VOL. XII.

WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860.

Business Cards.

N. R. KIMBALL, SURGEON DENTIST, HOULTON, ME.

Blamchard Monse, WOODSTOCK. The first half of each Month, for the Plates in bond. practice of DENTISTRY, in all its branches. Reference, Dr. E. D. French, Houlton

STODDARD & BAKER, HARNES-MAKERS. AND IMPORTERS OF

Mountings, Trimmings, French Cal, Sole and Harness Leather, &c. HOP OPPOSITE THE COMMERCIAL BANK, WATER STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

E. W. MILLER, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c, OFFICE NEXT DOOR TO TRLEGRAPH OFFICE, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

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D. K. S. is agent for W. Adams and Co.'s celebra-ed Fire-Proof Safes, Fairbanks' Scales, and Bisbee, Marble Co.'s Powder Manufactory. tf. jan 8.

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COOKING AND CYLINDER STOVES. ALSO ALL KINDS OF

Mill, Ship, and Composition Casting, Furnished Wholesale and Retail. Also Finishing done at short notice. CALAIS, MAINE.

G. D. KING & SONS, CALAIS, ME.

INTOULD inform the traders of Woodstock and the upper country generally, that they have and keep constantly on hand, at their Store in Calais, Me., a large Stock of PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c., in part as

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Exchange made for Oats, Butter, and other Country * * Intending purchasers will please call before purchasing elsowhere.

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BAKER & CONFECTIONERS. Corner of Main and Union Streets, Calais, Me. Where will be found, at all times, all kinds of choice Con-PECTIONARY, HARD BEEAD and CRACKARS of all kinds,

WEDDING CAKE, &c. &c. Likewise, a large and well-secoted stock of CIGARS, FANCY GOODS, TOYS, &c. &c. All of which can be uad for the lowest cash prices. Also, OYSTERS by the quart or gailon. All Orders addressed as above will receive prompt

W. B. SANCTON, MANUFACTURER OF SOAP AND CANDLES, STORE 48 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. Manufactory, 32 Orange Street,

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8t. John, Oct. 10.

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TO PRINTERS. For sale a number of RUGGLES PRESSES and Fonts of Type, in good order. Apply te J. E. FARWELL & CO.,

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French Burr Millstone Manufacturing Co., C. W. BROWN, Agent. Manufacture and have for sale all sizes French Burn Millstones, and C. W. Brown's Patent Portable Grist Mills. Also, Mill Spindles, Brushes, Picks, Bolting Cloths, &c., 67 Haverhill ssreet, Boston.

To Newspaper, Book, and Job Printers. considered to be the best ever brought into the marketcost, simplicity, durability, and quality of work considjobbing size, 16 by 22 inches. For press or particulars laughing at a miserable night I passed there." ered. Newspaper size, prints a form 26 by 41 inches; apply to JOHN STILES, 18 State-street, Boston.

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of order, and a boy of ten years can work the largest size with case, and at a rate of 500 impressions an hour, which is about the average rate.

Persons living in country places where there are no printing offices near will find one of these presses a profitable investment, as there is a large profit on the printing of Circulars, Business and Visiting Cards, Bill-Heads, Handbills, &c. &c.

Those who wish to learn a good trade, and at the same time be laying up money—those who wish to complete their education (for who so intelligent as the printer?)—merchants who wish to advertise their business and at the same time keep their clerks busy—gentlemen who find time hang heavy upon their hands—printers who wish a fast, cheap, and reliable job press—in fact, all who want to improve their condition, will find it invaluable.

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any address without charge.

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References:—Messrs. Clark and Woodward, Boston; J. G. Bowes, M.P.P., Toronto, C. W.: Ira Gould, Esq., Montreal, C. E.; Messrs. Coung & Hart, Halifax, N. S.; W. J. Ward, Esq., St. John's, N. F.

PHŒNIX LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY For General Life Assurance, Annuities,

and Loss of Life at Sea. Chief Office .- 1, LEADENHALL-STREET, LONDON. Branches .- 16, Dale Street, Liverpool. St. James' Chambers, Manchester. THOMAS L. EVANS.

Agent for New Brunswick. Eso., Fredericton. Medical ExaminerforWool k, Dr. G.A. Brown.
Woodstock Jan 1853 Poetry.

RESURGAM.

Resurgam! what a sound to hear From out the wastes of death The human spirit, sad and sere, Warms in its summer breath.

Resurgam! yes, the eye of blue, The lip of eoral red, The love so passionate and true, Are not amongst the dead.

Resurgam write, where'er midst tears We dig a human grave, For there the circles of the years Bring sovereign power to save. Resurgam! aye, the hero's name,

The martyr's faith and creed, All immortality may claim,-They spring from glorious seed. Man's temples fade-man grows forlorn, Life ever leads to death; But soon to cheer there comes a morn.

Select Tale.

Warm with diviner breath.

A STORY-TELLING PARTY. BEING A RECITAL OF CERTAIN MISERABLE DAYS AND

ment a poetical quotation, but one is wanting, and wanted a bit of something. The hare, you say, ingenious, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed Let me close this history in the very words of that we remain a prosy half-dozen, not unwilling to be cost him little. Perhaps he did not reckon how __though perhaps, "I say it who ought not to say father, and let the lesson sink deep into the heart jolly, but waiting for the occasion.

is a servant of the public of Great Britain.

How we came together here would interest you condemned, and sentenced to transportation for the "No, I didn't take it, father." but slightly. People are always flying about at term of his natural life. Christmas, and accidents will happen. Enough "The sight of the poor fellow's name, and his heniousness of telling an untruth, told him that I son's voice rang the merriest among his playthat we cry out with the clown, "Here we are!" position, called up some boyish feelings of mine, did not care so much about the pen, and in short, mates. ticulars apply, enclosing stamp, to JOHN STILES, 18 and toddling to bed : and to bed we should have ciating what merits Mr. Clayper possessed, now "tell me the whole truth," when my eye caught cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their gene-State-street, Boston. To three or four families gone, with nothing to laugh over, had not Mr. that I had seen more of the world, and he was cer- the end of the pen protruding from a portfolio, rous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh

that began it. H. E. I. C. S. was addressed, and replied:

" Oh, down in Scotland." something, and laughed.

tional side-face to him; Mr. Spence lifted his head court. He was richer in presents than in reputa- dren. That it is entirely true, you may be well as correlative incident to an incident so touching. from his glass; Mr. Selby smacked his knee; and tion. I fancy the girl gave him reason to think sured. I was convinced of this when I opened the Guernsey's Patent Power Cylinder Printing Presses are the dealer in hops inquired what tickled him. At all events, she did not return letter of L. H. B , which announced it, and . Nothing particular," said the Indian. was on the moors in a friend's hut, and was only in her colarany-somewhere in the grounds. Tom furnished me.

A DREADFUL NIGHT IN A HUT ON THE MOORS. remarkable in his experience, and pursued.

ing season. The shepherd's wife was his cook, and So he let Tom get the best of him; but from that parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly with me." A. HARVEY, Principal, Needham, Mass. does work in primitive fashion. You shoot a black- day, Tom says, he felt he had an enemy, and knew child from his birth, the next in age to him, had cock—it's presented to you boiled, a pheasant—boil- who that enemy was. "Wasn't he a coward to been down nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fe- for my patron's house, which was distant some two ed! everything's boiled! I believe she would boil a hunt a poor devil like that in the dark?' soid Tom ver. In consequence of the nature of the disease, miles. Now, be it known, James McHarry-for boar's head. I suffered a little, of course, but that to me, and declared he knew the Colonel was a every precaution had been adopted that prudence such was his name—had two daughters the pride was nothing. She made tolerable hare soop. The coward, and was determined to be revenged, and suggested, to guard the other members of the famanimal is skinned, and stewed down-blood, entrails, satisfied of it. and all. I once brought her a hare; she rejected "One night the Colonel was in bed, and heard he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and see them. It seemed, however, I was to be disapwe shot some game-blackcock rather plentiful this 'You shall hear the rest in Tom's words: impossible to quarter him down stairs, as the door life it galloped.' woutk not shut, and the wind blew cold.

> I saw his tail emerge, and there was nothing for it Ain't it disgustin', sir?' ing over the recumbent Scotchman.

est calculation, when the shepherd and his wife Diemen.' until the dog was secured. I held my Scotchman ciently miserable." laugh at." This unlocked us.

"I think I'll take a little more of your punch, sir," said Mr. Selby to Mr. Lorquison. rubbed his hands, as one who has suddenly the were not disappointed, prospect of a good social evening before him.

A PARALLEL NIGHT IN A BED. "Yes," continued Mr. Selby. "This didn't happen to me, mind! But talking about miserable nights, reminds me of a case. There was a fellow We are six—seven would have made the announce- send a hare secretly to some poor widow, who will remain with me. My little boy, a dark-eyed, itself upon more than one occasion. much it did cost him. However, from poaching to it "-still I do say it-had been playing about my of every parent who shall peruse this sketch: We are at an inn, of course. Outside it is wintry highway-robbery, and from that to burglary, was table, on leaving which for a moment, I found, on . "Everything that I now see, that ever belonged of aliases stood the name of Clayper. He was ly in the face, and said-

> gratified in relating his, I had Tom's history before is-yet I shall remember it for a long time. Tom assured me that he passed them; but the next A few days before he wrote he had buried his time he came across the Colonel he was surly, and eldest son, a fine manly little fellow, of some eight managed to insult him and to speak his mind, which years of age, who had never, he said, known a days Sucker State, and this term was boarding round.—

season—tried our hands at spearing salmon, and "I knew that man was a coward, sir; so once into the pools and docks near his school, which it I went to bed, execrating the luck which deprived sought what amusement we could find among a in the house, and sure of his room, I knew I had was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was but me of seeing them that night. scanty but lively population. One night my friend, him. I knew the bearings of the bed. I watched a boy, and "boys will be boys," and we ought The night had well advanced, when I heard one who had established relations with some neighbor- how the light fell two or three nights before. The more frequently to think that it is their nature to of the girls come home, and passing into the ading Scotch-I suppose I must say farmers-invited moment I opened the door, I threw the light-car- be. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to joining room, she warmed herself before some coals them to dine with him; and as these gentry have ried a dark lantern—threw the light slap on his childish frankness and innocence, save me from a which were alive on the hearth. It seems that the to come some distance over the hills, an invitation face. I saw him start. Did that man open his "boy man!" But to the story. feet, trying to open the window. Only one of the his head. There was he, sleeping harder and harder. said-Scotchees; he said, and informed me that it was I couldn't quite see his heart beat; but I'll lay my "Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect

" I will spare you Tom's oaths. ". There he is,' he added, laughing 'toddily' if "Well, sir,' he went on. 'I'd half a mind at "Where is he?" asked the father, sternly. I may be allowed the word. 'He said when he one moment to do for him outright: For a coward . He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was last spoke, that he preferred a good floor to a bed. who's nothing better than a villain, what good's afraid to come up here, when the girl told nim you You'll find him strong; so I open the windows.' he for, to live? Close down to his forehead I put had come home.' "Complaint was of no use, so I lay down again; the muzzle of the pistol. It was tempting then. "Tell Jane to tell him to come up here this my friend went off to his Scotchee, and all seemed Just a hair, and he'd have had an extinguisher on instant," was the brief reply to this information. at peace. By and by I felt the cold, and decided his small candle! Lor, sir, his eyes was shut, but Presently the poor boy entered, half perished to rise quietly and exclude the wind. I had one I'll wager he saw it all as clear as day. And there with affright and cold. His father glanced at his foot out of bed, when a low growl surprised me, was the prespiration a burstin' out of his forehead, sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disoand made me draw it in again quickly. Looking and rollin' down his cheeks. I remember a large bedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited over on one side, I perceived a dog. I have no drop of prespiration on his nose! And he pretendin' him in the morning, as the penalty of his offence, doubt he was of the ordinary size of shepherd's to sleep hard all the while! Why, the stoopid and in a harsh voice, concluded withdogs in general, but to me he appeared enormous. ass! did he think I didn't know that a chap never "Now, sir, go to your bed!" He had evidently come to watch over his master, sweated in his sleep? Leastways, not natural "But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to and was determined to tear the leg of any one sweat. Well, I kept at that, drawing the pistol tell you-" moving in the room. I thought it better to try away, and putting it close, for, I should think. "Not a word; sir, go to bed!" and lear the cold than come to a tussle with him, forty minutes or more; but I took no account. 1 and rouse the savage nature of the beast. There's was cruel glad, to be sure, and he prespiring harder With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave something in presenting a naked leg to a dog, which and harder. Not a move right or left. I didn't of the head towards the door, and a frown upon is, I assure you, not pleasant. But the cold in speak. I thought to myself, "Oh, you villain! I his brow, did the father, without other speech creased. I got out of bed. He growled a moment, dare say you think yourself better than me, don't again close the door of explanation or expostuand then up be jumped and made u rush at me. you? And if you had me in your power, now, lation. I'm not ashamed to confess I was beforehand with wouldn't you let loose! But I ain't such a coward When the boy had gone supperless and sad to his He growled again, and I heard him trot round to pocket. That'll do!" For said Tom to me, 'I supper was being prepared; and at tea-table, ate

case seems ridiculous, but it was really desperate. the Colonel. Two birds at one blow was always tion, and interposed the remark-The wind was blowing dead on me, and what with my game. So by-and-bye,' Tom pursued, when I .. I think, my dear, you ought at least to have and knows that the hopes and happiness of others out of bed with all the bed-coverings in my hand- walk away. He had a chance then. The cowardly fectionate boy. He always was." met the savage beast as he was about to spring, and beast! There he stuck. He'd have like to snore. After tea, the evening paper was taken up, but heard around in murmurs. Dark when the little buried him under them. I had just time to shut just to persuade me he was snoozin'! And such a there was no news and nothing of interest for that pattering feet no more sound without the threshold the window-I was hurrying back to my bed, when fellow as that to go misleadin' of young women! father in the journal of the evening. He sat for or ascend step by step the stairs. Dark, when some

it was in my possession-straight at him. But this eye, I says. I'm in earnest. And then I touched explanation of his offence. time I was not so successful. I only contrived to his forehead with the cold iron and moved back, But that morning never came to that poor child very dark when the grim hand of sickness has pasblind his eye for a moment—the next we were roll- pointin' at him still, and his face shinin' with the in health. He awoke next morning with a raging sed fearfully over us with its deathly magnetic "' Hech! is it the deil?" I heard him say; and in a hurry. I knew very well he'd sleep on, bless eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither blindness, decrepitude or debility It is dark, sadly "I lashed out and sent him roaring backward. a month ago, when they pounced on me for it, and bedside, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, who abound in this gay and thoughtless world.— Presently he and I were engaged, and burst through ere I am, going to see foreign lands, thanks to watching, for one token of recognition, hour after Cheer up, thou poor sufferer; for there be those the door in our struggle, without much difficulty, you, Colonel. But you won't forget me, so don't hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father among angels who love thee and thou will yet shine right on to the body of my friend's Scotchman, try. And everybody's talking of the story, for I bend ever the couch of his dying son. Once indeed fair as they when touched by the light above in extended in the manner of his comrade. He uttered outs with it at the trial neck and crop. I told it he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up heaven! It is dark beneath the noon-day sky-

firmly; my friend held me; his Scotchman held We all agreed that we did not envy the Colonel "I was with Henry," said the lad, " when he mine; and mine had got hold of my friend-being or his position. Mr. Spence approved his conduct. got into the water." We were playing down on tenacious of his quarry, I suppose, for he had The dealer in hops sided with Mr. Tim Clayper, the Long Wharf, Henry and Charles Munford and nothing to fear; and so we continued till the dog Mr. Lorquison thought he should have given the I; and the tide was out very low; and there was was secured. It was then close upon the morning. alarm when the audacious burglar left the room. a beam run out from the wharf; and Charles got We all went down stairs, and drank in the day. The H. E. I. C. S. was of opinion that Tom's judg- out on it to get a fish line and hook that hung over Nothing extrardinary, you see, but something to ment on the Colonel was well grounded, and I took where the water was deep, and the first thing we

Mr. Spence coughed-"Ahem." This, when stories are beginning to flow, is always work got Charles out; and they waded up through Mr. Lorquison filled Mr. Selby's glass, and then taken for a sign of one coming in sequence. We the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and To be concluded.

GOSSIP ABOUT CHILDREN.

BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK. on my uncle's estate-you know it, Spence-at more appreciation of, the statements and feelings I wish we had not gone to the wharf." a daring fellow, a determined poacher-in short, a nals, from Baltimore, if I remember rightly, of a cruelly refused to hear!" and hot and bitter tears good-for-nothing; what your Scotch friends, sir, mother, who, in punishing a little boy for telling a rolled down his cheeks. would call a 'ne'er-do-weel;' and he went to the lie-which after all it subsequently transpired he deil' as fast as he could. His name was Tom did not tell-hit him with a slight switch over his first time, that what he had treated with unwonted Clayper. We called him Tom Claypipe, because temple and killed him instantly, -a mere accident severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a genehe always had one in his mouth. Well, the fellow of course, but a dreadful casuality, which drove rous nature, which forgetful of self, had hazarded took a fancy to me, and taught me some tricks, reason from the throne of the unhappy mother; - life for another. It was but the quick prompting which I hope I have forgotten. When we're young when I read this, I thought of what had occured of that manly spirit which he himself had always we're not very choice in our friendships. But Tom in my own sanctum only a week or two before; and endeavored to graft upon his susceptible mind, and really had some good points. I have known him the lesson which I received was a good one, and which, young as he was, had already manifested

cerned. A pretty girl was in service at the Squire's to the heart of every father and mother who has or outraged nature." Mr. Lorquison immediately turned a conversa- - Squire Pell I think I told you. To her Tom paid any sympathy with, and affection for, their chil- I will add no word to reflections so true; no "I his fineries. One evening, Mr. Tom met the Colonel in the detail of the event which was subsequently dent of the New York Waverly gives the following

He paused, as if to hint there was really nothing was none of the cleanest. The Colonel, you must illness, until that which finally removed him hence One evening after school one of my little scholars know, was engaged at the time to be married to to be here no more. His death occurred under stepped up to me and said ily against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, ilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going had gone to a party the other side of the creek-so

of this sort involves the offer of a bed, or, at least, eyes? Deuce a bit! Slept as sound as tenpence. One evening this unhappy father came home, I was not aware of it then. Having warmed hersome place for them to stretch their limbs. I forget I laughed to myself. Why, if he had got up, it'd wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at self, she turned to leave the room, when the old man how many glasses of whiskey-toddy I consumed in have been a fair struggle between us, and nabbed some little disappointment which had source his their society. I was the first to move to bed; but I certainly should 'a been. But deuce a bit did he naturally kind disposition, and rendered him pemy departure did not all disturb them. In my first stir. Colonel Badger, thinks I, I'll badger you! curiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance.— your bed." sleep I was aroused by the sound of a heavy fall Well, I walked slow up to him, with the lantern in While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy on the floor. I rose in bed. My friend was at my one hand, and my pistol in the other, levelled at mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and hour had elapsed, when I heard Judy, the other

fright, he is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat."

"I only wanted to say father, that-"

him, and sought ignominious shelter in the sheets. as you! You shall bleed, my fine chap—in the bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while his his original position at the feet of his master. My hadn't come there and run the risk, only to frighten but little. His wife saw the real cause of his emo- the grasp of knavish, heartless adversity. It is dark

my Indian constitution and the draughts, I saw thought I'd given my gentleman a pretty good heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached are fading with his own. But in that hour the myself clearly in for a long course of ills. But it sweat for the benefit of his health, I began to ran- for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of memory of past integrity will be true consolation. was a full hour before I could resolve what to do; sack. I knew the whereabouts of his desk, and tears. Henry is a good boy after all, if he does and assure him, even here on earth, gleams of the a most miserable hour I can assure you. I jumped things-collared the desk entire, and made as if I'd some times do wrong. He is a tender hearted, af- light in heaven! It is dark when the dear voice of

sometime in an evidently painful reverie, and then well known melody recalls the strain once but to return to bed as rapidly as I could, and leave him the sheets and blankets. Then I remained, as 'Tom was a bit of a moralist, you see. 'Tom was a bit of a moralist, you see. 'Tom was a bit of a moralist, you see. 'Tom was a bit of a moralist, you see. 'Well, the end of it was that Tom, after giving the bed room where his little bey slept, he thought death! darkness, indeed; but only the gloom which cold as ever, while he took his station on them. the Colonel another dose, made up his mind to quit he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. heralds the dayspring of immortality and the infi-There never was such a dog in the manger! If I the premises. 'And I went, sir,' said Tom. 'Got A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and nite light of heaven; It is dark, when, in latter got hold of the end of a blanket and began to pull, off scot free. I just spoke these words in solemn rested upon it; but he was sleeping camly and life, we treated the scene of long vanished pleasure he growled and made a dash at my hand. The voice. Colonel, whether you're asleep, or whether sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness pure and innocent, whose memory has often thrilvery movement ef my leg caused him to be up and you're awake, just you keep quiet the next quarter as he gazed upon his son; he felt also the "sense led our soul-whose voices, like some phantom alert for an encounter. Once I pulled with all my of an hour, or you're a dead man. I ain't going of duty;" yet in the night, talking the matter band, are ever sweet and sad; but never sadder might, and the beast seized the blanket between his yet, but my comrades is (I was all alone, sir; I over with the lad's mother, he resolved and prom- than when chiming with the after echo, "We reteeth and pulled against me. I became enraged never took a pal, if I could help it; but I thought ised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, turn no more! Ring as ye will, sweet voices, there I thought of my original stratagem; and leaping I'd tell him so, the coward!) and I'll stop outside to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit, in the are loftier joys awaiting in the golden Eden land, out again, I flung the blanket-or what portion of the door, I says, till they're safe. So mind your moning for the manner in which he had repelled all which lies beyond the sunset of life, and is glad-

cold sweat. He won't forget that hour I gave him, fever on his brain, and with wild delirium. In forty stroke, and left behind the life enduring sorrows of you, and so he did, and I never heard nothin' till his father nor his mother, when first called to his dark, when we are neglected for thefair and comely a similar enquiry about the deil! and forthwith all about his sweatin' and pretendin' to sleep. I his dying eye, and he would have given worlds to dark in the sun ray, the moonbeam, the star light! JAMES R. MACSHANE, Esq., St. John; W. H. Smithson joined in the fray. My friend was not long in saw the people laugh. I'll swear the judge enjoyed have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have But for the true heart and trusting soul, who fives adding a fourth to this eurious nocturnal engage- it, for all he looked that grave you'd think he was been answered; but that gleam of apparent intel- in the life of love and gentleness there beametherer ment, the dog all the while barking furiously, and a owl. Ha! ha! Mr. Colonel! that's what I calls ligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by a light of joy from heaven."

snapping at every leg but his master's. This lasted, strikin' as you fly. They'll call you a coward in the cold unmeaning stare, and the wild tossing of I should think, about twenty minutes, at the short- Old England; but they won't call me one in Van the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to

appeared with lights, and I hope they were grati- "And with this consolation Mr. Tom Clayper Two days after the undertaker came with the litfiek. But their arrival gave rise to the second case departed on his voyage. You will admit, gentle- the coffin, and his little son, a playmate of the deof dead-lock on record. None of us would move men, that the Colonel's night must have been suffi- ceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry hall.

the side of toose who have not been tried as the saw, he slipped off, and was struggling in the water. Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and after a great deal of hard slippery; and then I helped them to climb up its side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it, for if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry; and all the way going home, he kept say-

Grown people should have more faith in, and ... What will father say when he sees me to-night? Benlea. I made friends with him when I was a of children. When I read, some months since, in "Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved boy, and such a fellow I think I never met. He was a telegraphic despatch to one of our morning jour- father; "and this was the explanation which I

weather, and a great log fire beams on us like a but a step for Tom. He found Benlea too hot for him and disappeared. I met him ten years after- pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had found some rude pencil sketches which it was his Lawyer Spence and Mr. Selby belong to the wards. Looking in the paper one day, I saw there done with it. He answered at once that he had delight to make for the amusement of his younger neighborhood. Of the other gentlemen, one specu- was a trial of one with many aliases. for feloniously not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charg- brother. To-day, in rumaging an old closet, I lates in hops, and has a fine appreciation of the entering a certain house-Squire Pell's, of Bod- ed him, in the face of his declaration, with having came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, punch; one is of the Indian Civil Service; the last dington-and stealing, &c., &c. Among the list taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me earnest- as when he last wore them. You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object is now 'most precious to me." And every I then took him in my lap, enlarged upon the morning and evening. I pass the ground where my

Now Christmas is such a season for telling stories, and I made up my mind to go and see him. I was by the manner in which I reasoned with him, al- "Oh' how careful should we all be that in our that. I give you my word, and I am confirmed in able to procure admission. Tom recognized me at most offered a reward for confession—the reward be daily conduct toward those little beings lent us by my attestation of the fact by the after assurance of once and held out his hand. He was never ashamed it understood, (a dear one to him), of standing firm a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourevery gentleman present, we had no idea of amusing of himself; which was one characteristic he had. in his father's love and regard. The tears had selves the sources of many a future bitter tear!" each other; we thought only of drinking our punch We talked over old times. I was capable of appre- swelled up into his eyes, and he seemed about to How curious that, neither by inconsiderate nor tainly an extraordinary fellow. As I was still where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet every action against its motive, lest in a moment of "Ha! cold weather! We're comfortable here, young enough to be pleased at hearing adventures; of manuscript to one of the compartments. All excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial er-England families have purchased farms and settled in eh? How did you spend the autumn, sir?" And and as Tom, now that his career seemed closed, was this may seem a mere trifle to you—and perhaps it rors of the head punishment due only to wilful

we parted. Its finale seems to be this: for Tom But I desire now to narrate to you a circumstance "Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often was rather shy of speaking about certain matters- which happened in the family of a friend and cor- the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in The conversation was relapsing; we had almost a peculiarity I have noticed in some of your rips. respondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten their children by the tears, not of passion nor of ost it; when H. E. I. C. S. appeared to remember He had his feelings of delicacy where women are con- years ago, the history of which will commend itself physical or mental pain, but of a loving, yet grieved

as one of the many incidents that befall a "boarding round schoolmaster."

"My friend hires a shepherd's hat for the shoot- Squire Pell's only daughter-money, but no beauty. circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his "Mr. Jones, father said you would come home

and envy of the whole community. I had heard so so generally healthy. Still however, he kepta vig- pointed. When we arrived I learned the "gale"

spoke: "Girls, said he, "the schoolmaster's in

"Very well," said Sarah, and passing through one come. She stood at the door a long time talking with " her feller's then entered softly. Dis robing her feet, she entered the room where I lav. in her stocking feet, carefully undressed herself, and coming to the side of the bed, prepared to get in .-Now it happened, I lay in the middle, and turning back the clothes, she gave me a shake and said in a suppressed whisper:

I rolled over, and whipped the corner of the pil low in my mouth to keep from laughing. In she bounced, but the bed would squeak. The old man heard it and called out:

"Sir!" was responded in a faint tone from the " The schoolmaster is in that bed!"

With one loud vell and "Oh heavens!" she landed on the floor, and fled with the rapidity of a deer, up stairs. She never heard the last of it. I

"THE NIGHT OF HEAVEN."-We present below a passage from " Meister Karl," in the Knickerbacker. It is a "Refrain" bearing the above title. To our conception it is beautiful:

"It is dark when the honest and honorable man

sees the result of long years cruelly swept away by when he feels the clouds of sorrow gather around. the sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more dened by the light above in heaven! It is dark.