

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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WHOLE NO.—1036

General News.

THE HANGING OF GORDON, THE SLAVE TRADER.—New York was the great center where the slave-traders of the world brought their vessels. Havana was the great center where they laid their plans. Boston, New Bedford, New London, Caliz, Barcelona, the Western Islands, and I know not where else, were the minor places in the operation. The voyages were arranged at Havana, the ships were partly fitted in New York, thence they slipped to sea, picked up the rest of their equipment and the right papers elsewhere in New York would make a man, and brought on the Western Coast. I have seen the record which Mr. Archibald, the English Consul and Commissioner in New York, kept of one hundred and twenty-one of these vessels in three years' time. His secret agents boarded them in New York Harbour, and described them for him in detail, even down to the brand of cigars which the captain had in his cabin. Mr. Archibald sent the description to the Admiralty, and they to the Coast. "Let me go below," said an Englishman, on board a slave in one of the ships. "You go at your peril." The captain, brave in the perfectly regular papers he had, in the Stars and Stripes over his head, in the new coat of arms on the wall at the Western Islands, and in the fact that he had, though he sailed a bark, was not a brig, "You go below at your peril." "I will take the risk," said the Englishman; and he went. He found all the slave-fittings, casks, cooking-stoves, hand-cuffs and the rest, and of course, seized the vessel. The outraged captain, white with rage, swore between his clenched teeth, "You would not have known me but for your bloody English Consul in New York." Almost every man of the projectors was known to the English government, through the years of secret service. But they ran riot till Mr. Lincoln came in, and then one fine day one Gordon was arrested for slave-trading, another day he was tried, and another day he was hanged.

Items Foreign & Local.

A woman in Birmingham, N. Y., has asked the authorities to give her a permanent berth in the jail, so that she cannot obtain liquor.

Idol worship is firmly established in Portland, Oregon. There is a temple there belonging to the Chinese with graven images and all the other accompaniments of a real heathen temple.

One hundred tons of guano have been sent to Birmingham from Southampton to be used in the manufacture of lucifer matches. It is of course the phosphoric acid which the guano contains which is valued.

In Marion County, Texas, no less than twenty-seven murders were committed by the rebels during a recent war, and not one of the perpetrators was arrested.

A church fair in Augusta, Georgia, was enlivened by a knife and pistol fight between the friends of two lady candidates for the prize piano.

A great crash was heard by the keeper of Minors light late last Wednesday night week, and it was ascertained that the plate glass constituting one side of the great lantern had been smashed to atoms. The affair was a great mystery until a dead sheldrake duck was found broken, with almost every bone in its body broken.

Superficial knowledge is like oil upon water—it shines deceitfully, but can easily be skimmed off.

God hath given mankind a common library—his works; and to every man a proper book—himself.

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if they do not blow them.

Seizures.—There are some men so exquisitely sensitive, that they are a burden to those who love them, and even to those who are loved by them.

The oldest man in all England has just died, Richard Parmer by name, whose age was 112 years.

Conwall, the financial writer, has bought the N. Y. Tribune for \$30,000.

In England recently a harvest thanksgiving was celebrated in a most sumptuous manner. The communion table, chancel railings, pulpit and lectern were decorated with various kinds of grain, fruit and flowers.

Nobody takes a reproach so kindly as he that deserves most to be commended.

He who, being master of the fittest moment to crush an enemy, magnanimously rejects it, is bound to be a conqueror.

Paradox.—He who violates a pledge to which he has written his name, strikes down his honor with his own hand.

Sounds.—There sometimes seems to be a nothing in the universe but the sound of old shoes and the track of old horses.

A well-matched couple set, united, over the clouds of life, like the crystal-crystals of the Alps, by binding themselves together, make sure of falling into the same gulf of fate.

The long head is never headstrong.

When is a lane dangerous to walk in?—When the hedges are shaking, and the bull rushes out.

Russia has sixty-eight agricultural schools and colleges, and has about 1,500 acres of land.

In Canada most of their pork is fattened on peas, six bushels of which are equal to ten bushels of corn, and more can be grown from an acre than of corn.

It is said that fruit trees planted in timbered land will come into bearing sooner than those planted on prairie land, but the last will continue fruitful much longer than the former.

It costs St. Louis merchants twelve cents for the transportation of their goods, 1,500 feet across the Mississippi river, and only twenty cents to send it to New Orleans, 1,250 miles.

Consent.—There is one thing worse than ignorance, and that is consent. Of all irrefragable facts, even-wise, women, in general, are the most prone to consent to what they do not understand.

There's a story told of a Scotchman, which illustrates the National coolness of temperament. A Scotchman fell from the top of one of the seven-story houses in the old town of Edinburgh, and fell 200 yards, and was not hurt.

"Down broke," reversed his engine, but he saved the train! At the instant the child's danger was discovered by its mother, who was too far away to make any difference.

The hearts of strong men stood still with horror, as, in the next second they expected to see the little one crushed to atoms by the iron monster! No one had the power to stop the train, and the next second the child was killed.

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Poetry.

(Original.)
AUTUMN.

BY ABIEE WOOD.

Hail! autumn in thy brown array,
Thy silver tinsel, jewels gay
Of berries red;
Thou comest now with modest grace,
And summer leaves for thee, her place,
Till thou hast fled.

And thou hast come, with gifts for all;
The high, the low, the great, the small.
Thy bounties share,
Thy cooling breath hath fanned each cheek,
While man's proud brow now grows more meek.

And maids more fair,
Thy pensive beauty we admire,
And yet, with chattered song, aspire
To sing thy reign—
For on the cheek of some laid low,
The death-dew now begins to glow
A subtle flame.

Bright summer took not all from thee,
For here and there a flower we see—
Her parting smile.
So winter, following in thy rear,
Will soon destroy itself, and die,
To claim his spoil.

There's many a dower, of human mould,
Shall fall beneath his reign of cold
Of those thou'st left.
The light that kindles in the eye,
Will soon destroy itself, and die,
As falls the breath.

Yet though they bloom, on earth, no more,
We still may hope, beyond the shore,
Of sin and pain,
In that fair clime all is light
Where never storm nor death shall blight,
To meet again.

II.
Oliver Henley was not given to dreaming,
And he slept the sleep of the weary and the just.
Strangely enough, however, the first
thought which suggested itself to his mind on
waking was Miss Devonport, and the aforesaid
pressure of hands. He thought, too, of her
and of it more than once over a late, long,
dawdling breakfast. A long and apparently
objectless reverie was broken by the arrival
of some friend, who had been staying with con-
nections in the neighborhood of Rattleborough,
and who was now waiting a few hours for a train
to town.

"By-the-by," said Beauchamp, Henley's
friend, "we have had a capital time of it at the
Oaks, and I have met there the very nicest
people, without exception, with whom it has
been my luck to be thrown in contact. There
was a girl staying there who—about talk
of angels! There she is—positively coming!"

Henley looked, and saw no less a person than
Miss Devonport.

Miss Devonport it was, and as she passed
the pair on the pavement, on the side nearest
to Henley, they both of them took off their
hats. Miss Devonport, with a smiling and a
gracious face, returned the bow; not, however,
so far as Henley was concerned, but merely the
salutation of his friend. Miss Devonport, in
fact, so obviously looked past him, that he began
seriously to think her feelings during the night
must have undergone some transformation.

"I see you know Miss Devonport," said
Beauchamp, after the lady in question had
passed.

"I—I met her last night."

"She is an exceedingly nice girl," continued
his friend, "and I must say I think Hughes—
you know Hughes?—he was with us at Oxford,
and has since come into that immense mine
property—a lucky fellow that he deserves to
be! But perhaps you were not told by who
ever introduced you that she was engaged?"

No, Henley said, with a blank state of as-
tonishment, he had not been told. But was
Beauchamp quite sure?

"Oh, yes, my dear fellow, I know all about
it. I only saw Hughes last week. He was
one of the party at the Oaks, and he asked me
to come to the wedding!"

Of course this information could really be
nothing to Henley. The only remarkable
thing was that, as he heard it, his face grew
several degrees paler than its usual color, and
his hand trembled perceptibly on his friend's arm.

When Beauchamp left him his thoughts
turned to Miss Devonport, and the events of
the previous evening. There had been something
very remarkable about them; but he could not
very honestly express to himself an opinion that Miss
Devonport's manner had scarcely suggested to
him the idea of a lady engaged to be married.

With these thoughts in his mind he determined
to go and have a last look at his horses in their
stalls, to see that all requisite care was being
taken of them to enable them to win both for
themselves and their owner honor and glory in
the morrow's run. As he was going out of the
hotel door, there confronted him his friend, and
once again Miss Devonport, and her manner
was the manner of the evening before and not
of the morning. There was, Henley fancied,
a kind of blush upon her face as she met her
partner of last night; but he was quite sure
there was upon it a very sweet smile; and as
he looked at her he felt more disposed to envy
than to congratulate the lucky Hughes.

He was plain enough now when Miss Devonport
met him in the morning she must have failed
to recognize him. Henley felt half disposed to
speak then and there to Hughes' fiancée, and
not make any inquiries after the fortunate lover.
But his acquaintance, he thought, would not
justify the liberty; and he had come to a kind
of unacknowledged decision with himself that
for the future it would be wiser for him not to
seek to renew his acquaintance with Miss
Devonport.

The meet happened to be close to Rattle-
borough, and on such occasions there were
always numbers of persons who came to see the
throw off. As Henley rode up he reflected
with pride on his appearance. He knew that
he was well mounted—as well mounted as a man
need wish to be, and there are probably few
pleasures more exquisite than that which is ex-
perienced by a sportsman who is conscious that
he bestrides a quadruped equal to any emer-
gency of the hunting-field. It was, therefore,
with no small satisfaction that he witnessed the
eyes of the spectators turned towards him as
he made his appearance; and his satisfaction
was increased when he thought that his de-
votion could desert the figure of Miss Devon-

port, mounted on the neatest of lady's hacks.
As he approached nearer, Miss Devonport, for
she it was, turned her horse around, and as he
came quite close and recognized her, he ventu-
red to salute her with a bow and a "good
morning." But Miss Devonport remained, as
he fancied, quite passive or only inclined her
head a very little forward in a manner emblem-
atic of frigidity. What could he have done to
offend her? He almost wished to ask for
an explanation on the spot. He was puzzled,
he was angry, he was hurt. It was a line of
conduct he could not understand. Here was a
young lady whom he had met at a ball, with
whom he had danced three or four times, who
had talked to him without the least reserve,
and who subsequently took it into her head at
one moment to meet him as a friend, and at
another as almost an entire stranger, just as the
murmur prompted her. The whole thing was
unintelligible. While he was thinking over all
this, he was suddenly roused by the familiar
signs that the hounds had sent of a fox. He
prepared to join the main body of the horsemen,
and as he was cantering up to the copse in
which they were, a voice he knew said "A
pleasant run to you, Mr. Henley." He looked
round, and saw once again Miss Devonport,
with the sweet look upon her face that had
attracted him so much two evenings ago.

The day was decidedly successful. As there
is no necessity to give the reader a detailed
account of a famous run with the Rattleborough
hounds, the line of country taken by the fox
need not be described. As the November
twilight was coming on, Henley rode up to his
hotel, in an excellent humor with his horse,
which had acquitted itself most creditably in
the eyes of the Rattleborough hunters, but
angry with himself for being so much annoyed
—pained, perhaps would be the better word—
with Miss Devonport. He could disguise the
fact no longer; he loved her. He had loved
her from the very first, and she had treated him
in this unaccountable manner! But he was
prevented from continuing these reflections by
a letter which was put into his hands. It was
from his sister, and he had half expected it for
some days past. It merely told him that his
father, whose health had for a long time been
bad, and who was then staying in the south of
France, had suddenly become worse and was
particularly anxious to see his son. Would
Lionel come at once?

Yes, he would start directly; next evening.
But there was one thing he would do first.—
He would seek an interview with Miss Devon-
port. He would see if he could not meet her
on the street, and would endeavor to gain from
her some explanation.

On the following morning Henley wandered
about the town, but not a glimpse could he see
of his partner at the ball. Up and down the
street he went, gazing into the dim recesses of
linen-draper's and milliner's shops, and other
similar resorts, which it seemed to him prob-
able that the young lady might affect, but still
there was no Miss Devonport to be seen. Half
way up the High street at Rattleborough there
was a narrow turning, which led to what was
called Rattleborough Lawn, where the Rattle-
borough band was in the habit of occasionally
exercising its musical powers and where the less
select of the Rattleborough young ladies were
wont, in the summer, to erect their croquet
hoops, and to pursue the mimic warfare of the
mallet. It was half unconsciously that Henley
just now took this path. He was thinking of
what was to do, how he was to see Miss
Devonport—for he had quite determined not to
leave the place without seeing her—when an
abrupt turn in the avenue brought him sud-
denly into the lady's presence. Yes, it was
Miss Devonport—at last. He stood still and
bowed. Miss Devonport it was; but her face
no longer wore the look of tenderness and
sweetness that had charmed him so much at the
Hunt Ball.

"Miss Devonport," he said, bowing, "I am
quite aware that I am guilty of some boldness
in thus intruding upon you. But I have to
leave Rattleborough to-day, and I feel I cannot
do so without a few words of conversation with
you. Now, if I apologize for asking, do I think
you can well be surprised at my wishing for
something of an explanation from you. How, then,
am I to account for the extraordinary manner
in which you have treated me during the last
few days—now recognizing me as a friend,
and now passing me as an entire stranger?"

"I confess that when I met you I did
not know that you were engaged to Mr.
Hughes."

"Sir!" interrupted Miss Devonport, with a
look of absolute wonderment upon her coun-
tenance.

"What? Is any information wrong? Is
it not as I say?"

"I am completely at a loss to understand to
what cause I am indebted for the honor of this
interruption in my walk. The fact of my en-
gagement to Mr. Hughes can be a matter of no
moment to you. When I first saw you, you
were a stranger, and a stranger you will still
remain."

And having said these words, Miss Devon-
port, her face flushed with indignation, swept
past him with the air of a tragedy queen.

As for Henley, he stood rooted to the spot.
To him it was all a dream; but he did not
dream long. He laughed a low and a bitter
laugh. "A consummate actress! a heartless
fiend! I envy Hughes! And these," he said,
"are the Rattleborough young ladies! I sup-
pose the atmosphere of this delightful place
superinduces the habit. And here am I, who
ought to be proof against such silly little con-
tingencies, fooled exactly by a more country
coquette. Bah! let me treat her as she de-
serves!" And Henley strode back to his in-
law—angry, and though he would not have ad-
mitted it, wretched.

But the day was not over yet. As he was
walking with Mr. Beauchamp, he told him
the story of his meeting with Miss Devonport.
He told him how she had treated him during
the last few days—now recognizing me as a
friend, and now passing me as an entire stranger.
He told him how he had been so much annoyed
—pained, perhaps would be the better word—
with Miss Devonport. He told him how he
could disguise the fact no longer; he loved her.
He told him how he had loved her from the
very first, and she had treated him in this un-
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continuing these reflections by a letter which
was put into his hands. It was from his sister,
and he had half expected it for some days
past. It merely told him that his father, whose
health had for a long time been bad, and who
was then staying in the south of France, had
suddenly become worse and was particularly
anxious to see his son. Would Lionel come at
once?

Yes, he would start directly; next evening.
But there was one thing he would do first.—
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fiend! I envy Hughes! And these," he said,
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pose the atmosphere of this delightful place
superinduces the habit. And here am I, who
ought to be proof against such silly little con-
tingencies, fooled exactly by a more country
coquette. Bah! let me treat her as she de-
serves!" And Henley strode back to his in-
law—angry, and though he would not have ad-
mitted it, wretched.

Business Cards.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B.

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Coach and Sleigh Factory,
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