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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

THE BROCK.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I come from haunts of old and fern,
I make a sudden fall;
And sparkle out among the ferns,
To blither down the valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorns—a little town—
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trills;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curlew's banks I flow,
With many a field and fallow;
And many a fairy forest glade,
With willow-weed and wallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel;
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawn and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy hours.

I slip, I slide, I glisten, I dance,
Amid my shining shingles;
I make the nettled swallows drowse,
Against my sandy shingles.

I murmur under moon and stars,
In hoarsely whispering;
I linger by my silvery bars,
To hear my sweet ones' cries.

And out again I surge and flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Select Tale.

THE LITTLE HEROINE.

"Morning again!" And the weary, wasted invalid lifted his head from the pillow, and looked pitifully over the dim room. "Oh, that the night had been longer! To the wretched sleep is dear. My poor, poor wife—my darling babe—must they freeze and starve! O, God! it is too much! I, with his head resting on his eyes, the pale man buried his head in the scanty covering, and groaned aloud.

It was no wonder that he was out of heart on that cold, dark, December day. At best, he had a hard struggle to get food and clothes for his family, and for the past six months the struggle had been almost desperate, for his wife had been unable to assist him in the least, being confined to bed with a slow wasting disease.

His little daughter Marie, a pretty child of twelve, kept the room tidy, and herself and two little brothers like wax. By the aid of her mother's whispered directions, she also cooked the scanty meals, and even managed to keep up the weekly washing and ironing.

My little sunbeam, the father fondly called her; while the mother would say, in her low, sweet tones, "Our angel."

One night the young housekeeper waited till it was pitch dark for her father to come home to his frugal supper, and then, with fearful forebodings at her heart, undressed the little boys and put them to bed, and tied on her head and cloak to go for him. A crowd met her at the very threshold. With a wild cry, she rushed towards the inanimate form they carried upon a board. It was her father, brought home to them with a broken leg.

A week had passed since this misfortune. By the sale of their few pieces of furniture the father had been kept from the door. But now, nothing remained save the corpse bed on which the disconsolate ones slept. No calls for the little gate; no tea for the feverish lips; no crusts for the famished children. What should be done?

It was a question little Marie asked herself again and again, as she lay there watching the few pale sunbeams that struggled through the windows. And she asked it often after she had risen and dressed herself and brothers, and smoothed the two beds. Bread they must have that day, they were all faint even now, and the boys clamored for the breakfast. Suddenly a bright thought came to the little daughter. She remembered having seen in some coffee houses, young girls, no taller than herself waiting upon customers. Perhaps they would try her. If they only would, she murmured softly. "I am handy, quick and patient, and I would try so hard to oblige." I am pretty, too, she might have added, for she was a sweet child, with a brow like a sunny snow drift, and eyes like the spring violets that nestle in the woodlands.

"I will try, at least, and see what I can do," and after watching a few moments the weary sleep of her parents, she whispered to the little boys that she was going out to get some bread for them, and hurried away.

She did go to the baker's, but her pitiful story failed to touch his hard heart, and there were tears on her cold cheeks as she turned away.

Even if she secured a place, she could hope for no wages till Saturday, and there were four weary days between this and that. Bread would be too late if she waited till then. What would she do?—beg? She asked herself the question with a quivering lip. Never before had their poverty driven them to that straits, and it was hard, even now, with the picture of that wretched home fresh in her vision, to plead for charity. But she did it.

Again and again she said to the passers by, "Please sir, please ma'am, give me a penny to buy bread for my sick parents."

But the gentlemen had their overcoats buttoned to their chins, and the ladies were enveloped in furs, and it was too much trouble to find their pocket-books or purses just to supply a beggar's wants.

"Go to the soup-house," said one, at last, more churlish than the rest. "The city provides for such as you."

It was a new idea to her, and as fast as her feet could carry her she went, and entering in breathless haste, told her story to the attendant matron.

"I will report the case to the committee," said the woman, quietly making a memorandum of the name and the number of the street. "Come in to-morrow morning, and I will do what I can for you."

To-morrow! she would be too weak to walk so far by that time, and what would become of the rest? With a heavy heart she went home, having no courage to present herself as a wayfarer to any of the coffee houses she passed on her way.

"Did you get some?" cried the boys, and gathered around her, pulling off her cloak to see if it were hidden in her apron or under her arms.

"Did you get some?" said two faint voices from the bed in the corner, and the coverlet was thrown off and two pairs of thin white hands were put forth.

"No, no," she answered plaintively, "but I will try again. Keep up good hope, there will be plenty out of the oven now. Yes plenty," she said to herself as she buttoned her cloak on the threshold; plenty, and I'll have some too. They shall not starve. Men and women forsake me: God doesn't hear me any longer; there is nothing left for me to do but starve."

Her face paled as she spoke, and there was a wild gleam in her eyes. Then she went on quietly, pausing an instant before each baker's window, and looking anxiously within. By and by she found one that seemed empty. A whole pile of steaming loaves lay up on the counter. She rushed in and seized one, and hiding it under her cloak, she made up the street. But the baker had seen her from the little sitting room door, and was after her, crying lustily, "stop thief, stop thief!"

A crowd followed her, and the poor child was soon run down.

"A clear case," said the police officer, who took her in hand—properly found on her. She must go to the court room."

In vain she pleaded with them, and told her story.

"They must do their duty, she might have begged; she might have gone to the soup-house; there was no excuse for stealing, at any rate."

No excuse, and her mother was dying for food! An important trial was just closing, and all the avenues to the court-house were closed.

"They'll be through soon," said the officer to the baker; "we'll wait here for a few moments. No danger of her getting away while my grip is on her," and he tightened his hold on her striking arm till the flesh quivered with pain.

"Take me home first, she said sadly; they will worry about me. My poor mother will die if she thinks I am lost."

"They'll soon find out where you are," said he gruffly. "Bad news is like lightning: it travels fast."

"Oh, dear! O, dear! What will become of me?" she sobbed aloud.

"A little girl about her own age was passing by a rich man's child; you would have known it by the embroidered dress and cloak, the rich velvet hood, and the costly fur tipped muff. But there was no false pride hidden under the expensive raiment; a warm heart was beating there, and its sympathies went out largely toward the little prisoner. For a moment she paused, as if irresolute upon her plan of action; then laying her mittened hand gently on the officer's fingers, she said politely:

"May I speak with her?"

"O, yes," she was not committed yet."

Putting her soft, rosy cheek close to the purple-olive one, she whispered very earnestly. Marie told her touching story, and begged she would, by the love she bore her own mother, find out their humble home, and comfort the distressed ones."

"I will, I will," the stranger replied earnestly; "and don't you cry any more; my father knows the Judge, and he'll get you away to-morrow. Good-bye—keep up a good heart, and off she ran."

She knew her mother to be one of the most charitable of women, and hastened home to tell her the story of Marie; but, unfortunately, she had just gone to ride, and would not be back till dinner time.

"What can I do?" she cried and wrang her hands. They want coal, and bread, and tea, and so many things, and I have only ten cents in my pocket. She sat down on the marble steps, and pondered. All at once her eyes brightened, and a beautiful color flamed her face.

"I'll do it," she said resolutely; mamma will forgive me when she knows all. Without fear, without food, nearly naked, quite starved. O, she will be glad I thought so far; and she bounded down the street and rushed around the corner.

Pushing open the plate glass door of the most fashionable hair dresser in the city, she went quietly up to an attendant, and asked to see Monsieur B. He looked her into an inner room, saying he would call him.

Her heart fluttered while she waited, but her resolution did not fail her.

"Ah! c'est ma belle Therese," and Monsieur B. took her hand kindly.

"Good morning dear. Come to have your ringlets dressed for the ball to-night?—no," as she shook her head, "c'est pour quoi?—you go certainly; you are one of Monsieur's best pupils."

"No," she answered.

"What is it, then, ma petite?"

"For a moment her lips quivered; then she spoke up quickly:

"You said once, sir, you would give me an eagle for my curls. Will you do it now—to-day—this minute?"

The hair-dresser was astonished. What could the child mean? To cut off those curls, long, silken and gold colored, the pale gold of a stray sunbeam—it would be sacrilege almost for a mother to have done it; to sell them was surely a crime.

"Does she come here—does she know you come here?"

"No, sir, but she will not blame me, when I tell her how it was. O, no; she is too good."

"And how is it, ma belle? Make a friend of me, and tell me how it comes you ask me to buy your hair?" and he stroked her hair as tenderly as a father might.

She hesitated, and then opened her heart to him. There was a mist in her eyes when she finished her plaintive story. He walked the floor a moment, as if irresolute, then, stopping before her, he took out his pocket-book and handed her two half eagles. She put them in her purse, and then quietly took off her hood.

"Not now, ma petite, more ange, he said huskily; not now—I am too busy; to-morrow will do as well. Or, stay, I will come in this evening. Till then, do not mention it to any one. Go now on your mission, ma seur de charite, and he led her to the door.

How quick her little feet flew over the pavements! She could hardly speak when she reached the baker's shop.

"Two loaves, sir—large ones, too," she gasped, and threw down one of the gold pieces.

The man stared at her curiously.

The color rose to her brow, but she said nothing, and hurried away with her warm, fragrant bun.

"Is it you, Marie? What kept you so long, daughter? Quick! break me a crumb, I am faint."

Like an angel the little stranger looked to see as she glided in, her cheeks like apple blossoms, and her hair falling over her shoulders like ripples of sunshine.

"Marie cannot come home yet," she said, in a voice that was sweet as a robin's in Maytime. But she will return to-morrow; perhaps this evening. She has sent me with the bread. See the two nice loaves I have brought you, and she tore them into fragments. Tears coursed down her face as she saw how eagerly they clutched them. She had never dreamed of poverty like this; never known how hungry folks can be, and live.

"I must go now," she said, opening the door, "but I will come again soon, and make you comfortable, and she hurried to the nearest grocer and bought a basket full of provisions, and engaged him to send in some kindlings and coal.

The little boys helped her to build a fire in the cold stove, and when it blazed merrily, she put over the kettle and soon had a refreshing cup of tea for the invalids, and a platter of smoking potatoes for the children.

"Where is Marie? do you know, little angel?" asked the sick mother as she handed back the cup.

"O, yes; I know," she answered cheerfully. "Don't worry. Better days are coming. I'll bring her in the morning. Good-bye."

It was as though a fairy had come and vanished; a kind-hearted fairy, too—for besides the supply of coal and food, a half eagle lay in the sick father's hand.

Murmuring to himself all the tender adjectives in the French language, the good hair-dresser immediately hastened to the court room. The Judge was a friend of his, and he hoped to save the child from prison. She had not been brought in, the court having adjourned for half an hour. He asked for a private interview with the Judge. As soon as it was granted, he told him all—Marie's distress, and the generous kindness of little Therese.

"Poor child! good child!" said the listener, wiping his glasses.

"She must go to prison, I suppose, but it shall be a chamber in my own house. Go into court and tell the same story over. It will be better than a lawyer's plea."

He did so, and there was not a dry eye in the audience when he ceased. Even the baker hung his head, and seemed to muse. Before the breathless silence had been broken, he looked up and said to the Judge:

"I withdraw my complaint; let her go with me and take all she wants."

The spacious room rung with applause, and when the enthusiasm was at its height a thoughtful old man went about the room with his hat. People's fingers found their pocket-books by intuition, and when he poured the collection into Marie's apron, she screamed with joy. No more cold, no more hunger, no more nakedness that winter; they were rich.

The baker took her home himself, and told her at the door not to worry about bread till spring, for his wagon would leave them all the needed, every morning. How lightly she bounded up the staircase. It was like a bird's footfall, a singing bird's in time of flowers.

"Have you come, Marie? two voices spoke at once.

"Yes, mother; yes, father, and we are rich—see! and she emptied her apron on the bed.

How merrily the gold and silver coin jingled! It was like the echo of a harvest song—the distant echo brought back by summer breezes.

"Bless my little sunbeam; bless you my angel child," and two hands were laid upon her head, and tears and smiles strangely mixed together.

"What does it mean, Therese? and the mother looked wonderingly at her beautiful little daughter, as she came into the parlor in obedience to a message brought by a servant.

"Monsieur B. says you promised to see him to-night."

"I did mamma. Did you bring your scissors, sir?" And she carried a footstool to the sofa upon which he sat, and quietly nestled at his feet.

"Yes, ma tante, and he took from his pocket a shining pair.

"Therese! what means this? The mother spoke sternly.

"I have sold my hair to him, mamma, and he has come to cut it off."

"Sold your hair—cut it off—were you crazy—are you in earnest?" and she gathered her to her side and laid her hands protectively upon her precious curls.

"Tell her how it was, sir. She won't be angry then. Please, sir, tell her."

He did so.

Closer and closer to her heart was the child drawn by her mother's story, as the narrator proceeded with his touching story. And when it was finished, she covered her face with kisses, and said, in a broken voice, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

CARLETON COUNTY Agricultural Society

SHOW and FAIR for 1861.

This Society will hold an Exhibition of Stock, Grain, Domestic Manufactures, &c., at the County Court House, on MONDAY, September 28th, 1861, to commence at 10 o'clock, a. m., open only to members who have paid the subscription for the current year on or before the 25th September, at which the following premiums are offered for competition.

Class I---LIVE STOCK.

| | |
|--|--|
| Best Stallion, 4 years old and upwards, \$4.00 | Best pair steers, over 3 and under 5 yrs. 1.50 |
| 2d do. 3.00 | 2d do. 1.00 |
| 3d do. 2.00 | 3d do. .50 |
| Best Brood Mare, with foal, 2.50 | Best Fat Ox, 2.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. 1.50 |
| Best 3 year old Colt, 2d do. 2.00 | Best Fat Cow or Heifer, 2.50 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 4d do. 1.00 | 3d do. 1.50 |
| Best pair Working Horses, matched, 2.50 | Best Ram Lamb, of 1861 2.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. 1.50 |
| Best Bull, 2 years old or upwards, 4.00 | Best pair Ewes, over 1 year old, 2.50 |
| 2d do. 3.00 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 3d do. 2.00 | 3d do. 1.50 |
| Best yearling Bull, 2d do. 2.00 | Best pair Ewe Lambs, 2.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 2d do. 1.50 |
| Best Bull Calf of 1861, 2d do. 2.00 | 3d do. 1.50 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | Best pair Pig, of year 1861, 2.50 |
| Best yearling Heifer, 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. 1.50 |
| Best pair Working Oxen, over 5 years old, 2.00 | Best pair Pig, 1861 2.50 |
| 2d do. 1.50 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 3d do. 1.00 | 3d do. 1.50 |

Class II---Grain Crops & Seeds.

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Best sample of Wheat, 2.50 | Best sample Rye, 2.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. 1.50 |
| Best sample of Corn, 2.50 | Best sample Potatoes, 2.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. 1.50 |
| Best sample Barley, 2.50 | Best sample Bush Beans, 2.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. 1.50 |
| Best sample Oats, 2.50 | Best sample Timothy, 2.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. 1.50 |
| Best sample Buckwheat, 2.50 | Best sample Northern, 2.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 2.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. 1.50 |

Class III---Root Crops and Garden Produce.

| | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| Best Crop Swedish or Lapland Turnips, on 1-4 acre, 4.00 | 25 Garden Carrots, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 3.00 | 25 Parsnips, 1.00 |
| 3d do. 2.00 | 6 stalks Celery, 1.00 |
| Best Crop of Aberdeen or White Turnips, on 1-4 acre, 3.00 | 6 heads Cauliflowers, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 2.50 | 200 12 Bunch Potatoes, 1.00 |
| 3d do. 2.00 | 25 Ripe Onions, from seed, 1.00 |
| Best Crop of Carrots, on 1-4 acre, 3.00 | 6 heads Cabbage, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 2.50 | 4 peck peas Beans, 1.00 |
| 3d do. 2.00 | 200 12 Bunch Potatoes, 1.00 |
| Best Crop of Mangold, on 1-4 acre, 3.00 | 25 Ripe Onions, from seed, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 2.50 | 25 Ripe Onions, from seed, 1.00 |
| 3d do. 2.00 | 25 Ripe Onions, from seed, 1.00 |
| Best Crop of Potatoes, on 1-4 acre, 3.00 | 25 Ripe Onions, from seed, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 2.50 | 25 Ripe Onions, from seed, 1.00 |
| 3d do. 2.00 | 25 Ripe Onions, from seed, 1.00 |
| Best Crop of Turnips, on 1-4 acre, 3.00 | 25 Ripe Onions, from seed, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 2.50 | 25 Ripe Onions, from seed, 1.00 |
| 3d do. 2.00 | 25 Ripe Onions, from seed, 1.00 |

Class IV---Woolen and Linen Manufactures.

| | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| Best Felled Cloth, all wool, not less than 10 yds, \$2.50 | Best Carpets, all wool, 15 yds, 2.00 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 1.50 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. 1.00 |
| Best Flannel, all wool, not less than 10 yds, 2.50 | Best pair Linen Cloth, 10 yds, 2.00 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 1.50 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. 1.00 |
| Best Twilled Home spun, all wool, not less than 10 yds, 2.50 | Best pair of Drawers, 1.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 1.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. .50 |
| Best Cotton and Wool Cloth, for men's wear, not less than 10 yds, 2.50 | Best pair of Trousers, 1.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 1.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. .50 |
| Best Cotton and Wool Cloth, for women's wear, not less than 10 yds, 2.50 | Best pair of Trousers, 1.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 1.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. .50 |
| Best Cotton and Wool Cloth, for children's wear, not less than 10 yds, 2.50 | Best pair of Trousers, 1.50 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. 1.00 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. .50 |

Class V---Manufactures in Wood Metal and Leather.

| | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| Best 1 doz steel Manure Forks, handled, \$2.00 | Best Improved Churn, 1.50 |
| 2d do. 1.50 | 2d do. 1.00 |
| 3d do. 1.00 | 3d do. .50 |
| Best 1 doz steel Hay Forks, handled, 1.00 | Best 3 Chairs, 1.50 |
| 2d do. .50 | 2d do. 1.00 |
| 3d do. .25 | 3d do. .50 |
| Best 1 doz steel Hoes, handled, 1.50 | Best 3 water Pails, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 1.00 | 2d do. .50 |
| 3d do. .50 | 3d do. .25 |
| Best 1 doz Hay Rakes, 1.50 | Best 1 Single Sleigh, 2.00 |
| 2d do. 1.00 | 2d do. 1.50 |
| 3d do. .50 | 3d do. 1.00 |
| Best 1 doz Sythe snathes, 1.50 | Best 1 set Horse Shoes, 1.50 |
| 2d do. 1.00 | 2d do. 1.00 |
| 3d do. .50 | 3d do. .50 |
| Best 1 doz Cast-iron and Wood, 2.50 | Best 1 set Ox Yoke, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 2.00 | 2d do. .50 |
| 3d do. 1.50 | 3d do. .25 |
| Best 1 doz Farm Waggon, 2.00 | Best 1 set Harness, 2.00 |
| 2d do. 1.50 | 2d do. 1.50 |
| 3d do. 1.00 | 3d do. 1.00 |
| Best 1 doz single Waggon, 2.00 | Best 1 set single waggon, 2.00 |
| 2d do. 1.50 | 2d do. 1.50 |
| 3d do. 1.00 | 3d do. 1.00 |
| Best 1 doz Fanning Mill, 2.00 | Best 1 set pair Fowls, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 1.50 | 2d do. .50 |
| 3d do. 1.00 | 3d do. .25 |
| Best 1 doz Cultivator, 2.00 | Best 1 set pair Fowls, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 1.50 | 2d do. .50 |
| 3d do. 1.00 | 3d do. .25 |
| Best 1 doz Steel Axes, 2.00 | Best 1 set pair Fowls, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 1.50 | 2d do. .50 |
| 3d do. 1.00 | 3d do. .25 |
| Best 1 doz Spinning Wheel, 2.00 | Best 1 set pair Fowls, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 1.50 | 2d do. .50 |
| 3d do. 1.00 | 3d do. .25 |
| Best 1 doz Ash spindles, 2.00 | Best 1 set pair Fowls, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 1.50 | 2d do. .50 |
| 3d do. 1.00 | 3d do. .25 |
| Best 1 doz Bunch hinges, 2.00 | Best 1 set pair Fowls, 1.00 |
| 2d do. 1.50 | 2d do. .50 |
| 3d do. 1.00 | 3d do. .25 |
| Best 1 doz Window Sash, 2.00 | Best 1 set pair Fowls, 1 |