

# The Carleton

Published for the Proprietor by JAMES WATTS, Publisher and Proprietor.  
No. 10, Queen's Quay West, Toronto.  
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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher and Proprietor.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 42.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1866.

WHOLE NO.—926.

## Poetry.

### SONG OF THE NEGRO.

The following, composed by Whittier, is sung by many an African in the South. Often as they row along the river, or are working in the fields, you hear their deep rich voices, swelling forth in the following song, or others of a like nature or import.

Forwarded for the Carleton Sentinel by C. P. W.

Oh, praise an' thank! De Lord he come  
An' make an' make in day ob doom,  
An' we ob jubilee.  
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves,  
He say as strong as den' a slave,  
He say de word, 'I will be free,'  
Today, de Lord's free men,  
De yams will grow, de cotton blow,  
We'll hab de rice an' corn;  
O! nebber you fear, nebber you hear,  
De driver blow his horn!

Old massa he habbles gone,  
He leeb de land behind;  
De Lord's buff blow him down on,  
Like corn-shuck in de wind,  
We own de hoe, and own de plow,  
We own de hands dat hold;  
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
De nebber chaw he sold.

Citizens!

We pray de Lord he gib us signs,  
Dat mass he be free;  
De Lord wants tell de vines, and de corn,  
De will duck to de sea;  
We tink it when de church bell ring,  
We dream it in de dream;  
De rice bird mean it when he sing,  
De eagle when he scream.

Citizens!

We know de promise nebber fail,  
An' nebber be deceiv;  
So, like de 'postles in de jail,  
We waited for de Lord;  
An' now he open every door,  
An' now he let de key;  
He tink we in him so before,  
We hab him better free.

CHORUS.

—Charleston, Sept. 18, 1866.

## Select Tale.

### A STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

IN the fall of 1846, I was travelling eastward in a stage-coach from Pittsburg over the mountains. My fellow-passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elder gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished; and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on general topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change in his countenance. His eyes, so lately filled with the light of mild intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious; the mouth twisted spasmodically, and the forehead beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this pistol," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became somewhat more composed; but it was not until we had traversed the mountain and descended to the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity I had first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile and gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow-travellers also, and perhaps I cannot acquit myself better of the double debt, than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveller then proceeded:

At the age of eighteen I was light of foot, light of foot, and I fear (here he smiled) light of head. A fine property on the right bank of the Ohio acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life. The month was October; the air was bracing, and the mode of conveyance, a stage-coach like this, only more cumbersome. The other passengers were few—about three in all—an old, grey-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a pious, bewitching creature, about seventeen, and his son, about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which the young lady (I discovered in terms so eloquent, as to absorb my entire attention.

The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became mutually pleased with each other; she was a talker I as a listener, that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning, and a heavy dash of rain against the coach-window elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I noticed how night passed on. Presently there was a low, rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.

I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of the frightful precipice. I could see at intervals, huge jetting rocks far away down on the rocks, and the sight made me so leiforous for the fate of my companion. I thought of the mere hair-breaths that were

between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach-wheel, a tiny billet of wood, astray limb of a tempest-torn tree, a restive horse, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"Is a perfect tempest," said the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm. There is something so grand among the winds when fairly loose among the hills! I never encounter a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in the Jura immediately recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But, Jesu Maria! what's that?"

And she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded, there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder-burst, and with the deep moaning of an animal, as if in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

"Louise, my beautiful fellow-traveller, become pale as ash!" she fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious inquiry, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked: "We are on the mountains."

"I reckon so," was the unceremonious reply.

With instant activity, I put my head through the window, and called to the driver in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, while the dreadful convulsion was burning in my brain that the coach was being moved slowly backwards.

What followed was of such swift occurrence, that it seems to be like a frightful dream.

I rushed against the door with all my force, but it moved my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was going down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and deeper; and I knew from the desperate plunges against his traces, that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of heavy thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around the devoted carriage, as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to Heaven, and his lips moving like in prayer. I could see Louise turn her pale cheeks, and her eyes towards me, as if imploring my protection; and I could see the bold glance of the young man flashing indignation defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll of thunder, a desperate plunge, as if of an animal in the last throes of dissolution, a harsh grating rattle, a sharp piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand round the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coachwork with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness, for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but that, from that moment, I soon lost all further independent knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.

On an humble couch, in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness; gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chambers, and a gentle voice hushed for a time all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl of sixteen, who refused for several days to hold any intercourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident.

"You were severely hurt," she said, "sitting on a ledge of rock, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady?" I asked, scanning the girl's face, with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.

"Were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way from the place where my father and Uncle Joe got you and the lady. We buried both their bodies in one grave close by the clover-path down in our meadow ground."

"Poor Louise!—poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered, in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a look of heartfelt sympathy.

"Would you like to see her?" she asked.

"Take me to her," I replied.

I found the orphan buried in bitter tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention by detailing the

## Spare Moments.

A lean, awkward looking boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and appeared at the back door.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him." "Thank you," said the boy, "I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, may be, you want?" said the servant, again eyeing the boy.

"I guess he has none to spare; he gave away a sight," and without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr. —?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence; however, she wiped her hands and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said: "Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know who the boy introduced himself, or how he opened business, but I know that after talking awhile, the principal perceived the volume he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new-comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked the boy, was answered readily.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well," looking at the boy from head to foot, over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college, by improving his spare moments. Truly, are not spare moments the gold dust of time? How precious they should be! What account can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much he laid up by improving them. And there were many, many other boys, I am afraid, in jail, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whaler, in the tipping shop, if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, "In my spare moments."

"In my spare moments I grabbed for marbles," "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink," "It was in my spare moments that I gathered wicked associates."

Oh, be careful how you spend your spare moments. Temptation always hunts you in moments like these when you are not busy; he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all kinds of mischief. Take care of your spare moments, or all you get will be trouble.

## Chances of Life.

An old document contains some interesting information unknown to many; and rarely encountered in the papers. Among other things it contains a table exhibiting the average age attained by persons employed in the various popular professions of the day. In this particular, as in most others, the farmers have the advantage over the rest of mankind, as their average age is sixty-five. Next upon the scale come the judges and justices of the peace, the dignity of whose lives is lengthened out to sixty-four. Following them, immediately in the category of longevity, is the bank officer, who sums up his account at the age of sixty-three. Public officers cling to their existence with as much pertinacity as they retain their offices; they never resign their offices, but life forsakes them at fifty-six. Coopers, although they seem to stare through life, hang on until they are fifty-eight. The good works of the clergymen follow them at fifty-five. Shipwrights, batters, lawyers and ropemakers (some very appropriately) go together at the age of fifty-four. The Village Blacksmith, like most of his contemporaries, dies at fifty-one. Butchers follow their bloody career for precisely half a century. Carpenters are brought to the scaffold at forty-nine. Masons realize their cry of "More!" at the age of forty-seven. Traders cease their speculation at forty-six. Jewellers are disgusted with the tinsel of life at forty-four. Bakers, manufacturers, and various mechanics die at forty-three. The painters yield to their color at forty-two. The brittle thread of the tailor's life is broken at forty-one. Editors, like all other beings who come under the special admiration of the gods, die comparatively young—they accomplish their career of mercy at forty. The musician, releaseds his last note and plays his dying fall at thirty-nine. The professional dancer shuffles off his mortal coil at thirty-nine. Printers become dead matter at thirty-eight. The teacher usually dismisses his scholars at the age of thirty-four, and the clerk is even shorter lived.

## A Yankee Anecdote.

Ammy Cummings, who used to live out near Framingham, was a cute down-easter—a real Yankee, hard to beat. He was once in a country bar-room down South, where several gentlemen were assembled, when one of them said:

"Yankee Cummings, if you'll go out and stick your punkie into anything, when you come back I'll tell what it sticks in."

"Yer can't do no such thing!" responded Cummings.

"I'll bet ten dollars of it," answered the Southerner.

"Wal, I rather guess I'll take that bet. Here's my money," (turning to the landlady) he said, and I'll just make half a saw-horse in less than no time."

The parties deposited an X, peace, and C. went on his mission, but in a short time he returned, saying:

"Wal neighbor, what is it stickin' in?"

"In the handle," replied the Southerner, holding out his hand for the stakes.

"Guess not," said Cummings, "I'll wait a minute," said the Yankee, as he held up the handle of the knife minus the blade. "I'll make the blade can't be in the handle, when it's driven up in an old stump aside of yer road out here."

Cummings, of course, won the wager, and the Southerner sloped for parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.

An eccentric old California Chinaman, who had been disappointed in a second marriage, betook himself to the mountains with his infant son. The son grew to manhood, having never seen a woman. He was trained to worship gods and other devils. At length he accompanied his father to town for provisions, where his eye fell upon some pretty girls. "What are they?" he asked. "Devils, my son, turn your head away," said the father. The son walked to the mountains in silence, and the father could get no satisfactory answers to his questions. At last the young man burst out crying, "Oh! father, that tallest devil! that tallest devil, father!"

"Why is it?" asked a Frenchman of a Swiss, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French only fight for honor?"

"I suppose," said the Swiss, "that each fight for what they most lack."

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? Because it is a solemn prayer by a thoughtless tongue.

## Items Foreign & Local.

A cheese factory in Columbus County, New York, says the milk of 600 cows.

They got their harvest in by torch-light from Switzerland.

The New York Tribune says Stephens, the Fenian, is now to start for Ireland.

Immense corn fields are seen in Northern Missouri, without a rod of fence around them.

Thirty insurance companies in New York have paid \$1,335,100 losses by the Portland fire.

A Buffalo man has taken out a patent for a one-handed knife and fork.

Since July the cholera has found 1406 victims in Cincinnati.

A Chicago publishing house has issued 1,500,000 pamphlets for 1867, cost \$40,000.

A gentleman in Hudson, N. Y., was married last Tuesday, and cut his throat the same night.

A girl employed in the Columbia mills, at Lee, found four \$100 bills among the paper stock.

A Spiritualist in Pittsburg, believing himself inhabited by evil spirits, hung himself.

New York papers say five thousand Fenians are going to Mexico.

A man in New Orleans has seen Stonewall Jackson's ghost.

A forthcoming exhibition of wet nurses (?) is announced in the Paris papers.

The London Pall Mall Gazette accuses Sir Morton Peto of "downright robbery."

The Pope is said to be depositing large sums in foreign banks.

A London printing house has now in use 250 types.

The census bureau estimates the present population of the United States at 33,000,000.

Machinery has increased the work on cotton from 40,000 poorly paid to 1,500,000 well paid.

The number of deaths from cholera last week in Philadelphia was ninety.

A canteenier in England broke a shop window, presented a bogus £5 note in payment, and got his change.

The wooden shoes worn by peasants of both sexes in Belgium are purchased at from 4c. to 7c. a pair, and never wear out.

A great National American Bank in London is planned which shall lead to regular exchanges between the two countries.

E. D. Averell, a Boston man, has perfected, after fifteen years' labor, a machine for ruling paper by electricity.

England can concentrate on a given spot at the shortest notice, 200,000 men, 60,000 horses, and 200 guns for the defense of London.

Rats are swarming in the northwest of Ohio, destroying corn, tomatoes, potatoes, and even climbing fruit trees and destroying the fruit.

According to a Roman Catholic journal published in Mexico, there are at present 310,000 monks and nuns connected with that Church.

A raft containing 2,000,000 feet of choice pine lumber, valued at \$50,000, was lost in a gale on Lake Huron last week.

It is said that Stephens, the Fenian Head Centre, is buying a large amount of green cloth in New York.

The Prince of Wales on the 20th of September formally unveiled a statue of Queen Victoria, erected at Aberdeen, amid much enthusiasm.

At a recent meeting held in Springfield, Mass., the Fenian organization in that city voted to disband. Whatever funds they have left they devote to one of the Catholic charitable societies.

An English newspaper, referring to the effect of the wet weather on the crops there, says: "Each wet day now costs the country half a million sterling."

A fish was caught near Cincinnati last week, the stomach of which was found to contain a small rounder, holding a two-dollar bill and a valuable diamond ring.

A return has been published, which shows that since 1854 the amount of taxes repealed and reduced in Great Britain and Ireland was over £2,000,000.

The Federal Secretary of the Treasury has just made a statement of the public debt of the United States, showing a diminution of about \$100,000,000 per day for the last sixty days.

A considerable sensation has been created in mechanical circles by the recent discovery of the existence of a "lost" screw, which will serve for bolting in the place of rubber or leather.

Intelligence has been received at Washington that a son of the Marquis de Montebello, (French Minister) an officer of the Imperial Guard, who was killed at the battle of Mexico, was captured and shot by the Mexican liberals.

The amount of lumber surveyed at Bangor from Jan. 1st to Oct. 1st of the present year was 168,687,722 feet, against 117,367,365 feet in the same period of 1865, and against 109,409,656 feet in the same period of 1864.

An Illinois farmer, who was almost distracted at learning that his son had been in a house of ill-fame, took to the house, where he was taken by a policeman to be one of the rogues, and in resisting the officer he was shot dead.

A man was recently tried and sentenced to imprisonment for life, in New York State, for murder. Subsequently it has been discovered, to the satisfaction of the Judge and jury who tried him, that he was entirely innocent, and efforts are being made to have him released.

Krupp's great steelworks in England consume 750 tons of coal daily, and give employment to about 8000 men and boys, whose wages amount to nearly \$400,000 a year. The establishment last year turned out upward of 50,000 tons of steel.

A gentleman in Michigan has sent a telegraph company for detention of a message. He had called twice a day at the office, and the attendant told him that it had not arrived. His son was ill, and by the non-receipt of the message he was prevented from seeing him either alive or dead. He lays his claim at \$10,000 damages.

A locomotive with steam up at Centralia, Illinois, ran it off down the track as a fearful rate of speed. The fireman and a brakeman prevented the engine from starting, and it started, and after a desperate struggle with the mania secured him in time to prevent any serious accident.

A most horrible scene occurred at a recent public execution for murder at Newport, Kentucky, witnessed by fifteen thousand persons of both sexes. The man who was to be executed was sprung, and the condemned man fell, his neck terribly lacerated, to the ground. He was taken up stunned and bleeding, and hanged a second time, saying only "Don't let that occur again."

Regulations have lately been issued from Washington to prevent the smuggling of dutiable articles into the States by means of concealment about the person, or in the luggage of persons arriving from British Provinces. It gives officers power to search persons—passengers not allowed to leave boats or cars until such examination is completed. Ladies to be examined by female officers at the various points.

The Empress Carlotta, wife of Maximilian, is by no means the impoverished person some supposed her to be; she is one of the richest princesses in Europe, as she is one of the most beautiful and highly accomplished. Her father, King Leopold, left her about eight millions of dollars, and she has several millions besides.

## General News.

SHOCKING TRAGEDY.—Mrs. Rickard, of the town of Oshkosh, committed a most horrible murder, and ended the drama by self-destruction. She got up in the night, telling her husband that she was nervous and could not sleep, and that she would sit up for a while in an adjoining room until she could get quiet. She proceeded to write some letters, and her husband, waking up about an hour afterwards, inquired how soon she was coming to bed, to which she replied, "In a short time," and he again went to sleep. It seems that soon after she went to an adjoining room, where two of her children were sleeping—Willie, a boy six, and Etta, a girl of eight—and with a razor cut their throats. With such a horrid desperation was the deed done that only the bone prevented the severing of their heads from their bodies. It would seem that the mother had gone back and forth between the bedroom of the children and her sitting-room several times, and then cut her own throat. Her struggles almost awakened the last upstart, who, becoming alarmed, aroused his father, who went to the door, and found the mother lying on the floor, and the children lying by her side, wetting in the blood, and his wife lying across the bed with her throat cut from ear to ear. The bed was drenched with blood and it was running upon the floor in a stream. It would seem that she did not cut her own throat at the children's bedside, but after she had murdered them, she walked into a bedroom adjoining. After turning down the lamp in a sitting-room, where she found the kerseene lamp turned down low. Turning it up, traces and smears of blood were discovered all around, and a suspicion of the terrible deed flashed across his mind. Going to the children's bedroom, where the children lay, he met his wife—his two children lying by his side, wetting in the blood, and his wife lying across the bed with her throat cut from ear to ear. 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