

The Woodstock Journal.

Thursday, August 8, 1861.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

The Anglo-Saxon is a particularly practical and business-like person. He buys in the cheapest market, and sells in the dearest. He knows the value of education and intellect, and puts them to use in the making of money. It is generally supposed that he, too, knows not only the value of morality in a worldly point of view, but that his inclinations are towards it at all risks; that he is honest, not only because honesty is the best policy, but for the better reason that his tastes lead him that way. One who thus views honesty favorably from two different stand points, and who has at the same time such an eye to business, we would naturally expect to insist upon the precious quality in those in whom he reposes confidence, or with whom he entrusts from time to time the oversight of his business, and the promotion of his interests. If that business is of a nature the most important, and if these interests are among those which he regards, and justly so, with most pride and affection, he should of course, be doubly jealous of the integrity of those to whose hands he entrusts them. The enacting of laws, and the administration of the Government and the laws, have always been looked upon as public matters which most nearly concern us. And in Great Britain, notwithstanding the many blemishes which appear in her political history, the interests of the nation have been entrusted, ever since the introduction of the ministerial system, to comparatively worthy hands. In this respect, as in almost all other respects, there has been an improvement, gradual perhaps, but still constant and well marked. In the character of the politician there has been a continual improvement. To borrow an illustration,—the examination for national favor has become more strict with respect to moral rectitude, and the public taste has become more severe. If the politician has common sense, a thousand mistakes of intellect will be forgotten, but not of integrity. It is no longer sufficient to be merely clever; truthfulness begins to be taken into account. Men are beginning to catch the far-spread scintillations of the great truth, that without honesty existence itself is but mere delusion—a will-o'-the-wisp—a nightmare. The smallest, meanest, and most contemptible of all earthly existences is the man upon whose word you cannot rely, and in the strength of whose principles you have no confidence. And the position in which this meanness figures most conspicuously is in the arena of politics. From him who occupies the proud position of the leader and guide of the policy of a free people, we expect that nobleness of purpose and rectitude of conduct which are the attributes of superior natures. But what do some of the recent appointments to the Executive say for political morality in high places in New Brunswick? Do they not constitute a direct premium upon unscrupulousness and want of principle? Do they not say to the people of New Brunswick: Integrity is nothing, or worse than nothing, for it may stand in the way: principle is nothing, for there is no principle at stake: consistency is nothing more than an inconvenience: honor is unworthy of mention: the qualities to entitle one to a seat in the Executive of New Brunswick are, worldly shrewdness, assurance, promptness in making sudden changes in one's course, a steady regard for one's own interests, as apart from, or even opposed to the interests of the public. A more humiliating sight than that recently presented to the eyes of this public cannot well be conceived. The mutilated Government turning in every direction to find men to fill its broken ranks, careless of any other end than the retention of the places and salaries which its members held. The representative chosen by the voice of a free and intelligent constituency, falsifying the expectations formed by his conduct during his canvass—with no other seeming object than to make the most for himself that his position was capable of securing, higgling with the Government about an office, fixing upon himself a certain price, and making that the reward of his services. And who are to blame for all this? Surely the people themselves. If they choose to select mere political adventurers and hungry expectants for

the Legislative Assembly they have no cause to complain if these men act out their nature by being tricky and unscrupulous at their expense. If the trader trusts one whom he knows to be a knave with the management of his business, and the keeping of his till, he has no right to be surprised at rising some morning to find his clerk and the contents of the till both gone. The difference between the private person and the public in this matter seems to be that the former regards rectitude in his servants a matter of importance, and gives its possessor the preference. It is only in public life that such a quality seems to be thought entirely unnecessary. A man who overreaches you in a trade you object to take into your private service; but he seems to be the very man whom you delight to select for public trust and honor. The adventurer and the juggler we banish from our private premises—to give them the run of the halls of legislation, the bureaus of administration, and the Public Treasury.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—We are requested to state that a meeting of the Local Committee for this County to take charge of our arrangements for the Provincial Exhibition at Sussex Vale in October next, will be held at the office of John C. Winslow, Esq., on Wednesday, the 14th instant, at 3 P. M. It is particularly requested that all will attend that can make it convenient. The following gentlemen compose the Committee: Hon.-C. Perley, H. E. Dibblee, John Harper, James Grover, Robert Kerr, J. D. Ketchum, R. A. Hay, Anthony Kearney, S. G. Burbee, G. W. Bowyer, James Edgar, Isaac Stoddard, Wm. Lindsay, M. P. P., D. Muro, M. P. P., F. P. Sharp, Isaac B. Wortman, Ivory Kilburn, Wm. Stevens, W. T. Baird, John Fisher, Jas. P. Morse, Henry Stump, A. M. Brodrick, E. R. Parsons.

LOCAL TOPICS.

The weather has during the past week continued unsettled. There has been much rain, and very little weather suitable for haying. The season is far advanced; with favorable weather the hay by this time should have been pretty much in the barns; but the progress, for the reason mentioned, has been small. The potatoe crop is also suffered severely from the same cause,—the rust making rapid advance. We greatly fear that the crops will be small, and of inferior quality.

Although the River is yet at steamboat pitch, the business upon it is so small that the Bonnie Doon has ceased running. The two others have been making tips.

Building is going on in Town briskly. The brick walls of Mr. Connell's building on Market Square are fast rising. Mr. Robert Brown has commenced upon his proposed four story brick building on the Martin Lyons corner; and Mr. Doherty is laying up the brick casing of his building on King Street. Mr. Tobias McLean, has commenced putting up the lower story of a saw mill on the old site.

Our market has been well supplied during the greater portion of this season with fresh salmon. The recent rise in the River has allowed them to escape the nets below, and the consequence is that there has been an excellent run in this quarter. Considering the numberless devices of various kinds that fill the river from the harbor of St. John all the way to Woodstock,—one hundred and fifty miles,—it seems a marvel that a single salmon should ever reach us. But they do reach and pass us in sufficient numbers to produce a progeny that keeps up the race in apparent abundance. The number of salmon that annually enter the mouth of the river St. John must be enormous.

REV. MR. GLASS.—This gentleman has published two letters in St. John in refutation of the charges recently made against him. In our next issue, we shall present our readers with the substance of Mr. Glass's reply.

A colonel of a Western regiment, it is currently reported, left his men on the field, jumped into a private carriage, drew his revolver upon the driver, and commanded him to drive on, leaving behind those who had hired the coach. Upon being interrogated at Fairfax, as to where his regiment was, the brave colonel informed his friend that he supposed they had "all gone to h—l."

The News learns that it is not unlikely the Challenge Cup, presented to the New Brunswick Volunteers by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, will be fired for at Sussex Vale on the second day of the Exhibition, viz.: Wednesday 2nd October.

(From the Richmond Enquirer.)

Manassas Junction, July 21.

The severest battle that was ever fought in this country took place to-day between the Confederates and Federal forces. As stated to you a few days ago, the armies had faced each other until it was evident that a collision must ensue. About 8 o'clock this morning, a part of the Federal forces, about 10,000 strong, commenced an attack on the Confederate troops at Stone Bridge, on the turnpike, six miles above here, numbering only 600, the 4th Alabama Regiment, under Col. Sloane. Such was the suddenness of the charge, that the regiment suffered greatly, but like the immortal Spartans, they held their ground until reinforcements came up. The enemy succeeded in crossing the Run, but were forced back in the evening, and made to retreat in the utmost disorder. The Confederates had on the field about 30,000. Two intelligent prisoners, who were taken, stated that the enemy had from 70,000 to 90,000 picked troops on the ground, and yet they were forced to retreat and leave the field to the victorious South-erners. Thank God for the bravery of our glorious Southern soldiers!

It will be impossible to give details at present. It must be confessed that the victory was the result of the most desperate, daring, and dashing courage of our troops. The 4th Alabama, 5th Virginia, and 7th and 8th Georgia regiments are said to have suffered most in the engagement. Among these, it is with regret we record the loss of Gen. Bartow of the 8th Georgia, Gen. Bee of South Carolina, and Major Wheat of Louisiana, all mortally wounded. The loss in killed is not very large, while quite a number are wounded. The loss of the enemy, as exhibited on the field, is immense.

Sherman's Battery of sixteen pieces, and a portion of the Rhode Island Battery, are in our possession, and a beautiful battery it is. Cumming's Virginia regiment charged first upon it, and were repulsed, when another regiment came up; shooting down every man and capturing the pieces. The Washington Louisiana Artillery took two of the pieces, and immediately turned them with deadly fire upon the enemy.

ITEMS OF THE BATTLE.

The dispatch of President Davis says that the severest fighting of the battle of the 21st was on our left flank. Those who gave attention to our description of the localities, in Monday's issue, will recognize the "Stone Bridge" as the scene of this terrible collision. That point, where the turnpike road crosses Bull Run, was on the extreme left of our line. The enemy made a desperate effort to carry it, and thus turn our flank; but Gen. Johnston, with a greatly inferior force, repulsed their attempt, piled the field of conflict with their slain, and put them to flight, as stated in the President's dispatch.

An officer of the army, who arrived here yesterday, says that he witnessed the onset of our soldiers, the Arkansas Regiment, he believes, on the New York Zouaves, and that it was a terrible spectacle. They threw down their guns and made the charge with their brandished bowie knives. The Zouaves at first seemed petrified with amazement. Then, as their assailants knocked aside their bayonets and fell upon them with their furious blades, they fairly screamed with terror, and fled in the utmost consternation. They were nearly exterminated.

THE HAMPTON LEGION.

Members of this body who arrived here on Monday wounded, from the battle field, report some thrilling incidents of the conflict, among which are the following:

Col. Hampton, upon having his horse shot from under him, seized a rifle and said, "Watch me, boys; do as I do." He then shot down successfully several of the Federal officers who were leading their forces against him. Gen. Beauregard then came up and said, "Take that battery." Just at that moment the flag of the legion was shot down. Beauregard said, "Hand it to me; let me bear the Palmetto flag." He did bear it in the fury of the fight. Col. Johnson of the legion was slain in the charge.

The Hampton Legion promised to defend the flag presented to them by the ladies of the Palmetto State while one of them remained to step the field of conflict. That this promise will be sacredly redeemed no one will doubt, when he comes to learn that of the eight hundred who went into the field on Sunday, one hundred and ten sealed their fidelity with their blood, that being the number of their killed and wounded, according to the unofficial reports.

THE SOUTH.—The following is an extract from one of Mr. Russell's letters to the London Times. It would appear from that the Southerners have unbounded confidence in President Davis. Mr. Russell says—

One great source of strength in the South is its readiness—at least, its professed alacrity—to yield anything that is asked. There is unbounded confidence in Mr. Jefferson Davis. Wherever I go the same question is asked, "Well, sir, what do you think of our President? Does he not strike you as being a very able man?" In finance he is trusted as much as in war. When he sent orders to the New Orleans Banks some time ago, to suspend specie payment, he exercised a power which could not be justified by any reading of the Southern constitution. All men applauded. The President of the United States is far from receiving any such support or confidence, and it need not

be said that any act of his of the same nature as that of Mr. Davis would have created an immense outcry against him. But the South has all the unanimity of a conspiracy, and its unanimity is not greater than its confidence. One is rather tired of such endless questions, "Who can conquer such men?" But the question should be, "Can the North conquer us?" Of the fustian about dying in their tracks and fighting till every man, woman and child is exterminated, there is a great deal too much, but they really believe that the fate which Poland could not avert, to which France as well as the nations she overrun bowed the head, reach them. With their faithful negroes to raise their corn, sugar, cotton, while they are at the wars, and England and France to take the latter and pay them for it, they believe they can meet the American world before them. A glorious future opens before them. Illimitable fields tilled by multitudinous negroes open on their vision, and prostrate at the base of the mountain of Cotton, from which they rule the kings of the earth, and the Empires of Europe shall lie, with all their gold, their manufactures their industry, crying out, "Pray give us more cotton! All we ask is more!"

APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.—I suppose few Americans will fail to receive with almost personal sympathy the announcement that the Duke of Newcastle is about to marry our Princess Mary of Cambridge. The Princess is a comely and singularly buxom young lady. She is like her sister, the Princess Augusta, who married the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strölit; only the younger daughter is more lively, looks cleverer, and is decidedly fatter. The Duke of Newcastle has been married before to the daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, but the marriage was dissolved at his suit, as I dare say your readers will remember. Nor need I tell you how much he is esteemed in private life, as well as in political society, as one of the most amiable and conscientious men. The Queen's consent is a mark at once of her not thoroughly sharing the spirit of George the Third's Marriage Act, and of her esteem for the duke, the guardian of the Princess Mary is the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, and is twenty-seven years of age.

The Washington correspondence of the New York Commercial, under date of July 23, says: "The scenes of yesterday will long be remembered here. Amid a drenching rain, our troops came into the city, some shoeless, hatless, contentless, and apparently in the most wretched condition. They all had wound-rifed stories to relate, some of them modestly claiming to have shot at least seven Confederate troops. Most of those who arrived in the city in the early part of yesterday, excepting the wounded, were, according to their own story, the last to leave the field of battle; but by some process known only to themselves, they were the first to arrive in this city."

CENTS.—The question is frequently put to us—when are we to have any importation of Silver and more particularly of Cents, to meet the requirements of the trade? As it is at present, we have had one or two small lots of Canada Cents brought into the County, but they are too few in number to supply the demand. The consequence is, that if you endeavor to pay them away, you can only realize for them a half-penny. Without we obtain more suitable coins it is impossible to conduct the business of the country as the law directs—in dollars and cents. We hope the defect will be speedily removed.—Mir. Gleaner.

One of the Washington letter writers makes the following statement:—"A Massachusetts Colonel was met in the retreat three miles ahead of his regiment which he assured an inquirer was cut to pieces. No remonstrances availed to induce him to turn back or to wait for his men. Subsequently he excused himself by saying that he received a sunstroke, the effects of which did not seem, however, to have diminished his pace toward Washington. A Wisconsin Colonel behaved but little better."

A private company at New Orleans has, for \$150,000, taken out a contract to sink or burn, destroy or take the Brooklyn blockading ship. To accomplish this object they have taken the tug (propeller) Enock Train, and are casing her with iron. She has seven solid feet of wood on her bow, and this is covered with iron. The plan is to knock a hole in the Brooklyn amidships, by collision, and thus sink her with all on board.

An officer of the Royal Prussian Guard lately saw a gentleman sitting in the cabin of a Rhine steamer with his hat on, and insolently ordered him to take it off. He neglected to comply, upon which the officer knocked it off for him. He shortly discovered that he had been assaulting Prince Hohenzollern, and was put off the steamer at the first landing.

The City of Washington, from Liverpool the 3rd and Queenstown the 4th of July, brought over one million of dollars in specie. This makes the gross amount forwarded to the United States from England since November last, \$39,145,000.

ARRIVAL OF THE F

SAINT JOHN'S. The Steamer Fulton was inter- Roon at 4 a. m. on Friday morn- The Europa arrived at Queen BRITAIN.—Lord John Russ House of Lords as Earl Russel Mr. Lever again denied th against him in the House of C motion for a select committee gativated without a division. The discount market was cas American securities had adva Sugar, coffee, rice, steady; quiet.

PORTLAND.—Crowds had as- residence of the British Consu shouted "Long live Queen Vic- shed bouquets, showing their sympathy for Poland. The Chancellor for Hungary Counsellors of the Aulic Court to act according to the Constiti of the nation.

HUNGARY.—A royal reser- Houses says that the laws of established because they are in- recent constitution. The un- Transylvania is impracticable be arranged on the basis of a Servian National Congress.

ITALY.—Cialdini ordered I. Moselle.

Zanion issued a proclamation fidence in the people and the He appeals to the Liberal pa- persing reactionists.

A Chief and several reacti- rand, have been arrested. The chief of brigands at M shot.

Five hundred brigands th- 50 made prisoners. The bri- eight miles from Naples to- pronching return of Francis Insurrectionary movement bri-

National loan very popul- The Pope has received from the French army will remain Fifteen new Bishops pro- two Spanish, seven South A- Consols advanced 5/8 to 5/9 3/4 for account. The Fulton has 746 pass-

THE SOUTH GETTING S NORTH.—The New York O- in referring to a dispatch O- Officer, stating that the Sec- with provisions, etc, from N-

"So far as we can ascertain sufficient surveillance, either Baltimore, Philadelphia, N- at least since the little bree- opening of the campaign. ous will look over the clear- ern seaports, will notice a- to the lists of certain small- "Now all these things w- the smallest point on ever- left unguarded, unless a Go- patched with every vessel whatever destination th- seaport.

"There is one mistaken North, and that is the Sou- ev. The people there hav- chants here and in New every day, of letters sent offering to pay the specie-

From all parts of this P- ing the most favorable ac- crops. The hay crop nev- and root crops promise w- bid fair to yield in profus- Transcript.

American papers state- worm is making fearful r- crops of the Eastern and worm is described as bein- an inch long and is a sh- legs. It is called the "a-

The Viceroy of Egypt towards the Indian Relie- By the marriage of Co- Miss Flossman, which to the 20th ult., the daugh- becomes a connexion of-

NEW DISCOVERY.—A that gold has been dis- County, bordering on La- amination a ton of rock. A new map of Nova S- It is said to be the larg- any heretofore publish- Scotia, P. E. Island, an- wick.

DULL BUSINESS.—Ne- business in that city is ex- with last year. The p- instances have offered th- the premises or accepti- lord and tenants divid-

PRIZES.—The New C- fifty one prizes in all b- ern privateers, whose a- ted to amount to \$3,000-

Literature

THE HEROES OF INDUSTRY.

Let others write of those who fought
On many a bloody field—
Of those, whose daring deeds were wrought
With sword, and spear, and shield;

THE FAMILY AT FENHOUSE.

I was to be a governess; but I could not obtain
a situation. My poor mother had been insane
for many years before her death; one of my
brothers was deaf and dumb, another was deformed,

It was a lonely house standing back from the
road, completely shut in, in front, by a tangled
shrubbery, while at the rear stretched a cross
dark wood with a trailing undergrowth of briars
and thorns.

After waiting some time, a gentleman and lady
came in. She was a pale, weak, hopeless-looking
woman, very tall, fair, and slender, with a
narrow forehead, lustreless light blue eyes with
no eye-lashes, scanty hair, straw-colored, ill-defined,

He spoke to me pre-emptorily and haughtily;
asked me my name, age, family condition, previous
history, as if he had been examining me on oath,

St. John, N. B., Nov. 14th, 1859.

own sadness and despair, and almost decided on
not going farther to meet only with fresh disap-
pointment, when the train stopped at my station,

Asking my way to Fenhouse-green, much to
the astonishment, apparently, of the solitary sta-
tion-master, I struck into a rugged by-road, which
he said would take me there. The two miles' walk
seemed as if it could never end. The road was
lonely, and the country desolate, ugly, and mon-
otoneous; nothing but a broad, rugged waste

If this was the village of which the writer had
spoken so pompously as his property, and of
which I had imagined all that was charming and
picturesque, it did not argue much for what had
to come; and I began to feel that I had painted
too brightly, and perhaps, had ranked my chance
too low.

It was a lonely house standing back from the
road, completely shut in, in front, by a tangled
shrubbery, while at the rear stretched a cross
dark wood with a trailing undergrowth of briars
and thorns.

The house was of moderate size, two stories; and
looked more bleakly desolate than anything I
had ever seen before. My dream of the young
and beautiful wife had vanished, and I felt as if
about to be ushered into the presence of some
fantastic horror or deadly crime. The wet leaves
plashed beneath my feet, and sent up their clouds
of autumn odour—the odour of death; unsightly
insects and loathsome reptiles glided before me
with strange familiarity, which rendered them yet
more loathful; not a bird twittered through the
naked branches of the trees. The whole place
had a wild, weird, haunted look; and shivering
with dread at I knew not what, I rang the rusty
bell, hanging lonely out of the chipped and bro-
ken socket. The peal startled me, and brought
out a small terrier, which came running round
me, barking furiously and shrilly. The door
was opened by a ragged, slipshod servant girl,
and I was shown into a poorly furnished room,
which seemed to be a kind of library; to judge
at least by the open book case, thinly stocked
with shabby books. The room was close and
musty; the fire in the grate was heaped up care-
fully towards the middle, and the sides blocked
in with bricks. It was a mean fire; a shabby
fire.

After waiting some time, a gentleman and lady
came in. She was a pale, weak, hopeless-looking
woman, very tall, fair, and slender, with a
narrow forehead, lustreless light blue eyes with
no eye-lashes, scanty hair, straw-colored, ill-defined,

He spoke to me pre-emptorily and haughtily;
asked me my name, age, family condition, previous
history, as if he had been examining me on oath,

"I am not dangerous," I said, a little too hum-
bly, perhaps; but that man was completely sub-
duing me. "I am nervous, but I have no worse
tendency."

He laughed.
"Perhaps not," he said with a sneer that
made my blood curdle; "no one ever has. Don't
you know that all maniacs are philosophers,
when they are not kings and queens? Shall I
take you on trust, then, according to your own
estimate of yourself, or discharge you at once,
according to mine?"

"I think I may be trusted, sir," I answered,
looking every where but into his face.
"What do you think, Mrs. Brand?" he said,
turning to the pale woman unravelling her strip
of muslin, and who had not as I thought, looked
at me once yet.
"She is ugly," said she, in a dull monotonous
voice; "I don't like ugly people."

"Not always sir," I said moving restles-
ly.
"Will, Mrs. Brand, what do you say?"
"She is ugly, and George will not like her,"
said the lady, in the same half-alive manner.

The first day's dinner was a strange affair.
After we had seated ourselves, there was a
very scanty supply, there lounged in a youth of
about seventeen; a heavy, full-blooded, lumpish
being with a face devoid of intelligence, but
more animal than imbecile; a mere idle, eating,
and drinking clown, scarcely raised above the
level of a dog or a horse, and without even
their instinctive emotions. What an unwhole-
some, unnatural circle we made! I longed for
a little healthy life among us, and turned with
a feeling of envy and relief to the common-place
servant maid; who, if not intellectual, was at
the least more in accordance with pure ordinary
life than we.

There was ill blood between Mr. Brand and
Master George, as the boy was called; and I
soon understood why. His mother's only son
by a former marriage, and heir of the neglected
lands lying around Fenhouse, he stood in the
way of his stepfather, whose influence over his
wife was supreme; and who, but for the boy,
would have absolute possession of everything.
He had married for money, and had been balked
of half his price. I used often to wonder
that the two were not afraid to trust themselves
in the hands of one so passionate and unscrupu-
lous; but though Mrs. Brand was undisguisedly
afraid of her husband, and the boy was not too
stupid to understand that he was hated, and why
neither seemed to look forward to evil days, I do
not think they had mind enough to look to the
future in the hope or dread. Mother and son loved
—a love in which both would be helpless to save
themselves. They were not much togeth-
er, but they sat close to each other, always in the
same place and in the same chairs, and Mrs.
Brand unravelling her eternal slips of muslin,
while her son gathered up the threads and put
them into a canvas bag.

I had been there a fortnight, and I never saw
either of them employed in anything else; and
I never heard half a dozen words pass between
them. It was a silent house at all times; and more
than this, it was a house full of hate. Save this
dumb animal kind of love between the two, not a
ray of even kindly feeling existed among any of
us. The servant was the mark for every one's
ill temper, while I stood out as a parish among
them all, not even dignified by active dislike. I
was stunned, and could not understand why I
was there at all. The lady never spoke to me,
not even to say good morning; she never gave
me no duties, but she forbade me employment.
I was free to do what I liked, provided I did not
make my existence too manifest to her, and did
not speak to her husband or Master George. If
by chance anything like a conversation began—
for Mr. Brand had his talkative moods in a vi-
olent kind of a way—she used to order me out
of the room, in just the same tone as she used to
speak to the dog. If I remonstrated, which I did
once, her only answer was, "You can go if you
like; I did not hire you."

One thing especially troubled me. It troubled
me because, like all morbidly imaginative people
anything of a mystery terrified me more, than
an open danger; and this of which I am going

to speak was a mystery. The boy took no no-
tice of me at the first. He never spoke to me
when he came into the room; he passed me in
the fields as if he did not see me; indeed, he had
always that manner to me—he did not see me—
did not exist for him. I was well content that
this should be; but, after I had been there a
short time, Mr. Brand began to make distinct
mischiefs between us. When he met me in the
lanes and fields he made mouths at me, at table
he would kick me silently, and whenever I caught
his eye he made hideous grimaces, muttering in
his broad, provincial accent, "Mad dog! mad
dog! We hang mad dogs hereaway!" His in-
solence and brutality increased daily, and Brand
encouraged him. This was the mystery. Why
should he wish this to hate me?

There was a plot underneath it all which I
traced myself to discover. Day and night the
thought haunted me, till I felt growing crazed
with dread and terror. I could not conceal my
abhorrence of the youth—I was too nervous for
that—nor hide the fear with which that wicked
man inspired me. I was as helpless as the poor
pale woman there, and as thoroughly the victim of
a stronger fate.

One night Master George had been more than
usually intolerable to me. He had struck me
openly both before father and mother, had in-
sulted my misfortunes, and spoken with brutal
disrespect of my family. It was a wild winter's
night, and the howling wind shook the windows
and dashed the trailing ivy leaves sharply
against the panes; a fearful night, making all
visions of freedom and escape impossible; a
night which necessitated one to be content with
one's own fireside, and forbade the idea of wan-
dering farther. Yet it was something worse
than death to me to be shut up in that mean
room, with its squalid furniture and scanty fire,
with such companions, and to feel that I could
not escape from them—that they might ill treat
me, mock me, persecute me as they would, and
I was bound to bear all without protection or
means of escape. The stormy night had excit-
ed me, and I felt less than ever able to bear all
the insolence and brutality heaped upon me.
When Master George struck me again, and called
me "mad dog," something seemed to take
possession of me. My timidity and nervousness
vanished, and I felt as if swept away in a very
tumult of passion. I do not know now what it
was that I said or did, but I remember rising
passionately from my place, and pouring out a
torrent of oaths and reproach. I was almost
unconscious of what I was doing, for I was
literally for the moment insane, but I remember
the words "You shall die! you shall die!" ris-
ing like a scream through the room. I have not
the slightest recollection of how I left the par-
lor, nor how I got to my own chamber, but it
was past midnight when I awoke from what must
have been a kind of swoon, and found myself
lying on the floor.

The wind was still raging, howling through
the trees, outside, tearing down branches, and
scattering the dead leaves like flakes of frozen
snow upon the ground. Every door and window
shook throughout the old house, and the wind
moaning in the chimneys came startling like the
cries of tortured beings. Confused and giddy, I
rose out of my trance, stiff with cold, and
scarcely conscious. But as my brain grew
clearer it grew also feverish, and I knew there
was no rest for me to-night. My hearing began
to be distressingly acute, and every painful touch
and circumstance of my life to rise up before
me with the force and vividness of living scenes
actually present to my senses. I paced my
room for some time in a state of despair, wring-
ing my hands and sobbing violently, but without
tears. By degrees a little calmness came to me.
I determined to go down stairs for a book. I
would get some quiet, calm, religious book,
which would soothe me like a spiritual opiate,
and take me out of the abyss of misery into
which I had sunk. What friend, indeed, had I
in the world, save the Great Father above us?

As I opened the door I fancied I heard a
stealthy step along the passage. I held my
breath to listen, shading the candle with my
hand. I was not deceived; there was a step
passing furtively over the creaking boards in
the direction of Master George's room. I drank
back into the doorway. Yet there was nothing
to alarm me. A quiet footfall at midnight might
be easily accounted for; why should it affect me
with distrust and dread? and why should I feel
this overpowering impulse to go toward the
sound? I scarcely knew what I expected to
find; but something stronger than myself seem-
ed to impel me to the discovery of something
horrible; and placing the candle on the floor, I
crept noiselessly along the passage, every nerve
strung to its utmost tension.

Master George slept in a room at the end of
the back stairs gallery, which ran at right angles
in the passage in which my room was situated.
My door faced Mr. and Mrs. Brand's. Master
George's faced the kitchen stairs, and was pro-
vided to the servant's room, but she had been mov-
ed to a small closet near me. Mr. Brand not
approving of her holding so large a chamber for
herself, neither willing to allow the boy anything
of a better class. When I stood by my door I
could see Mr. and Mrs. Brand's room; but it
was only by going the whole length of the back
stairs gallery that I could get to Master George's.
I could see now, however, along the staircase
wall, and I could hear his heavy snoring breath.
And I heard another sound. I heard a man's
step in the room; I heard the boards creak and
the bed-clothes softly rustle; I heard an in-

patient kind of moan as
in his sleep, and then a
groan, a man's deep,
quick, sharp drip of
floor. Dumb from ter-
ror, the boy's room
less on the bed lay the
carelessly flung about
sleep, and his face as
dreaming. The sheets
red—the light of the
small red stream that flow-
ed on the floor beneath
stood Mr. Brand, wiping
chief. He turned and
up to me with an oath,
and drew his knife across
ber no more until I awoke
and found myself in the
ered round my bed.

Curious eyes stared at
mocked me; rough hands
and I heard myself bear
name of Mur-Jeres. Br-
woman's naked feet—mad
the boy's room to mine
printed on the bare un-
a woman's feet, and of no
no explaining away these
guilt. Who would believ-
ly stranger with such a f-
and according to popular
liable to make a murder-
offending. Had not this
evening offended, and had
evening, openly defied
Escape was impossible.
heaped up against me w-
uing, I had but an unsp-
would be set down as ma-
deepen the case against r-

All day I lay there;
winter's day; and when
fastened me with cords,
alone. I was so well sec-
foot, and trebly bound—
needful to watch me; a
much excited and over-w-
the night with a lunatic
called. So they went, a-
the door saying, as he ta-
have no more such dang-
Miss Erfurt?" with a sne-

I was too hopeless; an-
any plan of escape, feasi-
had set in, and I was
quiet, and to feel that I
ever. It had not offered
I should grieve to leave
who cares for shame in
content to have done with
upon me so long and her
mourn for me, no one to
heart and sorrowing faith
and might die out at onc-
in my murdered grave.
py, thinking all these
brain was slightly paralys-
suffer. However, it might
moment of calm.

It was nearly three o-
light hand upon the door-
softly in the lock, and, pe-
avenging ghost, the poor
into the room. She cam-
silently unfastened the co-
forting word, she gave
ritying human touch, but
was way, she unbound m-
was free.

"Go," she then said,
not looking at me. "I
did not; but I know that
I do not want your blood
fs to come next, but I do
gone. Go at once; that I
I made it come for you.

Without another word
room, leaving the door o-
bade me. Without even
quietly dressed myself, a-
forth into the darkness an-
cause I had been bitten t-
a greater peril. I wand-
roads aimlessly, nerveles-
course for any goal, but
to whatever chance mig-
woman gave me some m-
lieve, once beneath a h-
lying down there, and fin-
after many hours. In th-
how or when, nor how lon-
fields, but it was evening.
—I was in London, readi-
self posted up against the
described as a murderer's
reward offered for my ap-
my manners, appearance,
minutely noted, as to re-
Seized with terror, I fled;
hunted and pursued, au-
since.

From whence does it
sweep your room twice
find that a cloud arises
and the floor make aq-
dust every article of
every picture; you ma-
book-shelves and the flo-
and yet, after all your la-
Dust flying in the air;

was a mystery. The boy took no notice at the first. He never spoke to me as I came into the room; he passed me as if he did not see me; indeed, he had no manner to me—he did not see me at all. I was well content that he should be; but, after I had been there a while, Mr. Brand began to make distinctions between us. When he met me in the fields he made mouths at me, at table he made hideous grimaces, muttering in a provincial accent, "Mad dog! mad dog! hang mad dogs hereaway!" His insolence increased daily, and Brand hated him. This was the mystery. Why did this lad hate me?

The plot underneath it all which I tried to discover. Day and night I hunted me, till I felt growing crazed and terror. I could not conceal my eyes of the youth—I was too nervous for hide the fear which that wicked man had of me. I was helpless as the poor there, and as thoroughly the victim of fate.

Master George had been more than tolerable to me. He had struck me before father and mother, had inflicted misfortune, and spoken with brutal of my family. It was a wild winter's howling wind shook the windows and the trailing ivy leaves sharply in panes; a fearful night, making all freedom and escape impossible; a necessity to be content with what preside, and forbade the idea of wandering. Yet it was something worse to me to be shut up in that mean, its squalid furniture and scanty fire-companions, and to feel that I could from them—that they might ill treat me, persecute me as they would, and to bear all without protection or escape. The stormy night had excited me less than ever able to bear all and brutality heaped upon me. Master George struck me again, and called me "mad dog," something seemed to take of me. My timidity and nervousness and I felt as if swept away in a very season. I do not know now what it said or did, but I remember rising from my place, and pouring out a bitterness and reproach. I was conscious of what I was doing, for I was the moment insane, but I remember "You shall die! you shall die!" rising through the room. I have not a recollection of how I left the parlor to go to my own chamber, but it was when I awoke from what must be a kind of swoon, and found myself on the floor.

I was still raging, howling through outside, tearing down branches, and the dead leaves like flakes of frozen ground. Every door and window about the old house, and the wind the chimneys came startling like the tired beings. Confused and giddy, I my trance, still with cold, and unconscious. But as my brain grew new also feverish, and I knew there was no to-night. My hearing began to grow acute, and every painful touch of my life to rise up before me, force and vividness of living scenes sent to my senses. I paced my time in a state of despair, wringing and sobbing violently, but without degrees a little calmness came to me. I to go down stairs for a book. I some quiet, calm, religious book, soothe me like a spiritual opiate, out of the abyss of misery into a sun. What friend, indeed, had I save the Great Father above us? I had the door I fancied I heard a sound along the passage. I held my breath, shading the candle with my hand, not deceived; there was a step lively over the creaking boards in of Master George's room. I shrank door-way. Yet there was nothing a quiet footfall at midnight might counted for; why should it affect me and dread? and why should I feel a morose impulse to go toward the doorway, and why should I expect to see something stronger than myself seem to me to the discovery of something placing the candle on the floor. I was along the passage, every nerve utmost tension.

Large slept in a room at the end of a gallery, which ran at right angles in which my room was situated. I and Mrs. Brand's. Master George had the kitchen stairs, and was present in the room, but she had been moved to a closet near me. Mr. Brand had her holding so large a chamber for her willing to allow the boy anything. When I stood by my door I saw and Mrs. Brand's room; but it was the whole length of the back that I could get to Master George's room; however, along the staircase I could hear his heavy snoring breath, another sound. I heard a mad dog; I heard the boards creak and as softly rustle; I heard an in-

patient kind of moan as of some one disturbed in his sleep, and then a stifled groan, a man's deep drawn breath, and the quick, sharp drip of something spilt upon the floor. Dumb from terror, I stood in the doorway of the boy's room. Pale, heavy, motionless on the bed lay the youth, his large limbs carelessly flung abroad in unconsciousness of sleep, and his face as calm and quiet as if still dreaming. The sheets were wet with blood—red—the light of the candle glistening upon a small red stream that flowed over the side of the bed, on the floor beneath. At a little distance stood Mr. Brand, wiping a knife on a handkerchief. He turned and our eyes met. He came up to me with an oath, caught me by the throat, and drew his knife across my hands. I remember no more until I awoke in the broad daylight, and found myself in the midst of a crowd gathered round my bed.

Curious eyes stared at me; harsh voices mocked me; rough hands were laid upon me; and I heard myself branded with the burning name of Murderer. Red tracks made by a woman's naked feet—made by my feet—led from the boy's room to mine; each track plainly printed on the bare uncarpeted floor—tracks of a woman's feet, and of none other. There was no explaining away these marks and signs of guilt. Who would believe me, a half-mad lonely stranger with such a family history as mine, and according to popular belief, at any moment liable to make a murderous attack upon any one offending. Had not this unhappy youth notoriously offended, and had I not, only that very evening, openly defied and threatened him? Escape was impossible. To all the evidence heaped up against me with such art and cunning, I had but an unsupported assertion, which would be set down as maniacal ravings, and only deepen the case against me.

All day I lay there; all that weary sobbing winter's day; and when the night came they fastened me with cords, and left me once more alone. I was so well secured—bound hand and foot, and trebly bound—that it was not thought needful to watch me; and they were all too much excited and over-wrought to remain thro' the night with a lunatic murderer, as I was called. So they went, and Mr. Brand locked the door saying, as he turned away, "We must have no more such dangerous fits of madness, Miss Erfurt!" with a sneer on the word.

I was too hopeless and desolate to think of any plan of escape, feasible or not. The reaction had set in, and I was content to lie there in quiet, and to feel that I had done with life forever. It had not offered me so many joys that I should grieve to leave it, and for the shame—who cares for shame in the grave? No, I was content to have done with all that had weighed upon me so long and heavily. I had no one to mourn for me, no one to love me, with a broken heart and sorrowing faith; I was alone—alone—and might die out at once, and sleep tranquilly in my murdered grave. And I was not unhappy, thinking all these things. Perhaps my brain was slightly paralyzed, so that I could not suffer. However, it might be, it was a merciful moment of calm.

It was nearly three o'clock when I heard a light hand upon the door. The key was turned softly in the lock, and, pale and terrible, like an avenging ghost, the poor bereaved mother glided into the room. She came up to my bed, and silently unfastened the cords. She said no comforting word; she gave me no kind look, no pitying human touch, but in a strange, weak, wan way, she unbound me limb by limb, until I was free.

"Go," she then said, below her breath, still not looking at me. "I do not love you, and he did not; but I know that you are innocent, and I do not want your blood on my head. My turn is to come next, but I do not mind, now he has gone. Go at once; that sleep will not last long. I made it come for you.

Without another word she turned from the room, leaving the door open. I got up as she bade me. Without energy, without hope, I quietly dressed myself, and left the house, going forth into the darkness and desolation, more because I had been bidden to do so, than to escape a greater peril. I wandered through the by-roads aimlessly, nervelessly; not shaping my course for any goal, but simply going forward, to whatever chance might lead me. A poor woman gave me some milk, and I slept, I believe, once beneath a haystack. I remember lying down there, and finding myself there again after many hours. In time—I cannot tell you how or when, nor how long I had been out in the fields, but it was evening, and the lamps lighted—I was in London, reading a description of myself posted up against the walls. I saw myself described as a murderer and a maniac, and a reward offered for my apprehension; my dress, my manners, appearance, gait, voice, all were so minutely noted, as to render safety impossible. Seized with terror, I fled; I fled like a wild being hunted and pursued, and I have never rested since.

DUST.

From whence does it all come? You may sweep your room twice every day, and you will find that a cloud arises every time the broom and the floor make acquaintance. You may dust every article of furniture, every book, every picture; you may wipe all about the book-shelves and the floor with a damp cloth; and yet, after all your labor, there will be dust. Dust flying in the air; dust settling on the

flowers and tables; dust on the pictures on the walls—dust, dust everywhere. It is discouraging.

You think, perhaps, that 'tis because the room in which you sit is so large; you think that if you were in snugger quarters there would not be so much of this annoyance; you therefore move into a smaller apartment, but you are worse off now than you were before. You can't turn around quick, nor even heave a sigh, without setting in motion ten thousand tiny particles of dust. You may sweep till your broom falls, and dust still your arms fall of, and the story will be always the same: Even out at sea, where the good ship rides the billows, thousands of miles from land, the dust gathers. It matters not how much the sailors rub the masts and holystone the deck, dust will gather, even amid the salt spray of the sea. It is forever flying and settling wherever there is any solid substance on which it can alight. Where it comes from is no mystery, when we remember what sort of things we are.

"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," is written on clothing, on wood, and iron, and steel, just as truly as it is in our frail perishing flesh; and the changing and sifting back to its despised original is going on before our very eyes, in each thing that we look upon. Copstantly—some rapidly, others with a slower waste, but certainly, all things are returning whence they came. 'Tis enough to make one fear the dust—to make one feel a horror at the atoms falling on one's limbs, to read and understand their language. That language is all of decay and death; of earth, the grave, and worms of darkness, forgetfulness and despair. This, if one cannot look beyond the dust; and see, and take hold upon, the eternal life.

How carefully and purely should we step through the world, did we but read, as we walk, all that is written for our admonition and warning. But we go hastily, with careless eyes and dumb heart, taking little heed when we should be most studious. Many there be who have deep skill to read the dark sayings written on the ancient rocks, who have never understood the plain language of the gathering dust.

SLEEPING UNDER CLOTHES.—There is reason to believe that a few of the apparently unaccountable cases of scrofula among children proceed from the habit of sleeping with the head under the bed clothes, and so inhaling air already breathed, which is further contaminated by exhalations from the skin. Parents are sometimes given to similar habits; and it often happens that bed clothes are so disposed that the patient must necessarily breathe air more or less contaminated by exhalations from the skin. A good nurse will be careful to attend to this. It is an important part, so to speak, of ventilation. It may be worth while to remark that when there is any danger of bed sores a blanket should never be placed under a patient. It retains damp and acts like a poultice. Never use anything but light Whitney blankets as covering for the sick. The heavy cotton impervious counterpane is bad, for the very reason that it keeps in the exhalations from the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak patients are invariably distressed by the great weight of bed clothes, which often prevents their getting any sound sleep whatever.—*Florence Nightingale.*

A KID GLOVED SAMSON.—On Saturday, about nine o'clock, A. M., as the train westward was within three or four miles of Chicago, on the Fort Wayne Road, a horse was discovered on the stilt work and between the rails. The train was stopped, and the workmen were sent to clear the track. It was then discovered that the body of the horse was resting on the sleepers. His legs, having passed through the open spaces were too short to reach the ground. Boards and rails were brought, and the open space in front of the horse filled up, and making a plank road for him, in case he should be got up, and by means of ropes, one of his fore feet was raised, and there matters came to a halt. It seemed that no strength or stratagem could avail to release the animal. Levers of board were splintered, and men tugged at the ropes in vain, when a passenger who was quietly looking on, stepped forward leisurely, slipped off a pair of tinted kids, seized the horse by the tail, and with tremendous force hurled him forward upon the plank road. No one assisted, and indeed the whole thing was done so quickly, that assistance was impossible. The horse walked away, looking foolish, and casting suspicious glances towards his caudal extremity. The lookers-on laughed and shouted, while the stranger resumed his kids, muttered something about the inconvenience of railway delays, lit a cigar and walked slowly into the smoking car. He was finely formed, of muscular appearance, was very fashionably dressed, wore a moustache and whiskers of an Auburn or reddish color, and to all questions as to who he was, he only answered that he was a Pennsylvanian, travelling westward for his health. The horse weighed at least twelve hundred pounds.

FRENCH PRAYERS.—During the long French war two old ladies in Stranraer were going to the Kirk, one said to the other. "Was it not a wonderful thing that the British were aye victorious over the French in battle?" "Not a bit," said the other old lady, "dinna ye ken the British aye say their prayers before ga'in into battle." The other replied, "But canna the French say their prayers as weel?" The reply was most characteristic. "Hoot, jabbering bodie, wha could understand them."

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. J. H. BRIDGES,
Renfrew House,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office Hours from 1 to 3 & 6 to 8, P. M. until 9 o'clock, a.m.

JOHN C. WINSLOW
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.
In consequence of having taken charge of this Agency of the Central Bank Mr. Winslow will be found in the Bank from 10 A.M. to 3 P. M.

G. M. CAPEN,
—DEALER IN—
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS;
HATS, CAPS, AND FURGOODS;
BUFFALO ROBES AND SHAWLS;
CHEAP FOR CASH AT CAPEN'S.
Highest Cash Price paid for shipping Furs,
Calais, Maine. G. M. CAPEN.
Nov

PRESQUE ISLE EXCHANGE,
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PROPRIETOR,
Main-Street, Presque Isle, Maine.

STEPHEN K. BRUNDAGE,
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IMPORTER OF
Flour, Corn Meal, Pork, Tea,
TOBACCO, &c., &c.
NO. 19, NORTH MARKET WHARF,
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DEMING & SONS,
CALAIS, ME.
Offer for Sale Low for Cash
80 HDS Superior Muscovado Molasses,
Duty paid at St. Stephen,
10 bbls. Burning Fluid,
Albertine Oil, with a large assortment of
Lamps, Chimneys, Wicks, and Shades
A large assortment of
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,
5 bales heavy Shootings,
2 Cases Heavy Mixed Satinets, 50 cts. yard,
India Rubber Machine Belting and packing, all
widths, at Manufacturers prices.
A good assortment of Groceries at Wholesale.
Calais Mills, Flour & Meal in bbls & bags.

George F. Campbell
offers his services to the public as an
Auctioneer and Commission Agent.
St. Andrews, Jan 12, 1861.

WHITTEKIR & PURINTON,
NO. 86 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Clothiers and Drapers,
IMPORTERS OF
Staple Dry Goods.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO CUSTOM WORK

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MERCHANTS,
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Flour, Pork, Beef, Tea, Sugar,
MOLASSES, FISH,
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HATCH'S WHARF,
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IMPORTER AND DEALER
In General Groceries,
WINES, SPIRITS, &c., &c.,
NO. 11 DOCK STREET JOHN SAINT. N. B.

CALAIS HOUSE,
AVENUE STREET,
Calais, Maine.
GEORGE W. WILDER, Proprietor.
This Hotel has been repaired and placed in thorough order, under its present manager. Permanent and transient borders accommodated on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages to let, and an experienced Hostler always in attendance at the Stable.

Woodstock Hotel,
A. P. ENGLISH,
PROPRIETOR.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
A LIVERY STABLE in connection with the above establishment.

BARKER HOUSE,
QUEEN STREET,
Fredericton
H. PAIRWEATHER, Proprietor.
Extensive LIVERY STABLES in connection with the above

S. P. O SGOOD,
MARBLE WORKS,
SOUTH SIDE KING'S SQUARE,
St. John, N. B.
J. C. PETERSON, M. D.
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
AND
SURGEON
Office 72 Germain Street opposite Trinity Church
St. John.
Particular attention paid to the treatment of Chronic diseases.

JOHN MOORE,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Liquors, Groceries & Provisions
OF ALL KINDS,
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.
Opposite the Officer's Square.
W. T. LATHAM,
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT
RICHMOND CORNER,
Carleton County.

DENTAL OFFICE REMOVED
TO CONVENIENT ROOMS AT
MRS. PALMER'S,
NEXT ABOVE THE CARLETON HOUSE.
N. R. KIMBALL, DENTIST.
Woodstock, Dec. 7, 1860.

TOBIQUE HOUSE.
W. R. Newcombe,
PROPRIETOR.
Tobique Village, Victoria County, N. B.
LIVERY STABLE in connection with the Hotel.
December 6, 1860.

FROM
New York & Boston,
Direct!

FLOUR, PORK, SUGAR, MOLASSES.
The subscriber has received from New York, Portland, Boston and Saint Andrews, by
STEAMER AND RAIL,
the largest supply of Provisions and Groceries ever offered to the

People of Carleton.
300 Bbls. SUPERFINE FLOUR,
300 do EXTRA STATE, do
300 do DOUBLE EXTRA, do
100 do FANCY BRANDS, a choice article.
100 do CORN MEAL,
75 do HEAVY MESS-PORK,
50 do CRUSHED SUGAR,
50 do RAW MUSCOVADO SUGAR,
30 do RICE.
100 SACKS PURE WHITE BEANS,
5 hds. PORTO RICO MOLASSES,
10 CHESTS CONGOU TEA,
10 do SOUCHONG,
10 boxes TOBACCO,
6 Bbls PORTER'S-BURNING FLUID.

LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.
TERMS.—For \$40 and upwards, 3 and 6 months from this date.
The Subscriber will have Flour for sale at the following places:
Canterbury Station,
Rankins Mills,
Houlton,
Carpenter's, Eel River,
Woodstock.
J. CALDWELL.
Woodstock, Jan. 31, 1861.

FARMING LANDS FOR SALE.
THE North half of Lot No. 9, granted to Adam Dickey, fronting on the Digdeash River, and situated within forty rods of the Lawrence Station on the New Brunswick and Canada Railway, containing 100 acres. Also, Lot No. 6, granted to John Keltier, fronting as aforesaid, and situated within a quarter of a mile of the same station, containing 200 acres.—The Great Road from St. Stephen to Dead Water Brook passes at the Station, and a good Bye Road from the Station passes through the 200 acre Lot. The lands are covered with thrifty, growing soft and hard woods, are wholly unimproved, and the Soil is good. These lands are particularly fitted for farming purposes. If not previously sold, will be offered for sale by public auction, in front of the Post Office in Saint Stephens on Wednesday the 17th day of July next at the hour of two in the afternoon.
For plans and terms of sale, apply by letter to
J. E. MOORE, Depy. Sur.
Moore's Mills,
April 11, 1861.

JUST LANDED.
 Per "Parkfield," from London, "Frank Bault," and "John Barbour," from Liverpool, "Mary Jane," and "Gilbert Bent," from New York, and to arrive:-
 187 chests and half chests Congou and Soucheong tea
 10 chests and half chests Oolong Tea;
 20 packets Java Coffee,
 66 boxes Tobacco;
 25 Colman's Starch;
 50 kgs do Starch;
 10 cwt do Mustard;
 10 cwt do Black Lead,
 20 boxes Ground Coffee;
 100 " T. D. and Woodstock Pipes;
 50 " 15 bbls Saleratus;
 25 " Ground Pepper, 22 do Ground Ginger
 80 " Labor Raisins, 5 bbls Currants;
 7 bbls Mason's Blacking;
 2 casks Mixed Pickles, 1 cask Sauces;
 60 boxes Extract of logwood
 5 cases Nutmegs, 3 cases Borax;
 15 boxes Cassia, 2 cases Epsom Salts;
 150 doz brooms, 50 doz pails;
 20 boxes Clothes Pins 29 Washboards;
 7 cases card Matches;
 80 hds, quarts and Pipes Geneva, J. Dekuyper's, large Anchor Brand;
 50 cases do do;
 20 hds. do do;
 15 qr-casks } Hennessy's brandy,
 20 cases pale } Vintage 55 & 49;
 1 can. Old Tom Gin;
 10 qr-casks Superior Old Sherry;
 4 " do do;
 16 octavo's do do;
 18 qr-casks port Wine.
 5 " Hunts 2 & 4 diamond port wine,
 50 cases Guinness XXX porter;
 75 bbls do do pts & qts;
 36 " Ale do do;
 6 hds, 8 qr-casks scotch whiskey;
 7 qr-casks Jameson's Dubin whiskey;
 3 puns very Old Jamaica Rum;
 30 cases Keweenaw & Co's do;
 25 baskets Champagne, Cream de onony;
 15 " Imperial, 10 do Sidery;
 800 doz. schweppli's Carbonated Lemonade
 250 " do do soda Water,
 200 " do do soda Wine;
 8 hds. Allsop's east India Pale Ale.
 The above, together with a large assortment of all kinds of first class goods in the Liquore Groceries, and Province trade. For sale by the subscriber, at 18, Dock-street.
 JOHN BRADLEY,
 St. John May 26.

NEW FURNITURE STORE!

Furniture!

BETTER and Cheaper than ever before offered for sale in Carleton County, can be had at the
Woodstock Furniture Store.
 -CONSISTING OF-
Sofas, Couches,
 Parlor, Stuffed, Easy, Cano and Wood-seat
Chairs.
 Centre, Card, Dress, Extension and Dining
Tables.
 Black Walnut, Mahogany and Grained
Bureaus,
 OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.
Bedsteads
 of all Kinds and prices.
Looking Glasses and Picture Frames.
BED ROOM SETTS
 and Painted Cloth Window Shades. Sinks, Wash Stands, &c.
 All of which will be sold very low for CASH. We manufacture our Furniture of the best of seasoned lumber, and employ only the best of Workmen, and persons buying can rely upon the durability of our articles.
 Particular attention paid to the manufacture of Book and Counting room Decks.
 Upholstery and Repairing done at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.
 JOHN MURICE.

RUSSELL HOUSE,

CANTERBURY STATION.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the travelling Public, that he has leased the House lately erected by ASA HOWE, Esq., for an Hotel, at Canterbury Station, and having furnished it throughout with

NEW FURNITURE

of suitable descriptions; is now prepared to accommodate all who favor him with their patronage.
 His long experience in this business and the satisfaction given to the Public heretofore warrants the assertion that nothing will be left undone to give perfect satisfaction to all.
 The Stables are commodious, and an experienced Hostler always in attendance. The Stage leaves this House for Woodstock immediately on arrival of the Train from Saint Andrews.
 JAMES RUSSELL,
 Proprietor.

Canterbury, Nov. 24, 1860.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG, of the City of Saint John, Grocer, having by deed bearing date the Eighteenth day of October last, assigned and transferred to us certain Real and Personal Estate in said Deed mentioned, in Trust for such of his Creditors as shall come in and execute said Deed within two years from the date thereof. We hereby give notice that said Deed lies at the Office of Kemp & Adams, Market Square, in this City for signature, and all persons interested as Creditors are requested to execute the same within the time prescribed, otherwise they will, according to the terms of said Deed, be debarred from all advantage thereof.
 FRAS. CLEMENSTON,
 J. B. KRMP.
 St. John, N. B., Nov. 14th, 1859.



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 with dispatch orders for Head Stones, Monuments, Tombs, Vaults, Fountains, Mantle Pieces, Table Tops, etc. of all designs and patterns, and all kinds of cut stone for buildings.

JAMES MILLIGAN, Proprietor.

They have also on hand a great variety of finished Monuments, Tombstones, and Head Stones of the first quality of Marble, and at lower prices than can be purchased elsewhere.

AGENTS: James Jordan, Woodstock; B. Beveridge, Tobique; Daniel Raymond, Grand Falls; Messrs. Hoyt and Tomkins, Richmond; George Hat, Fredericton.
 REFERENCES: Rev. John Hunter, Richmond; Rev. Thos. G. Johnston, do; Rev. E. Jones Hanford, Tobique; Rev. Mr. Glass, Prince William; Rev. Mr. Smith, Harvey; Hugh McLean, Woodstock.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber would beg leave to intimate to his friends and the Public, that he has fitted up a large and commodious store, on the site of the late "BLANCHARD HOUSE," and is now receiving from late English and Foreign Markets, a large and entirely new stock of the very latest designs in

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,

which upon examination will be found second to none in this place—to enumerate would be next to impossible.

COME AND SEE OUR

Mantles and Shawls,

Hats & Furs,

FLOWERS & FEATHERS,

RIBBONS & LACES,

Collars and leeces, Scarfs and Headdresses, Nets and caps, Cor sets and Skirts, Hosiery & gloves, Velvets and Trimmings of every description. Our Silks, Circassians, Woollies, Tipped, Nouveaux, and Persian Cloths, Coburgs, Orleans and Alapacas, Gingham, Alapacas, Calicoes, &c., &c., in all the newest patterns, with staple goods and Haberdashery such as may be expected at a first class Dry Goods Establishment.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our stock in this department is replete with Gents, Ladies, Misses and Childrens Boots and shoes in every style and quality suited to the present and coming season and at a price to warrant quick sales.

CLOTHS

In Black Broad from one to seven Dollars per yd. Seal Whiney, Pilot, Beaver, Oxford, and Venetian Cloths, Cassimeres, and Doeskins in all the leading makes, Bedford Cord, Satinets, Homespun, &c., &c.

VESTINGS

In Satin, Grenadine, Plain and cut Velvets, Marseilles, Kamshatka, Cashmeres, &c., &c.

CLOTHING.

In our Clothing Department as usual, may be found a large full and fashionable assortment of

Ready Made Clothing,

IN TOP AND DRESS COATS.

Pants, Vests, &c., with furnishing goods suited to the wants of all classes such as shirts, Drawers, Scarfs, Gloves, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Carpet Bags, &c.
 N. B. Parties wishing a fashionable garment made to order, will find it to their advantage to give us a call as there is connected with this establishment a first class Cutter and experienced Workman. All Orders taken at our own risk.
 W. SKILLEN,
 Proprietor.

Please recollect the place at the late "Blanchard House," Main Street, Woodstock.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers begs leave to announce to the Inhabitants of Woodstock and vicinity, that they have received a fresh supply of Goods, viz:

- Flannels,
- Cottons,
- Coburgs,
- Orleans,
- Calicoe,
- Prints,
- Shirtings,
- Linens,
- Ribbons,
- Satinets,
- Drillings,
- Battings,
- Shawls,
- Fur Caps,

Together with a new assortment of Groceries consisting of

- Teas,
- Sugar, Raw and Crushed,
- Tobacco, Saleratus,
- Soap, Starch,
- Candles, Indigo,
- Suif, Pipes, also,
- Raisins, Candies,
- Spices of various kinds,
- Apples,
- Barthenware and Glassware,
- 1 cask Clarified, Fine Oil

WILLARD SAWYER & CO.
 Corner W. & Dock St. N. B. 15, 1859.

CASH GIVEN for hides at the

CITY MARKET.

Graham's Family
BOOT and SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.
 Corner of Queen and Regent streets,
 Fredericton, N. B.

THE Subscriber would respectfully intimate to the inhabitants of Woodstock (and the surrounding country, that he has just received a large supply of

English and American

Boots and shoes, embracing every variety of stock commonly kept by the Trade, consisting of:-

Ladies' Misses' and Children's Spring and Summer Boot's and Shoe's, in various new styles and qualities.
 Serge Kid, and Morocco, Cashmere, Elastic side, Military and Flat Heels single and double soles in great variety, Gents walking and Dress Boots Congress and Lace Shoes in Patent Enamelled and Calf Skin,
 Boots heavy and light, Slippers in great variety

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE.

Ladies' Balmoral, Kid, Serge, Prunella, and Jenny Lind Boots, Gent's Patent, Enamelled and Calf Skin, Congress Boots, Coarse and Fine Boot's in every style, Boys' and Youth's Boots and Boots,
 The above with the large assortment now on hand will be sold at a very small profit as our motto, is

"QUICK SALES and Small Profits."

R. GRAHAM.

(Late S. K. Foster & Son.)

Fredericton, May 18, 1861.

Houlton Hardware STORE.

GREAT BARGAINS! AND QUICK SALES,
 Come and See?

One of the Largest Stocks of

HARDWARE, GLASS, PAINTS,

OILS, VARNISHES,

PLOWS & CASTINGS,

BUILDING MATERIALS,

CARPENTERS TOOLS,

GROCERIES, &c., &c.

in Aroostook County, which we are selling at very

Low Prices,

For Cash or Country produce at the

Houlton Hardware STORE,

the Store formerly occupied by CHAS. B. SMITH, Esq.

ALMON H. FOGG & Co

WATCH MAKING.

THE Subscriber having facilities for making all new parts to Watches, will do so, and repair all Watches entrusted to his care, in the most thorough manner. He has on hand at all times fine

AMERICAN

WATCHES & CLOCKS,

-ALSO-

English, French and Swiss Watches,

Silver Ware.

GUNS, PISTOLS,

Musical Instruments, &c.

ALL KINDS OF

DENTISTRY

done at very reasonable prices.

D. E. LUCY.

Houlton, March 25, 1861.

Tin and Sheet Iron Ware

WILLIAM HAMILTON has removed since he first to his new building, adjoining on the Sheriff's square T. L. Evans, where he is prepared to furnish Tin Ware in kinds and all descriptions of SHEETIRON MANUFACTURES, including STOVE PIPES.

He will purchase any quantity of COTTON RAGS.

Land for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the Farm upon which he resides, about six miles from Woodstock. It contains two hundred acres, of which forty are cleared, and has upon it a house. The land is hardwood and of a good quality. He will sell the whole, or one half of it, to suit the purchaser.

Apply on premises to EDWIN BEDELL.

Oct. 16, 1860.

Alcohol, Molasses, Sugar, &c.

2 hds. fine flavored American Alcohol,
 1 hhd. Bright Sugar;
 2 hds. Molasses.
 Will be sold low for cash.

OWEN KELLY

May 31.

OWEN KELLY.

Importer and Dealer

-IN-

General Groceries.

WINE, LIQUORS, &c.,

South Side Madunakik Bridge,

London Printing and Publishing Co.,
 74 DOCK STREET, SAINT JOHN.

THE following are a few of the numerous publications issued monthly, all are splendidly illustrated with the finest steel plate engravings—and sold to subscribers at London prices.

- Furden's Modern Art, contains 60 plates,
- Henry's Family Bible, " 74 "
- Atlas of the Household, " 25 "
- Warwith Russia, " over 100 "
- Indian Mutiny, " " 72 "
- Works of William Hogarth, " several thousand cuts,
- Gallery of Arts, " " " "
- Natural History, " " " "
- Dr. Kitto's Pictorial, " " " "
- Henry Meadows Illustrated Edition of Shakespeare,
- Imperial Shakespeare, dedicated to G. V. Brooke.
- Skeavington's Fairyery,
- Wrights Imperial Pronouncing Dictionary.

Imperial Histories.
 England, Italy,
 Ireland, France,
 Scotland, India,
 British Colonies, China, &c., &c.
 Specimens can be seen and orders received at The Journal Office in Woodstock and of I. Finley travelling agent.
 P. S.—Catalogues sent free by addressing R. H. H. Esq., Dock St. St. John

Furniture.

THE Subscriber would respectfully return sincere thanks to his numerous customers, for their very liberal patronage bestowed on him the last seven years he is in the

FURNITURE TRADE.

and would now respectfully invite the inhabitants of Woodstock and surrounding country to call and examine for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere, as my stock is large and varied and from a thorough knowledge of the business myself feels safe in stating that I cannot be undersold. My stock consists in part of

BEADSTEDS CHAIRS.

Rich Chamber Setts,

not to be surpassed by any in the province

Beaureaus, Wash Stands, Sinks,

Splendid looking glasses

mahogany, Walnut, Gilt Inlaid, Gilt, Oval and square frames.

TABLES.

Trivet Tables, Spinning Wheels,

Woodstock, Feb. 1st. R. B. DAVIS.

Andrew Doak,

Blacksmith, and Horse Farrier,

DEGS to inform the Public, that he is prepar-

ed to Shoe Horses in the best style and at the

shortest notice.

Country Job Work of all kinds in his line, done

with neatness and dispatch.

Country produce taken in payment at market

prices.

From his long experience in the business the

subscriber feels himself competent to do the

work, in as good style as any other Establish-

ment in the Province.

ANDREW DOAK

Woodstock March 14.

BRITISH

HOUSE!

REMOVED TO

KELLEY'S NEW BRICK

BUILDING,

OPPOSITE

Blanchard & Co's Store.

AND NEXT BUILDING TO

RENFREW HOUSE.

DOHERTY & McTAVISH.

Woodstock, June, 13.

SODA

WATER,

AND

CIGARS.

AT

DI BBLEE'S

Drug Store.

Woodstock, June 26

Notice.

THE late Robert Gurney by his late Will and Testament imposed upon the undersigned, (who is the Executor appointed in said will,) the duty of seeing that Jane Gurney his widow is decently maintained during her life. The testator has left to her for that purpose, during her life the use of his real Estate. I am informed that certain persons have been attempting to tamper with the agent and infirm widow in order that they may get a lease of said Real Estate from her. I notify and forbid all persons from so doing at their peril.
 Dated this 9th day of April, 1861.
 L. R. HARDING, Executor.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber is prepared to Repair Guns, Pistols, and all parts of fire arms.
 ANDREW DOAK.
 Woodstock, April 11.