

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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WHOLE NO. 895

## Select Tale.

### UNCLE JACOB'S WIFE.

(Continued.)

The wedding-day passed, and the fortnight's honeymoon passed, and the bride and groom were to be with us next day (roads permitting.) It really was pleasant, their coming so soon, for our curiosity had been raised to the highest pitch, and had as yet had nothing to allay it, not a single particular as to the young lady's age, looks, manners, accomplishments, nay, nor even her name. My mother had thought to write to Uncle Jacob, asking a few questions as to these matters, 'to show just a little kindly interest,' she said, but did not do it, my father having looked things unutterable at the bare idea.

My mother, in her motherly heart, began to pity the bride, as the hour came for the carriage to be heard crunching the frost up the drive.

'She is sure to be nervous, poor thing. Mind you meet her kindly, girls. It is not her fault about the fortune, poor thing; I dare say she knows nothing about it.'

In one of my mother's pauses came the sound of wheels, and we went in a body to the hall,—all of us except my father, who kept out of the way, wishing to meet the happy pair privately. Nearer and nearer came the carriage-wheels, and we opened the hall door, and stood just inside in the biting cold air, as the green carriage, bay horses, and yellow postboy came to the steps. She was tall—the bride—inches taller than Uncle Jacob, tall and slight, and dressed in dark rich colors, but with so thick a veil that we could not even make a guess at her face, not even when she kissed us, for she only raised the corner, and let it down again.—She was timid, no doubt, as my mother had said.

'Come in, dear aunt, by the fire.' 'You must be both half-frozen.' 'You are an hour later than we hoped you would be.'

'Dear Uncle Jacob, let Tom take your coat. Civil things we said of that sort, and finally unmarshalled our dear relatives to the fireside in the morning-room.

'Stir the fire well in Mrs. Jacob's bedroom before she goes up stairs,' said my mother to the maid as she left the room, 'and take up the special negus when I ring.' It is a great privilege from cold, rings as we make it, said my mother, turning to our aunt in an explanatory manner.

'Thank you,' said the veiled lady. Uncle Jacob in the mean time had taken the poker in hand, and was 'mending the fire,' as he called it, to such purpose that his yellow-brown face became suffused with ardent crimson, and we kept moving our chairs backwards half a foot at a time.

'Yes,' he said, replying to my mother; 'it was (poke), it was cold (poke). The roads were (scrape of the lower bar) 'like glass' (crash of the upper crust), 'and we crept along slowly.'

'Will she never lift her veil?' pondered I, and caught myself wandering off into musings about the mythical 'Pig-faced Lady,' and her rich veil, never drawn aside for human eyes to gaze behind. What if my uncle had been tempted by visions of enormous wealth to marry—a what? Before I had decided as to the sort of ugliness, my aunt raised her veil, and I came back to every-day life.

She raised her veil, and we all looked at her. Nettie made some excuse, and fled from the room, but I could hear her laughter at the end of the hall.

I think even my mother was startled by the swarthy, gaunt face revealed. It was a Scotch face evidently, for the salient points of Scotch physiognomy were almost caricatured, they were so strongly pronounced. The high cheekbones might have belonged to a Tartar.

'Are you warm enough to go upstairs?' my mother asked her, with a tremor of surprise in her gentle tones.

'You must speak out to her,' said Uncle Jacob, with a curious quiver in the corner of his mouth.

'Out?' my mother asked.

'Yes, loud,' and again the quiver. 'Janet!' and he moved closer to his wife, 'Mary wants to know if you are ready to go upstairs?'

'What?' she said, turning an ear as deaf as Dame Eleanor Spang's. 'Up stairs?'

'Yes. Will you go and take your things off?'

'Yes, I am ready, quite ready, thank you,' and she turned to my mother, and rose from her seat.

'Ring for the negus,' my mother bade me. 'Janet, let me carry your cloak,' she said in a desperate voice; but Aunt Janet was evidently dubious of her meaning till my mother had taken possession of that article.

'Uncle,' said Tom, 'I'll show you your dressing-room.'

'What on earth can he have done it for?' whispered Tom as he passed me.

'What a sight the courtship must have been! Poor Uncle Jacob must have made love under difficulties indeed: the whole neighborhood must have been as wise as himself. How ever could he have managed it?' and Nettie burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which we both joined. In the height of our merriment, Aunt Janet entered the room. It was well she was so deaf, or she might have heard what would have vexed her.

James and the parlor-maid waited on at dinner in a state of much amazement. Their eyes seemed to be fascinated to her, however much they might try to look the other way. James was quite nervous, too, poor man, and absolutely jumped every now and then when my father roared out a piece of politeness to the lady by his side; but he did his best. He did not attempt to shout to her, for he was so proper-minded a footman, that he would have deemed it beneath his voice and bellow in the unseemly manner required; so he employed dumb-show,—lifting up her wine-glass to her notice first, and then holding sherry and Sauterne before her in a beseeching manner, that she might elect between them. Nettie watched him gravely, but unluckily her eyes caught mine, and a spasm of silent laughter passed over her face. She did not laugh, however, and her potato did not choke her, so all was well. The evil moment was only deferred, however, for Aunt Janet bethought herself of the bag that hung by her side, and drawing thence a tube with bone, ear, and mouth-piece fitted thereto, she said to my mother, 'Please use my tube, and I shall hear you,' and unclogged it as she spoke.

'Take that out to your mistress,' said my father to James; but never did ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> electric wire in hand look more uncomfortable than did James as he handled the unknown instrument. He seemed to expect a shock as he half-dropped it by my mother's plate.

'Gently!' said Aunt Janet, who had the other end in her ear, and James started worse than ever. 'No help for it; Nettie must laugh; but with great skill she succeeded in producing a violent fit of coughing that made the tears run down her cheeks.

My father explained the cause of my uncle's marriage to us in the evening after our guests had retired.

'She was Samuel Marten's only child,' he began.

'His partner's?' said my mother.

'Yes. When he told me that much, I saw daylight at once. Old Marten died in India over a year ago, and she came home.'

'That makes her so brown,' said Nettie. 'I thought she had an Indian son or daughter.'

'Her fortune, of course, is very large; and not knowing into what hands she might fall, he thought it would be well to marry her; and she as a woman of sense, saw the wisdom of the step. Jacob has acted a very sensible part; so now all that remains is for us to be civil to her, she deserves it.'

'Did he say anything about her deafness, papa?'

'No child. Why should he?'

'Did you?'

'Nonsense! What does it signify? He'll only lead the quieter life for it. A wife's tongue—now, Mary, said he, looking at my mother, 'now, Mary, you know what I mean.'

'I was not saying anything, dear,' said my mother; she led my father in a chain of silk, that was as strong as iron. What a wonder it is that women should ever be ignorant as to where lies the secret of their strength. How few men can resist the might of gentleness! My mother's gentle craft was partly natural, partly won by the Holy Book that teaches so fully of the 'soft answer' that is stronger than triple shield against the thrust of wrath.

After a day or two, Aunt Janet took up the habit of coming to the morning-room directly after breakfast, and spending the whole forenoon there. At first, we were rather a silent party after she appeared. No matter how deaf your companion is, it is generally some time before you can cast off the mistaken idea that half of what you say is heard; and Aunt Janet had such a sharp sort of look about her—unlike the patient, waiting look that deaf people usually acquire—that we were absurdly silent in her presence for a while.

Nettie broke the ice first, and made some remarks as to Aunt Janet's personal appearance; but when I started, and looked at the poor lady's face, it was evident that all sounds fell idly alike on those deaf ears of hers. 'Do you know I like her,' said Nettie abruptly one morning, when my mother was urging us to be more attentive. 'Of course, she's the greatest old fright that ever was seen; but she is kindly and good-hearted, I am sure.'

'My mother looked pained; 'Nettie, don't speak of your aunt so. Never mind her looks; she cannot help them.'

'I suppose she cannot, mamma, and yet a sort of instinct makes me blame people for being ugly.'

'It is n't her face I mind,' said Jane, who had taken a strong dislike to our aunt; 'but her voice is dreadful. Her voice is like the tearing of calico, and sets my very teeth on edge.' Our aunt was sitting knitting quietly by the fire all this time.

'She cannot help her voice,' said my mother; 'you should try and look at people's pleasant side, Jane.'

'I don't think she has a pleasant side.' My mother made no answer, but turned and shouted a little of the morning news from the paper, to amuse our aunt. Presently Tom entered.

'Nettie, look here; there is a great hole in my pocket. Will you sew it up for me.'

'What a sight the courtship must have been! Poor Uncle Jacob must have made love under difficulties indeed: the whole neighborhood must have been as wise as himself. How ever could he have managed it?' and Nettie burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which we both joined. In the height of our merriment, Aunt Janet entered the room. It was well she was so deaf, or she might have heard what would have vexed her.

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'Yes; only come closer. Now, stand still,—do stand still, Tom, dear,—I am pricking my finger.'

'How long is she going to stay?' asked Tom. 'As long as she pleases,' my mother replied.

'How on earth do you manage to amuse such a living statue? I would not be one of you girls shut up in a room with her morning after morning, for something. She would mesmerize me.'

'You pain me, Tom, when you speak so.—There is nothing attractive about your aunt; but I am sure she is a very worthy person, and deserving of your respect,' said my mother.

'What! for hooking the old gentleman?'

'Tom,' said Nettie, 'do you think that is Aunt Janet's hair, or a wig? (in a confidential tone.)'

'A wig, to be sure,' said Tom, determinedly. 'I cannot bear it, Tom,' said my mother; 'you must really go out of the room.—Come, Nettie, and show your aunt some of your water colors. I dare say she likes looking at drawings.'

'She looks like a judge,' said sarcastic Jane. Nettie went to the piano after a while, and sang a ballad or two of Balfe's and Lindley's, sliding out of them into some Scotch airs, which she sang uncommonly well. I was watching Aunt Janet's uninterested face as Nettie sang, and thinking, with some pity, how great a privation hers was, when Nettie struck the first bar of *Ye Banks and Braes*, and a change swept across the immobile face for an instant, as if she heard,—at least, I mean that for a second I fancied so, for as I looked, the face was dull as lead as ever.

'Poor thing! it said my mother, 'how I wish she could hear those sweet Scotch airs!'

'I should not think it much more difficult for her,' said Jane. 'I don't suppose she is inclined to be romantic.'

Two or three days afterwards, my father came into the morning-room just before lunch, and seeing Aunt Janet, was about to withdraw. 'I wanted to tell you—' he said to my mother. 'Tell me what, dear?'

'Nothing—but that Jacob told me they are going on Thursday. He is getting fidgety at being away from the office so long.'

'Janet spoke about going to me this morning.'

'Well, I hope you have kept her amused. She must be conciliated at any cost. We must have them again soon, though I hate the sight of her. I really cannot enjoy my dinner in the least, shouting out as I must between every mouthful. But it cannot be helped.'

'I like her,' said my mother; 'she is quiet and sensible, as my father moved back out of the doorway.'

Thursday morning came, and our guests were to leave us. Uncle Jacob was particularly kind in his manner to all, telling Nettie and me that we must come and pay our aunt a visit in town after they moved into their new house in Hyde Park Gardens.

'You shall see all that is to be seen, as your aunt means to keep a carriage,' he said kindly, and we thanked him as in duty bound; but I don't think we either of us felt inclined to venture on our new aunt's hospitality.

We all went up stairs with Aunt Janet, to help her to dress herself in her wraps and furs. When she was dressed, she sent the maid out of the room, observing to my mother as she did so, that she never gave visitors a money to servants.

'Nor to anybody she can help,' said Jane. 'There, you mistake me,' said our aunt, turning round sharply on the unlucky Jane in an instant. 'I act from principle in not giving to servants, not from greed.'

'How ever did she hear me?' gasped Jane in a lower tone to me.

'As I hear other people,' said my aunt quietly.—'Good by, dear Mary,' (and she turned to kiss my mother.) 'You have been very kind to me. I never expected you to think me a beauty, you know; you gave me credit for being "kindly and sensible," as I think that was,—and that is all I want from you. Believe me, I think all the better of you for having lived with you for three weeks in the palace of Truth.'

'Why, Janet! then you're not deaf after all?'

But what she answered, or what my mother said after that, I don't know, for we beat a hasty retreat from the room. We could not even bring ourselves to go down and say good-bye to her; we heard my father and Tom shouting last words at the carriage-door. I do not think we spoke silence for some minutes, till Nettie said: 'We have done it now! How she must hate us!'

'For what?' asked Tom, suddenly appearing; and then we told him all.

'You don't mean it? and then he gave vent to his feelings in the longest of whistles.

What my father said on the subject we never knew, nor, indeed, guessed, for his face was a sealed book, when he so pleased it, but no doubt his heart condemned him sufficiently.

'It was the meanest trick!' said Jane, 'Impossible to defend ourselves against such a low cunning.'

'No, my dear, you might easily have been safe. I don't think it was quite fair of your aunt, though, and I shall write and tell her so.'

A few days brought Aunt Janet's letter.—'I was most wrong, my Mary,' she said; 'I should have forgiven you, very wrong if you will; but when you understand all, you will allow that my temptation was strong to see you all as you are. Some day I will tell you the story of my father's second wife, who happily died before him, and you will see that my dread of designing people is a natural one, after what I have suffered. Come up to town and see me, Mary, and let us talk it all over till you forgive me.'

'You have saved us, mother, I do believe,' said Tom. 'She likes you well enough to smile on us all for your sake.'

A letter came from Uncle Jacob next. 'Bring the girls with you when you come, Mary,' he said. 'Don't let them be vexed with their aunt for her whimsies,—she has taken a fancy to your Nettie.'

Nettie's naughtiness serves her as well as most people's goodness, said Tom. 'Mother, look at your letter again, and see if there is n't an invitation for me.'

## The Meaning of Masonry.

Many persons suppose that the institution of Freemasonry is altogether benevolent in its character; that its constitutions and general regulations require that certain provisions shall be made weekly for the sick, the disabled, or the distressed. This is a mistake. No Masonic Lodge is bound by constitutional law to contribute to the support of any sick or disabled member any stipulated sum per week. Neither are they called upon to incur expenses on behalf of deceased brethren in liquidating funeral expenses, &c. Nor are they called upon, by any recognized law, to support the widow of a deceased brother, and to foster and educate his children. Freemasonry is not an insurance company. It does not require of those who knock at its door for admittance that they all pay so much per week, and have it returned to them again in the form of benefits when they are really sick, or would feign the reality of indisposition. Nothing like this is Masonry. And it has never deceived any of its initiates by telling them that the constitutional rules and regulations of the order required that a few dollars should be doled out to them per week, and that the order was bound to furnish funds for their decent interment.

Freemasonry is a brotherhood. The order recognizes and maintains the sublime principle, that as one God created us all, we have a common heritage; and as God is the "Father of all that is," those who were created in His image, are brethren. The tenets of Freemasonry, in inculcating and enforcing these sentiments, establish a principle that does not require stringent laws to show the brethren their duty; nor are promises of pecuniary advantage necessary to excite the selfish propensities of our nature. The whole system of Freemasonry is designed to make a man deserve the station of that race who were created but a little lower than the angels, and while the fraternal fire warms his breast, and makes him feel that a man is his brother, that no law, save that of love, is necessary to force him to the path of duty. The one who understands Masonry as a sublime moral science, will here perceive that the duties which he is called upon to perform in the fulfillment of his Masonic obligations, rise from a dignified sense of his relation with his fellow men. The suffering man is his brother, and he should assist him. It requires no law of logic or council to enforce the injunction. If thy neighbor hunger, give him meat; if he thirst give him drink; and if he lack raiment, clothe him."—Wiggin.

**Gov. Morton on England and Franco.**

The following is an extract from a letter addressed by Gov. Morton to Mr. Joseph J. Brown, of Albany:—The climate in England is moist and mild, the pastures green and fresh, and the farmers everywhere ploughing. The country seemed very beautiful as we glided rapidly by hill and dale, cottage and mansion, and that little poem of Mr. Hamann's came into my mind, which begins thus—

The stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand,  
The passage across the channel from Dover to Calais was very rough, and made everybody sick. The country from Calais to Paris disappointed my expectations very much, although it is well cultivated and every foot of land is employed in some way, but the cultivation is far inferior to that of England, and the landscape not near so pleasing. Along the whole way I saw not one fine looking house or stately mansion, but innumerable small, low cottages, with high pointed roofs, covered with thatch or red earthen tiles, low, narrow windows, projecting eaves, and floors below the level of the ground, without gardens or fences around them, and appearing to stand out in the commons. The villages are mere collections of these cottages. The streets are narrow, irregular and crooked, and totally without plan or plan, with the inevitable church and high steeple. How changed is everything in Paris. When you see the country you will understand why "Paris is France." So far as I have seen, it is far more elegantly built than New York or London, and the public squares, gardens, and edifices are truly magnificent. The streets are well paved and kept very clean; some of them are covered with a smooth and smooth as a floor.

**A Droll Postmaster.**

In the days of Andrew Jackson, his Postmaster-General, Amos Kendall, wanting to know where he should be the source of the Tombsville river, wrote for the required information to the postmaster of a village on its course. "Sir," wrote the higher officer to the lower, "this department desires to know how far the Tombsville river runs up. Respectfully, &c." The reply was brief and read thus: "Sir, the Tombsville river doesn't run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully, &c." The postmaster-General continued the correspondence in this style: "Sir, your appointment as postmaster at R. is revoked. You will turn over the funds, papers, pertaining to your office to your successor. Respectfully, &c." The droll understrapper closed the correspondence with this parting shot: "Sir, the revenues for this office for the quarter ending Sep. 30, have been 95 cents; its expenditure, same period, for tallow candles and twine was \$1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me. Most respectfully, &c."

**Women.**

Theodore Parker, in one of his "sermons," uttered the following, touching women:—There are three classes of women:—First, domestic drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their house-keeping and child-keeping. Their house-keeping is a trade, and no more; and after they have done that, there is no more which they can do. In New England it is a small class, getting less every year.

Next, there are domestic dolls, wholly taken up with the vain show that delights the eye and ear. They are ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more cheaply manufactured at Paris, Newbernburg, at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and other toy shops in Europe, out of wax, papier-mache, and sold in Boston at the haberdashery by the dozen. These dolls attempt to elevate women kind.

But there are domestic women, who order a house and are not mere drudges, adorn it, and are not mere dolls, but women. Some of these are a great many of them—conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are wholly taken up with their functions as house-keeper, wife, and mother.

**Carelessness of the Public.**

More than two million letters are every year returned to the writers, from some error or other in the directing or posting. Twelve thousand letters or so are posted without any address whatever on the outside; these are opened at St. Martin-Grand as the only course to pursue, and are sent back to the writers. One such letter enclosed paper money to the value of four thousand pounds, which was promptly returned to the sender, and thus ended a double blunder—sending so large a sum by post, and failing to address the letter. Twenty thousand letters or more arrive at the chief office every day without any street or number being written on the outside—simply Mr. So-and-so, London.

One day a letter-bag and boxes, rubbed by friction from the letters and newspapers to which they had been imperfectly cemented. One newspaper in about five thousand slips from its cover, through careless fastening, and comes to grief, for the sorters do not know which covers belong to which newspapers.—Without noticing the country post-offices, or even the eleven hundred receptacles for letters in the metropolis, city men send to the chief office alone two hundred letters every day, entirely unsealed and unfastened. Some letters have no address either on the inside or outside.—London paper.

**Effects of Cleanliness.**

Count Rumford the practical philosopher, thus describes the advantages of cleanliness:—'With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves, and put their plumage in order; and how perfectly neat and clean, and elegant they appear. Among the beasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly are generally the most gay and cheerful, or are distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment, and singing birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwells long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.'

**An Arabian Laughing Plant.**

For the first time I met with a narcotic plant, very common further south, and gifted with curious qualities. Its seeds, when pounded and administered in a small dose, produce effects much like those ascribed to Sir Humphrey Davy's laughing gas; the patient dances, sings, and performs a thousand extravaganzas, till after an hour of great excitement to himself and amusement to the bystanders, he falls asleep, and on awaking has lost all memory of what he said or did while under the influence of the drug.—Pulgrin's Central and Eastern Arabia.

**FEAR OF DEATH.**—When Cesar was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or any one to defend him, he always replied to the admonitions. "He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures. I will die but once."

St. Paul speaks of those who all their lives through fear of death, are subject to bondage.

**BLESSINGS.**—Thackeray tells of an Irish woman begging alms of him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessings of God follow you all your life!" but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added—"and never overtake you."

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**FEAR OF DEATH.**—When Cesar was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or any one to defend him, he always replied to the admonitions. "He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures. I will die but once."

St. Paul speaks of those who all their lives through fear of death, are subject to bondage.

**BLESSINGS.**—Thackeray tells of an Irish woman begging alms of him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessings of God follow you all your life!" but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added—"and never overtake you."

## Items Foreign & Local.

Three tons of candy per day are manufactured in Chicago.

Great Britain's coal fields embrace over 5,700,000 acres.

New Orleans is to be lighted by 3,000 petroleum lamps.

There are 1,529,154 girls and 1,306,366 boys in France.

The correspondence of Chicago amounts to 17,000,000 of letters annually.

Brigham Young again thinks of migration to the Sandwich Islands.

The Hamburg government are negotiating for a seven-league cable between London and Ouxhaven.</