

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

TERMS, 22¢ if paid in advance.

VOL. X.

WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.

NO. 3.

The Carleton Sentinel,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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

Published at Woodstock, N. B., every Saturday morning, by SAMUEL WATTS.

At his office, corner of Main and Water Streets.

All letters or communications addressed to him, on matters connected with the SENTINEL, must be Post Paid.

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No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

Inducements to Clipping:

Six copies, (one to the getter-up of the Club,) \$10 00

Ten copies, (to one address,) " " 15 00

Thirteen copies, " " " 19 00

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One square of twelve lines and under, first insertion, Five Shillings; each subsequent insertion, One Shilling and Three-Pence. For each line above twelve, Four-Pence per line for the first, and One Penny for each subsequent insertion.

Contracts for yearly advertising entered into on liberal terms.

THE SENTINEL

Book and Job Printing Establishment.

This Establishment having been supplied with a complete assortment of PLAIN and FANCY TYPES, the proprietors respectfully announce to the Public that he is prepared to fill all orders he may be favored with, for—

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, PROGRAMMES, AUCTION BILLS, SHOP BILLS, POSTERS, STEAMBOAT BILLS, BILL HEADS, CHECKS, LAW, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, LABELS, &c. &c.

With every other description of

PRINTING, Which will be executed with Neatness, Cheapness and Promptitude.

Business Cards.

DR. A. ARCHER, SURGEON DENTIST, (FROM ENGLAND.)

Tenders his services in all branches of DENTISTRY—Surgical, Artificial and Mechanical.

Residence—In Mr. Long's (late Mr. Whitfield Hart's) brick building, corner of York and King Streets, opposite the office of the Hon. J. A. Street.

Frederickton, 4th June.

J. READ & CO., DEALERS IN

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

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

JOHN C. WILKINSON, 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 carried attended to, and delivered on board steamer free of charge.

March 21. 30-ly

M-MACKIN & RITCHIE, WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS,

—AND IMPORTERS OF—Liquors, Teas, Sugars, Tobacco, Flour, Meal, &c.

35 Dock Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Nov. 23. 14-ly

CARD.

STEWART & McLEAN, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Wholesale Provisions, Fish and Oil Dealers, 47 Ferry Landing, Water Street, St. John, N. B.

HENRY HALE, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS, MELOPHONES, ACCORDEONS, and all kinds of Musical Instruments REPAIRED and TUNED.

* Orders received at the office of this paper. 9y

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

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

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS, CORN, FISH, 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. 8-ly

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. 8-ly

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. 8-ly

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

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

SODA, BUTTER, CRACKERS, WINE, BISCUIT, WATER, CRACKERS, GRAM, CRACKERS, GRAM, CRACKERS.

FAMILY PILOT, AND GROT BREAD; PILOT, ME, DUM AND NAVY BREAD.

* Packages delivered at Indian town free of charge. Orders from the country punctually attended to. Oct. 18. 8-ly

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 "Barker House."

MR. PHEASANT, (Organist of St. Luke's Church.)

TEACHER OF VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

* Organs, Piano-Fortes, &c. tuned.

* Rooms at English Hotel, where orders may be sent. July 31.

Poetry.

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 swart'ring lay.

O ho! a field! for the mower's scythe,

Hath a ring for a destiny,

Sweeping the earth of its barren lithe,

As it sung in watchful glee.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes

Of the yellow and bearded green,

And the flash of our sickle's light illumines

Our march o'er the vanquished plain.

anon, we come with the steel-drawn car—

The cunning of modern laws;

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and as he stooped I kissed his forehead. It was the seal of this promise—which may god give me strength to keep evermore!

We were laughing to-day—Laurence and I—about first loves. It was scarcely a subject for mirth: as a new married couple, who, in some comic fashion, mutually made the discovery of each other's "first loves." I said to my husband, smiling happily, "that he need have no such fear." And repeated, half in sport, the lines—

"He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast Like a 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 loved any one but me!"

"He looked pained, said coldly, 'I believe I 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 could not help again murmuring that question—'You love me? You do love me?'"

"I love you as I never before loved woman. I 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 made to have a moment's doubt of thee.

"* * * 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!—daily I grow closer to him—heart to heart. I understand him better—if possible, I love him more: with the wild worship of my girlhood, but with something deeper—more home-like. I would not have him an 'angel.' If I could, I would kiss all his 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 blocks from our path. Ours is truly a wedded life: not two jarring lives, but a harmonious and complete one."

I have taken a long journey, and am somewhat dreary at being away, even for three days, from my pleasant home. But Laurence was obliged to go, and I would not let him go alone; so though from tender fare, he urged me to stay, so kind and thoughtful he was, I could not resist his entreaties here would keep him much from me, he made me take likewise my sister Louisa. She is a good girl, and a dear girl; but I miss Laurence; I did especially in my walk to-day, through a lovely, wooded country and a sweet little village. I was thinking of him all the time; so much so, that I quite forgot what I heard of the village children should after as "Laurence."

Very foolish it is of me—a loving weakness I have not yet got over—but I never hear of my husband bears without a pleasant thrill; I never even see it written up in the street without turning again to look at it. So, unconsciously, I turned to the little rosy arch, where his grandeur honored by the name of "Laurence."

A pretty, sturdy boy, of five or six years old—a child to glad any mother. I wondered had he a mother? I staid and asked—I always notice children now. Oh! wonderful, solemn mystery sleeping at my heart, my hope, my joy, my prayer. I turned to the little rosy arch, where his grandeur honored by the name of "Laurence."

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