

The Carleton Sentinel

General News.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO. 1025

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

Our Queen and Constitution.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XX.—NO. 38.

Business Cards.

LONG'S HOTEL.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

THOS. W. SMITH, Proprietor.

First Class Accommodation for TRANSIENT & PERMANENT BOARDERS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Good Stabling, and a Careful Horses ready at attendance.

Fredericton, July 2, 1868—27.

CARRIAGE FACTORY.

SAMUEL T. BAKER,

CONNELL STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

WAGGONS and SLEIGHS of every description made to order at the shortest notice, and on 1 w terms.

PAINTING done in the best style by J. W. Boyer. REPAIRING done with neatness and dispatch.

Second growth Ash wanted.

Shop in rear of "Cable House."

Woodstock, April 12, 1868—16

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.

Mr. E. BAKER, JR.,

CARRIAGE & SLEIGH MAKER,

SOUTH SIDE OF THE BRIDGE.

SHOP next door to Donk's Blacksmith Shop. Repairing done with neatness and promptness.

E. BAKER.

Good Hardwood Lumber taken in exchange for work.

Woodstock, Dec 10, 1867—450

PATRICK GILLIN,

Importer and dealer in

Wines & Liquors of various brands,

Carefully Selected.

GROCERIES, ALE, PORTER, &c.,

Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

JOSEPH HORNCastle,

SURVEYOR OF LUMBER,

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,

For sale of Lumber and all descriptions of Country Produce.

INDIAN TOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Jan. 1868—6m-52

WILLIAM SKILLEN,

COMMISSION & SHIPPING MERCHANT,

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

JOHN J. MUNROES

Market for all kinds of

VALUABLE AND TRUNKS.

65 PRINCESS STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALL ready for trade in Trunks and Valises. The attention of all Wholesale buyers for the Town and Country trade is called to my various styles.

JOHN J. MUNROES

65 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

Manufacturer's Depot for Ladies and Gent's Trunks of every grade.

Saratoga Trunks, Ladies Dress Trunks, Jenny Lind Trunks, Trunk Trunks, California Trunks, Packing Trunks, EVERY VARIETY OF TRUNKS.

Call and see for your journey.

JOHN J. MUNROES

65 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

ROWE & SHERMAN,

Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,

Fredericton, N. B.

WE respectfully inform the public generally that we are prepared to attend to all branches of the Shipping & Commission Business.

Having in process of execution a spacious Wharf, completed by the time that navigation opens, feel confident in saying that our facilities for Warehousing and Shipping all kinds of Lumber, cannot be surpassed in the Province.

Consignments solicited.

ZEBULON ROWE,

Fitch, N. B., Mar. 8, 1867

L. W. SHERMAN.

EASTERN EXPRESS COMPANY.

Immediately on the running of the Steamers, this Company will have faithful messengers and safe on board each boat.

The public may rest assured that all goods, money, packages, &c., entrusted to their charge will be safely and promptly delivered, and at reasonable rates.

We hold ourselves responsible for all goods entrusted to our care.

G. W. VANWAT,

Agent Woodstock.

Woodstock, May 1, 1868.

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,

Hatters and Furriers,

(CRYSTAL BLOCK).

283, NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

J. H. DUTCHER.

E. H. DUTCHER.

Hudson Bay Furs, Snowshoes, Moccasins, Indian Curiosities, Wholesale and Retail.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

PORTLAND, Me.,

N. J. DAVIS, Proprietor.

HENRY CONROY,

Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,

Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

H. A. Conroy for sale and makes to order articles of Ladies' Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Head Dresses, Carved and Plain, Frisettes, Ringlets, Braids, Switches, Waterfalls, Curled and Plain, &c.

Also—Dentist's Wig and Soap.

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, on moderate terms.

At John July 27, 1867—45-61

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.

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,

STAGE HOUSE—TOBACCO

Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point

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Poetry.

MAKING TATTING.

Chin dimpled, dewy, crimson lips,
Dark lashes shading eyes of blue.
As 'twist the rosy finger tips
The ivory shuttle swiftly flew;
And I reclining, bold in hand,
All innocent of craft or guile,
Saw deep in rhyms of woman-kind,
But studied her sweet face the while.

I followed as the may thread
Twined in and out and back again—
Faster the nimble fingers sped,
Till watching them was almost pain,
Till, half abashed upon her throne,
My queen put on her shyest smile,
And murmured in the softest tone,
"Sir Poet, read to me awhile."

And so I read; and thus it ran—
"True passion acorns deers of art;
I hold him coward, and no man,
Who shrinks his love up in his heart.
Unseen, unsought, the blossom dies
That might have flowered in the sun,
And deep in many a maiden's eye,
Lies victory, waiting to be won."

With sudden thought I flung the book
Far out upon the sloping lawn,
Marking the white bird troubled look,
Then spoke, half president of the dawn:
"I hold him coward, too, no man,
Nor be a coward among men;
Till conscious grew her speaking face,
Dark lashes veiling all the blue,
White in and out with sweetest pace,
The busy, trilling shuttle flew."

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Far out upon the sloping lawn,
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Till conscious grew her speaking face,
Dark lashes veiling all the blue,
White in and out with sweetest pace,
The busy, trilling shuttle flew."

"You sit before me all day long,
As bright and happy as a bird;
You thrill me with your tender song,
Then chill me with a careless word;
You think, perhaps, to keep me near,
Or throw me, as it suits, away;
I tell you that the time is here,
When I must hold or lose for aye."

"Downcast those lashes as you may,
(She lifted them in mute surprise)
I hold me I read to-day
Lies in your heart and in your eyes."
A quiver of the parted lips,
The tating lay upon the floor,
And 'twixt the rosy finger tips
The idle shuttle flew no more.

Behind me labyrinthine ways
Have closed their mazes ever more;
Mine are the glorious summer days,
And love's fruition, and no more,
The purest, holiest hopes of life,
In sheltered haven softly reared,
And I am happy; for my wife
Sits making tattling by my side.

"In Belfast, sir."
"Your name?"
"My name is Mercutio, I—"
"Never mind say no more. I have been deceived. Think no more of it, but give me your undivided attention."

A close observer might have detected a smile of triumph upon Mercutio's face, lasting but for a second, and then it changed to the same cold expression.

Pressing his icy hands to his burning forehead, Desmond endeavored to compose himself for the task before him.

He drew several papers from a bookcase at his side, still keeping his eyes upon the wayfarer.

"Now let us begin," he said, selecting one paper from among the many about him. "But before we proceed further, I wish to impose upon you an oath, simple in itself, yet powerful in its relations to me."

"But why is an oath needed?" asked Mercutio, with a slight show of uneasiness in his manner.

"Merely because I wish to insure myself against all risks. The secret I am about to impart to you is of such importance, that I would not trust it to you keeping without some guarantee. All that I desire is your solemn oath not to betray whatever you may see or hear of this matter."

"You crossed the ferry half an hour ago and who you seemed to be the leader of the train."

"I did," replied the pedestrian, looking frowningly at his interlocutor; "but what matter is it to you?"

"Much—I have work for you."
"Work for me—what do you mean?"
"Listen," began the one called Desmond Peer, "I can see by your pallid face and wasted form that you are almost starving. Ay, I speak the truth, it shows upon every part of your body; but see, here is gold; if you follow my directions I will make you wealthy."

"What would you have me do?"
"This is no place to tell you," returned Desmond, "Mark what I have to say now, be here this time to-morrow night. This person," pointing to Terra, "will conduct you to my home; there I will impart to you my plans—If you succeed well and good, if not—well, no harm shall come to you at least. What say you?"

"I will be there."
"You will? Then your fortune is made."
A sickly smile passed over the wayfarer's face. Desmond noticed it, and said,
"You think I am not serious? Here to show that I am in earnest, take this money—it will relieve your present wants."

He clutched the purse in his talon-like fingers and quickly stowed it away in his ragged apparel.

"My I depend on you?" asked Desmond.
"As on the morrow's light," replied the beggar.

"Very well, you shall not be the loser, my word for it. Come, Terra, let us away. Recollect," he said, addressing the mendicant, "at ten to-morrow night."

They parted.
The two to repair to a home of luxury—the one to a miserable hut, there to ponder over the strange event which had befallen him.

Twenty-four hours passed, and Desmond Peer was seated in his sumptuous library, eagerly counting the moments as they sped on.

He was a strange-looking being, as strange as the events connected with his life.
At his father's death, being the eldest son, he succeeded to the estate.

This was talked about to no little degree by the gossiping portion of the villagers, and many a serious sage shook his head, and muttered something about a will which ought to have been brought to light, but never was.

The youngest son, Leonard, mysteriously disappeared after his father's death, and of him no tidings could be had.

He being the favorite son, various rumors became prevalent predicting dark deeds, but having no foundation they gradually died away.

"A stranger wishes to see you below, Mr. Desmond," said a voice outside the library door.

"Is Don Terra with him? If so admit him."
Felix, the servant, bowed in assent, and withdrew.

In a short while, the shivering, half-clad mendicant entered the room, and kept his eyes upon the floor, as if fearing to venture a glance about him. Desmond turned the key in the door, and drew down the curtains.

For the first time he obtained a full view of the beggar's face, and as he gazed upon the pale, marble-like features he staggered and clutched a chair for support.

"Heaven, what a likeness!" he gasped.
"Who are you?" "Tell me, who and what are you?"

Not by a gesture nor look did the one before him betray any emotion, but keeping his eyes to the ground he replied.

"I am a poor unfortunate being, sir, depending upon the charity of a cold world for—"
"Where were you born?" interrupted Desmond.

"In Belfast, sir."
"Your name?"
"My name is Mercutio, I—"
"Never mind say no more. I have been deceived. Think no more of it, but give me your undivided attention."

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rays Desmond discovered a dark figure standing in the shadow of the hall.

"Terra, is it you?" he asked in a low tone of voice.

"Yes Desmond," replied the attendant, coming from his concealment. "It's all arranged."

"Everything? have you fulfilled my orders?"
"To the letter. The carriage is at hand and everything in waiting. Are you ready now?"

He looked from one to the other. Mercutio and Desmond nodded assent, and in a short while they reached the open air.

The moon was high in the heavens, and Desmond knew he had no time to lose.

Giving a few directions to the driver on the coach, they quickly entered, and were soon whirling over the snow-covered earth.

On, on they flew, the driver spurring neither whip nor reins to accelerate his horse's speed.

On, on like the wind, leaving nothing but a track of uprooted dirt and snow in their wake.

The horses reared and plunged at each successive blow of the whip, but did not shakeen their rapid pace.

At an abrupt turn of the road the vehicle came to a halt, and only a few rods beyond suddenly loomed the dark-looking vaults of Bermuda.

The trio leaped from the mud-covered coach and with Desmond and the guide, soon stood at the entrance.

Turning to the driver, Desmond placed in his hand a few pieces of coin saying,
"Whatever strange things or sounds you may see or hear, heed them not. Secret yourself in your room, and if you see any one passing this way give a low whistle. On your life I charge you not to fail."

Then turning to Terra and Mercutio, he said:
"Follow me, and let not a syllable pass between you. We are treading on dangerous grounds."

In Indian file they slowly descended the way by the spectre-like vaults.

Again Desmond gave the word to halt.
"Now listen to me," he said, addressing Terra, "Station yourself on this spot, and if you hear or see anything suspicious, give the alarm. Mind, Don Terra, I have done for you as a brother. I trust you will not desert me in this extremity."

"Never fear for me, Desmond," he replied with some emotion. "Death alone shall sever my fidelity."

Drawing his cloak tighter about his face, Desmond motioned Mercutio to follow him.

With stealthy steps they slowly pressed on, directed by nothing but the pale beams of the fading moon.

"This is it," said Desmond, drawing up before a huge marble sepulchre. "And now for an entrance."

He drew from under his coat a large brass instrument and applied it to the ponderous slab.

With trembling hands he rolled back the only obstacle to his happiness.

Neither of them could repress a shudder as the damp, chilling air swept past.

"Must I descend this place of death?" whispered Mercutio, drawing back with affright.

"You must," was the only reply Desmond made him.

"O, horror! My blood freezes within me. Tell me, then, where is the document?"

"The first coffin to your right; you cannot miss it. Here take this chisel; it will be of some service to you. Quick, I think I hear some one approaching."

Step by step he descended into the cold cavern, where the dead lay, and in a little while was lost in the gloom.

"May I strike a light?" he asked of Desmond.

"No, it might be seen. Be quick, for my sake, hurry! Each moment seems an age!"

One, two, three minutes passed, and nothing could be heard but the quick panting of Desmond.

He was on one knee; his eyes almost protruded from their sockets, his face was pale and rigid.

At each screech of the night-owl he almost started from the ground with terror.

A noise within startled him. Mercutio was searching for the entrance.

In another moment a face, white and death-like, came to view.

"The will—did you get it?" whispered Desmond, barring the entrance with his body.

"No. Let me up."

"Liar! I see it in your hand. Give it to me."

"Away man; let me above first."

"Fool," almost hissed Desmond, drawing a long glittering blade from his breast. "I am not to be trifled with. Give me the will or I will slay you."

"What, would you murder me?" gasped Mercutio.

"Give me the paper."

"I will not. Away, Desmond, you know not what you do. Away, I say! O, you are a choking me!"

A long, low whistle sounded on the night breeze.

"O, horror, I am lost!" cried Desmond.

"Some one is coming this way."

With almost a supernatural effort Mercutio tore himself from Desmond's arms, and leaped into the open air.

Desmond Peer, for five long years I have sought this paper, and thank Heaven, it is now in my grasp! Behold!" he cried, tearing his hat and coarse ringlets from his head, "I am your brother."

"Leonard Peer! O, fury!"

As quick as thought Desmond sprang upon him, crying,

"You have outwitted me; but either you or I shall not leave this place alive!"

At this instant the sharp report of a fire-arm rent the air, and Terra, covered with blood, fell, almost lifeless, between the combatants.

"Flee, flee! They are upon you!"
Those were his last words. One grasp for breath, and he rolled over a corpse.

"This way," said a voice in the rear, and a squad of men leaped from a small thicket to where Terra lay dead.

He was alone, Leonard and Desmond having fled.

Desmond Peer was never heard of after that night.

A new heir claimed the estate, and often times when seated in his comfortable library, would be recalled to mind the vaults of Bermuda or the fortunes of a night.

A Beautiful Simile.

If a man stands as the firm protecting tree in the garden of life, surely woman is the flower—beautifying, smiling, diffusing grace around the home in which it dwells, and folding in its arms the seed of hope and promise with tender nurture, until it is able to take care of itself.

Although, unlike the human rose, flowers do not live to be grandmothers, yet it is fairly evident, without even stretching a point for a fanciful allusion, that they are the feminine portion of the vegetable kingdom. There is also another peculiar characteristic in which they keep the parallel with woman—that, while in the animal kingdom the female is usually surpassed by the male in shape and color, beauty and grace are essentially their dower.