

# THE CARLETON

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

L. BEATTY, Proprietor.

CARLETON, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1853.

VOLUME LIV. NO. 3

THERE ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON, WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND

PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS, TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.—Bacon.

## Cards.

**DR. S. M. KIEFFER,**  
Physician in North Hanover street, adjoining  
No. 100. Office hours, more particu-  
larly from 7 o'clock, A. M., and from  
7 o'clock, P. M.

**MR. JOHN S. SPERKES,**  
OFFICE of his professional services at the  
office of Dickinson township, and vicinity—  
No. 100 on the Walnut Bottom Road, one  
mile east of Centreville. 162319d

**DR. C. S. BAKER**  
OFFICE of his professional services at the  
office of Dickinson township, and vicinity—  
No. 100 on the Walnut Bottom Road, one  
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**DR. GEORGE E. BRITT,**  
OFFICE of his professional services at the  
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## Spectacle.

**KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.**  
"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say,  
half in jest, half in earnest, "the happy man  
—or the unhappy one, if you please, ha, ha!  
—shall be a person possessed of these three  
qualifications:  
"First, a fortune;  
"Second, good looks;  
"Third, common sense."

I mention the fortune first, because I think  
it the most needful and desirable qualification  
of the three. Although I never could think  
of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I  
should be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense  
for the one, and shine for the other with plenty  
of money, would be preferable to living ob-  
scurely with a handsome, intellectual man—  
whose economy might be necessary.  
I do not know how much of this sentiment  
came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly in-  
herited lofty ideas of station and style—for her  
education in the duties and aims of life had  
been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that  
she was capable of deeper, better feelings,  
never doubted who had obtained even a  
partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.  
And the time arrived when Kate was to take  
that all important step of which she had often  
spoken so lightly—when she was to demon-  
strate to her friends how much of her heart  
was in the words we have just quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had  
many suitors; but as she never gave a serious  
thought to more than two, we will follow her  
example, and discern all others except  
those favored ones, consider their relative  
claims.  
If this were any other than a true story, I  
should certainly view an artist's privilege, and  
aim to produce an effect by making a strong  
contrast between the two favored individuals.  
If I could have my own way, one should be a  
poor genius, and something of a hero; the  
other a wealthy fool, and somewhat of a knave.  
But the truth is—  
"Our poor genius was not much of a genius  
—nor very poor, either. He was by profession  
a teacher, and he could live very comfortably  
by the exercise thereof—without the  
most distant hope, however, of ever attain-  
ing to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minor pos-  
sessed excellent qualities, which entitled him  
to be called by elderly people a "fine character,"  
and by the ladies generally, a "dashing  
—dandy." Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank,  
and he knew it. It was certain she preferred his  
society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom  
she saw fit to honor with the appellation  
of rival.  
This Mr. Wellington (his companions called  
him "Duke"), was no idiot or humpback, as  
could have wished him to be, in order to make  
a good story. On the contrary, he was a man  
of sense, good looks, and fine manners, and  
there was nothing of the knave about him, as  
I could ever ascertain.  
Besides this, his income was sufficient to  
enable him to live superbly. Also, he was  
considered two or three degrees handsomer  
than Mr. Minor.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank  
had to depend, was the power he possessed  
over Kate's sympathies and affections. "Duke,"  
although just the man for her in every  
sense, being blessed with a fortune, good  
looks, and common sense—had never been able  
to draw these out, and the amiable, conceited  
Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that the  
wilder suffer more worldly considerations to  
control the aspirations of her heart.  
However, one day when he pressed her to  
decide his fate, she said to him with a sigh:  
"Oh, Frank! I am sorry we have ever met!"  
"Sorry?"  
"Yes; for we must part now."  
"Part?" repeated Frank, turning pale. It  
was evident he had not expected this.  
"Yes—yes," said Kate, casting down her  
head with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side, he placed his arms  
around her waist, without heeding her feeble  
resistance; he lowered his voice and talked to  
her until she—proud Kate—rept, wept bit-  
terly.  
"Katie," said he then with a burst of pas-  
sion, "I know you love me; but stop! I am proud,  
ambitious, selfish! Now if you would have  
me leave you, say the word, and I go."  
"Go!" murmured Kate, feebly—"go!"  
"Have you decided?" whispered Frank.  
"I have."  
"Then, love, farewell!"  
He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly  
and sorrowfully into her beautiful, tearful face,  
and then clasped her to his bosom.  
She permitted the embrace. She even gave  
way to the impulse, and twined her arms  
around his neck; but in a moment, her resolu-  
tion came to her aid, and she pushed him  
from her with a sigh.  
"Shall I go?" he articulated.  
"A feeble 'yes' fell from her lips—and an  
instant later she was lying on the sofa, sobbing  
and weeping—alone!  
To tear the tenuous root of love out of her  
heart, had cost her more than she could have  
anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life  
of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it  
seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.  
"She lay long upon the sofa, sobbing  
and weeping passionately. Gradually  
her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her  
tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes  
and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed  
on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a  
cloud of beautiful curls.  
"The struggle was over. The agony was  
past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and rose  
cheerfully to meet him. His manners pleased  
her—his station and fortune fascinated her  
more. He offered her his hand—she accepted it.  
A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was  
not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and  
she could never receive a sight  
"There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly  
attended, dazzling the eye with her beauty  
and the charmed atmosphere of fairy-land,  
Kate gave her hand to the man her ambition  
—not her love—had chosen.  
But certainly ambition could not have made  
a better choice! Already she was harassed and  
troubled by a malignant court, of which she

was the acknowledged and admitted queen.  
The favors of fortune were showered upon her;  
she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and  
glassy wave of a charmed life.  
"Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of  
her existence to adorn it and make it bright  
with happiness. But she was not long in dis-  
covering that there was something wanting  
within her breast.  
Her friends were numerous; her husband  
fond; kind and loving; but all his attentions  
and affections could not fill her heart. She  
had once felt its chords and sympathies moved  
by a skillful touch; she had known the heav-  
enly charm of their deep, delicious harmony,  
and now they were silent—motionless—muf-  
fled, so to speak, in silks and satins. These  
chords still and soundless, her heart was dead—  
—not the less so, because it had been killed  
by a golden shaft, having known and felt the  
life of sympathy in it, unconsciously by the  
life of luxury. In short, Kate in time became  
magnificently miserable—splendidly unhappy.  
Then a change became apparent to her hus-  
band. He could not remain blind to the fact  
that his love was not returned. He sought  
the company of those whose gaiety might lead  
him to forget the sorrow and despair of his  
own. This shallow joke was unsatisfactory,  
however, and impelled by a powerful longing  
for love, he went astray to warm his heart by  
a strange fire.  
Kate saw herself now in the midst of a gor-  
geous desolation, burning with a thirst un-  
quenchable by golden streams that flowed around  
her; panting with a hunger which not all the  
food of flattery and admiration could assuage.  
She reproached her husband for deserting  
her thus, and he answered with angry and de-  
perate taunts of deception and a total lack  
of love, which smote her conscience heavily.  
"You do not care for me," he cried—"then  
why do you complain that I bestow dismis-  
sion on the affection you have met with coldness?"  
"But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remon-  
strated.  
"Yes, I know it!" said her husband fer-  
cely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And  
who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand  
without a heart? Who became a sharer of my  
fortune, but gave me no share in her sym-  
pathy? Who devoted me to the fate of a loving,  
unloved husband? Nigh, do not weep, and  
clasp your hands and sigh and sob with such  
desperation of impatience, for I say nothing  
you do not deserve to hear." "Very well,"  
said Kate. "I do not say that your reproaches  
are undeserved. But granting I am the cold,  
deserting wife you call me—your knowledge  
of this state of things cannot continue."  
"Yes, I know it!"  
"Well!"  
Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly—his  
eyes flashed with determination—his lips curled  
with scorn.  
"I have made up my mind," said he, "that  
we should live together any longer. I am  
tired of being called the husband of the splen-  
did Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my  
room; you shall share in yours. I will place no  
restraint on your actions, nor shall you on  
mine. We will be free."  
"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate,  
trembling.  
"The world will admire you the same, and  
what more do you desire?" asked her husband  
lightly. "This marriage of hands and not of  
hearts, is mockery. We have played the farce  
long enough. Few understand the true mean-  
ing of the terms husband and wife; but do you  
know what they should mean? Do you feel  
that the only true union is that of love and  
sympathy? Then enough of this mummery  
—farewell. I go to consult friends about the  
terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble,  
and cry, and cling to me now—I shall be  
liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be  
yours as you desire."  
He pushed her from him. She fell upon  
the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she  
shrieked aloud:  
"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from  
me? Why was I blind until sight brought me  
misery?"  
She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping  
passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to  
exhaust itself; her breathing became calm;  
her eyes and cheeks dry; her head lay peace-  
fully on her arm, over which swept her dis-  
heveled tresses—until with a start she cried  
out:  
"Frank! Frank—come back!"  
"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side.  
She raised her head. She opened her aston-  
ished eyes. Frank was standing before her.  
"You have been asleep," he said, smiling  
kindly.  
"Asleep?"  
"And dreaming too, I should say—not  
pleasantly, either."  
"Dreaming?" murmured Kate, "and is it  
all a dream?"  
"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her  
hand. "You could not mean to send me away  
from you so cruelly, I knew. So I waited  
with him all of an hour. I came back to  
plead my cause once more, and found you here  
where I left you, asleep."  
"Oh! what a horrible dream!" murmured  
Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a  
terrible reality that I should never to think of  
it. I thought, I was mistaken!"  
"And would that be so horrible?" asked  
Frank. "I hope, then, you did not dream?  
We were married to-night."  
"No, I thought, I gave my hand to  
my heart."  
"Then if you gave me your hand, it would  
not be without your heart?"  
"No, Frank," said Kate, her bright eyes  
beaming happily through her tresses, "and  
it is."  
She placed her fair hand in his, she kissed  
it in transport.  
"And soon there was a real marriage—not  
splendid, but a happy one—followed by a  
life of love and contentment; and that was  
the marriage of Frank Minor and Kate Yale.

Some sixteen hundred acres of land  
have recently been purchased in Iowa, on  
which a colony of monks have settled.  
U. S. ship James Wadsworth was at the  
port of August.

## Scenes in China.

**A CHINESE EXECUTION.**—On the 1st of May  
I attended an execution with three of my old  
friends. The street in which these frightful  
scenes occur is situated, as you are aware,  
without the walled city of Canton, towards  
that part of the suburbs which lies to the  
south along the river. This narrow, dirty  
street, which is about 100 metres long and 15  
wide, is called by the Europeans the "Poiter's  
Field." All the houses on each side are, in  
fact, inhabited by workmen who make some  
services of porcelain and those portable furna-  
ces which you have often seen in the poorest  
houses and in the floating residences on the  
river. For fear that a Chinese scholar like  
you may dispute names with me, I must tell  
you that this dismal place is called by the  
natives "Fung-Tro-Ma-Tou," or the "Quay of  
the Thousand Characters," in allusion to the  
numerous signs which are seen there from  
the river.  
We arrived there at ten o'clock in the morn-  
ing, and took our station in front of a shop  
belonging to a member of old stockings. This  
was an excellent position to take a survey of  
the whole ceremony, and we remained there  
quietly till noon; at which time soldiers and  
officers attended to the service of the Man-  
darins to clear the street and thrust back  
the curious. As in Europe, the persons who  
came to see the spectacle were the vilest of  
the populace—dirty, ragged people, with  
sister countenances, who wandered about in  
this engorged soil; where most likely they  
had already seen the execution of a number  
of their companions, and perhaps of their ac-  
quaintances.  
In a short time the roll of the tam tam  
announced the arrival of the whole profes-  
sion. Mandarins of every degree, with the  
red, white, blue, or yellow hat, riding on  
horseback, or carried in palanquins, and  
followed by an escort of musicians, sturdi-  
and standard-bearers, alighted at a short distance  
from the place of execution. Contrary to their  
ceremonious habits, they arranged themselves  
in the dismal enclosure.  
Then arrived the criminals. They were fifty-  
three in number, each shut up in a basket,  
with his hands tied behind his back, his legs  
chained, and a board inscribed with his sen-  
tence hanging from his neck. You have often  
met in the Chinese streets a pair of coolies  
carrying a pig stretched out at its full length  
in a bamboo case. Well, just imagine a hu-  
man being in the place of the unclean animal,  
and you can form an idea of the fifty three un-  
fortunate creatures in the cage. When the  
cages were set down, they were opened and  
emptied, just as when a pig is turned out at  
a butcher's shop. I examined these unfortunate  
wretches with attention; they were worn  
with hunger, and looked more like skeletons  
than living beings. It was evident they had  
suffered the most dreadful privations. They  
were clothed in loathsome rags, were long  
hair, and the dishevelled (all attached to the  
crown of the head had been reduced to a third  
of its usual length). They had evidently be-  
longed to the insurgent bands, who had ad-  
opted the fashion of the Mings, and allowed  
all their hair to grow.  
Many of these unfortunate persons were very  
young—some were not sixteen years of age—  
while others had gray hair. Scarcely were  
they thrown on the ground pell-mell, when  
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and you can form an idea of the fifty three un-  
fortunate creatures in the cage. When the  
cages were set down, they were opened and  
emptied, just as when a pig is turned out at  
a butcher's shop. I examined these unfortunate  
wretches with attention; they were worn  
with hunger, and looked more like skeletons  
than living beings. It was evident they had  
suffered the most dreadful privations. They  
were clothed in loathsome rags, were long  
hair, and the dishevelled (all attached to the  
crown of the head had been reduced to a third  
of its usual length). They had evidently be-  
longed to the insurgent bands, who had ad-  
opted the fashion of the Mings, and allowed  
all their hair to grow.  
Many of these unfortunate persons were very  
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## Miscellaneous.

**KATE HUNTLEY'S EXAGGERATION.**  
"Oh, there are thousands!" said the little  
Mrs. Huntley to her dressmaker, who was  
measuring silk by the yard, "thousands and  
plenty!"  
Just then she caught a sly glance from her  
young husband, as he looked over his paper.  
She knew it was in rebuke for her exaggera-  
tions, so she said laughing, "I can't help it,  
William, if I was to die; so just let me talk as  
I please; I don't hinder you."  
"William Huntley had never been pleased with  
this peculiarity of his pretty bride. The habit  
of exaggeration he knew led to embellishment,  
and that to unscrupulous falsehood. Ever  
since their wedding day, he had tried seriously  
to check this propensity. But, alas! he found,  
like many another lord of creation, that  
"When women were not won."  
"And here's the end of it!"  
Never was the young and handsome Kate  
Huntley more voluble or in better spirits than  
to-day. The "ingie" of fine colors, and rich  
silks, and the winning smile of the little  
dress maker, who was a droll genius in her  
way, had set her tongue on hinges, and she  
indulged her besetting habit with a perfect  
abandon.  
The Huntleys were to have a small party in  
the evening, and Mr. H. determined to try an  
experiment which he had long had in contem-  
plation. So when the ladies had assembled,  
and the gentlemen were fast dropping in, with  
the rest came young Huntley, looking quite  
flushed and nervous.  
"Why are you so late, Mr. Huntley?" asked  
his wife.  
"My dear, if it had been to make my last  
will and testament, I couldn't have come any  
sooner," he said earnestly. "I've been work-  
ing like a dray horse; thousands of clerks to  
oversee; twenty thousand cart loads to ship  
off; millions of accounts to attend to, besides  
it's been hotter than six ovens all day."  
By this time every eye was upon him, aston-  
ishment and mirth predominant, but our young  
husband took it coolly, wiped his heated brow  
and looked as unconcerned and innocent as if  
he had said nothing to attract attention; and  
his wife's rosy cheeks grew rosier.  
"What do you think of it, now, book?"  
asked a gentleman, as the conversation turned  
on literature.  
"Heavenly!" exclaimed Huntley, rolling his  
eyes, and casting a half fierce glance at his  
wife. "It sets me in perfect raptures—I feel  
on ambrosia—I drink never. If I could see  
the author, I should certainly take my heart  
in my hand and give it to him."  
A smile went round the assembly.  
"By the way, I've been round to Allen's  
new house," he added, following up his ad-  
vantage. "Happy Allen—what a situation—soft,  
bainy air, blowing over a salt marsh loaded  
with vapors—a palace of a house—two stories  
high, and painted yellow—glorious trees, out-  
down within a foot of the ground—splendid  
garden with one rose bush and a wilderness of  
pig weed—charming view—flat on every side  
—delightful pond—peeping here and there  
under the thick green scum and duckweed—I  
should think Allen would be as happy—well,  
I can't think of anything less than a wink."  
"By this time the company were pretty well  
initiated into Huntley's secret. The ladies  
laughed faintly, for they were every one of  
them guilty in a greater or less degree of hy-  
perbole—as perhaps you may be, reader—  
They rallied, however, and jested with their  
tormentor, but he sustained his part admir-  
ably throughout the evening. Every song that  
was sung bid fair to set him in raptures. If  
he told the truth, he was intending to die  
twenty times as often as he was now; but he  
was so transported out of himself with joy  
twice as often; never was so delighted in  
all his life, every five minutes—and by the  
way he risked his thousand, one would have  
thought his countenance as the English.  
Everything was sublime or horrible; every  
man beautiful as an angel, or homely as a  
hedge fence.  
"Come, Katie, tell me how it all looked and  
sounded," said he, half relenting that he had  
wounded her so.  
"You know you looked ridiculous," she  
answered through-teeth, "you know that you  
mortified me half to death. I wish—mother  
—had been here, you wouldn't have dared  
to treat me so. I shall never hold up my  
head in society again. I thought I should really  
die."  
"Now, Katie," said her husband, despairing  
at the failure of his efforts, "how do you im-  
agine you would yesterday when you declared  
your neck was broken when you tripped over  
a brush—or when your dress maker fitted  
your dress you said it was a mile too large