

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 39.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

WHOLE NO.—974.

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 Medicine the study of his life, and has had some experience in its practice in the various branches of the Art, and in several of its many systems. He has also been in a position to study Surgery and healing, during the continuance of the late Civil War in the United States, in some of the largest hospitals.

Residence, next below the Baptist Church, Woodstock, July 18, 1866. [30]

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.

Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher. Residence—Three doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street. Office—In the 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 Accoucher. Has settled in Woodstock for the practice of his profession. Residence—At the "Cable House." [46-18]

Dr. REYNOLDS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, CENTRAL OFFICE: UPPER CORNER, - - WOODSTOCK. Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jack-sontown Road. [22-16]

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER. NOTARY PUBLIC, INSURANCE AGENT, &c. 1—6m WOODSTOCK, N. B.

J. J. CHRISTIE,

Importer and Dealer in all kinds of Leather and Shoe Trimmings, Crimps, Boot Trees, Laces, &c. &c. 12 1/2 ly 64 King St., St. John, N. B.

C. L. RICHARDS,

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

PHILLIPS HOUSE,

THE subscriber, having taken a house at East Florenceville, is prepared to accommodate the travelling public. No pains will be spared to make parties comfortable who favor him with a call. JOSEPH A. C. PHILLIPS. East Florenceville, Oct. 25, 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 entering Land, &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 ST. JOHN, N. B., when desired. STEPHEN B. STEVENS. Indian Town, St. John, N. B. 18—lypd

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 will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles it is impossible here to enumerate, and all sold at moderate prices. Haden's Brick Building, QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Coldbrook Iron Works,

Warehouse, No. 9, North Market Wharf, St. John, New Brunswick.

ON HAND—A large stock of CAR NAILS of all sizes; CUT SPIKES from 4 to 8 inches long; Wrought Spikes, Railroad Spikes made to order; these Spikes 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 "Coldbrook Iron Works," as they are far superior to those manufactured from English Iron. St. John, May 1. W. H. SCOVILL.

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, Goggles, Hair, Bangles, Rings, Braid, Swatches, Waterfalls, Curled and Plain, &c. Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Caps.

Hair Cutting and the various branches of his profession, conducted in a manner to ensure perfect satisfaction. Ladies sending their own hair can have it made up in any style, and at moderate terms. St. John July 27, 1867—41-31

E. D. WATTS,

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Corner of King Street and Market Square, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A choice assortment of New Goods, bought since the decline in price, and offered very low. The most careful attention given to orders from the country. No. 1, King Street.

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. FARES: Richmond to Boston, \$2.00; American Currency. Portland, \$7.00. HENRY OSBURN, Manager. St. Andrews, June 5, 1867.

ROWE & SHERMAN,

Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants, Fredericton, N. B.

WE would respectfully inform the public generally that we are prepared to attend to all branches 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. ZEDLON ROWE, FTON, N. B., Mar. 8, 1867. L. W. SHERMAN.

Poetry.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BY G. COOPER.

He helped her over the meadow brook, While her feet she timidly set (Twin lilies they were) on the mossy stone With the cooling ripples wet.

They passed the brook, and it seemed to sing With a sweeter, merrier sound, As two with their school books wandered on O'er the clover hidden ground.

O little maiden! how fair you were, With your eyes of heavenly blue; And the dimples played on your cheeks as they lay On a rose the drops of dew.

As play on a rose the drops of dew, When the breezes merrily blow! And your lips they were tints of the ripening peach, In the morning's ruddy glow.

Bare feet, how they twinkled among the grass, With your eyes of heavenly blue; The path for the school, that he waited for you By the willow-shaded brook?

Since then the fragrant blossoms have come To the bough, ah! many a time: And a bridge is over the brook that sings, As of old, in pleasant rhyme.

And two are straying upon the bank, As I pen these wandering words; And they talk of the happy school day time, As they watch the building birds.

And a stream there is with a grander flow, With a sterner, sadder song; And lovers will cross to a different school, And help each other along.

Select Tale.

RIGHT AT LAST.

I'll have the matter decided, one way or the other, before the sun sets, said Royal Warner impatiently, as he folded a little billet and placed it in an envelope. I am not a tift of this-side-down to be blown hither and yon on the summer wind of a woman's freaks and fancies. If she'll marry me, well and good—if not I will make up my mind to endure it as best I may.

He was a tall, rugged young fellow, with bright curls, flecked with chestnut gold; dark sparkling eyes, and a forehead embrowned with the sun and showers of twenty-six years of honest toil.

She knows well enough that I love her, so-loquized Royal as he walked along the fragrant solitude of the quiet country lane. Perhaps she'll think this letter a little abrupt, but then she's perfectly aware what a rough and tumble sort of a fellow I am.

The letter aforementioned did partake slightly of the element abruptness, nor was Royal's apprehension altogether groundless. Thus it read:

"MY DEAR DORCAS—Will you marry me? Yes, or no? ROYAL WARNER."

For there's no earthly use in beating about the bush, thought honest Royal. Seven words are as good as seventy.

As Dorcas Brown, standing in the milk-room, peeped down in the brown stone jar to see how much cream she had amassed, something like a tiny white bird fluttered down on the floor beside her.

Good gracious! said Dorcas, with a little start, what's that? and where did it come from? The rosy crimson swept over her face as she read the few brief words.

It's just like Royal! she laughed to herself. Yes, or no? Well—I think—yes!

So Miss Dorcas crept up stairs to her room, and without ever stopping to pull the sleeves down over her plump arms, wrote:

"MY DEAR ROYAL—Yes. DORCAS BROWN."

I think that is decided enough for him, said Dorcas. And how shall I ever get it to him without my father's knowledge? He wants me to be Mrs. Joe Trimmer.

She hesitated a moment, and then leaned out of the window.

In the sunshine, on the door step, sat Tommy Ives, a poor half-witted fellow, who ran errands, did odd jobs, and made himself generally useful in Farmer Brown's establishment—a man in years, but a child in mind.

Tommy! whispered Dorcas, softly.

Yes, Miss Dorcas, said the poor fellow, starting suddenly from his dose.

I want you to take this note to Mr. Warner for me. And, Tommy—

Yes, Miss Dorcas.

Be sure you don't let my father see it. Remember that, Tommy!

Tommy promised, and started on his mission, but meeting Farmer Brown in the keeping room he acted so sheepish that the farmer suspected something wrong and cross examined him severely. After the old man had left, Tommy looked for his note, and at last uttered a purring self-gratulation as he drew a little billet out from the table drawer.

I don't exactly mind putting it there, but I s'pose I must have done so. Now Mr. Royal shall have it quicker!

And Tommy sped away, under the sheltering shadow of the elm trees that fringed the lawn.

For me Tommy?

Yes, for you, Mr. Royal. Miss Dorcas says Take it to Mr. Warner for me. And don't you let father see it on no account! So I didn't let him see it.

You're a good fellow, Tommy and here's a dollar for you, said Royal. Now get back as fast as you can.

He watched Tommy edging along quickly by the road side before he opened the folded billet.

It was utterly and entirely blank, but scarcely blanker than Royal Warner's face, as he turned the sheet this way and that. The next

moment the hot angry scarlet suffused his face and he bit his lip almost cruelly.

The insult was gratuitous, he muttered under his breath. She need not have added that to the burden of mortification. Well the dream is over—I've been a fool and I'm glad I know it!

He crumbled the sheet of unwritten paper in his hand, and flung it among the silver white daisies in the pasture field where he was standing.

He will come to see me to night, said Dorcas Brown to herself, as she sat in the door way dreaming over a bit of delicate needlework and looking very enchanting in a blue muslin dress, and blue ribbon mingling with her bright profusion of curls,—he will surely come to night I think he ought to have come last night!

Why Tommy, what's the trouble.

For simple Tommy was coming up the path wiping the big tears from his eyes with his clenched knuckles.

He's gone! faltered Tommy.

Who?

—Mr. Royal!

Gone? Oh, well don't cry—he'll be back again soon.

No, he's gone to New York, and he's never coming back no more! He told me so himself!

The soft roses died out of Dorcas' cheeks. Tommy are you sure that you are not mistaken?

Yes, I'm sure. I saw his trunk put on the stage myself. He's gone! and he's never coming back no more!

Tommy! exclaimed Dorcas, springing to her feet, did you give him that letter?

Yes, and he giv' me a dollar, and said I was a good fellow, lamented Tommy, piteously.

Dorcas stood a moment or two, absently watching the red stain of the sunset glowing on the western horizon; then she turned, and went in—went in to a world that had changed, and a life that had grown dark. Alas, poor proud little Dorcas!

And so they moved away?

Royal Warner was more disappointed than he cared to have become visible, as he leaned over the garden gate, no longer the stripping farmer, but a tall, dignified, young Member of Congress from one of the Western States.

Oh, yes, two years ago. Gone to Watson's Corner—furniture all sold at public auction.

Royal Warner hesitated a moment.

I—I am very foolish, I suppose, but I would like to own something that used to belong to my old friends. Do you know of any article that—

Oh! interrupted Squire Daley, good-humoredly, your welcome to the Webster's Dictionary wife bought at the sale. Hosea has brought a later edition home from college, and the old one ain't no account anyhow. I'll fetch it.

An old battered volume, with yellow leaves and dog-eared corners—there was certainly very little value to the book; but Royal Warner took it reverently, and carried it to his rooms at the village hotel as tenderly as if it had been the Koran itself, and he a faithful disciple of Mahomet.

He sat down by the window, and turned the leaves carefully over, thinking of Dorcas Brown's violet-gray orbs and long eyelashes.

Poor Dorcas, he mused—I wonder if she ever—

He paused abruptly—between the yellow time stained leaves before him lay a small billet directed to himself—directed in Dorcas' well known handwriting. Mechanically he broke the seal and read the message that had been so long on its way:

"MY DEAR ROYAL—Yes. DORCAS BROWN."

There was no date—but he knew when it had been written—he knew as if by instinct, the whole sad story.

Five years! he murmured, pressing both hands to his fevered forehead.

Five long weary years! Oh, my poor, darling girl!

One moment he sat there, arranging his scattered thoughts, and planning his future, while within his breast his glad heart bounded with strange buoyancy; and then he went down stairs to enquire at what time the evening stage went out to Watson's Corner.

She recognized him at once—her heart seemed to stand still in her bosom for a minute, but the next she came forward and greeted him as of old, with marvelous self-command.

Dorcas, he said, drawing the folded billet from his pocket and laying it in her hand, I have just received this note.

She blushed vividly as she recognized the direction.

It was sent five years ago this very summer. I know it, Dorcas, but I never saw it until this afternoon.

And he told her of the blank sheet that had so turned the current of her existence.

Of course it was Tommy's fault, but how was I to imagine that? I only supposed that you scorned my humble offer, and dearest, it cut me to my heart. Is it too late for me to renew my suit?

Is it too late for me to return the original answer? said Dorcas, smiling and blushing as she handed him the note.

Well, said Farmer Brown, when he heard of his daughter's engagement, mebbe the girl was right after all. It is better to be a Member of Congress' wife than plain Miss Joe Trimmer!

But when Dorcas had first said "Yes," her accepted suitor could only have made her plain Mrs. Royal Warner.

Why is it dangerous to take a nap in it, train? Because the train invariably runs over sleepers.

In the Vaults of the Bank of England.

I was in the vaults of the Bank of England to-day, writes Mr. J. P. Whitney to the Colorado Register. "Ordinarily it is difficult to gain admission, a pass from the Governor of the Bank, and the accompaniment of a Director being required, but knowing an old official, I was ushered through those vaults which regulate the commerce of the world. I saw more gold than you or I will probably ever possess, three times more than Colorado has yet given, but a small per centage of what she will—I was told nearly £20,000,000. I was shown one bill of £1,000,000 which had been issued, also a number of the first series of bills ever issued by the Bank, also one bill which had been received within a short time by the Bank which had been out one hundred and ten years, the benefit upon which at 4 per cent interest had brought to the bank a profit of £6,000.—The Bank of England never issues a bill a second time. If a brand new bill issued is returned by way of business today, it never goes out again, but is put in the vaults and after six years is destroyed. I was told that bills amounting to \$3,000,000,000 nearly the debt of England, and more than that of the United States, were now accumulated for destruction. My old friend walked backward while taking me through the vaults, keeping his eyes entirely upon me, though including in very agreeable conversation, and I was very much relieved when he told me it was the custom, and not a particular motive in any instance. I saw a very ingenious machine, fourteen of which were in operation, for weighing sovereigns, which was so arranged, being fed by a hopper, as to throw upon one side the coins which were of full weight, throwing upon the other those coins which by abrasion had become reduced, and which were never again sent out, but were recoined into pieces of full weight. Some six hundred people are employed in the Bank, which manufactures its own paper, does its printing, coining, &c. Its operations are considerable, and somewhat exceed those of the branch mint at Denver. By the way the Bank of France has at the present time the largest amount of coin ever held in its vaults, probably the largest sum ever held by any bank or government at one time, amounting to \$150,000,000. Putting that of the Bank of France and of England together, and we have a very respectable sum. We may draw upon either with perfect confidence."

Leather Pontoon.

We heard a laughable anecdote of a "man with a big foot." He was a Buffalonian, who must be alive now, for a man with so good a hold upon the ground is not likely to drop off in a hurry. He stepped one day into a small shop of a bootmaker, in the flourishing capital of old Erie, and asked Crispin if he could make him a pair of boots. Looking at his long splay pedal extremities, and then glancing at a huge uncut cowhide that hung on the wall, he said:

"Well yes, I guess so."

"What time will you have them done? To-day is Monday."

"Well, it'll depend on circumstances; I guess I can have them for you by Saturday."

On Saturday, therefore, the man called for his boots.

"Have you got 'em done?" said he, as he entered the little shop.

"No, I haven't—I couldn't; it has rained every day since I took your measure."

"Rained?" exclaimed the astonished patron; "well, what of that?—what had that to do with it?"

"What had that to do with it?" echoed Crispin; but he had a good deal to do with it. When I make your boots, I've got to go out of doors, for I haven't room in my shop, and I can't work out of doors in rainy weather!"

The Sun.

Sir David Brewster makes the following remarks, relative to the structure of the sun:—So strong has been the belief that the sun cannot be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant to be insane because he had sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained "that the light of the sun proceeds from a dense and universal aether which may afford light to the inhabitants of the surface beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to annoy them."

That "there may be water and dry land there, hills and dales, rain and fair weather," &c. (as that light and the seasons must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system.)

In less than ten years after this apparently extravagant notion was considered a proof of insanity, it was maintained, by Sir William Herschel as a reasonable and probable opinion, which might be deduced from his own observations on the structure of the sun.

A little girl in one of the public schools here, asked, in the course of her geography lesson, what a waterfall was, replied that it was "a hair wrapped around her dad's old stocking."

The cholera is gradually diminishing in Italy. In the Province of Milan the total number of cases since the first appearance of the disease is estimated at 16,000, of which 2,000 were fatal.

The people of Roxbury and Boston have voted to unite the two cities. The vote was four to one in favor of it in Boston, and three to one in Roxbury.

A writer in the New York Express predicts that the next winter will be a steady cold season, and not an open winter, because the bees have stored but a small amount of honey.

A man fell a distance of twenty-five feet in Calais, took a drink of water, and resumed his work as coolly as though nothing had happened. Men—Always drink water after you fall so far.

The Colorado miners are experimenting with gun cotton for blasting. They find it about as strong as powder, and much better, because it leaves no smoke, which in deep tunnels is a great obstruction to the workmen.

The editor of the Iowa City Press says that the Iowa City heavens were black one day last week with wild geese flying South, and consequently presages that winter will be here in September.

As Cincinnati a little boy, twelve years old, fell from a second story window, and was payment beneath, and to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, he rose to his feet and toddled to the door unharmed, although terribly scared.

Rev. Mr. —, of Lawrence, Mass., is a bachelor. Noticing, early in the season, that one of his members, a married lady, was not at meeting for several Sabbaths, he called to ask the reason. As her reply was somewhat evasive, he surmised that she "had nothing to wear," and said, "you are waiting for your spring bonnet, I suppose." Weeks passed, and still she did not make her appearance.

He therefore thought he would call again. Approaching the house, he saw her sitting at the open window, and blandly remarked, "I haven't seen you at church yet; hasn't that bonnet come?" "Yes, sir," she eagerly replied.

"Shall I show it to you?" "If you please," answered the wondering parson. Holding up a wee bit of a baby, she said, blushing: "This is the spring bonnet I was waiting for."

The celebrated German physician, Hufeland, on being presented to a reigning German prince, that prince, in the heat of his fervent admiration of Hufeland's great professional skill, said to him, "You are so famed a physician, you know the human body so intimately, that you must really be able to cure every disease."

"Your Highness," replied Hufeland, "it is with us physicians as with night watchmen—we know the leading streets and by-ways tolerably well; but as to what is going on inside the houses, we only guess at that."

A young gentleman, or an elderly one, we forget which, after having paid his addresses to a lady for some time, "popped the question."

The lady said, in a frightened manner, "You scare me, sir!" The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained silent for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again." We did not learn how affairs turned out, but should think it was pretty near his turn to be scared.

ANALOGY.—When is a plant like a hog? When it begins to root. When is it like a soldier? When it begins to shoot. And when is it like the wind? When it begins to blow.

"I say, Pat what are you about, sweeping out the room?"

"No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Items Foreign & Local.

One hundred and fifty thousand persons in Europe have subscribed for a statue to Voltaire. There is to be a French expedition to the North Pole.

The Coptic patriarch of Egypt persecutes Protestant Christians.

John B. Gough is to get \$12,000 for a series of twenty-five lectures in Chicago.

The harvests in Great Britain are reported to be considerably superior to those of last year, on the whole.

A mass meeting of servant girls was held in New York, Saturday evening, protesting against further demands for money from the Fenians.

The revenues of the English established church are about \$82,400,000. The bishops absorb most of it.

The Central Pacific Railroad have roofed ten miles of their road passing through the snow region.

The American Legation at Rome has been closed, as the mission of the Papal States to the Papal government has been discontinued.

Extensive iron works in South Wales have been stopped, throwing 2000 persons out of employment.

England uses 850 million postage stamps annually, France 450 and the United States 250 millions.

A New York misogynist says that women will not trade at stores where there are female clerks because they are never treated civilly.

Some of the New York papers are discussing the expediency of that State selling out its public works to get rid of the State debt, which is now \$50,000,000.

The tunnel of Mont Cenis, by means of which France and Italy will be connected by railroad, is now so far completed that the first train passed through on Wednesday.

Ground cork is now used for many purposes. Mixed with india rubber it adds to its capacity for moulding. It is also used to fill beds and pillows.

Among the latest arrivals at Saratoga are two young ladies from Havana, known as the "Charm of Cuba," and wearing diamonds to the value of \$350,000.

A navy in England recently drank fifteen quarts of ale in one day. He did not work it off sufficiently, and it accordingly worked him off.

It is understood in Paris that the body of Maximilian will be received by his family about the first of October. It had been removed from Queretaro at the last accounts.

Formerly when a man got drunk in Jamestown, N. Y., he was compelled to dig out a stump from the town lot, and thus in a short time a beautiful common was made.

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