

The Carleton Sentinel

General News.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—1026

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

VOL. XX.—NO. 39.

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 Capital Hotel always in atten-
tion.
Fredericton, July 2, 1868—27.

CARRIAGE FACTORY.
WAGGONS AND SLEIGHS of every description
made to order at the shortest notice, and on the
most reasonable terms.
Second growth Ash wanted.
Fredericton, July 2, 1868—27.

SAMUEL T. BAKER,
CONNELL STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.
WAGGONS AND SLEIGHS of every description
made to order at the shortest notice, and on the
most reasonable terms.
Second growth Ash wanted.
Fredericton, July 2, 1868—27.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE
paid for
Hides and skins,
by **THOMAS & READ.**
Bank's Mills, Feb. 25, 1868.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
49 GERMANTOWN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.
CANTON COVERS MADE TO ORDER.
Repairing neatly done at shortest notice.
St. John July 5, 1868—1238

PATRICK GILLIN,
Importer and dealer in
Wines & Liquors of various brands,
Carefully Selected.
GROCCERIES, 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—5023

WILLIAM SKILLEN,
COMMISSION & SHIPPING MERCHANT
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

JOHN J. MURROES
Marked for all kinds of
VALISES AND TRUNKS:
ALL ready for trade in Trunks and Valises.
The attention of all Wholesale buyers for the Town
and Country trade is called to the fact that
JOHN J. MURROES,
65 Prince Street, St. John, N. B.
Manufactures the Depot for Ladies and Gents Trunks
of every grade.

EVERY VARIETY OF TRUNKS.
Call and see for yourselves.
JOHN J. MURROES,
65 Prince Street, St. John, N. B.

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

EASTERN EXPRESS COMPANY.
Immediately on the running of the Steamers, this
Company will have faithful messengers and safe con-
veyance of all parcels and goods.
The public may rest assured that all goods, money,
parcels, &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. VANWART,
Agent Woodstock.
Woodstock, May 1, 1868.

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.
JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,
Hatters and Furriers,
(CRYSTAL BLOCK.)
283, NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, Me.,
N. J. DAVIS, Proprietor.

HENRY CONROY,
Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,
Corner of King Street and Market Square,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
HAS constantly for sale and makes to order articles
of Ladies Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Head
Dresses, Caps, Corsets, and Hair, &c., &c., &c., &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, on moderate terms.
At John July 2, 1868—1231

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 from
the dealer 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—TOBIQUE
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest
notice for any party.

RUSSELL HOUSE,
SPARK STREET,
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOVIN, Proprietor.
March 18, 1868—12.

AMERICAN HOUSE.
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Good Stabling on the premises.

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Poetry.

JUDGE NOT.

Do not rashly judge thy brother
If he stumble in the way;
Life's best with sure temptation,
He has fallen—and we may.

Let us rather kindly help him
To regain the pathway lost;
Gentle words are never wasted,
Freely give—they little cost.

Take good heed unto thy footsteps;
Round thy walk lurks many a snare—
If like him thou shouldst be tempted,
Oh, my brother, watch, beware!

For we grope our way so blindly
Through the darkness shade of life;
And the best will ere so often
Mid its tumult, toil, and strife—
That it will, till it becomes as
Thus to judge our brother's case;
Let us wait until we've triumphed,
Standing in the self-same place.

Select Tale.

THE PUBLISHER'S DAUGHTER.

One hundred years ago, what Mr. John
Murray, of Albermarle street, is now to the
city of London, was Mr. James Haley, to the
city of Dublin. Besides being a publisher,
he was the proprietor of a newspaper called the
Dublin Mercury, which possessed such an in-
fluence over the Irish mind as induced Lord
Townshend to select it as the official organ of
the Irish Government.

If Mr Haley was happy in the possession of
a newspaper which found unlimited patronage
among the public and the Government, which
enrolled among its contributors the names of
Marley, the Dean of Ferns, and Jepson,
dramatist, which had for an opponent the
Freeman's Journal, directed by the once
celebrated Dr. Lucas, he was yet more happy
in the possession of Elizabeth, his youngest
daughter.

The girl was the belle of Dublin. She had
won this enviable distinction as much through
the accomplishment of her mind as through the
grace of her person. It is recorded that her
piano was matchless for its symmetry and light-
ness. She had an abundance of that superb
hair which is neither golden nor auburn, but
which seems to partake of the beauties of both,
mingling their hues like those clouds which we
see floating above and around the setting sun.
Her eyes were dark blue and deep, her features
classy in their precision—in the short, haughty,
lip, in the cheek, straight forehead, the oval,
velvet like chin, and chin, were rarely combin-
ed those elements of beauty which distinguished
her. Her hands were considered to be the
smallest and whitest of any woman's in the
three kingdoms, and her foot was taken by a
well known bootmaker as a model for the
slipper in the extravaganza of "Cinderella."

She could converse fluently in several foreign
languages. She was a superb musician, and her
paintings elicited the approbation of the most
critical connoisseurs.

The admiration, however, which she excited
among the literary, and even aristocratic
circles in which she moved did not in the least
affect her. She had a great deal too much
sense to be flattered by the almost fulsome
compliments which the beaux of her acquaint-
ance took every opportunity to whisper to her.
She cared little for society. The only com-
panionship she appeared to value was that of
her sister Grace. She had been left mother-
less at an early age; but in Mr Haley she
found a father who supplied every want
engendered by the absence of the other parent
with a tenderness, a pride, and a care that
created a love between them that was little
short of adoration.

Mr Haley's drawing-room was over the
Mercury office. In those days fashion had not
driven tradespeople into houses away from
their shops; and the place of business which
supplied the publisher with his fortune he
considered quite good enough to furnish him
with a residence. In addition to the family
circle occupying this drawing-room one mid-
summer's evening were Gabriel Guertier, a
young Frenchman, and Charles Talbot.

Talbot was about five-and-twenty years old
at the period at which my story opens. With-
out being a strikingly handsome man, he was
possessed of pretty much every requisite to
manly beauty. A lofty, white forehead;
large flashing black eyes; a sweet smile, dis-
closing the whitest teeth; and a form, well
proportioned, and supple, made him a rather
dangerous foe to the peace of mind of those
young ladies whom he took it into his head to
attack.

Gabriel was Grace's recognized lover. They
had been engaged some time, and it was al-
most impossible to conceive any passion more
pure, more generous, more unvarying than
that which subsisted between the young people.

Elizabeth, though courted, caressed, and
flattered on every side, had as yet no lover of
her own. Many other girls pined in her
position, would, doubtless, have fallen in love
pretty well every other day, considering the
amount of attention she got from men for
all the Dublin girls are sighing. But
somehow or other, in proportion as she was
more wooed, so she became more exacting.
Her suitors all wanted some one thing more
than the poor fellows happened to possess,
it might be a better-shaped nose, a smaller
mouth, whiter hands, a quicker wit, a finer
character, a more generous heart, etc. And
so it came to pass that she let them all go by
her, including even in her contempt a vicar,
without feeling her heart in the slightest degree

affected by the trying ordeal through which her
beauty had compelled her to pass.

But a change was to come over the dream of
her life. The smile and eyes of Charles Tal-
bot were at length to achieve a conquest that
it was the general opinion among the beaux of
Dublin was wholly impracticable.

Talbot had brought a letter of recommenda-
tion from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Mr. Ha-
ley. This, together with the specimens of his
skill as an engraver, had induced the publisher
to give him employment. He acquitted him-
self so admirably that, in the shortest time pos-
sible, he had won for himself the regard and
confidence of his employer.

It occurred that during the evening to which
I have referred Mr. Haley had left the room
for a short time. The night was darkening
outside. Elizabeth rose, stirred the fire, and,
while the ruddy glow lighted up her lovely
features, turned to Talbot, and exclaimed:
"Everybody bears a good deal of the Earl of
Shrewsbury; but I've never met anybody
yet who knows him personally, saving myself.
What kind of a looking man is he, Mr. Talbot?
Is he handsome to begin with?"

"Tolerably handsome. I don't think him
very good looking, though I believe the reverse
is the opinion of a good many."

"Is he old?"

Talbot smiled.

"One of the most piquant traits in a wo-
man's character is curiosity. Let me congratu-
late you upon the possession in an eminent de-
gree."

He showed his white teeth, and flashed his
eyes upon her as he spoke. She colored a lit-
tle, and looked downward at the fire.

"Is he often in love, Mr. Talbot?" asked
Grace.

"Not often. But I would not answer for
that view of his character, where he once to set
foot in this drawing-room."

"That's meant for you, Lizzy," said Grace.

"And why not for you?" Talbot inquired.

"Ask him," she answered, laughing, and
pointing at Guertier.

Guertier shrugged his shoulders in true French
fashion, but remained silent.

The conversation went on in this kind of
strain until the return of Mr. Haley, when the
two young men rose, and bidding good-night,
took their departure.

Six months passed away, during which it
happened that a coolness sprang up between
Guertier and Talbot. The screams of the
Englishman were sometimes quite intolerable
to the somewhat plebeian pride of the French
man. Nevertheless they remained on speaking
terms, and in the presence of others even ven-
tured upon the interchange of apparently friend-
ly familiarities.

Grace, who was sharp at detecting the secret
dislike of her lover for Talbot, could not, not
after, sympathize with it. There was an at-
tractiveness about Talbot that was not to be
resisted. He was just one of that kind of man
whom a man has most to fear as a rival, and
whom a woman has most delight in as a lover.

As for Elizabeth, her love for him was pro-
found, absorbing. She kept it secret for a
long time; but his quick perception, on his de-
claring his love for her, soon divined the pas-
sionate feelings that animated her heart for him.

One evening a brilliant party was given by
Jepson the dramatist, in his rooms in Change
 Alley. Among those present were Mr. Haley,
Grace, Elizabeth and Guertier. Card tables
were scattered about the room, around which
might be seen assembled groups stired in the
picturesque costumes with which the paintings
of that period have made us all familiar. Eliza-
beth was seated near one of these card-tables
watching a game of basset that was being dis-
tressfully played, when her attention was called
away by some persons laughing heartily in the
corner of the room; and on rising to remark
the cause of this sudden hilarity she perceived
Talbot standing in the centre of the group
laughing as heartily as the rest.

It appeared that Talbot had been amusing
himself with sketching a portrait of Charles
Lucas, the butt and foe of the wits of the Mer-
cury. The likeness was a caricature, and pre-
sented an absurd resemblance to Mr. Haley—
Guertier had drawn him, and on catching sight
of the drawing, had burst out into a laugh.
This had attracted other by-standers, who, see-
ing what they fancied to be the joke, fell to
violently laughing themselves.

"Give me that likeness, Talbot, will you?"
asked Guertier.

"Bah! it's not worth having," rejoined Tal-
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and, turning upon his heel, he stroiled away.

Guertier took the drawing, and beneath it
wrote the words, "old Haley." Approaching
Elizabeth, who on catching sight of Talbot, had
blushed and resumed her seat, he placed the
sketch in her hands without comment. She
gazed at it for a moment, then indignantly ex-
claimed—

"Did Mr. Talbot do this?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply; then, after a
moment's pause he added, "it's very like, isn't
it? But what makes you so angry?"

She answered—

"I do not feel very well, I am not angry."
But her white contracted brow distinctly de-
nied her words. Scarcely had Guertier left
her side when Talbot approached her.

"I have come to take you to the next room,"
he said gaily. "It is cooler there, and the
tables are spread with the choicest repast I ever
saw. Come!"

"Did you draw this picture, Mr. Talbot?"
He inspected it for a moment, and then said
—"Yes."

"Your father wants you in the next room,"
Miss Haley," said Guertier, from the door.

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girl who this day month will be my wife."

He spoke truly, for on that day month the
publisher's daughter became the Countess of
Shrewsbury.

What Constitutes a Gentleman?
"Hullo! you man with a pail and broom,"
said a British officer, as he brought his fiery
horse to a stand in front of Governor Chittenden's
dwelling, "can you tell me if his honor,
the Governor of Vermont, resides here?"

"He does," was the response of the man,
still venturing his way to the pigsty.

"Is his honor at home?" continued the man
of spurs.

"Most certainly," replied the man of the
frock.

"Take my horse by the bits, then," said
the officer, "I have business to transact with
your master."

Without a second bidding, the man did as
was requested, and the officer having alighted,
made his way to the door, and gave the panel
several hearty raps with his whip; for he it
known in those days of republican simplicity,
knockers and bells, like servants, were of little
use.

The good dame answered the summons, and
having seated the officer, and ascertained his
desire to see the governor, she departed to in-
form her husband of the guest's arrival; but
on ascertaining that the officer had made a
hitching post of her husband, she returned and
informed him that the Governor was engaged in
the yard and could not very well wait upon
him and his horse at the same time!

The predicament of the officer can be better
imagined than described.

How he did it.
A man having a large family found it
rather hard to keep up the table, and has adopt-
ed the following ingenious plan:

"Who'll take a cent and do without his sup-
per?"

"I'll!" exclaimed the children, all eager
to get the prize.

The old man pulls out a pocket-book full of
red cents, which he keeps for the occasion, and
after giving them one apiece sends them off to
bed.

The next morning they all looked like starved
Arabs.

The old man calls them around him, and
with an air of gravity asks:

"Who'll give a cent to have a nice warm
biscuit for breakfast?"

It is needless to say the cents are forthcom-
ing.

Pat's idea of sympathy was a good one. He
had long been trying to get Bridget to give
him a parting kiss. Finally, as a last resort,