

The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869.

WHOLE NO.—1082

VOL. XXI.—NO. 41.

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 Goods Store,
 Queen Street,
 Fredericton, July 1, 1869—4m-27

Summer Arrangement.

Clark & Davis Express.

WILL, until further notice, leave Richmond and Woodstock Stations every **TUESDAY** at 7 p.m.
 Leaves Woodstock every Monday Wednesday and Friday morning at 7 1/2 o'clock.
 Leaves Richmond every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock.
 Money and Freight of every description forwarded with despatch and prompt delivery.

Principal Offices:
 57 Kilby Street, corner Water, Boston
 Eastern Express Company, Portland
 Globe's Block, 120 N. Main, Montreal
 Legal Residence, 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,
 GRAVES, &c., &c.
Centre, Pier Tables & Mantels,
 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 at the lowest possible rates. Patrons 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 Tobacco, 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 decidedly low. At any time 15.

CARD.

WOODSTOCK STEAM PLANNING MILL

AND
CABINET FACTORY!
 South side Bridge, Woodstock, N. B.

Planing, Turning, Sawing,
 And other 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, Blinching, &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.

AS constantly for sale and made to order articles of Ladies' Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Red Dress, Crap, Curled and Plain, Frisettes, Ringlets, Braids, Switches, Waterfalls, Orbits and Plain, &c. Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Scalps.
 Hair Cutting and the various branches of his profession, conducted in a manner of superior quality and at low prices. Ladies sending their own hair can have it made up in any style, in moderate terms.
 At any time 15, 1867—431.

FIRST PRIZE 49.

For Domestic Manufacture of
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC., ETC.,
 AWARDED

W. H. Knowles, 49 Germain street,
 WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Gent Trunks, Satchels, Eugene, California and Solo leather Trunks, Common Dress and Children's Trunks.
 Together with Ladies' Bonnet Trunks, valises of all kinds, pelisse bags, Carpet Bags, letter carriers, hat boxes, &c.
 Zinc Trunks, and all kinds of Trunks, Valises, Carpet bags, Canvas Covering, &c. made to order, and repaired neatly done.
 Union Trunk 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 & MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.
 of Edinburgh and London.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.
CAPITAL, \$2,000,000
 Invested Funds, 1864, £2,804,512, 1s. 10.

AND OF THE
Standard Life Assurance 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, 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.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

BY REV. D. FRANKLIN RATTAY.

Say, Brothers, shall we conquer, shall we conquer every foe;
 Like heroes shall we meet them and cause their overthrow
 Shall the hills-top and the valleys, the echo loud repeat,
 That our victory over Bacchus is forever and complete.

Where death and desolation, and wretchedness and strife,
 And misery and ruin have been rampant, rule and rule;
 Where murder, horrid murder, has crimsoned o'er the sod,
 Shall we rally with our forces and win the field to God?

Wherever rum has blighted this fair domain of ours;
 Wherever hell has gathered its soul destroying powers;
 Wherever Satan's allies with their banners are displayed;
 Undaunted shall we meet them in foray and in raid!

Yes! we'll drive them from the forest, and we'll drive them from the field,
 For our cry is "No Surrender," and our enemy "Bacchus!"

Then, our fathers and our brothers, and our sons no more shall fall,
 Before the murderer chieftain, old grim King Alcohol.

Select Tale.

AUNT THOMPSON'S STORY.

It was a hot and sultry day, near the middle of June. The roses were in full bloom, and the gentle summer wind wafted into the sitting room cooled my fevered brow with refreshing breezes. I had been sitting here for some time in the recess of a window, over which wild roses and various kinds of creeping vines were growing in abundance. But, as my gaze wandered from one object of interest to another, they came in contact with the arbor, in which I had spent so many happy hours. This arbor was a very nice place; it contained a few nicely arranged seats, and was almost encased in trailing vines and tall trees, which to my mind, seemed quite a romantic place for lovers to meet in.

I say lovers, for we were lovers, Edward and I; and had been ever since childhood. Our homes were nearly opposite each other, separated only by a short meadow. And many a moonlight night have we wandered to that arbor, or across the meadow, with only the heavens above us, and the bright earth below, to listen to our whispered vows.

Edward was poor, and I rich. These were the only objections that my father could possibly find to prevent our marriage. Edward's father was the captain of a ship, and spent most of his time at sea. But he was not an economist; and, therefore, Edward, if he ever got married, must be a penniless husband.

This night was the saddest one that I had ever yet experienced. We were to part, Edward and I, perhaps for ever, in the old arbor. We met just as the shades of twilight were gathering, and remained there for many long hours; but we must part some time; and so sad was that parting, that I fainted away.

I know not how long I remained there after Edward's departure. I only remember that I felt one burning kiss pressed upon my lips, and one last embrace; and all the rest seems like a dream. When my consciousness returned, I was completely astounded at finding myself in the arbor, so late at night; but much to my relief, the events of the previous evening came back to my scattered senses.

Hastily rising I managed to crawl to bed, unsuspected by any of the household. While there, I called to my mind the last words of my beloved Edward—"You must be sure to write to me, dearest, and confide to me all your little trials and mishaps. A sailor's life, at best, is a very disagreeable one, but I will write to you all the same. Give me, as a token of your love, one of those bright curls, so that, when a gloomy or despondent day comes, I can look at it, and it will help me to bear my disappointment."

"Oh, Edward, can I ever forget thee?" I sighed; and for a whole week, I went about like one in a sort of dream.

For three years I received letters regularly from Edward, containing naught but love and nonsense. But suddenly they ceased, and a dreadful evil was fast creeping over my heart.

"What can it mean?" I often said. "Surely Edward has not forgotten me; for I never could forget him."

But still the long-looked-for, long expected letters never came.

About three months afterwards, I happened to pick up an old newspaper, and while carelessly running over its contents, I found something that startled me. It was this:—"A Shipwreck!" Oh! how these two short words thrilled through every fibre of my heart. That vessel proved to be the one he sailed in.

Great was my grief, and day by day I grew thinner. My life now seemed only too long, and I often wandered down to the arbor and sat in our old accustomed seat, vainly trying to imagine that he was still near me, murmuring those words of love that he had always been wont so freely to use. Often, in my lonely wanderings, the face of Edward, pale and ghostly, seemed to haunt me like some dim spectre that I could barely distinguish in the distance.

My father had now accumulated great wealth, and accordingly, I had many suitors for my hand in marriage. A young gentleman from a

distasteful country, who was very wealthy, and had moved into our neighborhood created a great sensation, as he took the heart of every young lady by storm. To tell the truth, every body spoke of him in the highest terms.

I met him several times at parties; and by his great attention and numerous other little services, he showed that his preference had fallen on me. He proposed; but constant to the love I bore Edward, I refused. When my parents heard of this they were indignant at me for having refused one of the best offers that any girl might ever expect to have. My father, who I had always believed good and kind, now showed the hidden traits of his nature, and became cruel and harsh; and one day he showed me the room that I was to occupy, saying at the same time, that I must either marry Reginald Bertram, or be confined in this room, never seeing any one, and never appearing in society.

After a month of this kind of treatment, I thought it best to submit. An elegant bridal outfit was soon prepared for me; and I went, with a sad heart, to the altar, there to be joined, only by mere form, as it then seemed to me, to the man that I had long not only disliked, but really despised.

A deadly silence prevailed throughout the church; and just as the minister, in low, solemn tones, had begun the marriage service, and was suddenly stopped by the sound of voices without, and two stout police officers entered and clasped a pair of handcuffs on Reginald's arms. He turned towards his almost wife with a face as pale as the gloves he wore, and demanded of the officers what this was for.

"Oh, you know!" was the answer. Then turning to the congregation, he explained to them the cause of his arrest; I was charged with the crime of forgery. I immediately swooned away on hearing this, and remembered nothing until I was brought back to life; when, should be bending over me, breathing the tenderness of love's own thoughts, but my long lost Edward.

After I was somewhat recovered, I was conveyed to my father's residence, accompanied by Edward.

"Dearest," he muttered; and then I knew his voice and was satisfied. It brought afresh to my memory the incidents of that secret marriage so many years ago.

"Dearest love will you be mine? I have heard of this cruel story; it was all foul play."

A few murmured words, and a tighter clasp of my hand, was the only answer; and just one month after that, we went on our happy bridal tour.

A NEW SPECIMEN.—Mark Twain tells a capital story. Here is one of his best:

"One day when I and my brother went into the woods, he shot a chicken-hawk and a crow, and while we were looking in the shade under a tree he pulled the tail out of the bird, and then feeling round and talking, he finally found the crow's tail into the chicken-hawk's transom. When we saw what a neat job we had made, we thought we would keep it. When we got home we were late for supper, and we just dropped it on the porch and rushed in. We had a sort of sneaking hope that the old man and our uncle would talk it over with anybody else, but they were always pottering over geology or natural history, or something they didn't know anything about. While we were at supper they came along and found the bird, and we heard them discussing it and talking all sorts of astonishing. Directly the old man came in—having the bird by the leg—and says—

"Boys, where did you get this bird?"

"Shot him in the woods, sir."

"Did you ever come across any other bird like this around here?"

"No, sir; this is the first."

"You've discovered something that was a new species, haven't you?"

And then he walked out and we heard him and uncle conclude that they would label it by their own names and send it to Professor Hagenbaum, at Albany. Pretty soon, though, the old man took hold of the tail and it pulled out, and we heard both of them swear a little. When we came out the bird was lying on one side the fence and the tail on the other. We did not dare to laugh nor to let on about overhearing their talk either.

But about a month after this there came along one of the rarest specimens of a boy you ever saw, and wanted to stop with us. He was all rags and tatters, and tired out with running away from his master somewhere. His shirt was hanging at half mast through his buttons, and his trousers were buttoned at the bottom. He was a fine fellow, and he had better do with him. And finally they said—by George! they didn't know what to do with him. Just then the boy rose and swung his colors into view, and Brother Bob says—

"Father, you might send him to Professor Hagenbaum, at Albany."

It was the first the old man knew we had overheard the bird-talk, and so he whaled us both. He says—"I'll learn you to play jokes on your old father!"

THE WILL FOR THE DEED.—"I must not forget those stockings; there's a basket full this week."

Jennie's mother said in this a weary way. The little girl was playing in her room, and began to think of helping her.

"Where are they?" she asked.

"In the sitting room," answered the mother and thought no more about it. An hour later she went down stairs. There sat Jenny in the large arm chair by the open window, the basket on the table before her, and her little fingers were busy.

"Mother, she said, looking up with a bright smile, 'you had twelve pairs of stockings and I've done six of them.'"

Jenny had given up a whole hour's play to help and relieve her mother; but she was a very little girl and she had made a mistake. She sewed the holes over and over, and she meant to do her best, the stitches were close

and tight. Her mother knew it would be at least a half an hour's work to rip them out, but she would not disappoint the loving helper by letting her know she had not fully succeeded. She said only, 'Well, you're a dear good little girl, and now you may run out and play.'

Away went Jenny, very happy in the thought that she had helped and pleased her mother. And she had; for the kindness and love she had shown her were more precious to her mother's heart than gold, and lightened her care. Pleasant thoughts kept her company and made her needle move faster.

All of us little folks, and grown folks, are liable to make mistakes, even when we really try to do right. But the love of Christ is only showed forth faintly by that mother's love. He, too, takes the will for the deed; counts whatever is done out of love as lost, but makes it do good some time, some way, whether we see it or not.

ONLY CHRISTIANS.—John Wesley once was troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness, and he said, 'I am a subject which never grows stale—which receives new and striking illustration every day in almost every reflecting man's experience. We see it announced in a foreign print that the steamer "Great Eastern" will leave the Monday on the 10th of November, having on board the Indian cable, to be laid between Aden and Bombay.'

For the purposes contemplated in her original construction, the Great Eastern was a failure—a deplorable, ruinous failure—and yet it is scarcely too much to say that she has rendered the world greater service, and that too in a private commercial way, than all the vessels launched in England, since she was built, to gather. She has made a Transatlantic cable practicable, and without her or a vessel of corresponding dimensions, which no company would have undertaken to construct, at least in this generation, such a cable was not practicable.

There is no vessel after us, we presume, so likely to be built for ocean commerce, that could have been trusted with the work so successfully accomplished by the Great Eastern. It is her mission, and what a mission! To unite all the continents of the earth by an electric chain, and make all the forces of the electric power of the world to work together for the benefit of mankind. All the vessels which brought the alphabet from Egypt into Europe a more glorious dignity?

If the constructors of the Great Eastern had been less rash, less imprudent, we might have seen less compelled to wait eight days for news from London instead of giving plausibility to his master's stories.

One day when his master was entertaining some guests in his customary manner, he related an incident which took place on one of his hunting excursions.

"I fired at a buck," said he, "at a hundred yards distance, and the ball passing through his left hind foot, and through his head just back of the ear."

This evidently producing some little doubt in the minds of his guests, he called upon Sambo to corroborate him.

"Yes, massa," said the old confounded slave, after a moment's hesitation; "no one but the ball hit him. Jed'as massa lift up de gun to de eye, de old buck lift his foot to scratch him ear; massa's ball went clear through him head and head at the same time."

The guests were perfectly satisfied with Sambo's explanation, and swallowed the whole without hesitation; but when the guests were gone, Sambo ventured so far upon his master's good humor as to remonstrate.

"For goodness sake, massa, when you tell nadder such big lie, don't put 'um so far apart—me had hard work to get 'um together."

MR. SCENK.—I say, conductor, do you know who that good-looking lady is, there with a book?

"Yes, I've seen her a few minutes."

"By Jove! she's splendid."

"Yes, I think she is."

"Where does she live?"

"In Chicago, I believe."

"I'd like to occupy the seat with her."

"Why don't you ask her?"

"I don't know but it would be out of order."

"It would not be if she was willing to have you occupy it. Of course you claim to be a gentleman."

"Oh! certainly. If you are acquainted with her give me an introduction; that is, if you have no objections."

"Certainly not."

"How far is she going, do you know?"

"Rochester, I believe."

Fixing his hair, monotone and whiskers in becoming style, he followed the conductor, who, on reaching the seat where the lady sat, said with a peculiar twinkle in his eye:

"My wife, Mr. —, of New York, who assures me he will die before reaching Detroit, if he does not form my acquaintance."

The gentleman stammered, stammered, grew red in the face, faltered out some excuse, and returned to his seat, leaving the lady in company with her husband to enjoy the joke.

REVEREND A SUPERIOR BATH. Sharon Springs, N. Y., is said to have been the scene of a very amusing affair this summer. One fine morning the quiet of the Bath house, where visitors repair to bathe in the hot water of the springs, was disturbed by the most piercing screams issuing from one of the bathing rooms.

"O, mercy! mercy! what shall I do—help!"

"O dear me! save me! oh, I'm all changed!"

There was a "hurry to and fro," and rush in the direction from which the screams came, and the door of the apartment was thrown open. A woman, who was fully expected to see a woman boiling to death from inability to shut off the boiling water by the stop cock. Instead of which, in the midst of the sulphurous vapor of the bath, stood one of the belles of the season holding her robes hastily gathered about her with one hand, and the other hand a mirror, in the starting apparition of her face, neck, bust and bare arms, which had assumed a rich mahogany hue, and were rapidly assuming that of a Nubian in blackness.

In a word, the lady had a few days before been sunbathed, and the action of the sulphur bath upon the chemicals used in the beautifying process caused this alarming change of complexion. She was calmed, bundled up in shawls, and returned to her apartments, and next day, by first conveyance and behind a thick veil, left the scene a changed woman.

WHAT WE OWE OUR ANCESTORS.—Internal or external formations of body; deformities or deficiencies, habits and aptitudes are all liable

to be, or may be, transmitted to the offspring, which do not usually, however, inherit accidental defects and modifications of the specific type but return to the normal type. Intellectual endowments are liable to transmission, the intelligence of the parents giving generally to the children the measure of their capacity and facility for learning. Generations of civilization or neglect only make this fact the more conspicuous. Not only are all moral qualities transmissible from parent to child, but in the case of vicious tendencies or habits—the simple mania of the parent becomes the passion, the mania, the all but irresistible impulse of the child. If the identical vice is not inherited, a moral organization is the result, which will manifest itself in some serious mental or physical form. Chronic diseases are also transmissible, either in the original or in some altered form. Unsoundness of mind in its numerous forms appears to be, of all morbid heritages, the most certain and constant.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The little we know of the relative importance of what we do in this world, is a familiar theme for meditation in the closet and of exhortation from the pulpit, but it is a subject which never grows stale—which receives new and striking illustration every day in almost every reflecting man's experience. We see it announced in a foreign print that the steamer "Great Eastern" will leave the Monday on the 10th of November, having on board the Indian cable, to be laid between Aden and Bombay.

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