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Poetry.

[By request.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

I am thinking of home, of the loved ones there;
Of the old cottage, where my father's arm chair,
I wish those fond relics might ever last,
To remind me of scenes, now long since past.

In fancy, I live o'er childhood again,
I roam o'er hill-top, forest and plain;
Or again, I stand by the silvery brook,
And try my luck with my little hook.

Brothers and sisters, too, gladdened my heart;
Years have fled since we were called to part.
We are scattered far, and shall meet no more,
Till we all assemble on that peaceful shore.

But the dearest spot I remember there,
Was the place that my mother knelt in prayer.
As she implored of God in accents wild,
That in the "narrow way" he would keep her child.

I remember my father, though old and blind,
His hair was silver, but his voice was kind;
They have dug his grave both wide and deep;
O'er that hallowed spot I may never weep.

I am sad and lonely, and after I roam;
But thoughts still cling to my long lost home.
Father or mother! grant this—I implore—
A place with those loved ones, on that blissful shore.

Select Tale.

THE LITTLE DOCTOR!

(Continued.)

Every morning the bouquet was plucked; and Jessie and the Doctor walked together in the garden for a few moments. But since the night of the party there had been a change in his manner. It was as though he had resolved on no more love-like demonstrations.

Ashley Honeywell, the handsome and aristocratic, bowed at her shrine, and every girl who knew her envied her. Jessie Rue should have been content but she was not—Once indeed, when the Doctor had gone away with his flowers in his hand, not once looking back, she found herself standing amidst the roses with tears in her eyes and a pang of mortification at her heart. Awakening to the consciousness of this she stamped her small foot angrily.

"Why should I feel hurt that he cares nothing for me now?" she said. "Let him adore that girl at the cottage if he will. It is nothing to me."

When next she went to the little cottage she found the shutters closed, and the old woman opened the door very softly.

"Good-morning, Miss," she said. "My young lady will be glad to see you. She's been very low—dying, I thought. Maybe she will die yet." And tears came into the old creature's eyes.

Jessie's thoughts flew to the Doctor. He must have suffered much in the fear of losing his betrothed. For Jessie had resolved upon this state of things. She went into the little bedroom, and there, with the little candle, thinner than ever, folded on the white counterpane, lay Wendeline. She looked at Jessie with a smile, and put up her lips to kiss her.

"I thought I should see you again," she said, "I am so glad to meet you once more. Do you think I shall die?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"Jane thinks so, I know. I heard her praying God to spare me."

"And your friend—what does he think?"

"I do not know. Does it not seem strange to you that any one should not mind dying?"

"Oh, yes."

"I do not, Miss Jessie."

"You—so lovely, so young, so—"

Beloved was on Jessie's tongue, but she did not utter it.

"I am young—at least I am not twenty yet—but life is not a happy thing to me.—You do not know what trouble I have had."

"You have lost your parents?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

The girl shuddered all over and hid her face in both hands.

"I have been very wicked," she said. "Oh, Miss Jessie, if you knew all, perhaps you would not be here! But think I am dying, and I beg you to come again. Next time I will tell you my story.—You are religious, are you not?"

"Not as I should be; but I belong to the church."

"Then you can tell me more than I can think for myself. I cannot believe God will pardon me; yet they say he is very merciful to sinners."

Jessie put back the golden curls from the little forehead.

"You cannot be very wicked, Wendeline," she said. "You are too pretty—too much like a child."

"Pretty!" The girl shuddered all over as she repeated the word. "Oh, Miss Jessie, I wish I had been born with an ugly face. I'd rather have been black, like dear old Jane. It has been a curse to me to be as pretty as I know I am."

Something her half-fancied her delirious, Jessie sat beside the girl for hours. When they parted she had promised to return in a few days.

The next day it rained, and the next day, then came riding parties, fishing parties, boating parties—a week passed. At last came Jessie's birthday, and a regular evening party.

Laughter, and mirth, and music filled the house. The Doctor was there; and in the early part of the evening a boy came running to say that Squire Walker of the Bend had fallen down in a fit, and he left them.

The silver tongue of the time-piece on the mantle had counted ten when Jessie left the crowded parlors and stepped out upon the porch. She was not in a merry mood, and longed to be alone for a few moments. As she stood there she saw in the moonlight a strange, crooked form half running, half hobbling toward the house. It entered the garden gate, and came toward her, and while she was wondering whether it were witch or brownie it flung back an old black hood, and revealed the face of the mulatto Jane.

"Oh, Miss!" she cried, "can you tell me where Dr. Oliver is? They told me he was over here—I—Oh, you're the young lady Miss Wendeline thinks so much of; she's dying, Miss, I'm afraid, and there's only a child of ten with her. Oh, call the Doctor, please, Miss?"

"Dr. Oliver is not here," said Jessie. He has been, but he has gone. Do you know Squire Walker's place?"

"Oh, yes, Miss."

"You'll find him there, and I will go to Wendeline."

"God bless you, Miss!"

"Take the path over the fields," said Jessie, and waiting neither for shawl nor bonnet, she ran around the house until she came to the stable yard. There sat John, the man-servant, in his shirt sleeves, passing his hours in chewing straw.

"John," she cried, "harness Black Bess to the gig immediately! I want you to drive me to the cross roads!"

"Yes, Miss," said John.

"He was a man of a few words, and only asked, when the gig was ready, 'Shall I get my coat Miss. This here is my stable jacket.'"

"No; time is everything just now." And in a few moments they were whirling along the road at full speed.

For in the distance Jessie saw the light in the cottage window, and her heart beat fast as she entered the little room. A rough faced child in ragged garments sat by the bed, and on it lay poor Wendeline. The moment Jessie's eyes rested on her face, she knew that the old woman was right—her hours were numbered.

"You have come," the poor girl half-whispered. "I am so thankful! Send little Maggie home: I want to talk with you. They have been here. I saw them."

"Who have been here," said Jessie.

"Mother and father—one sat beside me. The other stood just there at the foot of the bed. Mother smiled, but father looked so stern."

"It was a dream," said Jessie.

"No! I was awake. Oh, dear Miss Jessie you do not know why I feared to see them. I did so wrong! I broke their hearts; I did indeed, wicked girl that I was! If mother could not pardon me, even on her death bed, think how I must have sinned! They wanted me to marry Cousin Oliver—"

Jessie started.

"My parents I mean. He was very good; but so shy, and serious, and old-fashioned; besides, he did not love me; and he was so much older. I ran away one night with a gentleman who fell in love with me, and of whom my parents knew nothing. But he was very handsome, and said he could not live without me. We were married, and went to Europe. I wrote many a letter to my mother; they never forgave me, and at last I heard they were both dead, and that grief for my disobedience killed them."

"That made me low-spirited, and my husband began to care less for me. At last we were in Italy; he devoted himself to a beautiful Italian lady, and I grew jealous. I reproached him, saying that his wife deserved his respect if not his love, and he told me the awful truth: our marriage was a false one. I was a poor degraded creature. I think my heart broke then.—Still, alone with him in a strange land, what could I do? So I lived with him still. Sometimes he was kind, sometimes cruel. At last he said he would return to America."

"We went on board the ship together late at night. In the morning I found myself far upon the ocean and alone. Ashley had gone to the shore again in a boat, while I thought him on deck. He left me a note and some money."

"He was tired of me, he said, and I of him, and it was best to part."

"I was very ill after that—delirious, I believe, but it was over. Ashley Honeywell and I would never meet again."

"Ashley Honeywell?" gasped Jessie.

"Yes, that was his name. Oh, Miss Jessie, do you know him?"

"I do," said Jessie, and her cheek was whiter than that of the dying girl.

"What next?"

"We came to America, and I was alone in New York city. My money, save and scrape as I would, lasted but a little while. Then the woman that I had boarded with turned me into the streets. It was my nineteenth birthday. That night I went down to a lonely dock meaning to drown myself. As I stood there ready for the leap, a hand came upon my shoulder."

"I have been watching you ten minutes, he said. 'My poor woman, you are mad just now. Stop; think!'"

"I turned and saw the face of my cousin Oliver. It brought back home memories, and I burst into tears, and was saved from the great sin of suicide. At last he knew me."

"Cousin Wendeline," he cried, "how have you come to this?"

"So I told him my sad story, and he was very kind and good. He took care of me, and a few days after brought me here to live with old Jane, who had been my nurse, and who loved me dearly. Since that he has been so kind to me I have wanted for nothing. God will bless him, I am sure; I do, I will with my dying breath; but oh what a strange thing is a human heart! I can never banish my love for Ashley Honeywell, who was so cruel to me. I would not have seen him, had I lived; but as you know him—oh Miss Jessie, will you write to him and say, 'Wendeline is dead,' only that he will perhaps grieve for me a little?"

"I promise," said pale Jessie.

The dying girl fell back upon her pillow and that other girl prayed beside her until a step upon the floor of the outer room told that the Doctor was there.

Old Jane, sobbing for her darling, knelt at the foot of the rude cot. And beside the death bed, Jessie Rue and Doctor Oliver met each other.

Wendeline seemed past speaking there. She put one soft white hand in Dr. Oliver's the other still in Jessie's. And the lids drooped over the blue eyes.

So she lay, motionless as a statue, for many moments, then the lips moved in a whisper.

"God bless you, Cousin Oliver!" and the Doctor, hearing it, bent lower. "Jessie, remember tell Ashley Wendeline is dead. And with these words the spirit met the waiting angels."

The old woman burst into a wild moaning wail. The Doctor turned away to hide his tears, and Jessie only seemed unmoved. She walked to the window, and looking out upon the cold moonlight road, thought of the story she had heard, of the broken heart and of its cruel idol.

In a little while the Doctor came to her. She had sent John home with the carriage to explain her absence.

"You'll find him there, and I will go to Wendeline."

"God bless you, Miss!"

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"No! I was awake. Oh, dear Miss Jessie you do not know why I feared to see them. I did so wrong! I broke their hearts; I did indeed, wicked girl that I was! If mother could not pardon me, even on her death bed, think how I must have sinned! They wanted me to marry Cousin Oliver—"

"Shall I see you home?" he said. This time she answered "Yes."

Alone together, her hand upon his arm, nothing save the chirping crickets in the hedges. By and-by he spoke.

"She was a fair flower to die in life's summer. Do you know her story?"

"She told me all, I think. You have been very good to her."

"Only a brute could have done less."

He had taken off his hat and carried it in his hand; the moonlight shone upon the noble forehead and the bald head, circled by the tressure of black curls. Jessie did not look upon it as she had looked once. That seemed a very handsome man who walked beside her.

His next word made her heart stand still.

"I may say good by to-night, I think," he said. "After my poor little cousin's funeral I shall leave the place. I shall hardly return to it."

"This is a sudden determination," said Jessie; she did not know what to say. She could hardly speak at all.

"No," he answered. "I have thought of it for months. But I knew my cousin must die and I am her only friend in the world."

"We shall miss you," said Jessie.

"No," said the Doctor; "I am not one to be much missed."

She walked on again. Suddenly he turned toward her, standing still and clutching her arm.

"Oh, Jessie Rue," he said, in a low, passionate voice—"Jessie Rue, do you think I can stay here to see the only girl I ever loved in all my life wedded to another—one who is not worthy of her—one whom I believe to be a villain. I loved you better than any earthly thing, Jessie Rue, and I cannot stay here to go mad."

His manner was so different from his usual one that it frightened Jessie. She could only clasp her hands and look at him as he went on.

"Ah, Jessie, he is handsome than I, more pleasing, richer, above me in all outward seeming; but I have loved you as he never will, for I know his base, bad heart."

Then she found courage to speak.

"To whom do you allude?"

"To whom but to Ashley Honeywell, your betrothed husband."

"I am not betrothed to him."

"Thank God for that."

"I never will be."

"Jessie!"

His face changed—he bent over her.

"Oh, Jessie, I am mad now, I think. Jessie Rue, look at me. Jessie, need I go?"

And she answered, "No, Dr. Oliver."

Then in the moonlight their lips met, and he caught her to his heart.

They were the only mourners, save old Jane, at the poor girl's grave. Hand in hand they stood within the church when all was over, when clattering past the gate went a handsome horseman. He paused and looked at the two for a moment, and then rode on whistling. It was Ashley Honeywell, passing so near the grave of the dying girl whose dying thoughts were of him. That night a little note was brought to him from Jessie, and reading it he knew that Wendeline was dead.

Jessie Rue had made her choice. At Christmas time they were married. Old Jane came from her little cottage to live with them as a servant, and Jessie was very good to her for dead Wendeline's sake. And never in all her life had she cause to repent of the day on which she married the man lowest on her list of admirers—the man whom all along she had loved best, even while ignorant of her own heart.

And Ashley Honeywell—there came a time to him long years after, when dissipation had made him penniless, and he, a broken hearted, friendless, wretched man, wandered bareheaded along the road that came to the lonely graveyard, he lay down before a little stone with "Wendeline" upon it, and wept for the one heart which would have been true to him. And lying there, the snow began to fall, and covered him with a white shroud; so that, when spring came, and the ground was moist with dew again, there was but a handful of bones to bury by pure chance at the foot of Wendeline's grave.

Females.

A girl is not allowed to be a girl after she is ten years old. If you treat her as though she were one, she will ask you what you mean. If she starts to run across the street, she is brought back to the nursery to listen to a lecture on the propriety of womanhood. Now it seems to me that a girl ought to be nothing but a girl until she is seventeen. Of course there are proprieties belonging to her sex, which it is fitting for her to observe, but aside from these, she ought to have the utmost latitude. She ought to be encouraged to do much out of doors, to run and exercise in all those ways which are calculated to develop the muscular frame. What is true of boys, in the matter of bodily health, is eminently so of girls. It is vastly more important that women should be. Man votes, and writes, and does business, but the woman is the teacher and the mother of the world; and anything that deteriorates woman is a comprehensive plague on human life itself.

Health among women is a thing that every man who is wise and considerate for his race should more earnestly seek and protect.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Fanny Fern lately said—"If one half of the girls only knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased." But the Boston Post says—"If the men knew, Fanny, that their future lives were to be, wouldn't it increase the list of old maids still further?"

"HUSSEY FELLOWS."—The less a man knows about household matters, the better. There he should leave to his wife, if he has one, or to his housekeeper, if he has not; yet some men are cognizant of everything which passes in the family. They know how much soap is given out to the domestics; know how many candles are burned weekly in the kitchen; and other things equally unworthy of notice by a manly character. Such "hussey fellows," as they call them in Scotland, should have the disclout pinned to their coats, to teach them better manners.—*Macnish.*

A husband can readily foot the bills of a wife who is not ashamed to be seen footing his stockings.

How THE POOR LIVE IN LONDON.—The larger part of the poor women in London get a living by charring and laundry work. The wages of the husband will not pay the six shillings rent for two rooms, and the schooling of two or three boys and girls, and "keep the wolf from the door." The wife, must go out to work. A mechanic working for the shop in his own neighborhood, or for those at the West End, makes from ten shillings to one pound per week; a laborer the same sum. This leaves but a small surplus for clothes, I assure you, if any at all, after the rent is paid and the food consumed at the end of the week. I know as a fact that some wives who are too delicate, or are unable for other reasons to go out to work, never eat meat themselves and their children mainly subsist on bread and dripping, treacle water and tea. Sometimes a luxury is improvised in the way of a herring, or an ounce or two of salt butter and a herring. This I know to be the fare of a poor family, who, out of one pound five shillings per week, have six shillings and sixpence rent to pay, and to support five young children. The poor man must eat or his health would decline for want of proper nourishment, and his work would flag woefully in consequence. On the return of the wives from the wash-tub or charring, they have only time to wash their children and put them to bed. All day some of the children have been at the ragged or national schools; perhaps one boy has been carrying about newspapers and parcels, and doctor's medicines, for three shillings and sixpence per week; another has had the care of the baby, as well as a small child, and has spent his time on different doorsteps, exposed to the temptation of marbles, pitch and toss and countless perils to himself and charges in street affairs and quarrels of different kinds throughout the day.—*Once a Week.*

Once more. I have seen men in common life that seemed to feel that thrift required that they should get the fruit of every thing they did. There is many a man that, if he makes a bargain with another man, and finds that that man has made about as much by the transaction as he has, is sorry, and says, "Oh, if I had known that—" what would he have done? He would have driven the bargain tighter and tried to make it so that it should have been profitable at both ends. In other words, he would have tried to be a thief; for a man that makes a bargain so that the profit shall be at his end is but a thief. No bargain is right where there is not profit at both ends. If you are expert enough to choose a man—which is only another name for cheat—to get the advantage of him in a bargain, you are expert enough to be dishonest. And no bargain is a good bargain that is not equitable, and equally beneficial to both parties. But many men, when they find that those with whom they have been dealing have made about as much as they, feel somehow as though God's law had been broken and that they ought to have made pretty much all that was made. A man buys a piece of property to-day and sells it to-morrow so as to make five thousand dollars. He learns that the man who bought it of him sold it the next day so as to make three or four thousand dollars more; and his first thought is, "If I had held on to it, I should have made that." These mean souls are sorry to have anybody else prosper by anything that they ought to do with. They would like it if the whole world were one breast, and they were the only ones to suck it!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A man has just died in Paris of insatiable hunger. He could not eat enough. His earnings being altogether insufficient to satisfy his voracious appetite, though he ate scarcely anything but bread, his fellow workmen used to contribute towards his support; but wearied with thus burdening his friends, and worn out by his sufferings, he at last hung himself. The annals of medicine record many instances of this disease, both in ancient and modern times, but the most remarkable case of late years was that of a woman named Anne Denise, who died in Paris only a few years since. She used to eat from twenty-four to thirty pounds of bread a day. When on her death bed and unable to take food she begged her sister to come and eat near her, and her last words were—"Since it pleases God that I shall eat no more, let me at least have the pleasure of seeing you eat."

Great as you may be, the cradle was your world once, and over it, the only horizon you beheld, bent the heaven of a mother's eyes, as you rocked in that little barque of love.

On arriving in Copenhagen the Princess of Wales wished to dress for dinner, when she suddenly found herself with "nothing to wear." Some stupid servant, who received orders about the luggage followed out his instructions for leaving it at the palace, which he thought meant the Palace of Bernstorff, and so when, half an hour before dinner time, her Royal Highness entered her dressing-room the necessary garments wherewith to clothe and decorate her beautiful person where now to be found; Bernstorff was four or five miles distant, so any help from there was not to be thought of; and the future Queen of England had to borrow a dress to wear.

An Idiot's Wit.—Jamie was sitting in the front gallery wide awake, when many were slumbering round him; the clergyman endeavored to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying: "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep as so many of you are doing."—Jamie, not asleep, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' adna! I been an idiot I wad ha' been sleepin' too!"

IRITATING THE FEELINGS.—After rolling all night in your berth at sea, till you are miserably sick, to have a steward ask you in the morning if you will have a fresh roll for breakfast.

SCENE—THE CHURCH DOOR ON SUNDAY.—Frederick: "There now, how very provoking! I've left the proper books at home!" Maria: "Well, never mind, dear; but do tell me, is my bonnet straight?"

A married lady, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, and therefore nearly always out when her husband returned home, happened one day to be suddenly taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance but soon returned, anxiously exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I return?"

Items, Foreign & Local.

It is alleged that an agent of the Sultan of Turkey has been arrested at Paris, for endeavoring to procure young women there for the Sultan's harem.

A lady at Remscheid presented her husband last week with no less than four healthy daughters at a single birth.

A confectioner in New York got up a Thanksgiving cake for the Ladies' Home mission, which was 10 feet long, 22 inches wide, and 16 inches thick. To make it it took 1300 eggs, 175 pounds of flour, 125 pounds of sugar, and 80 pounds of butter.

A divorce, or, at least, a separation, is talked of between a noble earl and countess, in England.

Fifteen dollars a day is the price for a private parlor in the Washington hotels.

A man under arrest in Providence for criminal intercourse with his three daughters.

A married woman in Boone County, Mo., on the 15th ult., gave birth to a child that had no head.

The steam plough turns over eight acres a day.—It is one of the triumphs of British agriculture.

The government of South Australia announces its intention to expend £70,000 on immigration during 1865.

Bouquets of flowers, cut with a jack knife out of carrots, turnips and beets, are among the latest novelties. A rose, cut in a light tinted beet, and a dahlia cut in a turnip, are mentioned.

There are twelve million women in France.

Amongst the students now at the University of Oxford are two Russian gentlemen.

Nearly £1,000 have been subscribed to erect a memorial in honor of the late Duke of Hamilton.

Almost six hundred national banks have been organized in the U. S., with capitals amounting to about \$109,000,000.

A custom is now becoming general in Paris for the workman to take a cup of coffee as soon as he rises, his *dejeuner* or breakfast at half past eleven after leaving work at half past five or six.

The cultivation of cotton is being extensively prosecuted in Italy, under the encouragement of the Government, which offers medals and other honors to successful growers.

The intelligence from New Zealand down to the 24th September is reported favorable, no further hostilities having taken place, and the natives continuing to bring in their arms.

A young girl, of fourteen years, committed suicide a few days since in New York.

A lump of gold, weighing eighty pounds, has just arrived in New York from Colorado.

The siege of Charleston promises to last as long as the siege of Troy.

An Irishman was challenged at the polls in Windsor, Vt., and his naturalization papers demanded. After much hesitation he handed over a paper that proved to be a bill against himself for two barrels of whiskey.

The number of physicians in the United States is 22,542; of lawyers, 37,103; of clergymen, 33,629.

A chime of bells is about to be placed in the Episcopal Cathedral at Toronto, at a cost of \$15,000.

Notwithstanding the heavy tax on tobacco, in the U. S., cigar dealers assert that the demand for the weed has increased rather than the contrary.

An American Democratic paper consoles itself as follows: "It is no shame to belong to the minority. Noah and his family were in the minority, while the vast majority went to destruction, pretty much as they are going now."

Mrs. Mitchell, of Wilton, Maine, a lady about forty years of age, committed suicide by drowning herself in a watering trough one day last week.

The Insurance Companies of Great Britain have all united in determination to refuse to pay for any of the damages resulting from the recent great gunpowder explosion of Erit.