no error, no grief, no shame, could change my love

her-I, who so passionately loved him too.

out the table of mankind. And in the covering our

his neck, leaning so that he could only hear not see stand between him and the bitter past; it shall fades, we put on the robe of summer, and then

my courage fail me now? words were spoken, save a murmur-" Adelaide!" think of her, too? He might; for, though the boy He seemed afraid to speak more. lest I should be He came home, nor knew that I had been away.

the while he spoke my head was on his breast, that

* * I have done all I wished to do. I have parable, not of myself, but of another-a friend 1 yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care I feared not life nor death, for I now knew that in Louisa came to hurry me away. "Hush !" I set my house in order. Now, whichever way God had. His color came and went-his hands trem- for them. The whole world is like the miller of wills the event, I am prepared. Life is not to me bled in my hold. I hid nothing ; I told of the wife's Mansfield, who cared for nobody-no, not he, be-* * * Ours was a brief engagement. Laurence The little one had ceased chattering: the father what it once was : yet, for Laurence's sake, and first horrible fear-of her misery-and the red flush cause nobody cared for him. But the whole world for one besides-Ah! now I dimly guess what that mounted to his very brow. I could have fallen at will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. poor mother felt, who, dying, left her child to the his feet, and prayed forgiveness; but I dared not Let all persons, therefore, see that you do care for at home-my sisters did not understand him. They * * * I think I should then have fallen down mercy of the bitter world. But, heaven's will be yet. At last I spoke of the end, still using the them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls He said, hoarsely, " Do you think the wife-a rade; whose voice is to still to cease, and which * * * It is all past and gone. I have been good and pure woman-would forgive all this?" manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks it was worth while, for Mr. Shelmerdine's grand Like lightning there flashed across me all the a mother-alas! have been; but I never knew it. - . Forgive! Oh! Laurence-Laurence!' and and little kind acts of attention, giving others the

For seven days, as they tell me, my babe lay by and still I love you -- I love you !

have no little face to dream of-no memory of the my knees, and wept.

my heart for good. It shall not fail him now : it like our mother, leaving off the winter sables when shear our sheep for winter : and God uses us as ror of the crime, I felt a sort of attraction ; it was happy we have been, and how dearly we have loved There is one thing which he must do; I will Joseph did his brother Benjamin ; we have many with a great cry our hearts long tortured-sprang least acknowledge and show kindness to his child. I how will be meet it? No matter; I must do right. ger than the provision made for our brothers of the

> How TO DE LOVED .- The late Hon. Wm. Wirt wrote to his daughter :

* * * I told him the story, as it were in a "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make

many weeks-to find the blessing had come, and A doubt seemed to strike him. "Adelaide- the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

The verdant landscape would become a barren "I have told. Husband, forgive! I know all moor, if no dews fell upon it. It comes so softly my side-its tiny hands touched mine-it lay on I did not say, I pardon. I would not let him that the delicate tint and bloom upon the plant is not damaged or distarbed. So God's swoet influed by the heats of the outer life, there come to the silent, waiting heart, refreshings from the eternal ed. He told it me the same night, when we sat in source of life and beauty.

> I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others, but usaless to themselves, like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but