

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866.

WHOLE NO.—905.

Poetry.

[For the Sentinel.]
Written on the death of Miss Jane Carson who died last autumn, at Richmond, aged nineteen. She was admired for her personal beauty and amiable disposition.

Mother sadly thou art weeping
O'er thy loved and lovely one;
She in Jesus calmly sleeping,
Has yon blissful mansion won.

But thy stricken heart is mourning,
Downward rolls the scalding tear;
While she is the newswoman singing,
Far from sin and death and fear.

Loving Father, sorrow darting
Wildly pierced thy fond heart through;
It would have been better parting,
Had not heaven been full in view.

Think how short until you meet
On yon bright celestial plain;
There in rapture you will greet her,
There you will not part again.

And her smile will be more lovely
In that hallowed land of light,
And her song will be the sweetest,
In that world which knows no night.

Sisters mourning one bereft you,
Now your hearts are desolate;
She has only sooner left you
For a holier happier state.

On her breast you twined a blossom
Ere they laid her in the grave;
Think now on her Saviour's bosom,
She does victories palm-branch wave.

Brothers you shall miss the music
Of the voice you loved so well,
As its tones of gentle soothing,
On your ears like magic fell.

Deem her voice not hushed forever,
Deem not dead each loving tone;
Think, Oh! think how she does ever
Strike the gold harp round the throne.

'Mid the throng that sings redemption,
Ye who mourn her, there shall meet her,
Neath your sorrows smile of love,
WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

South Richmond, April 25th, 1866.

Select Tale.

THE VOICE IN THE HEART.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOUTON.

Pierce Richmond took up a letter which had just been brought in, and glanced at the superscription—*Hon. Pierce Richmond!* He had seen his name thus written often enough before; but it suggested, just now, a curious continuation of the train of thought which had been absorbing him. It was his pride to be a self-made man, and he had been going back, this morning, over a half-century, and remembering his boyhood. The little brown cottage, with the thickest of sweet briar round it freighted with the summer air with fragrance, was a pretty spot when he lived there—the only son of his mother, and she a widow. He could see it, looking back, as plainly as if the fifty years were only a mist of morning rolling away from before the well-known scene. How pale and quiet but tender and long suffering his mother was! He felt again her fond kisses, and remembered how her lips used to tremble when she called him her fatherless boy. And again his veins seemed to thrill with the boyish pride of the old days when he sat beside her and told her that he would grow up stout and strong, able to do a man's work among men, and that she never should toil so wearily with her needle any more.

If she had but lived, and he had had her to work for, perhaps it would have kept his heart fresh and unselfish. But he shivered again with a thrill of the old agony, as he remembered how he had found her one morning with a smile frozen on her lips, a look of peace on her white face; and knew that the lips would never welcome him any more, or the eyes rest on him with their sad tenderness that his mother had gone from the land where she was a pilgrim to the home eternal in the heaven.

How he pined himself, this morning of which I write, recalling that time, fifty years ago, when he was only twelve, and his mother had left him alone! A shy, shrinking boy in his own future—a mother boy, as the phrase is in the country, and quietly touching it, always seemed to me. He had been all his life under her gentle wing, and now he could find there no more shelter.

Yet his lot was not intolerably hard. He was apprenticed, by the town authorities, to a prosperous farmer; and he had a comfortable home, no more work than was reasonable, and a little schooling in winter. But no one loved him—this boy who had lived, hitherto, in an atmosphere of mother-love—and so his proud, sensitive heart grew cold and hard. He cared for no one but himself, and though he did his work faithfully, he endeavored himself to none. He seemed to live in a world of his own, into which he was not disposed to open any doors. Strong purposes grew into his nature in his silent musings. He would make himself a name, a position, a career! But all his plans ended, as they began, with himself; and it is a sad thing when a human being has none else to live for.

When he was twenty-one, with his "freedom suit" on his back, he marched away from Freyburg, and went out into the world, to begin the career which, through all those brooding years of his solitary boyhood, he had been planning. I will not weary you with the processes by which at last he achieved success. Enough that at last he esteemed himself to have reached it. He was a rich man, well known in financial circles; and a term in Congress had given him a right to the title of honor upon his letters.

And, after all these long panoplies be-

fore him—pretty well for old Tim Scarborough's bound boy. I think I may call my life a success.

And, if surroundings earthly and temporal are the standard of measurement, you would not have pronounced him far wrong had you glanced about the apartment, half study, half breakfast room, where he had just been taking his morning meal. To be a gentleman had been one of his ambitions, and as soon as he was able to live elegantly he had surrounded himself with the appliances of luxury. On the floor of this his favorite room, a soft, warm carpet yielded like a woodland moss to his footfall. Handsomely bound books filled the cavernous cases from floor to ceiling. Chairs upholstered in Russia leather held out capacious arms to him. His breakfast service was of silver and porcelain, and at the least touch of that bell beside him, itself a dainty toy, trained servants were ready to obey his behests.

These things to-day—and back fifty years, the little three-roomed cottage; the mother pale and weary, but tender, and himself barefooted, coarsely clad, but young and strong and eager, hopeful, and with all the future's possibilities before him. Was he richer now?

A tap upon the door elicited a half ungracious "come in," for he was not yet ready to break the spell of his own thoughts. He had traced the career of that barefooted dreamer of fifty years ago to the present standpoint of the Hon. Pierce Richmond. He wanted to look onward a little, and speculate whether any more ground remained to be possessed. But when he saw the new comer he roused himself at once from his dreams, and became the alert, watchful man of business. It was his confidential agent, Solomon Osgood, who was charged with supervising his real estate and collecting his rents. It was the first of the month now, and there were accounts to be rendered in. They seemed satisfactory for the most part; but at last Mr. Richmond said in an enquiring tone—

"And the Widow Maffit?"

"Yes, I was going to speak about her. I hope you will be willing to wait a little for her rent. She has been in trouble."

"Hum! Yes! So she was last month, and the month before, and the month before that," Mr. Richmond said very curtly.

"Very true," the agent answered gravely. "Last month her little Jack died, and the month before that he was very sick, and now the one she has left seems to follow in his brother's footsteps. Sickness brings a deal of expense, and comes hard on poor folks."

Mr. Richmond considered a little; then said with quiet determination—

"I don't want to be unfeeling, Osgood, so I'll not tell you to send her off now; but I must say plainly that I don't want such tenants. Giving in charity is one thing, and renting houses is another. When I want to give I can give; but I want the interests on my investments, when it comes to a matter of business."

"I'll be security for Mrs. Maffit—you shan't lose by her," the agent remarked, in the tone of one wounded a little. His employer looked at him curiously.

"You're a philanthropist, Mr. Osgood," he said, with a smile rather satirical, yet not altogether unkindly. "I don't care about your undertaking the burden of my bad debts. Seven children, and a wife none too strong, are about as big a load as you can carry. Didn't I say you needn't send the woman off now? Let her stay on through March, whether she pays or not; and see if you can't find me another tenant by the first of April."

"Thank you, sir, as to Mrs. Maffit's part of your remark," Mr. Osgood answered. "As far as that about me and mine, I think, Mr. Richmond, if you had the same burden to carry, you'd find it about the pleasantest one you ever bent under."

There was an air of sincerity, in his manner, a beam of secret delight in his look, which lingered with the Hon. Pierce Richmond after his agent had gone away. He wondered if there were, indeed, so much blessedness in family ties—if it were good for a man to have a wife and mouths to look out for. And, so speculating, the listless memory in his whole life came back to him—the one sole time since his mother's death when he had loved some being beyond and apart from himself. It was a score of years ago, and he was forty-two then, and she—the loved one—was twenty. He met her in a lodging-house, where he had a fashionable suite of first-floor apartments, and where she, lodging in the attic, used now and then to meet him on the steps or in the hall, until he learned to think that day dark, lit by no gleam of her sun gold hair. How well he remembered the face, sweet yet spirited—the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold—the dainty, little figure, the springing step, the musical, low tones! How it was he hardly knew, but he, the cold, selfish, hardened man of the world, felt swelling up in his heart a fountain of sweet words—and then, when he would have shaken at his soul's thirst, beautiful and deceitful as a mirage it vanished, and his heart, lacking its sweetness, turned to desert waste.

For not all his gold beguiled the little girl he loved into wedding him. She looked into his face with her pure, honest eyes, this Julia Windsor, and told him some truths hard to bear. He was old for his forty-two years, and she told him so; hard and cold, used to living by himself, selfish even his wish to bind her youth to his stern, middle age. Receiving his proposal of marriage as an attempt to buy her freshness and beauty, with her pitiless plainness of speech she made him feel it all.

The next day she left the house, and since then he had never seen her. But he had never

his enemy—his one enemy, for curiously enough he had made no other in the course of his long life. But toward her his resentment was as keen as on the day when he had been so stung by her indignant refusal to give him her hand, when as she said, he must know in the very nature of things it was impossible for her to give him her heart. He remembered her pitilessly well. If he had been an artist he could have painted the dun gold of the long, fine hair, the violet eyes which the curling lashes shaded, the red lips with their haughty curve. He had never seen her since; but he laid on her memory the blame and burden of his solitary years. But for her, he thought, he too might have been a husband and father—not living out thus, unloved and uncared for, his lonely life.

Unloved and uncared for! The words struck bitterly on his ear, and he repeated them over and over to himself, thinking the while thoughts new and strange. What had he done—did he or some invisible presence at his side ask the question—what had he done that any one should love him? Had he ever unselfishly tried to make one human being happy? Had there ever been day or hour in which self had not been the centre round which all his aims revolved?

He pushed away his letter with Honorable on the cover. He began to doubt whether, after all, his life had been a success. What single good deed had he to be reckoned up in the days when by his works he must be justified or condemned? And now he was an old man—for the first time he began to feel that—and it was too late. Ah, it must have been a suggestion of the still, small voice that seemed to penetrate his heart.

"Not too late, O, never too late to begin to live for God and good!"

But what could he do?

"Go and see the widow Maffit," the voice in his heart answered. "There would be a beginning. If you find her suffering you can help her."

He was acting on new impulses, but the resolute strength which had helped him all through life, hurried him on now; and in half an hour he was at the door of Mrs. Maffit's fourth-story room. Answering his knock, she did not know her visitor, and stood as if waiting to hear his errand.

"I am your landlord," he said, in tones which no emotion seemed to make other than stern, and then she stood aside and asked him to walk in.

He stepped into the bare, comfortless room. A fire dull for want of fuel flickered on the hearth, and before it, trying to warm his slender fingers, bent a boy of about twelve. Mr. Richmond's eyes, in their comprehensive gaze round the desolate, barren room, rested on him, and remained fixed. He was a slight, fragile boy, who might have passed for younger than his years, save for the expression of maturity on his thoughtful countenance. But those violet eyes over which the long lashes curled, the dun gold hair falling softly round the pensive face—whose were they? He had never seen such since the day he parted with her—his enemy. He turned at last, and looked at the mother. She remained quietly awaiting his pleasure—a woman of at least forty, worn by sorrow and touched by time, yet with a certain proud grace in her manner, as she stood in the same manner in which she had stood twenty years before, on a day he could never forget. For this was his enemy! He would not have known her, perhaps, save for the golden-haired boy—but now he saw all her old self in her changed features. She was waiting to learn his pleasure—what was his pleasure? Before to-day he could have answered this question unhesitatingly; to humiliate her—to see her starve—to push her to the last extremity—to be revenged upon her by any and all means for the light esteem in which she had held him! Now—would any revenge of this kind satisfy him? Vaguely as something heard afar off some words came back to him—he thought he had heard his mother read them in his boyhood.

"If time enough hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink."

His heart thrilled strangely, but he kept all emotion out of his voice.

"I hear your rent is not ready, Mrs. Maffit."

"It is not. Frank has been ill so much, and required so much of my attention, I hoped you would be willing to give me a little time. I think he will be better when spring opens."

"But you ought not to have expected much leniency from me. You told me years ago that I was a stern, hard man. You might have softened me if you had tried then; but I think time has been turning me into stone."

She recognized him now, and her lip curled with a touch of the old scorn. To him of all men she would not sue for grace.

"I was true to myself then," she said, quietly. "I am not sorry now either."

His enemy still, he thought—his starving enemy. Should he hear her breath or a stone? He have said to new impulses were guiding him, and with him impulses were all powerful. He went to the golden-haired boy on the hearth.

"Would you like to live with me?" he asked him.

"The fires are bright in my house, and the carpets warm and soft. There are pictures on the walls, and books without end in the cases."

At the sound of books and pictures the boy's eyes brightened; and he answered with a sturdy resolution which reminded Pierce Richmond again of her whom he called his enemy:

"I should like the fires and the carpets; and the books and pictures better yet. But I'll not leave my mother."

"Will your mother come?" Mr. Richmond turned and looked into the worn face, flushing a little with indignation at his words. "I do not mean to 'leave' anything you cannot grant," he hastened to say, in tones of quiet reassurance.

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A Match Factory.
A match factory in Western New York is noted for the curious machinery used in the manufacture. 729,000 feet of pine of the best quality are used annually for the matches, and 400,000 feet of basswood for cases. The sulphur used annually for the matches is 400 barrels, and the phosphorus is 9,000 pounds.—The machines run night and day, and 300 hands are employed at the works. 500 pounds of paper per day are used to make the light small boxes for holding the matches, and four tons of pasteboard per week for the larger boxes. Sixty-six pounds of flour per day are used for paste, and the penny stamps required by Government on the boxes amount to the snug little sum of \$1,440 per day.

There are four machines in use for cutting, dipping and delivering the matches. The two-inch pine plank is sawed up the length of the match, which is 2½ inches. These go into the machine for cutting, where at every stroke 12 matches are cut, and by the succeeding stroke pushed into slats arranged on a double chain 240 feet long, which carries them to the sulphur vat, and from thence to the phosphorus vat, and thus across the room and back, returning them at a point just in front of the cutting machine, and where they are delivered in their natural order, and are gathered up by a boy into trays and sent to the packing-room. Thus 1,000 gross or 144,000 small boxes of matches are made per day. The machines for making the small, thin paper boxes and their covers are quite as wonderful and ingeniously contrived as those that make the matches. A long coil of paper, as wide as the box is long, revolves on a wheel, one end being in the machine. It first passes through rollers, where the printing is done, from thence to the paste boxes, where the sides and ends only are pasted; from thence to the folding apparatus, where the ends are nicely folded and the whole box is pasted together and drops into a basket. A smaller machine is at work at the covers, and thus 144,000 boxes per day are manufactured.

Charity.
Let my lips be sealed with Charity, that they may open only for the good of my neighbor. Let my eyes be veiled with charity, that they may rest upon good, and that wickedness may be shut from my sight. Let Charity close my ears to all unkind and malicious slander. Let Charity keep my hands busy with profitable work, and my feet turned in the path toward those whom God hath given me power to benefit. My God, keep my heart from secret sin, from evil imaginings, from the tempting whispers of the evil one. So that shutting every door against uncharitableness, my soul may be made strong in the love to the Father and to all men.

Terrell.—I believe that nature herself has constituted truth as the supreme deity, which is to be adored by mankind, and that she has given it greater force than any of the rest; for, being opposed, as she is on all sides, and appearances of truth so often passing for the thing itself, in behalf of plausible falsehoods, yet by her wonderful operation, she insinuates herself into the minds of men; sometimes exerting her strength immediately, and sometimes lying hid in darkness for a length of time; but at last she struggles through it, and appears triumphant over falsehood.—*Polybius.*

Gibson, the sculptor, described Queen Victoria as extremely affable, and even deigning to laugh heartily at some of his stories. One day he said to her, "Madam, I was once a thief." "A thief, Mr. Gibson?" "Yes, madam; for when a child I stole an apple from the stall of an old woman with a wooden leg. My mother found me out, took me back to the old woman and begged her to beat me with her crutch, which she did lustily. I never stole more." "Ah!" replied Her Majesty, "a great deal of sorrow was brought into the world by the apple."

The Love of Strife.—I never loved those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one. I will rather suffer a hundred than inflict one. I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavor to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is foolish, with my equal doubtful, with my inferior sordid and base, with any fall of unquietness.—*Bishop Hall.*

Golden Rules for Life.—Never contradict a woman when she is abusing her husband. Never read your letters just before going to bed, as they may damage your sleep. Never ask a favor of a man until he has dined, unless you wish to get refused. Never inquire how a French dish is made, as the solution of the mystery may have the effect of spoiling your appetite.

Depend upon it that day by day, little by little, you are building up a character, and it becomes you to see well to it that it is such as the fires of judgment will not have to burn it up.

Nothing was so much dreaded in our school-days, says a distinguished writer, as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah, the force of education! In after years we learn to submit to such things without shuddering a hair.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

Personal beauty is a letter of recommendation written by the hand of divinity, but not unfrequently dishonored by the bearer.

There is none can suffer from sense but fools, on whom they are

Items Foreign & Local.

Recently there were 30,000 tailors on a strike in London.

A lucky dressmaker in Illinois has fallen heir to \$1,500,000.

It costs \$500,000 to keep St. Peter's church at Rome in repair.

There were 1,083,474 hogs packed in Cincinnati last year.

Mongrel, the new tenor in London, gets \$3,000 per month.

Strawberries are selling in Philadelphia at three cents apiece.

Petroleum has been discovered near the Caspian sea.

Five thousand pictures have been sent to the Paris exhibition.

There were found 150 yards of lace in the back hair of a female smuggler on the Belgian border.

In Boston free salt water bathing places are to be established at the expense of the city for next summer.

A parliamentary return shows that during last year 140 persons were run over and killed in the streets of the city of London.

The Earl of Morley has intimated to all his tenants that he will be absent from his seat in consequence of the cattle plague.

A vine grower made \$7,987 last year from five acres of island soil in Lake Erie. He raised 34,500 pounds of grapes, and made 6,000 gallons of wine.

The ladies at a fair in Rochester were quite indignant at the sudden appearance of an escaped convict in nothing but his shirt. He was sent out at once.

A son of Viscount Lorton, having been arrested in London for stealing, the father publishes a card stating that he disowned him under oath in 1850.

During the eighteen years that have elapsed since the discovery of gold in California, the mines of the Pacific coast have added one thousand millions of dollars to the world's stock of the precious metals.

In England and Wales last year 27 letters were delivered to every person upon an average; in London, 51; in Scotland, 29; in Ireland, 30; the United Kingdom, as a whole, 23—the total number exceeding 679,000,000.

In peeling onions, put a large needle in the mouth, hold it in the teeth, and the needles will do the only justice to the hands, and any number may be peeled without affecting the eyes. So says the *Prairie Farmer*.

Next year the national debt of England will be decreased by about \$3,000,000 per annum in consequence of the termination of an annuity that has been paid to the Bank of England since 1823.

For the capture of the assassins of Mr. Lincoln Col. Baker receives \$3,750, Lieut. Baker \$4,000, Corbett \$4,000 and Dougherty \$7,500. For the capture of Mr. Davis, Col. Pritchard receives \$10,000.

The religious sects in Scotland number thus: the Scottish Episcopalians, 1,420,288; Free Church, 739,035; United Presbyterian Church, 491,440; Roman Catholics, 265,000; Episcopalians, (English) 59,000; scattering, 236,040.

Wm. Hutchings, the last surviving revolutionary soldier in the State of Maine, and the last but three in the entire Union, died last week, at his residence in the town of Penobscot, Hancock County, Maine. He was in his 102nd year.

It is stated that by transplanting flowering plants several times a year for two successive years, without allowing them to bloom, they can be made to produce double blossoms, while the plant only previously gave single ones.

A Portland steamer was found to be going astray, on a recent trip from Boston, owing to deviations of her compass. The deviation, it was found, was caused by the steel hoop skirt of a young lady who was in the pilot house, and on her retiring the compass resumed its proper position.

A boy brought an egg to school lately in Limon county, Iowa. The teacher broke it over the child's head, and told him to go home and have his mother wash his hair. Boy did so. Mother came with a club, hit the teacher with it over the head, and then closed one eye with her fist.

Jay Cooke, who is building a house worth half a million dollars, obtained his wealth by advertising. During the time of the sale of the U. S. National Bonds, which would have been sold to this day but for the newspapers, he was the greatest advertiser in the world.

Recently one P. R. Lyle, of Cave Springs, Ga. sent his wife the bill that she died shortly afterward. A son, who had been a Confederate lieutenant, came up while his father was engaged in his cruelty and shot the old man through the heart.

By the recent statistics of the kingdom of Italy, it has been proved that no less than 534,485 of its inhabitants are artists, of whom 407,772 are men, and 126,703 women.

The Belgian Chamber is about to introduce a new clause into the penal code of that country, punishing with fine or imprisonment all persons convicted of cock-fighting.

General News.

CHANGE OF SENTIMENT IN CHARLOTTE.
A REMINISCENCE OF THE HON. P. MITCHELL.
We take Mr. Mitchell at his word. We will trust him until we have proof of his duplicity and pledge-breaking.

We have known the hon. gentleman for over 23 years, and the very first speech he ever made in debate was in the present Editor of the *Advocate's* school house in Newcastle, and the present Solicitor General, Hon. Edward Williston, was President of our debating club. His opponents on that occasion was the foe, and we believe we had the pleasure of gaining the victory; but it was Mr. Mitchell's maiden speech, and the young student-at-law soon gave promise of becoming what he now is. We only refer to this little circumstance to show that we *know* the Hon. Peter Mitchell, and can rely upon his word. We now ask the people everywhere who read the *Advocate* to accept the Union of the Colonies according to the tenor of Mr. Mitchell's proposition.

Let us remember that, as loyal British subjects, it is a duty we owe in allegiance to our good Queen to give a cordial assent to her royal desire, when that desire is for the good of the Empire. Let us remember that even now, without the protecting arm of Great Britain put forth to shield us, we would probably be left a prey to hordes of murderers and robbers—despoilers of all that we hold sacred. Let us remember that Union on an equitable basis will enable us to lift our head, as a colonial dynasty, shining a luminous star in the galaxy of empires and republics. Give us Union on a scheme as not pre-announced by the Hon. President of the Convention, and for better or worse, thenceforth let us pledge our troth. To oppose the wish of the British Government on such a scheme, at the present critical juncture especially, would be sheer political insanity, superlatively folly, and treason as regards Canada, as Fenianism, and as unpatriotic and disloyal as annexation.—*Charlotte Advocate.*

"THE QUEBEC SCHEME AFTER ALL."
THE SCHEMES PERMITTING THE TRUTH TO COME OUT.

A few days ago the principal champion of the Anti-Confederates intimated publicly that the proposal to admit of modifications in the Quebec Scheme amounted to little or nothing. He said "this was just the Quebec Scheme after all." He now discovers that the proposal to make such modifications of the Quebec Scheme, as to make it more acceptable to the Maritime Provinces, takes away the ground from under the feet of all honest Unionists who have desired to see modifications made in the Quebec Scheme. What does this gentleman mean by this? He proposes by article in the *Freeman* of Saturday how utterly false are the objections made to the Quebec Scheme by such Anti-Unionists as himself; he affirms, in substance, that their removal of such modifications of