

# The Carleton Quarterly

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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## Poetry.

### WINTER WILL NOT LAST FOREVER.

Winter will not last forever;  
Spring will soon come forth again,  
And with flowers of every color,  
Deck the hillsides and the plain,  
Lamb will soon be in fields sporting,  
Birds will soon be on each tree,  
"Winter's gone! its days are ended!"  
We are happy—we are free!  
Hedge and tree will soon be budding,  
Soon with leaves be covered o'er;  
Winter cannot last forever;  
Brighter days are yet in store!

Sorrows will not last for ever,  
Brighter times will come again,  
Joy out every grief succeeding,  
As the sunshine after rain;  
As the snow and ice of Winter  
Melt at the approach of Spring  
So will all our cares and trials  
Joy and peace, and comfort bring.  
When the heart is sad and drooping,  
Think, though you be vexed sore,  
Sorrows cannot last forever;  
Brighter days are yet in store!

## Select Tale.

### AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I am an old man; and yet it seems a very short time since I climbed the tall poplar-tree that grew before the Vicarage, in search of the starling's nest. I can fancy I hear the shout that greeted my descent with the long-coveted prize, and feel again the crimson mounting to my cheeks as it did when, turning to the Vicarage, I saw an expression of pain on the pale face of my father as he stood at the study window.

It seems to me but yesterday since I stood in the centre of that group of lads, and now—  
"They are all gone, the old familiar faces,"  
Dick, the Surgeon's son, died many years ago in India. Harvey Vernon, the bravest of them all, was slain on the field of Waterloo; and when the village bells rang for the victory, the rudest fellow in the village was touched as he passed the Grange and saw the blinds down, and knew of the breaking heart of old Widow Vernon.

It was a sad day for us at the Vicarage, especially for Emily. My father stayed in his library all day; though I do not think he read a page in any of his books—even in his favorites, Sophocles and Horace.

Emily and my mother were in my mother's chamber all the day. From that day Emily gradually drooped and faded. Her beautiful face grew more exquisitely beautiful—her dark, deep eyes became more full and lustrous, but they wandered restlessly, as though seeking some missing resting place; her golden hair (I have still a thick lock of it amongst an old man's memories of other days, "the days of old long since,") hung more carelessly about her shoulders, and her pale cheeks were suffused with a rosy tint that gradually deepened into a burning crimson, while her sweet voice sank almost into a whisper. As I looked at her, her startled beauty reminded me of my language of the book my mother used to read to her as she lay on the couch in the drawing room. Her face was as the face of an angel.

Ah, me! how I am wandering from the circumstances I sat down to write about; but you must forgive an old man, for whenever I think of Emily it is always so. Let me see—yes, I remember perfectly.

It was Christmas Eve, in the year 1791, and the snow had been falling heavily all day, blotting out the hedges and walls that surrounded the Vicarage, and burying the sun-dial that Willie and I had carved with great pains during the long winter evenings.

I had come from my father's study, where I and Willie had been having our usual lesson in Latin. Willie was a high-spirited lad, of a very loving and affectionate disposition; though when excited, or in a passion, his temper was fearful to behold, and his eyes flashed with a strange light that made us all tremble except my father. It was some time before my father came down; but when he did, we heard him look the study door after him, and he came down alone. He looked stern and angry; he was in one of those moods which sometimes took possession of him when he was disturbed. Though my father was always silent when in these moods, yet I always thought there was a vivid resemblance between them and Willie's outbursts of passion.

"Willie will not come down to-night," said he, "I have left him in the study with a lesson that will keep him all night."

I thought I saw a tear start from my mother's eye, as she turned her face to the window and looked out upon the snow, which continued to fall heavily. It was the anniversary of Emily's birth-day, and we were expecting a party of young friends (children of the neighboring gentry) to pass the evening at the Vicarage.

It began to grow dark about four o'clock, and then our company began to arrive. There were first the children of Squire Harcourt, who came wrapped in soft furs and shawls, in the old-fashioned coach family carriage with its couple of dole grey horses. Then came Harry Vernon, and his sisters Emily and Agnes; and as the time wore on about a score of young people were assembled at the Vicarage. It was a merry party. My father whom it would be injustice to represent as an unkind man, threw himself into the spirit of our merriment as though he had been one of us. The furniture, excepting the old fashioned piano, had been removed, and the drawing room had, by the removal of a partition, been thrown into one, making a large and commodious room, which had been plentifully hung with holly and other evergreens. The red berries gleamed like tiny masses of fire beneath the dark green leaves, and here and there my sister's hand had gracefully arranged bunches of many-colored ribbons.

Many inquiries were made for Willie, and for a moment or two a shadow seemed cast upon the pleasure of the children when they were told that Willie, the presiding spirit of fun in every juvenile party, would not be with them; but all feeling of disappointment vanished as the time wore on—except from one gentle, loving spirit.

I knew that my mother was thinking of the dear boy in the room above us, for Willie was my mother's favorite. She was thinking of a handsome face pressed against the door, and of a tiny ear close to the keyhole, listening to the voices of the merry groups below. She knew these sounds would be

exquisite torture to the prisoner. She knew how that quick, eager spirit would fret in the study above like a wild bird in a cage.

Sometimes I saw her whisper to my father—and then his face grew hard and dark, and my mother's yet more sad and pained.

My sister played, with exceeding grace, some simple airs on the old piano; and then, the boys choosing their partners from the graceful little maidens, who stood with eager, blushing faces and beseeching eyes beneath the holly in a corner of the room, the dance began. Whilst this was going on I saw my father put something into my mother's hand. It was the study key. With a grateful smile—oh, how sweet that smile was!—she left the room. I stole after her to the foot of the wide, old-fashioned staircase; I saw her glide swiftly up the stairs; and I could hear when she unlocked the door; and when she opened it to pass in the moonlight streamed brightly through the doorway on to the dark landing, and as it fell on the face of the old clock which stood there, I saw it wanted a few minutes of ten o'clock.

I had not stood more than a minute at the foot of the stairs, when I heard my mother cry, "Willie!" Then I heard a piercing scream, and she suddenly passed me, her face white as the snow that lay outside on the steps, and rushing into the room where my father was playing with the children, went straight up to him, and crying, "Willie's gone! oh, Willie, Willie, darling!" fell fainting at his feet.

My sister immediately left the piano, and with the aid of some cold water, my mother was restored very soon. Of course this put an end to the festivities, and the children were soon on their way home, except Harry Vernon, who stayed to assist in the search for Willie. Afterwards my mother told us, that as she was endeavoring to amuse the group of younger children, she heard Willie's voice distinctly calling, "Mamma! mamma!" She instantly got the key, as I have before related, and went up into the study; as soon as she opened the door she felt that the window was open by the rushing of the cold frosty air past her. The instant she entered the room she felt a tremor seize her. Why did not Willie spring to meet her? She felt in a moment that he was not there. The study lamp was flickering out; there stood my father's easy chair opposite a table on which lay his books and manuscripts, and amongst them poor Willie's soiled and hated Latin Grammar.

He must have climbed down the side of the old house by the aid of the ivy-stems which grew up to the pinnacles of the gables on to the top of the antique portico, and from thence have leaped to the ground. Willie, agile as a squirrel, could easily have accomplished this.

In a few moments from the discovery of Willie's absence, we—that is, my mother and father, Harry and myself, and two servants, one of them old Walter who passionately loved Willie—was out in search of the missing one.

The snow was still falling heavily, but by the light of the moon, which although behind the clouds was at full, we could see almost as distinctly as by daylight.

Strange to say my mother went instinctively towards a deep pool of water, beneath the orchard wall, called by the villagers the Black Pool—so called because of its depth. Near it, and overshadowing it, grew an old gnarled thorn-bush, which, after many winters' frosts and snows, still preserved its vitality. It was a pleasant place in summer; the broad, fan-like ferns, with their beautiful crested leaves, loved to grow there, and in that old thorn, a summer or two before, a nightingale had made its haunt, and sung through the long starlit nights, and Willie and I had laid awake for hours listening to it.

I can never now hear the song of the nightingale without thinking of my darling brother and the chamber in which he slept. The villagers said it was haunted by something more than the nightingale, but that I never positively knew.

"Well, I saw my mother bend close down to the water a moment, and then suddenly turn and pick something up from the ground at the foot of the thorn-bush. She held it out a moment in the moonlight, and then gave a wild cry of pain. It was a little handkerchief of Willie's, edged with a peculiar kind of lace which she had put on herself. The water was still and rippleless—save a slight tremor, which might be caused by the breeze—and reflected the quiet stars in its dark face.

My father, who was a good swimmer and a stranger to fear, quietly took off his coat, and in a moment was down at the bottom of the pool. I shall never forget the expression of anxiety on my mother's face as she bent over the pool. Her large dark eyes had something awful in the intensity of their gaze; her thin white hands were clasped convulsively over her bosom; her lips were drawn tightly across her small white teeth, and we could hear her breathe as though she had been running rapidly.

It seemed an age before my father reappeared; but when he did, it was with Willie's pale hand—some lace, looking more beautiful than ever, lying on his shoulders, and his long dark hair which it always seemed a shame to cut, falling over his arm. I think I hear my mother's wild, despairing cry now, at the distance of seventy years. I have heard it at night in my quiet study; I have heard it on board ship, when the storm-waves have thrown us like a feather amongst the frothing waves; I have heard it in old continental cathedrals, above the voices of the choir, the music of the organ, and the ringing and clashing of the bells.

Hush! I thought I heard it then! My father carried Willie home, and old Walter and the other servant assisted my mother. Willie was instantly got to bed, and the ordinary means used for his restoration, while a servant was sent for the doctor.

In a short time the doctor arrived.

My mother was bending over Willie, and nervously swaying herself backwards and forwards, when he came in; but she arose immediately, and with wild flashing eyes exclaimed:

"Oh! doctor save my boy! Oh! Willie, Willie, darling! speak to me, my child!"

I never read David's thrilling lament, "Oh, Absalom! my son, Absalom!" without thinking of my mother's great agony in Willie's chamber.

The doctor was a remarkably skillful man; but it seemed a hopeless case. How my mother's eager eyes followed all his movements!

At last, when we were just despairing, Willie gently opened his eyes—those magnificent eyes of his! There was an unmistakable ecstasy on my mother's face, the like of which I have never seen since, and never expect to see again. It was coming light when the doctor left us, and Willie was in a refreshing sleep.

The many-colored rainbow of Hope now hung over the Vicarage, alas! soon to fade away, leaving us but the cold rain and dark clouds of a great sorrow.

After an hour or two of sleep, Willie awoke, and told my mother how he heard the shouts and laughter of the children in the drawing-room, and how the music seemed to taunt him; and how he became afraid, and dared not look where the shadows lay in the library; and how he watched the moon rise through the poplars before the window and was tempted to climb down the ivy-stems; and how he had wandered to the Black Pool, and been tempted to spring across it to get a bunch of crimson berries that hung from a branch on the other side, thinking he would give them to her; and how he had missed his footing and fallen backwards into the pond. Then he told her how he rose to the surface—and how he was falling into a sweet and pleasant slumber at the bottom, with thoughts of her passing dream-like through his mind—and how he felt some hand touch him, and an exquisite sensation of pain as if he was dying, and that was all he knew. How my mother wept and smiled, and clasped him to her bosom, and called him her darling Willie! I need not tell you how my poor father kissed him, and asked—aye, he the stern disciplinarian, asked pardon of his own child. Willie, fatigued with his long talk, fell asleep again, but it was a troubled, dream slumber. His cheeks grew crimson, and his breath quick and hot, and he trembled as though he was very cold.

The doctor came again, but this time he shook his head and said there was no chance for him. My father and mother watched him night and day; but he grew worse and worse. Now he would talk of the wild bee's nest he had found a few days ago in a bank in the wood—then he would shout as if at play; and then, whilst my father covered his face with his hands and the big tear trickled through his fingers in an agony of grief, he would try to repeat his Latin, and failing to do so correctly, he would begin again, saying in beseeching tones, "Oh! papa, forgive me! I cannot!"

Willie died one morning, just as the old year was dying amidst frost and snow, repeating his Latin lesson, as my mother held his head, with its eyelid dark hair locks on her bosom, and his little hand lay on my father's trembling palm.

The road to poor farming. As the road to poor farming is not generally understood, though it is crowded with travellers, we throw up the following landmarks from the Springfield Republican, for the common benefit.

1. Invest all your capital in land, and run in debt for more.

2. Hire money to stock farm.

3. Have no faith in your own business, and be always ready to sell out.

4. Buy mean cows, spavined horses, poor oxen, and cheap tools.

5. Feed bog hay and mouldy corn-stacks exclusively, in order to keep your stock tame; fery cattle are terribly hard on old rickety waggons and ploughs.

6. Use the oil of hickory freely whenever your oxen need strength; it is cheaper than hay or meal, keeps the hair lively, and pounds out all the grubs.

7. Select calves for stock that the butchers slay—beauties of runts, thin in the hams and pot bellied; but sure and keep their blood thin by scanty herbage; animals are safest to breed from that haven't strength to herd.

8. Be cautious about manufacturing manure; it makes the fields look black and mournful about planting time; besides it is a deal of work to haul it.

9. Never waste time setting out fruit and shade trees; fruit and leaves rotting around a place make it unhealthy.

The Austrian Currency.

During a residence of some three months in Vienna, I never saw a single silver or gold coin of the realm in circulation. You pay your cabman with a dozen screws of greasy paper; you tip the omnibus conductor with a twopenny bank note; you pay the house-porter in the same way if you return home after ten o'clock; you throw a bank-note to the beggar at the church door! You see the market women counting up their paper money when their fruit stalls are emptied; you see the charitable dropping into the crimson collecting bags in the churches; on every side crop up evidences of the critical state of Austrian finances.—Once a Week.

SASS AND BRASS.—Old Mrs. Lawson was called as a witness. She was sharp and wide awake. At last the cross examining lawyer out of all patience, exclaimed, "Mrs. Lawson, you have brass enough in your face to make a twelve-quart pail."

"Yes," she replied, "and you've got sass enough in your head to fill it."

YOUR OWN FIRESIDE.—If there is a heaven on earth, it is on a soft couch by your fireside, your wife on one side, and a smiling baby on the other, a clear conscience, and a knowledge that you are out of debt, and don't fear the sheriff.

A young lady once remarked that there was one word in the Bible that she wished altered, and that was in the passage, "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek turn unto him the other also;" she would have word "smite" changed to "kiss."

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?"

"No, my boy; what possesses you to ask such a question?"

"Because I saw in the old family Bible where your married Ann Dorniny, 1855; and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."

"Mother, did you hear sissy swear?"

"No, my dear; what did she say?"

"Why, she said, she wasn't going to wear her darned stockings to church!"

Don't marry an attorney; it must be a sad thing to be hung to a limb of the law.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

The Irishmen in California have sent on a brick of solid gold and several barrels of silver to the Fenian fair at Chicago.

Eight thousand school houses have been erected in Russia since the emancipation of the serfs took place.

Fifteen State Legislatures and Conventions have declared their preference for Mr. Lincoln as the next President.

For the first time in thirty-two years the Washington Globe failed on Wednesday to print any of the Congressional debates. Scarcity of compositors was the reason.

The Coburg Gazette states that her Majesty Queen Victoria is engaged writing her own memoirs.

The Duke of Newcastle remains too unwell to attend either Parliament or Cabinet meetings.

During a search at a house in Gloucester, Mass., for goods stolen during a recent fire, a ready-made coffin was found with the top knocked off, and for rods stuck on the bottom, making a serviceable cradle, in which a babe was comfortably snoring.

It is stated that the Archduke Joseph of Austria, is about to ask, through the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, for the hand of the third daughter of Victoria, the Princess Helena, who will see her 18th birthday in May.

Revolutions are spreading throughout New England, and it is mentioned as a marked peculiarity that there is an absence of all excitement.

A notary has forwarded to the Bank of France a brick, with a 1000 fr. note glued on it, which has been paid, and will be kept in the Bank Museum of Curiosities. It appears that it had been for fifteen years glued on the wall of a peasant's house, and considered as a pictorial curiosity by the man who found it, and did not know its value.

The small pox is spreading with fearful rapidity over the country. In Cincinnati it is worse than ever before known; in Cleveland, Ohio, it is said there are upwards of 1,200 cases; and in Columbus and other places it is very bad. It seems to have started from the camps and hospitals.

The Chicago Tribune says, everything indicates that the campaign of the present year will be more desperate and bloody than any which has preceded it; and that instead of meeting a stunted, demoralized enemy, the Federals shall meet larger armies, better soldiers, and more determined resistance, than have been met at any period since the inauguration of the rebellion.

At the Armory in Springfield, Mass., 27,700 muskets were made in January—the largest number ever manufactured in a single month.

The idea of connecting Liverpool and Birkenhead by means of a tunnel under the Mersey is again started in Liverpool. It is estimated to cost £400,000.

An immense Map of China executed in the seventeenth century by a number of Catholic missionaries, has been presented to the Museum of Prague by the Chevalier Lipowski.

Two volumes of Napoleon III.'s "Life of Caesar" are ready; but they are, according to the Memorial Diplomatic, not to appear as yet, since Mr. M. is going to revise them, for the sixth or seventh time, from documents furnished by a learned captain of the Gentes corps.

A district has been discovered in Russia of similar formation to that of the oil-producing regions of Canada and Pennsylvania, and an American has obtained a tract of 50,000 acres upon which he is making explorations in search of oil.

ALLEGED JABS IN THE ROYAL FAMILY.—The London correspondent of the Witness says:—"The residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales at St. Leonards, near Hastings, gives rise to some curious gossip. It is asked, Why are they not at Osborne? An excuse might have been made in former times, when the Royal Family was broken up; but now that, like all grown up families the elder children are dispersed in various directions, there might easily be found a non-public to put the public in possession of the fact, that the Prince and Princess occupy the unseemly position of a lodger at an ordinary hotel. The exclusion from the royal manor residence in the Isle of Wight is farther attributed to an unfortunate divergence in the politics of the Royal Family, the Queen, as it is pretty well known, being a non-public to put the public in possession of the fact, that the Prince and Princess occupy the unseemly position of a lodger at an ordinary hotel. 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