

# The Carleton Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher &amp; Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—1031

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XX.—NO. 44.

## Business Cards.

## Horses! Carriages!!

## Livery Stable.

THE Subscribers beg to call public attention to their new and spacious "WOODSTOCK HOTEL," where they can furnish a first rate fit out, having excellent horses, harness and carriages, at a minute notice. This is the Woodstock place for the Fredericton, Grand Falls and Houlton Stages.

## Extras furnished when Required.

A Coach from these stables will attend the Steamer and Cars, for the convenience of passengers. Persons wishing a cab for the Steamer or Cars leaving in the morning, should leave their orders at the office, the evening previous.

GIVEN &amp; GILMAN.

Woodstock, Aug. 27, 1868—25.

## LONG'S HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

THOS. W. SMITH, Proprietor.

First Class Accommodation for

TRANSIENT &amp; PERMANENT BOARDERS

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Good Stabling, and a Careful Hostler always in attendance.

Fredericton, July 2, 1868—27.

## Barnum's

EATING HOUSE,

IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.

Portland, Me.

Meals at all hours. Suppers and Collations furnished. Military and Fire Companies at short notice.

Portland, Me., Oct. 1, '68

## 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 week terms.

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

Second hand Cars wanted.

Shop in rear of "Cable House."

Woodstock, April 12, 1868—16

## TRUNK MANUFACTORY

49 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

Manufacturer and Retail Dealer in

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &amp;c.

CANNY CANNERS MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing neatly done at shortest notice.

W. H. KNOWLES.

St. John, July 5, 1868—28

## PATRICK GILLIN,

Importer and dealer in

Wines &amp; Liquors of various brands,

Carefully Selected.

GROCERIES, ALE, PORTER, &amp;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 &amp; SHIPPING MERCHANT

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

## JOHN J. MUNRO'S

Market for all kinds of

VALISES 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.

Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Suits.

EVERY VARIETY OF TRUNKS.

Call and see for yourselves at

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

## ROWE &amp; SHERMAN,

Shipping, Forwarding &amp; General Commission Merchants,

Fredericton, N. B.

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

## JOHN HENDERSON &amp; CO.,

Hatters and Furriers,

(CRYSTAL BLOCK).

283, NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

J. H. BOTTRELL. E. H. BOTTRELL.

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

## HENRY CONROY,

Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &amp;c.,

Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Has constantly for sale and makes to order articles of Ladies' Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Hair Dress, Craps Carried and Plain, Fritters, Ringlets, Braids, Swirls, Waterfalls, Curled and Plain, &amp;c.

Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Suits.

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.

St. John, July 27, 1867—49-1

## 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 BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,  
"To make the dark world bright!  
My silvery beams cannot struggle far  
Through the folding folds of night!  
But I'm only part of God's great plan,  
And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!"

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,  
"Of these few drops that I hold?  
They will hardly bend the lily proud,  
Though caught in her cup of gold!  
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,  
So I'll cheerfully give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,  
But a thought, like a little star,  
Came into his mind, and he said to himself,  
"I will do the best that I can!"

So he helped a younger child along,  
When the road was rough to the feet,  
And he sang from his heart a little song,  
That was all he thought passing sweet!

And he gave a weary, toil-worn man,  
Said, "I too will do the best that I can!"

Our best! ah! children, the best of us  
Must hide our faces away.  
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look  
At our work, at the close of day!

But for strength from above—'tis the Master's plan—  
We'll pray and we'll do the best that we can.

## Select Tale.

## HUNTING A MURDERER.

In the year 184—I was living in a retired little shooting lodge on the south-west coast of Ireland. About a month previous to the time of which I write a gentleman had been shot down at his own gate at Tipperary. Every body knew that the murderer was lurking somewhere in the neighborhood, in the hope of obtaining a passage to America. An unusually large reward had been offered for his apprehension, and the police were scouring the country night and day, in every direction.

One fine summer evening, I had returned from a long day's fishing in the bay; and was smoking a farewell pipe for the night, when I heard a tramp of horse's feet on the gravel outside, followed by a sharp ring at the bell. It was with small delay I recognized the well-known voice of Frank Butler, a constabulary officer and one of my oldest friends.

When we had seen the horse made up in a splendid harness, which had carried its master nearly sixty miles that day, and sat down to supper, I noticed that Frank looked more tired and careworn than I had ever seen him before. It was not long until the cause came out.

"You have heard of this murder, of course," said he; "that is what brought me over to-night; it occurred in my district, and then the gentleman was an intimate friend, I would have dined with him that day, but was called suddenly on duty, and sent an apology at the last moment."

"I was told since that he walked down his avenue gate to meet me. His hand was on the latch when the villain fired from behind a tree, and he did not bring his life to the ground. You know this country well?" he asked abruptly.

"So well; that if the fellow is lying out anywhere within five miles, I think I could undertake to put you on his track."

Frank sprang from his chair, and walked hurriedly through the room.

"I would give my right arm to be face to face with him, Harry. If you had seen poor ———'s wife, her weary, hopeless face has been haunting me ever since; I can never rest until the murderer is taken; and I have certain information that he is lying out somewhere. Every house has been searched over and over again, but I cannot think of bringing you over into the business. One victim is enough. If it were known you would be a marked man."

"Make your mind easy on that score, Frank; not one of the fellows will touch a hair of my head, especially in a stranger's quarrel. My life is in most of their leases, and the heir-apparent is not such a favorite that they would shoot me to bring him in. So now to business. I will get the ordnance map; and we can trace out the plan of our campaign."

Our task was not such a difficult one, after all; the ground to be searched was limited and tolerably open, consisting chiefly of bog, mountain and shore, with every foot of which I was acquainted. I pointed out to Frank every day's work on the map; and without assistance, and hunting in couples, three days would be amply sufficient to beat it all.

I had a brace of young setters in training at the time, and to prevent suspicion, it was agreed we should go out as if dog-breaking was our only object; accordingly, after the following morning, well provided with all the "etecoras" for such work, we started on our first day's hunt.

It proved a blank; but the second day showed us that our game was on foot and not far off. In a little wooden glen we came upon several artfully concealed lairs, which were evidently lately occupied, and in one of them I picked up an old pistol flint that had been thrown away and replaced, as there was some paper lying beside it, from which a small piece had been torn as if to cover a new one. We tracked old footsteps for a considerable distance from it until they were lost in a heathery bog, and darkness coming on, were forced to give up the search.

"I don't think either of us slept much that night. When I went to Frank's room in the

morning he was already dressed. One word, Harry," he said, "before we go. This man is armed to the teeth, and swears he will not be taken alive. These fellows seldom die game when run to the earth, but he cannot be worse off, and may keep his word. Promise me, if there is any fighting, you will act as a reserve, and leave me to deal with him alone."

I did promise with some mental reservation, and we started. There was a long day's work before us; all the likely places we had come across in our previous search had to be visited, some of them miles apart. Frank's senses seemed perpetually sharpened. A red Indian could hardly have displayed more sagacity in following up his enemy's trail. It was then for the first that I learned how exciting a man hunt becomes under certain circumstances.

Toward evening we reached a mountain—our last hope. There was only one face of it, over the sea where a man would be likely to conceal himself. That side was composed of a number of perpendicular cliffs, separated from each other by green plateaus, varying in breadth from a foot to ten; but all sloping downward at a considerable angle; so as to make the footing rather precarious. The cliffs gradually increased in height until the lowest which went right down, for 100 feet into the Atlantic Ocean.

While taking a hurried cast through some broken ground, we met a little boy herding—He could not speak English; but we managed to ascertain that a stranger had given him a penny the day before, to run down the hill for a lighted torch; when he returned, the man was gone and he had not seen him since.

The scent was getting hot, and our spirits rose as we commenced the ascent of the mountain. There were caves in several of the plateaus, and these we agreed to search together. They were very narrow, hardly admitting one person abreast; and it was very nervous work feeling our way forward, not knowing the moment when the darkness would be illuminated by the flash of a pistol, which must have proved a death signal for one or the other. Frank looked as if he would hesitate for a second in going or firing as he had promised. At the time he was giving his antagonist fearful odds. Then only I began to realize the part I had to play. It was unfortunately too plain. The man must be disabled before he could attempt another murder. That could only be done by shooting him down. In a fair fight I was not, I think, have hesitated; but my blood ran cold at the idea now. Yet what was I to do? There was no other way to save my friend's life, and God help me, it must be done.

I had nerved myself up to fire at all risk the instant I saw the murderer putting his fingers on the trigger of his pistol, and had just brought my gun to bear when Frank's voice rang out loud and clear:

"Your time has come—look up!"

Involutionally he did so, and caught my eye, a spasm of mortal fear passed across his face. He made an effort to raise the pistol but a wire cartridge from Frank's gun, dashed on the cliff behind him, passing within an inch of his head. The weapon dropped from his hand; in three bounds my friend had him in his clutch, dragging him over the rock, and the struggle began.

It was short, but from the nature of the ground a fearful one. A false step would have sent the two over the precipice to the shelf below and from that a hundred feet down into the Atlantic Ocean. Both were strong, powerful men, in weight the murderer was greatly superior, but in science and activity there was few able to cope with Frank. The murderer struggled hard for an inside place, and succeeded in getting to a kind of cleft in the rock, which gave him a slight advantage. It was only momentary; Frank took him from it with a pull that brought some of the loose stones crashing down, and with the shock they went reeling and staggering to the very edge of the cliff.

I could stand it no longer; there was a long check cord which I had brought for my dogs, in my pocket; fastening it to the bush, I lowered myself down. As I touched the ground he succeeded in drawing a knife; Frank parried the thrust, and disengaging his left hand, struck heavily twice. The man dropped on his knees, and began to beg for mercy. I rushed forward with a vague feeling of terror. As I came up the unfortunate wretch cried out:

"Save me, for God's sake, sir! He is going to throw me over!"

I looked at Frank's face; there was an expression that I never saw before, and I would never like to see it again.

"Let him go, Frank," I shouted; "that's the hangman's mark, not yours."

He did not hear me; grasping the fellow with both hands, he swung himself round, and flung him off with all his strength. It was well; the coat he wore was made of strong frieze; and as it was, they were nearly gone over his head. I laid him on his back, with a few seconds in silence and then took my hand and said slowly—

"You are a good fellow, Harry, and I thank you; I didn't know what I was doing."

He turned away with a shudder, while I poured some brandy from my flask, and threw it in the murderer's face. He recovered after a time and sat up, staring widely round and trembling all over. I never saw a wretch so completely subdued; he clung to me for protection, and became as abject and cowering as he had been insolent before. We waited until dark, and then brought him to the police barracks. Before sunrise next morning, he was

20 miles on his way back to the place from whence he came. At the following assizes he was tried and convicted; the judge was merciful, and gave him a "long day." In the meantime a fever broke out in the jail, and he proved one of the first victims. The last words he uttered were, "Don't throw me over!" Let us hope that his prayer was granted.

**A Curious Story—A Man Choked under Starting Circumstances.**

Yesterday a German named Cadell was engaged to do some work in a butcher shop in Market square. While so engaged a neighbor came in and asked why he had not returned a hatchet he had borrowed from him a few days before. Cadell replied that he had returned it. This the neighbor denied, and notwithstanding Cadell's protestations, insisted that he had not done so. Cadell grew considerably excited over the accusation, and after some words with the neighbor, said very loudly, "I hope God will choke me dead with this piece of meat if I don't!" At the same time he placed in his mouth a piece of raw beef, which, without chewing, he belched. The beef evidently lodged in the man's windpipe, for at once he began to gasp as if for breath, and to grow black in the face. A number of persons gathered about, but none of them seemed able to render the man any assistance, and it seemed as though he would die in earnest. Some body had the presence of mind to run to the Police Station, and Officer McDonald went down. He opened the man's mouth, using considerable force to do so, and running his fingers down his throat, pulled out the meat.

A shower of cold water brought Cadell to, but he had about as close an escape from death as one would wish for. As he came to his senses again, Cadell looked to his neighbor, and in a sorrowful tone said: "I did bring back your hatchet." The neighbor concluded by this time he had done so.

**A Pithy Sermon to Young Men.**

You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto, Self-Reliance, Honesty, and Industry. For your star, Faith, Perseverance, and Pluck; and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; keep the helm, and steer your own ship. Think well of yourselves. Strike down the great obstructions that stand in your way. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position.

Do not practise excessive humility; you can't get above your level. Water don't run uphill; put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and small potatoes will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world.

The great work of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing, and buys everything. Don't drink. Don't smoke. Don't chew. Don't swear. Don't gamble. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't deceive. Be kind. Study hard.

Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow men, as well as God. Love your country, and obey the laws. Love truth. Love virtue. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequence with God.

A Clergyman who had appointed a day for the catechizing of some of his congregation, happened to receive an invitation to dinner for the same day, and, having forgotten his previous engagement he accepted it. Just how, however, as he was mounting his gig to depart, he perceived the first of his class entering the garden, and the remainder coming over the hill, and at once became aware of the mistake he had made. Here was a fix! But the minister's ready wit soon came to his assistance. "What have you come for, John?" he asked, addressing the first comer. "Oudee you no remember, sir, ye bade us come to be catechized?" "Oh aye; well, no to keep going further, John, it is a horned cow or a hummel cow that Noah took into the ark?" "Deed, sir, I canna tell." "Well turn back and ask the ither folk the same question. And if they canna answer, bid them go home, and find out."

**PLEASURES OF MATRIMONY.** BY A WIFE.—I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of poverty. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. He likes the thermometer at 75 degrees, while I like the thermometer at 100 degrees. He brought up at home instead of at school, which I like. I like music, and wish to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced beef, which he hates. There is but one thing we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word.

A poor Irish cripple sat begging at a bridge urging his appeal to the charity of passers by. A gentleman and lady, young, gay, handsome, with that peculiar look of gratified and complacent consciousness which indicates the first few weeks of married life—crossed the bridge. They regarded the petition of the beggar; so, just as they passed him, he exclaimed, "May the blessing of the Lord, which brings love, and joy, and wealth, and fine family follow you all the days of your life!"—a pause; the couple passed heedlessly on, and the beggar, with a fine touch of caustic humor, added, "and never overtake you!"

"Keep your dog away from me!" said a dandy to a butcher boy—"Hang the dog, he's always after puppies," said the boy.

## Items Foreign &amp; Local.

There has been a falling off in the Revenue of the Post Office Department of the Dominion, during the first three months of the present year, of \$25,000. When it is remembered that the cost of the newspaper postage system exceeds the profits, this deficit is easily accounted for. It is generally supposed the deficit would amount to \$100,000, hence it is fair to argue that cheap postage has exceeded general expectations.

A Frenchman has invented a kind of safe, which, when fraudulently opened, will kill a brilliant Bengal tiger and assemble a crowd.

In England 3,000 steam plows are in operation in Egypt, 200. In the United States, two.

Gough says he has lectured during his 36 years of public speaking, 250 times in New York, and 450 times in Boston, and yet he never came before an audience without trembling at the knees and hush of voice. The dramatic people call this "stage fright," and they remark that the actor who does not feel a little stage fright, seldom reaches a high professional position.

The amount of taxation in the United States in 1860 is said to have been four dollars and fifty cents per capita. In the year 1867 it is said to be set down at twenty-three dollars.

A snake's skeleton with nine hundred and eighty-two joints has been dug up in Tennessee. Some one has invented a cigar-making machine that turns out one hundred thousand weekly.

The law compelling railway companies in England to run smoking cars on all their trains has gone into effect.

Baltimore has a musical phenomenon; a blind infant less than three years old, who plays the piano most skillfully with hands and feet.

Poisoned history is the latest sensation in London. Mr. Webber, a medical man, affirms that the coloring matter in many of the so-called "poisoned" histories is really a poison, which produces irritation, sore on the feet. An order for a large number of these bright colored socks has been countermanded by a London firm.

Sir Moses Montefiore says that neither in his life nor in any other part of the world has he seen a sentence of death being pronounced by a Jewish tribunal since the close of the great Sanhedrin in Jerusalem.

STRAINED HAY.—E. W. Stewart writes to the *Advertiser*, that, after an experiment of more than ten years, he has found that a steamed hay is worth three unsteamed, and that one quart of corn meal steamed with a bushel of straw is equal to a bushel of hay.

In England, recently, a rich old man died, whose young wife had but him left a very little. He frequently stated that he would be revenged on reading the will his vengeance was too well felt. He left all his property, about \$100,000, to his only son, who had been a soldier, and was then a day from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. in his tomb. Should the mis one hour the whole fortune revert to the natural heirs.

There is much talk in England among military men, now of a new invention of a battery, which will revolutionize our fortifications. Mr. Moncreiff, a militia officer, has devised a means of utilizing the recoil of guns, which hitherto it has been the great object of artillery to neutralize. He has no embrasures, but places his guns upon the parapet. After firing, the recoil causes the gun to make a descending arc, down which the gunners are stationed, and by adopting a system of counterweight, the gunners are enabled to load the gun and then let it pass up wards to the parapet. Discharge causes recoil, and the gun then descends, to be loaded and raised as before.

It will require 800,000 feet of timber to the mile for the new sheds on the Pacific Railway. A piratical craft has been captured on the Ohio river. The pirates had murdered, robbed, and taken away the sheep, and then fought off a posse of constables.

Western, the "walkie," in his late walk at White Plains, is said to have made the best time on record: 100 miles in 22 hours, 19 minutes and 30 seconds.

The Pope alone of European sovereigns does not smoke.

Judge Hilton, of New York, gets a salary of \$25,000 a year for attending to A. T. Stewart's law business.

Horses sell for ten pence apiece in Gipsy's Land, according to an Australian paper. By wholesale they are seven to five shillings. The same authority says that hippopotamuses would be more popular there, but that sheep sell at the same rate.

When Artemus Ward was approached in a theatre one evening by a young man who said he was a son of John Jacob Astor, and desired to know the cause of his poverty, he replied: "Young man, go home and tell your father to order your funeral, and I'll engage to furnish the corpse."

Russells lately made an appeal to Mr. Bright, the well-known member of the British Parliament for Protection of their business. Mr. Bright, though not a temperance man, replied: "You are sure to be beaten. There is no power of the public which takes any direct interest in defending your side in the matter. You must fight it out yourselves. It is a class against the people and I know you will go to the wall."

A BRIDGROOM SHOT DEAD AT THE ALTAR. The next one may be seen on the late of Eng. New York, Oct. 7.—A letter from North Carolina states that while a marriage ceremony was being performed at Ashpole, Robeson County, a few days ago, the bridegroom, who was a young man, was shot dead by a party of men disguised as hunters, who were waiting for the bridegroom to be shot dead. The bridegroom was shot dead by a party of men disguised as hunters, who were waiting for the bridegroom to be shot dead.

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