

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

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WHOLE NO.—917.

Poetry.

THE KING OAK.

The forest sward was his palace floor,
The sky with its vaulted roof;
And around his throne his giant court
Stood solemnly aloof.

Young in the past and lawless days
When force was right divine,
And steel-clad fingers gripped the blades
That made a monarch sign.

He had known all the still long summer heats,
The wood dove sweet to hear,
The insect hum, the fern that reached
The antlers of the deer.

He had loved grim winter's frozen blasts,
The rattling branches' sound,
The cold beams of the far-off sun,
The wood in fetters bound.

He had loved the soft-returning spring,
Under whose gentle spell
The grass sprang up, the leaf came forth,
White blossom and the bell.

With a kindly joy in winter dear,
With the storm he wrestled high;
But he ever welcomed the herald ray
That shone when spring drew nigh.

It touched the glass of velvet moss
Upon the old oak's breast;
It peeped into the squirrel's haunt,
And found the thrushes' nest.

It woke the spirits of fern and flower,
Whose sleep had lasted long;
Deposited the cloud, let loose the brook,
And filled the woods with song.

Old oak! long centuries of time
Hast thou beheld depart;
Be they repeated, ere decay,
Shall reach thy mighty heart.

—Chambers' Journal.

Select Tale.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC;

OR

HOW THE DOCTOR PLAYED HIS CARD.

Mr. Lundy was a peculiar looking man, with a thin face, and long straight hair, that he fancied never needed cutting. He had, at one time, been very unfortunate in his business; but though made rich since by a large legacy, he was not in a condition to enjoy it. The fact is, Mr. Lundy was a confirmed hypochondriac.

For many years Mrs. L. had staid at home and humored his whims, but one season her pretty daughter wanted to go to a watering place, not for any disease in particular, but to see the world and the young folks in it.

Behold them, then, comfortably established in a sea-side hotel. For two days Mr. Lundy had been all right; but one morning his poor wife knew what was coming, by the peculiarity of his looks and motions. Her book fell upon her hand; Minnie turned pale.

"L. Dear, dear, see him whirl—what is it Lundy?"

"A feather my dear—a feather; etch me, hold me. Don't you see the wind is blowing me everywhere? It will take me out to sea, and I shall get saturated—yes, wet through, Mrs. Lundy. I beg you to catch me; pin me to your bonnet; I shall be safe there. Just see how frightfully I rattle; the slightest puff of air agitates me through; I'd rather be anything than this; do put me in your bonnet, my dear."

"I'll put you in a mad house before long," muttered the exasperated wife, "if you cut up such capers. Come into the hotel, Mr. Lundy."

"Come into the hotel, madam; you talk as if I had legs. Did you ever see a feather walk? Why, I'm lighter than a snow drift; I wish I had a brick in my hat to keep me down. Ah, I envy everything stationary. Observe how I quiver; stick a pin in me, my dear, and fasten me to the floor. Is there enough of me for a pin? Am I a hen feather, a duck feather, or what?"

"Goose feather, if anything, you tiresome mortal," cried his wife. "I am sick of your vagaries. First you're a cat on the roof, mewing and keeping everybody awake; then you're a glass bottle full of water, freezing and snapping, you're anything and everything but a reasonable man. I'm tired of it."

Mrs. Lundy, will you have the goodness to put me in your pocket? squeeze me in your hand, anything that I may feel safe in your protecting care. I'm floating—(singing.)

"I'm afloat, I'm afloat! ah—what's that?"

"Nothing, Mr. Lundy, but Joe's whip. I called him from the coach house; lay on, Joe."

"But, my love, my legs."

"Nonsense, Mr. Lundy; lay on Joe. Feathers haven't got legs."

"True, Mrs. L., but they have marrow, and that's what feels. Pray beg Joe to stop."

Just then ran up little Tom—the only male hope of the Lundy family—and, strange to say, in his hand a handsome hen's feather. A triumphant smile illuminated the face of Lundy the elder.

"Now, my dear," he said, gravely taking the feather in his hand, "I hope you'll believe me. My child, look on that feather, and be thankful that was me."

And little Tom, chuckling at the idea, ran up and down the piazza, repeating merrily—

"Pa was a hen, once; dear me, how funny."

Minnie Lundy was captivated, there is no doubt about that. In pink, blue, white or green she looked equally charming. There were rich men there who would have been glad to charm her, and nice men and silly men—silly to that extent that they were fools, and did not know it. But it happened that a young physician was luckier than them all, and poorer.

Probably he saw Minnie through the back of his head, for he was always looking out of the window when she came in, and always blushed violently.

One day Minnie followed her mother into the parlor. As usual Dr. Stag was there.

"Oh, mamma!" and her voice was so sweetly low, so softly agitated, "we shall have to leave this place, indeed we shall. Father is taking on terribly; some of the boarders are laughing—others are shocked."

"And what is the freak now, my dear?"

"Oh! he's a rooster, and crows till he is black in the face."

"A rooster! horrible! And here we are—not a doctor we know—"

Somebody wheeled round from the window.

"Madam—I heard you speaking of—the—ahem—need of a doctor. Excuse my forwardness—but I am a physician."

Of course Minnie was more beautiful than ever in her confusion.

"My poor husband has an unfortunate tendency that annoys everybody near him."

"Perhaps he is a hypochondriac. I think I have seen him. Where is he madam?"

"On the north porch," said Minnie.

"And I am sure we are very much obliged," added the mother, "if you can only help him."

The first sound that struck their ears, as they issued from the door was a grand and sonorous 'cock-a-doo-dle-doo.'

"John—Mr. Lundy," cried his wife, "what a spectacle you are making of yourself!"

"I'm not a spectacle, good woman; I'm a rooster. Get out of my way—do you not notice the expense of my wings? Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!"

"What shall we do?" cried the poor wife, turning to the doctor. "Oh, sir can you stop this ridiculous exhibition?"

"Trust me, madam," said the young man, biting his lip, for the sight was almost too ridiculous for his gravity.

"Upon my word," he continued, addressing the deluded man, "what a magnificent creature! Why, his feathers are a yard long. Where did you get such a splendid specimen? Is it imported?"

"Cock-a-doo-dle-doo" yelled the human biped, strutting more than ever. "That woman has nothing to do with me, sir—nothing at all. I'm a rooster on my own account—cock-a-doo-dle-doo."

Here the doctor gave orders aside to one of the servants, who went away grinning. Then turning to the rooster, who was by this time red in the face with exertion, he said:

"I declare it makes my mouth water to think what a capital dinner that bird would furnish. May I wing his neck, madam? It will take but a few seconds."

"No, you don't," cried the other; "I'm tough—I'm very tough—I'm an old bird, sir—not to be caught with chaff."

"But you are a rooster; what else are you good for?"

"Good to crows, sir; good to crows," and forthwith ensued the loudest screech of all, succeeded by a summersault and the sensation of suffocation. Another moment and the servant reappeared with the dead fowl in his arms.

"I assure you, sir, it had to be done," said the doctor, gravely, and Mr. Lundy rubbed his face and pinched his throat.

"Did you really wing my neck, sir?" the hypochondriac asked gravely.

"When you were a rooster, certainly."

"Did I die?" asked the other with a manner of solemn importance.

"You did—particularly game," replied the doctor.

"Thank you, sir. If I should happen to turn into a rooster again, I shall know where to go."

"I shall be most happy to—to wing your neck for you, sir, on any such interesting occasion."

"Very kind, I'm sure. If you should ever get into trouble, John Lundy will stand your friend."

"Do you promise me that, sir?"

"I do, and I never break my word."

After that Minnie walked in the garden sometimes; and Minnie was not alone—not she.

"I love violets best," said the doctor to her one day.

"And I roses," said Minnie, being the least bit sentimental quoted Poe on roses—something about dew. And the doctor went on Shakspeare, very bad, indeed, till somehow, in some way—he never could tell how nor in what way (neither could she)—he said it.

"See dictionary for 'it'."

"Indeed, I must not listen to this," murmured Minnie, trying to hear it again. "Father if he knew—"

"Would disapprove, perhaps," cried the young doctor. "And why because I am poor. And you, too, perhaps—"

"No, no; I—I—know I—love you—but—"

"Hark! who calls?"

Enter Tommy.

"Oh, sir, pa's took again, and he's going it awful!"

"What is it now, dear?" asked Minnie, with the face of an angel; but perhaps she wasn't a little cross at the interruption.

"What? of electricity?"

"No dear—far more powerful than that—You must go to the little brown house over there and be married."

"Oh, never, my father would kill me."

"Does he ever break his word?"

"I never knew him to."

"All right. He promised me that if I should ever get into trouble he would help me out."

"Did he, really? Then he will."

"But it is necessary that we give him the shock first. Delay not, my darling; you shall never regret it."

Of course she went.

"All I ask is that nobody'll sit on me, for I'm cracked. Besides, I'm varnished, and not quite dry yet. Do, my dear, stand at the door and tell people as they come in that I cannot be sat on, or in any way meddled with, I'm so firmly fastened together."

This was the speech that greeted Dr. Stag as he entered Mr. Lundy's parlor with Minnie.

Mrs. L. was in tears.

"Doctor, as soon as ever I get home I'll have that ridiculous man carried directly to the hospital—indeed I will," cried the poor woman. "I've born it long enough, and I'm completely worn out."

"So am I, my dear," piped up her husband.

"I expect I'm second hand; should not wonder in the least, my legs feel so shaky. Pray don't touch me. Isn't one roller gone, my dear?"

"Roller gone—your wits are gone. I wish I was a man. I'd varnish you in such a way that you'd never want to be a sofa again, or any piece of furniture."

The doctor stood near, gravely considering.

"My dear, you are better as you are, for I see in the last minute you have come out a beautiful washbowl and pitcher. But isn't your nose a little cracked, or do I see awry? I shouldn't wonder, for my head is full of brass tacks. I think I've snuffed them up my nose. Its worse than influenza."

"Was ever a poor creature so afflicted?" murmured Mrs. Sofa—I mean Mrs. Lundy.

"Never, my love. I protest that if I could be anything else I would—but a sofa I am, and a poor one at that."

At that moment the doctor sprang forward and planted himself on the prostrate body of Mr. Lundy.

"Capital sofa, this," he said, keeping his position in spite of the victim's struggles.

"Get up—I'm cracking in six places. Good heavens! you'll run me—yes, you'll break my back! Get up till I'm properly mended, for pity's sake."

"Upon my word," said the doctor, calmly, "this piece of furniture acts as if it was alive. It kicks and wriggles and makes me laugh at its antics. What a ridiculous sofa!"

Besides, this new device is really a very old one. As early as 1757 an old English poet said:

"With silks and hoops full five yards wide,
To show us how their garters are tied."

It is not to be supposed that the purer instincts of maidens, mothers and wives could repeat such odious follies if there were anything which violated natural modesty about them. Perhaps there is nothing of which the motto could be more appropriately applied, unless it were the garter, of which it was originally said,

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."—N. Y. Tribune.

To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it:—Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap-dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress. A woman says what she chooses without being knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband goes to work. She can go into the street without being asked to 'stand treat' at every saloon. She can stay at home in time of war, and get married again if her husband is killed. She can get her husband in debt all over, until he warns the public not to trust her on his account. But all these advantages are balanced by the fact that she cannot sing bass, go sparking, or climb a tree with any degree of propriety.

Woman's Rights.

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How to manage a Wife.

The following letter to the Prince of Wales is by Artemus Ward, the American showman:—

"Friend Wales,—You remember me. I saw you in Canada a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldom forget a person. I heard of your marriage to the Princess Alexandry, & went to write you a congratulatory letter at the time, but I've bin biddin a barn this summer. Excuse me. My object in now addressin you is to give you sum advice about managin your wife, a business I've had over thirty years experience in. When I first comment trainin' her I instituted a series of experiments. You'd better do similar. Your wife may ob-jack to gettin' up and biddin' the fire in the mornin', but if you can manage her at once you may be able to overcome this prejudice. I regret to observe that I did not commence arly enuff. It was a rather cold mornin' when I first proposed the idea to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor putty sudent. I never attempted to re-organize my wife but once. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin several people's healths; and wishin' to make them as robust as possible, I continued drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with consid'ble liker concealed about my person. I drem'd that night that somebody had laid a hossbow over me several times, and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drunk nuch of any thin' since. There's vari's ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do just as she wants to. I dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both! Respects to St. George and the Dragon."

—A. WARD.

The Modesty of Skirts.

But is it not quite time we were having some plain truth on so simple a matter? Will not some advocate for beauty and symmetry take the part of the women and the hoop-skirt makers, and avow boldly that concealment of the person is no part of the design of present fashions, nor any intrinsic portion of female modesty? Instead of being a thing for reprobaton, should it (the skirt) not rather be upheld? Why should the women hide the charms of their locomotive organs? Do we not delight to see feet and shapely little limbs of children, and adorn, decorate and exhibit them with commendable pride? Is there anything indecent in that? and are not the fully-developed legs of perfect women quite as attractive and admirable?

Besides, this new device is really a very old one. As early as 1757 an old English poet said:

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The Love of Flowers.

Doth not thy heart now throb with emotions of thankfulness to God for making the earth so fair, so redolent of beauty, in its garniture of flowers? and for having scattered these silent teachers up and down the world—things of beauty and joys forever. Flowers bloom for old and young, rich and poor; and to every true heart are messengers from heaven. The great duty of flowers is to teach us to be always children, to be ever fresh, and budding into new beauty; for the poetry of our lives is all that can ennoble us. Flowers beautify the path of Time, and are emblems of Eternity. If we rejoice now in the change of the seasons, and find in life many flowery connotations, how much more perfect will be our joy when this mortal shall put on immortality, and faith, and hope, and love shall adorn the brow of the spirit as a three-fold chapel of imperishable beauty in that happy Eden, which has oftentimes been spoken of as the land of flowers.

One's Mother.

Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dream thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passion and our willfulness may lead us from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises her head, and smiles amidst her tears.

Round that idea the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

A Wife's Influence.—Your fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. No! the true rule is just the reverse of that. A true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must make pure; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth; for her, through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace.

Sweet Old Age.

God sometimes gives to a man a guiltless and holy second childhood in which the soul becomes childish and the faculties, in fruit and ripeness, are mellow without sign of decay. This is that sought-for land of Benah, where they who have traveled manfully the Christian way, able awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of those not yet ascended saints.

Children's Questions.—Show us the philosopher that a child cannot puzzle. Roll all the wisecracks of the world into one, and a schoolboy's whys and wherefores shall confound the combination. The truth is, that it is much easier to answer a learned man than a child. It is astonishing how a smart child will worry and badger the man of books. But it does him good. It teaches him how much he does not know. It is very foolish for any man to give himself airs on the score of acquisitions which do not suffice to save him from being cornered and convicted of ignorance by a mere baby.

Sue Always Made Home Happy.—Such was the brief but impressive sentiment which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of 'one who had gone before.' What better tribute could be offered to the memory of the loved and lost? Eloquence with her loftiest eulogy, poetry, with her most thrilling dirge, could afford nothing so sweet, so touching, so suggestive, of the virtues of the dead, as those simple words: "She always made home happy."

Manifest destiny in the science of going to the devil, or enny other place, before you git there. Manifest destiny mite, perhaps, be blocked out agin as the condition that men and things find themselves in with a ring in their noses and somebody hold on the ring. The true way that manifest destiny had better be down in, the exact distance that a frog can jump down hill with a striped snake after him.—Josh Billings.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.—How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all manly in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence towards God or man. There is no spring, no sur, no inspiring like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation unfulfilled, this fills the heart with satisfaction, and the soul with strength.

A HEMISE.—What are you making, my little seamstress? asked a visiting-lady to one of the schools.

"Is it a chemise?" "No, my lady," replied the child, bashfully; "it's a hemise." The little darling meant a shirt.

A HINT FOR YOUNG LADIES.—It is with love as with apparitions. Every one of you talks of it, but few have ever seen it.

When are soldiers like blacksmiths?—When they are drilling and filing.

Items Foreign & Local.

Old pilots say the Mississippi river is drying up. A majority of the bridesmaids at the Princess Helena's wedding were Scotch.

There are 30,000 professional thieves in London.

A widow in Beaver, Ohio, is only 12 years old, and she has a child.

Two hundred British officers yet survive the battle of Waterloo.

The Duke of Hamilton lately paid \$12,500 for a cow.

A gentleman lost \$50,000 in one night at the Paris Jockey Club.

A French artist has taken to painting upon white marble, instead of canvas.

Five only of thirty-five safes in the Portland ruins had preserved their contents.

General J. C. Breckenridge is a Major General in the Austrian army.

The agricultural news from Ireland is highly satisfactory.

In some parts of Australia the farmers are making cider from peaches. They are so plentiful that pigs are fed on them.

The province of Venetia contains 23,482 sq. Kilometres (3,870,800 acres), and has 2,438,968 inhabitants.

Some hitherto unknown fragments of Cicero have lately been discovered in one of the libraries on the Rhine.

The loss by fires in the United States since January last amounts to \$52,876,000. In the same period last year it was \$17,528,000.

Mr. Hussey Vivian states that "South Wales could supply all England with coal for 500 years, and her own consumption for 5000."

A man in Cecil county, Md., recently confessed a murder committed thirty years ago, supposing himself upon his death-bed. He is expected to recover.

Notwithstanding the rumor about the Prussian needle gun, it is found that the Snider (English) Enfield Rifle can be fired twice as often in a minute.

In recent despatches Mr. Cardwell acknowledges in gratifying terms the loyalty and bravery exhibited by the Canadian Volunteers during the recent Fenian excitement.

A man in Liberty, Va., has invented a machine to be attached to a locomotive which supplies the tender with water, and at the same time saves wood.

At Nauplia, recently, there was a shower of small locusts, so that the inhabitants were obliged to have recourse to their umbrellas to protect themselves from the insects.

In Edinburgh, recently, two men were imprisoned two months each for abducting another while intoxicated from the polls, so as to prevent his voting for a candidate they did not like.

Miss Swan, the Nova Scotia giantess was on exhibition at Amherst for two days last week. She is 7 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 350 pounds. Her father and mother are below the average size.

It is stated that the Queen's preference for Prince Christian has been induced greatly from the fact that by the Princess Helena marrying him she could reside in England, and thus be near her royal mother.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada has purchased the steamship fleet belonging to the Montreal Ocean Navigation Company, and will therefore now have its starting point in Great Britain.

There is now no doubt that Mrs. Gordon's friends intend to prosecute ex-Governor Eyre for the murder of her husband, on the grounds against him seem to meet with the approval of John Stuart Mill, and will probably take the form of an indictment at the Old Bailey.

A negro has formally petitioned the Probate court, of Tallahassee County, Alabama, to be allowed to sell himself into slavery. He says there are too many responsibilities surrounding him, and that he is dissatisfied with his present condition.

Court suits were dispensed with for members of the House of Commons at the Speaker's late dinner for the first time. This instance of Mr. Speaker's courage may inspire the Lord Chamberlain to propose some reasonable amendments of costume for the consideration of the Queen.

Between Paderbuz and Prague the Prussians took an Imperial manufacture of tobacco, containing 3,800,000 lbs. of tobacco, and 27,000