The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

TERMS, $2 if paid in advance. $3 at end of the year.

VOL. X. WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1857. NO. 12.

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.*

TERMS.—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 arreages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

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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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☞ 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 proprietor respectfully announces to the Public that he is prepared to fulfil all orders he may be favored with, for—

BOOKS,
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CATALOGUES,
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*** GARMENTS made to measure in a superior manner, and at the lowest prices.

St. John, Oct. 10.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE Subscribers have entered into Co-partnership under the Firm of HAMILTON & UNDERHILL as

IMPORTERS and WHOLESALE Dealers in

Flour, Provisions and Groceries.

No. 15 SOUTH MARKET WHARF, St. John, N. B,

JAMES W. HAMILTON.
JACOB D. UNDERHILL.

St. John, 24th April, 1857.

DR. A. ARCHER,

SURGEON DENTIST,

(FROM EDINBURGH,)

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.

Fredericton, 4th June. 42tf

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. 30-1y

M'MACKIN & RITCHIE,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS,

—AND IMPORTERS OF—

Liquors, Teas, Sugars, Tobacco, Flour, Meal, &c.,

THOMAS A. M'MACKIN. 16 Dock-street,
GEORGE M. RITCHIE. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

C.A.R.D.

STEWART & McLEAN,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Wholesale Provisions, Fish and Oil Dealers.

tf Ferry Landing, Water-street, St. John, N. B.

HENRY HALE,

Queen-street,.....Fredericton, N. B.

DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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

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

RANKINE'S

Steam Biscuit Manufactory,

MILL STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

SODA, WINE, GRAHAM, GROCERS, } BISCUIT. BUTTER, SUGAR, WATER, GRAHAM, } CRACKERS.

FAMILY PILOT, AND GROT BREAD; PILOT, MEDIUM AND NAVY BREAD.

☞ Packages delivered at Indian Town free of charge. Orders from the country punctually attended do.

Oct. 18. 8yp

WM. PAISLEY,

Importer and Dealer in

Flour, Meal, Sugar, Molasses, Pork, Fish, Teas, Tobaccos, 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's Hotel, where orders may be left. July 31.

A CARD.

DR. S. SMITH

HAS removed his Office to the Shop lately occupied by W. L. FERGUSON, Esq.

*** Residence in the same house.

Woodstock, March 3.

SCAMMELL HOTEL,

(LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,)

KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

W. SCAMMELL Proprietor.

Oct. 18. 8tf

Fredericton Advertisements.

ALBION HOUSE

ALBION HOUSE

FALL IMPORTATIONS!

Received per packets 'Boadicea' and 'John Duncan.'

JOHN THOMAS & CO.,

HAVING received the whole of their large and well-assorted Stock, take great pleasure in informing the public generally that, notwithstanding the great advance on all kinds of

DRY GOODS,

they can offer their Goods at astonishingly low prices. Each department will be found replete with

Every Novelty of the Season.

☞ *An Early Call is respectfully solicited.* ☜

JOHN THOMAS & CO.

Fredericton, Oct. 14, 1857.

SOME OF THE VARIETIES.

Crowbars, Portmonaies, Blacksmiths' Bellows, Gun Caps, Force Pump, Note Paper, Blacksmith's Anvil, Envelopes, Surgical Instruments, Pistols, Double Harness, Emery, Shower Bath, Glove Stretchers, Window Glass, Fiddles, Revolving Rifle, Corks, Camera and apparatus, Salts, Fenders, Razor Strops, Varnish, Preserve Cans, Cream Tartar, Books, Rubber Hose, Devine's Cathartic, Bake Pans, Empty Bottles, Paints, Spiders, Trunks, 56-lb. Weights, Bed Pans,

Griddles, Peep Shows, Washing Soda, Travelling Bags, Tamarinds, Coffee Mills, Room Paper, Pepper, Trunk Nails, Alum, Raisins, Homeopathic Medicines, Starch, Clocks, Powder, Knives and Forks, Auger Bitts, Snuff, Corn Poppers, Chamois Skins, Lamp Chimneys, Crimping Machines, Portfolios, Mahogany and Rosewood Knobs, Dish Covers, Soap, Bed Cords, Rose Water, Porcelain Knobs, Scrub Brushes, Fairbanks' Scales, Pop Pistols, Otter Traps, and Wax Dolls, at

MARTIN LEMONT'S,

Fredericton, Oct 3. No. 5 Coy's Building.

Confections! Confections!

THE subscriber respectfully informs the traders of Wood stock and surrounding country, that he manufactures, and keeps constantly on hand, a large variety of CONFECTIONS of the very best quality. As he uses none but the best material, and sells at the lowest price, strong inducements are offered to intending purchasers to call, before buying elsewhere. All orders promptly and carefully attended to.

☞ Shop in Queen-street, Fredericton, opposite the Central Bank. SAMUEL BAXTER.

Oct. 7tf11.

IRON

Bridges, Lighthouses, &c.

THE Iron Bridge Association, 58 Pall Mall, London, manufacture and prepare, ready for erection, IRON BRIDGES of every description, on the Tubular, Suspension, and other principles, and well suited for Country, Railway, Park, or Ornamental Bridges, also Iron Girders, Screw Piles, Landing Piers, &c.

*** Orders for the above manufactures received by the subscriber, and also for the construction of Iron Lighthouses and Gas Works.

Information given to enquiries, (pre-paid) from Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, &c. A. SIBBALD.

Agent for New Brunswick.

Fredericton, July 31, 1857.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Reduction in Price.

AS money is scarce, and times very dull, the subscriber finds it necessary to sell Goods at the very smallest profit that will pay expenses; and, as he has a very large stock of English and American Goods to arrive this Fall, and a large stock on hand, he is obliged to sell very low to dispose of them, so as to meet his payments: consequently, from the present time, Goods may be purchased at his store for a trifle over the cost; and, as he always keeps a first-rate article on hand, purchasers can be sure to get the worth of their money, and *probably a little more.*

Always on hand:

Note Paper, Letter Paper, Foolscap, ruled & plain; Envelopes, Wax, Ink, Pens, Pencils, Slates; Memo. Books, Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, setts of do. for a small business, very low; Folios, School Paper, Fancy Note and Letter Papers; Envelopes and Note Paper, silver-bordered, for weddings, with silver wafers to match; Red Wafers, Music Paper, Music in sheet, half price; School Books of all descriptions; Novels, bound and unbound; large assortment of Children's Toy Books; small Gilt Books for children; Dictionaries, Histories, Biographies; a large and very cheap assortment of Religious Books and Tracts; Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, Albums, Books for Christmas and New Year Presents, Poems, Song Books, Riddle Books and Story Books; with a large assortment of Fancy Goods, gold and silver Pens and Pencils, Rubber do., Knives, Inkstands, Paper Cutters, Fancy Pen Wipers, and a thousand other things too numerous to advertise.

50 reams WRAPPING PAPER;
500 COPY BOOKS, assorted.

☞ Friends, call and examine!

S. R. MILLER,
Opposite Officers Barracks.

☞ BINDING, in all its various branches, executed in the neatest and most fashionable style, and upon as low terms as any other establishment in the Province.

Fredericton, Sept. 18, 1857.

NEW MUSIC! NEW MUSIC!

Just received at the Musical Exchange,

A FURTHER supply of SHEET MUSIC, BOOKS, &c. among which may be found some beautiful Duetts, in Songs and Instrumental Music; LIGHT SPARKS, a beautiful collection of Marches, Polkas, Schottisches, Cotillions, Waltzes, &c., carefully fingered for Young Beginners: Selections of Music from nearly all the Operas; a further supply of that popular Song, "Darling Nellie Gray." Teachers supplied on the same terms as in Boston.

Call and examine one of A. W. Ladd & Co.'s Paris Prize Piano-Fortes, which has just been received.—Also, Treat & Lindsay's Melodeons, the best-toned that are made.

P.S. Orders from a distance (post paid) immediately attended to.

Piano-Fortes, Melodeons, Accordeons, Flutinas, & all kinds of Musical Instruments tuned and repaired General Repairing HENRY HALE.

Fredericton, July 3.

TEA, TOBACCO, SALERATUS.

10 HALF-CHESTS SOUCHONG TEA, 5 do. Oolong TEA. 2 Kegs H. Watkin's TOBACCO, 6 boxes fine Chewing TOBACCO, 6 do. Chamberlain's SALERATUS.

For sale low for cash.

Fredericton, Aug. 28. ROBERT S. BAILEY.

Pickles, Sauces, &c.

12 DOZ. English and American ass'd Pickles; 3 doz. ass'd Sauces; 3 doz. flasks Salad Oil; 5 doz. Lemon Syrup; 12 doz. Castor Oil.

Fredericton, July 24. WM. PAISLEY.

Poetry.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I once had a little daughter,
Who was bright and fair to view;
Her steps were as light as a fairy,
Her eyes were of azure blue;
Her hair hung in beautiful tresses
O'er her brow so pearly white;
She appeared to all as a spirit,
Or as an angel of light.
I loved her with fond devotion,
And oft on my throbbing breast
She has lain her head so fondly,
And there found a spot to rest.

Death came one day to my treasure,
When the earth was white with snow,
And wrapt my heart in his mantle—
His mantle of grief and woe.
The light of her eye grew darkened,
The rose left her pallid cheek,
And we who beheld her dying
Our bitterness could not speak.
She looked like one of God's angels—
Methinks that I see her now,
With a ray of heavenly glory
Adorning her marble brow.

They buried my little daughter
In the cold and silent ground,
While the mild rays of a winter's sun
Were kindly beaming down.
The wind, through the leafy branches
Of a noble forest tree,
Made a strain of mournful music—
A saddened strain to me;
And oft, in the depths of winter,
I wander alone to weep,
Where my angel daughter is sleeping
Her peaceful, unbroken sleep.

Select Tale.

A WOOING AND WEDDING

OF 17—.

III.—(*Continued.*)

There was brief space now for Nelly's buying pearlins and pinners and sacques and mantles, and all a young matron's bravery, or for decorating a guest chamber for the ceremony; but Lady Carnegie was not to be balked for trifles, and Nanny Swinton stitched day and night, with the salt tears from aged eyes, rarely wet, moistening her thread; and Nelly did not swerve from her compact, acting mechanically with the others, as she was told.—With a strange pallor on the olive of her cheek, and swollen, burning lids drooping over sunk violet lines, and cold, trembling hands, she bore Stanecholme's stated presence in these long, cold March afternoons. He never addressed her particularly, although he took many a long, sore look. Few and formal were the lover's devoirs expected or permitted then.

The evening was raw and rainy; elderly gentlemen would have needed their "lass with a lantern" to escort them from their chambers. The old city guard sputtered their Gaelic, and stamped up and down for warmth; the chairmen drank their last fee to keep out the cold, and in and out the low doorways moved middle-aged women in curch and short gown, and bare feet, who, when snooded maidens, had gazed on the white cockade, and the march of Prince Charlie Stewart and his Highlandmen. Down the narrow way, in the drizzly dusk, ran a slight figure, muffled entirely in one of those screens that shrouded the luckless visitors of the Italian doctore—the bewildered, horror-struck gazers into his misty mirror. Fleet of foot was the runner, but her very speed was her defeat; she held her course blindly, for twice she came in contact with intervening obstacles—water-stoups on a threshold, gay ribands fluttering from a booth.—Flying from worse than death, with dim prospects of begging her way to the North, to the brother she had parted from a child: ghastly suggestions, like lightning flashes, of seizing a knife from the first butcher's block and ending her misery. She had never heard the fate of the young Roman girl looking into her father's ruthless eyes, but she knew

Bonny, Bawbie Livingstone
Playin' at her ba',
She's met wi' Lord Linlyon
Who's stown her awa'.

And she could have lifted up her hands to high Heaven, and shrieked out the malison—

Now woe to you Linlyon,
An ill death may ye dee.

Hasty steps treading fast upon her track—she distinguished them with morbid acuteness through the speed of her own flight. Mingled steps, a feeble, hurrying foot-fall, and an iron tread; she threaded a group of bystanders, and, weak, helpless girl, prepared to dive into a mirk close. Not this black opening, Nelly Carnegie: it is doomed to bear for generations a foul stain—the scene of a mystery no Scottish law-court can clear—the Begbie murder. But it was no seafaring man, with Cain's red right hand, that rushed after trembling, fainting Nelly Carnegie; it was the tender arms where she had laid as an infant that first clutched her dress, it was a kindly tongue that faltered its faithful distressed petition—

"Come back, come back, Miss Nelly, afore the Leddy finds you out; ye hae me refuge, an' yer traced already by mair than me."

Strong hands were upon her, holding her like a fluttering moth, or a wild panting leveret, or a lapwing beating its wings; doing her no violence—as who would brush off the down, or tear the soft fur, or break the ruffled feathers?—but against which she struggled so frantically that poor old Nanny interposed—

"Na, sir; let her be; she'll gae hame wi' me, her ain born serving-woman. And oh, Stanecholme, be not hard, it's her last nicht."

That was Nelly Carnegie's marriage eve.

On the morrow the marriage was celebrated.—The bridegroom might pass in his manly prime and his scarlet coat, although a dowf gallant; but who would have thought that Nelly Carnegie in the white brocade that was her grandmother's the day that made her sib to Rothes—Nelly Carnegie who flouted at love and lovers, and sported a free, light, brave heart, would have made so dowie a bride?—But the company consisted only of Lady Carnegie's starched cousins, with their husbands and their daughters, who yet hoped to out rival Nelly with her gloomy Lauderdale Laird.

The hurried ceremony excused the customary festivities: and the family party could keep counsel and preserve a discreet blindness when the ring dropped from the bride's fingers, and the wine stood untasted before her, while Lady Carnegie did the honors as if lonely age and narrow circumstances did not exist.

IV.

The March sun shone clear and cold on grey Stanecholme, standing on the verge of a wide moor, with the troubled German Ocean for a background, and the piping east wind rattling each casement. There was haste and hurry in Stanecholme, from the Laird's mother down through her buxom merry daughters, to the bare-headed servant-lasses, and the substitutes for groom and lacquey, in coarse home-spun and honest broad blue bonnets. There was bustle in the little dining-room, with its high windows which the sea-foam sometimes dimmed—with its spindle-legged chairs and smoked pictures; blythe work in the cheerful hall, in whose broad chimney great sea-coal fires blazed—at whose humming wheels the young Mays of Stanecholme, as well as its dependents, still took their morning turn; willing toil in the sleeping-rooms, with their black cabinets and heavy worsted curtains; a thronged *melee* in the court formed by the outhouses, over whose walls the small-leaved ivy of the coast clustered uninjured. Stanecholme's favorite horse was rubbing down; Stanecholme's dogs were airing in couples; even the tenantry of the never-failing pigeon-house at the corner of the old garden were in turmoil, for half a score of their number had been transferred to the kitchen, this morning, to fill the goodly pasties which were to anticipate the blackberry tarts and sweet puddings, freezing in rich cream. But the sun had sunk behind the moor, where the broom was only budding, and the last sea-mew had flown to its scaur, and the smouldering whins had leaped up into the first yellow flame of the bonfires that were to light the darkness and commemorate the day far and near, and the more shifting, fantastic, brilliant banners of the aurora borealis shot across the frosty sky, as when Derwentwater laid his head on the block—before the first faint shout announced that Stanecholme and his lady had come home. With his wife behind him on his bay, with pistols at his saddle-bow, and "Jock" on the "long-tailed pad" at his back, with tenant retainers and veteran domestics pressing round, and ringing shouts and homely buzzas and good wishes filling the air, heavy with the smoke of good cheer, Stanecholme rode in, and lifting down an unresisting burden, took in his a damp, passive hand, and throwing over his shoulder brief, broken thanks, hurried after the flitting lights, up the flight of stairs, through the rambling, crooked passages, into the hall.

Stanecholme was always a man of few words.—Stanecholme was taken up, as should be, with the little lady, whose habit trailed behind her, and who never raised her modest eyes. "Well a day, the Laird's bargain was of sma' book," but "Hurrah" for the fat brose and lumps of corned beef, and the ale and the whiskey, with which they were to be regaled.

In the hall stood Joan and Madge and Mysie, panting to see their grand Edinburgh sister, only hindered from running down into the yard by the deposed mistress of Stanecholme, whose hair was as white as snow, who wore no mode mantle nor furbelows nor laces, like proud Lady Carnegie, but a warm plaiden gown and a clean mob cap, with huge keys and huswife balancing each other at each pocket-hole, and whose cracked voice was very sweet as she reiterated "Bide till he bring her here, my bairns," and her kindly smile motherly to the whole world. But think you poor vanquished Nelly Carnegie's trampled-upon heart leapt up to meet these Homes—that her eyes glanced cordially at Joan and Madge and Mysie—that her cheek was bent gratefully to receive old Lady Stanecholme's caress? No, no

When she reached Linlyon yett,
And lichtet on the green,
And like ane spak Earse to her,
She fast the tears ran down.

Nelly was too wretched to cry, but she stood there like a marble statue, with no more feeling or show of feeling. Was this colorless, motionless young girl, in her dusty, disarranged habit, the feather of her hat ruffled by the wind, the gay Edinburgh beauty who had won Stanecholme? What glamor of perverse fashion had she cast into his eyes!

"Wae's me, would dule never end in this weary warld? Adam, lad, Adam, what doom have ye dragged down on yoursel?"

While the thoughtless, self-absorbed girls drew back in disappointment, Lady Stanecholme met her son's proud eyes, and, stepping past him, let her hand press lightly for a second on his shoulder, as she took in hers Nelly's lifeless fingers, and said, simply, "You are cold and weary, my dear, and supper is served, and we'll no bide making compliments, but you're welcome hame to your ain gudeman's house and folk; and so I'll lead you to your chamber in Stanecholme, and to the table-head, your future place." And on the way she explained with noble humility that she did not wait for a rejoinder, because she had been deaf ever since Stanecholme rode poste haste from Edinburgh from the last sitting of the Parliament; and since she was growing old, although it was pleasant to serve the bairns, yet she would be glad to relinquish her cares and retire to the chimney corner to her wheel and her book; and she blessed the Lord she had lived to see the young mistress of Stanecholme who would guide the household when she was at her rest. Nelly heard not, did not care to recognise that the Lady of Stanecholme—looks, words, and actions—was beautiful with the rare beauty of a meek, quiet, loving spirit, that in those troublous days had budded and bloomed and been mellowed by time and trial; and that had she, Nelly Carnegie, chosen, she whose own mother's heart had never melted towards her, might have nestled in that bosom as in an ark of peace.

When Lady Stanecholme conducted Nelly down the wide staircase into the chill dining-room, to the chair opposite the claret-jug of the master of the house, Nelly drew back with sullen determination.

"Na, but, my bairn, I'm blithe for you to fill my place: Stanecholme's mither may well make room for Stanecholme's wife," urged the lady, gently.

But Nelly remained childishly rooted in her refusal to preside at his board, unless compelled; and her brow, knit at the remembrance of her fall, was yet set to meet the further encounter. Joan and Madge and Mysie, with their blooming cheeks, and kissing-strings, new for the occasion, stared as if their strange sister was but half endowed with mother-wit; and Lady Stanecholme hesitated until Adam Home's short, emphatic "As she pleases, mother," while the flush flew to his forehead, and his firm lip shook, decided the question.

This was Adam Home's resolution, never to control the wife he had forced into his arms, beyond the cold, daily intercourse which men will interchange with a deadly foe as well as with a trusty frere, never to approach her side, not once to assuage her malice or to court her frozen lips into a smile. This was his purpose and he abode by it; he farmed his land, he hunted, and speared salmon, was rocked in his fishing-boat as far as St. Abbs, read political pamphlets, and sat late over his wine, and sometimes abetted the bold smuggling at his door, much like his contemporaries; but, while no pursuit which he followed with fitful excess seemed to satify him as it did others, he never sought to supplement it with courting his alien wife.

Lady Stanecholme would fain have engmored her town-bred daughter-in-law with the duties of country life, and cheered the strange joylessness of her honeymoon: but failing in the attempt, with a covert sigh, half of pain, half of pleasure, she resumed the old oversight of larder and dairy which was then the delight of many an unsophisticated laird's helpmate, and which, to the contented Lady of Stanecholme, had quite made up for the partial deprivation of social intercourse to which her infirmity had subjected her. Joan, Madge, and Mysie wearied of haughty Nelly after they had grown accustomed to the grand attire she never wore, and denied that they had ever been dazzled with it, and ceased to believe that she had danced minuettes in the Assembly Rooms before Miss Jacky Murray.—They had their own company and their own stories into which they had no temptation to drag an interloper.

Nelly, in her desolation standing apart in the centre of the wholesome, happy union of the family circle, grew to have her peculiar habits and occupations, her self-contained life into which none of the others could penetrate.

V.

The sea-pink and the rock saxi-frage were making the rugged rocks gay, the blue-bell was nodding on the moor, and Nelly had not died, as she had foolishly fancied she should; she had learned to wander out along the shore or over the trackless moor for hours and hours, and return footsore and exhausted; she who had been accustomed only to the High-street of Edinburgh, its tall houses with their occasional armorial bearings, its convenient huckster shops, their irregular line intersected by the straight closes, its traffic and gossip; or to the forsaken royal palace, the cowslips of the King's park, which Jeannie Deans might have pulled; the guardian lion of Arthur's Seat on a sunny May morning, with the glittering Forth and distant Leith—its little forests of masts at its feet; or farther still, green Inchkeith, and blue, misty Berwick-Law, could now watch the red sunset burnishing miles on miles of waving heather, and the full moon hanging above the restless tide; listen to the surf in the storm, and the ripple in the calm, to the cry of the gull and the wh-r-r of the moor cock; pull wild thyme, and pick up purple-tinted shells and perforated stones; and watch shyly her hardy cottar servants cutting peats and tying up flax, catching snatches of their rude border lore of raid and foray under doughty Homes, who wore steel cap and breastplate for powdered wig and cambric cravat.

The coast-line at Stanecholme was high and bold, but in place of descending sheerly and precipitately to the yellow sands, it sloped in a green bank, broken by gulleys, where the long sea-grass grew in tangled tufts, interspersed with the yellow leaves of the fern, and in whose sheltered recesses Nelly Carnegie so often lingered, that she left them to future generations as "Lady Stanecholme's Walks."

There she could see the London smacks and foreign luggers beating up to ride at the pier of Leith. There she could sit for hours, half hidden, and protected from the sea blast, mechanically pulling to pieces the dried, blackened sea-weed blown up among the small, prickly blush roses: in her green quilted petticoat and spenser she might have been one of the good people a changelings, only the hue of her cheek was more like that of a brownie of the wold; and, truly, to her remote world there was an impenetrable mystery about the young mistress of Stanecholme, in her estrangement and mournfulness; some said that she had favored another lover, Stanecholme had slain in a duel or a night-brawl; some that the old Stanecholmes had sold themselves to the devil, and a curse was on their remotest descendants; was not the young laird fey at times, and would not the blythe sisters pass into careworn wives and matrons?

There sat Nelly, looking at the sea, musing dreamily and drearily on Old Edinburgh, or pondering with sluggish curiosity over the Homes, and what, by casual looks and words, she could not help guessing of their history. The Lairds of Stanecholme had wild moss trooper blood in their veins, and they had vindicated it to the last generation by unsettled lives, reckless intermeddling with public affairs, and inveterate feuds with their brother lairds.

Adam Home's was a hot heart, constant in its impetuosity, buried beneath an icy crust which he strove to preserve, but which hissed and crackled when outward motives failed, or opposition fanned the inner glow. With the elements of a despot but half-tamed, yet like many another tyrant, where unchallenged master of his surroundings, Stanecholme wielded his authority with fair result; tenant and servant, hanger-on and sprig of the ancestral tree, bore regard as well as fear of the young laird—all save Stanecholme's whilome love and wedded wife.

Nelly did not wish to understand this repressed, ardent nature, although its developements some times forced themselves upon her. She had heard Stanecholme hound on a refractory tyke till he shouted himself hoarse, and yet turn aside before the badger was unearthed; she had seen him climb the scaurs, and hang in mid-air dizzily over the black water, to secure the wild-fowl he had shot, and it was but carrion; and once, Joan and Madge, to whom he was wont to be indulgent in a condescending, superior way, trembled before the stamp of his foot and kindling flash of his eye.—Some affair abroad had disturbed him and he came into the hall, when his sisters' voices were raised giddily as they played off an idle, ill-thought-of jest on grave, cold Nelly; "Queens and fools," he termed them, and bade them "end their steer" so harshly, that the free, thoughtless girls did not think of pouting or crying, but shrank back in affright. Nelly Carnegie whom he had humbled to the dust was below his anger.

When the autumn sun basked on the gray mansion of Stanecholme, an auspicious event gladdened its chambers—Joan was matched with a gay, gallant young cousin from Teviotdale, and from the commencement of the short wooing to the indefatigable dance which the young bride led off herself right willingly, all was celebrated with smiles and blessings, and harvest-home fullness of joy and gratitude. But a dark shadow moved among the merrymakers; a young heart robbed of its rights, like an upbraiding ghost, regarding the simple, loving, trusting pair, comparing their consecrated vows with mockery of a rite into which it had been driven.

The only change time brought to Nelly, was the progress of an unacknowledged bond between her and good old Lady Stanecholme. The obstacle to any interchange of ideas and positive confidence between them, was the inducement to the tacit companionship adopted by the sick, wayward heart, with its malady of wrong and grief. Influenced by an instinctive, inexplicable attraction, Nelly's uncertain footsteps followed Lady Stanecholme, and kept pace with her soft tread, when she overlooked her spinners and knitters, and gave out her linen and spices, turned over her herbs, and visited her sick and aged. There they were seen—the smiling, deaf old lady, fair in her wrinkles, and her mute, dark, sad daughter whom in patient ignorance she folded in her mantle of universal charity.

(*To be concluded.*)

SUPREME COURT.

THE MURDER CASE.

[From late St. John papers.]

The Jury being at length sworn, the Solicitor-General rose and said:—

"That as the pleas put in by Breen and the elder Slavin had rendered it unnecessary to bring them there that day, the prisoner stood alone on his trial. The reports in the public prints, and busy rumor had carried wide spread terror throughout the Province. It was his duty to say, that with regard to this Tragedy he should bring before them overwhelming evidence to convict the prisoner at the bar. The learned Counsel then described the situation of the house, the manners and habits of the murdered man, and the nature of the evidence by which he proposed to establish the prisoner guilty; as all this comes out in the evidence itself it need not be here repeated. Comment upon such horrible crimes, continued the Solicitor General, is useless, but however strong might be their condemnation of such awful crimes, that condemnation should be, if possible doubled against crime committed for the sake of a little money in a country where health and industry would enable all men to get a living. Here was a man's house burned, his life, and the lives of his family taken, and certain parties fled to the woods.—Was not this in itself a strong proof of guilt? Was it not ground for strong suspicion? But beyond this circumstance, beyond the evidence of many witnesses, he could produce before them the confession of the prisoner himself. From this damning array of testimony they would have no difficulty in finding, that all three persons accused of these murders went to McKenzie's for the purpose of committing those murders, that they did commit them, and that they fled from the consequences of their crime. He and his learned colleague now had to do their duty towards the prisoners and the public, the jury also had to do theirs, and while they would be strongly appealed to on the other side because the prisoner's life was in their hands, let them not forget in holding the scales of justice evenly that multitudes of lives were in their hand, and that if the majesty of the law was not vindicated, there was an end to personal security in the Province.—He prayed them therefore to try this case without prejudice and according to the evidence, at the same time having a due regard to the safety of the public and the maintenance of authority in the land.

The learned Solicitor General's speech was delivered in a tone of great earnestness, and was listened to with profound attention.

WILLIAM REED.—Examined by the Solicitor-General. I reside in Carleton; Robert McKenzie married my sister. They had four children, and lived at a place called Mispock Spring, in the Parish of Simonds.....I helped to search the ruins. Both houses were consumed. In the little house was found a body, with some flesh, the head and legs gone. The trunk without arms remained. The trunk was completely cooked up.—There was some flesh on it. We could tell it was a male; but there was nothing to indentify it with McKenzie. It was lying in the south west corner of the house. Lime and ruins of the building were on it. We discovered nothing more in that house. In the other house we discovered bones. They were completely burned up. We found a woman's head and a breast, but nothing by which we could indentify the remains. The limbs and head were all gone. The child's head, legs and arms were gone. It was very small. The eldest child was five years old on the 3rd last Sept. The other three were younger. I could not form an idea of the age of the youngest child. I found the remains in the iron chest. The key was in the chest but the door was open. It was about two o'clock when I was there.

WILLIAM HAWKS, ESQ.—Examined by Mr. Watters. Live at Black River. Knew Robert McKenzie: saw him in the course of the week previous to the murder. He was binding oats. Polly was with him. Heard of the burning on Sunday afternoon between three and four o'clock. Live six miles from McKenzie's. O'Hara and Robinson apprised me of it. I proceeded to the spot as fast as possible. We took a shovel and a graip from the barn to search the ruins of his dwelling. We searched under the bed room. A man named Peacock and a boy came. One of them thought there was a disagreeable odor from the fire place, and on moving the rubbish found the heart, back bone, and ribs of Mrs. McKenzie. The heart was quite visible. There were very little flesh. Just alongside we found the remains of a child. We lifted them out with a manure fork. The safe was outside the house then, open, unlocked, and the key in it. There was some remains of papers in the chest, considerably consumed, apparently a book and a bundle of papers. Could not identify anything; did not take out the papers but put the remains in the chest. Soon after, Mr. Power and Mr. Wm. Dixson, and a man named Peacock came. James Robinson and O'Hara went with me first.—While searching, a boy of Peacock's told us there was a body in the lower house. We found it in the cellar. I jumped down into the cellar, and my impression was it was McKenzie. It was a male.

On Wednesday morning the Court again sat and at 10 o'clock the prisoner was again placed in the dock. There was not so much excitement as on Tuesday. The first witness called and examined by the Solicitor-General was

ROBERT PENGHLY.—I am a resident of St. John. Have known McKenzie since 1832, but saw him in the street four or five weeks ago.—Was in Court yesterday. Did not see McKenzie a great deal.—Carried on the chair making business for him. He had mills and about 2000 acres of land. Should think in 1841, he was worth £8,000. He lost money at the mills, and sank money at the farm. He built the dwelling house at Mispeck in 1848. I don't think he left much personal property. Have investigated his affairs since he died. Do not know anything of old Slavin or the prisoner at the bar.

JOHN SLAVIN.—(By the Judge. Am ten years old. Can tell the truth and the whole truth.—Have heard of Heaven and of Hell. Know it is wrong not to tell the truth.) My name is John Slavin. My father's name is John Slavin. (Looking at prisoner.)—That is Pat, my brother. I live on Loch Lomond road. Father, mother, Pat, and one or two sisters live there. I do not know my sister's name. Never saw her. She is in the old country. Have a younger brother named Jimmy. There is no sister living at home. Never knew Breen till I see'd him five weeks ago. Saw him at father's house. Heard of Mackenzie's house being burned. He was in the house four weeks before that. He was living and sleeping there. Pat was living there during that time. Mackenzie's house was burned on Saturday. Saw Breen in the morning. Saw father and Patrick that day. Father, Pat, and Breen were not at home when I went to bed on Saturday. I saw them at one o'clock. I was at home from that time till I went to bed. I saw them leave the place together. They said they were going to Black River. They said nothing else. Next saw them the same night. They came back about a couple of hours after dark. I was in bed. The three of them came in. I was awake. They had a white bag with them. A middling small one. There were clothes in it. Socks and a pair of boots were in it. My father said they got the things at Mackenzie's. He was speaking to the whole of them. My mother was present.—They took their suppers then. After supper they counted the money; it was gold. Father took it out. He said there were fifty sovereigns. Father gave all I saw to my mother. When they came in she was not very well pleased with them. She called them rascals. They said she would not get any money. That was before I saw the money.—Saw a watch. Father had it. It was yellow.—Saw a purse with them. They said they set Mackenzie's house on fire. My father said that Breen said nothing. Patrick said nothing. My father said they killed Mackenzie. My father said he hit him with the axe. He said he killed the woman then. He said he killed the children then. Did not hear Breen or Pat say anything when father said this. Father did not describe how it was done. He said he killed them with the axe. Mother said nothing. They then "took off them," and went to bed. Saw them the next morning. Patrick and Breen went out and hid the things in the wood. Did not see them hide them. They said they were going to the woods; father was present, and they took the things. They staid half an hour and came back. I went out to water the cow. I saw no money with them on Sunday morning; did not go in the woods myself. Saw money with Pat that day. He had ten pieces. I saw them. He had more in the pocket book. It was a square black one; did not see a clasp on it. He opened the pocket book, but did not know I saw him. I was in the bushes. That was after he and Breen came back; he had come a second time to the bushes.—I followed, saw him open the pocket book, he did not count the pieces; he shut the book and put it in his pocket; he was not many minutes gone.—He then came back and went down the road. I followed. He saw me following. He went towards the town; David Hill was with him. He offered a piece to David, but he would not take it. He reached it over to Pat, but do not know if he took it. Know Rogers' gate. Did not see Breen with a pocket book. Did not see him go into the bushes on Sunday. Mother put the money in the chest. Did not see it again. Breen went to town about 3 o'clock on Sunday. He came back on Monday morning. Told some one my name was Dunn.—Never saw Patrick with gold before. Do not know what he did with the gold. On Monday at 8 or 9 o'clock they all three went into the bushes. Had breakfast before they went. Did not go with them. They said nothing to me before they went. I was left in charge of the house. Mother went to town. They left no instructions with me. Father told me to take charge of the house. Only Jimmy was in the house with me. I saw them again in the camp on Monday evening; it would not take me half an hour to go to the camp; they were doing nothing there; they had nothing to eat then. Hugh Breen told me to go home. They had no bed. I went home. I went back again in the evening to see if they were there; did this of my own accord. They were not there. I saw none of them again. Have not seen Breen since. Father was in town

(*Continued on last page.*)