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Select Tale.

PAID FOR YESTERDAY.

The scene opens in a dentist's room at the West End of London. Mr. Filey was a fashionable dentist, with an exceedingly what is called gentlemanly experience. You might have taken him for a baronet, and so might I. A carriage drove up to the house, and a lady carefully attired—West End costume, and some of those women do look captivating. She inquired for Mr. Filey. That gentleman made his bow. "Mr. Filey," she said. "I have come to you on a sad case." She sighed. Of course Mr. Filey was full of sympathy—in his aspect, at all events.

"Yes," she said. "It is very sad. You are great in teeth, Mr. Filey. Do you remember me years ago?"

Mr. Filey begged to be excused for his forgetfulness, attributing it to his extended practice.

"Ah! I was then younger, Mr. Filey. I am now, as my card will have shown you, Lady Spriggs."

Mr. Filey bowed to the title.

"I have a nephew, Mr. Filey; the heir to a vast property. He has but one defect—his teeth! Oh! the trouble those teeth have given me! His timidity is such that he will never approach a dentist's shop—I mean house, and we are at our wit's end what to do with him. Do you think that if I contrived to lure him here, that I could so manage as to remove one or two of them—I think you call them grinders—without his being aware of it?"

The proposition was rather startling, but Mr. Filey was an old hand, and an able one.

He said he had no doubt that if he had the young gentleman there he could extract the teeth, and he should hardly know anything of it—so delicate and sudden would be the manipulation—till it was over.

"That will do," said the lady. "You will eternally oblige his family, Mr. Filey, and I shall feel indebted to you, believe me. I will take the liberty of paying you in advance, if you please. May I know what it will be?"

She drew forth her purse and paid the sum Mr. Filey thought fit to demand.

Arrangements were then made that the young gentleman should call on the morrow, at two o'clock P. M. precisely. Every advice not to alarm his sensitiveness in the matter of his teeth was promised by Mr. Filey, who was forewarned that the young gentleman was eccentric and dressed not quite in fashion—in fact, commonly; so that unless you knew it, you would not presume him to be an heir to a vast estate.

The scene closes on Mr. Filey bowing the lady into her carriage.

Act the second, displays a jeweller's shop, West End, Messrs. Spitehook & Co. A lady alights from her carriage and enters. She desired to see some jewelry. A diadem with diamonds fixes her eye. Her taste is pleased by a beautiful bracelet, and a pair of ruby ear-rings which suit her admirably. She hands her card—Lady Spriggs, at present residing at Mr. Filey's.

"You know Mr. Filey, the dentist?"

"Very well, indeed," she is told, "and Sir Sampson, also, by name."

She then desires them to make out their bill, and tell her the amount of her purchases. Four hundred odd pounds, the bill amounted to. And the shopman was astonished! But what a country this is, where women can spend money on gimcracks—as I tell my wife. However! the lady said she would be infinitely obliged to them, if, within half an hour—that was by two o'clock, precisely, not a moment later—she would pack up the things, and despatch them and the bill, by one of their young men to Mr. Filey's, where Sir Sampson, her husband, would write out a check, and liquidate the debt. Some woman's rigmorale, I suppose. However! the request was readily assented to. She departed and the scene closes with her being bowed into her carriage a second time.

Act the third. A young man with a parcel calls at two o'clock precisely, that afternoon, at Mr. Filey's and asks to see Sir Sampson Spriggs.

"Her ladyship is within," says the page.

The young man says she will do. He is ushered into a room where he sees the lady.

Well, the lady softly took the parcel from the young man and said:

"I will take it to show my husband up stairs. He will be with you in five minutes, and hand you the check. You will excuse me? I must first satisfy him of the necessity of the articles."

Of course the poor fellow thought that all was fair and straightforward! He said he would be happy to wait. He took a chair.

Well. He waited. The minute hands of the clock went round. He waited on. Before he had time to feel uncomfortable in his mind the door opened, and a gentleman walked in who bowed to him and made his mind quite easy.

"I brought the things," said the young man, "and am waiting—"

"To see me," said Mr. Filey, admiring the strategy of the lady immensely. "To see me. Yes, I'm aware. A beautiful day to-day, Sir? Rather sultry. May I offer you a glass of wine?"

Of course the young man didn't object. Ha! ha! You know they used to prepare victims for the sacrifice!

Well. They talked. Mr. Filey said:

"Pray take a chair, may I ask you?" and the young fellow, warmed by his wine, was quite agreeable to anything.

"Will you open your mouth, may I ask?" said Mr. Filey.

"What for?" said the young fellow much amazed.

"Oh, nothing!" says Mr. Filey, I merely wish to inspect! The conformation of your tongue struck me as peculiar. But, pray allow me?"

The poor young fellow opened his mouth. Ha! ha! He opened his mouth and gaped.

"Now draw back your tongue," said Mr. Filey. No doubt the young fellow thought him a very eccentric baronet, but he complied.

In a minute one of the grinders was seized, caught in a vice, wrenched, twisted pulled. Heaven spare us all the horrible agony! The grinder came out at last, in the midst of stifled screams, and, I'm afraid, curses. It came out, and the young man

was guilty of an assault on the body of the detestable operator. Mr. Filey went down.

"Where's the lady? Where's Sir Sampson Spriggs?" roars the young man with his hand on his mouth.

"My dear sir," says Mr. Filey. "You really— you may be eccentric; but when one is doing you a good—doing you a service—"

"Service," splutters the wretched fellow. "Service to pull out a tooth when I didn't ask you!"

"Ask me, sir," says Mr. Filey. "When I tell you it has been arranged by your estimable aunt Lady Spriggs, and that it was paid for yesterday."

"Paid for yesterday!" bawls the victim, starting back.

"This tooth, sir, was paid for yesterday," says Mr. Filey impressively.

"Lady Spriggs—my aunt?" exclaimed the confounded youth.

"Come, sir," says Mr. Filey, I think whatever your objections were to part with it, you owe me an apology. I will not say in due form, I expected caprice. But really such violence!"

The young man deliberately asked for Sampson Spriggs, or the parcel of jewels which he had brought half an hour ago from the shop of Messrs. Spitehook & Co., whose servant he proclaimed himself to be.

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Filey, "is there some mistake? Have I really?—on my honor!"

"If you will go up to Sir Sampson Spriggs and get that parcel of jewelry immediately—" said the young man.

Mr. Filey started.

"I won't prosecute you," the young man added, washing his mouth out with water.

"You are not the nephew of Sir Sampson?" said Mr. Filey.

"Don't laugh at a chap, after you've done him," growled the young man.

"There's a mistake," said Mr. Filey. "Sir Sampson is not here. It was an innocent stratagem—"

"Innocent?" sneers the young man.

"To get you to submit to the operation—Lady Spriggs—"

"Will you ring for her or not?" cries the no longer unsuspecting youth.

The bell was rung. The lady page informed them that Lady Spriggs had left the house shortly after her brief interview with the young man. By degrees, the consummate confidence of Mr. Filey in her ladyship was melted and dispersed. He accompanied the young man to Messrs. Spitehook's, relates his share in the adventure, and made, let us hope, something like reparation to the poor victim of the cleverest piece of rascality I know of. The rest was in the hands of the police in London.

A Live Yankee in London.

A Live Yankee, from the Green Mountains of Vermont, visited the city of London. While passing through one of the principal thoroughfares of trade and travel, his attention was suddenly arrested by some beautiful specimens of writing-paper, exposed for sale at a shop window. Seeing the proprietor of the establishment standing at the door, the Yankee civilly inquired of him what he did with

"them nice bits of paper?"

"We keep them to tie up gape seed in," said the cockney, snappishly.

"Oh, ye du—du ye?" said Jonathan, while he looked as though he was inventing a trick with which he intended to pay off the impertinent cockney in his own coin. Passing down the street a few steps, our indignant Yankee saw another merchant, who was not only an Englishman, but a gentleman also.

"I say, mister, can you tell me what that feller duz for a livin' who keeps them ere nice bits of paper at the window?"

"Yes, sir; he is a small dealer in paper, and a sort of a scribe. He writes letters for those persons who desire his assistance."

"I reckon he is a very small dealer, and that he is a pharisee as well as a scribe. Do ye think he'd write a letter for me if I pay him for it?"

"Certainly he will, and jump at the chance. That is his principle occupation."

The Yankee thrust his hands (I might add arms) into his pockets almost up to his elbows; for he felt the sting in the waspish words uttered by the paper dealer, and walked back to the shop where he had been so rudely treated.

"I say, mister, they say as how you sell paper and write letters for folks that can't write. What will ye tax to write a letter to my sister Sally?"

"I shall charge you five shillings," replied the Englishman, softening his tone.

"Will ye write just what I tell ye, and spell the words right, as we do in Vermont?" inquired the Yankee.

"To be sure I will. I understand my business perfectly."

"Well, I don't care if ye du; I guess you may write to Sally."

The Londoner procured pen, ink and paper, and the Yankee commenced dictating after the following style:

"Dear Sister Sally,"

"Hev ye got that down?"

"Yes."

"Rived in London last week."

"Hev ye got that down and spelt right?"

"Yes—go on."

"Thought I'd go into the country and take a ride."

"Got that down right?"

"Yes, yes—go on; don't detain me so."

"I pay ye five shillings, don't I, by and by?"

"Yes, yes—but you need not detain me so."

"That's my business, and not yours. Wal the old mare bawled."

"Bawled is a hard word; can you spell bawled so that Sally will know what it means?"

"To be sure I can."

"Wal I don't care of ye du."

"She wouldn't go, so I licked her."

"Well go on."

"Licked—her—licked her—licked her—"

"Well go on."

"Licked her—licked her—licked her—"

"What is the use of saying it so many times?"

"None of yer business. I pay you five shillings—"

"licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her—"

"licked her—licked her—"

"This page is full of licked her's."

"Turn over then; 'licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her—' She wouldn't go then, so I got out and I kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—"

"You are not intending to say that as many times as you said licked her?"

"None of your business. I pay you five shillings; 'kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—' She wouldn't go then, so I sharpened the end of the whip handle, and I pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—"

"I cannot see any sense in all this."

"Never you mind, I pay you for what you do; 'licked her—kicked her—pricked her—licked her—kicked her—pricked her—licked her—kicked her—pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—'"

"I cannot spell that, ha? Wal, ye needn't write any more for me, if ye can't spell that."

"Need not write any more," said the cockney, with a look of astonishment.

"No more," said the Yankee, perfectly composed.

"Not a word to close with?"

"Nary a word."

"You will pay me for what I have written?"

"Not a red. You didn't write down all I told you."

"Well, sir, what am I to do with all this paper I have spoiled?"

"Keep it to tie up gape seed in."

Economy is Wealth.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as proper economy in the management of household affairs.

It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continued leakage in his kitchen or parlor; it runs away, he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house; and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare their children for a proper station in life, and not dissipate his property. The husband's interests should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to carry her no further than his welfare and happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or the work-shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy, it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious.

A Scene in Switzerland.

The peculiar charm of Mont Rigi seems to me to consist in the harmonious blending of beauty and sublimity. All below you seems so near—fields, villages, hamlets, chalets, scattered on the hills wherever the steepness will suffer a handful of soil to hold fast against rains. If you only look down, you marvel at the universal cultivation. Turn from these lower sights, and the scene changes. The mountains are not rounded and wooded, but huge, gaunt, multangular, cutting the sky with sharp edges with thin ridges, with horns and needle-shaped points. The lines are nearly all verticle. So many are there, so far down in the perspective do they stretch, with snowy tops that you insensibly imagine that you are gazing upon a bannered host, with heads white-plumed, marching down to endless distances. And the illusion is gradually augmented by the forms of clouds, always mountain like, but, among snow mountains, so much like them that you are amazed and confounded to see beyond and above the highest terrene hills, others so much vaster and higher that you look to see some heavenly gate open through those tremendous ramparts and let through the light from the Great Beyond! Until he has felt it, no one can imagine the sense of solitariness produced by the sight of snow lying in the clefets and high valleys of the mountains. There is a region apart from all others. No beast roams there, no bird builds, no man dwells there. It is a region with but one season. Its very summer in winter. It lies beyond the law of growth. Solitude dwells there forever! It is lifted above all voices, all occupation, all dust and grime. There is no sound but the drear trumpeting of the winds or the crash of avalanches. To stand in the midst of flowers and leaves, and see those solitudes of eternal winter, fills one with strange sadness. While the near villages are buzzing, and sending up to the ear the tinklings of bells from the herds, the looting of cattle, and children's voices, laughing, and calls, these great, kindly heads are lifted up towards heaven undisturbed by the passions and stir of the lower world. Your feelings alternate between love and admiration. Below you is beauty, above you sublimity.—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Letters.

A handsome young girl in our town was set up with one night by a noble young specimen of the true American, with scissors in his vest pocket—I mean dry goods clerk—and the young gal's mother hearin' 'erbin' pop arose from her couch under the impression that her oldest boy, who was given to friskiness, was holdin' a wild revel on the roof beer in the west room. But on openin' the door she discovered it was huggin' and kissin' which had awoken her from her peaceful repose. "My darter! oh! my darter!" this fond parent cried, "oh that I should live to see this doin's in my own house!" "I know, dear mother," this sweet village maiden unto her mamma quickly replied "that it is quite unproper, but it is awful sootbin'!"

Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site for a new graveyard, when the first remarked:

"I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live."

"What an obstinate man!" said the second, "if my life is spared, I will."

Some hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The powder magazine at Quebec exploded on the 4th inst., killing eleven persons, and doing much damage to houses.

There is said to be a tenement house in New York City having 68 rooms, 8 by 10 feet, containing 70 families, of 144 adults and 133 children. 11 dogs and 43 cats.

As the Governor of Trinidad, Major Holworthy, the Colonial Secretary, and six other friends were recently sailing in the Gulf of Paria, the boat was upset and the whole party immersed. The Governor and one lady perished.

A French physician is out in a dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish.

The following order has been issued by the Federal officer commanding at Fayetteville, Arkansas:— "Hang or shoot every guerrilla caught in this vicinity, without the mails are captured or the telegraph wires cut."

The steamship Great Eastern has been chartered to lay the Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

A seam of coal eleven feet in thickness, and of very superior quality, has been discovered at Baddeck, C. B.

One dollar in gold is worth twenty-five dollars in Confederate currency at Richmond.

There has been held before Parliament a convention, between the Queen's Government and the Boy of Tunis, in which her Majesty is described as— "The descendant glorious of Sovereigns, the Crown of the illustrious great, who holds at her command the sword and pen, the great and august Princess, the fame of whose virtues is spread over the universe."

A great disaster occurred a few days ago at a small village called Wurg, in Rhenish Bavaria. Fourteen children, when skating on a pond, lost their lives, the ice giving way under their weight. Four of them belonged to the same family.

The New Yorkers were startled the other day by a report that a Danish and a Swedish gunboat were about to enter New York harbour for the purpose of preying upon the commerce of German merchants. The Consul of the German States treat the story as idle and preposterous.

Highwaymen are plenty in Utah. They rob returning miners. A vigilance committee has been formed at Bannock who have hung twelve robbers and have seventy-two more on their list for similar treatment.

An American paper says that a very fat and good printer died in New York recently—Austin B. Williams weighed 450 pounds and required seventeen yards of broadcloth for an outfit.

In a recent debate in the English House of Lords, it was stated that the American claims against England, for depredations by the Alabama, amounted to two millions of pounds sterling.

A tax has been imposed on gentlemen keeping horses in Halifax, according to the following scale:—For the first horse \$3; second \$2; third \$1. Such horses not to be taken into account by the assessors when making up the estimate of the personal property of the owner.

A man named McDonald, from Saint John, was arrested in Bangor, a few days ago, charged with being one of the "Chesapeake" pirates.

Blondin has just closed an engagement to tight-rope it in Italy, Germany and Russia, for which he is to receive £10,000.

A woman is under arrest at Syracuse, N. Y., for destroying her grandchild, only three months old by giving it vitrol.

A sensible woman has been found at Chicago in a street car. Handling her fires to the conductor she answered his puzzled look by quietly remarking with a glance at her voluminous crinoline, "I occupy four seats, sir."

The beautiful Marchioness Doria, the wealthiest and most beautiful lady in Rome, has just died in the full bloom of youth and loveliness, at the age of twenty, from a disease brought on by constantly having flowers in her rooms.

The *Gleaner* says that during the short winter month of February, there were issued at the Chatham Post Office "Money Orders" to the amount of \$3,743.13, the commission on which to the department was \$19.15.

John Johnson, an old and respectable inhabitant of Chatham, Mir., was run down a few days ago by a horse and pug owned by one Henderson, and injured to that extent that death shortly after ensued.

A young girl in Philadelphia last week deliberately cut several deep cuts out of her throat and then threw them on the floor. The incision made was large enough for a hand to enter. She died in half an hour afterwards.

An Irish woman ninety-four years of age was lately naturalized in New York that she might inherit a half million of dollars left by the decease of her three bachelor sons.

A woman applied for a free ride on the railroad near New York. She was on the ground that she had three husbands in the army.

We learn that a gentleman in Dorchester has received a letter announcing the safe arrival in Wilmington of Lieut. Braine of "Chesapeake" notoriety, and the departure of Lieut. Parr from Richmond for these parts with important documents connected with the "Chesapeake" affair.

It was a beautiful idea of the infant astronomer, who said that the stars were holes in the sky for the glory of God to shine through! Another admirable answer, also of a child, when asked if there was any place in the universe where God is not, "Yes, God is not in the thoughts of the wicked!"

The aggregate steam power of Great Britain is equal to four hundred millions of men.

Henry Shaw, the valet, who stole the Duke of Brunswick's diamonds, has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labour.

At her baptism on the 14th the Infanta, to whom the Queen of Spain has recently given birth, received the names of Maria-Eulalia-Francoise-Margarita, &c., the whole number of names being, according to the Madrid journal above eighty.

A Western editor says that "a child was run over in the streets by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed, with pantslets on, which never spoke afterwards."

The Parliament of New Zealand has voted £2000 for the orphans and widows of those killed during the war.

Ten thousand persons were burnt during a conflagration in Japan one day last summer, but nobody seemed to think the occurrence worth reporting.

Over 2,270 shipwrecks were reported in England last year.

The American war costs about a hundred thousand dollars an hour.

A soldier was nearly flogged to death at Toronto the other day.

For sending a false marriage notice to the Boston *Journal*, a man named Samuel Day has been fined \$25.

A recent petition asks that Federal Congress shall establish after the close of the present war, a regular army of 200,000 men, composed entirely of negroes, to be officered by white men entirely.

The infant Prince, son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is to be named after his father, Albert Edward.

The Halifax *Colonist* of the 4th says that in consequence of the aspect of affairs in Europe the troops in Garrison are anticipating being ordered home.

General News.

THE CHESAPEAKE CASE.—In this case to-day His Honor Judge Ritchie delivered his decision, ordering the immediate release of the prisoners. His Honor's decision was entirely upon the legal points of the case. He held that the original requisition to the Lieutenant Governor, by the American Consul, was defective; that the warrant issued by the Police Magistrate, on which the prisoners were arrested, was not, because it recited charges against the prisoners, not in the Governor's warrant, the Magistrate had no authority by that warrant to enquire into any other charge than that named therein. He also held for reasons that he set forth, that the warrant of commitment was bad. He also held that the act having been committed upon the high seas, and the prisoners never having been within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, the act does not come within the Treaty, but if it were it is piracy by the law of nations, and is justiciable by our courts. His Honor, of course, expressed no opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoners but he expressed in stern language his disapprobation of the expedition, fitted out in this city, in which British subjects were "seduced" into a predatory attack upon the commerce of a neighboring and friendly power; and he considered that their conduct was fairly subject to legal investigation.

Of course, nearly every person, whether Federal or otherwise in their sympathies, will be satisfied that the prisoners have been freed, for it has been plain from the first that they were not aware of the nature of the expedition on which they were going.—*Globe*.

APPROPRIATION OF AN EUROPEAN WAR.—The London *Commercial Daily List* of the 29th says with regard to the aspect of foreign politics, the impression is that, if the Franco-German war be not immediately brought to a close, the probability of serious difficulties in other parts of Europe is greatly increased with the return of spring. The Italians may be expected to avail themselves of the opportunity of Austria being engaged in Denmark, or in Federal disputes, whilst the Emperor of the French, now quietly watching, may suddenly take umbrage at the Prussian proceedings, and in the midst of the confusion prevailing in Germany, march to the Rhine. With reference to England's policy, there is a strong feeling that unless the Government are prepared to put forward both naval and military strength the present system of writing voluminous despatches, containing advice and protests, only tends to give offence to all continental Governments and to excite their contempt. The tone of Lord Palmerston's Speech, in which he strongly denounced the invasion of Holstein and Schleswig, appeared to put forward the English policy, and was regarded by the reported invasion of Jutland, as regarded as confirming the impression that he had been in favor of a bolder course than rumor assigned to some of his colleagues.

In reply to a question put by Earl Carnarvon in the House of Lords, the Earl said:

"In the case of the Tuscolousa, the law officers of the Crown had given their opinion that she ought to have been detained on entering a British port, and in consequence she was taken possession of when she again put to sea. He had always repudiated any responsibility on behalf of the Government as strongly as he could, and on such a question no Government could ever agree to an arbitration. It was on this account that Her Majesty's Government declined a proposal from the American Government to refer all disputed claims on either Government to a joint commission, because they feared that the Alabama claims would be mixed up with it, and they were determined not to accept them in any way. There was, not unnaturally, great irritation in America on account of the Alabama, and Her Majesty's Government were content to wait until calmer feelings prevailed there."

THE SURVEY.—The Quebec *Mercury* announced the departure of Mr. Fleming from Quebec, on his Intercolonial survey expedition on the morning of the 5th inst. He first proceeds to Rimouski, and then dispatches a party under charge of Mr. Bradley, to the New Brunswick boundary line, with provisions for future use, and also to make a survey of the height of land between St. Lawrence and the Saguenay. Mr. Fleming will then proceed along the Metepedie road, examining the country through which it passes, and ascending the Restigouche a considerable distance into the interior of New Brunswick. Should no serious difficulties be encountered in that direction, Mr. Fleming proposes to go round to the Miramichi, and to examine the country intervening between that river and the Tobique. The *Mercury* says that this portion of the work is regarded as preliminary, and as that which may be most advantageously performed before the snow melts, the ground, and that the object is to ascertain where it is most expedient to incur the labor and expense of instrumental surveys.

MONSTER GUN.—The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* says that a twenty-inch