

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. X.

WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1857.

TERMS, \$2 if paid in advance.

NO. 7.

## 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 paid.

Advertisements—Ten Shillings per annum if paid in advance; Twelve Shillings and Sixpence if not paid in advance, and paid before the expiration of six months; and Fifteen Shillings if not paid till the end of the year.

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.

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SHEET MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS, MELOPHONES, ACCORDIONS, and all kinds of Musical Instruments repaired and tuned.

\* Orders received at the office of this paper.

W. H. GIBBON,

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AND

AGENT FOR THE SALE OF

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MOLASSES,

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS,

CORRAGE, FISH,

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

FRUIT, &c., &c.

\* A good assortment of the above constantly on hand and sold at the cheapest rates.

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St. John, Oct. 18, 57

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A constant supply of all kinds of DRY & PICKLED Fish always on hand.

Oct. 18, 57

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Marriage & Sleigh Manufacturers.

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Oct. 18, 57

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SODA, BUTTER, CRACKERS,

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FAMILY PILLOT, AND GROT BREAD; PILLOT, ME, DRY AND NAVY BREAD.

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Oct. 18, 57

WM. PAISLEY,

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Teas, Tobacco, Fruits, Spices, &c.

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

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July 31, 57

## Poetry.

### THE SPIRITS' ENQUIRY.

Tell me, ye bright-hued flowers,  
That mock the sun and rain,  
And through the laughing summer hours  
Paint valley, hill and plain,  
Who shields ye in the storms,  
With all a father's care?

Who clothed your incense-laden forms,  
And placed you smiling there?  
Each flower, uprising from the verdant sod,  
Ope'd its bright eyes, and sweetly murmured—God.

Tell me, ye mighty winds,  
Where is your dwelling-place?  
Who'er your rushing courses bind,  
Or guide them on their race?

Who bids the awful deep  
To tremble at thy voice,  
Or, when thy soft gales onward sweep,  
Earth's green vales to rejoice?

The winds were silent in their far abode,  
And reverently whispered, *Lo, our God!*

Tell me, ye stars above,  
Who work your pathway lone!  
And with the wondrous beams of love  
Still leads you nightly on?

Who bade your hosts of light  
Their brightness thus display?  
And made the glories of the night  
Exceed the fairer day?

The stars their lofty courses onward trod,  
But all their radiant fires re-echoed—*God.*

Who gave to dust a form,  
And glorious image fair,  
Then breathed into it life, all warm,  
And wrote "Eternal" there?

Who shined a deathless soul  
Within this form of clay,  
And placed the record on the scroll  
That fadeeth not away?

Earth, Air and Sky replied with one accord,  
And Man alone refused to answer—*God.*

THE WISHING GATE.

It was rushbearing-time at Greenside, in the north country, the last Saturday of July, the day whereon the earthen floors of our small churches have their carpeting renewed with rushes from Minster Mere. There were two wagons full of them; and upon the horses' heads that drew them waved their feathery tops; and in the drivers' hats, like brightly plumed, they nodded; and upon the laits of each of the hand that followed, playing *Annie Laurie*, they kept measure with the time; and bound up gracefully with wreaths of wild flowers, and carried by young girls, still came the Minster rushes in procession. Where the twain rivers run into the Mere, they grow upon a bank of sand, and the little bay beyond, under those rugged rocks whose heads are purple with the heather. This is a good holiday with us at Greenside; the shops—there are but two in all the village—are shut, as though it were Sunday; and a church bell is changing; it is the same which tolls for service and knells for burials, but no one can mistake its tones to day for anything but merriment. Every urchin in the place is having his pull at it, and, as many as can, together, so that it never gives two tinkles alike. To be carried up by it to the belfry, and so his head above the clouds, is rare fun. On the women-folk are employed for days upon these garlands, and every household strives that out of it shall be chosen the rushbearing queen.

"The fatter the ribbons the better, Phoebe," was Dame Forrest's advice to her daughter upon this occasion; and Phoebe—who was but sixteen, and likely to err upon the ribbon side, made a simple circle of blue flowers round her rushes, and was proclaimed queen by acclamation. "Hail beautiful Phoebe Forest!" hail, pretty queen of the rush-bearing!" It was the proudest moment of her young life, walking at the head of her subjects; as it was too, without question, that of her mother, whose eyes, however, were filled with tears; the proudest, too, of Leonard Hirds, her lover, whose look never strays away from her, nor relaxes in its steadiness: one would think he was watching a deer in Martindale, lest it should creep out of rifle range. A powerful young fellow, with a fine face, as it was too, without question, that of her mother, whose eyes, however, were filled with tears; the proudest, too, of Leonard Hirds, her lover, whose look never strays away from her, nor relaxes in its steadiness: one would think he was watching a deer in Martindale, lest it should creep out of rifle range.

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a more lovely dwelling place than that on which the perfect moon was then outpouring her silver tresses, and songs of the melody-makers yet ceased, but came up from the valley beneath the mountain sides, which set the clouds aloft over the gentle wind, but could not bend the fir-trees on their crests; the lake lay sleeping with a quiet smile, like a maiden dreaming of love. It is of love, too, the painter dreams as his charmed eyes wander over the scene. His lips are parted with a smile, too, as he whispers his wish across the gate. How many half-believers before him have done the same, in that same place! How the carved day is cut along and across with the various devices of men! Some of them in sober prose, and some in simple song, but all of the earth, early.

"A wedding Cottage and Grove" is also, the best of them. "Edmond" is the limit of one ambitious mortal's wishes; and "A five pound note" contents another. "Carriage and Pair," exceedingly well cut, and with a flourish, must, we think, be a young lady's vision of bliss, and "Susan" is unmistakably a young gentleman's. "King at Carle" is the most remarkable inscription, and would puzzle many to decipher; but Meredith, who is an excellent wrestler himself, and well conversant in Westmorland aspirations, recognizes at once the darling hope of some young athlete that he may win the champion's belt at the approaching meeting at Carle, Canby. Frank Meredith smiles again and again at all these things, but, nevertheless, he draws forth his penknife, and begins to inscribe a little wish of his own heart. "P" — that has something to do with painting, or perhaps power. "P" — that may possibly be the way in which an eccentric genius may spell fame: "PHIBBE FORREST" — the note of admiration is our own — is what it all came to.

"And here she is," said a sweet voice as he finished the inscription, and the queen of the rush-bearing was standing by his side. She had laid aside her sceptre, and taken the wreath of flowers from her head, but looked not a whit less lovely than before. Frank gazed at her an instant, as though she were indeed a supernatural visitant who had obeyed his call, and then convinced himself of her humanity by an embrace. He was very handsome, and although still something too youthful in figure, had a frame well cut and active. The two seemed, at that time and place, to be the fit inhabitants of some new Eden Garden.

"I could not come before," she said, "Frank, for Leonard made me dance with him three dances on the green there; and as it is, I fear he half-suspects us. A shrill scream followed the sentences, as the huge form of the young daleman strode in between the pair.

"I do suspect you, Phoebe, and I blush for you," he said. "Go you home to your mother, venge at once; for this young gentleman, I will take his chastisement in my own hands."

"Silence!" cried Phoebe, "exclaimed Frank. "By what right, man, do you dare interfere between her and me?"

"Because I am her cousin, Mr. Meredith, and shall be her husband. Because I would not have your blood upon my hands, which, as there is a God in heaven, would be for dishonour."

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general without regard to weight. We of Greenside had several likely youths, but Leonard Hirds was our best man by far. Much to our astonishment, we saw the young painter drawing his lance amongst the rest, at whom Leonard threw a contemptuous smile and, was evidently disappointed at not being in the pair with him. Frank Meredith looked on with a wistful eye. One ancient wrestler, having been blown away by powder-blasts in Langdale—who always attends this scene of his former feats, assured us that "the bonny lad would be broken about the middle;" and indeed he did look rather wistful about the waist. His first competitor was a large and powerful fellow; and when, after a long struggle, Frank cast him to the earth by the "swinging" style—the knee thrown inward sharply against the adversary's thigh—there arose a great cry of astonishment and joy. He was afterwards lucky in his drawing for some time, and obtained pretty easy victories; his beauty and youthfulness, the smile upon his face as he shook hands before each contest; and the sympathy which he regarded his unsuccessful rivals, made him popular with the whole assembly, albeit there was not one amongst them who could hope for his final success. Nevertheless, it did so happen that the day was won, and the pairs grew fewer and fewer, and Leonard Hirds and Frank Meredith alone "stood up" of all competitors. There had been a quiet determination about the latter throughout, like the concentrated purpose of revenge, which had prompted him to take the minutest pains in every contest, and the former had thrown his opponents to right and left like a man, as though they were insects, and his opponent to some more worthy antagonist; both had opened their hot-tickets with goodliness, and read them with disappointment; each desired, up till now, to combat with his particular foe. The embittered champion's belt, and the honor of being "king at Carle," were in his mind, and he was now determined to win it, and the excitement grew intense. It was evident that Leonard Hirds thought seriously of the task before him, and would not stop a chance of success through contempt of his less sturdy rival. They were to wrestle for the best of three falls; and it was evident from the beginning that the deal of the stronger was, in every respect, to be his. Frank instantly obtained his hold, but the other refused to clasp his own hands for a great while, so that the strain might fatigue his antagonist. Many shouted to the young painter to beware of this, for he was a favorite, as we have said, and kindled many a heart against the daleman. Leonard, however, was waiting for his opportunity; and at last, with a suddenness which was almost startling, he seized the other by the wrist, and threw him over his head, and he lay on his back, and the contest was over. Leonard Hirds was now two to one, and his strength seemed failing amidst. Some spoke to him datteringly of his having obtained the second prize; and even his rival, as he shook hands after the fall, said something to the same effect, to which Frank answered in a fierce whisper, that he would throw him yet, and be "king at Carle" all his life. It seemed as though the painter's day had come.

Leonard lifted himself up with pain to grasp his rival's hand, and tears were standing in his eyes, as after a little pause, he said: "Thank you, thank you, Sir! I don't wonder at Phoebe Forest's preferring so generous a fellow to me."

From what I read, too, on the "Wishing-gate" after right, I think I know the cause of your strain. With my aunt, her mother, I beg then to transfer to you. I took too much upon me every day, trusting to this brute strength of mine, and I am fully humbled."

"Nay, then," said Frank. "You have more reason to be proud of yourself than ever, and have conquered at Carle indeed."

There was great disappointment and great disapprobation when it was known that Meredith had given up so good a chance, and "laid down" without a struggle to his antagonist.

That thought that he would be "king at Carle" was now, for the time, a thing of the past. Leonard Hirds was now two to one, and his strength seemed failing amidst. Some spoke to him datteringly of his having obtained the second prize; and even his rival, as he shook hands after the fall, said something to the same effect, to which Frank answered in a fierce whisper, that he