

# The Carleton Journal

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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WHOLE NO.—925.

## Poetry.

**Have You A Dress Prepared for That From a Life's Lesson.** An unpublished work.

**MONDAY.**  
"Where are you going to-day, my dear?  
Where are you going to-day?  
Oh! I want to alter my last new dress,  
And I'm going for Martha Hay."

**TUESDAY.**  
"What are you doing now, my dear?  
What are you doing now?  
Trimming my hat new, papa,  
With a feather across the brow."

**WEDNESDAY.**  
"Where are you going so fast again?  
Oh! to the fancy store,  
I've bought the stuff for a new Spring cape,  
And I want a little more."

**THURSDAY.**  
"What are you doing this morning, love?  
You are always busy I see."  
"Trimming my collar and sleeves with lace,  
For I'm to be out to tea."

**FRIDAY.**  
"What up, so early at six indeed!  
To gather the first June rose?"  
"Oh! no, I go to the coloring shop,  
To dye some silken hose."

**SATURDAY.**  
"Ah! knitting to-day, what is it my love?"  
"A beautiful fancy shawl!"  
"To wear with the lovely Guinea silk  
I wore at the children's ball."

**SUNDAY.**  
"I am glad to see you so thoughtful dear,  
On the holy Sabbath day."  
"I was just considering what I should wear  
The *Moire* or the *Silver Gray*?"  
"And which will you wear, I pray, my love,  
On the solemn judgment day?"  
"Have you a dress prepared for that?"  
"Dear Father, what is it you say?"  
"Go! fall on your knees to God, my child,  
Ask him your soul to dress  
In a robe more bright than angels wear,  
Christ's robe of righteousness!"  
"Ask him to take your trifling mind  
And give you an earnest heart,  
With Mary to sit at the Saviour's feet,  
And choose the better part."

## Select Tale.

### WON AT LAST.

"I am tired of looking in this dull town. It is four weeks since I left the Seminary, and I honestly wish vacation were over," remarked Blanche Merton, sipping her coffee, after the family had left the breakfast table.

"You certainly cannot wish to go, child, until you have seen Clarence Gray," replied her aunt, Rachel, a wealthy and aristocratic woman of sixty.

"It is of no moment to me to meet Mr. Gray, or any other Mr.—, at present. I am only nineteen; besides I have too much spirit in me to be bought and sold by anybody. I am neither Circassian nor Ethiopian."

"You talk very wisely, Blanche—your girlish follies pass me beyond everything. You have heard me say, repeatedly, that I should settle my estate upon Gray's wife, let her be who she would. He is a very superior young man, and most girls would have good sense enough to appreciate such an offer."

"But it has all been arranged. If I had seen the fellow and liked him myself, without any help from other people, the affair would be entirely different; but the idea of marrying a man because somebody says I must, is intolerable. You can settle your estate, Aunt Rachel, upon whom you like," and throwing on her bonnet and shawl, Blanche took her bonnet and scattered towards the woods in quest of flowers.

Hour after hour she wandered on, regardless of the route, or the distance she was straying. Blanche was a close student, in spite of gaiety, and many rare specimens were analyzed and the Natural Order, Genera and Species, carefully noted on a slip of paper, as she now and then rested on the trunk of some fallen tree. By and by she grew uneasy, as she was unable to decide in what direction her aunt's residence lay. There then was a rustling noise in the underbrush, not a great distance from her; this rustling was succeeded by two or three harsh growls.

This so much terrified Blanche, that she rushed towards an opening in the forest, regardless of the direction. Leaping over logs or whatever chance to lie in her path, on, on she went, almost flying—sometimes sinking in marshy spots almost to the tops of her gaiters; but onward and rapidly, furnishing herself with a new slit in her dress at almost every bound. With garments ruined, she at last found herself in an open glade, and a little farther on, through a clump of maples, loomed the stately walls of a mansion. The building was both high and deep, with a gray stone front and gray shutters. It was located in the rear of a park, constructed with various drives, an artificial lake and fountain.

Everything was prepossessing to the eye, and it was no small relief to Blanche to feel that she was out of danger; but her soiled garments looked shockingly—entirely unfitting her to appear among well-bred people. She at last concluded to venture to the back door and inquire of the servants respecting her route home. Surmounting a stone wall, she walked up a grassy lawn, and passing through a small gate, soon found herself in the garden.

"Will you walk in?" said a gentlemanly looking man, emerging from a group of firs on the right.

"Do come in and rest you," urged a young lady, Blanche's sister.

Blanche glanced upon herself and then blushed with mortification. The gentleman was apparently only three or four years older than herself, with a cast of countenance decidedly intellectual. His forehead was broad and high, surmounted with glossy, black hair, a handsome

moustache curled gracefully upon the upper lip, with heavy whiskers completing the finish.

The first impulse which came over Blanche was to fly; the next was to pull one little curl of the fellow's whiskers in revenge for a smile which rippled over his fine face in spite of his efforts to suppress it. Her last resolve was to accept the young lady's invitation and brave it out or conquer through her sympathy; for certainly one girl can feel for another when gaiters are mud to the tops and dress torn to atoms.

They entered the front hall, and ascending the stairs, were soon in Clara's own room where fresh gaiters and a clean muslin dress were at her disposal. Arranging her hair carefully she was soon presentable, for Blanche owned a bewitching, coquetish looking face, entirely her own.

The two young ladies descended to the library where the brother was in waiting, of course; luncheon had been ordered, and the young people were not long in getting acquainted.

The young man conversed most admirably and Blanche was fascinated. She soon learned that he was a senior student at Yale, and was to graduate at commencement. Hour after hour they were away most agreeably, till at last the clock struck five, and Blanche started in dismay.

She was two miles from home, and had no time to lose. Her new acquaintances urged her to remain, and they would send word to her aunt where she was; but the girl understood her position better than to comply with such a request, however kind in itself.

Promising to return the borrowed garments in a few days, she expressed many thanks for Miss Clara's kindness, and took her leave. As she stepped into the front vernal, to her surprise a carriage was in waiting. The brother handed her in and ordered the driver to Mrs. Wilbur's.

They were soon in sight of the grounds of her aunt's mansion, but Blanche urged the propriety of walking the last quarter of a mile, and going unattended. This arrangement was readily consented to, and thanking the gentleman for his politeness, the tired girl walked up the back lane, entered the kitchen door, and rushed up stairs before any body had time to notice her. Hurriedly arraying herself in one of her own dresses, she walked down the front stairs and met her aunt at the tea table. They took their repast silently. As the allusion to Clarence Gray in the morning had caused Blanche to rush from the house and remain absent during the day, her aunt thought best not to speak of him.

The next morning their breakfast passed as silently as their tea the night previous; the determined girl, half pouting, half sad, sipping her coffee and twirling her tea-spoon.

As soon as the cloth was removed, Blanche took her bonnet and wandered in the direction of the mansion she had discovered the day previous, though she firmly resolved not to go near it. Some wild flowers were gathered and she seated herself on a log, to separate the sepals of the calyx and the petals of the corolla. The stamens were counted, and Blanche had given the plant its locality, in accordance with Linnaeus, and was about deciding upon *Natural Order* and *Genus*, according to Jussieu, when she heard footsteps. Looking up, there stood Charles Clifford, the gentleman whose acquaintance she had formed the day previous.

He had started to go over to Mrs. Wilbur's to call upon her, but finding her upon the way analyzing flowers, concluded not to go farther. From Mr. Clifford's polite request, there was an arrangement for them to review their botanical lessons for an hour each day, in the shade of a maple which stood near them. The young college student was in love, and Blanche was not less fascinated.

Three weeks elapsed, and the young people were engaged, though each resolved upon winning Aunt Rachel's consent to the union if possible.

"My sister will call upon you to-morrow, Miss Merton; she wonders every day why you do not come over. You may expect her without fail, so be on your guard, and look beautiful, just as you do now." Blanche blushed and looked down, feeling indescribably happy, till the thought came rushing over her that her aunt would never consent to her marrying any one but young Gray, a gentleman whom she had never seen, and, of course, cared nothing for.

Is there anything equal to being compelled to drag out a lifetime with one we cannot love, while those dear to us are as unfortunately tied to some one else?

Blanche grew giddy with her thoughts, and for a moment rested, then hurrying to her own room, closed the door, and threw herself upon her knees. Long and earnestly she pleaded with heaven for help, then rising, sank upon her couch, and bathed her pillow in tears.

The next morning, as she entered the breakfast room, the very first words which greeted her were:

"Blanche, Blanche, you must have your new *moire* antique made up immediately. Mr. Gray has got home, and will dine with us in a few days. I have just received a note from him, saying we may expect him soon."

For a moment the color rushed into Blanche's face, then faded as it came, till she was colorless. The poor girl now fully realized that her aunt would never consent to her marrying Charles Clifford, intelligent and fascinating as he truly was, and the heir of as large a property as Clarence Gray could have. How dark the world looked on her—life itself a burden.

"Why, child, what is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Wilbur, who noticed the girl's emotion.

"I wish Clarence Gray were in Jericho, or a thousand miles beyond it!" replied

Blanche, shaking from head to foot.

Mrs. Wilbur drew herself up, haughtily. "Blanche Merton, hear me, once for all. I wish you to treat him well. He is a very superior young man, and my property shall go to his wife—whether it happen to be you, or some girl of better sense."

"Bestow your property where you like, Aunt Rachel! I shall marry the man I love, so help me, Heaven!"

"And whom do you love?" inquired the astonished aunt.

"One who is as worthy as Clarence Gray can be!"

"Where did you meet him? Who is he, and what is he?" sternly demanded the enraged Mrs. Wilbur.

Blanche saw her aunt was almost hopeless, and, throwing herself upon her knees, clasped her aunt's hands in agony. It was a burst of grief, and she gave free vent to a flood of tears.

Mrs. Wilbur was too much excited to notice approaching footsteps, and the poor girl at her feet realized nothing but her own sorrow. Presently Blanche felt the touch of a hand upon her bowed head. Looking up, Charles Clifford was before her, and in a moment more he clasped her in his arms.

"Why, Clarence, how glad I am to see you remarked Mrs. Wilbur, taking his disengaged hand, for one arm was around Blanche.

"Clarence—Clarence!" echoed the astonished girl. "What does that mean, Mr. Clifford?"

He was extruding himself from his embrace, as, hair ossified, half petrified, she stood gazing into the face before her.

"Forgive me, dear girl, for winning your heart as Charles Clifford. My name is Clarence Gray—with heart, hand and fortune, at your feet. Say, my love, are you willing to marry me now?"

Mrs. Wilbur had left the room, and Clarence leading Blanche to the sofa, tenderly wiped away the tears—the result of so much distress; and in an hour her heart was happy enough to make up for its keenest sorrow.

The new *moire-antique* was made up, and not very long after a white *brocade* followed. Commencement was soon over at Yale, and young Gray bore off his diploma with the highest honors; and, a few weeks after, the very carriage that bore Blanche Merton from a lofty mansion after her botanic excursion now hauled Clarence Gray and his bride back to his walls.

**A Miser's Economy.** One of those strange, penurious individuals we call misers has just died in Paris. He boasted that his breakfast never cost him more than a half penny, and that it always consisted of bread and butter or bread and fruit. This was his economic plan—every morning he bought a sou roll of bread. With this he went to one of the markets, and if it was winter he began by tasting the country-woman's butter. A bit of this was put in his mouth with a bit of bread previously deposited. Somehow, the butter was always bad or had some flavor he did not like. Not to be rude he fared more luxuriously, especially in the time of cherries, the strawberries, the plums, and the grapes. "How do you sell them?" "Six sous a pound!" "Can I taste them?" "Certainly." He takes two or three cherries, eats them with a mouthful of bread, and says, "Hue! hue! they are a little sour," and so he passes on to the next stall. Before he got half way down he used to breakfast perfectly. Of course, after a time the women who sold fruit and butter at the various markets began to know him, and amused at his eccentricity they seldom refused to let him taste their goods. He has recently died—75 years old—very rich, having never breakfasted on dry bread, or at a cost exceeding a half-penny.

**Pigs as a Marriage Portion.** Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers especially desired domestication of hogs, bees, and eels. Pigs were specially bequeathed by will, and the marriage portion of a noble lady consisted sometimes only of pigs. A nobleman named Alfred gave to each of his daughters, as a provision in life, 2,000 pigs, and nothing else. The Anglo-Saxons had no saddle-horses till the middle of the 17th century, when the foreign bishops introduced the use of palfreys. Saint Guthbert rode on horseback, and insisted that the angels did so, giving as Scriptural authority a reference to those angels who came to the aid of Judas Maccabeus. In King Alfred's time, and after it, kings hunted on foot; hunting on horseback and lighting on horseback only came into fashion—and that suddenly—in the time of Edward the Confessor. Bee-keeping was much encouraged by the clergy, who said bees were sent from heaven because mass could not be celebrated without wax. But the special energy of the clergy themselves was spent upon the rearing of eels. Nearly every monastery had its vivarium for the supply of good victuals on fast days, but the eels were apt to steal away, and so it was found cheaper to let mercuries and marches to fishermen, who caught eels and paid them in them. Among pet animals of the Anglo-Saxons, says Mr. John Trapp, who writes on this subject of domestication, were wolves, foxes, and otters, but their owners were not answerable for the damage they did, because "they never did anything but mischief."

**MARRIAGES.**—A great majority of marriages have certain elements of happiness, and can be made not only endurable but beneficial, if the parties will make proper efforts to that end. A man can generally overcome his bad habits and faults, if he will make an earnest and persevering effort to do so. A woman can still more easily conform to the requirements of her position.

## Death Scenes of Remarkable Persons.

Mary, Scotland's great beauty, met the "gloomy king" with a degree of resolution not to be expected from her misfortunes, so numerous were they—deserted by every friend, except her faithful little dog. Sir Thomas More remarked to the executioner, whose hands he was about to perish, "you see me up safe," said he; "and for my coming down let me shift for myself." Chaucer breathed his last when composing a ballad; his last production is called "A ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death-bed, lying in great pain." "I could wish this tragic scene were over," said Quin, the actor; "but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity." Petrarch was found dead in his library leaning on a book. Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to remove him, and place him before the window, that he might look upon his garden, and gladden his eyes with the sight of nature; how ardent an admirer he was of nature is most poetically told in Zimmerman's "Solitude." Pope tells us he found Godfrey Kneller (when he visited him a few days prior to his end) sitting up forming the plans for the erection of his own monument; his vanity was conspicuous even in death. Warren has observed that Chesterfield's good breeding only left him with death: "Give Drysdale a chair," said he to his valet, when that person was announced. Bayle, when dying, pointed to where his proof-sheet was deposited. "Clarence's pen-dropped from his hand when seized with palsy which put an end to his existence. Bode died in the act of dictating, Rossmoan, when expiring, quoted from his own translation of the "Dies Irae." Haller, feeling his pulse, said "The artery ceases to beat," and immediately died. When the priest, whom Alfred had been prevailed on to see, came, he requested him to call to-morrow— "Death, I trust, will tarry four-and-twenty hours." Nelson's last words were, "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor."—*Illustrated Magazine.*

**Aversion of British Soldiers to Foreign Service.** There is one thing which I greatly admire in the English army, and that is the readiness with which their troops embark for long years of colonial service. Our men would go singing to an attack at which two-thirds of their number must in all probability be swept away by the enemy's cannon; but they never would go for ten or twelve years to India, the Cape of Good Hope, or New Zealand, as the English soldier does, without a murmur. The regiment of Hussars which I saw the Prince of Wales review at Colchester had among its officers several men of large fortune, and yet, although they might have exchanged into other corps remaining at home, they were all about to embark in a body for India, where, as I was told, they would have to do duty for ten years. A French regiment would have done this gladly, if there had been any prospect of active service or promotion, or glory, but they would never have done it merely from a stern sense of duty. This is but another instance serving to show what a very fine army might be made of British troops, if a few wholesome changes were introduced into their system.—*All the Year Round.*

**"Overcrapt" Himself.** One of the peculiar features of the South-western dialect is the use of the word *crap* for crop. Thus they will say, "I made right smart of craps this year." The Colonel once heard this word used with no little significance. While traveling on a steamer, in the Southwest, a singularly assorted couple attracted the attention of all the other passengers. One was a small man, about five feet in height, and weighing not over a hundred pounds. His bride was immense—not a feather lighter than two hundred and fifty pounds. The rest of the story we shall let the Colonel tell himself. He says: "One day I was standing on the upper-deck of the steamer, while the happy pair were promenading back and forth, arm in arm, and a passenger, who was evidently a backwoodsman, approached me, and pointing towards them, said, 'Now, don't you sarter reckon that that little man has a little bit *overcrapt* himself?' I inquired with him in what I believed to be the import of his agricultural figure, and observed that, in my opinion, the young gentleman would have his hands full, in the event of any future discord, which should lead to a personal dispute between them. He turned and walked away, remarking, 'As sure as yer born, he's a mighty small chance of a man to have such a powerful heap of wife.'"

**SECRET GRIEFS.**—There is much pain that is noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often a more whisper in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab and rise no cry of murder; robberies that leave man or woman forever beggared of peace or joy, yet kept secret by the sufferer—committed to no sound except that of low moans in the night, seen in no writing except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.—*Felix Holt, the Radical.*

**Misfortunes** are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

In spicing the manners of foreign countries, we lose what is best in our own, and only expose ourselves to the ridicule of those we injure.

## Items Foreign & Local.

Constantinople has suffered from earthquake. A late census gives Paris 1,700,000. A New York daily offered Dickens \$8000 for a story.

Pennsylvania will have 30,000,000 bushels of corn this year. A poor negro on trial for his life in Alabama is furnished advice by his old master.

The paper mills of Great Britain manufacture 28,500 tons of paper weekly. Two French bishops and seven priests have been massacred in China.

A stock raiser in Western Texas, has his brand on thirty thousand head of cattle. Large stores come from Kansas of a swarm of mosquitoes stopping a railroad train.

As a last resort obtain liquor, a Detroit woman pawned her little son until she could get money to redeem him. Pousard, the poet, and Comte de Montalembert, eminent literateurs of France, are at the point of death.

The manufacture of paper is great for it commands a higher price than hay. The Right Rev. Dr. McKinnon, Bishop of Arichat, contributed \$1000 to the building fund of the New Catholic Church in Pictou.

The French newspapers limit themselves to two lines daily over the Atlantic cable. They get only the price of gold and cotton. The entire fortune of an English lady who lives in great style, consists in one of the advertising columns of the London Times.

It is estimated that it will take 800 million feet of lumber to rebuild the burnt district in Portland—about the entire product of Maine for two years. The Bank of France is filled with treasure from Germany. Gold, silver and jewelry to the value of 1,900,000,000 francs are crammed into its vaults.

A conference of Catholic Powers is in agitation, to be held at Brixen. France is to be represented by the Emperor, Austria by M. de Metternich, and Spain by General Narvaez.

An association has been started in London to aid poor persons about to be evicted from their homes to make way for railways for metropolitan improvements.

It is estimated that two million bushels of corn have been destroyed by the floods in the Miami "bottoms." The storm seems general in the west and northwest.

The privilege of selling the catalogue at the Paris Universal Exhibition, put up to public competition by sealed tender, has been awarded to M. Denton, the Paris Royal Painter, who made the large bidding of £29,240.

A new practice is in vogue among the fashionable of both sexes in Paris. They spend four to five hours in the water of both establishments, singing, playing dominoes, chess, etc., and also in the company of the ladies.

The Mason, Ga., Telegraph says an old lady named Martha Carson, aged one hundred and three years, six months and three days, died lately in Bibb county, Ga. She had cut three sets of teeth, the last being small and like a squirrel's.

A child was lately devoured by an alligator near Galveston, in full view of its father, who was unable to save his little daughter. The monster was afterwards shot, and the remains of the child recovered.

A Jersey City negro girl fell a distance of twelve feet, head foremost, striking her head on some rocks. She was insensible for a few moments, but recovered in season to attend a colored ball that night, and danced till morning.

The next term of the States Court is postponed until Spring. Measures were adopted to supply corn to the destitute, establishing a penitentiary system, and to authorize a loan in aid of the burnt district of Charleston.

At a crossing on the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, a few days ago, the train ran into a carriage containing two men, shattering it into a thousand pieces. When the train was stopped the men were found on the forward part of the engine, in a nearly a sitting posture, and both dead.

A list of the accidents and deaths on the railroads of France, for the last year, shows that there were 77,000,000 of passengers. Out of these, four were killed, and one every 990,000 wounded. This is a wonderfully small proportion. Our American railroads would doubtless present a much more formidable list.

The Boston *Voice* says that the first subordinate division of Sons of Temperance composed of colored persons was instituted in that city recently. It is called the "John Brown Division, No. 180." Twenty males and five females were initiated. This division is the first fruit of the action of the National Division at its last session in reference to the admission of colored persons into the order.

An extraordinary scene occurred at a grave yard at Edwardsville, Ill., recently. During the funeral ceremonies over the body of a child of Mr. John Gaffney, the mourners and attendants were attacked by a swarm of humble bees. The irate insects bit upon the uncovered heads and faces of those present, who were mostly all stung in a terrible manner. The ladies screamed, and a retreat was absolutely necessary before the cessation was concluded.

The Halifax *Express* says, "Mr. Howe has published a pamphlet in London, against Confederation. We have not yet had time to peruse it carefully; but from the cursory glance we have given it, it seems to us to be more pointless, witless, and illogical, than even his proscribed stamp pamphlets delivered in different parts of the country, before he crossed the Atlantic."

## General News.

**A TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.**—Whatever version may be given to a circumstance that occurred in this city yesterday afternoon, the most thoughtless man who performs admit that the result is both strange and startling, and well calculated to turn the serious man to more profound meditation, and even stay the reckless man in his course. A man of robust health, and in the prime of life, was accused of a crime under circumstances of almost positive proofs of guilt, and, while he calls upon God to bear witness to his innocence is struck dead almost before the appeal has left his lips. Incredible as the circumstance may appear, they are literally true.

A little over a year ago there lived in a small village in Sweden a man by the name of Rasmere, whose ostensible pursuit was that of a tailor, but rumor had it that his principal occupation was to steal. He was a man of a very different character, and at last this impression was so strongly confirmed that he suddenly left that village to evade the arm of justice. He came to this country about eight months ago, and took up his residence in Chicago, where he again worked at his trade. Having a family, he found it difficult to support them in the city, and consequently, sent them on a farm about fourteen miles from Chicago. He thereupon took lodgings at a boarding house, No. 44, Barnard street, and there he lived for some time. He was a man of a very different character, and at last this impression was so strongly confirmed that he suddenly left that village to evade the arm of justice.

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