

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 36.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—972.

Professional Cards.

DR. EDMUND L. HOVEY

Dr. Hovey has friends and the public that he has commenced the practice of his profession in this County. He 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 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. H. Campbell, M. D.,

(Formerly of the Army.)
Surgeon, Physician and Accoucher.
H. A. settled in Woodstock for the practice of his profession.
Residence—At the "Cable House." [14-18]

Dr. REYNOLDS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL OFFICE:—WOODSTOCK.

UPPER CORNER, — WOODSTOCK.
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jack-
sontown Road. [23-25]

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,

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

J. J. OHRISTIE,

Importer and Dealer in all kinds of
Leather and Shoe Trimmings, Crimps, Boot
Trees, Lasts, &c. Wholesale & Retail.
42-44 King-st., St. John, N. B.

C. L. RICHARDS,

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

PHILIP HOUSE.

THE subscriber, having taken a house at
East Florenceville, 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 Florenceville, Oct. 25, 1866—44.

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.
Particular attention being given to further their
interests. He will also receive and make advances on
LUMBER at St. John's and St. John's.
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 qual-
ity. Customers will find our Stock complete, compris-
ing many articles that are in demand here, and at
all sold at moderate prices.
Hawthorn'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 CUT NAILS of all
sizes; CUT SPIKES from 4 to 10 inches long;
Wrought Ship's 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
"Coldbrook Iron Works," as they are far superior
to those manufactured from English Iron.
W. H. SCOVILLE.
St. John, May 1.

Neptune's

Hair Dressing Saloon,
Office formerly occupied by Wm. Connell.
LADIES' HAIR BRAIDS, made by
WM. NEPTUNE.
SHAVING, done by
WM. NEPTUNE.
HAIR CUT AND SHAMPOOED, by
WM. NEPTUNE.
HAIR AND WHISKERS DYED, by
WM. NEPTUNE.
Woodstock, Feb 1.

HENRY CONROY,

Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,
Canton Street, St. John, N. B.

HAS constantly for sale and makes to order articles
of Ladies' Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Head
Dresses, Caps, Corsets, &c. Plain, Frizzled, Ringlets,
Drap, Swishes, Waterfalls, Curled and Plain, &c.
Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Caps.
Hair Cutting and the 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 the business my personal
attention, consequently they may rely upon punctuality
and despatch.
Representatives by PERMISSION—Hon. Charles Parley,
Wm. Lindsay, M. P., Geo. H. Connell, Esq., Jas.
R. Hartley, Esq.
August 1, 1867—31.

WILLIAM SKILLEN,

Commission Merchant & Forwarding Agent,
Water Street, St. Stephen, N. B.

ALL kinds of produce sold at the highest market
rates. Goods bought and forwarded if required.
Having been solicited by a number of my Carleton
County friends to attend to their business, and as this market
is far more extensive than the one at St. John, I would
therefore say to all those entrusting me with their com-
modities, that I will give the business my personal
attention, consequently they may rely upon punctuality
and despatch.

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.

Poetry.

THE NAME IN THE SAND.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pebbly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth, from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to me no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought;
Of those that fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Select Tale.

THE CONTRACTOR AND THE WORKMAN.

I went one day with Maurice to the house
of one of the greatest contractors in Paris, for
some directions required by the master mason,
and which, by his direction, I had put down on
paper. The contractor was not in his office,
and we had to traverse several apartments by
the servant's direction to find him in the gar-
den. Everywhere were many-bued carpets,
gilded furniture, hangings of silk and curtains
of velvet. I had never seen anything like it;
so I opened my eyes and walked on tiptoe for
fear of destroying the flowers on the carpets.
Maurice watching me with a side-long glance,
asked, in a mischievous tone, if it is suffi-
ciently well furnished and splendid?"

I answered that the house seemed to belong
to a prince.
"A prince of the towel?" replied my com-
panion. "A most honorable position! He has
three 'hotels' (mansions) in Paris, not to
mention a chateau in the country."

I did not answer for a moment; all this
wealth stirred something evil within me. Seeing
so much velvet and silk, I involuntarily
looked at myself, and was ashamed to be so
badly dressed. With my shame was discoun-
tered I felt disposed to hate the owner of all
these riches for having brought my own poverty
to my notice. Maurice, who suspected no-
thing, continued to call my attention to all the
beauties of the house; I listened with impa-
tience; my heart beat; my color rose; I could
not forbear looking, and the more I looked
the more embittered I became. My ambition,
which had slumbered since my accident and
illness, was reawakened, but alas! by envy.

We stopped at last in a saloon, where the
servant looked for his master. Maurice sud-
denly called my attention to a wretched little
portrait in a black frame, hanging amidst the
fine and richly-framed pictures which adorned
the walls.

It represented a workman in his jacket,
a pipe in one hand and a pair of compasses in
the other. It was one of those pictures costing
six francs, of which one sees specimens exhib-
ited in doorways, together with models of stags
and false teeth.

"There is the 'bourgeois' (master)," said
the mason.

"Has he been a workman, then?" I asked.
"Like you and me," replied Maurice,
"and you see he is not ashamed of it."

I looked at the portrait in its black frame,
and then at the costly furniture, trying to real-
ize the transition from one to the other.

"Ah! that puzzles you," said the mason,
laughing; "you seek the ladder which enabled
him to descend from his scaffolding to this
place. But every one does not know how to
use that ladder; in making the attempt more
than one has missed the rounds from want of
skill and a firm hand."

I observed, "He must have been lucky,
chance is everything in this world; people have
nothing to do with their own success."

"For example, Father Maurice," I added,
bitterly, "why have you not a fine house as
well as the man who lives here? Are you less
deserving, or less honest? If he has succeed-
ed better than you, is it not simply the old
story of luck?"

"You say that for me, but you think that for
yourself," he replied, maliciously.

"All the same," I replied, a little vexed at
being seen through; "I am not considered a
bad workman; I am not so idle as others. If
doing one's duty is sufficient to make one a mil-
lionaire, I also might drive in my carriage."

"And is that a mode of travelling that would
suit you?" inquired my friend, ironically.

"Why not? any one would rather spare
their legs than those of a horse; but you need
not be afraid; that will never be my lot. Here
it is, you see, as it was in the old days among
noble families, all for the eldest, nothing for
the younger sons; and we workmen are the
younger sons!"

"That is true," murmured my companion,
and became silent.

"There is nothing to be said," I continued;
"as so it is ordered, it is just! We may not
upset the world! Only you see it makes my
blood boil when I look at the different positions
in which people are placed. How comes it
that one should lodge in a palace and another
perch in a pigeon house? Why do those car-
pets belong to him, rather than to us?"

"Because I earned them," interrupted a
voice, suddenly.

I started; the contractor was standing be-
hind us, in embroidered slippers and a dainty
dressing-gown. He was a little, grizzled-
headed man, but strongly built, and with a com-
manding voice.

"Ah! it seems to me you are a grumbler,"
said he, fixing his eyes on me; "you are jeal-
ous of me; you ask by what right my house is
no rather than yours? Well, you shall
know. Come!"

He made a movement towards a door; I hesi-
tated to follow, and he turned round towards
me.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, in a tone that
made my color rise.

"Let me merely show me the way," I re-
plied, almost rudely.

He conducted us into a study, in the middle
of which stood a long table, on which were cups
and brushes, rules and compasses. On the
walls hung colored plans representing all the
sections of a building. Here and there on the
shelves were models of staircases and timber
work, and many instruments of the use of which
I was ignorant.

A large case occupied the end of the room,
divided into compartments, and each labelled,
and on a bureau were heaped bills and esti-
mates. The contractor stopped before the
great table, and showing me a water colored
plan, said:

"This plan requires modifying. They want
to reduce the building three metres, but with-
out diminishing the number of rooms, and you
must also find a place for the staircase. Sit
down and make a rough sketch of the thing."

I looked at him surprised and told him I
could not draw.

"Then examine these measurements for me,
and see if the estimates are correct."

I answered that I was not up to such work
as estimating prices and verifying measure-
ments.

"You can at least tell me," continued the
contractor, "what necessary legal forms I must
comply with, in regard to the three houses I
am about to build?"

"I brusquely answered, 'I was no lawyer.'
"And as you are also not a banker you are
without doubt ignorant how to arrange your
payments, and what interest you ought to re-
ceive on your capital to avoid bankruptcy. As
you are not a merchant you would find it diffi-
cult to tell me where the best materials are to
be procured, and the proper time for purchas-
ing, and the most economical means of trans-
port."

"As you are not a mechanic it is use-
less to enquire whether that crane, of which
you see the model, is likely to save labor, and
therefore expense. 'As you are not a mathe-
matician you will in vain attempt to judge of
this new system of bridge building I am about
to try on the Lower Seine. In short, you know
nothing but what a hundred others among your
companions know; you, like them, are only fit
to handle the hammer and the trowel."

I was completely discouraged, and I twisted
my hat instead of replying; indeed, I had no-
thing to say.

"Do you understand now why I live in a
fine house, while you occupy a garret?" con-
tinued the contractor, elevating his voice. "It is
because I exerted myself; it is because I have
learned all you have neglected to attain: it is
in consequence of voluntary study I am become a
gentle while you still remain among the re-
cruits. By what right do you demand the same
advantages as your superiors? Ought not so-
ciety to reward each according to the service he
renders? If you desire that society should
treat you as she has treated me, do as I have
done; deny yourself even bread to buy books;
spend the day in work, and the night in study.
Be ever on the lookout for instruction as a mer-
chant looks out for profit; and when you have
shown that nothing discourages you, when you
shall have learned rightly to understand and
value things and men, then, if you still remain
the inhabitant of a garret, come and tell me
your tale, and I will listen to you."

The contractor had become gradually more
animated in speaking, and ended in being rather
angry; however, I answered nothing; his rea-
sons deprived me of speech.

Maurice, who saw my embarrassment, ven-
tured a few words in my defence, and then
mentioned the cause of our visit. The bur-
geois examined the notes I had prepared, and
for some explanations, and then dismissed us.
But as I passed out of the door he called me
back.

"Remember what I have told you, my
chaps," said he, with good natured familiarity,
"and instead of being envious, strive to have
a little honest ambition. Do not lose your time
in railing against those who are above you, but
labor rather to spin a rope that will enable you
to join them. If ever I can aid you, you have
only to speak the word, and I will supply you
with the first necessary bit of hemp!"—From
the French of Emile Souvestre.

A reporter was around hunting a house for a
friend, and had called to see a family who were
preparing to vacate a cozy dwelling. As the
door stood open, the reporter walked in without
knocking, and his eyes straightway lighted on
the dame of the household, who was making
fanciful lunges with a broomstick at something
under the bed. "Good morning, madam."

"Ah! you have a troublesome cat under the
bed?" "Troublesome cat? no, sir, it's that
pesky husband of mine, and I'll have him out
or break every bone in his body!" "You will
eh?" said a faint voice from under the bed.

"Now, Susan, you may just pound and rave,
but I'll be dogged if I'll come out from under
this bed while I've got the spirit of a man
about me!"

A New Love Story.

The English papers tell of a sentimental in-
dividual named Stanhope, who, having become
possessed with the notion that his wife was not
so fond of him as she should be, resolved to
put her love to the test. This he did by hang-
ing himself in effigy in the attic, and conceal-
ing himself where he could watch the effect of
the spectacle. Here is the sequel:

After awhile, his daughter came up after a
skipping-roped, and caught a glimpse of the sus-
pended figure. She ran down stairs, scream-
ing: "Oh, mother, mother! papa has hung
himself! Now for it, thought Felix, in ambu-
cade, we shall have a touching scene presently.
Hung himself! he heard Mrs. Stanhope repeat,
as she walked leisurely up stairs. He hasn't
got pluck enough for such a thing or he would
have done it long ago. Well! I believe he has
done it, however, she said as she came in view
of Felix's representative. "Moll (to the little
girl) I think he ought to be cut down. You
had better go into the kitchen and get a knife,
my dear; but don't go down too fast or you
might fall and hurt yourself. Stay, I forget.
There's no knife in the kitchen sharp enough.
You can go round to Mr. Holmes, the shoe-
maker—he's only four streets off—and ask him
to lend us his putty knife; tell him to wet it
before he sends it. And, Moll, when you are
in the neighborhood, you can stop at Aunt
Sue's, and ask her the baby is. And, Moll,
you can stop at the grocer's shop as you
come back, and get a pound of sugar."

Poor Felix sighed Mrs. Stanhope, when her
daughter had departed; I hope we shall get
him down before the vital spark's extinct, for
these harpings are very troublesome, and cost
money. He wanted to put an end to himself,
too; and I think I ought to let him have his
own way for once in his life; he used to say I
was always crossing him. I wish he hadn't
spoiled that new cloth line; an old rope might
have answered his purpose. Here a voice,
which sounded like that of the supposed sui-
cide, broke in upon Mrs. Stanhope's soliloquy.

"You confounded Jemmel, I'll be the death
of you!" Mrs. Stanhope, thinking this must
be of course a ghostly exclamation, uttered a
scream, and attempted to escape down the
narrow staircase. Felix, started from his place
of concealment, gave chase. Mrs. Stanhope
stumbled midway on the flight of stairs, and
Mr. Stanhope having just reached her and le-
gated a strap at her dishevelled hair as it stream-
ed backward, the amiable partners were pre-
cipitated to the bottom together; both were badly
bruised.

A Singular Reformatory Village.

Some British officers in India have success-
fully tried a novel expedient for making the
idle and vicious in districts under their control
become honest and industrious members of the
community. The experiment was begun in
1860 in the Punjab. Through the instrumen-
tality of the police those persons in the various
villages who had rendered themselves obnoxious
by thieving or begging were placed in a village
by themselves, where land was given them,
wells were sunk, and they were furnished with
agricultural implements. They were then in-
formed that they must henceforth depend on
their own exertions; and that, whether living
comfortably by their industry or dying with
hunger from their idleness, they would not be
allowed to quit the spot where they had been
placed. At first, as may be imagined, there
was great grumbling, much turbulence, and
many threats; but when the men found that
these were all in vain, and that the Government
intended what it had ordered, they gradually
took to their work, and after a time settled
down into a peaceful and industrious little
community. They have acquired a pride in
their cottages and allotments, are better clad,
more cleanly in their habits, and in every re-
spect much altered for the better. Indeed they
have become so reconciled to the change in their
mode of life, that they one and all declare that
they have no wish to return to their former ca-
reer. In another case a predatory tribe were
compelled to settle and cultivate under penalty
of the lash, and at the end of two years the
officers were invited by their reclaimed thieves,
burglars and fortune-tellers to a feast on the
produce of their farms. The Sandwich Island
Government has adopted the same system, in
regard to the lepers on those islands, who have
been colonized by themselves, and are obliged
to cultivate the ground for a subsistence.

Struggle.

That's the word for me. Let fortune frown;
let circumstances change; let prospects darken;
let struggle on! Mighty deeds are wrought
by mighty blows. Immortality is won by
heroic labor. Genius may soar aloft and bathe
in visions in the very clouds. Let it soar.
The world will gaze and wonder, and admire
in vain, unless that genius labors, and labors
forever.

He who tells the great man. He leaves a
mark. He writes on the granite leaves of Na-
ture's great book. He writes on the records of
immortal history, and the nations of after times
honor, and love, and venerate the hero of an-
cient days. Would you wear slave fetters?
Would you hang a galling chain, and let dark
despair sit monarch of your soul? Better die!
A thousand times better perish gloriously in the
conflict, than live in ignominy and disgrace.
Humanity must triumph. Justice and Liberty
must prevail. The battle of life is going on.
Do ye fear for the heroes who bleed and die in
a holy cause? Fear not! Daughters of jubilee
are coming, and the spirits of the true and brave
will hover around the throngs that celebrate the
achievements of the noble and ill-fated.

Prophets must die—the from the green earth
—die from the memory of man—die from the
hope of their country and age. In the land of
oblivion they shall moulder beneath desert
sands. It is well. The world is full of exam-
ples; let them moulder on! There is no room
for them in Fame's proud temple. Heroes live
there; heroes shall live there forever.

Why not struggle? Was man made for la-
bor, and shall he dare serve another end? No;
poor forever no! Poverty may sit upon the
heartstone, gait may weigh down the spirit—
sorrow may overflow the cup of life. The past
may be a charnel house of golden hopes, the
present a wilderness of desolation, the future a
barren desert. But why despair? Why sit
and gaze upon early hope-wrecks and blighted
promise-buds? Nil desperandum? Never
despair! Struggle on, on, forever on. Bright
gems are in the mines of thought; bright pearls
in the caves of ocean. They may be yours—
years to polish, yours to wear in a crown of im-
mortality. Eager spirits are pressing on to the
realm of glory—struggles, mighty struggles in
the cause of Truth. Would you leave a re-
membrance and a name? Struggle!

The Benefit of being Knocked About in
the World.

"It is a good thing for a young man to be
knocked about in the world," though his soft-
hearted parents may not think so. All youths,
or if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of
the sum total enter life with a surplusage of self-
conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the
better. If, in measuring themselves, they dis-
cover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it
gracefully, of their own accord, well and good;
if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that
it be knocked out of them.

A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds
his level. His will may have been paramount
at home, but schoolboys are democratic in their
ideas, and if arrogant, he is sure to be thrashed
into a recognition of the golden rule. The school
teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he
has the attributes that belong to a leader, he
will be installed in the position of a leader; if
not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities
may be, he will be compelled to fall in with the
rank and file. If not destined to greatness,
the next best thing to which he can aspire is
respectability; but no man can either be truly
great or truly respectable who is vain, pompous
and overbearing.

By this time the novice, having found his
social status, be the same high or low,
the probability is that the disagreeable traits of
his character will be softened down or worn
away. Most likely the process of abrasion will
be rough, perhaps very rough, but when it is
all over, and he begins to see himself as others
see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of
self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run
the gauntlet; and arrived, though by a rough
road, at self-knowledge.

Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers
may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for
their boys to be knocked about in the world; it
makes men of them.

The Lights in the Tunnel.

I was travelling upon a road which I had
never passed before. There was a long train
of cars, crowded with passengers. In the after-
noon, while they were remaining an hour of day,
I noticed the lamps were being lighted.

We journeyed on, and I watched their faint
glimmering flames; surely could they be dis-
tinguished in the bright light of day. I won-
dered why they were lighted so early. Sud-
denly we passed into darkness. Then the lights
shone with a strong, steady ray. All through
the tunnel they burned brilliantly. How de-
pendant we were upon them. Could it be pos-
sible they were the same flames which a few
minutes before burned so dimly? Yes, they
were the same, only brought into view by the
surrounding gloom.

How like God's promises, I thought. When
the sun of prosperity shines upon us, we may
greatly undervalue them. But when adversity
and affliction envelope us with thick shades of
night, our faith bursts out a strong and steady
flame, and chases away the darkness and gloom
of despair. We feel how weak and feeble we are.
We cannot take one step without the light which
comes from above to guide our wandering feet.
Our souls rest upon God's promises as in de-
pendent we were upon them. Could it be pos-
sible they were the same flames which a few
minutes before burned so dimly? Yes, they
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As to being conficted with the gout," said
Mrs. Partington, "high living doesn't always
bring it on. It is incoherent in some families,
and is handed down from father to son. Mr.
Hammet, poor soul, who has been so long ill
with it, disinherits it from his wife's grand-
father."

An Irishman who was reprieved the
night before his execution, and who wished to
get rid of his wife, wrote to her as follows:—
"I was yesterday hanged, and died like a
hero; do as I did and like it a man."

Wear your learning, like your watch,
in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to
show that you have one; but if you are asked
what o'clock it is, tell it.

A bride in New Orleans, who did not
appear at the altar at the appointed time, sent
word to her beloved that she had overslept her-
self.

Science is like rain from heaven; if a drop
of it falls into a gaping oyster, it becomes a
pearl; if into a viper's mouth, it turns to poi-
son.

Items Foreign & Local.

A band of black-faced Indians have recently
massac