

The Carleton Central.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 45.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

WHOLE NO.—980.

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 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 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 Accoucheur. 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 Scale. Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

C. F. H. 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." [14-18]

Dr. REYNOLDS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, CENTRAL OFFICE.

PEPPER CORNER, - - WOODSTOCK.

Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jack-town Road. [22-24]

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,

ATTORNEY at LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

INSURANCE AGENT, &c. WOODSTOCK, N. B.

C. 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 Mr. Blake, on the corner of the street, of the Free Christian Baptist Meeting House, immediately north of that building. Woodstock, Sept. 20, 1867.

W. P. DONNELL,

IMPORTER OF—

French, Brandy, Pure Wines, Holland's Geneva, English Ale and Irish Porter.

Tobacco, Segars, &c.

43-ly Main-st., Woodstock, N. B.

GIBSON HOUSE,

OPEN FOR TRAVELLERS, QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.

ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.

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. 23, 1866-67.

PARK HOTEL,

KING SQUARE.....ST. JOHN.

H. FAIRWEATHER, Proprietor.

This House is new, is pleasantly situated, furnished 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, conveniences and comforts of the travelling public.

It is pleasantly situated near the head of the Steamboat Wharf, and is thus the most conveniently located of any House in St. Andrews.

Parties of one or more, calling either for a meal, or for a longer stay, will find here all the comforts of a home and all the accommodations of a First-Class Hotel.

EDWIN HATCH, Proprietor.

St. Andrews, Sept. 1, 1866-ly

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.

Portland, Me.

Meals at all hours. Suppers and Collations furnished 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]

WATSON HOUSE.

THE "WATSON HOUSE," ST. JOHN, N. B., is now in complete running order. The House is new, and 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 comfort of travellers.

The situation is most desirable, close by the Railroad Depot, near the Post Office and Bank, and overlooking the "C" Croix River.

HENRY RUSSELL, Proprietor.

St. Stephen, July 10, 1867.

CABLE HOUSE,

MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

THE subscriber having taken charge of the CABLE HOUSE, and put everything in connection therewith in complete order, would respectfully solicit a call from the travelling public and his friends.

No pains will be spared to make this House all that a first class Hotel should be.

A large lively stable in connection, from which the stages for Grand Falls and Fredericton leave regularly.

W. D. BALLOCH.

Woodstock, Aug. 22, 1867.—34

Poetry.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore—
Ring the bell softly, there's craps on the door!
Ring the bell softly, there's craps on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light;
Weary of sorrow and never to reap,
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep—
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore—
Ring the bell softly, there's craps on the door!
Ring the bell softly, there's craps on the door!

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright
streets;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest:
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss—
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
One more departed to heaven's bright shore—
Ring the bell softly, there's craps on the door!
Ring the bell softly, there's craps on the door!

Select Tale.

THE PRETTY HAND.

I am not a bashful man. Generally speaking I am fully as confident and forward as most of my sex. I dress well, dance well, sing tolerably. I don't tread on ladies' dresses, when I make my bow, and I have not the trick of coloring to the roots of my hair when I am spoken to. Yet, there was one period of my life, when all my merits seemed to my own eyes insignificant, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful. It was when I was in love. Then, I sometimes did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in the said hands and feet consisted my greatest beauty? They are both small.

Three years ago I fell in love. I did not walk into it quietly, weighing my idol's perfections against her defects. I fell in, head and ears, two seconds after the introduction.

"Mr. Hayes, Miss Arnold," said a mutual friend, and lo! I was desperately in love. She was a little fairy-like figure, with long, brown curls floating over a snowy neck and shoulders, and falling down on the waist of an enchanting sky blue dress. Her large, dark blue eyes were full of sunny light; yet, oh! how tender and loving they could look.

Of all the provoking, tantalizing little coquettes that ever teased the heart out of a poor man, Miss Arnold was the most bewitching. I would pass an evening with her and go home certain that one more interview would make me the happiest of men; but the next time I met her, a cool nod, and indifferent glance, threw down all my castles. She was very cautious. Not a word did she drop to make me believe that she loved me; and yet her hand would linger in mine, her color rise if I looked my feelings, and her eyes drop, to be raised again in an instant, full of laughing defiance. She declared her intention to be an old maid most emphatically, and in the next sentence would add: "I never did love, but if I should take a fancy to anybody, I should love him dearly!" "dearly! Though," she would say carelessly, "I never saw anybody yet worth setting my thoughts upon."

I tried a thousand ways to make her betray some interest in myself. Propose outright, I could not. She had a way, whenever I tried it, of looking in my face with an air of grave attention, of profound interest, that was equivalent in its effects to knocking me down; it took all the breath out of me.

One evening, while there, I was seized with a violent headache. I told her I was subject to such attacks; and the gipsy, putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with: "The best thing you can do is to get a wife to take care of you, and to keep you from over-study. I advise you to do it—if you can get anybody to have you."

"Indeed," I said, rather piqued, "there are only too many. I refrain from a selection for fear of breaking other hearts. How fond all the ladies are of me!" I added, conceitedly, "though I can't see that I am particularly fascinating."

"Neither can I," said Susy, with an air of perfect simplicity.

"Can't you?" said I. "I hoped—hoped—"

Oh! that dreadfully attentive face of hers— "That is, Miss Susy, I thought perhaps—"

Oh! my head! my head! and I buried my face in the cushion.

"Does it ache so very badly?" she asked, tenderly, and she put her cool little hand in among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me, all the way to the toes of my boots. My head being really very painful, I was obliged to leave; but, all the way home, the soft, cool touch of those little fingers lingered upon my brow.

Soon after this, it became necessary for me to leave home on business. One thing was certain, I could not leave for months, perhaps years, without some answer from Susy. Dressed in my most faultless costume, and full of hope, I went to Mr. Arnold's. Susy was in the parlor—at the piano—alone! She nodded gaily, as I came in, but continued her song— "I was, 'I've something sweet to tell you."

At the words, "I love you! I adore you!" she gave me such a glance. I was ready to prostrate myself; but, sweeping back the curls with laughing defiance, she warbled, "But, I'm talking in my sleep."

"Then," I cried, "you love me when you

sleep! May I think so?"

"Oh! yes, if you choose; for Rory O'More says that dreams go by the contraries, you know."

I sat down, beside her. "Ah!" I said, sighing, "Rory's idol dreamt she hated him."

"Yes," said Susy, "that was the difference between his case and yours."

We chatted away for a time. At last I began, "Miss Arnold I came up this evening to tell you that I—I—"

How she was listening! A bright thought struck me; I would tell her of my journey, and in the emotion she was certain to betray, it would be easy to declare my love.

"Miss Susy," I said, "I am going to Paris to-morrow."

She swept her hands across the keys of the piano into a stormy polka. I tried to see her face, but her curls fell over it. I was prepared to catch her, if she fainted, or comfort her, if she wept. I listened for the sobs I fancied the music was intended to conceal; but throwing back the curls with a sudden toss, she struck the last chord of the polka, and said, gaily, "Going away?"

"Yes, for some months."

"Dear me, how distressing! Just stop at my linen-drawer's as you go home, and order me some extra pocket-handkerchiefs for this melancholy occasion, will you?"

"You do not seem to require them," I said, rather piqued. "I shall stay some months."

"Well, write to me, won't you? And, if you get married, or die, or anything, let us know."

"I have an offer to be a partner in an English bank in Paris," I said, determined to try her; "and if I accept it as I have some thoughts of doing, I shall never return."

Her face did not change. The old saucy look was there, as I spoke; but I noticed that one little hand closed convulsively over her watch chain, and that the other fell upon her knees, making for the first time, a discord.

"Going away for ever?" she said, with a sad tone that made my heart beat.

"Miss Susy, I hoped you, at least, would miss me, and sorrow in my absence."

She opened her eyes with an expression of profound amazement.

"I?"

"Yes, it might change all my plans, if my absence would grieve you."

"Change all my plans?"

"Yes, I hope—thought—"

Oh! that earnest, grave face. My cheeks burned, my hands and feet seemed to swell, and I felt cold chills all over me. I could not go on. I broke down for the third time.

There was an awkward silence. I glanced at Susy. Her eyes were resting on my hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa. The contrast between the black horse-hair and the flesh seemed to strike her.

"What a pretty little hand!" she said.

A brilliant idea passed through my brain.

"You may have it if you will?" I said, offering it.

She took it between her own, and toyed with the fingers said, "May I?"

"Yes, if—if you will give me this one; and I raised her beautiful hand to my lips."

She looked into my face. What she read there I cannot say; but if ever eyes tried to talk mine did then. Her colour rose, the white lids fell over the glorious eyes, and the tiny hand struggled to free itself. Was I fool enough to release it?

What I said, I know not; but I dare say my wife can tell you. Five minutes later, my arm encircled the brown dress, the brown curls fell upon my breast, and my lips were in contact with—another pair.

Regarding Work and Rest.

Now and then, when I am tired, when I have worked long and wearily, and have some experience of the attractions of man with man, and have gained some new light respecting the moral condition of imperfect and unenlightened men, I say to myself: "Well, you have worked more than the ordinary allotted period of man's life and would it not be better for you now to withdraw and give place to younger men, and spend in an elegant leisure the declining period of your life?" It is a temptation of the devil. And when I get rested, when I get one sound night's sleep, and my nervous energy is restored again, and my system is invigorated, I am amazed at myself; and in the morning I flagellate the man that I knew last night.

Retire from life? I observe that trees keep all their beauty to the closing periods. How beautiful is the tree when it comes out of winter and puts on its delicate tints and shades of green! We then look upon the trees as though it was a new creature, and we say: "Surely God never made anything so beautiful as these trees!" and yet when Summer deepens their hues, and they have become more robust, and we see what vigor and freshness and succulence there is in them, we say: "After all, give me the summer tints. They are far better than the Spring delicacies." And yet when the October days have come, and the last part of the tree-life for the year is enacted, and we see the gorgeous yellow, the rich browns, and the magnificent scarlets, we say: "There, the last is the best." And might not we take pattern from the trees? Might we not follow up our youth and manhood with fair colors and delicate tints to the end of life?

I do not think a man ought to want to rest in this world. He may desire to achieve the means of setting himself free from physical taxation. He may say: "I will relinquish, in a measure, this, that I may transfer my activity to other spheres." That it is proper for a man to do. But for a man to retire from life and society after he has been an active

force therein, and filled his sphere with usefulness, and seen the fruits of his labor multiplied at his hand, and know the satisfaction of well-spent years—nature itself rebukes it. But many a man, at the age of forty-five years, says to himself: "I am worth \$500,000, and what a fool I am to work any longer! I am going to buy me an estate in the country, and be a gentleman." He buys him an estate, and he goes into the country, and learns how to gope, and learns how to wish he knew what to do. He goes into the country in order to take the cars every morning, and come to the city every day to see what is going on. And he soon discovers that he has made a mistake, and says: "What a fool I was! I thought I was unhappy, but I see that I was not." And he becomes discontented, and before two years have gone he sells his country place for fifty per cent. less than he gave, and goes back to the city and enters into a new partnership, and says, "I have learned that a man had better not give up business so long as he is able to attend to it."

He could, I think, have learned it without going through that practice. A man ought not to be obliged to stumble upon every evil of life in order to find it out. Something ought to be learned from other people's blunders. There are enough of them.—H. W. Beecher.

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Items Foreign & Local.

Michigan affords a home to 8008 Indians.

In 1860, ninety million gallons of whiskey were manufactured in the United States: Ohio registration reports show one divorce to every twenty-six marriages during the past year.

Baltimore has appropriated \$36,000 for negro schools this year.

The "holiest woman in the world" is on exhibition in a booth in Paris.

The Prince of Wales is encouraging the arts by establishing scholarships in the school of music.

A hotel has been built by a Coptic Christian at ancient Thebes, the modern Luxor.

Mrs. Ann Rumsey, daughter of Capt. Cook, the famous navigator, has just died at Clonmel in her 80th year.

The Parliament of New South Wales has voted \$2,000, sterling for the reception of Prince Alfred.

St. Paul is now connected by rail with Chicago. The distance is 443 miles and is run in twenty hours.

The movement to secure the admission of Irishmen into the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards has been successful. The order against the enlistment of Irish Catholics has been withdrawn.

The Highland County, Ohio, Agricultural Fair offers a silk dress to the handsomest young man, and an overcoat to the handsomest gentleman, in the highest degree.

Philadelphia is examining with curiosity a car for use on common roads, which lays down the track before it and takes it up after the car passes over it.

The largest piece of timber ever taken out of the Canadian forests was brought down the other day. It measures fifty-five feet in length, and is thirty-six inches thick.

A tree has lately been cut in Ohio which is declared by experts to be 792 years old. It weighed thirty tons, was more than twelve feet in circumference and made 7000 feet of inch boards, clear stuff.