

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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WHOLE NO. 884

## Poetry.

We accidentally happened upon some, what we consider, very pretty pieces of original composition in a young lady's collection; the authors, who reside in this County, will be surprised to see them in print no doubt, but we hope not annoyed. We give one piece below, and shall in future numbers the others if an injunction is not laid upon us.—Ed. Sen.

(ORIGINAL.)

### SONG OF THE SEA.

I sat alone by the sounding sea,  
And the waves rolled up as though to me;  
A song, so sweetly sad,  
That I how'd my head, on my hands, and wept,  
For o'er my soul there sadly crept.  
A throng of memories, that long had slept,  
While my dreaming heart was glad.  
But now, the song of that morning sea,  
Had brought those memories back to me,  
And banded the days between—  
Again I stood, as in days of yore,  
With death behind, a cold world before,  
And my hopes all wrecked on that awful shore—  
That verge of the world unseen.  
I listened, and wept, by the sounding sea,  
Till its sound was changed; it grew sweet to me,  
For my heart was swiftly drawn,  
From the grief laden past to the blissful now,  
With the circle of joy around my brow.  
On my future beams brightly the o'ercast bow,  
And the heart wrecking storm is gone.

## Select Tale.

### A House with all the Modern Conveniences.

Nehemiah Pollard was an army contractor. He furnished pork for the Western Department, and of course he got rich by it. At the end of two years of that kind of business, he found himself worth half a million.

People began to call him Mr. Pollard, instead of old Pollard, and sleek men in white neckcloths called upon him with long subscription papers.

Mrs. Pollard had discovered her importance some time previously. Dry goods clerks held open doors for her now, who, three years before, would have seen her drop a dozen parcels in the mud, and shut the skirt of her dress into the door forty times without coming to her rescue. She was consulted about sewing societies, and appealed to in behalf of Foreign Missions, and Bible Societies, and Sanitary Commissions; and her opinion was quoted among her friends as we quote from the statute book.

Mrs. Pollard awoke suddenly to the knowledge that it was time to attend to her accounts. She lived in a one-story wooden house, in a remote part of the city, with none of the conveniences and improvements. They owed it to the children, she said, to inhabit a house with all the modern conveniences, and see something of the world.

Nehemiah fingered his greenbacks, looked wise and coincided. So a house was taken. It would be tedious to relate all the particulars of the furnishing, much of which was done by contract. The house was large and commodious. There was a library, conservatory, parlor, drawing-room, dining hall and modern kitchen. It was heated with a furnace, lighted with gas; there was a dumb waiter, spring locks, hot and cold water—in short, it was a house with all the modern conveniences.

The library was stocked by a stationer, who received orders. To be sure, the books were well bound, and mostly in red backs. The conservatory was filled by a florist, and Mrs. Pollard stipulated that there should be plenty of hollyhocks and poppies.

When all was ready, the family moved in. Mrs. Pollard sailed about the grand rooms like a queen; but her husband looked absolutely frightened as he surveyed the premises.

"By golly, Polly," he exclaimed, "if this 'ere ain't a little too fine for us. I feel like a cat in a straw carpet. Yes, by golly! like two cats. There's a dozen things here that I don't know the name of. What's them gilt things stuck up in the corner, with bare-legged children with goose wings on their backs?"

"Land sakes, Mr. Pollard, them's ornishments, and the pigeons is angels. And you'll oblige me by calling me Margaret in future."

"Why, I didn't know that was your name," cried Mr. Pollard, in wonder.

"Peggy is the vulgar of Margaret, sir."

"Sho' well, I declare! Live and learn! Do take your feet off that ottoman, and don't lean your head against that paper hangings. Lick enough it's greasy."

"Shouldn't wonder; pork packing is rather greasy business."

"Mr. Pollard, if you'll never allude to your business again I'll be thankful. It is vulgar to bring home your shop with you."

"Why, who has brought one home?"

"Do be careful, Mr. Pollard. You have smashed the varnish off from that teat-table, and now you are bolting your head against that chandelier."

"The deuce you will," said Mr. Pollard, glancing at his scant attire; "you go to bed. I'll set the sink over the hole, and that will keep the heat out all right."

"Put out the gas," said his wife from the bed.

"Put out the dickens!" cried her husband, angrily; here I've blowed and blowed till I am fit to burst, and the confounded thing only dances the fister. I can't snuff it out neither. I wouldn't give a tallow dip for a million of these quiggles."

"Turn it off," advised Mrs. Pollard.

"Turn it, indeed! where turn it to, I wonder? Ha! I've done it; I've switched it out with my sleeve."

"Wal, don't get into bed with your hands smutty; there's hot and cold water, you know it is such a convenience."

"Jupiter Ammon! I've took the skin off from that band. Why, the water's bilin'! I'll try the cold—by jinks! how it smart's!" and muttering to himself, Mr. Pollard completed his ablution and got into bed.

Some time in the night, Mrs. Pollard awoke. She felt damp and chilly. She put her hand out, and felt only water.

"Lord have mercy!" screamed she, "wake up, Miah! there's a flood. It has got clear up in the chamber, and we shall all be drowned to death! Git up and light a light, quick!"

Mr. Pollard jumped out and then in again, propelled by a vigorous kick from his better half.

"What in creation is it?" cried he, dashing about in the vain attempt to find his clothes. "Ah, ah, it's just struck me—I didn't fix that waterpout right after I washed my hands. I remember I couldn't stop it from running—"

Confound the conveniences. "Wal, I can find my way; I'll go down to the kitchen and get a pail and bail us out."

He reached the top of the stairs in safety, and brought up on his head in the hall below, which felt as though a whole cotton factory had set up its machinery inside of it.

Directly he recovered himself and proceeded on his way. He went into the kitchen, found the pail, and turned to go back. The door was fast. He pulled and kicked it with all his might, but only wasted his strength. Then he remembered that all the doors in the house had spring locks, and he had neglected to take out the key when he came in, so of course he was a prisoner.

Pollard was mad. It was quite bad enough to be let through without a key, but to be immediately dried, but to stand there on a January night, with no garment but his robe de nuit, he howled and kicked, and banged among the pots and kettles and tin pans. He shouted murder! and thieves! at the top of his voice, and knocked his legs most wretchedly against the range. Maddened by the pain, he seized the poker and flew at the grating window, through which he soon had a hole large enough to shout murder out.

In a moment a policeman's rattle was heard, and directly quite a force of stars congregated outside the window.

"What's the row?" inquired the policeman.

"What do you mean by kicking up such a row at this time of night?"

Pollard threw a kettle-full of apple-sauce at his head, but the grating prevented it from taking effect.

"Desperate fellow indeed there?" muttered the policeman. It is best to be cautious, we might get into difficulty."

"Let me out! I'll be the death of the whole of ye!" roared Nehemiah, waxing desperate.—"I'll shoot every one of you."

"Pollard! Pollard! Miah!" called Mrs. Pollard from the entry. "Do you come. The house is full of robbers and murderers. I've heard them yelling for an hour."

"Let them yell and be blasted! I will be the death of the whole of them if you don't let me out of this."

"Don't kill anybody! It is wicked! Remember the commandment!" Entreated Mrs. Pollard.

"Open the door!" cried the policeman from the outside.

"Open it yourself!" cried Miah.

"What are you doing there?"

"He has lived in his house nearly a year now, but he carries a dip to bed with him and washes his face and hands at the kitchen sink."

## Romance.

The Cincinnati papers contain accounts of a romantic affair which has lately occurred there. Several years since a young married couple mutually agreed, for various reasons, to separate. To accomplish this end the friends of both parties experienced a great deal of trouble, and it was apparent to all that the young couple loved each other tenderly. A short time after the separation the young man quietly left the city, and during the long years which have elapsed since that time no one but his family heard from him. The young lady showed her devotion to her former husband by remaining single until a few weeks since, when she was united in the bonds of wedlock to a well known gentleman doing business in that city. One day last week husband No. 1 returned to Cincinnati and quietly took lodging at a private house, where there were no other boarders, save a newly married couple. The landlady of the house, desiring to show some attention to her new boarder, invited him into the parlor for the purpose of introducing him to her two guests, who were there awaiting dinner. She approached them, at the same time saying, "Mr. —, allow me to introduce —." Here it ended, and a scene ensued which it would be difficult to portray.

On turning round the lady gave one shriek and fell to the floor. The landlady and husband No. 2 for a moment could not understand the situation in which they were placed, but it is sufficient to say that the husband, who many years ago had been separated, were again together. A few moments only were required to explain the matter, and to convince husband No. 2 that his fascinating young bride was a grass widow. He threatened to leave her, and she rather encouraged him in his threat. He did so, and they who were once separated are again united, more devotedly than ever, and so ended what may truly be called a romance in real life.

## Death of Public Men.

Within these last five years we have lost him whom I must name as the most illustrious in his position and his office, the beloved husband of our Queen—revered, admired, loved by all classes of the community, and one whose departure from this mortal home has inflicted on the sovereign a loss which can never be repaired.

I pass from the Prince Consort to another name, widely, indeed, separated from him in social rank, but yet a name which is great at this moment in the esteem of the country, and which will be forever great in its annals—I mean the name Richard Colden—that character so simple, so true, so brave, and so far-seeing—a man who knew how to associate himself with their very root with the deep interests of the community in which he lived, and to whom it was given to achieve through the moral force of reason and persuasion numerous triumphs that have made his name immortal. But if I look to the ranks of official life, perhaps it may cause even surprise, though we know that our losses have been heavy, when I say that my own recollection supplies me—and there may be more which that recollection does not suggest—that my own recollection supplies me with the names of no less than seventeen persons who have died within the last five years whose duty and privilege it has been to advise the Sovereign as members of the Government of this country. As to the last of these, the distinguished man whose loss at this moment the whole community in every class and in every corner of the land deeply and sincerely deplores, we have this consolation, that it had pleased the Almighty to afford him strength and courage which carried him to a ripe old age in the active service of his country. It has not been so with all. It has been my lot to follow to the grave several of those distinguished men who have been called away from the scene of their honorable labors, not indeed before they had acquired the esteem and confidence of the country, but still at a period when the minds and expectations of their fellow countrymen were fondly fixed upon the thought of what they might yet achieve for the country.

Lord Elgin and Lord Dalhousie—Lord Carnarvon, Lord Herbert, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and the Duke of Newcastle, by some singular dispensation of Providence, have been swept away in the full maturity of their faculties, and in the early stages of middle life—a body of men, strong enough of themselves in all the gift of wisdom and of knowledge, of experience, and of eloquence, to have equipped a cabinet for the service of the country. And therefore, my Lord, when I look back upon the years that have passed, though they have been joyful years in many respects, because they have been years in which the Parliament of this country has earned fresh and numerous titles to the augmented confidence of its citizens; they are also mournful, in that I seem to see the long procession of the figures of the dead, and I feel that those who are left behind are, in one sense, solitary upon the stage of public life.—*Mr. Gladstone at Glasgow.*

## A Perfect Man.

The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than himself; whose high purpose is adopted on self principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.

Somebody has said that a lighted lamp is a very small thing, and it burns calmly and without noise, yet it gives light to all who are within the house, and so there is a sweetly prevailing influence, which like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance. Such an influence has been beautifully compared to a carpet, soft, deep, beautiful, giving such a cheerful look, and smothering many a discordant sound; or like a curtain, warding off summer's heat and winter's cold. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery. The silent influence of a sweet-browed, human angel, the soft toned melody of a voice winning to deeds of love and kindness; the hand-clasp, soft, tender, refreshing as the dew, invigorating as the sunbeams; the fertilizing shower, shining on all with the mild lustre of moonlight, and harmonizing, in one soft tint, many of the discordant elements in a family.

What a Paradise such a home! With love, faith, hope, charity, twined about the portal. In such a home there are no angry voices, passionate cries, impious imprecations and cruel threats. It is enough to make the angels weep, to see the want of such an influence in some homes. We happened, not long since, to accept an invitation, given by a most estimable woman, to spend the day with her. Her house was beautiful, the decorations and furniture in keeping with good taste, while a charming daughter of seventeen greeted us so sweetly. I was charmed, and thought in my heart that my friend was the happiest of women. Hours passed. We had lively conversation.

At length, a sister came in at the table between mother and daughter; it was about a trifle, really of no consequence at all; and without intending to do so, we looked a reproach to the daughter, that for the time effectually restrained her.

Not an hour, however, before we heard her voice, loud, sharp, passionate, while the mother's was soft, low, beseeching: "Why give way to this passionate temper? Will you never restrain yourself, my child?"

We did not choose to hear more, and going to the instrument, tried to drown it, by playing the old songs that we knew the mother loved. She came in presently, and sinking down into a velvet covered easy chair, put her hands over her face, and wept bitterly.

"Forgive my tears, darling; your music is just what it used to be, soft, sweet, loving."

"Yes, but I knew it must be the mother of an ungrateful, undutiful child."

## The Wind as a Musician.

The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for he is not so simple, so true, so brave, and so far-seeing—a man who knew how to associate himself with their very root with the deep interests of the community in which he lived, and to whom it was given to achieve through the moral force of reason and persuasion numerous triumphs that have made his name immortal. But if I look to the ranks of official life, perhaps it may cause even surprise, though we know that our losses have been heavy, when I say that my own recollection supplies me—and there may be more which that recollection does not suggest—that my own recollection supplies me with the names of no less than seventeen persons who have died within the last five years whose duty and privilege it has been to advise the Sovereign as members of the Government of this country. As to the last of these, the distinguished man whose loss at this moment the whole community in every class and in every corner of the land deeply and sincerely deplores, we have this consolation, that it had pleased the Almighty to afford him strength and courage which carried him to a ripe old age in the active service of his country. It has not been so with all. It has been my lot to follow to the grave several of those distinguished men who have been called away from the scene of their honorable labors, not indeed before they had acquired the esteem and confidence of the country, but still at a period when the minds and expectations of their fellow countrymen were fondly fixed upon the thought of what they might yet achieve for the country.

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Lord Elgin and Lord Dalhousie—Lord Carnarvon, Lord Herbert, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and the Duke of Newcastle, by some singular dispensation of Providence, have been swept away in the full maturity of their faculties, and in the early stages of middle life—a body of men, strong enough of themselves in all the gift of wisdom and of knowledge, of experience, and of eloquence, to have equipped a cabinet for the service of the country. And therefore, my Lord, when I look back upon the years that have passed, though they have been joyful years in many respects, because they have been years in which the Parliament of this country has earned fresh and numerous titles to the augmented confidence of its citizens; they are also mournful, in that I seem to see the long procession of the figures of the dead, and I feel that those who are left behind are, in one sense, solitary upon the stage of public life.—*Mr. Gladstone at Glasgow.*

At length, a sister came in at the table between mother and daughter; it was about a trifle, really of no consequence at all; and without intending to do so, we looked a reproach to the daughter, that for the time effectually restrained her.

Not an hour, however, before we heard her voice, loud, sharp, passionate, while the mother's was soft, low, beseeching: "Why give way to this passionate temper? Will you never restrain yourself, my child?"

We did not choose to hear more, and going to the instrument, tried to drown it, by playing the old songs that we knew the mother loved. She came in presently, and sinking down into a velvet covered easy chair, put her hands over her face, and wept bitterly.

"Forgive my tears, darling; your music is just what it used to be, soft, sweet, loving."

"Yes, but I knew it must be the mother of an ungrateful, undutiful child."

The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for he is not so simple, so true, so brave, and so far-seeing—a man who knew how to associate himself with their very root with the deep interests of the community in which he lived, and to whom it was given to achieve through the moral force of reason and persuasion numerous triumphs that have made his name immortal. But if I look to the ranks of official life, perhaps it may cause even surprise, though we know that our losses have been heavy, when I say that my own recollection supplies me—and there may be more which that recollection does not suggest—that my own recollection supplies me with the names of no less than seventeen persons who have died within the last five years whose duty and privilege it has been to advise the Sovereign as members of the Government of this country. As to the last of these, the distinguished man whose loss at this moment the whole community in every class and in every corner of the land deeply and sincerely deplores, we have this consolation, that it had pleased the Almighty to afford him strength and courage which carried him to a ripe old age in the active service of his country. It has not been so with all. It has been my lot to follow to the grave several of those distinguished men who have been called away from the scene of their honorable labors, not indeed before they had acquired the esteem and confidence of the country, but still at a period when the minds and expectations of their fellow countrymen were fondly fixed upon the thought of what they might yet achieve for the country.

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