

The Carleton Sentinel

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WHOLE NO.—1003.

Poetry.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

"Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summer not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed
O'er me and you;
And, love, what changes have been—what
Cares and pleasures too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this
Old ring was new."

"O blessings on that happy day, the happiest
Of my life.
When thanks to God, your low sweet 'Yes'
Made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's
As dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this
Old ring was new."

"How well do I remember now, your young
Sweet face that day;
How fair you were—how dear you were—my
Tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doted on you; ah, how proud I was
Of you;
But did I love you more than now, when this old
Ring was new!"

"No; no; no fairer were you then than at this
Hour to me,
And dear as life to me this day, how could you
As sweet your face might be that day as now it
Is, 'tis true,
But did I know your heart as well when this old
Ring was new!"

"O partner of my gladness, wife, what care
Of my grief is there,
For me you would not bravely face—with me
O, what a weary wait had every day, if wanting
The love that God made mine, when this
Old ring was new!"

"What is it?"
"May I have the little grey ponies and ride
out on the Templeton Road?"

"Ride out? No;—yes; I wish you wouldn't
tease me, Amy."

He spoke harshly, shaking off her little hand
as if it were a pest; and she looked more
and more like a child than ever.

"He does not love me?" she thought.
"Oh, if I knew but some spell to bring back
the old fondness!"

She went slowly into the bright ante-
room where the winter sunshine streamed
through the window, and she found the
passion-vine leaves and a great Newfoundland
dog lay winking and blinking in the golden
flood.

"Nero, you love me!" she murmured,
throwing herself on the floor, with one arm
around her canine favorite's neck.

She was only a child, this brown-eyed Amabel,
Tresley, not yet sixteen, and she looked more
childlike than ever in her unconscious pic-
turesque attitude on the old rug. With the
curls hanging loosely about her face, and the
irresistible quiver on her lips. But all of a
sudden, she glanced up with a scarlet blush as
a shadow fell across the doorway.

A tall fair-haired gentleman was standing
there, with his hat in hand, and an amused
expression on his countenance.

"Pardon me for starting you, my dear little
girl," he said gently; "but I have called to
see Mr. Tresley. Is he at home?"

Amabel stared some moments in silence
about the next room, and the stranger bowed
and passed on.

Mrs. Tresley took her embroidery and sat
down under the oleander boughs. As she
threaded the hair-like needle, a loud derisive
laugh from the other room rang in her ears.

"Your wife? Nonsense Tresley? That
child?"

"I know I have been a fool," returned her
husband's voice, in a tone of annoyance and
chagrin. "I was infatuated—mad, and now
it is too late for repentance."

"Where did you meet with her?" asked
the languid soft-motivated voice.

"I—left an orphan at a great hotel
by the death of her father, alone and unpro-
vided for. One could not but pity her—"

"And pity is akin to love," laughed the
stranger. "I understand the case completely.
Tresley, but surely she's pretty enough to suit
even your fastidious taste."

"A doll—a rapid, wearisome doll!" re-
turned Tresley, impatiently. "And to think
that I am tied to her for life!"

"Then why did you marry her?"

"I tell you, Raynor, I was infatuated with
her brown eyes and golden hair; and now
when it is too late, I have discovered my mis-
take."

Amabel's dizzy senses comprehended the
conversation no further. She had sat, silent
and motionless, every word burning its im-
print upon her heart as if they had been live
coals.

She sat there nearly an hour, with her head
drooping on her breast, and her hands clasped
tight on her knees. Finally she rose and went
up stairs, with slow, languid steps. She had
entered the room a child—she left it a hard-
hearted woman.

It was almost dark when Maurice Tresley
came out of his library, to look for the little
wife who delighted to trip on his errands.

"Amabel! Amy!" But there was no re-
sponse.

"Stephenson," he said to the smart maid
who was replenishing the fire with coal. "Go
up to Mrs. Tresley's room and tell her that Mr.
Raynor will stay to dinner."

Half a minute later Stephenson came back.
"She is not there, sir."

"Not there?"

"No, sir; and Mary Anne says she saw
Mrs. Tresley go out, all wrapped up, two hours
ago."

"Did she drive the gray ponies?"

"No, sir; she went on foot. And please,
sir, here's a bit of paper I found on her dress-
ing case, with your name on the outside."

Tresley opened the note with a contracted
brow. But there was something in the pen-
cilled lines that blanched his cheek:

"I know that you are weary of me; had I
known it before, you would soon have been re-
lieved of the burden of my presence. Forget
me—and try to return to the old time before
you ever saw me. AMABEL."

That was all. Maurice Tresley smiled bit-
terly.

"A mere childish pet," he murmured.

"She will be back, half-frightened out of her
senses as soon as it grows dark. It is un-
fortunate, however, that she should have over-
heard that un lucky conversation!"

"It is of no use, sir," said the gray haired
emissary of the police, shaking the snow from
his great coat. "We have inquired every-
where, but the clue falls at the boat land-
ing. But excuse me, sir, was Mrs. Tresley
easy in her mind when she left your house?"

Maurice smiled a little.

"No—I hardly think she was,"

"Did you ever think there might be a re-
mote possibility of suicide?"

Maurice Tresley started at the awful pos-
sibility so subtly touched upon by the matter-
of-fact detective; and when the door had closed
behind his horrible equanimity, Tresley
sank on a chair, with his face buried in both
hands.

"My wife! My little soft-eyed Amy! I
have been cruel, harsh—I deserve no better
than that Heaven should deal with me as I
deal with the lonely orphan. Oh, my lost
wife! art thou safe in heaven, or wandering
on the face of the cruel earth?"

When the child Amabel had left her hus-
band's roof, she had directed her footsteps to
the highroad that led to the steamboat land-
ing, but she was just too late; the boat had gone.
"Where shall I go to now?" she asked her-
self, trying in vain to command her whirling
thoughts. "Perhaps I can walk to Burghford,
and take the train—"

Poor Amabel! She soon realized the wide
difference there was between driving over the
road with her pet grey ponies and plowing it
with weary legs on foot. It was growing dark,
her head ached violently, and finally she paused
abruptly.

"Bless your dear heart, Mrs. Tresley, what
are you doing here?"

An old woman with a bundle of sticks on her
arm, suddenly accosted her.

"I think I have lost my way, Mrs. Jessup."

"The bewildered, little creature. 'Would
you let me come in and rest for a while?'"

"And welcome, pretty," said the old woman,
cordially; for Mrs. Tresley had done her many
a kind deed. "That is, if you don't mind a
little side-of-the-road, for Luke's folks are
poked up to start for Australia to-morrow
morning, and I was getting together a little
wood to boil the last teakettle."

Amabel sat down before the fire mechani-
cally warming her hands.

"Am I near Burghford, Mrs. Jessup?"

"Burghford, pretty? No, that you ain't."
Chelburn is nearer by a good half mile."

"Yes I know. Does the train stop here?"

"Yes honey. Here now—take this cup of
tea, and eat a bit o' bread, just to put a color
into your cheeks."

"Mrs. Jessup," said Amabel, looking up
with wild, wistful eyes, "what do people do
when they want to earn their own living?"

"Well to be sure!" ejaculated the old wo-
man. "why, honey, they go out to service
sometimes."

"And what else?"

"Well, they work in a factory sometimes,
and sometimes the book learned ones teach
school; and sometimes they take in sewing."

"Do you know what time the train stops at
Chelburn?"

"Some time after six, dear; but—"

"Thank you, Mrs. Jessup; I must go
now."

"Wait till Luke comes back, honey," coaxed
the old woman; and he'll go with you."

Amabel Tresley shook her head resolutely.

"No, I must go alone. You have been
very kind to me, Mrs. Jessup; I have no
money to give you, not even a ring, but this
handkerchief is valuable; please keep it for
my sake."

And before Goody Jessup could open her
mouth to remonstrate, Mrs. Tresley was gone,
leaving the snowy cobble on the old woman's
heavy palm.

And so, months afterwards, when news
came that the stately Australian ship was
wrecked off a cruel coast, and not a passenger
saved alive, the cobweb handkerchief, floated to
the shore, formed a ghastly link between the
living and the dead.

Detective Burnum brought it to Maurice
Tresley one night, silent and self-possessed as
ever.

"From the wreck of the Cytherea, sir?"

Maurice stared at the delicate embroidery,
with Amabel Tresley's name in the wrought
shield as if he had seen a ghost.

"The Cytherea! Good Heaven! and there
was not a soul saved?"

"No, Sir."

From that night Maurice Tresley was
lonely, and genuine mourning in his heart, for the
child-wife he had lost.

Ten years have passed by ere we again take
up the thread of our story.

The young moon was just beginning to
glimmer through the purple-blue sky of the
mid summer twilight, as Maurice Tresley and
Sidney Wilford paced up and down the marble-
paved terrace.

"So you like Mrs. Cameron?" said the lat-
ter.

"She is the most beautiful woman I ever
looked upon!" returned Tresley, stopping short
in his enthusiasm. "Wilford you know the
sad history of my first marriage; the second I
trust will bring the happiness I have so long
sighed after in vain."

"And you are determined to marry your
aunt's nursery governess?"

"If she will trust the precious jewel of her
life in my care."

Why, Tresley, I think the brown eyed
widow has fairly bewitched you. You, the
passionate statue of ice—you, finally to suc-
cumb to the pale face and solemn eyes of a
nursery governess?"

"I tell you, Wilford, said Tresley, in low
vehement accents, "that woman has stolen my
heart away—my whole being;—and if she re-
jects my suit, life's sunshine will be gone for
ever, as far as I am concerned."

He turned away and went into the house,
leaving Wilford to marvel at his leisure.

Mrs. Cameron was sitting by the shaded
light of a softly burning lamp, with a volume
opened on the table before her, but she was not
reading. Very tall, but perfectly moulded,
with superb dark eyes, and hair whose natural
wave caught ripples of light at every motion of
the beautiful head.

She looked up as Mr. Tresley entered, and
in spite of her resolute self-control, a scarlet
tint suffused her pale lovely face. The mo-
ment had come, to which she had looked for-
ward for so many years! She read it in his
face as plainly as though he had spoken the
words "I love you."

Well, it was over. Maurice Tresley had
asked her to be his wife, and she had said "Yes."
And still she shrank away from the fond clasp
of his hand—the deep word of tenderness
that swelled spontaneously from his inmost
being.

"My love the light has dawned at last upon
my heart. I am happy now!"

The wedding was over, with its glimmer of
orange flowers and soft sunny silks. Mr.
Tresley was standing in the center of a group
of congratulatory friends, while his wife had
gone up stairs to change her bridal dress for a
more suitable travelling costume, when his
valiant brought him a folded note. Excusing
himself in a few brief words, he stepped in
to the deserted library to read the missive
whose perusal sent a strange thrill to
his heart. It contained but a few lines in
the peculiar cramped orthography of the child
he had called wife.

"MAURICE—I have come back to you. I
have come back to you. I am waiting in the
little room by the south gate for you to wel-
come me once more to your heart. AMABEL."

"As if a thunderbolt had descended on his
unconscious head, Maurice Tresley sank white
and agitated on a sofa, with both hands clasped
on his eyes.

"Then he arose, and went, with the stagger-
ing, uncertain motion of a blind man, into the
room indicated by the note.

It was empty, as yet—and he leaned against
the mantle, sick and dizzy. Amabel—
Amabel came back to part him from the id-
yllic world he had just quitted the privilege to
call his own! Oh, better death and oblivion—
better the blessed rest of the grave!

"Maurice!"

He started. Alice Cameron was standing
before him, with her pitying eyes full upon
his face.

"Maurice—my husband?"

"Not your husband, Alice! Oh, my beau-
tiful, my beloved, what I give you up now?"

"Maurice," she had nestled close to him,
with almost passionate earnestness. "Oh,
Maurice, am I so changed? Have you for-
gotten Amabel! Oh, pardon the stranger who
hath I have at last gained your love!"

"But—Amabel is dead!"

"The Amabel of years ago is dead—but the
Amabel of the present stands before you! Mau-
rice, do you love me now?"

Yes he loved her—she saw it in every glance
of his eye, every motion of his lip!

Twice now—twice married—a widow, yet
a wife—a bride, yet no bride, Amabel Tresley
knew that a life was opened before her whose
sunshine should never know cloud nor shadow
more.

The Proof.

Some years ago, a Frenchman, who, like
many of his countrymen, had won a high rank
among men of science, yet denied the God who
is the Author of all science, was crossing the
Great Sahara in company with an Arab guide.

He noticed with a sneer that at certain times
his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put
them all aside, and kneeling on the burning
sand, called on his God. Day after day passed,
and the Arab never failed; till at last, one
evening, the philosopher when he arose from
his knees, asked him, with a contemptuous
smile: "How do you know there is a God?"

The guide fixed his burning eye on the scoff-
er for a moment in wonder, and then said
solemnly: How did I know that a man and a
camel passed my last night in the dark-
ness? Was it not by the print of his foot in
the sand? Even so, and he pointed to the
sun, whose rays were fading over the
lonely desert, "that footprint is not of man,"

points of view.

Discipline chastens a mind, and renders
it amiable; it lays the proper basis for the
erection of the character; adds to an excellent
disposition a good understanding, and the in-
dividual rises to eminence, and diffuses happi-
ness where he exerts his influence. Upon a cor-
rect basis a character may be formed, impos-
ing and splendid, but which, from a want of
symmetry, excites terror, rather than confidence.
A clever man who is not amiable repels the
prudent from the sphere of his influence. To
possess a well-informed mind to a benevolent
disposition is a subject of such rare importance
that it cannot be contemplated in too many
points of view.

Three and sixpence a gal!" exclaimed
Mrs. Partington, looking over the Price Cur-
rent. "Why, bless me, what is the money
coming to when gals are valued at only three
and sixpence?"

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—If the specu-
lator misses his aim, everybody cries out, "He's
a fool," and sometimes, "He's a rogue." If
he succeeds, they besiege his door, and demand
his daughter in marriage.

Mistress—"Your character is satisfactory
but I'm very particular about one thing—
I wish my servants to have plenty, but I don't
allow any waste." Page—"Oh, no, 'm; I'd
eat and drink till I bursted 'em, rather than waste
anything 'm."

THE PRINCESS OF WALES has accepted the Bible
presented to her by the Sunday School children
of Great Britain and Ireland. Her Royal High-
ness's ill-health did not allow her to receive a
deputation, but she returned the following an-
swer: "I accept the very beautiful Bible which
you present to me with, I hope, a full apprecia-
tion of the sentiments you express concerning
its inestimable value, as the Word of God. I
am very sensible of the exertions which you have
made to supply me with this proof of your in-
terest in my welfare and of your loyalty to the
throne. I offer you my very sincere acknowl-
edgments, and I trust you will find gratification
in which I receive your present in exchange
with which I regard it as a token of the Christian
union subsisting between those who have joined
together to give it to me. The schools uniting
in the subscription numbered 1,514—1,228 Eng-
lish, 146 Scotch, and 130 Irish. In regard to the
religious communities to which they are sever-
ally attached, the English schools are thus classi-
ed:—Church of England, 445; Independents,
166; Baptist, 123; Wesleyan, 95; Primitive
Methodist, 23; United Presbyterian, 8; Jews,
3; unclassified, 274.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.—A letter from Europe
states that the Russian famine is no longer limited
to the northern districts, but extends over the
central provinces from Finland to the borders
of Siberia, and affects the most fertile regions.
The peasants mix their corn with bark, or the
chaff of their reeds, and eat it with a life on
acorns, roots and moss. The inhabitants of the
whole villages are begging for food, and hundreds
are dying of hunger. It is said that the govern-
ment was kept in ignorance of the condition of
things until it was too late to be remedied, and
that at last they were indebted for the informa-
tion to the British Ministers and Consuls. A
committee has been formed at St. Petersburg,
and some £7000 subscribed, but more than
two millions are needed, and the state of the
roads in spring will make relief in many cases
impossible.—Boston Journal.

The railways of France, during the past seven
years, have killed 297 persons.

It is a terrible fact that there are 100,000
drunken women in the United States!

A Frenchman has invented a kettle in which
water is boiled in six minutes, by friction, with-
out any fuel.

Great Britain used more than twenty thousand
tons of sugar last year in the manufacture of
beer.

Chicago has three hundred billiard tables, and
spends annually over half a million dollars on
the game.

A letter, postmarked eleven years ago, has
been found on the Hudson River route and sent
to its destination.

The Union Pacific Railroad is now completed
to within four miles of the highest sum-
mit of the entire route.

Queen Victoria, accompanied by some mem-
bers of the Royal Family, intends to visit Ger-
many in the autumn.

It is said that Daniel Sherry, a private in the
30th Regiment, at Quebec, has fallen into the
possession of \$30,000 by the decease of a relative.

Chicago papers are boasting of the skill dis-
played by burglars recently, in that city, in
entering and robbing seven large warehouses
all in a row and saving the same.

A South Carolina gentleman fired a spring
gun so ingeniously in the entrance to a store
that he was shot dead when he next attempted
to enter.

Hays City, one of the new towns on the Pa-
cific Railroad, has increased its population to
nearly 6000 since September. A census
at this time would have shown one inhabitant.

A farmer in the township of Niagara has re-
cently had several sheep and calves attacked and
killed by rats. The rats gnaw round the feet
of the animals, bleed them to death, and then eat
them.

In California they deal cavalierly with prize
fights and their admirers. In one contest, in
that State, 3,000 have been identified for win-
ning a prize fight, and the sheriff is travelling
about arresting the entire population.

Two Texas rangers recently fought a duel
about a negro. At the first fire, one of the
fell, one principal and four seconds wounded,
and the other principal knocked down by the
recall of his men.

Benevolence has not wholly died out. A
ragged little girl in Brooklyn, N. Y., picked up
a wallet containing six hundred dollars the other
day, and running after the lady who dropped it,
she had delivered the property. For her honesty she re-
ceived a reward of one cent.

The trial of Cora Jones, alias Samantha
Proctor, on a charge of being a common scold,
in the Court of Criminal Correction, St. Louis,
was concluded on Wednesday, the court sen-
tencing her to six months imprisonment in the
county jail.

A cure of one of the Paris churches has de-
nounced from the altar all persons who go to see
M. Emile Augier's new play, "Paul Forester,"
and have declared their intention of excom-
municating any who do so.

This is rather awkward, for the Emperor
and Empress have been to see this very play,
and duly applauded it.

A great loss was sustained by the sale of
the largest houses in London, and was discovered
that the young lady of the house was not there.
The cause of her absence was investigated, a letter
was found, and the old lady of the house was
discovered.

Certain parties in Russia agreed to make a
present of a ton of wine to a popular saint, and
that each should contribute a certain quantity.
When the wine was delivered, the saint was ap-
peared to be filled with wine. Each party
most man believed that his share of the contribu-
tion would not be discovered, but unhappily
they all had the same idea.

The latest fashion in earrings in Paris is little
globes of rock-crystal, filled with water and
miniature sea-fishes and mollusks. Another
suggestion is to make ear-drops of gold, encased
in brilliantly-colored wax, and to wear them
all day, taking into consideration the long as the
fashion holds. Some of the jewellers have al-
ready introduced gold-fishers. Bugs and snakes
have long been the "style" for personal ad-
ornment.

What next?

It is said that the Pope's army is to be brought
up to the strength of 25,000 men, to effect which
about 8,000 more volunteers will be required.
At the end of November last there were already
2,000 Dutch and Belgian volunteers, besides
Zouaves, in the Pope's army, and their numbers
have been much increased since then. Of Brit-
ish subjects it is stated that there are upwards
of 200, without including the most recent ar-
rivals of 200 Canadians.

The famous Comstock Silver Lode, in Nevada,
probably the most productive vein in the world,
is a strip of land only 1000 feet long, by 600
feet wide, and is valued at \$10,000,000 an-
nually. Five thousand men find employment
in working it, and the produce for each workman
is about \$12,000 a year. In 1865 there
were forty-six companies working it, and they
had excavated about 26 miles of tunnels and
drifts. The longest tunnel is about 3,700 feet,
the greatest depth penetrated is by the Gould &
Curry, 721 feet.

The Brunswick Telegraph relates a curious
story of a boy who was chewing gum on a log
which rolled over him twice, crushing in his
skull and mangled his arm in a shocking manner.
The boy was not killed, but he was badly in-
jured, and when found he was chewing his
gum as though nothing had occurred. It was
the only sign of life he showed, and he was
picked up, and he continued chewing his gum
for several hours, long after being carried home,
and when the gum was removed from his mouth,
he chewed his tongue until it was black. One
could hardly believe him to be unconscious, so
perfect was the action of the muscles. He died
soon after.

Dr. Edmund L. Hovey

Dr. C. P. Connell

C. F. H. Campbell, M. D.

N. R. Colter, M. D.

Dr. Reynolds

William M. Connell

C. L. Richards

John Henderson & Co.

Joseph Horncastle

United States Hotel

Gibson House

Phillips House

Park Hotel

William R. Newcomb

Cable House

Barnum's Eating House

American House

Watson House