

The Carleton Sentinel

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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WHOLE NO. 849.

Poetry.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

A rustic maid sat on the hay,
Under an apple tree;
And softly the song of the summer day,
Chimed with her reverie.
The music of the mower's scythe,
The cricket on the wall,
The bird song, ever sweet and blithe,
Breathed through her musings all.
"Oh! would I were a lady fair,
In a castle by the sea;
And I'd sit and dream the livelong day,
While the waves should sing to me.
"I'd dream that a fairy skill should land
Near my castle by the sea,
To bear me away from the golden strand,
My lordly knight and me.
"To a palace grand on another shore
We'd go, my knight and I—
And we'd happy be forevermore,
While the hours of life flew by."
So the maiden dreamed, but dreamed alone.
A staid maid, however,
As she stopped to watch a passing cloud;
And she answered this word:
"Play, then, that the breeze in these grand old trees
Is the murmur of the sea;
And, faith, thou art a maiden fair,
As any queen could be.
"Play 'till thy knight, for I love thee well
As any knight can do;
And I'll be to thee, no tongue can tell,
How brave and good and true.
"There are blushes bright on each fair cheek,
Do they bid me stop my tale?
Or shall I tell of a cottage meek,
Nestled in an elm tree grand and hale?
The maiden blushed at her dream alone,
But said, not tried to sigh—
"Together and ever will I happy be
While the hours of life fly by."
She cared no more for the castle grand,
The silver waves above;
The maid had found her heart's demand
In the yon man's honest love.

Select Tale.

A ROMANCE OF LIMA.

(Concluded.)

Two more years passed, years of the most perfect happiness. Mary differed now in nothing from other women, save for that blank existence of more than twenty years. Her memory of that time never returned. She lived entirely within doors; Astley had one evening taken her for a walk, and the unaccounted sighs and sounds of the streets had terrified her so much that he never repeated the experience.

At times a longing to introduce his beautiful wife to his old friends and relatives in England was very strong, but the difficulties of explanation, or of deceit, which it would involve, combined with her extreme aversion to the project, always prevailed, and the idea was dismissed as the thing was impossible.

Six years had passed since the eventful night when Mary had been brought as dead to Astley's door, when walking one day in the streets of the city, he met an old friend whom he had not seen since his departure from England. The recognition was mutual, and Astley insisted upon his friend's returning with him to dinner. The invitation was cordially given, and willingly accepted, and thinking to surprise Mr. Holt by the sudden sight of his wife's loveliness, he said nothing of his being married, picturing to himself what his astonishment would be when he saw her.

Though he had anticipated some evidence of surprise, he was quite unprepared for the excess of emotion displayed by Mr. Holt upon his introduction to Mrs. Astley. The color left his face for a moment, and then returning violently, dyed it crimson, and the words of acknowledgement were stammered out almost unintelligibly. Recovering his composure by a strong effort, he offered his arm to lead Mrs. Astley to dinner, but she quietly declined it, laying her hand upon her husband's. During the whole time of dinner Mr. Holt scarcely moved his eyes from Mary's face, who did not seem at all disturbed by his intense gaze, and took no notice of her guest beyond hospitality demanded.

Astley's suspicions were excited long before the meal was ended, and his heart took a jealous leap as he thought it possible that his friend was falling in love with his beautiful wife. He cursed the impulse that had induced him to bring Holt home with him, and busily invented excuses for ridding himself of his guest as soon as was possible.

Holt's agitation increased to positive illness before long, and rising, he asked Astley to accompany him to another room. He was scarcely able to walk, and Astley took him by the arm and asked him if he were ill.

"I'll tell you," he groaned. "I wish I were dead." He sat down and covered his face with his hands. "You'll think me a fool, Astley, but the likeness of your wife to mine has overcome me."

"Are you married, then?" said Astley. "I did not know."

"I was married eight years ago. I married an English girl with your wife's hair and eyes; her height, too, and with her sweet voice. I brought her over here directly after our marriage, and we lived the happiest life in the world for two years—and then she died."

Astley was silent. He could think of no words of consolation that would not be a mockery to a man who had lost such a wife as Mary.

"Died," Holt continued, after a pause, "while I was away from her. I had gone a three days' journey, leaving her in perfect health, and I returned to find that she had died suddenly immediately after my departure, and was already buried."

"How long ago?" asked Astley, hoarsely. A horrible light was breaking in upon him.

"Six years. I left Lima the following day. I never even visited her grave, but returned to England at once; and now, after these years I find your wife so like her in every feature and every look, that my old wound is torn open afresh, and the intolerable anguish has made me cry out in this way."

Astley started up and laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder with a grasp like a vice. His voice was harsh and dry, and his eyes were blood-shot and staring.

"Holt, for God's sake let us do nothing rashly! Come with me to your wife's grave, and let us be very sure."

Holt looked up and saw all in Astley's face. "Speak," he shouted; "she is my wife! Tell me

how you met her; speak quickly while I can hear you, for there is the sound of a cataract in my ears that deafens me!"

And he fell in a swoon at Astley's feet. He might have died in it for all Astley could do to revive him. He stood blindly staring at the pale face, but was incapable of so much as holding out a hand to him.

Holt came to himself before long, and rising up haggard and wild, repeated his demand that Astley should tell him where he had met his wife.

And he did tell him, sparing nothing, saying plainly out that she had been brought to him by the body-snatchers as a subject; that she had lain dead upon his table for a night, sheeted and shrouded like a corpse.

"And you dared——" burst in Holt, who was almost beside himself.

"I saved her life," said Astley, gently; he had softened as he thought of that restoration. "Will you come with me to the grave, that we may be very sure?"

"No, no, no," Holt moaned; the fury was passing away, and giving place to a dull sorrow. "I can bear no more. It is as certain, more certain than death, that your wife is mine. God help us."

Which of the men was most to be pitted?

There were some moments of horrible silence, in which each heard the beating of his heart like a heavy drum. Holt spoke again.

"Ask Edith to come here. Surely she cannot have forgotten me."

"Mary—I call her Mary. It will only distress her. I give you my word of honor she has no memory of anything before the time."

But when he saw the passion in Holt's face, he judged it best for his sake that she should come. Since he chose to hear from her own mouth what he had refused to believe from his friend's, he should do so.

She came quickly at the sound of the loved voice, and glided into the room, looking like an angel of peace between two evil spirits. She stopped short as she caught sight of Astley's face all drawn and set with the effort to suppress his emotion, and then threw her arms around his neck with a cry of love and terror.

But he unwound her arms, and for the first time drew back from her embrace.

"Mary, my love," Holt's eyes flashed fire at the tender words and tones, "tell me, tell Mr. Holt, if you remember anything in your life before you awoke from your trance in this house?"

"I do not," she said; "I remember nothing. I have said so many times."

"Swear it," cried Holt.

"I swear it," she said, "by my husband, Richard Astley."

Poor Holt! He threw himself at her feet, clasping her knees, and crying passionately:

"Oh, Edith! have you forgotten me, your husband, David Holt? Oh, my darling, you must remember me, and how happy we were for that short two years!"

But she broke from his grasp, and threw herself into Astley's arms, crying out:

"Send him away! What does he mean? Send him away!" She was pale and trembling with terror.

"Let her go," shouted Holt, "or by——"

The oath was interrupted by Astley.

"Holt, God knows I will try to do what is right, and for her sake I ask you to be calm." He placed her in a chair, where she sat weeping for very fright, and went on.

"You shall say all you can to bring the past to her memory, and if she can remember you in the faintest degree I will give up my claim to yours. But if she does not—oh, Holt, I saved her life!" The struggle was an awful one, and shook him as the wind shakes a reed.

"You tell her," said Holt, bitterly; "perhaps she will believe what you say. At any rate, she will listen to it."

It was hard to begin the cruel task; yet for her sake he undertook it, his voice trembling, though he tried with all his will to steady it.

"Mary, love, listen. You know that you must have lived more than twenty years before you were brought here that night."

"I do not know," she said; "I cannot remember."

"But it must have been so, for you were a woman then."

"I cannot understand," she repeated. "I have no recollection of anything before."

Astley turned to Holt with a look of agony. "You see how it is, let us end this torture."

"Give me my wife," said Holt, fiercely.

"You will not take her," Astley cried, as the thought of his doing so against her will struck him for the first time.

"She is mine," said Holt. "Go on; tell her the whole story. If she does not understand it, she will believe it when you tell it to her." The sneer with which the words were spoken was a cruel one, but misery had made him cruel, and he scarcely knew what he said or did.

And Astley told her all in a few words. She looked bewildered.

"It must be true if you say so, but I cannot recollect; and oh, Astley, I love only you."

Holt rose passively. "You are nobler than I," he said, as he turned to go.

It seemed to Astley that his grief was but beginning when he tried to explain the whole thing clearly to Mary. The torture of putting it into words was so intense that all before was nothing compared with it. And when at length she comprehended, and asked if he wished her to leave him, even that agony seemed slight contrasted with what he endured in telling her that he believed she ought to do so.

Loving as she was, she could not comprehend the sacrifice to duty which Astley was striving to make, and her thorough ignorance of the world rendered it impossible to make her understand what her position would be if she remained where she was.

And yet this was a case—so Astley tried to persuade himself—so extraordinary, so different from anything that had ever been in the world before, that no law, human or divine, could apply to it. But above all, the thought rose dominant, that by whatever mystery of unconsciousness deprived of memory, she was still Holt's wife and not his, and with this thought piercing him like a sharp sword, he said that he believed she ought to leave him.

She rose up, cold and proud in a moment, and would have left him then, but at the threshold her spirit failed, and she turned again to throw herself at his feet, with tears and sobs.

Night has veiled many sights of woe, the clouds of night have many times been pierced by cries of anguish, bitter cries for faith and patience, going up above the stars to the feet of God, but night never shrouded deeper woe than this, bitter cries never pierced the shuddering darkness.

When morning dawned they were both very calm and still. Their tears were shed, and their eyes were dry. He had decided for the right, though his heart was broken in the conflict; and she, woman-like, had accepted the right, not because it was so, but because he said it was so.

"I shall die," she said, in a voice from which all passion had departed. "I can bear no more and live, but I can bear even this and die."

Who can describe that parting? When the sun set, it was upon Astley broken-hearted and alone. Holt had taken away his wife.

Seven days passed, and Astley never left his desolate home. He made no distinction of day or night, but lay down to sleep—the stupor which from time to time rendered him unconscious could be so called—at any hour that sleep came to him.

At the close of the seventh day he tried for the first time to look his fate boldly in the face. "I am not dead," he said, "therefore it is clear that this grief will not kill me." That night he undressed and went to bed.

The night six years ago, when the sheeted figure lay upon the table, and he dreamed fantastic dreams of terror connected with it, came to mind more distinctly than it had ever done before. His sleep was broken and feverish, and haunted by wild dreams. Twice he awoke feeling certain that he had heard a knocking at the door, and twice he slept again when he found that all was silent. But he awoke a third time in the grey dawn and heard the sound again, a feeble knocking at the outer door, which ceased suddenly. He rose, determined to ascertain the cause; he unbarred and opened the door, and there fell forward across the threshold the dead body of Mary.

Origin of Our National Emblems.

Of England.—In the early part of the reign of Henry VI., about the year 1450, a few noblemen and gentlemen were discussing who was the rightful heir to the British Crown. After a time they adjourned to the Temple Gardens, thinking they would be more free from interruption. Suddenly, however, they arrived when they perceived Richard Plantagenet approaching. Unwilling to continue the conversation in his presence, a great silence ensued. He, however, asked them what they had been so anxiously talking about when he joined them, and whether they espoused the cause of his party, or that of the usurper Henry of Lancaster, who then filled the throne. "A raise and absurd politeness prevented their making any reply," he added, "since you are so reluctant to tell your opinion in words, tell me by signs, and let him that is an adherent of the house of York pull a white rose as I do." Then said the Earl of Somerset, "Let him who hates flattery, and dares to maintain our rightful heir, even in the presence of his enemies pull a red rose with me." When Henry VII. married Elizabeth of York the rival houses were blended, and the rose became the national emblem of England.

Of Scotland.—In the reign of Malcolm I., in the year 1010, Scotland was invaded by the Danes, who made a descent on Aberdeen, intending to take by storm Staines Castle, a fortress of importance. The still hour of midnight was selected as the time for commencing the attack. When all was ready, and there was reasonable hope that the inmates of the castle were asleep, they commenced their march. They advanced cautiously, taking off their shoes to prevent their footsteps being heard. They approached the lofty tower, their hearts beating in joyous anticipations of a victory. Not a sound was heard from within. They can scarcely refrain from exclamations of delight, for they have but to swim across the moat, and place the scaling ladders, and the castle is theirs! But in another moment a cry from the invaders themselves roused the inmates to a sense of their danger, the guards fly to their posts, and the soldiers to their arms, and pursue the now trembling Danes, who fly before them. Whence arose this sudden change of affairs? From a very simple cause. It appears that the moat, instead of being filled with water, was in reality dried up and overgrown with thistles, which pierced the unprotected feet of the assailants, who, tortured with pain, forgot their cautious silence, and uttered the cry which had alarmed the sleeping inmates of the castle.

Of Ireland.—One day St. Patrick was preaching at Tara. He was anxious to explain the doctrines of the Holy Trinity. The people failed to understand, and refused to believe that there could be three Gods and yet but one. The holy man paused a moment, absorbed in deep thought, and seeing a shamrock peeping from the green turf, exclaimed, "Do you not see in this simple little wild flower, how three leaves are united in one stalk? His audience understood without difficulty this simple yet striking illustration to the inexpressible delight of St. Patrick. From that day the Shamrock became the national emblem of Ireland.—*Chambers Journal.*

Marriages of Cousins.

Some very interesting facts in connection with the subject of marriages of consanguinity have just been put on record by a French statistician. He carried on his investigations in the town of Batz, in the French department of the Loire Inferieure. Having selected forty-six cases of consanguineous marriages, he examined the husbands, wives and children, both in regard to their physical and intellectual development, and made inquiries concerning the families examined, and their ancestors, through the assistance of the mayor, pastor, and oldest inhabitant.

Combining the statistics thus collected, he has found that intermarriages do not bring about disease, idiocy, or malformation. However, it is important to mark that these results are attributed by the writer to the favorable climate of the locality, and to the general habits, hygiene, and morality of the inhabitants, as well as to the absence of all hereditary disease. The town of Batz is situated upon a peninsula bounded on one side by the rocks of the sea shore, and on the other by salt marshes. The air is pure, and the most frequent winds are from the north, northeast, and northwest. The number of inhabitants is about 3300. They have little communication with other parts of the country, and their occupation is almost confined to the preparation of salt. They are very intelligent, almost all the adults being able to read. The morality is of the highest stamp, prostitution being unknown.

Their and murder have not occurred within the collection of the oldest inhabitant. Mothers nurse their children till they are fifteen months old, and the general food of the population is of the vegetable class. There are, at present, in Batz forty-six consanguineous pairs of first cousins, five unions between second cousins, thirty-one marriages of third cousins and ten of cousins in the fourth degree. From the five unions of second cousins there have been twenty-three children, none of whom have presented any congenital deformity. The thirty-one marriages of third cousins have produced one hundred and twenty children, all healthy; and the marriage of fourth cousins have given rise to twenty-nine children, all of whom, with the exception of those who died of age, were strong and healthy at the time of examination. The writer contends that such facts as the foregoing prove that consanguineous marriages by no means lead to the degeneration of the race.

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We see it stated that Lieutenant Brook, of the 15th regt., now stationed in Fredericton, was accidentally shot while witnessing one of the recent battles in the vicinity of Richmond.

Mr. Doucet, a Canadian M. P. P., has been found to be a member of the *Black Legion*.

The Hon. Mr. Howe has received notice that his services as Fishery Commissioner are at an end in consequence of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty.

The King of the Belgians is on a visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor.

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A recent election in Australia the naturalized Chinamen voted for the first time. Being thoroughly free from political opinions or prejudices, 33 of them were engaged in one district by one of the candidates at 8s. a head, and tutored to say "yes" to every question which might be put to them in polling booth. One of the first questions put was, "Have you voted before at this election?" Answer, "yes," and forthwith they were unceremoniously bundled out of the booth.

The *Hamilton Spectator* says, it is currently reported, on good authority, that Captain Richard Osborn, late of H. M. S. "Royal Sovereign," will be in Canada, in a few weeks to arrange a system of Lake defence. Captain Osborn's experience in iron clads and gunboats, renders him an eminently fit person for the position, and we sincerely hope that the rumor is correct, not only because our naval defence ought to be organized and planned, but also because his appointment will be another proof of what we have never doubted, viz., that old England is, as ever, ready to do her duty.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The story lacks confirmation, but it is said that out in Catteraugus county, N. Y., the people are all putting shutters on their houses so that they can use petroleum, it is so much plentier and cheaper than daylight.

In Salmen, Edward K. Darke, who, on the 27th ult., was married to Virginia Burke, in Marbleboro, was arrested and bound over to appear on Tuesday, in consequence of the act—Mrs. B. already having a husband in the army, who is a brother to Edward K., and to whom she was married last July.

A gentleman residing in the suburbs of Lowell plucked flowers growing in the open air in his garden on the 5th of last December, and again on the 25th inst., an interval of only three months twenty days between.

A whale 25 feet long was recently captured off Staten Island.

The latest novelty in London is an electric tooth-brush to cure the toothache.

John Revere was once accosted by a man with a look of sin in his hand, "Pray, sir, is this the way to the poor house?" John gave him a look of clerical dignity, and pointing to the bottle, said, "No, sir, but that is."

In Batavia, N. Y., is being exhibited a young German girl, named Mary Ann Heinrich. She is aged only 7 years, weighs 125 lbs., and sports an enormous pair of whiskers and a mustache.

The number of physicians in the United States is 22,543; lawyers, 37,163; clergymen, 39,629.

A St. John paper says, "that the Sugar Refinery is to be discontinued in St. John is a fact, and that the machinery is to be removed to Halifax may be ascertained by a visit to the Refinery establishment."

The count Joannes has obtained a verdict of \$25,000 against Stephen R. Fiske, of the N. Y. *Leader*, for libel.

The Prince of Wales was present in the House of Commons during the debate on the defences of Canada.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, late British Minister at Japan, has been appointed Envoy to China in place of Sir F. Bruce.

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General News.

HOBBLE TRAGEDY.—The following horrible narrative appears in the *Indianapolis Journal* of a late date.—The startling intelligence has just been received of a fearful tragedy which occurred in the little village of Fairside, about ten miles from this place. It appears that a young man named Henry Hoare had been paying his addresses to a young lady whose father disapproved the whole affair, and forbade any meeting whatever between the lovers. Miss——repeatedly the affections of Hoare, who, however was known to be a wild dissipated character. On Saturday night last it was agreed between the two that they should meet in an arbor at the foot of her father's garden. The old gentleman, however, discovered the secret meeting, went to the place drew a revolver, and without a single word, deliberately fired twice at young Hoare, the first ball passing through his brain, and the second into his left lung just above the heart, producing instantaneous death. He then dealt his daughter a severe blow with the butt of the revolver, and left her lying beside the corpse of her lover. The old man was now perfectly frantic, and will shortly be removed to a lunatic asylum; his daughter is