

# The Carleton Sun.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher &amp; Proprietor

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869

WHOLE NO.—1075

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 34.

## Business Cards.

## Fire Insurance Companies.

Capital and Cash Assets, \$17,000,000

Deposited at Ottawa, \$400,000

## ROBERT MARSHALL,

General Agent for New Brunswick.

IMPERIAL, of London, Established 1863.

LONDON, of New Haven, Established 1869.

HARTFORD, of Hartford, Established 1810.

Dwelling Houses insured at special rates.

JOHN T. ALLEN, Agent.

Woodstock, July 18, 1869.

## Summer Arrangement.

## Clark &amp; Davis Express,

Will, until further notice, leave Richmond and Woodstock Stations every TUESDAY at 10 o'clock.

Leaves Woodstock every Monday and Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

Leaves Port Hope, Ontario, every Monday and Friday at 6 o'clock, p. m.

Money and Freight of every description forwarded with dispatch and prompt delivery.

Principal Offices:

57 King Street, corner Water, Woodstock, N. B.

Bowen Street, Port Hope, Ontario.

Legal Reference: S. B. Appleby, Esq., Woodstock, June 5, 1869.

## Woodstock Marble Works

THE business heretofore carried on by the firm of H. HARVEY &amp; ALMOND, will in future be conducted in this place by the subscriber, as an

## IMPORTER OF MARBLE,

## MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES,

GRAY STONES, &amp;c.

## Centre, Pier Tables &amp; Mantels,

FREE STONE AND GRANITE CUTTING EXECUTED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Place of business—

## MAIN STREET,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Office: 101 Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.

B. W. HARVEY.

## C. L. RICHARDS,

General Agent for the sale of

Tobacco, Cigars, and other Staples,

ROBERTSON PLACE,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Mr. Richards gives special attention to the importation of Teas and Tobacco, and his numerous patrons may rely upon finding in his Warehouse the finest and largest variety and largest stock of the above Goods in the Province. In order to insure frequent and large orders upon him, he has decided to

at John's 12.

## CARD.

## WOODSTOCK STEAM PLANING MILL,

AND

## GABINET FACTORY,

South side Bridge, Woodstock, N. B.

Planing, Turning, Sawing,

And every description of MACHINE WORK done with care and despatch.

H. W. BOURNE &amp; CO.

March 24, 1869.

## S. E. BAKER'S

Oach and Sleigh Factory,

QUEEN STREET,

Between the Gibson House and R. Caldwell's Hotel.

ALL orders for Carriages, Sleighs, Blacksmithing, and all kinds of Repairs, Painting, Trimming, &amp;c., promptly attended to.

S. E. BAKER.

N. B.—Sleighs manufactured from Hickory and Oak. Persons intending to buy will do well to call and examine style, quality, price, &amp;c.

S. E. B.

## HENRY CONROY,

## Hair Cut, Wig Maker, &amp;c.,

Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

As a constant for sale and makes to order articles of Ladies' Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Head Dresses, Caps, Shawls, Trimmings, Ringlets, Braids, Switches, Waterfalls, Curled and Plain, &amp;c.

Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Hair.

Hair Cutting and the various branches of his profession conducted in a manner to ensure perfect satisfaction. Ladies wishing to have their hair cut or dressed will do well to call and examine style, quality, price, &amp;c.

at John's 12.

## 49. FIRST PRIZE

For Domestic Manufacture of

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARRIAGE BAGS, ETC., ETC.

AWARDED TO

W. H. KNOWLES, 49 Germain street

V. (Grand Hotel, 49 Germain street)

and Sole Leather Trunks, Common Dress and Children's Trunks.

Together with Ladies' Bonnet Trunks, valises of all kinds, leather Bags, Carpet Bags, leather carriers, hat boxes &amp;c.

Also Trunks, and all kinds of Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Canvas Covering, &amp;c. made to order, and repaired neatly done.

Union Truck Depot, St. John, N. B.

## Fire and Life Insurance Agency

THE subscriber is agent for Woodstock and the up to St. John of the

## NORTH BRITISH &amp; MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

of Edinburgh and London.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000

Invested Funds, 1864, \$2,304,512, 75, 10.

AND OF THE

## Standard Life Insurance Co.

ESTABLISHED, 1825.

Accumulated and Invested Funds over \$3,500,000.

These Companies are of the most reliable class in Great Britain, and do business on the most reasonable terms, and with as little delay as possible. As such, they are confidently recommended to my friends and the public generally, and shall be glad to receive applications from those desirous of insuring their property or lives.

JAMES GROVER.

Woodstock, N. B., 1869.

## UNITED STATES HOTEL,

PORTLAND, ME.,

E. CRAM &amp; CO., Proprietors.

## Poetry.

## WORK.

Attend, oh man!  
Upon the bustle of thy kind,  
Advance the ministry of mind:  
The mountain height is free to climb—  
Toil on—Man's heritage is time!  
Toil on!Work on and win!  
Without work is unemployment;  
The happiest are the best employed!  
Work moves and moulds the mightiest, birth,  
And graces the destinies of earth;  
Work on!Work says the seed;  
Even the rock may yield its dower;  
No lot so hard, but human power,  
Exerted to one end and aim,  
May conquer fate, and capture fame;  
Press on!Press onward still;  
In nature's centre live the fire,  
That slow, though sure, doth get aspires;  
Though fathoms deep of mould and clay,  
It spits the rocks that bar its way!  
Press on!If nature then  
Lay waste beneath her weight of earth,  
When would the hidden fire know birth?  
This man, through granite fate, must find  
The path—the upward path—of mind.  
Work on!Pause not in fear;  
Preach no desponding, servile view,  
Whate'er they will, thy will may win!  
Strength comes mainly nerve to bend  
Truth's bow, and bid its shaft ascend;  
Toil on!Be firm of heart;  
By fusion of unnumbered years  
A continent is vastness rears.  
A drop, it said, through fate will wear;  
Toil on, and nature's conquest share:  
Toil on!Within thyself  
Bright morn and noon and night succeed—  
By fusion of unnumbered years  
A continent is vastness rears.  
A drop, it said, through fate will wear;  
Toil on, and nature's conquest share:  
Toil on!Work on and win!  
Shall light from nature's depths arise,  
And thou whose mission grasps the skies  
Sit down with fate and idly rail?  
No—work! Let truth prevail:  
Work on!  
American Old Fellow.

## Select Tale.

## A NIGHT WITH A MANIC.

The name was a giant. He had broken his heavy chains as Samson broke the wires—

had torn open the door of his cell—then

he killed, literally in pieces—burst the door open

—the keeper, the watchman, with a heavy iron bar

he had wrenched from the door—and escaped

with his formidable weapon into the city.

The whole place was agitated at the news; and

the students at the hospital and dissecting room,

who were connected with the asylum, had to

nervous excitation to help to capture the escaped

wild beast.

I had gone to the dissecting room alone, and

was about to commence using the knife on a

subject. There was a storm raging, and with

a low sob the wind swelled through the long

aisle of forest trees, and flashed with the gather-

ed force of an ocean wave against the dead house.

Simultaneously a hand struck the light door,

and the yell of a maniac rang through and

through my brain.

Above the door, through the small ventila-

tor, the face of the madman and the murderer

peered down at me.

"Ah, ah! I have caught you at last—here—

—and alone! I have been waiting for you.

You took me once, didn't you? Ha! ha! Let me

in."

The coolness of imminent peril brought my

powers to action. I held his eye an instant;

but it was evident he was too wild for that; his

blood was up, and it roared with eager ferocity

through the room and over the frail walls.

With the light bound of a leopard, I gained

the door, and shot the double bolt. A gleam

of rage darted from his eye; but he laughed,

"Ha! ha! You think that will keep me out."

He leaped to the ground. In an instant the

light was out.

"Wait," I cried. "I have a weapon in my

hand as keen as a razor. It is poisoned by the

dead body I have been working on. Burst

the door, and I'll plunge it in your heart. If

you don't die, you are a dead man. You may

try, but you are a God."

The swarthy giant shook the door, until its

hinges cracked and groaned beneath his hand.

Then, laughing again low to himself, muttered,

"Fool! I'll wait you yet."

And alone in the darkness. I heard him

for an instant, pressing against the wall of the

building; and it swayed and bent inward with

the weight. Then silence. The din of my

pulses made thunder in my ears; as I tried to

hear his stealing tread, and the sobbing wail

which rose anew with wretched shriek, made my

efforts fruitless.

A thousand times I heard his low, devilish,

murderous laugh. A thousand times I felt his

brawny strength against the door, and saw his

wild face look down at me through the gloom;

but still he did not come. I tried to think he

had abandoned the design, and slunk off dis-

tastefully; but I knew it was not so—I knew

he was crouching in some corner, on the watch

for my return. I was passing.

Could I stay there all night? No, certainly

not. An hour more and Harry Leigh (my

young wife's brother) would come to seek me

—a unconscious of the danger until a

blowdown at his throat would choke the brave

young life down there forever.

I stood in the interval of the now fatal

storm to hear if he was breathing near me; I

waited for the next lull. It came—that deep

bush that follows the gusty wind. I put my

soul in the sense of hearing, but no human

shadow of sound greeted it.

When the storm swelled again I drew the

bolt and looked into the night; a black pall

hung over the earth and sky. I had as good

a chance to pass him in the obscurity as he to

catch me. With my knife in my teeth, and

the massive thigh-bone of a negro to fell him

with, if I must, I drew of my shoes and step-

ped out into the darkness. A sudden whirl of

the tempest almost took me of my feet, and a

brick, dislodged from one of the chimneys,

grazed my head in its passage, and broke in

halves on the pavement.

With lured breath, and a step like the tread

of a panther crouching his prey, I passed the

thick darkness and turned my face towards the

hospital. He might be either here—at any

step along the passage—or hid in the angle of

the wall at the door through which I must enter.

This seemed most probable; but there was

another door known only to the doctors.

I thought I would elude him. With infinite

caution I began to scale the high wall, dread-

ing horribly lest some sudden break in the sky

would reveal me to the wild eyes that watched

for me—but no.

Safely passing the summit, I threw my leg

over the descent, and felt my foot seized.

It was but the climbing tendril of a wild vine,

skirting the wall. Grasping my knife in my

right hand, I crept along the bushes for fifty

yards, then struck across the lawn for the side

entrance. The darkness perplexed me, but I

thought I was steering straight. Suddenly my

foot struck bricks. What was this? I tried

to recollect. There was no pavement round

that part of the hospital.

I pushed on uncertainly; and feeling a

weight in the air, put out my hand to group for

some clue to my whereabouts. I was in an

alley—flanked by stone walls far above my

head. I gave a sudden turn. In an instant I

knew I was in the subterranean passages of the

asylum. Turning to retrace my steps, the

opaque density of some heavy body crouched

between me and the outer air. I heard its

stilled breathing—it stealthily tread approaching

me. Just heavens! he had followed me! A

struggle for the door of the madhouse here! A

struggle for the life of a madman in these nar-

row, gloomy vaults—to lie in the pool of one's

own heart's blood in this undiscovered tomb—

and my young wife, Constance! was mad-

dening!

For an instant my brain was on fire. Then

I thought there might be an exit—other devious

windings in which I could elude my deadly

pursuer. Going deftly backwards, I turned

the angle in the wall, and then plunged at the

utmost speed of a young and active man along

the back passage. Instantly I knew I was

pursued. Meeting another cross path, I

struck into it in the opposite direction. The

manic instantly followed me. What a race

through those cavernous depths of the mad-

house! What tragic pitfalls might lurk at

every step!—what black and stagnant pools

of waiting to engulf me!—what deeper depths

of lifelessness into which to fall—and fall

forever!

The passage grew narrower. We were, per-

haps under the very centre of the building, and

farthest from the outer air. I had tried to

breathe noiselessly; the effort exhausted me.

I knew nothing of the labyrinth; could only

guess at our position by the distance from the

entrance. I had counted the turnings we had

made. I thought I could retrace them. My

strength was failing. I was fleetest, but he

was more enduring.

Presently he would run me down. It was

a terrible truth, but the necessity was im-

mune. I would try. Gathering all my force,

I darted like an arrow into the darkness.

The suddenness of my increased speed baffled

him. I succeeded in putting fifty yards be-

tween us, gained and turned the next angle;

then, drawing myself up against the wall, with

every muscle strained into preternatural ten-

sion, with the mighty heaving of my spent

chest, I rushed into silence by an iron effort of

despairing will. I waited for him to pass me.

I heard him come rushing on with new

strength through the blackness, reach the an-

gle, turn it, striking his vestive body against

the jutting stones. I heard him spring like a

cat over the track. I felt his hot breath

like steam—the form of his set jaws flash-

across my face—and he stopped. I felt that

he was feeling for me!—that he was crouching

on the stones. I saw the red of his eyeballs

glare up to me through the darkness. I felt

the touch of his icy flesh on my hand. Like

lightning he raised himself,