POOR COPY

Professional Cards.

DOCTOR SMITH
Has Removed his Drug Shop to
QUINN'S NEW BUILDING,
MAIN STREET,
Two doors South of B. Lynch's New Store,
WHERE his stock of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, HORSE MEDICINES, STATIONERY, BOOKS, and FANCY GOODS, will be found equal in quality and as low in price as any in the market.
Woodstock, Feb 5, 1869

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

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.
Has removed his residence, to his new Building, two doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
OFFICE—In Quinn's New Building, Main Street.
Woodstock, April 29 1865.

N. R. COLTER, M. D.,
(L. R. C. P. L., ENGLAND,)
Office and Residence, - - GIBSON HOUSE.
DR. COLTER has held public appointments in Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. Consultation as above.
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868—3m-pd-7

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, - - WOODSTOCK.
RESIDENCE—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksontown Road. [22-tf.]

WILLIAM M. CONNELL
ATTORNEY at LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
6m WOODSTOCK, N. B.

STEPHEN B. APPLEBY,
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE—In Allen's Brick Building, (up stairs).
WOODSTOCK, N. B
[43]

W. A. BALLOCH,
DENTAL SURGEON!
OFFICE:—At the rooms of Dr. Connell, Brick Building,
Queen Street,
Opposite "Cable House."
Woodstock, July 2, 1868.—27.

QUEEN HOTEL.
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.,
OPENED JUNE, 1869.
JOSEPH PHILLIPS, Proprietor.
THIS House is new, the largest in the Province, pleasantly situated near the Steamboat Wharf, furnished in a superior style, and will be kept as a
First Class Hotel.
Fredericton, June 16 1869.

Home Division, No. 206, S. of T.,
Meets every Saturday Evening,
IN BEVERIDGE'S HALL,
Tobique, Victoria County.
—25

CABLE HOUSE,
Woodstock, N. B.
THE undersigned having assumed the Proprietorship of the "Cable House," begs to assure his friends and the travelling public generally, that he is determined to spare no efforts to maintain the character of this house as a first class hotel.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated. Terms reasonable.
A. H. PARKS.
Woodstock, April 20 1868.

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
ROBERT DONALDSON, - - Proprietor.
PLEASANTLY situated on the bank of the river, immediately at the steamboat landing, and convenient to the public offices.
Woodstock, March 25, 1868—1y-13

GIBSON HOUSE,
OPEN FOR TRAVELLERS.
QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
ALEX. GIBSON, *Proprietor.*

RUSSELL HOUSE,
—ON—
SPARK STREET,
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOUIN, *Proprietor.*
March 18, 1868—13.

AMERICAN HOUSE.
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B.
Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB.
STAGE HOUSE--TOBIQUE.
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point [39.

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 Hostler always in attendance.
Fredericton, July 2, 1868—27.

PARK HOTEL,
KING SQUARE.....ST. JOHN.
H. FAIRWEATHER,
Proprietor.
This House is new, is pleasantly situated, furnished in a superior manner, and will be kept as a First-Class Hotel. [24]

Horses! Carriages!!
THE Subscribers beg to call public attention to their New and spacious
Livery Stable.
Close by the "WOODSTOCK HOTEL, where they can furnish a first rate fit out, having excellent horses, Harness and Carriages, at a Minutes notice.
This is the Woodstock *depot* for the Fredericton, Grand Falls and Houlton Stages.
Extras furnished when Required.
A Coach from these stables will attend the Steamers 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.
GLIDDEN & GILLMAN.
Woodstock, Aug. 27, 1868—35.

W. H. OLIVE,
General Insurance, Custom House, Forwarding, and
COMMISSION AGENT,
Office--No 82 Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REFERENCES BY PERMISSION.
Hon. A. M'L. Seely. Messrs. Jardine & Co.,
Hon. Thos. R. Jones. Messrs. Daniel & Boyd
Messrs. I. & F. Burpee & Co. W. O. Smith, Esq.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor. Our Queen and Constitution. JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 40. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1869. WHOLE NO.—1081

Business Cards.

WATCHES,
Clocks and Jewelry!
THE subscriber has for sale a large and varied Stock, consisting of
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
SILVER & PLATED WARE,
FANCY GOODS, &C.
Particular attention given to **Watch Repairing;** and all work warranted.
JOHN BABBITT,
1 door below Thomas' Dry Good Store, Queen Street.
Fredericton, July 1, 1869—6m-27

Summer Arrangement.
Clark & Davis' Express,
WILL, until further notice, leave Richmond and Woodstock Stations every TUESDAY at 7 p. m.
Leaves Boston every Monday Wednesday and Friday morning at 7½ o'clock.
Leaves Railroad Wharf, Portland, every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 5 o'clock, p. m.
☞ Money and Freight of every description forwarded with despatch and promptly delivered.
Principal Offices:
57 Kilby Street, corner Water,.....Boston
Eastern Express Company,.....Portland
Gould's Block,.....Houlton
Legal Referee—S. B. Appleby.
G. W. VANWART & CO., Agents.
Woodstock, June 5, 1869

Woodstock Marble Works
THE business heretofore carried on by the firm of HARVEY & ALMOND, will in future be conducted in this place by the subscriber, as an
IMPORTER OF MARBLE,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES,
GRAVE STONES, &c.,
Centre, Pier Tables & Mantles,
FREE STONE AND GRANITE CUTTING EXECUTED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Place of business,—
MAIN STREET,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
☞ Orders filled at the shortest notice and cheapest possible rates. Patronage respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
Woodstock, Aug. 20, 1868. 34. B. W. HARVEY.

C. L. RICHARDS,
WHOLESALE IMPORTER OF
Teas, Tobacco, and other Staples,
ROBERTSON PLACE,
Near North Wharf.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Mr. Richards gives special attention to the importation of Teas and Tobaccos, and his numerous patrons may rely upon finding in his Warehouse at all times the greatest variety and largest stock of the above Goods in the Province. In order to insure frequent and large sales upon which he relies, prices will be decidely low. st john may 12.

CARD.
WOODSTOCK STEAM PLANING MILL
AND
CABINET FACTORY!
South side Bridge, Woodstock, N. B.
Planing, Turning, Sawing,
And every description of MACHINE WORK done with care and despatch.
H. W. BOURNE & CO.
March 24, 1869.

S. E. BAKER'S

Coach and Sleigh Factory,
QUEEN STREET,
Between the Gibson House and R. Caldwell's Hotel.
ALL orders for Carriages, Sleighs, Blacksmithing, Woodwork, Repairing, Painting, Trimming, &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, enquire price, &c.
S. E. B.
Woodstock, Nov. 6. 1868.

HENRY CONROY,
Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,
Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.,
HAS constantly for sale and makes to order article of Ladies Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Head Dresses, Craps Curled and Plain, Frizettes, Ringlets, Braid, Switches, Waterfalls, Curled and Plain, &c.
Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Scalps.
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—tf 31

49. FIRST PRIZE 49.
For Domestic Manuactvre of
TRUNKS, VALICES, CARPET BAGS, ETC. ETC.,
AWARDED TO
W. H. Knowles. 49 Germain street
WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Ladies' and Gents Trunks, Saratoga, Eugenie, California and Sole leather Trunks. Common Dress and Children's Trunks.
Together with Ladies' Bonnet Trunks, valices of all kinds, pelicer Bags, Carpet Bags, letter carriers, hat boxes &c.
Zinc Trunks, and all kinds of Trunks, Valices Carpet Bags, Canvass Covering, &c. made to order, and Repairs neatly done.
Union Trunk Depot, St. John, N. B.

Fire and Life Insurance Agency
THE Subscriber is agent for Woodstock and the upper St. John of the
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE Co
of Edinburgh and London.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.
CAPITAL, £2,000,000 stg
Invested Funds, 1864, £2,304,512, 7s., 10.
AND OF THE
Standard Life Assurance Co.
OF EDINBURGH.
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, consistent with safety to the insured. As such, I can confidently recommend them to my friends and the public generally, and shall be glad to receive application from those desirous of insuring their property or lives.
JAMES GROVER.
Woodstock, Au 1866.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, Me.,
E. CRAM & CO., Proprietors.

Poetry.

To a Little Huswife.

O little Huswife clean and spruce,
Thy use one heart divines;
A rosy apple, full of juice,
And polish'd—till it shines!
A tidy, trippling, tender thing,
A foe to lazy litters,
A household angel, tidying
Till all around thee glitters!

To see thee in thy loveliness,
So prudish and so chaste;
No speck upon the cottot dress
Girdled round thy waist;
The ankle peeping white as snow
Thy tuck'd up kirtle under;
While shining dishes, row on row,
Behind thee, stare and wonder!

While round thy door the millions call
While the great markets fill,
Though public sorrow strike us all,
Singing, thou workest still;
Yea, all thy care and all thy lot
Is ever, sweet and willing,
To keep one little household spot
As clean as a new shilling!

The crimson kitchen firelight dips
Thy cheeks until they glow;
The white floor makes thy finger tips
Like rosebuds drop: in snow,
When all thy little gentle heart
Flutters in exultation
To compass, in an apple tart,
Thy noblest aspiration!

O Huswife, may thy modest worth
Keep ever free from wrong;
Blest be the house and bright the hearth
Thou blessest all day long!
And nightly, may thy sleep be sound,
While o'er thee, softly, stilly,
The curtains close, like leaves around
The hushl heart of the lile!

Select Tale.

MY STRANGE PATIENT.

BY A SURGEON.

Some friends of mine who had been spending the summer at one of the most fashionable watering places, had come back with a strange story about an invalid whom they recommended to me as an interesting patient. As I listened to their description, which my faith in their veracity compelled me to believe, I said to myself that the case was one of those exceptionally strange ones that defy the wisdom of the physician, and whose hidden causes are never revealed, so far as the eyes of this world are concerned.

Nevertheless, I made up my mind that when circumstances were favourable, I would run down and take a look at Lucy Lot—that was the invalid's name. It was the middle of a severe winter before I was able to do so; the circumstances that gave me the opportunity arising from the fact that one of my most intimate friends—a literary man, who loved seclusion at his labors- was spending the winter at the watering-place in question, and, being suddenly taken ill, had telegraphed for me. I found my friend suffering only from a severe cold, which the morbidness induced by his lonely way of life had magnified out of all proportion to what it was in reality. Having done the best I could for him, I resisted his invitation to stay, and hiring a conveyance from one of the adjacent hotels, set forth to visit my strange patient at Thorncliff.

Thorncliff was a bleak peak, or jutting rock, surmounted by a tumble-down tavern, some ten miles distant from any other human habitation The tavern was called the "Thorncliff Arms," and had been built many years ago in the hope that it would become a favorite resort for excursion parties. That hope had fallen through—been dissapointed. The proprietor, who had almost ruined himself by his enterprise, has now been dead for some years, and, as I subsequently learned, had left his widow and daughter—an only child—a sum of money just sufficient for their support. The mother and child were the only occupants of the ruined homestead; and the child, Lucy Lot, was the strange patient, in whom some watering-place gossip had interested me.

The overpowering gloom of that day I never shall forget. The iron sky, the roar of the sea, the ice-crusted layer of snow that was crunched beneath my carriage-wheels, the desolateness of the prospect, the fact that no house nor human being was in sight, tha noise of the winds as they made havoc over the boundless expanse of shore and sea, the deadly cold of the atmosphere, the desolation of soul one experiences when he finds himself among surroundings so bare, and pitiless, and bleak—all the sensations due to such scenes and circumstances as these swept over me, so that I was glad when the vehicle stopped at the door of the "Thorncliff Arms," and I caught a glimpse through the window of a bright fire within.

That brightly -burning fire, which seemed alive, was the only inhabitant of the quaint, old-fashioned room in which I found myself.

Two windows, made of these small panes of glass our forefathers found as serviceable as the plate of modern days, looked out upon the sea. Situated as the house was, on the verge of a projecting bluff, the arc of an immense circle, made up of sea and sky and sandy shore.

Riveted to the spot in a dismal trance, in which an oppression at my chest was the prevailing sensation, I must have stood still for some ten minutes, not noticing the warmth of the grate just behind me, but feeling myself an atom cast up, like a wreck, by the elements that warred without. From this trance I was aroused by a light touch laid upon my arm, and a soft, clear voice, which said, "There will be dark work over there."

I turned and looked, and started at the apparition that stood beside me.

It was that of a young girl of not more than eighteen. Her face was very white; her lips were full and crimson; her eyes, large, liquid, and blue; her hair fell around her shoulders. She was attired in a dress of some coarse dark material, with open hanging sleeves. The other was pointing over the sea. By the hand resting upon me she had raised herself slightly, so as to bring her lips near my ear. The voice in which she spoke was not a whisper, nor a muttering. It was a soft, clear, low sound

As I turned and looked at her, she pointed again, as though indicating a point of infinite distance, and repeated, "There will be dark work over there—dark work! dark work!"

She withdrew her eyes from the direction in which her extended hand had pointed, and rested them upon my face, as though to question it for an answer to her language. As I looked in them, I saw the gaze of extreme distance, caused by their having followed the direction of her hand, slowly dying out, and a recognition of near things beginning to take its place.

At this moment, another sigh, no less curious attracted my attention

The figure of an old and stooping woman suddenly made itself visible at the further end of the room. As she walked slowly forward to where I was standing she seemed unconscious that I was there. Her countenance—the color of old parchment—was furrowed with a million wrinkles. She wore a high cap, and short dress, with a muslin kerchief pinned over her bosom. Her hands was busy with some knitting; and on that her eyes were bent As she advanced, she uttered a low crooning noise, as as though her cracked voice were striving to realize some tune of her childhood to itself.

As she reached the fire-place, my shadow caught her eyes, and she looked up. The most surprising thing to me was the old woman's absence of surprise She never paused in her knitting, but, looking me calmly in the face, exclaimed—if so faint a ghost of a voice can be termed an exclamation. "So you have come at last, sir—come at last!"

"It seems, then, I was expected?" I answered, scarce knowing what answer to make.

"Expected! Oh, yes! you were expected," answered the old woman, riveting her eyes once more on her work. "Lucy"—indicating with a gesture of her needles the girl beside me—"always knows who's a-comin', and what's a-goin' to take place, when she's this way."

"What way?" I asked, bending an involuntarily protective look on Lucy, who stood gazing at me with the same sad earnestness.

"Ah! that's where it is sir," replied the old woman, shaking her head. "I know how it all is, but it's hard to explain it to strangers. Lucy has been ill with a strange sickness for the past five years; and sometimes I think she'll be the death of me. As you see her now, sir, she's asleep. You might pinch her black and blue all over, and she'd never feel it When she's awake, and in her proper senses, she could no more stand up or walk across the room than you or I could walk across the sea out yonder. When she is fast asleep, as you see her now, sir, her strength comes back to her, and she can see things that I can't see. It seems to me that her eyes go into the land of the dead. Long before you came—days and days ago—she said she was going to have a visit from a stranger, just like you. And somehow or other, she seems to connect this storm we're having with something in her past life"

At this moment I heard Lucy's voice once more. The words that broke from Lucy's lips were: "Yes. Darkness and storm, and danger and death! Death for me, death for him, death for her" (pointing to her mother)—"death for all but you!" bringing back her eyes to rest on me.

So saying, she turned her back upon us and walked slowly, and with drooping head, to the door.

"Don't put yourself to any trouble, sir," said the mother, as I made a motion to help Lucy with my arm. "She feels this state going off, and her time tor walking coming on. She will just have time to reach her bed. She never fails, sir. But she'll be the death of me, I know."

As the old woman completed her sentence, the soft crash, as of a body falling upon a bed, came to us from the next room.

The mother motioned me away.

"Come to see her to-morrow," she said, "if you will be so kind. I will prepare Lucy by telling her that you have been here. It will be too much of a shock for her to see you now."

"But you say her predictions always come true?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Have you no fear for yourself, then? No fear of something imminent and near, if what she says—storm, and danger and death—be true?"

The old woman's eyes flashed with a strange light as she lifted them for the last time to mine.

"If my punishment is to come it will come sir, be the punishment what it may. She has been so ever since her father's death—ever since I forbid her marriage with a young sea-captain who loved her. If my punishment is to come, it will come sir, be the form that it may;"—and with these words she bent her face resolutely over her knitting, and looked at me no more.

When I returned to the vehicle I found the driver blue with cold. We reached the hotel in safety, however; but the next morning, so great was my anxiety to be at Thorncliff again, that I set off alone in a dog-cart.

The weather had undergone one of those many-mooded changes which are peculiar to the climate of England. The atmosphere was as soft as May, and I might have imagined that the melting snow would uncover flowers.

When within a mile of the "Thorncliff Arms' I suddenly became witness to phenomenon such as I fervently hope it may never be my lot to behold again.

At a little distance above the sea I observed two masses of clouds rapidly appproaching one another. They were on a level. One mass was dark and heavy; the other was luminous. Both moved with equal rapidity. Before I could make clear to my mind what phenomenon was about to occur, they met, and with a discharge like infinite artillery, swooped to the ground in a dense lurid column, in the shape of an inverted baloon. Without pausing for a moment this column rolled inward from the sea towards the shore, reaching which, it entered upon an oblique course. I saw rocks, trees bushes, stones, and sand, tossed into the air. As the cyclone swept around a perfect rain of such missiles threatened to hurl destruction upon my path. It was almost impossible to hold in check the terrified horse. I had stepped out of the vehicle, and was talking to the animal soothingly, when all at once a crashing sound louder than all the rest, reached my ear; and through the disordered atmosphere, filled with the particles, smoking, like water in a sunbeam, from the ruins in the wake of the cyclone, I saw the roof of the "Thorncliff Arms" lifted high into the air, with posts, timbers, and planks, flying in all directions, and I heard a low, long shriek of anguish, such as will never die out of my ears.

Yes, Lucy's dim prophecy had proved true, and the hint her mother had given me of her unhappy attachment helped me to piece her history together for myself.

The whirlwind swept on its course and died away in the distance; and I went down to the shore with a dread of what I should find there.

The ruins of "Thorncliffe Arms" were heaped upon the beach. Apart, apparently uninjured, but perfectly dead, lay the body of the old woman, her face peaceful, as though undisturbed by any premonition of the sudden death she was to die. Her clenched hands held her knitting-needles.

But another wreck was added to that of the homestead.

At the very edge of the serf lay the ruins of a boat; the bruised and bleeding, but lifeless body of a young man beside them. At that moment I had no time to be surprised at the sight of a woman kneeling by him. In the agonized countenance I recognized Lucy's. As I neared her, she looked up into my face, and smiled, and I perceived a frightful wound upon her breast.

"It is he," she whispered, pointing to the dead sailor. "We shall be happy now. He has come back to me at last."

And so saying, she lay down beside the eternal sleeper, the lost love of her youth, and sank into the eternal sleep herself.

THE SERRIED LINE.—The first of Napoleon's marshals that the Duke of Wellington encountered was Junot, whom he defeated at the battle of Vimiera, in Portugal. The French, as well as all the other nations of Continental Europe, fought in column; but Wellington believed that the British could fight in line, and he tried it on at Vimiera, and won; and he kept it up from that day to the crowning victory of Waterloo. He maintained that if troops have the nerve to stand up in long-reaching lines only two deep, against narrow but deep columns of their foes, they will of course have a great advantage in delivering their fire, and can almost invariably win. The grounds on which this belief was founded will be seen at a glance. Suppose a thousand troops drawn up in a column, twenty men abreast and fifty deep, confront a thousand drawn up in two lines of 500 men each, of course the former can pour front and flanking fires of a thousand muskets upon the dense columns, while the Litter cannot reply with a tenth part of that number; and the artillery fire will be proportionately destructive upon the column. But when it comes to the charge, troops in line must have admirable nerve and be skillfully handled, or they will give way before. or be defeated by, the column. Wellington carried his theory out in practice, and never failed; but the question of "line against column" is yet an open one, and probably always will be.

A WARNING TO JOKERS.—An extraordinary affliction has overtaken a young man named William Rowell, of Bell's Depot, Tenn. It seems that out of mere sport, while on the cars on the road to Memphis, when the newsboy came around and offered him a paper he feigned to be deaf and dumb in this way annoying the vender of the latest Memphis papers no little. The newsboy passed on, but the unfortunate joker never spoke again. When he began to realize the extent of his misfortunes, he got off the train bound for Memphis, at Mason's depot, and took the first train that came along for Bell's depot. On the train he indulged in loud lamentation and cries as if sorely distressed. The affair excited intense interest among the fellow passengers, and on his speedy arrival home, he seized a pencil and a bit of paper from a citizen in the crowd, and wrote "struck dumb on account of my folly," and continued weeping in piteous tones. The whole community was stirred to its inmost depths by this unmistakeable visitation of the wrath of God. There seemed to be no doubt about the matter. When young Rowell left that morning for Memphis he could hear and speak without difficulty, and the loss of these senses, under the circumstances, is a most astounding incident

☞ Religion is something more than a creed or sentiment. True, we must have a creed; we need sentiments and emotions as a motive power. But what is a foundation without something built upon it? What is motive power, if no actual motion is the result? The object of Christ in having an organized company of followers in the earth is not that they may have an orthodox creed and cultivate pious sentiments, but that they may do something. He has a work to be done in the world, and they are His workmen. The first cry of every truly regenerate soul is "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Items Foreign & Local.

A San Francisco philosopher predicts a heavy earthquake early this autumn.

English traders are alarmed because China grows as good opium as India. Another war is necessary.

Scotch champagne, made from rhubarb, is the fashionable tipple of Edinburgh ladies.

The wife of a farmer at Lafayette, Ind., has quit making butter and eloped with a chap who didn't like to see her make a slave of herself.

CHEAP SCHOOLING.—The total number of pupils registered in Philadelphia last year was 80,318. The actual expense of the public schools for the year was $1,092,970 17. The annual cost per pupil amounts to the small sum of $14,48. The Mayor reports that no city in the United States educates its children at as low a cost as the city of Philadelphia.

A petroleum company which has been "boring for ile" in Louisiana for nearly three years, has struck a bed of sulphur 205 feet thick.

One who went from New York to Shanghai in 1861, consuming two hundred and forty days in the journey, has just returned in thirty-one days and twelve hours running time.

A double-headed locomotive, resembling two engines constructed as one, which will travel either way, obviating the necessity of turn-tables, is building at Taunton, Mass., for the Pacific railroad.

An eccentric old gentleman of London, named Savage, who was supposed to live upon the charity of his relatives, has just died, leaving $600,000 to the Emperor Napoleon.

The Czar has published a ukase abolishing the hereditary character of the Russian priesthood, which is now a caste, comprising 700,000 families. The right to obtain ordination is now extended to all, while a priest's son can betake himself to ordinary life.

The Staffordshire (England) Advertiser states that, on Thursday evening last, the Rev. A. S. Prior, B. D., Vicar of St George's, Wolverhampton, assisted by his curates, celebrated the Holy Communion in unintoxicating wine at St. George's School Church. "All Christians," it is added, are received at the table without inquiring as to the sect to which they may attach themselves, and it is understood that the service is a concession to teetotal principles."

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE N. & C RAILWAY.—During the past season extensive repairs have been made in the Railway. 20,000 new sleepers have been laid, also 150 tons of new rails results would follow, no man would take the oath of allegiance, because he must then obey the commands of a superior; no man would join the church, because in doing so he must bind himself to submit to the divine law; no pupil would enter the school room because he could not there do as he pleased; no gentleman would enter a drawing room with his politest bow, and otherwise act with propriety, because he would be submitting to rules of etiquette. But we have said enough to show that absolute liberty is neither attainable nor desirable.

It has long been recognized as a fixed principle that the interest of the individual must yield to those of the whole; that the conduct of the minority must be such as to conduce to the good of the majority. In other words, duty forbids a person doing anything however agreeable or profitable to himself that may impede the progress or injure the prosperity of state or community of which he is a component part, this principle should be recognized in every department both of church and community; and how does it effect the temperance cause. Will any person deny that the use of spirituous liquors has destroyed more property, has ruined more men and women for time and eternity, has caused more misery and woe and death in N. B. and throughout the world than any other single agent whatever; I believe sir there are but few of your readers, who cannot point to victims of the fell-destroyer, alcohol, nay there are few in N. B. who have not had reason to deplore its blighting effects, upon their own households. Is it not then the duty of every man to do all in his power to stem this desolating flood, which is inundating houses of State, Churches and dwellings, which is filling our prisons and taxing the people so enormously?

Nelson once said that "England expects every man to do his duty," but a greater than Nelson expects every man to do his duty. But some may say that they cannot do anything, they have no influence &c., this is simply untrue. Some from their position and their talents may do much more than others, but no man however obscure, is without his influence, a word lightly spoken has wrought wonders; at least let none by their example influence others to evil. Those whose position causes others to look up to them are really responsible for a large amount of evil resulting from the drinking habits of their inferiors We often hear persons say such a one, who is certainly a worthy member and respectable man, takes his wine occasionally, and may not we? If this respectable man is made aware of the fact he argues that he is not called upon to sacrifice his liberty of doing as he pleases for the sake of others. If they are going to follow his example at all, let them do so to the full extent, and drink in moderation as he does. Does the performance of duty ever involve any real loss of liberty? We have seen that the term is a relative one. We read of the "liberty wherewith Christ has made his people free," yet Christ himself says "my yoke is easy and my burden is light" showing plainly that though our Saviour emancipates his people from a galling bondage, he does not free them from the performance that duty may require, some personal sacrifice, yet the pleasure it affords far more than compensates, for the loss of any selfish gratification.

But there is another view of the matter; every one should have especial regard for his own safety and happiness; and does not the young man who indulges even occasionally, run the risk of becoming the slave of the most exacting of tyrants? It will not do to say "I have perfect self control. I can drink when I please and abstain when I please." Thousands have made shipwreck on that rock, we have heard more than one young man use these very words, and yet before many years they have sold their clothes for rum—young man, the only guarantee of safety is total abstinence. By adopting it as your rule, you will do your duty to the drunkard, to your friends, to your relations, to yourself, and to your Creator.

T. M. MUNRO.

Florenceville, Sept. 6, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CARLETON SENTINEL.

Sir,—As I observe from your valuable paper that the subject of Annexation is just now on the tapis in New Brunswick, I presume it may not be out of place for one "to the manor born" to draw a few facts for consideration upon this subject, which involves so much for your future weal or woe.

Situated as you are, a constant observer of the impracticable workings of the so-called "Great Republic," its driftings into anarchy and civil war, its enormous public debt, a taxation that excels even that of despotic Austria, nearly one-third of its possessions trodden under the hoof of military satrops, its national resources continually squandered in the support of hosts of electioneering demagogues, and with a large element of discontent in one section, at least, ready at any moment to repeat the terrific events that have occurred here within the past eight years, —may I be permitted to ask what have you reasonably to expect from Annexation, without it be to bear the burdens and mingle in a strife that must eventually, and, in my opinion, at no very distant period, result in the total annihilation of the "Greatest Government that the sun ever shone upon." There was a time when something better might have been said of it; but that time is past, and its course, instead of "upward and onward" has been "downward." Honesty has no foothold in its possessions and virtue and integrity have become by-words amongst its people. Why! to such a pitch has dishonesty arrived in this country that the election of a candidate to office is merely considered a chartered privilege to rob the public revenues, and its fulfilment is a rare exception to the rule. I rejoice, sir, to see the course you pursue in these premises, and exhort you, by all your best efforts, to despoil the vile machinations of hireling penny-a-liners and imputed editors employed expressly to lead our people astray upon the subject of annexation to the United States.

I know not what may be the intentions of the British Government in the anticipated change about to take place in the Colonial possessions, but one thing is certain, her North American Provinces have always been governed with the most lenient hand, and unlimited degree of liberty. Their taxation has been unprecedently light, and if my early experience teaches me any thing, they were the happiest people on earth. Although like the birdling who would fain seek its mother's nest, it would afford me great pleasure once more to review the early scenes of my boyhood; yet that satisfaction may be denied me, hence it may well be said that I have no interest now in this matter of annexation, beyond that natural interest prompted in the welfare of friends near and dear to me, considerations, I consider, far above pecuniary matters. But I will not intrude upon your space.

Respectfully,
E. F. GILBERT.

Austin, Texas, Sep. 6th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CARLETON SENTINEL.

Dear Sir,—In answer to "Subscriber's" communication in your last issue, I beg to remark that, in the first place, "Subscriber" appears to me to be a close fisted Teacher; the four dollars yearly from the Teachers salary, towards a fund, seems to have clouded his mental vision already; he cannot have a very intimate acquaintance with profit and loss, or proportion. When he asks how Farmer would like to give four dollars yearly to help himself or his coadjutors in old age, my answer is "exceedingly well." But with farmers and teachers there is a wide difference, that will not stand for either the second or third term in aritmetic. Teachers have not farms to support them in old age, or at least not one in every 400, as every well to-do farmer has, it is a poor farm that will not maintain a farmer after he is incapable of working it. His neighbour would be glad to say to Farmer, come and live at your ease with me and I will work your farm for my pay. The poor Teacher has nothing of the kind to offer to his neighbour in his old age; he may have a pen worn out, musty books, a pair of spectacles, not silver-rimmed, or of Messrs. Lazarus make, in addition a native walking stick, not very straight or crooked, but with numerous knots. The Teacher's pay is too small by a jugful, as all know, but Teachers that I have talked with on the subject admitted that they would freely give $4 yearly towards a fund to support them in old age. With regard to better men entering the profession, if the salary was raised, is but a poor compliment to the valuable and energetic Teachers who are in the service at present. I am doubtful if their equals could be brought forward to the tune of $800. As for robbing Peter to pay Paul, there is no robbery in the case. Our Government are not robbers, the money left in their hands would still belong to the Teachers, who would be proud in knowing they had a right to be taken care of in old age, as they had contributed to the fund for their yearly allowance from Government. With good feelings towards subscribers, as one that is interested as I believe, in the welfare of our Parish School Teachers, as all sensible men should be, I remain yours Mr. Editor.

FARMER.

Sept. 16th, 1869.

HEROISM.—A most notable and wonderful instance of devotion to duty was shown by the bridgeman on the Newark and New Jersey Railroad yesterday—indeed, a devotion that seems unnatural, for the man in question sacrificed his child's life to save the lives of others. James Decker, the man in question, is employed to open and close the drawbridge on the Passaic River. Yesterday morning, Decker, as usual, was employed upon the bridge, accompanied by his son, a lad of ten years. Some vessels requiring to go up the stream, the bridge was opened by Decker, and the boats permitted to pass through. There was not much time to spare in closing the bridge, a train being due there in a few minutes. Slowly the bridge turned on its table, and when within a few yards of its proper position Decker heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive on its way to the Jersey depot. At almost the same moment he heard the cry of help coming from beneath the bridge, and looking down into the water he observed, with horror, that his son had fallen into the river, and was struggling for life. He could easily have jumped down into the river and saved the boy, but the train was coming on at a rapid pace and the bridge was still open, and to save his son was to insure the destruction of the train. Parental love is strong, and it was strong in Decker, the first impulse of the father was to leave the train to its fate, and save the boy, but the devotion to duty overcame parental affection, and he instantly determined to save the train by closing the bridge. The draw was arranged with all the speed possible, and then Decker rushed to the assistance of his child, but it was too late, for the boy had sunk, to be seen no more alive. He obtained assistance, and in a few minutes recovered the body of the little one. Great indeed was the father's grief, although he did not regret the decision that ended his son's life. This is an event almost without a parallel, and seems quite as improbable as are many of the scenes described in the yellow-covered literature of the day. There are few Deckers in the world. His action was so thoroughly unselfish, so noble, as to appear not only improbable, but unnatural.—*N. Y. Star.*

The diligence and zeal with which Mormon missionaries prosecute their labors in Europe may be inferred from the fact that the steamer which arrived at New York on Monday brought 429 converts to the faith of which Brigham Young is the apostle and high priest. About half this number are women and more than half the remainder are children under eight years of age, while fully forty per cent. are under twenty. Most of them are from England and Wales, with a few from Switzerland, Denmark and Germany. The men are chiefly mechanics and factory operatives, with a sprinkling of colliers and farmers, and nearly all are able to read and write. Of the women, those that were married seemed happy and hopeful and chatted gaily about the wonders they expect to behold beyond the mountains. The maidens were modest in appearance, and after the landing busied themselves in combing their long yellow tresses, while their younger brothers and sisters played hide-and-seek among the benches. One bright-eyed little girl of fourteen said that she had several brothers at Salt Lake living with their wives, of whom they had but one apiece. She did not know exactly what they believed in, but she "was sure there was nothing wrong in their creed or religion, for her beloved father and mother were followers of the same faith." All the emigrants expect to work in order to succeed in their new homes, and the majority will go to farming, but a few will pursue their trades.

A RELIGIOUS CRAZE IN RUSSIA—SUCIDE OF 1,700 FANATICS.—The following is from a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

All the extraordinary proceedings of the many fanatical sects whose rapid increase has excited so much anxiety in Russia, are fairly thrown into the shade by a terrible act of self-immolation which is reported from the government of Saratory. A few months ago the prophets of a new religion made their appearance in that part of the empire, preaching self destruction by fire as the only sure road to salvation; and so readily was their dreadful doctrine received by the ignorant and superstitious peasantry, that in one large village no less than seventeen hundred persons assembled in some wooden houses, and having barricaded the doors and windows, set the building on fire and perished in the flames. The authorities are doing all they can to stay the progress of this new madness, but their task is obviously a difficult one. The punishments which the law can inflict must have little terror for enthusiasts who deliberately choose a death so horrible as the true road to heaven.

Twenty years ago Pennsylvania was the largest wheat producing State in the Union. Now it is about twelfth on the list. The people have turned their attention to the development of wealth which is hidden in the earth—oil, coal, iron.

COMMUNICATED.

FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.

Many persons, when asked to join any temperance organization, reply that they have no intention of depriving themselves of their personal liberty. They are free agents and they intend to remain so. They wish to take a glass or leave it alone when they please. Duty, they cry, never compels a man to sacrifice his birth right—heaven born liberty, if the influence which their example may have on others is pointed out to them, they answer that other men may drink if they please—it is none of their business They are not their brothers keepers. Why can not others use the good creatures of God in moderation as they do?

This argument has its most marked influence upon the young, especially when accompanied with sarcasm. When a youth declines taking "a social glass" his companions jeeringly taunt him with, 'oh, let him alone; he cannot come; he has promised the old folks not to drink; the old woman wouldn't be pleased, and so on.

Let us briefly examine this plea, and see if there is anything in it to prevent any one's taking a pledge of total abstinence, or refusing to join debauchees in their so called jollifications.

It is not necessary to enter into any elaborate argument to prove that absolute liberty of action is not enjoyed in any community of men, whether civilized or barbarians. In all civilized and enlightened Countries there are certain things which cannot be done with impunity, by the Monarch on the throne, any more than the meanest of his subjects. Does Queen Victoria, who sways the sceptre of the greatest empire the world ever saw, possess the absolute and entire liberty of acting according to her private and individual wishes? Are there no limits to her prerogative? Are there no principles which her conduct as a woman must not outrage? Is the