

May 2,

# The Woodstock Journal.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy Might.

VOLUME 7.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1861.

NUMBER 44.



**St. John Marble Works,**  
 South side King Square, St. John, N. B.  
 The Proprietors of this Establishment  
 thankful for past patronage, have added largely to  
 their stock of MARBLES, etc. and are prepared to execute  
 dispatch orders for Head Stones, Monuments,  
 Vauls, Fountains, Mantle Pieces, Table Tops, etc.,  
 designs and patterns, and all kinds of cut stone for  
 buildings.  
 JAMES MILLIGAN, Proprietor.  
 ROBT. MILLIGAN, & Sons.

**Domestic Manufacture.**  
 THE Subscriber has on hand  
 at his warehouse on the south  
 side of the Bridge a large and varied  
 assortment of ploughs, manufactured at his Foundry,  
 using different patterns FLOUGHS including all  
 approved for NEWBUNSWICK USE.  
 Also keeps on hand a large assortment of COOK  
 BOX STOVES, Farmer's Boilers, &c.  
 kinds of IRON and BRASS CARTINGS made  
 at short notice.  
 R. A. HAY.

**Whisky**  
 One Hhd. Mehan's.  
 ATERSIDE DISTILLERY, Londonderry  
 Celebrated Irish Malt Whiskey, John Brad-  
 Importation.  
 South Side Bridge.  
 OWEN KELLY.

**Alcohol, Molasses, Sugar,**  
 &c.  
 1 hhd. 50c flavored American Alcohol,  
 1 hhd. Bright Sugar;  
 2 hds. Molasses.  
 Will be sold low for cash.  
 OWEN KELLY

**OWEN KELLY,**  
 Importer and Dealer  
 General Groceries,  
 WINES, LIQUORS, &c.,  
 South Side Mehan's Bridge.

**GOLDEN FLEECE.**  
 RECEIVED per late arrivals 72 packages,  
 containing a general assortment of season-  
 goods.  
 JOHN McDONALD.  
 Oct 860

**BRITISH HOUSE,**  
 Woodstock, November, 1860.  
 The Subscribers have just completed their  
 full and Winter Stock of

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN**  
**Dry Goods,**  
 consisting in part of

Beaver, Flot, Devonshire  
 Yorkshire double Mill'd, Seal Skin, Siberian,  
 Doeskins, Cassimeres, Brown and Black Germ-  
 French, Broad & Narrow Cloths, Red, White, Blue  
 Green and Fancy Flannels, Gray White and  
 Cottons, Ginghams, Drillings, White and Col-  
 ounterpanes, Muslins, Lawns, Drapes, Coburg,  
 Merinos, Delains, Lama, Alpaca's, Tweed Robes,  
 Stripes, Cropevas, &c., &c., &c.  
 Hats, Cloths, Silicoas, Jeans, Scotch Wool Shirts &  
 ers, Socks and Ladies Lams Wool Hose, Cots,  
 and Kid Gloves, Cashmere, Paisley, Florida and  
 mer Shawls, Black and Cold Silk, Broad and nar-  
 row Velvets and Fringes, Feathers, Trimmed and  
 untrimmed Hatts, Bonnets, Ribbons and Flowers,  
 Umbrellas, Linen and Cotton Thread,  
 and White Cotton Warp, Wool Hoods and Chest  
 buttons, Capses, Mantles, Chemise Scarfs, Boots and  
 shoes, &c., &c.  
 Cloths purchased here for Ladies Mantles will be  
 without extra charge, the newest styles.  
 Rugs, Hearth Rugs, floor Mats, Floor and Table  
 Cloths, Morocco, Damask, Room papers, Table Co-  
 vers, &c., &c.

**CLOTHING.**  
 Frock and Over Coats, Pants and Vests of all  
 colors and Prices. Garments cut and made  
 by experienced Workmen at the shortest notice,  
 and to fit.  
 kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for  
 at Cash Prices.

**DOHERTY & McTAVISH.**  
 British House, Linsday's Building, South side  
 of the Bridge.  
 Woodstock, Nov. 15, 1860.

## OUR OWN ADVERTISEMENT.

The Woodstock Journal is a large eight-page weekly,  
 devoted to the advancement of the industrial, commercial,  
 and moral interests of New Brunswick.  
 The primary objects at which it aims in the present  
 circumstances of our Province are:—  
 1. The promotion of immigration, and the settlement of  
 the wild lands.  
 2. The opening of the country, and the facilitation of  
 intercourse, by the improvement of the means of inter-  
 communication.  
 3. An increase in the Representation in the House of  
 assembly.  
 4. A system of Free Education for all,—schools of all  
 grades, from the Parish school to the Provincial Univer-  
 sity, being open to all without money and without price,  
 to be supported by Direct Taxation.  
 While the Journal labors for these primary objects it  
 does not neglect many others. It labors to introduce in  
 the areas of politics a generous, sound and manly tone  
 of discussion—to promote sympathy, good feeling and  
 harmony among all classes, creeds, conditions and par-  
 ties—to establish a system of frank yet genial criticism  
 of men and their words and deeds—to encourage free-  
 dom of thought and speech—to develop in our people a  
 sentiment of manly self reliance—and to inculcate the  
 doctrines of the *New Philosophy*.  
 The Woodstock Journal is published every Thursday  
 morning at Woodstock, N. B., for Wm Edgar, Proprietor

Single copies, Two dollars a year,  
 Clubs of six, one and three quarter dollars each,  
 Clubs of ten, one dollar and a half each.  
 These terms are in advance; if not paid in advance,  
 1-2, and if not paid until the expiration of the year  
 3, will be charged.  
 Clergymen, postmasters, and teachers supplied at a  
 dollar and a half a year.  
 To any person who makes up a club at the above rates,  
 and sends us the money in advance, we will send a copy  
 of the Journal for one year, gratis.  
 No subscription taken for less than half a year.  
 No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid,  
 unless the Proprietor chooses.

**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**  
 BY THE YEAR.  
 A Column, \$36. Half Column, \$24  
 Third of Column, 16. Quarter Column 14  
 Cards, not exceeding four lines, 6  
 each additional line 50 cents.  
 BY THE HALF YEAR.  
 One third less than by the year.  
 BY THE QUARTER.  
 One half less than by the year.

**TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
 Square of 12 lines or less 1st insertion, 75 cents.  
 Same—each succeeding insertion, 25 "  
 For each line above twelve, 1st insertion, 6 "  
 Same—each succeeding insertion, 2 "  
 When an advertisement is sent to the office the  
 length of time which it is to be inserted should be marked  
 upon it. When this is not done it will be inserted  
 until ordered out.  
 N. B.—No advertisements, or "Special Notices," insert-  
 ed in the editorial columns or reading matter.

**JOB PRINTING.**  
 The Journal Office being supplied with a good assort-  
 ment of Plain and Fancy Job Types, Script, Colored and  
 Glazed Paper, Card Paper, &c., Job work of all kinds  
 will be executed neatly, promptly, and cheaply.  
 Hand Bills from a Sheet to a sixteenth Sheet, or as much  
 smaller as may be desired.

**BUSINESS AND VISITING CARDS.**  
 PAMPHLETS,  
 CATALOGUES,  
 LABELS, OF ALL KINDS,  
 CIRCULARS,  
 BILL HEADS,  
 BLANK CHEQUES,  
 ORDERS, NOTES,  
 RECEIPTS, &c.  
 PROGRAMMES,  
 BILL HEADS, &c.  
 LAW and MAGISTRATES BLANKS on hand  
 or printed to order,  
 &c., &c., &c.  
 All letters on business or otherwise should  
 be addressed  
 "EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL,  
 WOODSTOCK, N. B."  
 and invariably postpaid.

The Journal Office is in the second story of  
 Mr. Abner Bull's three story building, on Queen  
 Street, directly over the shop of Vanwart &  
 Stephenson. Entrance at the End.

**TO READERS.**  
 NOW that the reading season has come the proprietor of  
 the  
**JOURNAL READING ROOM**  
 calls attention to the opportunity which that Room affords  
 all who desire to keep themselves posted up in the news of  
 the day, or have an hour or two a day to devote to read-  
 ing. The Room is furnished with all the New Brunswick  
 papers, with a number from Nova Scotia, with leading  
 papers, with a number from Montreal, Toronto, and other Canadian papers,  
 and with a selection of the best United States papers, in-  
 cluding the New York Daily Tribune, the New York Times,  
 the Spirit of the Times, and Albion. Recently there have  
 been added to the list of files the Illustrated London News,  
 Willimer's and Smith's European Times (Liverpool), and the  
 London Punch. Other newspapers and magazines will be  
 added as the increase to the subscription list renders it  
 justifiable. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a quarter  
 commenced with Sept. 27th. Terms, one dollar a quarter.  
 Woodstock, Oct. 11th. 1860.

## Literature.

### THE PHANTOM.

Again I sit within the mansion,  
 In the old familiar seat:  
 And shade and sunshine chase each other,  
 O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweetbrier's arms have wrestled upwards  
 In the summers that are past,  
 And the willow trails its branches lower  
 Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly  
 From out the haunted room;  
 To fill the house, that once was joyful,  
 With silence and with gloom.

And many kind remembered faces  
 Within the doorway come—  
 Voices that wake the sweeter music  
 Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,  
 The songs she loved to hear;  
 They braid the rose in summer garlands,  
 Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still her footsteps in the passage,  
 Her blushes at the door,  
 Her timid words of maiden welcome,  
 Come back to me once more.

And, all forgetful of my sorrow,  
 Unmindful of my pain,  
 I think she has but newly left me,  
 And soon will come again.

She stays without perhaps a moment,  
 To dress her dark brown hair;  
 I hear the rustle of her garments—  
 Her light step on the stair.

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,  
 Lest eyes profane should see  
 My cheeks betray the rush of rapture  
 Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long; but lo! a whisper  
 Beyond the open door,  
 And gliding through the quiet sunshine  
 A shadow on the floor.

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,  
 The vine whose shadow strays;  
 And my patient heart must still await her,  
 Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,  
 As many a time before:  
 Her foot is ever at the threshold,  
 Yet never passes o'er.

—Bayard Taylor.

### HUNTING AND FIGHTING.

—BY ZIG-ZAG.

England is a good deal envied more than ad-  
 mired by our friends over the water, whether of  
 Gallic or Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon race. Nothing  
 less than a visit from the Prince of Wales could  
 induce our American cousins to abandon the flash  
 tailoring of Paris—the velvet and satin opera-  
 tic style for the rougher looser, quieter fashions of  
 London. Frenchmen declare that our women, al-  
 though lovely in form, features and complexion,  
 have neither grace, nor taste, nor heart, and the  
 genuine opinion of the Germans was expressed by  
 the refugee professor, who described us as "giant-  
 ants in politics, savages in cookery and children  
 in religion." But there is one of the utilities and  
 luxuries combined, of England—one of the occupa-  
 tions and amusements—which foreigners of all  
 ranks, of every opinion and country agree in re-  
 garding with amazement and admiration—our  
 horses, our horsemen, and our horsewomen: our  
 horses in speed, beauty, and strength unmatched  
 —our riders (of both sexes) unequalled in num-  
 bers and daring in any country where horseman-  
 ship is not the business of life.

Of the thorough-bred—the "fountain" and  
 source" of improvement of every other variety of  
 the horse tribe—this country has the monopoly.  
 Of horsemen and horsewomen no civilized coun-  
 try has so many in proportion to its population.  
 The backwoodsman and prairie traveller of the  
 American, no longer the "United States" ride,  
 but as a matter of business, tremendous distan-  
 ces; but the young men of fortune, dwelling in  
 cities, and surrounding themselves with every  
 European luxury that money can buy, prefer  
 driving one of these famous living trotting ma-  
 chines, to any form of idle horsemanship. On the

great plains of Southern America the people are  
 true Centaurs, carried by a boy nurse on the sad-  
 dle pommel before they are weaned, and riding  
 before they can walk; but there, that is the es-  
 tablished, only possible mode of locomotion, just  
 as on the sandy *landes* of France, the natives  
 consider a pair of stilts as essential as a pair of  
 shoes for visiting a neighbor: or as on the Chi-  
 nese rivers, babies learn to swim secured with a  
 short line and a hollow gourd to the stern of the  
 maternal duck boat. On the continent of Europe,  
 excepting in horse-loving Hungary, riding is, if  
 not a matter of business, as much a matter of  
 state and display as a costume quadrille or an  
 exhibition of the Skating Club.

It is the universality of the passion and the  
 practice in England that astonishes foreigners—the  
 way in which the taste extends from mere  
 children to aged judges and solemn bishops; from  
 the highest aristocracy, who from choice pass  
 more hours on horse-back than horse soldiers, to  
 butchers' boys, small tradesmen, commercial tra-  
 vellers, thriving publicans, country barates, fash-  
 ionable physicians, leading barristers, and the  
 daughters and wives of every class that can af-  
 ford a horse, a habit and a leisure hour for an  
 evening canter.

For my own part, having sounded the depths  
 of continental tastes, and seen and ridden, as a  
 spectator, with armies to be numbered in tens of  
 thousands, I do not care to take an intelligent and  
 nationally-zealous foreigner to a Hyde Park in-  
 spection, an Aldershot or any review, unless it be  
 of Volunteers. Numbers are wanting in England,  
 to produce an effect on the mind of a critic ac-  
 customed to see twenty, or thirty thousand regular  
 troops, of all arms, reviewed twenty times a year.  
 The guard-mounting at St. Petersburg brings out  
 more men every morning than one of our  
 Royal birthday parades. No! I take him to  
 Brighton, and show him Paterfamilias and his  
 brood on ponyback, and the tagrag-and-bobtail  
 that crowd the parade and dot the Downs at half-  
 a-crown an hour, and the stream that daily, in  
 season, dashes down the steep valleys, after the  
 Brookside beauties and the Brighton Scratchpaek.  
 The average quality of Brightonian horses and  
 horseriders is not very grand; but the quantity  
 and the fire and the universal enthusiasm make  
 up for the screws and the tailors; the foreigner  
 feels that such a collection could only belong to  
 a nation of centaurs.

Then, in the full height of the season, I take  
 him to Hyde Park, at three times of the day—  
 early in the morning; at mid-day when the dan-  
 dies pant under the trees; and in the afternoon,  
 when all the world and his wife alternate between  
 listening to the band and pacing or cantering or  
 trotting up and down that modern fops' alley—  
 Rotten-row! the flow of exercise, of display, of  
 gossip, of flirtation; where political combinations  
 are commenced and financial operations conclud-  
 ed. And then I tell him, "These are not all  
*milords* and *miladis*," or even *millionaires*.  
 There, to be sure, is Baron Bullion on his pacing  
 cob, and Viscount Featherstone on the son of a  
 Derby winner, trotting ten miles an hour to a  
 Cabinet council; and all halts are off to His Royal  
 Highness the Prince of Wales, and dukes' daugh-  
 ters dash past, chattering like happy birds; but  
 there is also Grigg, the stockbroker, and Tom  
 Anvils, an engineer in first class practice, who  
 worked at the bench at thirty shillings a week a  
 dozen years ago, and now gives £200 for some-  
 thing handsome and steady; and there's the Lara  
 of the Thunderer, on his thorough-bred, looking  
 as much disgusted with human nature as if he had  
 been born to ten thousand a year; and close fol-  
 lowing Mr. Timothy O'Regan, "our own corres-  
 pondent," who has made a hit in his letters from  
 the Fejee Islands, and is practising on a bit of  
 blood, the art he learned twenty years ago, fol-  
 lowing the Bally-Mullingar hounds on a bare-  
 backed colt with a halter. And there's Mr.  
 Smiler, the fashionable dentist; and Zawk, Q.  
 C., the light weight, and Bolker, Q.C., the heavy  
 weight, beloved of juries, and feared by witnesses  
 on the wrong-side. There's the Bishop of Smooth-  
 leigh, great in the saddle as in the pulpit, a match  
 for horse-dealers, though not a match for hunting  
 parsons; and there Mr. Stearine, the great Re-  
 gent-street wax-chandler, in close confabulation  
 with Mr. Saint Buttercup, who combines attor-  
 neyism and horsemanship, not unprofitably; and there  
 the Honorable Frank Fastman condescendingly  
 bowing to Mr. Wool, the schneider, whom young  
 swells consult on more material questions than  
 the build of their coats, or the color of their neck-  
 ties. In fact, our foreign friend discovers that  
 the difficulty is not to say who is here, but what  
 class, outside the mechanical, is not represented  
 in the equestrian order of Hyde Park.

But if I can have my own way I don't stop in  
 London or in Brighton; I conduct, my inquiring  
 stranger to the country, and between the acts,  
 after showing the mines and the factories, and  
 the farms that have grown a small island into a  
 great empire, I put him into a dog-cart, or on a

quiet cob, according to the condition of his edu-  
 cation, and take him to one of the great meets  
 of the season at Crick or Badminton Park, or set  
 him on a hill over against a sure find in the Har-  
 borough country, let him see first four-hundred  
 through the lawn before the house or hall, where  
 open hospitality commences the day, and then a  
 hundred good men, with perhaps two or three  
 amazons not far from the first flight, go racing  
 up and down the undulating pasture fields, flying  
 brook, rail, and bull-finch, as if they loved  
 danger.

And I find that if my foreign friend knows a  
 horse from a cow, these scenes of active English  
 real horsemanship beat him more than any other  
 display of wealth, or skill, or learning; and if  
 he is, or has been a soldier, he asks, and won-  
 ders while he asks, "Why have you not the finest  
 cavalry in the world?"

I think—I had long before suspected it—I  
 found the reason out last season in a single horse-  
 man, whom I take now, as Sterne took his single  
 captive, for easy illustration.

It was in the Harborough country, where, like  
 Mr. Sawyer, I had never been before, and fairly  
 mounted for any other country but the Harbor-  
 ough, that I had the luck to find myself well  
 started in what turned out to be a very pretty  
 thing. Where we found, or where we killed, is  
 no matter; that is not my story to-day. But for  
 my mark in a strange country I took a long-legged  
 grey-whiskered gentleman, on a stallion of a rare  
 stamp, who took a locked gate out of a bridle-  
 road in a style, that made me set him down as a  
 combination of experience and pluck; one who  
 could ride—one who knew every inch of the  
 country, and meant to be as near the Talley  
 beauties as he could. It was a sight to see how  
 he

Sat down in his saddle and put his head straight;  
 and making at a bullfinch, wide water-brook on  
 the far side, held his galloping horse to a meas-  
 ured pace until he came within fifty yards, then  
 rushed at it forty miles an hour, with a halloo  
 that 'did your heart good to hear.' It was as  
 much as I could do to keep him in sight, so for  
 twenty minutes I never got a look at his face;  
 then a short check allowed my little nag to get  
 up, and to my astonishment I recognized in my  
 thrusting leader Lieutenant Colonel Lord Sticher  
 of the Royal Mavre Hussars, the pink and model  
 of a cavalry officer of the old school. Often had  
 I watched him reviewing his regiment on Worm-  
 wood Scrubs, with a muff like a chimney-pot on  
 his head, his breast padded, his waist pinched in,  
 his faultless jacket and his overalls without a  
 wrinkle; his toes touching, not pressing his  
 stirrup, as he elegantly balanced himself in such  
 a manner to make the least possible use of the  
 parts provided by nature for holding fast to a  
 saddle. A fine man, a fine horseman, on a perfect-  
 ly broken charger, smoothly bounding in regula-  
 ted caprioles and curvets, Lord Sticher present-  
 ed an elegant and even imposing sight, represent-  
 ing as he did very exactly the style in which his  
 ancestor Sir Guy Sticher rode in full armour at  
 tournaments held by Henry VIII., before he took  
 to religious discussion and wife slaughter.

(To be Concluded.)

### FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

To take time by the forelock in everything  
 which relates to gardening, and never omit what  
 ought and can be done to-day, till to-morrow.  
 It is hard to catch up in gardening when once be-  
 hind.

To choose the best seeds to be had, and if pos-  
 sible to obtain them from responsible seedsmen.  
 Never to buy cheap seeds, because they cost  
 less. They may be the dearest in the end.

To select the best implements, brand them with  
 your name and never let them get rusty.  
 To stir the soil often during drought to prepare  
 it more readily to receive and retain moisture from  
 the atmosphere, and to prevent the plants from  
 being stunted in growth.

Never to work the ground when it is wet and  
 heavy. It renders it compact and lumpy during  
 the whole season.  
 To perform everything in the best manner, and  
 to complete one operation before commencing  
 another.

### TAKE CARE OF YOUR CATTLE AND MEADOWS.

At this season of the year, when the grass is  
 young and tender, do not yield to the temptation  
 to let your sheep and cattle go on your meadows  
 and fields while you are giving them hay and  
 other dry food; all they can get for some time to  
 come will only scour and weaken them, as well  
 as cause them to dislike and spoil their good food.  
 Besides this, they will seriously injure the soil by  
 trampling on it while wet. Moreover, they will  
 bite out the very heart of the young plant, and  
 thereby not only keeps back its growth, but ma-  
 terially lessen the quantity of the future crop.

But 162

246  
 16  
 144  
 24  
 384  
 16  
 400