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No 9 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 28, 1872 Vol 39

Poetry.

THE DYING GIRL.

My mother! look not on me now,
With that sad earnest eye;
Blame me not mother—blame not this
My heart's last wish to die!
I cannot wrestle with the strife
I once had heart to bear;
And if I yield a youthful life,
Full hath it been of care.

Nay, weep not! on my brow is set
The age of grief—not years;
Its furrows thou may'st wildly wet,
But ne'er wash out with tears
And couldst thou see my weary heart—
Too weary even to sigh—
O mother! mother! thou would'st start
And say—'Twere best to die!

I know 'tis summer on the earth—
I hear a pleasant tune
Of waters in their charming mirth—
I feel the breath of June.
The roses through my lattice look—
The bee sails singing by—
The peasant takes his prunning-hook—
Yet, mother, let me die.

There's nothing in this time of flowers
That hath a voice for me,
The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
The young, the glad, the free—
There's nothing but thy own deep love,
And that will live on high:
Then, mother, when my heart's above,
Kind mother—let me die.

Interesting Tale.

THE REBELS.

A Tale of Emmet's Days.

Upon a bright and sunny morning in the early part of the summer of 1803, an immense funeral procession might be traced winding from the Rathfarnham road, through some of the principal streets of Dublin, over Essex-bridge, and so on toward Clontarf. The velvet trappings of the horses, the heavy plumes that decorated their heads and canopied the hearse, together with the number of mourning and other carriages that followed, bespoke the deceased lady to have been one of the higher rank of life, while the multitude of pedestrians that lengthened the procession ostensibly evinced the respect in which she had been held.

Rudely attired horsemen, bestriding steeds as as rough and wild-looking as if newly taken from the Kerry mountains, followed the coaches; and then came an indiscriminate throng of men and women clad in the blue-caped coat, or hooded cloak of the country—the latter drawn over the head, and held down, giving, when seen in the mass, a most sombre effect; but when occasionally thrown side-ways off the clear ruddy cheek of some young "coleen," bestowing no little piquancy to the roguish glance of a dark Milesian eye, that might here and there been seen coquettishly peeping from under them.

There was no "keening," as the funeral cry is technically called in Ireland; but now and then the women would break off from the gossip and laughter to clap their hands, and move their heads from side to side with the peculiar action of grief. The occupants of the coach, who in right of consanguinity followed at the head of the corpse, were four young men—the two sons of the deceased, and two nephews, the children of her sister; but although thus nearly connected, it was easy to observe that on the present occasion but little kindred feeling existed between them. A gloomy silence that might have passed for the taciturnity of grief, but for the sullenness that darkened the countenance of the two elder cousins, had continued unbroken throughout their melancholy journey. When crossing the bridge, however, that leads over the canal, the narrowness of the road occasioned a temporary delay, and among the crowd a shrill voice was heard exclaiming:

"Where am I—at all, at all, good people? Och! I believe I'm on God's earth on a hill. Will nobody take me out of this—the eyes are dim wid me?"

"'Tis on the bridge you are, Ansty! Give us a grip of your hand before the berryin' 'll be done on ye!" answered a woman, who made one amid the crowd.

"Take me out o' this, for the love of God! she continued, in the same nasal whine with which she was in the habit of soliciting the charity of the passers-by—"take me out o' this, for the love of God, Nelly Origan! I'm kilt entirely wid the hate, and the druth!"

"Is it to lose the burryin'?" inquired her friend, in a tone of similar import to the modern—"Don't you wish you may get it?"

"Ye, a finer funeral than ever this was 'ill pass this way next week," replied the old woman.

"Who's that then?" inquired Nelly, with no little curiosity.

"Take me out of this, a cushla!" continued the beggar, pertinaciously. And the other, fearful of losing both the funeral and the intelligence she wanted, succeeded in drawing her out of the crowd to the shelter of a dilapidated shed near them.

Ye, whose 'ill the funeral be, Ansty? she inquired, as she seated the old mendicant against the wall.

The life's not out ov him yet, asthore! replied the other. "But for one that's at this burrin', there 'ill be three to his."

The Lord be good to us, Ansty! but 'tis you're the queer woman; for all the sun is fine an' warm, I declare you'd freeze the life in us wid the dthroll talk you have! rejoined her companion. "But isn't it the fine funeral, God bless it!" she continued, her fears of Ansty subsiding in the feeling of admiration the scene before her awakened.

"'Tis so, a nenow!" assented the old woman. Many's the day since I seen such a sight laving Dublin; 'but not a dthrop of rain,' she muttered, alluding to a popular superstition—"not a dthrop of rain fell this blissed mornin'!—the heavens do be always shut against the Sassenach!"

'Tis herself had the good heart then, exclaimed the other, warmly; and 'tis she was the 'rale' lady, and the charitable, God rest her soul! signs by many's the eye that's wet this way for her, and many's the lone heart that's grievin' afther her this morning. I'll engage it isn't her bad deeds brought all these to the fore, and she glanced round triumphantly on the dense multitude that thronged the road from the city.

Is any ot her own people here? inquired the medicant, carelessiy.

Her two sons, and some more of her people.

When did the eldest come home from the North? asked the old woman.

Faith, that's more nor I can tell ye," rejoined the other; but I seen 'em coming out of the house this morning, an' I hear 'em saying they war the two sons—an' fine handsome boys they are, entirely.

Where are they, I wondther? said the crone, peering her dim, blood-shot eyes around, that blinked in the sunshine like those of a cat.

These should be them, said her informant, as the hearse slowly passed them, and the first mourning coach came on—these should be them, next the head of the coffin. 'Tis, sure enough; I know the look of the dark-faced young man. Ye, don't they look lost entirely?

"Help me' till I get a sight of 'em!" exclaimed the old woman, hastily lifting herself on her crutch. Are them two blood-relations? she inquired, pointing her long fleshless hand at the two young men, who sat confronting each other.

"By coorse they are—sister's chilther."

They'll be more so than iver, by this to-morrow, replied the weird-looking old woman.

How 'll that be? asked the other.

"Nabochalish; 'tis the truth I'm telling you," replied the hag.

That one op-pos-it ye, is the makings of a fine man, said Nelly, gazing admiringly on the younger of the two sons; he is the dead image of his mother.

Faith, if he isn't, he soon will be, replied old Ansty, with a hollow laugh at the dark wit of her suggestion, which appeared not to be understood by her companion, who continued:

I declare to ye, there isn't an inch between himself an' the young masther; an' for all that, he's but a gossoon. I never seen any one grow up so quick; 'tis only the other day since I used to see him with the other young boys fishing of a summer's evening in the Dodder; an' to-day, till I hear the people say they war the brothers, I didn't know him for the same.

I'll tell ye a greater miricle," said Ansty, her yellow, withered face, distorted to more than its natural repulsiveness, by her fearful laugh; he will grow more between this an' to-morrow night, than he did in any twelve months of his life.

Ye, you're a queer woman; what meaning have ye, at all—at all? said Nelly, with a very perceptible shiver.

Just what I'm saying, said old Ansty; sit down till we'll hav' a shuffle of the cards, an' I'll you the fortune of them four.

God be good to us! exclaimed Nelly, in real horror; is it in the face of the corpse, and before all the people, you'd entice me!

Devil a much the corpse i'll mind us, returned the old woman; and for them that's following her, not one of 'em but 'ud run a mile to hear what I'll tell you now.

I'm obliged to you all the same, rejoined Nelly Orrigan; but I intind to follow the funeral. And she endeavored to disentangle herself from the grasp the ancient sybil retained of her cloak.

Time enough, returned the latter; don't you see something has crossed the hearse, more luck to it, an' they're obliged to wait this way. Sit down awile, it 'll be asy for you to pick up wid 'em again.

Afraid of offending her companion," Nelly reluctantly yielded to her ill luck, and once more sat down beside her.

"As I was going to tell you," continued Ansty, coming closer than ever to her victim; "the youngest of them two forenent me, will come this journey again this day week; but if it is, he'll be the length of himself before himself, all the way."

"Blessed hour! is it a corpse he'll be?" asked Nelly, breathlessly.

As sure as I hav' a head on me, said the other, bringing her cadaverous visage into startling proximity to Nelly's.

"The cross of Christ between us an' all harm!" exclaimed Nelly, devoutly crossing herself. But 'tis you are the wonderful woman, Ansty Connelly! Is it his fetch you have seen?

That's neither here nor there, answered Ansty, mysteriously; believe me or believe me not, till you see it come to pass. But here's another thing I hav' to tell you, the corpse hav' but a small share in bringing all these together. I see men from all countrys, neither friends nor followers—what is it brought them to the burrin,' do ye think?

'Tis yourself knows best, Ansty, replied the now thoroughly frightened companion. I thought they were tinents, or people like myself that had a respect for her.

Look at that man upon the rough pony that hav' his hat pulled down over his face, and the great-coat upon him; see, he keeps up to the side of the carriage that the young master is in. Do ye know who that is?

Not the laste in the world!

Whisper! continued the mendicant, approaching her head to the other's, "that is Mr. Robert Emmet! Now, do ye guess what's bringing them together?"

Och! he's sold—he's lost! exclaimed Nelly, leaping from the gtound; "one of them in the car b'longs to the Castle sogers—Mr. Douglas Hewitt."

"Hould ye'r whist, ye omadhaun!" interrupted Ansty, dragging her again to her side, unless you'd give him up to them yourself, will ye be quiet. His friends don't know him there, so 'tis hard if the Castle people would find him out!

Och! a yea! but these are the bad times, said Nelly, lamentingly, when two in a house wont be of the same heart and mind; and the one blood itself 'll belong to different factions.

Wait awhile; why wait awhile? said Ansty, raising herself on her crutch; before that corpse is well under the ground, you'll know the truth of what you're saying" And with this assurance the old woman took leave of her gossop, and turning down a narrow lane at the back of the shed, disappeared.

Faith, an' it's you're the dthroll woman, Ansty Connelly! muttered Nelly, also rising. Devil welcome you here, any way. I declare the heart in me is as low as a carroge's kidney, listening to the queer talk you had.

So saying, Nelly shook the dust from her cloak, and again took her place among the crowd, pondering over all that the beggar woman had predicted, and determining to see the end of the affair.

For the first four months of the infatuated Emmett's attempts to organize a rebellion in Ireland, government continued perfectly ignorant of the danger with which it was menaced; but after that period, rumors of his proceedings reached the authorities, although no means were taken to frustrate them, either from an idea that it was in itself too unimportant to be much regarded; or, in the cruel policy of the times, to allow time for its development, in order to entrap a greater number of victims, and thus insure more signal vengeance than a trifling execution of two or three individuals.

Deeply imbued with the visionary and romantic projects which the unfortunate Emmett so wildly followed out, young, ardent, and impetuous, the names that still scatter a sad radiance over the otherwise dark page that is charactered with the rebellion of '98 had for many an enthusiastic son of "Old Trinity" a meretricious glare, that, *ignis-fatuus* like, glowed only to destroy. And for none more fatally than for young Perring! Schoolfellows, and afterward brother-collegians, their imaginations had taken the same view of the political state of their country, and had arrived at the same false conclusion as to the means of amending it. But there was "method" in Perring's "madness;" and upon leaving Alma Mater, having a large and independent fortune at his command, he determined to travel; and taking advantage of the peace between England and France in 1801, he continued on the Continent till the death of his mother, and the development of his friend's projects required his return.

Doubtless in the society of many of the self exiled or outlawed members of the cause in 98, and in a country where the crusade against monarchy was still at its height, the revolutionary principles of the young man had received no discouragement. On the contrary, it is natural to believe that his intentions in visiting France had been to methodize a scheme for the redemption of his country from the English yoke, which the impatience and rashness of the enthusiastic Emmett so completely overthrew.

Although some portion of Ansty Connelly's remarks had been overheard by the party in the coach, no comment had been made upon them, and the silence remained uninterrupted except by the heavy, half strangled sobs of the young son, as they approached the closing scene of his earthly portion in a mother. Douglas Hewitt, the elder of the cousins, who held a commission in a regiment at that time on duty at the castle, and who, but for his aunt's death, was about to exchange the relation of nephew for that of son-in law, also seemed much affected, either from sympathy to the evident affliction of his relative, or from personal affection to the deceased But her first-born, Hugh, though his brow looked more than usually pale, and the dark and glossy kair that in his boyhood she so loved to part upon it, had lost its crispness, and hung down in lank masses, maintained an unmoved countenance. as if he had no concern in the sad ceremony in which he took part.

At length the cavalcade stopped; the last duties were completed. Hugh Perring stood at the head of his mother's coffin, and saw it deposited in the vault of his ancestors with the same apparent apathy that he had exhibited on their journey; but instead of returning home, to entertain the friends and followers of his family who had come from distant countries to pay this last mark of respect to his parent, he ceremoniously informed his cousin Douglas that, in order to spare his sister's feelings, arrangements had been made to entertain them at an inn, and coldly requested his presence. Douglas, however pleaded duty; and throwing off the trappings of a mourner, mounted his horse which his groom had brought for him and before returning to the castle, mingled tears with his orphan cousin at Rathfarnham. His brother, however remained, but his presence occasioned no drawback to the plans of the elder Perring.

The wine circulated freely, and while the "quality" feasted up stairs, care was taken for the comforts of the humbler parties below; whisky-punch, and the oath of the "United Irishmen" were equally administered, and both as readily accepted, for, in a word, though ostensibly met out of respect for the dead, the funeral had been made subservient to things of even more melancholy import than the laying of a lifeless corpse in the earth.

Members were elected, plans concocted rebellious toasts pledged in overflowing glasses, and speeches uttered, full of the talent, the energy, the eloquence, that afterward drew tears from the stern judge who eulogized the victim while he condemned him

In those days a gentleman was considered to have done the honors of his table but indifferently if he had suffered his guests to depart with clear heads, and legs sufficiently steady to carry them; and the raising of the host was as frequent and naturally anticipated an event at a dinner party as at the celebration of high mass. On this occasion therefore though abstemious as an anchorite himself, Hugh Perring passed the wine freely as became the son of his father and the prejudices of his countrymen, and only two or three of the party, who felt too much interested in the affairs they were met to canvass to more than quicken imagination with the rosy spirit, continued to keep cool heads and unfilled glasses. It was an axiom with most of the persons present, that claret was the best panacea for sorrow, and each man felt himself bound to pledge the younger Perring, whose sadness, instead of yielding to the increasing conviviality of those around him, became every moment more depressing. Again and again he drained the glass; and at length, the liquid spell working upon him, his grief gave place to the wild hilarity of intoxication

By this time, the melancholy occasion which had brought them together appeared to be wholly forgotten; wit, piquant and racy as the wine they quaffed, flashed round the circle till the sublimation of intellect subsided, and ribaldry, like the dregs of the same cup, succeeded; the song was trolled, and stale Joe Millerisms digested as the brains of the greater number of the party grew too confused to offer an original conceit

And all this Babel of ill timed revelry, none was now more boisterously gay than Sydenham Perring—he laughed, sang, shouted, and then, as the unnatural madness reached its climax burst into a wild passion of tears, calling aloud on his dead mother. Hugh endeavored to pacify him, but the other springing at his throat, fiercely asked—

Was it well to profane my mother's funeral by making it an opportunity for plotting rebellion? Or is riot the best proof we could give of our grief for her?

One or two not so oblivious of passing events as to be deaf to the meaning of the young man's expressions, rose, exclaiming—

Hugh Perring you have misled us! Your brother is a traitor!

Pshaw! he is drunk! exclaimed Hugh, vainly endeavoring to break from the other's grasp

That's no argument hiccupped one of the party, rising in *vino veritas*, you know.—Your brother's a Reynold's! He's not to be depended on. We must bind him by an oath.

Peace, fool! said Hugh, fiercely, pushing back the inebriated young lawyer with a force that sent him some distance across the apartment, and would have made an excellent case of assault in the Four Courts.

But he could not thus easily shake off his infuriated brother, who clung to him with the grasp of a maniac. At length, the cousin, Gerald Hewitt, rushed between them; and Sydenham Perring, transferring his rage to him, a furious struggle ensued: blows were given and returned; and while Sydenham, drawing his sword, made a desperate thrust at his antagonist, the other sprang aside, and dashed him against a heavy piece of furniture. His head struck violently against the sharp corner of the sideboard, and he never rose again.

The heavy fall—the one deep groan—and the sudden, awful silence that succeeded, sobered at once every reveller in the room; and the frantic despair of his unwitting murderer was only less terrible than the stern, tearless, unreproaching silence of the elder brother.—By and by, when a surgeon, who had been called in, pronounced that life was irrecoverably fled, Hugh Perring confronted his unfortunate kinsman, and sternly bade him begone.

Death, he said, may be contented with two of my family within so short a period of each other; but beware, sir, how you cross my path again, or I may yet make you answerable for my brother's blood.

Do not delay your vengeance, Hugh, exclaimed young Gerald, hoarsely. My life is of little value to me now.

Enough of our blood has been spilt for the present, returned Hugh, bitterly; though I doubt not, it would be all the better for your brother's designs if I could be put aside as well as Sydenham.

Gentlemen! said Gerald, appealing to the others, bear witness for me, that it was in my cousin Hugh's defence, I came between him, and——

Go, sir! interrupted Perring, furiously. Go, before I forget you are my guest, and rid myself of you as I would of a venomous reptile.

[To be Continued.]

A Sagacious Dog.

A short time since as the family of a Mr Van Etten, of Huguenot, a small village in Orange county, New York and a widow lady named Glagier, who was living in the house, were sitting down to breakfast, they were startled by piercing shrieks coming from Lottie Glagier, a little eight year old daughter of the widow, who was in the sitting room. Mr. Van Etten and Mrs. Glagier ran to the sitting room, and were horrified at finding the child enveloped in flames. An English bulldog of great sagacity, belonging to Mr. Van Etten, and that was much attached to the little girl, was tearing off her burning garments with his paws and teeth. He had already torn about half her garments off, and it is thought that if he had been left alone he would have saved her life. But the mother, frantic at the sight, rushed forward, clasped her child to her bosom held her close until her own clothing was in flames, when the two were torn apart The members of the family took charge of the child, and the dog saved the mother's life by tearing off her flaming garments, but not until he and she were terribly burned. The little girl was burned almost to a crisp, and died after suffering terrible agony for hours. The mother is in a critical condition. Since the burial of the child, the dog, though evidently suffering from his burns, seems to disregard them, and wanders through the house from room to room, whining piteously, as though in search of his little playmate, refuses to be comforted, and can with difficulty be got even to taste food.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.—In the proceedings of the Royal Geological Society of Dublin, last November, we find recorded a singular statement about ashes, which are thought to have blown from the Chicago fire to the deck of a ship at sea, at least 2,000 miles from that city. The ship "Neptune," on the 12th of October last, was on her voyage from Quebec to Liverpool, in latitude 46 degrees north, longitude 35 degrees West At about 4 P. M. the wind then blowing strong from the West, the captain observed a dense cloud or fog rising on the western horizon. It gradually came and surrounded the vessel, remaining about her until midnight. A strong smell of burning wood accompanied its advent, and disappeared with it. The decks were strewn with fine dust, and the eyes of all on board were affected by the smoke. The ship was over 2,000 miles from Chicago at the time of these occurrences.

The newspapers only send those reporters to cattle shows who are accustomed to pens.—[*Judy*

What kind of rice is easily cultivated in any country on earth.

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