

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

TERMS, \$3 if paid in advance, \$4 at end of the year.

VOL. X.

WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1857.

NO. 2.

The Carleton Sentinel,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Local and General Intelligence, and the interests of the County.

Published at Woodstock, N. B., every Saturday morning.

BY SAMUEL WATTS.

At his office, corner of Main and Water Streets.

All letters or communications addressed to him, on matters connected with the *SENTINEL*, must be *Post Paid*.
Taxes.—Ten Shillings per annum if paid in advance; Twelve Shillings and Sixpence if not paid in advance, and paid before the expiration of six months; and Fifteen Shillings if not paid till the end of the year.
No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

Inducements to Clubbings.

Six copies, (one to the getter-up of the Club,) \$10 00
Ten copies, (one to address,) 15 00
Thirteen copies, 19 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square of twelve lines and under, first insertion, Five Shillings; each subsequent insertion, One Shilling and Three-Pence. For each line above twelve, Four-Pence per line for the first, and One Penny for each subsequent insertion.

Contracts for yearly advertising entered into on liberal terms.

THE SENTINEL

Book and Job Printing Establishment.

This Establishment having been supplied with a complete assortment of PLAIN and FANCY TYPES, the proprietor respectfully announces to the Public that he is prepared to fulfill all orders he may be favored with, for—

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, PROGRAMMES, AUCTION BILLS, SHOP BILLS, POSTERS, STEAMBOAT BILLS, BILL HEADS, CHECKS, LAW BLANKS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, LABELS, &c. &c.

With every other description of JOB PRINTING.

Which will be executed with neatness, cheapness and Punctuality.

Business Cards.

DR. A. ARCHER,

SURGEON DENTIST,

(FROM EDINBURGH.)

Tenders his services in all branches of

DENTISTRY—Surgical, Artificial and Mechanical.

RESIDENCE.—In Mr. Long's (late Mr. Whitfield Hart's) brick building, corner of York and King Streets, opposite the office of the Hon. J. A. Street.

Fredericton, 4th June. 424

J. READ & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Flour, Corn Meal, Pork, Sugar, Tea,

AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS,

23 South Market Wharf,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

JOHN C. M'INTOSH,

No. 45 Dock Street, Saint John, N. B.

MANUFACTURER OF

SHIP BREAD, FINE BISCUIT,

And all sorts of Fancy Cakes.

N. B. All orders from the country carefully attended to, and delivered on board steamer free of charge.

March 21. 39-1

GEO. M. RITCHIE & CO.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS,

(AND IMPORTERS OF—)

Liquors, Teas, Sugars, Tobacco, Flour, Meal, &c.

36 Dock Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

CARD.

STEWART & McLEAN,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Wholesale Provisions, Fish and Oil Dealers,

at Ferry Landing, Water-street, St. John, N. B.

HENRY HALE,

Queen-street, Fredericton, N. B.

DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, ACCORDEONS, and all kinds of Musical Instruments REPAIRED and TUNED.

* Orders received at the office of this paper. 97

W. H. GIBBON,

19 South Market Wharf,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

AND

AGENT FOR THE SALE OF

Flour, Meal,

TEAS, SUGARS,

MOLASSES,

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS,

CORDAGE, FISH,

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

FRUIT, &c., &c.

* A good assortment of the above constantly on hand and sold at the lowest rates.

* ORDERS solicited.

St. John, Oct. 18. 81

JONATHAN ANDERSON,

FISH AND PROVISION DEALER,

No. 24 South Market Wharf,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A constant supply of all kinds of DRY & PICKLED FISH always on hand.

Oct. 18. 81

CROTHERS, PRICE & CO.,

(Successors to Mr. J. Harrison.)

Carriage & Sleigh Manufacturers,

Portland, Saint John, N. B.

N. B. SPRINGS and AXLES constantly on hand. Also SLEIGH ROBES in season.

Oct. 18. 81

RANKINE'S

Steam Biscuit Manufactory,

MILL STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOMAS RANKINE, BAKER, manufactures and keeps constantly on hand—

SODA, BUTTER, CRACKERS,

WHEAT, BISCUIT, WATER,

GRAHAM, GROCERS,

FAMILY PILOT, AND GROT BREAD, PILOT, MEAL, AND NAVY BREAD.

* Packages delivered at Indian Town free of charge. Orders from the country punctually attended to.

Oct. 18. 81

WM. PAISLEY,

Importer and Dealer in

Flour, Meal, Sugar, Molasses, Pork, Fish,

Teas, Tobacco, Fruits, Spices, &c.

And all kinds of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Aug. 2. 49 Next door above the "Barker House."

MR. PHEASANT,

(Organist of St. Luke's Church.)

TEACHER OF

VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

* Organs, Piano-fortes, &c., tuned.

* Rooms at English Hotel, where orders may be left.

July 31.

Poetry.

A HOME PICTURE.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door;
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor;
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor;
Her beams were clear and as bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted merrily;
And they chatted merrily;
Right merrily chatted they on the while,
Her babe sleeping on her breast,
While a cherub roguish, with a rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield;
A glorious yield in the harvest time,
And his orchard was doing air;
His sheep and his stock were all in their prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
Her flowers and her calves weep fat;
That the butter that morning that Tommy had
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for Pa a new shirtd made,
And that, too, by the rule;
That Noddy the garden could really spare,
And Anne was ahead at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand—
Through his locks of grayish brown—
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
"We're the happiest folks in town."
I know, said Kate, that we all work hard—
Work and health go together, we found;
For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

They're worth their thousands, people say,
But I never saw them happy yet
Toward me be that what taketh their gold,
In a constant fret,
My humble home has a light with,
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy,
Six healthy children, a merry hearth,
And a husband's love-life eye.

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
The moon shone brighter and clearer,
I could not tell why the man shrouled,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer;
He leaned his head on her shoulder,
And took her hand in his—
I guess (though I looked at the moon just then)
That he left on her lips a kiss.

Select Cab.

THE THIRTEENTH JUROR.

When the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gendarmes, was placed in the dock the court of assize, there was a general stir amongst the crowd which had assembled from every quarter be present at the trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit, not one of those poor wretches whom the art, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the state. He had figured at length in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Leprieux had undertaken his defense, M. Tourangeau, the attorney-general, of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be pitted against each other in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to gaze their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard-balls.

It was a perfect riot of tongues and figures, a delirious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defiled before the charmed auditory, and sported, jostled, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the *Abbe Delille*. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the great lady by her retinue of footmen, or the great man by his train of horses. In this pompous dictation a man became a colossus; a horse, a courser; the moon was styled *Diana*. My father and mother were never called so, but invariably the authors of my being; a dream was a vision; a glass crystal vase; a knife, a sword; a car, a chariot; and a breeze became a whirlwind; all which, tended to produce a style of exceeding ability and beauty. Pierre Granger was a dandy-bell fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with fox hair, a high color, and tall cunning gray eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to a house, where his three children perished. Such a monstrous crime had shed quite a romantic hue upon the perpetrator. Ladies of rank in fashion flocked to the jail to look at him; and autographs was in wonderful request, as soon it became known that Madame Cesarine Langot, the mistress of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a pair of gloves. The professor of rhetoric and the professor of law, in-chief of the department; neither gentleman to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting periphrase.

When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of stolid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors, were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side, whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to such honorable names; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. It was done, and the paper appeared the name of Major Vernor. The sound, a slight murmur was heard among the spectators; while Messrs. Tourangeau and Leprieux exchanged a rapid glance, which seemed to say, "Will not you challenge him?" But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernor into his appointed place, and amidst profound silence the indictment was read.

Major Vernor had lived in the town during the last twenty years. Every one gave him the military title, yet no one could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. "Do I trouble my head about your affairs?" he would say. "You shabby devil! town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall break to-morrow morning with gun, sword, or pistol." Major Vernor was precisely the very man to keep his word: the few persons who had entered his lodgings, reported that his bedroom resembled an armory, and fully it was furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this, he seemed to be a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havana. He was tall, exceedingly thin, bald, and always dressed in black; his mustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evenings, he used to frequent the public reading-room of the town; but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his mustaches, and with a stiff, slow bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said, "Good-night, major!" Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply, "Good-night, monsieur;" but in so rude and angry a tone, that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation.

It was remarked, that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the major possessed an "evil eye," that their common expression, when any one of a turbulent nature, said, "I must have said 'good-night' to the major!" This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually contented with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread-soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said, "How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely meagre?" "Monsieur, no doubt, forgets that this is Good-Friday."

"Send me up two mutton chops."

"Impossible, major; there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town."

"Let me have some fowl."

"That is not to be had either."

"What a set of fellows!" exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles rattled and rocked, just as if all the wine in their bodies had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter and said: "Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inland carline which hangs over my pillow."

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale. When Baptiste returned with double-barrelled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major coolly examined the locks, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectful distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel.

Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens; two large ones flew out of a turret just above; the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

"Sacred!" cried he, picking them up; "I'm regularly sold—they're quite lean!"

He returned to the hotel, and according to his express orders, one moiety of his ill-omened booty was dressed in a savory stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily, that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food.

From that day the major became an object of uneasiness to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared on the public promenade, every one avoided him; at the theatre, his box was generally occupied by himself alone; and each of his daily strolls in the street, invariably stopped to cross himself. The major Vernor was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation; at first, he used to receive a great many of these, and the perturbed billets served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, and it may be easily understood why the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernor.

The paper of accusation, notwithstanding, drawn up by the attorney-general with a fore and ready alacrity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amidst profound silence, broken only by the snore of the prisoner, who had been liberally settled into sleep. The gendarmes tried to rouse him from his unnatural slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half-open his dull, brutish eyes.

When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid ferocity of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they could agree; he had set his house on fire because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good life to warm himself; as to his children, they were, to his knowledge, no loss to him or to society.

It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Tourangeau and M. Leprieux both made marvelously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having known that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his client with a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration, he managed to squeeze from his lachrymal glands a few rare tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some niles preserve a few bottles of fine old wine, he drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the birth of a son.

At length the case closed, and the president's going to sum up; but as the heat in court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshment, leave was given to the jury to retire half an hour, and the hall was cleared for three hours of time, in order that it might undergo thorough ventilation. During this interval the ladies who were cooling themselves with wine and sherbet, the Thirteenth Juror, a cigar and reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched with an envious eye the Thirteenth Juror's clouds escaping from the surer's lips.

"Would you like to try one?" asked the other, politely offering his cigar-case.

"If it would not trespass too much on your kindness."

"By no means. You are heartily welcome."

The juror took a cigar, and lighted at the Thirteenth Juror's obliging neighbor.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked the other.

"Delicious. It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?"

"From Havana."

Several jurors now approached, casting long glances at Major Vernor's cigar-case.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am really red that I have not a single cigar left to offer you; just given the last to our worthy friend Vernor, who, I hope, will have a fresh try at his decision. Ask you to do me the honor of accepting some."

At that moment an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting; they hastened to their box, and the president began charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar and run in a scolding voice begged permission to rise; he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of taking, he fell backward, and lay senseless on the floor.

The president, of course, directed that he be carefully conveyed to his house, and despatched the juror to take his place. Six strokes did not elapse before the juror who had been so ill, tried to deliver on their verdict in the name of the juror.

Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with one voice that wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernor, however, placed his back against the door, and, raising his colleagues with peculiarly sinister expression, said slowly: "I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same!"

"Sir," replied the foreman in a severe tone, "you are answerable to your conscience for your own decisions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us gratuitous insult."

"Am I, then, so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the major meekly.

"Certainly," in supposing us capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken to do impartial justice. I am a man of honor."

"But I," interrupted the major, "are you quite sure of that?"

A general murmur of indignation arose.

"Do you know, sir, that such a question is a fresh insult?"

"You are quite mistaken," said Major Vernor.

"What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests on us. Before I can resolve to make a deal of a living being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are less guilty than Pierre Granger, which, after all, is not so certain."

An ominous silence ensued; the major's words seemed to strike home to every breast; and at length one of the gentlemen said: "You seem, sir, to regard the question in a philosophical point of view."

"Just so, Monsieur Cernan."

"You know me then?" said the juror in a trembling voice.

"Not very intimately, my dear sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it was about four years ago, that an honest, poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair at being refused by you a short renewal which he had implored on his knees."

Without replying, M. Cernan retired to the furthest corner of the room, and wiped off the large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

"What does that fellow mean?" asked another juror impatiently. "Have we come here to act a scene from the *Memoirs of the Devil*?"

"I don't know that work," replied the major; "but I advise you, Monsieur de Bardine, to calm your nerves."

"If you are impatient, and I shall certainly do so, the pleasure to chastise you."

"With my sword. I shall do you the honor to meet you to-morrow."

"A honor which, being a man of sense, I must beg respectfully to decline. You don't kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bardine; you assassinate them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Silas, which took place, as I am told, without witnesses? While he was off his guard, you treacherously struck him through the heart. The suspect of a similar catastrophe is certainly by no means enticing."

With an instinctive movement, M. de Bardine's neighbors drew off.

"I admire such virtuous indignation," sneered the juror. "It especially becomes you, Monsieur Darnie."

"What infamy are you going to cast in my teeth?" exclaimed the gentleman addressed.

"A very little, a mere trifle—simply, that while Monsieur de Bardine kills his friends, you only dishonor them. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table and name are yours, has a pretty wife."

"Major," cried another juror, "you are a villain!"

"Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calist, let us call things by their proper names. The only villain among us, I believe, is the man who himself set fire to his own house, six months after having directed it to be blown up, in four offices, whose without making sufficient enquiry."

A stifled groan escaped M. Calist's lips as he covered his face with his hands.

"Who are you, that you thus dare to constitute our judge?" asked another, looking fiercely at Vernor.

"To am I, Monsieur Péro? simply one who can appreciate your very rare dexterity in holding court-cases in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please."

M. Péro gave an involuntary start, and thenceforward held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrible aspect. The voice of the major rang in the ears of the twelve jurors, with a cold metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

At length Vernor burst into a strange sharp hiss, saying, "Well, my honorable colleagues, I have said, 'does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you unworthy of the slightest pity?' I find you have committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed in his place. He has not had your cleverness in masking his turpitude with a show of virtue: that was his real crime. Now, after having killed his wife, he had paid her money for her funeral, and caused her to be buried in a magnificent tomb, and caused her to be raised to her memory by a beautiful square white marble monument, with a flowery epitaph on it in gold letters—why, then, we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and eulogized Pierre Granger as the model of a tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbe?"

M. Norbe stood up as if he had received an electric shock. "It is false!" he murmured. "I did not poison Eliza; she died of pulmonary consumption."

"True," said the major: "you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madame Norbe, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue, five months after she had been buried for some time. Then the will was silent. They were now in total darkness, and the throbbing of many agitated hearts might be heard in the room. Suddenly came the click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash; but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The major burst into a loud laugh, saying, 'Charming! delightful! Ah, my dear sir,' he exclaimed, addressing the foreman, 'you were the only honest man of the party, and see how, to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person, which places you on an honorable level with Pierre Granger!'"

Then having rung the bell, he called for candles, and, as he went, he said, "Come, gentlemen, I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste, and finish our business."

Ten minutes afterward the foreman handed in the issue-paper—a verdict of Not Guilty; and Pierre Gr