

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

TERMS, \$3 if paid in advance, \$5 at end of the year.

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A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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

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BY SAMUEL WATTS,

At his office, corner of Main and Water Streets.

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

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ROOM PAPERS, cheap in the city;

Table, Chairs, Pairs, Brooms,

Wash Boards, and Cattle Cards,

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## Select Tale.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

LOO LOO.

A FEW SCENES FROM A TRUE HISTORY.

Concluded.

Arrived at his stylish house, he escorted her to a large chamber elegantly furnished.

"I told you I would treat you like a princess," he said; "and I will keep my word."

"He would have saved himself, but she prevented him, saying, 'I have one favor to ask, and I shall be very grateful to you, if you will please to grant it.'"

"What is it, my charmer?" he inquired. "I will consent to anything reasonable."

"She answered, 'I could not get a wink of sleep in that filthy prison; and I am extremely tired. Please leave me till to-morrow.'"

"Ah, why did you compel me to send you to that abominable place? It grieved me to catch such a pearl among swine. Well, I want to convince you that I am a kind master; so I suppose I must consent. But you must reward me with a kiss before I go."

"This was the hardest trial of all; but she recollected the danger of exciting his suspicions, and complied. He returned it with so much ardor, that she pushed him away impulsively; but softening her manner immediately, she said in pleading tones, 'I am exceedingly tired; indeed I am.'"

"He lingered, and seemed very reluctant to go; but when she again urged her request, he said, 'Good night, my beauty! I will send you some refreshments for you, before you sleep.'"

"He went away, and she had a very uncomfortable sensation when she heard him lock the door behind him. A prisoner, with such a jailer! With a quick movement of disgust, she rushed to the water-basin, and washed her lips and her hands; but she felt that the stain was no obliteration could be made. The sense of degradation was so cruelly bitter, that it seemed to her as if she should die of very shame."

In a short time, an elderly mulatto woman, with a pleasant face, entered, bearing a tray of cakes, ices, and lemonade.

"Oh, don't be givin' up in dat ar way," said the mulatto, in kind, motherly tones. "De Lord a'n't a gwine to forsake ye. Ye may nigg' breathe what Aunt Debby tells yer. I see a poor ole nigger; but I hab' learned dat de darkest time is allers just afore de light come. Eat some of dese yer goodies. You oughter keep yourself strong fur de sake ob yer friends."

Loo Loo looked at her earnestly, and repeated, "Friends? How do you know I have any friends?"

"Oh, I see poor ole nigger," rejoined the mulatto. "I don't know nothin'."

The captive looked wistfully after her, as she left the room. She felt disappointed; for something in the woman's ways and tones had excited a hope within her. Again the key turned on the outside; but it was not long before Debby reappeared with a bouquet.

"Massa sent young Missis dese yer flowers," she said.

"Put them down," rejoined Loo Loo, languidly. "What shall I put 'em up?"

Debby cautioned her, by a shake of her finger, not to whisper. "Massa's out dar, waiting fur de key. De Lord's writin' on dem ar flowers." She lighted the lamps, and, after inquiring whether any thing else was wanted, she went out, saying, "Good night, missis. De Lord send ye pleasant dreams."

Again the key turned, and the door opened. Loo Loo eagerly untwisted the paper round the bouquet, and read these words: "Be ready for travelling. About midnight your door will be unlocked. Follow Aunt Debby with your shoes in your hand, and speak no word. Destroy this paper." To this Madame Labasse had added, "No stranger rise, ma chere."

Loo Loo's heart palpitated violently, and the blood rushed to her cheeks. Wearily as she was, she felt no inclination to sleep. As she sat there, longing for midnight, she had ample leisure to survey the apartment. It was, indeed, a bowery fit for a princess. The chairs, tables, and French bed were all ornamented with roses and lilies gracefully intertwined on a delicate fawn-colored ground. The tent-like canopy, that partially veiled the couch, was formed of pink and white striped muslin, draped on either side in ample folds, and fastened with garlands of roses. The pillow-cases were embroidered, perfumed, and edged with frills quilted as neatly as the petals of a dahlia. In one corner stood a small table, decorated with a very elegant Parisian tea-service for two. Lamps of cut glass illuminated the face of a large Psyche mirror, and on the table before it a diamond necklace and a pair of earrings sparkled in their crimson velvet case. Loo Loo looked at them with a half-ecstatic smile, and repeated to herself:

"He thought me somewhat high; since with me came a heart he couldn't buy."

She lowered the lamp to twilight softness, and tried to wait with patience. How long the hours seemed! Surely it must be past midnight. What if Aunt Debby had been detected in her plot? What if the master should come in her stead? Full of that fear, she tried to open the windows, and found them fastened on the outside. Her heart sank within her; for she had resolved, in the last emergency, to leap out and be crushed on the pavement. Suspense became almost intolerable. She listened, and listened. There was no sound, except a low snoring in the next apartment. Was it there, who was sleeping so near? She sat with her hands clasped, and her eyes fastened on the door. At last it opened, and Debby's brown face peeped in. They passed out together, the mulatto taking the precaution to lock the door and put the key in her pocket. Softly they went down stairs, through the kitchen, out into the adjoining alley. Two gentlemen with a carriage were in attendance. They sprang in, and were whirled away. After riding some miles, the carriage was stopped; and one of the gentlemen alighted and handed the woman out.

"My name is Dinmore," he said. "I am uncle to your friend, Frank Helper. You are to pass for my daughter, and Debby is my servant."

"And Alfred, Mr. Noble, I mean—where is he?" asked Loo Loo.

"He will follow in good time. Ask no more questions now."

The carriage rolled away; and the party it had conveyed were soon on their way to the North by an express-train.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety Alfred had endured from the time Loo Loo became the property of the auction-broker until he heard of her escape. From motives of policy he was kept ignorant of the persons employed, and of the measures they intended to take. In this state of suspense, his reason might have been endangered, had not Madame Labasse brought cheering messages, assuring him that all was carefully arranged, and success nearly certain.

When Mr. Grossman, late in the day, discovered that his prey had escaped, his rage knew no bounds. He offered one thousand dollars for her apprehension, and another thousand for the detection of any one who had aided her. He made successive attempts to obtain an indictment against Mr. Noble; but he was proved to have been distant from the scene of action, and there was no evidence that he had any connection with the mysterious affair. Failing in this, the exasperated auction-broker swore that he would have his heart's blood, for he knew the sly, smooth-spoken Yankee was at the bottom of it. He challenged him; but Mr. Noble, notwithstanding the arguments of Frank Helper, refused, on the ground that he held New England opinions on the subject of duelling. The Kentucky

ian could not understand that it required a far higher kind of courage to refuse than it would have done to accept. He was in the street, but without in- ward, and shot at him in the street, but without in- flicting a very serious wound. Thenceforth he went armed, and his friends kept him in sight. But he probably owed his life to the fact that Mr. Grossman was compelled to go to New Orleans suddenly, on urgent business. Before leaving, the latter sent messengers to Savannah, Charleston, Louisville, and elsewhere; exact descriptions of the fugitive were posted in all public places, and the offers of reward were doubled; but the activity thus excited proved all in vain. The runaway had travelled night and day, and were in Canada before their pursuers reached New York. A few lines from Mr. Dinmore announced this to Frank Helper, in phraseology that could not be understood, in case the letter should be inspected at the post-office. He wrote: "I told you we intended to visit Montreal; and by the date, you will see that I have carried my plan into execution. My daughter likes the place so much that I think I shall leave her here for awhile in charge of our trusty servant, while I go home to look after my affairs."

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Mr. Noble ascertained the process by which his friends had succeeded in effecting the rescue. Aunt Debby owed her master a grudge for having repeatedly sold her children; and just at that time a fresh wound was rankling in her heart, because her only son, a bright lad of eighteen, of whom Mr. Grossman was the reputed father, had been sold to a slave-trader to help raise the large sum he had given for Loo Loo. Frank Helper's friends, having discovered this state of affairs, opened a negotiation with the mulatto woman, promising to send both her and her son to Canada, if she would assist them in their plans. Aunt Debby chuckled over the idea of her master's disappointment, and was eager to seize the opportunity of being reunited to her last remaining child. The lad was accordingly purchased by the gentleman who distributed oranges in the prison, and was sent to Canada, according to promise. Mr. Dinmore, a maternal uncle of Frank Helper, had been visiting the South, and was then about to return to New York. When the story was told to him, he said nothing would please him more than to take the fugitives under his own protection.

SCENE V.

Mr. Noble arranged the wreck of his affairs as speedily as possible, and then he started for Montreal. The evening before he started, Frank Helper waited upon Mr. Grossman, and said: "That handsome slave you have been trying so hard to catch is doubtless beyond your reach, and will take good care not to come within your power. Under these circumstances, I have nothing to offer you; but for the sake of quieting the uneasiness of my friend Noble, I will give you eight hundred dollars to relinquish all claims to her."

The broker flew into a violent rage. "I'll see you both damned first," he replied. "I shall trip you up yet. I'll keep the money over my head, and curse both as long as I live. I wouldn't mind spending ten thousand dollars to be revenged on that infernal Yankee chertail. Words are inadequate to describe the emotions excited by reunion, after such dreadful perils and hairbreadth escapes. Their marriage was solemnized as soon as possible; but the wife being an article of property, according to American law, she refused to return to her husband. Alfred obtained some writing to do for a commercial house, while Loo Loo instructed little girls in dancing and embroidery. Her character had strengthened under the severe ordeals through which she had passed. She began to question the rightfulness of being indentured as she had done. Those cruel scenes in the slave-prison made her reflect that sympathy with the actual miseries of life was better than weeping over romances. She was rising above the deleterious influence of her early education, and beginning to feel the dignity of usefulness. She said to her husband, 'I shall not be sorry if we are always poor. It is so pleasant to help you, who have done so much for me! And Alfred, dear, I want to give some of my earnings to Aunt Debby. The poor old soul is trying to lay up money to pay that Canada debt. Surely I ought to help him, who is less fortunate than I have. Sometimes, when I lie awake in the night, I have very solemn thoughts come over me. It was truly a wonderful Providence that twice saved me from the dreadful fate that awaited me. I can never be grateful enough to God for sending me such a blessed friend as my good Alfred.'"

They were living thus contented with their humble lot, when a letter from Frank Helper announced that the extensive house of Grossman & Co. had stopped payment, and among them was the title to their beautiful fugitive. The chance of capture was considered so hopeless, that when Mr. Helper bid sixty-two dollars, no one bid over him; and she became his property, until there was time to transfer the legal claim to her purchaser. He was feeling that they could now be safe under their own vine and fig-tree, Alfred returned to the United States, where he became first a clerk, and afterward a prosperous merchant. His natural organization unfitted him for conflict, and though his rough adventures had imbued him with a thorough abhorrence of slavery, he stood aloof from the ever-increasing agitation on that subject; but every New Year's day, one of the Vigilance Committees for the relief of fugitive slaves received one hundred dollars "from an unknown friend." As his pecuniary means increased, he purchased several slaves, who had been in his employ at Mobile, and established them as servants in Northern hotels. Madame Labasse was invited to spend the remainder of her days under his roof; but she came only in the summers, being unable to conquer her slaving dread of snow-storms.

Loo Loo's personal charms attracted attention wherever she made her appearance. At church, and other public places, people pointed her out to strangers, saying, "That is the wife of Mr. Alfred Noble. She was the orphan daughter of a rich planter at the South, and had a great inheritance left to her; but Mr. Noble lost it all in the financial crisis of 1837." Her real history remained a secret, locked within her own breasts. Of their three children, the youngest was named Loo Loo, and greatly resembled her beautiful mother. She was six years old, and her portrait was taken in a grey hat garnished with red berries. She was dancing round a little white dog, and long streamers of ribbon were fluttering behind her. Her father had it framed in an arched environment of vine-work, and presented it to his wife on her thirtieth birthday. Her eyes moistened as she gazed upon it; then, kissing his hand, she looked up in the old way, and said, "I thank you, sir, for buying me."

The French Gazette Medicale states that by an accident charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon the burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

How much pain those evils cost us that never happen!

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.



## TIMBER BERTHS.

Crown Land Office, 23rd June, 1858.

THE right of Licence to cut Timber and Lumber until the first day of May 1859, on Crown Lands in the following situations, which were last year under Licence to the undermentioned persons, will be offered for sale at this office by Public Auction, on the following days. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock on the forenoon of each day:

Tuesday, 20th July—Restigouche and Nepisiguit Rivers, &c.

Wednesday, 21st July—Grand Lake, Kennebecasis, Oromocto and Little Rivers, &c.

Thursday, 22nd July—Petitcodiac, Musquash, and St. Croix Rivers, &c.

Friday, 23rd July—Grand Lake, Kennebecasis, Oromocto and Little Rivers, &c.

Saturday, 24th July—Nashua, Pokio, Desaguine, Tobique, and Green Rivers, &c.

(Not to interfere with any Lots of Land located, or which may have been applied for within one year previous to the 23rd day of June inst.)

(In all cases of competition, the purchaser must immediately pay the purchase money, or else the Berth will be again forthwith offered for sale, including bids from the defaulter.)

Upset Price.—Twenty Shillings per square mile.

RESTIGOUCHE AND NEPISIGUIT RIVERS, &c.

Tuesday, 20th July.

No. Name. Sq. M. Situation.

557 Adam Ferguson 5 Restigouche River

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