

# Literature.

## THE "HOUSEHOLD DIRGE."

I've lost my little Mary at last!  
She perished in the spring,  
When earliest flowers began to bud,  
And earliest birds to sing;  
I laid her in a country grave,  
A rural, soft retreat,  
A marble tablet o'er her head,  
And violets at her feet.

I would that she was back again,  
In all her childish bloom,  
My joy and hope have followed her,  
My heart is in her tomb!  
I know that she has gone away,  
I know that she has fled,  
I miss her everywhere, and yet  
I cannot make her dead!

I wake the children up at dawn,  
And say a simple prayer,  
And draw them round the morning meal,  
But one is missing there.  
I see a little chair apart,  
A little pinafore,  
And Memory fills the vacancy,  
As time will—nevermore.

I sit within my room and write  
The lone and weary hours,  
And miss the little maid again,  
Among the window flowers,  
And miss her with her toys beside  
My desk in silent play;  
And then I turn to look for her,  
But she has flown away!

I drop my idle pen and hark,  
And catch the faintest sound,  
She must be playing hide-and-seek  
In shady nooks around;  
She'll come and climb my chair again,  
And peep my shoulder o'er;  
I heard a stifled laugh—but no,  
She cometh, nevermore.

I waited only yester-night,  
The evening service read,  
And lingered for my idols, kiss,  
Before she went to bed;  
Forgetting she had gone before,  
In slumbers soft and sweet,  
A monument above her head,  
And violets at her feet!

## Carriekshock, Or, a Pleasant Excursion.

BY LIEUT.-COL. H. R. ADDISON.

I naturally inquired if the assassins had been seized, as they must be known.

"Known? to be sure they are; but what's the use of taking them up, when no one will give evidence against them? O yes, you may be astonished, but such is the state of Ireland. The man's life, who identified one of the murderers, would not be worth half-an-hour's purchase. So Government has only got hold of one of them, a certain Kennedy; but although the case is clear against him, although it will be as clear as light, you will see that the jury will not dare to convict him. Even at this instant he is standing before them. But enough of this; let's go and take a ride. Here, waiter, order our horses out, and request the landlord to come up."

Mr. Anthony appeared.

"Anthony, I'm going to take this young Englishman to see Belline, we'll take a gallop through the Park, and be back in two hours. We shall gain appetites by our ride, and would like something nice for supper. It is now eight o'clock, you should like to have it served at ten. Can you get us some trout? and mind there's a cucumber; you know how fond I am of it, and if it's not too late for pears, let us have some."

The landlord (a most respectable man) promised all this should be attended to, and we descended, and jumped on horseback. I observed that we had military saddles, and that holsters were attached to each. After the narrative I had just heard, I confess I was not astonished at this; nor was I so, when I subsequently found that Sergeant Magrath had a sword on, under his horseman's cloak.

We rode direct through the grounds at Belline, and then went on to a road which led abruptly up the mountains. There was a wooded angle which hid the onward course of this mountain pass. Vokes walked his horse round it; but no sooner were we out of sight of the main route, than he uttered an exclamation in Irish, and galloped on. The Sergeant did the same, and of course I accompanied them.

"Ride faster, man, ride faster, we shall be missed; keep up, Sergeant!"

"But why this haste?"

"You ride for your life; if they overtake us, we are dead men; and even as it is, there may be parties out looking for us! Ride on, man—don't spare the spur!" And thus we galloped on over six miles of the most hilly road I ever met with. Vokes now pulled up. "Harry, my boy, I think we've distanced them; so now walk your horse a little, for we have a long ride before us."

"My good and respected relative, are you gone mad, or what does all this mean?"

"Simply this. I clearly heard the voices in the stables of which you spoke this morning."

"Why you denied it."

"Yes; fearful of alarming you. The fact is, they assembled last night for the purpose of destroying me. But as they thought it might prejudice Kennedy's trial, they put it off till to-night. At eleven o'clock they are to shoot us as we sit at supper. The Sergeant is to have his brains knocked out. In fact, every arrangement is made. Let me see, I find by my repeater it is past ten; they are now beginning to assemble, and will soon miss us; so we have no time to spare."

"But how is it they were so incautious as thus to proclaim their plans?"

"They spoke in Irish, a language I happen to understand. So there can be no mistake about it."

"Had we not better hurry on?"

"No, no. We are going up a terrifically bad road, let us go as easy as we can, till eleven, and then, as they will have discovered our flight, we must ride as fast as our nags can carry us."

At this moment the moon burst forth, and we saw a ragged, barefooted urchin, close to us; as is usual in Ireland, he at once joined the party, and entered into conversation. Vokes whispered to me to be cautious. This I thought a ridiculous hint, but still I attended to it, though his "Cave Canem" appeared uncalled for in the present instance.

"What is the name of the town yonder, Pat?" asked Vokes, who at once assumed an Irish accent.

"Where, yer Honour?"

"Ah, now, can't you answer without making a boast of yourself? Sure I'm a stranger, and I want to know."

"I'm thinking it's Newmarket! Is it through that town yer about passing?"—At this moment the Sergeant's sword clanked. The Major uttered an exclamation of annoyance. The boy, however, did not appear to notice the sound, and went on talking.

We now came to a wind on the road; round this we had to pass, in order to arrive at Newmarket, which made the distance considerably above a mile, though, by cutting across the valley, the village might be reached in three hundred yards.

"Where's the boy?" suddenly cried the magistrate; we looked round—he was gone; but in less than a minute we heard three distinct notes whistled from the centre of the valley. "Ride, ride on, now's your time!" And away we dashed at full gallop. As we came in sight of the village, we saw a fine fire blazing in the smithy, and lights in almost every window; but as we approached, the smith's shop was suddenly closed, shutters were put up, and every light extinguished. It was evident we were betrayed.

"Keep up—keep up, Harry—that's all right!" and we dashed at racing pace through the town. We had just cleared it when a shot was fired. The ball went through the Sergeant's cloak, but did not injure any of us. When we had proceeded about a mile, the Major pulled up.

"There, that will do. We're safe now; there is no fear of their following. There are not half-a-dozen men in the village, or they'd not have let us off so easy. Depend upon it they are all gone to Kilkenny, to hear their comrade tried."

Vokes was singularly gifted with perspicuity. He calculated every chance, and drew inferences from apparent trifles. It was thus he shifted evidence, and seemed almost to foresee occurrences, which to any other mind appeared unimportant and unimprovable.

We had not gone very far, when Vokes suddenly turned down a lane; as a matter of course, I did the same; the Major, to my surprise, jumped off his horse, and beckoned Magrath to do the like; then leading their horses up to me, he asked me as a favor to hold them for a few minutes; of course I assented. In another moment the magistrates and the policeman were searching about for something which they appeared to have dropped. They examined about, and seemed occasionally to pick up something out of the mud. At length Vokes suddenly called out to his Sergeant, "I've found it—I've got it here—it will complete the evidence. If it fits his hand, it will at once convict him. Oh, I am so glad I've discovered it!" At this moment the moon burst through the clouds, and I glanced with horror at the object which Vokes held up with triumph. It was a human finger, or rather half of one, evidently severed from the hand by a sabre cut.

"What have you got?" demanded the Major.

"I've a portion of skull with human hair attached to it; I've the stock of a broken pistol, and a knife rusted with human blood; said the Sergeant.

"Providence preserve us!" ejaculated I.

"Where are we?"

"In the Borheen of Carriekshock. Don't you see the bank all broken where the struggle took place? This dyke ran with human blood only a few days ago."

"Do let us go on; I don't like this place—it makes me shudder," said I.

"Well, as you like; I've got all I want. Here, Mick, take this finger; we'll fit it on Teddy Maloney when we return; you may throw away the skull; but bring the knife along with you. Come, we'll warm ourselves with a sharp trot. We are only about eight miles from Kilkenny, where we shall sleep. Allons!" and away we rode.

We were within four miles of the city, when we heard loud shouts, mingled with occasional shots; an extraordinary glare of light was apparent in the distance, and we drew our reins, and reduced our pace to a walk, wondering what it could be. Even the Major was puzzled for a few

minutes; at length, he divined the cause. "I'll stake my head, Kennedy has been acquitted, and they are escorting him home in triumph." Another ten minutes brought us in full view of the party, and, at the first glance, we read the correctness of Vokes's supposition. Shouting, singing, firing and brandishing lighted torches, we beheld a body of, at least, five hundred men approaching. Drunk and inflamed by passion, they were screaming forth alternatively blessings on Kennedy and curses on every constituted authority. In the middle sat the released murderer, who (many believed) had escaped his just doom, in consequence of the fears of the jury. He was seated on a small mountain pony, and was supported on either side by female friends, being wholly unequal to sit upright, in consequence of the libations he had indulged in; yet his fair partners still kept plying him with liquor. An Irish bagpiper and a wretched fiddler acted as a band, and thus the procession was made up.

On they came, roaring and capering about in maddened ecstasies. By the glare of their torches, they looked like demons; and my heart sank within me, when I considered how small was our chance of escape. If they caught us, we should instantly be sacrificed. If we turned back, our fate was no less certain. What could we do? In my distress, I naturally turned to Vokes, and to my horror, saw him smile at some incident which had occurred amidst the approaching crowd.

"We are lost!" groaned I.

"Giddy-ma-gow," replied the Major; "be alive, and there's no danger."

"What shall we do?"

"Follow me!" and, in one moment more, he had cleared a low hedge beside the road. We did the same, and, in another, we were all well concealed by a stack of wheat, which served us provisionally as a shield.

On came the fearful multitude; they were now close upon us—they were not twenty yards from us—the slightest indiscretion, and we were dead men. It was a perilous moment. I do believe I trembled. The infuriated wretches were, however, far too excited to think of turning their eyes away from their hero; and I can now, in cool moments, believe that even had we not been thus luckily concealed, they would not have perceived us.

They were fully five minutes filing past us. They halted a couple of minutes, to raise a drunken man who had fallen, and seemed in no hurry to proceed. How I outlived that period, I cannot divine; my very pulse seemed to stop, and I certainly did not breathe—at least such is my impression.

Without a word, the Major stealthily stole out, and about a hundred yards in their rear, jumped back into the road. He and I succeeded in doing so without attracting any attention; but, unfortunately, the Sergeant's sword was loose in its scabbard, and, as his horse sprang over, it gave a loud "clank."

The crowd at once recognized the well-known sound; for an instant they shouted, the "Army!" in the next, they cried out, the "Peelers." They turned round, and saw us by the bright moonlight. Half-a-dozen shots were fired by them in as many seconds; but they were far too intoxicated to take good aim, so none of the balls or shot touched us. A party instantly quitted the main body, and started in pursuit of us—a fact by no means pleasant, as these men, when sober, can run for a short distance almost as quick as a horse can travel. "On! on!" roared the Major; and again we started at our utmost speed, and soon left our pursuers behind us.

In half-an-hour more, I sat at supper, in Kilkenny, with my darling relative, who laughed at my agitation, and endeavored to assure me that it was "nothing at all!"

"It may not be," said I, as I drank his health in a glass of old sherry; "it may not be! But if ever you catch me on such an excursion again—if ever I accompany you on such a perilous trip—may St. Patrick withdraw his protection from Erin."

ABSENT FROM THE DRILL.—Two or three times absence from the drill-room forfeits the delinquent's place in the ranks, unless the reasons be satisfactory. Military exercises demand precision and fidelity. The laggard, the miscellaneous, out-of-the-way character never can make a soldier. The impenetrability of drill regulations is no needless despotism. It is the necessary law of successful soldiery.

But what shall we say of Christians who are habitually "absent from the drill?" They are enrolled as working and warring members of Christ's body; but they seldom report themselves on those occasions which test, as they create, soldierly qualities in the Christian heart.

It is merely absurd to expect that the highest and sternest of all warfare—that for the soul and for heaven—can be carried on, and victories won, by those who never mingle in the social services of the church, and who are seen only when their presence indicates the least self-denial.

The Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting, the tract district, are the drill-room of the Church. Christian, are you absent from the drill? Beware that you do not lose your place in the ranks; and find, in the calling of the final muster-roll that that your name is not there!

There is iron enough, philosophy says, in the blood of forty-two men, to make a plow share weighing twenty-four pounds. The King of Dahomey, if this be so, might do well to go into the iron business.

## THE "WESTMORLAND TIMES" ON MR. CONNELL.

We clip from the *Westmorland Times* of 28th ult. the following opinion of Mr. Connell. We fear that it gives the County credit for more independence of Mr. C.'s influence than facts go to prove.

"Mr. Connell appears in opposition to the Government as many believe because he lost the office of Postmaster General; others allege that his support was at no time to be depended upon beyond the mere matter of voting for measures for the purpose of putting money into his own pocket, and that his object in supporting the Government was purely selfish under the most favorable circumstances. We must confess we should hesitate in believing all this, because however correct the assumption, Mr. Connell is shrewd enough to understand how these things might affect his position at the hustings next spring, and unless he can conduct himself with impunity toward the constituency of Carleton county he will be exceedingly careful how he jeopardizes his position in the House. The amount of influence which Mr. Connell possesses through the columns of his ledger is unquestionably very great, but the supposition that he can at any time wield that influence exactly as suits his own caprice is not very creditable to the people of Carleton, and we should think could hardly be done."

Of Mr. Perley it says—

"Mr. Charles Perley (Mr. Connell's colleague) also appears in opposition to the Government, and in his case the assertion has been made (perhaps in very unjustly) that his defection has arisen in consequence of the Government having appointed Mr. Johnson to be chief clerk in the Auditor General's office in preference to some relative of his, whom Mr. Perley was anxious to provide for. We must confess we are somewhat unwilling to believe this version of affairs in Perley's case, because he is a man whose strong common sense has generally kept him above the suspicion of such a selfish propensity, and we can hardly believe he would now lay himself open to such an imputation."

Oh! oh!! oh!!!

UNDERGROUND STABLES AND MANURE CELLS.—The subject of underground stables has occupied the attention of farmers for many years; and there seems to be a difference of opinion upon the subject, which we think can be reconciled very easily, if farmers will only manifest a willingness to listen to the voice of reason and common sense. An underground stable, should be built in such a manner, and there may be a free circulation of air through it, one way at least, in order to carry off the noxious and unpleasant effluvia always arising from a stable, to a greater or less extent. Merely permitting the air to fill the stable from one side, without an outlet upon the opposite side, is not a perfect and healthful ventilation. It leaves too much dead air to be breathed over by the stock. We believe that the same care is necessary to render an underground stable comfortable and healthy for stock, that would be required to render the cellar of a house comfortable and healthy as the residence of a family. And we must confess that we never saw one fit for that purpose. It is unnatural and unhealthy. All animal life must have a full supply of pure air. Sleeping in cellars and basements is a dangerous practice. They are too damp and dark. If it is true of persons, why may not the cause affect the lower order of animals? If so, must we not come to the conclusion that a stable built above ground is far preferable to one built underground? If it is objected that the latter is warmer than the former, we must take issue upon that point. If it is contended that dead air, arising from damp ground, is warm and comfort for animals, we simply say, that common sense teaches us better. We do not care how warm a stable is made, provided it is free from the ground, and can be ventilated at pleasure. Stables, to render stock comfortable and healthy must possess three important requisites. They must be warm, dry and airy. Without these a stable is not perfect. If this is true, why are not stables built above ground far preferable to any other? We think they are, and if we had a thousand cattle, we would never confine one of them in underground stables. If we had a barn upon a hill side, and could not ventilate the basement thoroughly, we would convert into a hay for hay, and keep our stock high and dry. We must confess that our every day experience strengthens our objections to underground stables.—North-west. Far.

AIR AND WATER.—Set a pitcher of water in a room, and in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the respired and prespired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and a large quantity of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence water kept in the room awhile is always unimpure for use. For the same reason, water in a pump stock should always be pumped out in the morning before any is used. Impure water is more injurious than impure air.

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