POOR COPY

The Carleton Sentinel.

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

VOL. XXI.—NO. 36. | WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869. | WHOLE NO.—1077

Professional Cards.

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]

A FIRST CLASS
HAIR DRESSING,
SHAVING AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON!
NOW OPEN.
THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed, since commencing business in Woodstrek; he would likewise ask a continuance of such favors, as he is now prepared with enlarged experience and greatly increased facilities, to attend to the various branches of his business, as Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair Dyeing. Ladies' Hair cut in the latest style. Particular care given to Cutting Children's Hair.
☞ Razors carefully set.
Shop on Water Street, nearly opposite Post Office.
GEORGE STAPLES
49 is a White Barber.

International Hotel,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
GEORGE W. TINKER, Proprietor
Good Stabling on the Premises.
November 26, 1868.

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,
—OR—
SPARK STREET,
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOUIN, *Proprietor.*
March 18, 1868—18.

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]

ROWE & SHERMAN,
Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,
Fredericton, N. B.
WE would respectfully inform the public generally that we are prepared to attend to all branches of the Shipping & Commission Business.
Having in process of erection a capacious Wharf, be completed by the time that navigation opens, feel confident in saying that our facilities for
Wharfing and Shipping all kinds of Lumber, cannot be surpassed in the Province.
☞ Consignments solicited.
ZEBULON ROWE,
Fton, N. B., Mar. 8 1867 L. W. SHERMAN.

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.

Auctioneer's Notice.
THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Woodstock and Country, that he has taken License as an Auctioneer, and is prepared to sell at DOMINION HALL, Goods of every description at reasonable terms. Parties consigning Goods for sale will be promptly attended to.
There will be Auction Sales one or two evenings each week, of which due notice will be given.
SIMON McLEOD,
Woodstock, J Auctioneer,

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 1803.
"HOME," of New Haven, Established 1859.
"ÆTNA," of Hartford, Established 1819.
"HARTFORD," of Hartford, Established 1810.
Rates moderate, and losses promptly paid. Dwelling Houses Insured on specially favorable terms.
JOHN T. ALLAN, Agent.
Woodstock, July, 1869,

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.
B. W. HARVEY.
Woodstock, Aug. 20, 1868. 34.

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 Tobaccoes, 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 desirely low. at 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.

The Dying Christian Father.

"My day is dippin' in the West, it's goamin' wi' me noo;
I hear the sough o' Jordan's waves, that I maun travel through;
Yet 'tis na Jordan's waves I fear, nor tremble at the strife,
But oh! this sinderin' o' hearts, this leaven' weans an' wife.

"What though we ken o' better things—a fairer world aboon,
Whaur lost friend's are a' waiting us, an' a' maun travel sune;
This rendin' o' the siller strings that tither heart to heart,
Oh! it tires puir human nature sair, an' makes us laith to part.

"Gae rax me by the Bible, wife, while yet I'm fit to see,
Ere death creeps o'er my cauldrift back, an' flap my fallin' e'e;
An' let us sing a'e partin' sang, before we sinder'd be.
For ye canna ha'e me lang noo, I ha'ena lang to bree.

"There, pit the pillow to my back, an' ease me up a wee,
An' bring them a' to my bedside to see their faither dee.
Noo rise the Bible up a thocht, it's ower laigh on my knee:
An' shift the licht a kennin' back, it's ower strong for my e'e."

He waled, he sang the partin' sang—his voice was firm an' clear;
And read the fourteenth of St. John, nor did he shed a tear
Sae is it wi' the man o' God when life's days darg is dune,
Nae future fears disturb his mind, nae refu' looks behin'

"Oh! but it gi'es me great relief, the singing o' that sang:
My clay is crumblin' fast awa', my spirit noo grows strang.
My wife, my weans, we a' maun part, sae dinna sob sae sair;
But dicht the tears frae aff your face, and let us join in prayer.

"An' let us join in prayer to him that's wantin' me awa."
That He may be a faithful frien' and Father to ye a'"—
He turned his glazin' e'e to Heaven, an' rais'd his wither'd han',
An' safely noo through Jordan's wave, he's reach'd the better lan'.

Select Tale.

A BACHELOR'S DIARY.

FORTY-FIVE years old the day after to-morrow, and it's surprising how well my teeth hold out, and how little gray there is in my hair. Nobody would take me to be an old bachelor, if I didn't myself proclaim the fact. Not that I'm ashamed of being a bachelor—on the contrary, I'm proud of it.

I tell you what though, I've had to fight for it. You never would believe the number of women, single and widowed, who have deliberately set themselves to work to be *Mrs.* Brian Barlow. The siege of Richmond was nothing to the protracted sieges I've sustained!

And Charley, my nephew, never will believe but that I shall surrender the fort yet.

"There's no use talking, Uncle Brian," said he the other day, "you've held out for forty-five years, but I shall have a blooming young aunt yet—I'm certain of it."

"You're a fool, Charley," said I; and so he is.

March 10.—House opposite just taken by a young widow. Circumstances begining to look suspicious. Why couldn't she have taken the house at the corner, or the one three doors below—both of 'em vacant since midsummer Brian Barlow, my friend, you'd better look out for yourself. It's the siege of Richmond over again. That widow means to have you, as sure as you're alive!

March 12.—Saw the widow at her second story window—a pretty thing, with big black eyes, and hair bluish black, and a remarkably trim figure. Weeds always *do* set off the female form, however. The servants say she is a Mrs. Trevor. What do I care what her name is? Only I think it's a pretty cool piece of impudence for her maid to come to my well for water. "Missis hopes I'll excuse the liberty but their pump is out of order."

March 20.—The widow sits at her second story window altogether. I keep resolutely back of the curtains. No you don't Mrs. Trevor. Yesterday she sent over to know the exact time of day—her clocks had all stopped. She has taken to gardening too, and very pretty her little white hands look among the crocuses and snowdrops in the front borders. "White hands," forsooth! What do I care whether they are white or green?

April 1.—I don't know but that I had better sell out here, and go to Canada. That widow is making a dead set at me—a forward designing minx, but an uncommonly pretty one. Imagine her standing at the front gate to intercept me, and saying, in the most artless of voices:

"May I presume one instant on the fact of our being neighbors, Mr. Barlow," (how the deuce did she find out my name?) "and ask you to change a fifty dollar bill for me? My maid has tried everywhere, but entirely without success—do you think you could——"

"No, Madam, I could not," I answered brusquely, putting my hands in my pockets, and pulling my hat down over my eyes.

"Haven't a cent over five dollars in my pocket—good morning."

So I escaped *that* time. What is this world coming to, I'd like to know? I'm only thankful it isn't leap year, or I should certainly have the widow on her knees at my feet. It was no longer ago than yesterday that, getting into a Broadway stage, I saw her smiling under her crape veil at the other end of it. I jumped out again quickly, "Plenty of room, sir," said an officious passenger, but I pretended not to hear him. Yesterday afternoon I took the little wicker basket, and went to market myself; Thompson is a capital cook, but she's no judge of tender poultry, and just as I was pinching a fat chicken under the wing, I happened to look up, right into Mrs. Trevor's eyes. Said she had come after a bunch of celery, but I knew better. Of course she was dogging me. Upon my word I'm getting prodigiously nervous. I suppose it would be of no use to appeal to the police, and I actually daren't tell Charley. That boy has no more reverence than a log of wood, and I, at my age, don't choose to be laughed at by a whipster of twenty-six.

April 5.—During the last week I have gone out of my back garden gate altogether. There's an ill-tempered dog and several warlike geese, with a great taste for coat-tails and the calves of human legs, in our back lot, but that is better than a widow. She met me coming home day before yesterday, and tripped along by my side as innocent as a spring lamb. We had to pass a church door. I was thankful when we were safely beyond it. If she had taken me by the arm, led me up to the altar, and said, "Marry me on the spot! I should have done it. I'm convinced. She asked me if I didn't find it very lonesome in the Harlem suburbs. I told her I preferred a solitary life. She went home and practiced "Loves Young dream" on the piano-forte all the evening, with the French windows wide open. Hope she didn't take cold.

I wish I was Robinson Crusoe on his desert island. There were no widows there. I'll go down this very day, and put my house in the hands of the real estate agents. Canada is a cold climate, but I'm told the men are a long lived race there, and generally survive their widows—I mean their wives.

April 9.—Hands all in a tremble: brain hot and throbbing; feet cold as ice! Brian Barlow, your destiny is approaching, dodge it as you will. Let me see if I can collect myself sufficiently to note down the appalling events of this morning.

I had been out for a walk among the dogs and the geese. I was tired—naturally a little fatigued, for I'm not young; so I put my red silk handkerchief over my head, and sat down in my easy chair for a nap, with my feet on the window-sill! I must have slept nearly an hour, for the sky was bright with sunset when I closed my eyes, and the stars were shining when I was roused by a continued and energetic rapping at my door, which I had locked without particularly thinking about the matter.

I sprang up and opened the door, fully expecting to see thieves, burglars, or at least a posse of policemen from the nearest stationhouse.

Nothing of the sort. As I opened the door whom should I see but—the widow!

"Oh, Mr. Barlow!" she gasped, catching at my arm, 'do call for help—your house is on fire! I saw it from my windows; what should I have done if anything serious should happen to——'.

And the widow fainted then and there in my arms, with her pretty hair falling about her face and her little hands limp and motionless.

I carried her to the sofa as soon as I could, and in almost less than a minute the room seemed to be full of people. Charley was there, and the servants, and Mrs. Brinsley, who lives next door, and the foreman of the Diana Engine Company, and nobody knows who else. For the house *was* on fire. Thompson, who is getting old and stupid, had set her candle too near the muslin curtains in the dining-room, and the result was charred window-frames, spoiled paper and upholestry; and a very narrow escape from something more serious. However, we were soon quieted down once more, and I had—of course—to take Mrs. Trevor home, with her hand slipped through my arm.

"Charley," said I, when I was safe at home once more—I did not declare myself on that occasion, although the artful litttle puss led out for it several times in a most diplomatic manner, and it was all I could do to hold my own against her. "Charley!"

"Well, uncle."

"Do you know what I've pretty much made up my mind to do?"

"Go to Canada?"

"Canada!—be hanged! Go, I've abandoned that preposterous idea. Let those who want perpetual blue noses and colds in their heads go to Canada. I prefer the salt breezes and healthful atmosphere of New York."

"But, Uncle Brian, the real estate agent—"

"I'll take my property off from his book to-morrow.

"But I understand he has sold your house already."

"The deuce he has! Who has bought it?"

"I have."

"*You* have? Upon my word, you're a remarkably cool young man, I must say. What possessed *you* to buy it?"

"Well, uncle, I rather like the old place, and the idea of its passing into other, hands wasn't altogether agreeable to me; and I've scraped a little money together and so I bought it."

"Well, never mind, my boy. I'm glad you're so before-hand with the world. There are plenty of other houses to be had in case I carry out that plan, on which I am pretty well decided."

"And what is that plan, uncle, always provided it dont happen to be a secret?"

"No secrecy at all about the matter, Charlie. I'm thinking of being married."

Charley brought both his hands down upon the table with a ringing slap.

"The best thing you could possibly do uncle Brian."

I had not expected such, hearty co-operation on his part.

"Do you really think so, Charley?"

"Think so! I'm sure of it. A single man is but a miserable moiety of humanity; he isn't worth two pins until he's married. Uncle Brian let me congratulate you. And who is to be my aunt?"

But here I retired, figuratively speaking, behind a veil of secresy and mystery.

"You'll know time enough, my boy. And now, good night."

The matter is settled; I'll propose to Isabel to-morrow. It is only fair that her persistent pursuit of me should be rewarded. When I was twenty-one the gentleman wooed the ladies; now matters are reversed.

Poor Isabel! she mus n't be disapointed. It would break her little heart.

April 10.—Went over this morning with a bunch of yellow jonquils, and a new stove-pipe hat, to propose.

Isabel was at home drawing, prettier I think than usual. She looked up with a pink blush, and a fluttering little smile.

"Mrs Trevor," said I, solemnly, "how do you find yourself this morning?"

"Thank you; I am quite well."

"Isabel, I come hither, this morning to say to you something of the most vital importance."

"What is it?" The blush grew pale; the pencil trembled in her little white hands.

"Isabel, I love you! Will you marry me?"

"Oh, Mr. Barlow!" she stamered, all confusion and embarasment.

"I esteem you most highly, but—but—think of the difference in our ages. I never could regard you save as an honored friend. Please, *please* don't press the matter. Indeed it will be of no use."

I laid down the big bunch of yellow jonquils and put on my stove-pipe hat deliberately

"Good morning, Mrs. Trevor."

"Good morning, Mr. Barlow."

What an atrocious, unmitigated, egregious donkey I had been to fancy little Isabel in love with me. Well I was cured now.

Charley was in the sitting-room when I walked in.

"Uncle, may I speak with you?"

"Yes."

"I am intending to be married within a few weeks. You see your confidence has inspired me with the same feeling."

"Ahem—yes

"To Isabel Trevor! We have been engaged for six months!"

"Oh!" said I smoothing the rumpled stove-pipe hat with my elbow. "Well Charley, I hope you'll be happy."

So you see I am Brian Barlow, Bachelor, still, but for all that I mistrust widows. They are an artful race; let 'em alone.

The Temper of Lawyers.

Advocates are intellectual gladiators, using their tongues as soldiers of fortune do their swords, and when they speak it is to vanquish an adversary. Antagonism is an unavoidable condition of their existence, and this incessant warfare gives a merciless asperity to their language, even when it does not infuse their hearts with bitterness. Duty enjoins the barrister to leave no word unsaid that can help his client, and encourages him to perplex by satire, baffle by ridicule, or silence by sarcasm, all who may oppose him with statements that cannot be disproved, arguments that cannot be upset by reason. What duty bids him do practice enables him to perform with terrible precision and completeness; assumed at the outset as a professional weapon, becomes habitual, and without the speaker's knowledge, gives more pain within his home than in the court room

A Mistake.

Mr. Jones recently took a trip to New Orleans, and while in that city called on his friend Smith. But Jones may tell his own story:

I was introduced to his wife, a fine fat woman, looking as though she lived on laffin', her face was so full of fun. After awhile, when we'd talked about my girl, and about the weather, in come three or four children laffin' and skippin' as merry as crickets There was no candle lit, but I could see that they were fine looking boys,

Come here, said *I*, you little rogues; come here and tell me what your name is.

The oldest comes to me and says;—

My name is Peter Smith.

And what's your name, sir?

Bob Smith.

The next his name was Bill Smith; and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. *I* gave 'em sugar candy, and Mrs. Smith was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on, but didn't say much.

Why, said I, Mrs. Smith, I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em—they are so beautiful and sprightly.

No, said she, laughing, I set a good deal on 'em; but we spoil 'em too much.

No, says I, they're well behaved children; and, my gracious! says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and the father, and I looked at Mr. Smith. I never did see anything to equal it, says I; your own eyes, mouth, forehead, and a perfect picture, sir, tapping the oldest on the pate. *I* thought Mrs. Smith would have died laffin' at that.

Do you think so, Jones? said she, looking towards Mr. Smith; and I did think she'd go off in a fit.

Yes, says I, I do really.

Haw, haw, haw, says Mr. Smith, kind o'half laffin', you are too hard on me now, with your jokes.

I ain't jokin, at all, says I; they are handsome children, and do look wonderfully like you.

Just then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one of 'em! Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had any children, and they sort o' petted them niggers as playthings. I never felt so streaked as I did when I found out how things stood. If I hadn't kissed the nasty things, I could have got over it; but kissing 'em showed I was in airnest. But I left New Orleans the next day, and I ain't seen Smith since.

General News.

A FATAL FAMILY FEUD.—Mr. Wade Bolton, of Memphis, Tenn., lately died from the effects of a wound received at the hands of one Doctor Dickens, who lives eight or ten miles out of the city. Mr. Bolton had just come out of the park, at Court Square, and was standing, in company with a friend, on the sidewalk, on Main street, when Dr. Dickens and his son came up towards them. It seems that Mr. Bolton had cause to fear an attack, for he made a move to get away as soon as he saw the two men approach. But it was too late; the elder Dickens drew a revolver and shot Mr. Bolton through the left breast, near the shoulder.

The wound was at first thought not to be dangerous; but still the ball was not found, nor its direction discovered. It has since been found to have lodged between the vertebræ of the spine. Immediately after the shooting Dickens was arrested on a charge of assault with intent to kill. He was released on light bail, and now it is generally believed it will be difficult to find him, since Mr. Bolton's death.

This new act of violence only marks another step in the progress of one of the bitterest and bloodiest feuds recorded in history, in the course of which seven human lives have already been destroyed. Yet no one has thus far been punished for any one of these foul murders This deadly enmity originated a long time since between the families of Dickens on the one side and the Pattersons on the other, and has progressed and intensified until it has enlisted the near relatives of each family in their behalf, who themselves now espouse the quarrel with as venemous a spirit of hatred as ever the principles did.

The headquarters of these families are but, about an hour's drive from the city; and, at times, the war becomes renewed between them with such spirit and determination that the entire surrounding neighborhood is thrown into a violent panic of alarm, so that mounted parties of the police force have to be dispatched to the scene of action to restore order and quietude. The male combatants on the Dickens side are becoming so thinned out and scattered that their numerous enemies of the opposite class find some difficulty in coming upon them. And the young men on the Patterson side are apparently ready to take the women in the course of their vengeful retaliation, when they cannot find the men. Of the Dickenses, however, there are still together the old man, the murderer of Mr. Bolton, and one son, who are still able to give a hard fight. What the next move in this terrible tragedy will be time alone can tell.

THE CLERGY OF ROME.—The ecclesiastical authorities of Rome have just published a census for the present year. These statistics show that the regular clergy is composed of 2,365 persons, thus divided: Cardinals, 32; bishops, 26; priests and clerks, 1,386; and students at the ecclesiastical colleges, 841; the religious communities count 5,215 souls, 2,959 men and 2,256 women; lay population amounts to 197,198; soldiers in garrison, 10,207; prisoners under sentence, 328; Protestants, 637; and Jews, 2,682; making a total of 220,532, or an increase of 3,154 over the year 1868. The number of cardinals residing in the Eternal City has remained nearly the same during ten years, never having been below 29, nor above 34; at present it is 32. The same remark does not apply to the bishops, who have never been so few. In 1864 they counted 40, at this moment there are not more than 26. Priests and regular clerks have also diminished during the last decennial period, the number never being so low. In 1864 it was 1,504; at the present it is 1,366. On the other hand, the members of religious communities have augmented; in 1869, the males were 2,031; the progression has been constant, and the figures now are 2,959 and 2,256. This increase is explained by the confiscation of the church property in Italy, and the expulsion of the monks and nuns from their monasteries and convents, many of them having sought an asylum in Rome.

WONDERS OF MINUTE WORKMANSHIP.—In the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth, a blacksmith named Mark Scaliot made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel and brass, all of which, together with a key to it, weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a chain of gold consisting of forty-three links, and having fastened this to the before mentioned lock and key, he put the chain about the neck of a flea which drew them all with ease. All these together, lock and key, chain and flea, weighed only one grain and a half. Oswaldus Norhingerus, who was more famous even than Scaliot for his minute contrivances, is said to have made sixteen hundred dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small, thin and slender, that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a pepper-corn of the common size Johannes Shad of Mitalbrach carried this wonderful work with him to Rome and showed it to Pope Paul V., who saw and counted them all by the help of spectacles. They were so little as to be almost invisible to the eye. Johannes Ferrius, a Jesuit, had in his possession cannons of wood, with their carriages, wheels, and all other military furniture, all of which were also contained in a pepper-corn of the ordinary size. An artist named Cladius Gallus made for Hippolytus d'Este, Cardinal of Ferrara, representations of sundry birds sitting on the tops of trees, which by hydraulic art and secret conveyance of water through the trunks and branches of the trees, were made to sing and play their wings; but at the sudden appearance of an owl out of a bush of the same artifice, they immediately became all mute and silent.—*World of Wonders.*

SECTARIANISM.—There is a great deal of cant and nonsense talked about sectarianism. It is often imagined that, if a man is fond of his church, he is a sectarian. You might say a man is sectarian if he likes his own house and family better than any other in the same street. The man I call sectarian is the man who is not contented with the blessings of number one in the street, but who is always throwing stones or mud at number two; who is not content with his own wife and family, but who talks and gossips about another man's family. Give me the man who has honest, earnest conviction about his own church, and I extend to him the right hand of fellowship. Love your church, and do all you can for it; but try and imagine, at the same time that other men are as conscientious as you are, and give them the right hand of fellowship when they do all they can for their church.—*Norman Macleod.*

A suicide has just been committed under extraordinary circumstances at St. Petersburg. Colonel Hunnins, an Esthonian by birth, was lately engaged in discussing with the Czarewitch a financial operation concerning the armament of the troops, and the Grand Duke considering the terms proposed too high, exclaimed, "With Germans one is always sure to be cheated." On the Colonel civilly requesting His Highness to withdraw so offensive an expression, the latter forgot himself so far as to strike the officer in the face. The Colonel immediately applied to the Emperor, who ordered his son to apologize, but this he positively refused to do. Despairing receiving any satisfaction, and smarting under an insult he was unable to resent, the unfortunate officer committed suicide by blowing out his brains. The emperor is said to have been most painfully affected by the sad event, and insisted on the Grand Duke attending the funeral.

Three or four weeks ago the waters of British Columbia were crowded with fish of all size and varieties. One of the colonial papers say that salmon were so abundant in the waters of the lower Fraser River as almost to impede navigation.

NOTES BY A WANDERER.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, July 31st, 1869.

Dear Editor,—Feeling a little lonely to-day, I concluded to drop you a few lines to tell you of some of the places I have visited since I saw you last. I will say but little of the country east of Chicago, because you are familiar with it. I stayed three days in Boston and then went to New York by the Fall River route, that is by rail to Newport, and from thence in one of Fisks' new steamers (the Bristol) up the Sound to N. Y. I have never seen anything to equal in magnificence the steamers Bristol and Providence—they are said to be the finest in America; we had a splendid band on board, and the boat was crowded with gay men and pretty women. While in New York, I spent the day in Central Park and Greenwood; went to hear H. W. Beecher, called on Bonner who showed me Dexter, Pochahontas, and his other fine horses; called on Horace Greeley and had quite a long chat about the West, New Brunswick, Confederation, Annexation, &c., I also went through Stewart's Palace store. I finished New York by taking a trip one evening through the Five Points, the filthiest spot in America, not one half mile from the City hall surrounded by churches, and the beauty and wealth of the greatest city on this continent—why it is so God only knows. I took the cars on the Erie Railroad for Cleveland. The scenery along the Erie road in many places is grand, especially along the Deleware river, which in some places rolled along 100 feet beneath us; along side of it was the Canal hewn out of the solid rock, with its hundreds of boats passing and repassing. It was round one of those curves on the Delaware that the fearful accident happened last year; as also that of Mast Hope Station, only a few days ago; the Rev. Mr. Hallock who was buried alive in the latter, preached in the Rev. Dr. Chapin's church on the Sunday night that I was in New York. I went to hear Dr. Chapin and was badly disappointed to find that he was sick and that Mr. H. would fill his place.

The valleys of the Chemming and Sturruca are delightful. I stayed two days in Ashtabula a pretty little town in the north-east corner of Ohio, on Lake Erie. Cleveland is not a pretty city but it has the finest street in America (Euclid Avenue). From Cleveland I went to Mansfield which is a splendid little city of 1000 inhabitants. From Mansfield I went to Cincinnatti, on the C.C.C.R. to Columbus the Capital of Ohio, it has about 40,000 inhabitants and some fine buildings, the State House is a fine structure; I then took the little Miami railroad to Cincinnatti. It was the last of May and everything was looking lovely, beautiful fields of wheat and corn, the fruit trees and flowers all in bloom—to me who had just left a country where the leaves were just beginning to start, and the snow barely off the fields, it was glorious. But still there was something lacking; I was alone; we may look upon the most beautiful sights in the world and if we have no friend near us, who understands us, to whom we can tell our feelings, etc., it is little better than a mockery, at least it is so to me, and the consequence is I have to make new friends as I go along—but they are not like the old ones. The valley of the Miami and Sciota are among the richest in the world, crops having been taken off them for nearly 50 years, no return having been made to the soil, and still they bear corn 10, 12, 15 feet high. I spent a few days in Cincinnatti. I went out to Spring Grove Cemetery one day to see the Grand Army of the Republic, and nearly all the pretty girls in Cincinnatti, strew the graves of the soldiers with flowers. The Cemetery is a very fine one, and ranks next in size and beauty to Greenwood and Mount Auburn; there was said to be 100,000 people in it that day. I was there upon the same occasion last year but it could not compare with this. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers and friends were there, bending over the graves of their loved ones, wetting with their tears the flowers, (which the orator very beautifully styled the forget-me-nots of the angels) which they strewed upon them; all were remembered, from the costly monuments of General Lytle and McCook to the unmarked graves of the unknown soldiers who lay in circles upon a mound with an officer in the centre, north of which is an American soldier in bronze, upon a pedestal of granite, in all about 15 feet high; he is looking over the graves, with his gun at half poise. The design is to show that no Vandal hand shall desecrate the graves of those who have given their lives for one of the most glorious causes for which men ever fought—the right to own one's self—who would be a copperhead? The oration was by Gen. Lee (not the traitor); a number of prominent officers were there, among whom was General Sheridan; he is short and stout, has a fine head well set upon his shoulders, largely developed behind just above amativeness, which I should think would make it very hard for him to get a plug hat to fit him—he is a pugilistic looking little cuss

I went one evening to Pike's opera house to hear blind Tom play and sing. He is the greatest musical wonder, I suppose, living or that ever did live; he is almost an idiot; knows nothing but music, plays the most difficult pieces by the old professors most beautifully, "Trovatore" chorus, Duet and Anvil chorus, by Verdi, was grand; he played Yankee Doodle, Fisher's hornpipe, and sang Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, all at the same time When he has finished a piece and the audience applaud he will jump up, clap his hands, grin and look just like a great ape.

From Cincinnatti I went to Indianappolis and Lafayette, Ind., where I stayed one day. It has 20,000 inhabitants, and is on the Wabash, where they say the pigs and dogs shake with the ague. I did not see them shake because it was a little too early in the season. I then went to Chicago, the gayest city in the Union; I will say nothing about it, as you can easily get copies of the Police Gazette, Sporting Times, and The Day's Doings, and learn all about it.

From Chicago I took the cars on the C. & N. W. R. to Clinton Town. This is a fine town of 10,000 inhabitants, on the west side of the Mississippi. Next day I was on the road again for Omaha; the cars were so crowded that they had to get an extra one for Gen. Hancock and staff, who were on their way to Alaska. The conductor told me to go in their car. The General's seat was next to mine. He is a large, fine looking man, and very sociable. I had been over the same road through the Indian Teritory, when he, a young Lieutenant, twenty-five years ago marched a company of men against the Indians. The road was thrown up across the marshes by Gen. Scott. Not a tree was in sight then; but now wherever the earth was moved large trees are growing. the road being cut through the centre. Like the rest of his Democratic friends, the General is a little too fond of his toddy. Iowa, like Kansas, is a rolling prairie country, beautifully undulating, covered with tall grasses and lovely flowers, but not in such variety and beauty as in Kansas and the Indian Territory, neither is it so well watered and wooded, and is much colder. All day we were passing through this beautiful country; not a tree to be seen only along the water courses, around some farm house, and in the towns; it appeared like one vast farm that had been cleared centuries ago. Hundreds of thousands of acres are waiting for the hand of the husband man, but it is mostly held by speculators, and immigrants will not buy as long as they can get land cheaper farther west, which they cannot do much longer, as they have about reached the limits for anything but grazing, the Alkali plains. After 20 hours ride across the Iowa, we arrived at Council Bluffs, a place of about 8,000 inhabitants, where in early times the Government agents and Indians used to hold their councils, and where the immigrants to Oregon and California used to congregate before they commenced their long and wearisome journey across the then almost unknown country west of the Mo., owned and held by the Sioux, Snake, Cheyenne and other savage tribes; like Ceasar they paused before crossing [illegible] We crossed the Mo. in a [illegible] (they were just commencing [illegible] and arrived at Omaha at 3 p. m. [illegible] were full of men who had just returned the end of the track; connection being they were no longer wanted; they were a gay time. Before 4 o'clock two men killed not 20 rods from the hotel where I was stopping, one shot in a saloon and two others commenced fighting with knives in a saloon and came out in the main street. They took them into a Dr.'s office, where they bled like pigs. One fellow sat wringing the blood out of his shirt until as cooly as though he had been pulled out of a mill pond and was wringing the water out of it; said he had fought 14 prize fights and never was be