

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 16.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—952.

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 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 to 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 20, 1865.

D. P. WOLHAUPT, M. D.

SURGEON & PHYSICIAN. Residence—In the "Cable House." Office—In Raymond's Brick Building. Woodstock, Nov 23, 1864.

Dr. C. P. Connell,

WOODSTOCK, N. B. Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Stables. Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

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., wholesale & retail. 42 King-st., St. John, N. B.

Wm. H. Knowles,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Bags, &c. HAND and made to order, Ladies and Gents Travelling and Bonnet Trunks. Whiteside Building, a few doors north of Trinity Church. N. B. 42, GERRAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. 1y—[29]

C. E. RICHARDS,

Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant, 4, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B. [19]

W. P. DONNELL,

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

Surveying.

THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed on him, and he would like to continue 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 their interests. He will also receive and make advances on LUMBER at SPRING HILL, when desired. STEPHEN C. 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 will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles it is impossible here to enumerate, and all sold at moderate prices. 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 8 inches long. Wrought 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 "Coldbrook Iron Works," as they are far superior to those manufactured from English Iron. W. H. SCOVILL, 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

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE, LINDSAY'S BUILDING, South Side Madunnaik Bridge.

BARKER & HOLBROOK have just opened the largest lot of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, ever imported into this market, comprising—

LADIES' BOOTS of every description; MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S BOOTS and SHOES of all kinds.

Country dealers by calling on the subscribers will find that they can purchase all articles in their line as cheap as in other parts of the Province. BARKER & HOLBROOK, Woodstock, Jan. 8, 1867—24.

COLPITT'S

New Photographic Gallery, Over the Post Office, KING STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

THE subscriber begs respectfully to direct the attention of the public to the above GALLERY, which he has recently opened, and feels justified in assuring all wishing Pictures, that he has every facility for producing

LIFE-LIKE LIKENESSES, such as ordinary Cards De Visites, Ambrotypes, Portraits or

LIFESIZED PHOTOGRAPHS IN OIL. Old Faded Daguerotypes Copied and Enlarged to any size. Particular attention to taking Children's Pictures. Ladies and Gents are invited to call and see for themselves. T. C. COLPITT, Agent. Aug. 17.

Hotels.

PARK HOTEL,

KING SQUARE—ST. JOHN.

H. FAIRWEATHER,

Proprietor. This House is new, pleasant situated, furnished in a superior manner, and will be kept as First-Class Hotel. [24]

CABLE HOUSE.

THE subscriber has re-opened the House formerly known as the "Blanchard House," under the title of the "CABLE HOUSE." The premises have been thoroughly renovated and furnished throughout with new and elegant furniture, bedding, &c., and the House will be conducted in every respect becoming the character of a first class Hotel, and the wants and conveniences of the travelling public. A Livery Stable attached to the premises. W. D. BALLOCH, Woodstock, Sept. 27 1866—39.

CENTRAL HOUSE.

KING ST.—MCCOY'S BRICK BUILDING, Next Door to Vanauw's Store.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to accommodate PERMANENT and TRANSIENT BOARDERS, on terms, with strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. He has a Stable in connection with the above establishment, and a good Hostler in attendance. This is a strictly Temperance Hotel. B. JOHNSON, Proprietor. Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1867.—3m-pd-5.

International Hotel,

ST. ANDREWS.

THE INTERNATIONAL is situated in the heart of the city, and is the most convenient place for business and pleasure. It is a strictly Temperance Hotel. It is pleasantly situated near the head of the Steamboat Wharf, and is the most convenient place for business and pleasure. Parties of one or more, calling either for a meal or for a night's stay, will find here all the comforts of a home, and all the accommodations of a First Class Hotel. ST. ANDREWS, Sept. 1, 1866—1y

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,

STAGE HOUSE—TOHOUKE. Comfortable Extras Furnish'd at the shortest notice for any point. [39]

THOMPSON HOUSE.

Grand Falls, N. B.

THIS HOUSE is new, elegant situated, and fitted with all the modern appliances for the convenience and comfort of travellers. Reasonable charges. W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

PREBLE HOUSE,

(situated on Congress, corner of Preble street), PORTLAND, ME.

THIS is the largest HOTEL in the State, possessing all the modern improvements, and is first class in every respect. C. H. ADAMS, Proprietor.

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. 30 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

PHILLIPS HOUSE.

THE above House, centrally located in East Florenceville, is prepared to accommodate the travelling public. No pains will be spared to make parties comfortable. JOSEPH A. C. PHILLIPS, East Florenceville, Oct. 25, 1866—44.

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, and affords every advantage to transient as well as permanent Boarders. It has for many years enjoyed the reputation of a first class Hotel. The present 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 Scammon, Esq., may be extended to it under his management. 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. JAMES GUTHRIE, PROPRIETOR, St. John, Aug. 12, 3m.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

HOULTON, MAINE.

THE above House, centrally located on Main Street, has been fitted up for the accommodation of the travelling public. Strangers and others visiting this section, either for business or pleasure, will find good accommodations at this House. A stable is attached, and a faithful hostler always in attendance. Stages leave here for all the principal routes of travel. JAS. MARTIN, Proprietor. Houlton, Me., Aug. 12, 64.

CUT NAILS CUT SPIKES.

WROUGHT SHIP SPIKES.

GALVANIZED SHEATHING NAILS.

NOW IN STOCK:

4000K EGGS NAILS and SPIKES, all sizes which, for quality of Iron and Finish are equal to the best American Nails. W. H. SCOVILL, Feb 10. No 9, North Wharf, St. John.

Leather! Leather! Leather!

THE undersigned has on hand, and intends continuing a full assortment of LEATHER, such as Sole, Harness and Upper Leather, Splints, Catkins, &c. The quality will be found excellent, and prices as low as possible. Highest Prices paid for hides and skins. JAMES BARKER, Woodstock, April 8—44.

PIANOFORTES.

At the Pianoforte and Music Warerooms, SHEFFIELD HOUSE, MARKET SQUARE.

JUST received per steamer New Brunswick—a further supply of those magnificent Pianos, by Hallett, Davis & Co., Boston. Also—a few cheap Pianos, by Wm. Bourne and others, Boston makers. Second-hand Pianos, from \$60 and upwards. An inspection respectfully solicited. At St. John Jan 4. A. LAURILLARD.

Poetry.

The following has been sent to us by Grand Falls Division, S. of T., with a request to publish it; it is the production of a junior member of the division—Ed. Sn.

At the anniversary of our Temperance Sons Were many warm salutations, without hands or guns, Where we all came from would puzzle a Gipsy to guess—

Our ninth anniversary a promising success. In the hall of the Squire, where we constantly meet, A temporary toilet, with arrangements complete, Seeing them so well adapted their owner we bless—

Our ninth anniversary a pleasing success. Kind Providence increased the fruits of the soil, And amply rewarded industry and toil, Gave us hearts to give freely of what we possess—

Our ninth anniversary was a cheering success. Our ladies served up a most sumptuous repast, To aged and young, to first and to last, Might have gathered twelve baskets of fragments or less—

Our ninth anniversary was a festive success. Our great supply of good candy was cause of surprise, Some juveniles were literally sweet to the eyes, Most of aged and young joined in the mess—

Our ninth anniversary was a candy success. A programme that all might be done systematically, Names were inserted who could speak most grammatically, We had telling speeches, a good pastoral address—

Our ninth anniversary a logical success. Our singing was good, it deserved to be praised, The music by rum is by Temperance raised, At Dear Father Come Home had a tear to suppress—

Our ninth anniversary was a heartfelt success. Where all sober and the best of good feeling prevailed, No blustering member a Brother assailed; None showed the least wish at all to transgress—

Our ninth anniversary was a real success. As Temperance Sons would not boasting speak, We have fresh recruits about every week, Wish our future prosperity may never be less—

Our ninth anniversary a total success. Grand Falls, Feb. 16, 1867. A Son.

Select Calc.

LAURA GAVESTON; OR, THE LOVE TEST.

BY MARK LEMON

"I would do it to-night, Bob," said the hoarse voice of a woman.

"How the woman talks!" replied the hoarse voice of a man. "Christmas Eve or no Christmas Eve, business must be minded!" and a rough fellow presented himself in front of me.

"You're Mr. Dorrington, and you've been spending Christmas Eve with the Ashleys?"

"I have! What's that to you?"

Before I could finish the sentence my hat was over my eyes, a thick wrapper of some kind was thrown over my head, powerful hands grasped my arms, and I became conscious of being forced into a carriage of some kind—possibly a street cab; and when I was evidently lying down away at a rapid pace, a heavy hand pressed upon my chest.

All this was so momentarily done, and my surprise was so great, that I had offered little or no resistance.

After a while the vehicle, whatever it was, stopped, and I was requested to descend. I did so, and, following the commands of my captor, ascended a flight of steps, which appeared to be carpeted. I was then led along a passage, or gallery, carpeted also, until I heard a door open gently, and then closed. My wrapper was removed so instantaneously that combined with the dazzling effect of a brilliant light, I did not notice the departure of the persons who had exercised this violence upon me.

When I was sufficiently collected to observe all about me, I discovered I was in an elegant furnished apartment, lighted by a chandelier, and several small scenes placed about the room. The chandelier and scenes were apparently of silver, and all the ornaments in the room were noticeable for the costliness of their material and the perfection of the taste which had constructed them. At one end of the room was the full length portrait of a lady!

Did my eye deceive me?

No! It was the counter-part presentation of Laura Gaveston, whom I had not three evenings before at Sir John Clagg's. The likeness was admirable! There was the same noble carriage; the rounded bosom, the oval face, the long, dark, luxuriant hair, which, in defiance of fashion, she allowed to fall upon her magnificent shoulders. True, the full dark eyes of the picture lacked the brilliancy of her living originals; the face was deficient in that inexpressible expressiveness which had so fascinated me! What could this adventure mean? I had danced with her four times during the evening; I had had the happiness to hand her to her carriage, and I had boldly taken a candelabra from her bouquet at parting, and had been unpunished! Yet I had not dared to improve these slight advances, as Mr. Gaveston was reported to be immensely rich, and I am but an almost breathless barometer! Still I had encouraged the hope that we should meet again shortly, and where I could possibly discover if I was agreeable to the beautiful heiress. She was Mr. Gaveston's only child. Why had I been brought here?

My self-questioning was soon to be answered. A door, partly concealed by the fields of a full damask curtain, was opened and Miss Gaveston entered the room. She was dressed much as she had been on the night of our meeting, except that a single diamond of striking brilliancy was bound upon her forehead.

I was so utterly confounded by all I had undergone—all I saw—that I could not speak to her.

"Mr. Dorrington," she said, in a voice of music, "I must ask you forgiveness for the extraordinary—perhaps I should say the unpardonable—means I have used to bring you here; but time was so pressing, the occasion so urgent, that I did not hesitate to procure this interview at all risks, even of offending you."

"Pray say no more," I replied; "I am made too happy by again meeting you."

"Thanks," said Miss Gaveston, interrupting me: "I believe you are willing to serve me; I believe I may trust you. I could not misunderstand your attentions the other evening, and if I did not encourage them, I did not care to repel them. I need a friend, Mr. Dorrington, and I believe I have found one in you."

"You believe truly," I replied. "Nothing you can require of me but I will gladly do."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Miss Gaveston, the expression of her face changing from the most bewitching sweetness to that of an extreme earnestness. "Suppose I ask you to expose yourself to danger—to peril your life. Would you do it?"

"Willingly! I am ready now."

Miss Gaveston then closed the door through which she had entered carefully, and drew the curtain before it. She then opened a small cabinet and produced a pair of pocket revolvers, which she placed on a small table, and then sat down beside it.

"Mr. Dorrington," she said, "I am about to make a confidence to you which I would make to no other man living; but I have told you the estimate I have formed of you, and you will not—must not—deceive me. Do not speak; I believe you will not deceive me. No doubt but you, like all my other friends and acquaintances, look upon me as one to be envied. I know that I have more than the ordinary advantages of my sex; it would be affliction to say otherwise; I know I have accomplishments that are of value in society, and I know also that I am the daughter of a rich man. Advantages all these, to make what is called happiness. I am about to dispel the delusion—to confide to you that I am wretched, and the cause that makes me so."

She threw back her beautiful head, and shook her long ringlets from about her face as though what she said to me required her to brace up her nerves for the revelation.

"Mr. Dorrington, did you ever notice my father?"

"I only saw him for a few minutes at Sir John Clagg's," I replied.

"Do I describe him rightly when I say, you saw a mild, benevolent-looking gentleman, who appeared to be at peace with all the world, and to whom any deed of violence seemed to be impossible?"

"Yes, certainly, that is my recollection of him."

"You are deceived. Beneath that placid exterior exists a nature that is never at rest except when courting danger; never satisfied but when adding to his already abundant hoard; and—must I say it of my own father?—never hesitating at the means which gratify his avarice."

"You astonish me! Distress me!" I said.

"You must be made of sterner stuff if you are to be serviceable," replied Miss Gaveston.

"Hear me to the end, and then decide to accept or decline the service I shall ask of you. My father, despite his failings, is very dear to me, as I am to him. I would not venture to question what he thinks proper to do, did he not expose him to danger—to great danger. To-night I have reasons to believe he will be engaged with some desperate men, who are employed by him in the transport of an object of great value, of almost national importance. He has gone alone to this rendezvous, and I fear that the temptation of the prize he is desirous to secure may prove too strong for his associates, and—I dare not contemplate what I fear—I have selected you, Mr. Dorrington, from all my acquaintances, all my professed admirers, to take a part which I would delegate to no one else of my sex. I have courage, will and resolution; but these poor fragile limbs, this pretty face, are worse than useless to me in this extremity."

"What do you require of me?" I asked.

"Tell me, my dear Miss Gaveston, and you shall not regret the confidence you place in me."

"I wish you," she answered slowly, pausing upon every word,—"I wish you to go, with a man I will appoint to the place where my father meets his desperate confederates. They may either attempt to destroy him or turn him over to the police. He is as brave as a lion, and if he knows he had a friend beside him he would be a match for a dozen such curs as I have always known had men to be. Take these pistols, they are capped and loaded. The round your neck this silk cravat; my father will recognize it. Should he be attacked, defend him with your life. Should he be betrayed, shoot him. Better death than discovery of dishonorable pursuits. Do you accept?"

The proposition to murder Mr. Gaveston was so extraordinary that I ventured to suggest both its wickedness and impolicy, as Mr. Gaveston would be surely recognized, dead or alive.

"Give me your hand, Mr. Dorrington," she said; "I now trust you entirely. I thought you would have professed to have accepted anything I might have proposed resolving to deceive me. I now know that I may trust my father's safety to you. It is time you departed. Follow me."

She opened what appeared to be large japanned cabinet, but which was really the concealed entrance to some stairs, down which

she descended, and I following. We came at last to what seemed to be a cellar, the only light being from the gas-lamp in the street; at least I judged so from the iron bars through which it came.

"Judkins," said Miss Gaveston, "here is your companion. Give him an overcoat and a cap. Be his guide to the house in Wapping. Be careful; let none of your old comrades see you, as you can guess the consequences."

I was soon wrapped in a rough overcoat which smelled of course tobacco and that frowsy odour of a garment which has been imperfectly dried.

"Are you ready?" asked Miss Gaveston.

"Yes," I replied.

"Kiss my forehead." I did so, guided to it by the brilliant gem, which has caught my attention. I judged by a slight noise I heard that Miss Gaveston had left the cellar, and that I was alone with my unknown, almost unseen companion. I was right.

"Now, sir, this way. We shall have to walk fast if we are to do any good. It's past one."

I followed in the direction of the sound of the man's voice, and was delighted after a time to find myself in the street, though the rain fell heavily, and not a soul was to be seen but my companion, a small and decrepit creature, who shuffled rather than walked along at a speed which kept me at double-quick time in order not to lose sight of him.

I knew the west end of London pretty well, but we were evidently far in the east and I had no knowledge of our whereabouts.

The houses on either side of the street looked wretched in the extreme, seen as they were by the feeble light of two street lamps placed at long intervals apart. Late as it was, there were dim lights within some of the rooms, and as we passed along we heard voices, some loud in quarrel, others roaring in chorus. At two of the doorways sat, huddled up in their filthy rags, poor drunken wretches who had staggered to the entrance of their miserable homes, and had been unable to obtain admittance. The rain continued to fall heavily, splashing upon the pavement, and pouring down here and there from the dilapidated water-pipes above. The wind dashed the rain about, and rattled against the window frames not, at all times, filled with glass; every now and then it nearly blinded me as it blew the rain into my face, and at last found its way through my thick outer coat, chilling the marrow in my bones.

Red River Settlement.

WE are in receipt of the Winnipeg (Fort Gary) Nov. 2nd of Feb. 16th and March 2nd, containing some interesting news from the Red River settlement.

A letter in the Indian language is on view at Fort Gary, prior to its being forwarded to the Prince of Wales, asking His Royal Highness to pay a visit to the settlement and the Indian hunting grounds. The Nov. 2nd says of it:—"The letter itself is somewhat unique, and we doubt whether the mail bags of any nation ever carried its like. The Indians, who feel a great degree of traditional respect for the Royal Family, and with a certain taste for barbaric show and glitter, felt that an ordinary ink and paper invitation could scarcely convey the earnestness of their wish that the Prince should come: so we find them sending their request in a style which, while being peculiar to themselves, will be none the less acceptable on account of its being a change from the rose-tinted and scented epistles which we may suppose the Prince to be in daily receipt of. The material on which the letter is written is the fine inner rind of the birch bark, bordered with a deep border of gilt. The letters of the heading are in red, white and blue, and the capitals throughout in old English, gilt, and altogether is a very creditable production. So much for the letter itself; the subject matter is very simple. The Indians wish to see the Prince and show him their attachment to English rule; and in ignorance of the forms in which ordinary flesh and blood approach the blue blood of royalty, ask him in terms which will be doubtless none the less likely to receive attention from their plainness and simplicity. The petition or invitation translated into English is as follows:—

"To the first born of our Great Mother, as our great waters, We Chief, whom we call Royal Chief, We and our people hear that our relations, the half breeds and the pale faces at Red River, have asked you to come and see them the next summer. We and our people also wish you to come and visit us. We have the bear and the buffalo, and our hunting grounds are free to you, our horses will carry you and our dogs hunt for you, and we and our people will guard you and attend you. Our old men will show you their medals, which they received for being faithful to the father of our great mother. Great Royal Chief, if you will come, send word to our guiding chief at Fort Gary, so that we may have time to meet and receive you, as becoming our great Royal Chief."

CHINESE SMILES.—Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are pointedly sarcastic enough. A blustering harmless fellow they call a "paper tiger." When a man overvalues himself he compares him to "a rat falling into a scale, and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing, they call it a hunchback making a bow. A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket" which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."

Items Foreign & Local.

A Frenchman has invented a machine to shuffle cards.

There are 75 ragged schools in Liverpool, attended by upwards of 30,000 children.

The Gloucester states that the Volunteer Review this year will be held at Dover.

An artist is painting "Abraham Lincoln's First Dollar."

Catholic clergymen in Ireland excommunicate Fenians.

The chignon excitement is in decadence. The ladies breathe freer and scratchless.

A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in the United States.

A mature gentleman, 84 years of age, is suing for a divorce in Illinois.

Philadelphia paved nine miles of streets in 1866.

A petition, praying Parliament to give the franchise to women, is in course of signature in the University of Cambridge.

Three Charles Smiths were recently united in matrimony to three Misses Smiths at the same residence in a Kentucky town.

In Solalia, Mo., a young rowdy shot a hang-keeper and in half an hour a mob let him dangling dead from a tree.

A sweet potato from the Azores, weighing thirteen and a quarter pounds, and thirty inches in circumference, is on exhibition in Boston.

The locomotive now runs four hundred and fifty miles west of St. Louis, and the track is being laid at the rate of a mile every day.

A whist club in a Western city recently lost one of its members, and at the next meeting the cards had a mourning stripe around them.

An old church built by Queen Anne in 1713 at Richmond, Staten Island, was burned on Thursday.

A German Count has been arrested in Louisiana for marrying three ladies there, two in Baltimore and an indefinite number in New York.

Mail boxes are taking the place of mail bags on southern routes. They are said to be very convenient.