

# The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 40.

## Professional Cards.

**Dr. EDMUND L. HOVEY**  
INFORMS his friends and the public that he has commenced the practice of his profession in this County. Dr. Hovey has made the study of his life, and has had some experience in his practice in this County. During the past few years he has had the advantage of receiving instruction from representative men in the various branches of the Art, and in several of the many systems. He has also been in a position to study Surgery and Medicine, during the continuance of the late Civil War in the United States, in some of the largest hospitals.

**STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.**  
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.  
Residence—Three doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.  
Office—Little Medical Hall, King Street, next door to the Post Office.  
Woodstock, April 29, 1865.

**Dr. C. P. Connell,**  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Scales.  
Residence—At Hon. Charles Connell's.

**C. F. M. Campbell, M. D.**  
(Formerly of the Army.)  
Surgeon, Physician and Accoucheur.  
HAS settled in Woodstock for the practice of his profession.  
Residence—At the "Cable House."  
[14-15]

**Dr. REYNOLDS,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
CENTRAL OFFICE: - - WOODSTOCK.

**UPPER CORNER, - - WOODSTOCK.**  
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksonown Road.  
[22-23]

**WILLIAM M. CONNELL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER

**NOTARY PUBLIC,**  
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**J. J. CHRISTIE,**  
Importer and Dealer in all kinds of  
Leather and Shoe Trimmings, Crimps, Boot  
Trents, Lasts, &c., wholesale & retail.  
42 1/2 54 King-st., St. John, N. B.

**O. L. RICHARDS,**  
Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,  
1, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
[19]

On account of the destruction of his  
former residence by Fire,  
**DOCTOR SMITH**

HAS REMOVED to the house lately occupied by  
Mrs. Blake, on the corner of the street in rear  
of the Free Christian Baptist Meeting House, immediately  
north of that building.  
Woodstock, Sept. 20, 1867.

**WILLIAM SKILLEN,**  
COMMISSION & SHIPPING MERCHANT  
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

**PHILLIPS HOUSE.**  
THE East Florenville, is prepared to accom-  
modate the travelling public.  
No pains will be spared to make parties comfortable  
who favor him with a call.  
JOSEPH A. C. PHILLIPS.  
East Florenville, Oct. 20, 1866-17

**Surveying.**  
THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends  
and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed.  
He would likewise ask a continuance of such favors, as  
he is now prepared, with enlarged experience and  
greatly increased facilities to attend to the various  
branches of his business, as a Surveyor of Land.  
Parties entrusting him, &c., to his care may rely  
upon his best attention being given to further their  
interests. He will also receive and make advances on  
LUMBER at Seasonable Rates, when desired.  
STEPHEN E. STEVENS.  
Indian Town, St. John.

**GEORGE C. HUNT, JR.,**  
DEALER IN  
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,  
Paints, Oils, & Varnishes, Glass, Putty,  
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR  
MEDICAL USE.

**Dye Woods and Dye Stuffs Generally**  
Medicines warranted genuine, and of the best quality.  
Customers who find Stock complete, comprising  
many articles it is impossible here to enumerate,  
and all sold at moderate prices.

**Oldbrook Iron Works,**  
Warehouse, No. 9, North Market Wharf, St.  
John, New Brunswick.

**OH HAND—A large stock of CUT NAILS of all**  
Weights; CUT SPIKES from 4 to 8 inches long;  
Wire Ship Spikes, Railroad Spikes made to order.  
These Nails and Spikes are manufactured of BEST  
Refined Iron.  
Consumers of Nails and Spikes will find it to  
their advantage to purchase those manufactured at  
the "Old Iron Works," as they are far superior  
to those manufactured from English Iron.  
W. H. SOVILL.  
St. John, May 1.

**HENRY CONROY,**  
Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,  
Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

HAS constantly for sale and makes to order articles  
of Ladies Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Head  
Dresses, Caps, Carols and Pins, Frizzles, Ringlets,  
Braid, Swishes, Waterfalls, Curls and Plain, &c.  
Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Caps.  
Hair Cutting and all various branches of his pro-  
fession, conducted in a manner to ensure perfect satis-  
faction. Ladies sending their own hair can have it  
made up in any style and at moderate terms.  
at John July 27, 1867-11-31

**E. D. WATTS,**  
FIRE AND MARINE  
LONDON.  
CAPITAL—£1,000,000 Sterling.

**GLEASON & Co's EXPRESS.**  
THANKFUL for past favors, the undersigned begs  
to state that he has been improving his ap-  
paratus for carrying on the Express business, by the  
employment of freight messengers, the placing of safes  
on the steamers, &c.  
All money or freight entrusted to this Express will  
be forwarded with safety and speed, and at very low  
rates.  
We hold ourselves responsible for all goods entrusted  
to our care.  
J. L. GLEASON & CO.,  
G. W. VANWART, Proprietors.  
Woodstock.

**ROWE & SHERMAN,**  
Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,  
Fredericton, N. B.

WE were respectfully informed the public generally  
of the Shipping & Commission Business.  
Having in process of erection a spacious Wharf,  
completed by the time that navigation opens,  
feel confident in saying that our facilities for  
Wharfing and Shipping all kinds of Lumber,  
cannot be surpassed in the Province.  
Consignments solicited.  
Fton, N. B., Mar. 8, 1867  
ZEBULON ROWE,  
L. W. SHERMAN.

**N. B. & C. RAILWAY.**  
SPECIAL NOTICE.  
AN EXPRESS TRAIN will leave the Richmond  
Station every Monday morning at 2.30 a.m.,  
arriving at St. Andrews in time to take the Boat the  
same day for Portland and Boston.  
RETURNING—Will leave the St. Andrews Station  
every Saturday at 5.30 a.m.

**PARADE:**  
Richmond to St. Andrews, American Carriage.  
Portland, St. John, &c.  
HENRY OSBURN, Manager.  
St. Andrews, June 8, 1867.

## Hotels

**PARK HOTEL,**  
KING SQUARE—ST. JOHN.

**H. FAIRWEATHER,**  
Proprietor.

This House is new, is pleasantly situated, fur-  
nished in a superior manner, and will be kept as a  
First-Class Hotel.  
[24]

**International Hotel,**  
ST. ANDREWS.

THE INTERNATIONAL  
is furnished and kept in such a  
way as to meet the wants, con-  
venience and comforts of the  
travelling public. It is pleasantly situated near  
the head of the Steamboat  
Wharf, and is the most conveniently located of  
any House in St. Andrews.  
Parties of one or more, calling either for a meal or  
for a lengthy stay, will find here all the comforts of a  
home and all the accommodations of a First-Class  
Hotel.  
EDWIN HATCH,  
St. Andrews, Sept. 1, 1866-17

**WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,**  
STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE

Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest  
notice for any point.  
[39]

**Barnum's**  
EATING HOUSE,  
IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.

Meals at all hours. Suppers and Collations fur-  
nished to Military and Fire Companies at short notice.  
Portland, Me., Oct. 1, '65

**AMERICAN HOUSE.**  
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.  
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

**WAVERLY HOUSE,**  
73 KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

THE WAVERLY HOUSE is situated in  
the most central as well as most healthy part  
of the city, it is furnished with all the modern  
improvements and conveniences every ad-  
vantage to transient as well as permanent Boarders.  
It has for many years enjoyed the reputation of a first  
class Hotel. The proprietor, who has been  
connected with the establishment for several years,  
trusts that a share of the extensive patronage bestowed  
upon it during the lifetime of the late Joseph Sam-  
uel, Esq., may be extended to it under his manage-  
ment.  
Attached to the Waverly is a commodious STABLE  
and a careful Hostler always in attendance.  
Coaches on call at all hours, for conveyance  
to Steamer, Railway Station, &c.  
JOHN GUTHRIE, PROPRIETOR.  
St. John, Aug. 12, 3m.

**WATSON HOUSE.**  
THE "WATSON HOUSE," ST. STE-  
PHEN, N. B., is now in complete  
furnish and ready to receive guests.  
It is the furniture and fittings connected  
with it, and all the arrangements have been made  
with a view to meet the wants and promote the com-  
fort of travellers.  
The situation is most desirable, close by the Rail-  
road, Post Office and Bank, and overlooking the  
St. Croix River.  
HENRY RUSSELL, Proprietor.  
St. Stephen, July 10, 1867.

**RENEW HOUSE.**  
THE subscriber having taken this well  
known and popular Hotel on Water street, is  
now prepared to accommodate TRANSIENT  
and permanent Boarders in a style that can-  
not fail to give satisfaction. The undersigned  
has for so many years been before the public in the  
conduct of an Inn-keeper, that he feels his ability is  
sufficiently well known.  
A Carriage will be ready for attendance at the  
Boats at all times.  
JOHN MARSHALL.  
Woodstock, May 11, 1867.

**CABLE HOUSE.**  
MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

THE subscriber having again taken charge of the  
CABLE HOUSE, and put everything in connection  
therewith in complete order, respectfully solicits  
a call from the travelling public and his friends.  
No pains will be spared to make this House all that  
a large family establishment in connection, from  
which the stages for Grand Falls and Fredericton leave reg-  
ularly.  
W. D. BALLOCH.  
Woodstock, Aug. 22, 1867-34

**W. P. DONNELL,**  
—IMPORTER OF—  
French, Brandy, Pure Wines, Hollands  
Geneva, English Ale and Irish Porter.  
Tobacco, Segars, &c.  
43-1/2 Main-st., Woodstock, N. B.

**J. G. EMBRY**  
BEGS to return his sincere thanks to his friends and  
patrons in Woodstock and elsewhere for past fav-  
ors, and to inform the public generally that he has  
removed to Woodstock, and is still carrying on the  
Manufacture and Repair of Harness  
in his shop, directly opposite Hamilton's Tin Shop.  
J. G. EMBRY.  
Woodstock, June 25, 1867.—26-1/2

**Western Insurance Company,**  
(Limited.)  
FIRE AND MARINE  
LONDON.  
CAPITAL—£1,000,000 Sterling.

INSURANCES against loss by Fire effected upon  
every description of property, at Premiums as low  
as compatible with safety to the assured.  
Claims settled on reasonable proof of loss, with  
promptness and liberality.  
This office has been doing an immense business in  
St. John the past year.  
WM. M. CONNELL, Barrister-at-Law  
Agent for Woodstock and Carleton Co.  
W. C. PERLEY, Solicitor, St. John.  
Agent for New Brunswick.

**GLEASON & Co's EXPRESS.**  
THANKFUL for past favors, the undersigned begs  
to state that he has been improving his ap-  
paratus for carrying on the Express business, by the  
employment of freight messengers, the placing of safes  
on the steamers, &c.  
All money or freight entrusted to this Express will  
be forwarded with safety and speed, and at very low  
rates.  
We hold ourselves responsible for all goods entrusted  
to our care.  
J. L. GLEASON & CO.,  
G. W. VANWART, Proprietors.  
Woodstock.

**ROWE & SHERMAN,**  
Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,  
Fredericton, N. B.

WE were respectfully informed the public generally  
of the Shipping & Commission Business.  
Having in process of erection a spacious Wharf,  
completed by the time that navigation opens,  
feel confident in saying that our facilities for  
Wharfing and Shipping all kinds of Lumber,  
cannot be surpassed in the Province.  
Consignments solicited.  
Fton, N. B., Mar. 8, 1867  
ZEBULON ROWE,  
L. W. SHERMAN.

## Poetry.

**THE VOICELESS.**  
BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet waiting singers slumber.  
But o'er their silent sister's breast,  
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?

A few may touch the magic spring,  
And noisy fame be proud to win them;  
Alas, for those who never sing,  
But die with all their music in them.

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,  
Where song has told their heart's sad story  
Weep for the voiceless who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!

Not where Lucanid breezes sleep  
O'er Sappho's memory haunted pillow,  
But where the glistering night dew weep  
O'er nameless sorrow's churchyard willow.

O hearts that break and give no sign,  
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
Till death pours out his cordial wine,  
Slow dropped from misery's crushing presses.

If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang was given,  
What endless melodies were poured,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

## Select Tale.

**ESCAPE FROM JUSTICE.**

It was a bitter cold night in January—a  
night when wanderers on the moor might have  
sunk down and frozen to death, and the very  
marrow seemed to congeal in one's bones.

"There's one advantage in steam," growled  
a fat old gentleman in the corner seat; "wind  
and weather don't affect it. No flesh and blood  
horse could stand a night like this, but the  
iron horse keeps straight ahead, whether the  
thermometer is at zero or boiling heat."

Just then the conductor entered.  
"Tickets, gentlemen, if you please," he said  
feeling with stiffened fingers for my ticket in  
the pocket of my coat.

"Dreadful, sir," feelingly responded the con-  
ductor. "Why the brakeman can't live out-  
side, and so look the other way when we  
have to get a breath of warm air at the stove.  
We haven't had such a night since a year ago  
come the second of February, when Tom Black-  
stone, the baggage master, froze both his feet,  
and a woman who was coming in from Chicago  
got off at Blinn's Four Corners, with a baby in  
her arms a dead corpse."

"Frozen to death!"  
"Aye, frozen to death; and she never  
thought, poor thing, but that it was asleep. My  
poor baby is cold, but we will soon warm it  
when we get home, said she. It was just such  
a night as this." And the conductor opened a  
door and plunged across the coupling into the  
next car, crying out:

"Hardwick!"  
It was quite a considerable city—with a hand-  
some depot, glaring gas lamps, and the usual  
crowd around the platform, with their hands in  
their pockets, and their cigar ends flaming  
through the night.

Our car was nearly the last of the long train  
and but one passenger entered it—a slender  
young girl, wrapped in a neat little travelling  
cloak, hat of grey straw, trimmed with stone  
colored velvet flowers. She seemed to hesitate,  
like one unused to travelling, and finally sat  
down near the door.

"Pardon me, young lady," said I, "but  
you had better come nearer the stove."  
She started an instant, and then obeyed.

"Does this train go to Bayswater?" she asked,  
in a voice so deliciously sweet that it seemed  
to thrill through me.

"Yes. Can I be of any service to you?"  
"Oh, no—at least not until we reach Bays-  
water. I would like a carriage then."

"We will not be there for three hours."  
"Do we stop again?"  
"Only at Exmouth."

She drew a long sigh, seemingly of relief,  
and settled back in her corner. By the light  
of the lamp that hung in his brass fixtures op-  
posite, I could see her face—that of a lovely  
child. Apparently she was not more than six-  
teen, with large blue eyes, golden hair, drawn  
straight away from her face, and a rosy mouth  
like that of a babe.

"Do you expect friends to meet you at Bays-  
water, my child?" I asked.

"No, sir; I am going to school there."  
"It will be an awkward hour for you to ar-  
rive by yourself—one in the morning."

"Oh, I am not afraid," said she, with an  
artless little laugh; "I shall go straight to the  
seminary."

So the express train thundered on, with  
steady, ceaseless pulsings at its iron heart, and  
constant roar.

Suddenly the whistle sounded, and the train  
began to slacken in speed.

Surely we are not at Exmouth yet, unless I  
have fallen asleep and allowed the progress of  
time to escape me.

I glanced at my watch; it was barely half-  
past eleven, and I knew we were not due at  
Exmouth until a few minutes past twelve. I  
rubbed the frost from the window and looked  
out.

It was the soft voice of the pretty traveller  
opposite.

"No; I don't know what place it is; some  
way station."

"Do the express trains stop at way stations?"  
she asked.

"Never, generally; they must have been  
especially signalled here. You are cold, my  
child, your voice trembles."

"It is cold," said she, in a scarcely audible  
tone, drawing her shawl around her. "O, I

## Our Queen and Constitution.

Wish they would hurry on."

"We are moving once more," I said.  
"Conductor, (for the man of tickets was  
moving through the car,) why did we stop at  
this backwoods place?"

"Out of water," was the reply, as he passed  
quickly by.

Now I knew very well that this was not the  
real solution of the matter. Our delay did not  
exceed half a minute, altogether too short a  
time for replenishing the boilers; and where  
on earth was the water to come from in that  
desolate stretch of pine woods?

Five minutes afterward the conductor entered  
the car; I made room for him at my side.

"Sit down, you're nothing to do just at this  
moment."

He obeyed.  
"What did you mean by telling me such a  
lie just now?"

I spoke under my breath; he replied in the  
same tone.

"About what?"  
"About the reason you stopped just now."

He smiled.  
"To tell you the truth, I stopped to take on  
a single passenger—a gentleman who has come  
down from Bayswater."

"For the privilege of travelling once more  
over the same route?"

Exactly so—for the purpose of travelling  
in certain society. Don't be alarmed for  
your own safety; it is a detective policeman."

"A—"

I was about to repeat the word in astonish-  
ment when he motioned me to keep silence."

"And who is the offender?"  
"I do not know yet. He doesn't want to  
be seen until the moment of the arrest. We  
are safe enough till we reach Bayswater."

"Who is he?"  
"The detective? He sits by the door yonder,  
with a ragged fur cap pulled over his eyes."

"I smiled; I could hardly keep it."  
"What is the case?"

"A murder—a man and his wife and two  
children—their throats cut last night, and the  
house set on fire to afterwards."

"Great Heavens! what a monster!"  
We had continued the conversation through-  
out in a whisper, and now the conductor  
rose and left me to study the faces of my fellow  
passengers with curious dread and horror.

Somehow as often as I revolved the matter in  
my mind, my fancies would settle on a coarse,  
cross-looking man opposite, with a bushy beard  
and a coat of shaggy wool, with the collar turned  
up around his ears. I felt convinced that  
this man, with the brutal eyes and the heavy  
hanging jaws was the Cain! And as I looked  
furtively across, I caught the wide, wide-open  
orbs of the fair little girl.

Obedient the instantaneous impulse of my  
heart, I arose and went to her.

"You heard what we were saying, my  
child?"

"Yes; a murder—O, how horrible!"  
"Do not be frightened; no one shall hurt  
you."

She smiled up in my face with a sweet con-  
fiding innocence.

Our stop at Exmouth was, brief; but  
during the delay I could see that the watchful  
detective had clung his seat to one nearer  
the British man in the shaggy overcoat.

"See," he whispered the girl, "they're look-  
ing at the car doors at Exmouth; they are un-  
locking them now."

She was right.  
"Probably they were fearful lest the crim-  
inal should escape," I remarked in an under  
tone.

"Will you—may I trouble you to bring me  
a glass of water?"

I arose and made my way towards the ice-  
cooler by the door but with difficulty, for the  
train was under rapid motion. To my disap-  
pointment the goblet was chained to the shelf.

"No matter," she said with a winning smile  
"I will manage myself."

I drew the water and held up the cup; but  
instead of taking it as she approached, she  
suddenly passed me, opening the door, and  
rushing upon the platform.

"Stop her! stop her!" shouted the detective  
springing to his feet. "She will be killed;  
conductor—brakeman hold up!"

There was a rush—a tumult—a bustle. I  
was first upon the platform; but it was empty  
and deserted, save by a half-frozen brakeman,  
who seemed horror-stricken.

"She went past me like a shadow, and jump-  
ed as we crossed Cairn turnpike road," he  
stammered.

"Jumping off the express train! Well,"  
said the conductor, shrugging his shoulders,  
"she must have been killed instantly; what  
mad folly!"

"It's \$500 out of my pocket," said the  
detective ruefully. "I didn't want a row be-  
fore we got to Bayswater, but I was a con-  
founded fool. A woman cornered will be any-  
thing I believe."

"What," I ejaculated, "you surely do not  
mean that child—"

"I mean," said the detective calmly, "that  
child as you call her, is Attilla Burton, a  
married woman 25 years old, who last night  
murdered four persons in cold blood, and was  
trying to escape to Canada. That's what I  
mean!"

The train was stopped, and a party of us,  
headed by the conductor and the detective,  
went back to search for any trace of the beau-  
tiful young creature, whose loveliness and ap-  
parent innocence had appealed to my sympa-  
thies so earnestly. Nor was it long before we  
found her, lying quite dead by the side of the  
track, frightfully mangled by the force of the  
fall, and mutilated almost beyond recognition.

## Items Foreign & Local.

A convention of loyal Governors is the next  
political move on the tapis.

President Johnson, has pardoned upwards of  
eighteen thousand rebels.

The King of Sweden is called the handsomest  
man in Europe.

New York contains vagrant and destitute chil-  
dren enough to form a procession, in double file,  
of eight miles.

An exploring party in Montana travelled for  
eight days through a country emitting blue flame  
and molten brimstone from small craters all over  
the ground. They gave it the name of "Hell."

Mustapha Bey has arrived in Paris from Con-  
stantinople with thirteen Arab horses, sent by  
the Sultan in part to the Emperor of the French,  
the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge.

The Queen, it is said, is preparing another  
book, which will be selected from the careful  
diary her Majesty has kept since the commence-  
ment of her reign.

A model husband in Wales trundled his sick  
wife two hundred miles in a wheelbarrow to a  
"holty well," where she could be cured of her  
malady.

Into an American machine, at New Haven,  
wire is now being fed in at one end which comes  
out fish hooks at the other, at the rate of 60,000  
hooks per day. Hereafter they have all been  
made by hand in England.

Pineapples made from turnips in Paris are said  
to be delicious; the turnips are saturated with an  
appropriate syrup, which confectioners know very  
well how to manufacture; the pineapple "is de-  
signed to become a success."

Lord Brougham gives it as his opinion, in one  
of his learned papers contributed to the publi-  
cations of the Society for the Diffusion of Use-  
ful Knowledge, that the child receives no in-  
changeable "bent" of character before its fifth  
year. If this be so how important are home in-  
fluences!

GARIBOLDI.—With regard to the movements  
of Garibaldi, the Paris correspondent of the  
Times reports, on the authority of the letters  
from Florence, that he is still prosecuting his  
designs against Rome, but is said to have little  
success in enrolling volunteers. His object seems  
to be to get up a rising in the Papal provinces  
and to smuggle in his partisans in small detach-  
ments, by which means he hopes to evade the  
precautions of the Italian Government, and baf-  
fle the vigilance of the troops that guard the  
frontiers. It seems very doubtful whether he will  
succeed in accomplishing anything serious. Many  
of his friends, including the most notable among  
them, have advised him to desist but he turns a  
deaf ear to their counsel.

The cheese factory erected at Sussex is now  
in full operation. During the Rife Competition  
it was visited by many persons who were inter-  
ested in marking the different processes of cheese-  
making. The milk is purchased by weight, at  
about 8 cents a pound, and the quantity received  
at the factory in eighteen days was 16,442  
pounds. The farmers, at first, thought the price  
very low, but we believe they now regard it as  
fairly remunerative, and that the erection of the  
factory will stimulate the production of milk.

The cheeses may be seen, of all sizes, in progress  
of preparation for market. We hear that fully  
\$1,000 worth of it will shortly be offered to St.  
John purchasers. If it gives satisfaction, the  
consumption will tend to the exclusion of  
American cheese, at least. The machinery,  
building, &c., have been provided at a cost of  
about \$3,000. Robert Keltie, Esquire, Messrs.  
W. & B. Roach, and Messrs. Logan and Lindsay  
are the proprietors.—Journal.

The Milwaukee Sentinel tells a strange story  
about a man-beast, lately discovered in the  
vicinity of Oak Creek, Wisconsin. For some  
months the farmers in that neighborhood had  
been annoyed by the depredations of a creature  
of the fowls. Doors were opened and roosts were  
robbed; in the most summary and mysterious man-  
ner; and sometimes even lambs disappeared.  
That these were not stolen by human hands  
was thought to be evident from the marks and  
hands of a human being and the hairy body  
of a beast. But, though wounded, it made its  
escape, and though subsequently seen again had  
not been captured at last accounts.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—We have been  
placed in possession of a private letter, received  
by one of our most prominent stationers  
from a correspondent in Norwalk, Conn., con-  
taining facts in reference to an improve-  
ment in the printing business, which, if not  
exaggerated, are well calculated to put the  
wonderful inventions of Hoe to the blush.

The writer says that his neighbor, whose name, for  
the sake of fame, we regret to say is not given  
but as to whose identity and existence we can  
entertain no possible doubt, has invented a  
press capable of printing four thousand copies  
of the New Testament per diem, or four hun-  
dred copies of a newspaper, of the size of the  
New York Times, (a quarto) per minute. The  
same gentleman has discovered a process for  
manufacturing paper from common sedge (or  
marsh) grass, which abounds in immen-  
sable quantity on the Atlantic coast, from Maine