

# POOR DOCUMENT

## POETRY.

### The Barrel Organ.

(Tune—"The English people to the American." A Protest to the Guiteau trial.)

"We must speak out—not that we wish to chide;  
But our strong feelings we no more can hide:  
A painful silence can no longer keep,  
Nor crush our indignation—full and deep.

"The not long since—not many weeks have sped—  
Since we, with you, watch'd round your hero's bed,  
Since your anguish shared, your hopes, your fears,  
And wept for Garfield with commingled tears.

"We mourned with you his sad, relentless doom,  
And nursed into his all too early tomb,  
Till mutual grief, which ev'ry passion curbs,  
More closely knit our bleeding hearts to yours.

"'Twas useless to console you; in the shade  
Of that black cloud no comfort we could find,  
And, so, 'midst sobs, rung down by Fate's decree,  
The curtain fell on your grim tragedy.

"And, as we thought, but one short scene remained,  
Gleams and stars, by Nemesis ordained,  
In which most vengeance would at Justice' call  
Upon a foot assassin swiftly fall.

"'Twas this we thought, we looked for this to be,  
Nor soon foresaw the sorry sight we see:  
A sight, alas! that proves one stubborn will,  
A mighty nation with disgust can fill.

"For weeks we've watched it; dreary day by day,  
Have seen councils and committees have their way,  
Have sadly gazed whilst Law has been decied,  
And Justice sat upon and vilified.

"For weeks, aye, months, we've watched the sick-  
ening scene—  
Authority afraid to intervene;  
Order defied and Power paralyzed.

"Whilst Anarchy o'er all has tyrannized,  
And 'stead of its denouncing, have but wept;  
'Till, at the wretched spectacle aghast!  
We feel compelled to speak our minds at last.

"How long, then, we would ask, must we stand  
And see this ruffian rule our land defied?  
How long shall he before high Heaven play  
This villain's part, which he renews each day?

"How long shall he trail justice in the mud,  
And make a jest of his foul deed of blood?  
Is there no limit he must not exceed?  
Or, is boundless latitude your creed?

"That you mean well we may not doubt, and yet  
Your solemn purpose seem you to forget;  
And every day your ill result appears  
In adverse comments and in hostile sneers.

"Your enemies rejoice, and those who hold  
A free republic but are making hold,  
To point at you, to wag their heads with scorn,  
And cry, 'See what of Liberty is born!'

"Come, then! 'tis time this sorry farce to end,  
The folly further license to extend  
To one who proves so fully every day  
Merely is wasted, pity thrown away!

"Come, then! we ask in dead Garfield's name,  
Sustain his much-loved country's world-wide fame;  
Come, then! we pray, for our outraged Justice' sake,  
Quickly your fatal lethargy off-shake.

"Let the spurned Law assert itself again,  
Let Order its supremacy maintain,  
And surely as shall set to-crow's sun,  
Let Justice now be sternly, swiftly done!"

—London Truth.

## SELECT STORY.

### The Marked Finger.

A jealous man, Sir Chester Bowden. Even when a boy, superficial people said he was impetuous because he was a baronet at twelve years of age.

Those who knew better, who had information concerning the old family of the Bowdens, had no need to be informed that the Bowdens were hard, proud, imperious, and jealous, though just, men.

They never did a wrong, and yet never seemed to be in the right.

At the inquest it was said old Sir Chester accidentally shot himself. But the county families well knew that he had taken his own life.

Even many of the common people on the estate had little or no doubt upon this point.

The reason? Three months before the crash his wife had fled from him. He made no effort to seek her out, and it was only his death and its manner which let people into the secret of his love for her.

She had been pined by her own servants through her ten years of married life.

She was very meek and mild, always stood up when he entered the room, and to the end of all she called him Sir Chester.

He always called her Lady Bowden. They never quarrelled, and they were always dull. She never smiled. There was some talk of her having loved some young farmer before she married so well. But that was, doubtless, scandal.

However, she fled; Sir Chester died, shot, three months afterwards, and young Sir Chester was nine years of age.

At Oxford he made but one friend and many enemies. Oxonians hate Oxonians who are not cheery and friendly amongst themselves.

Boleyn Hever began by pitying Chester Bowden, and ended by liking him.

But they were never familiar. For instance, Hever always wore a piece of flesh-colored plaster between the first and second joints of the middle finger of his left hand.

Chester never asked the meaning of the patch; and once when, while boasting the plaster was rubbed away, Chester never asked what the meaning of the seven little tattooed stars he saw where the plaster had been.

The explanation, however, was very simple. A rich old godfather, from whom the poorish Hevers had expectations, and being an old sailor, had elected them to mark his godson.

Boleyn Hever, being naturally a high-class man, entertained a strong disgust for these marks—a disgust which reached morbidity, and he hid them with flesh-colored plaster.

At twenty-three Sir Chester Bowden married one of the most dashing women of her year. He was as jealous as his

father, and as proud; therefore, he had no fear of Lady Bowden being ungrateful. She was poor.

Boleyn Hever, his neighbor, had not married, and was nursing his estate, which had been left him when very much encumbered.

At what precise moment Sir Chester became jealous of his one friend he himself never knew. He was too certain of his own suffering.

He hated company, but he was bound to give fetes, balls, etc.

It was the evening before the first anniversary of his wedding, upon which occasion there was to be a ball.

Sir Chester had noticed his wife anxious all day, and his demon prompted him terribly. Why was she anxious?

After dinner she pleaded sickness, and went to her usual sitting-room, into which Sir Chester never intruded.

An hour afterwards, he sent a servant to her with some inquiry concerning the ball on the following day.

The servant returned, saying that "my lady" was not in her room.

There was murder in Chester's heart the next moment. But he only took up a heavy riding-whip.

No—not in her room!

The first trace he found of her was a pencil-case, glittering in the moonlight. He drew a line in his mind's eye from the house to it, and thence in the same direction.

"To the grape gates," he muttered—"a straight line to his house."

On he went.

Suddenly, being on the top of a hillock, he saw Boleyn—there could be no question about the man—and with him a woman, hooded.

They were going towards the great iron open-work gates, which, from their pattern, were commonly called the grape-gates.

He uttered a horrible cry, which evidently the couple heard, for they hurried to the gates, to which there was no lodge, and one of them was open.

They must have seen Chester leaping towards them, for they ran.

He was within twenty yards of the couple when they passed the great gates, which were swung to with a terrible noise.

Again Sir Chester uttered a savage cry, for he knew he could not open them without the key, kept in the library, and that while he was scaling the wall they would escape.

He ran to the gate, and then it must have been that he fainted.

When he came to himself, he saw vaguely in the moonlight, and lying near him, a small, white object.

He touched it, and shuddered.

Briefly, it was a human finger, tattooed with seven small, purplish stars.

"It was Hever!" he muttered.

The finger had unquestionably been caught by the great iron gate, and nipped off like a twig by the immense weight of the iron acting on the edges of the gate.

How long had they escaped? In his fall his watch glass was broken, and the hands were stopped. He never knew how he got back to the house.

"If you please, my lady is now in her room. Here, help!" suddenly cried the servant.

He fainted again.

He went to his library, and there he found the key of the grape-gate swinging on its nail.

"How can she be back?" he thought, "I saw her take flight."

She looked white when suddenly he entered her room—the first time he had done so during their married life.

"Have you been from the castle, Lady Rowden?" he asked.

"No," she said gravely.

By that time he knew that he had lain insensible during a whole hour near the gate.

"She must have returned," he said, "by the gate, and passed carelessly by my quiet body. She hates me, but why has she returned?"

Next day he called upon Hever. The reply sent down was that Mr. Hever was not well, but hoped to be at the ball in the evening.

How he watched for Boleyn Hever's appearance.

He came, and of course gloved. No sign of the missing finger.

Sir Chester went up to him smilingly on the left side, and grasped his left hand. The glove yielded.

The middle finger of the glove had been stuffed with wool.

They were standing a little apart.

Still holding the maimed hand in his, he said—

"You have sinned with my wife. You fled from me last night; but Heaven avenged me, and cleft your marked finger from your wicked hand. Dare you smile?"

"Beware! I have always been your one friend, and last night I was more your friend than ever."

"A hypocrite as well as monster!" he said. "Do you know what I am going to do?"

"What?"

"Kill that woman here before her guests, and like my father, make an end of myself."

creature may or may not have been guilty, Chester; but she proved her love for you when she forced herself to see your wife and save her from such an outcast life as her own has been for many years."

"Who—who was she?"

"Our mother. Ah!—is there a doctor here?"

Past earthly help, for Sir Chester Bowden had fallen forward—dead!

But his hands were entrancingly clasped.

A LONG JOURNEY.

When one of the trains to this city came in at midnight a few nights ago, an old man was found sleeping in one of the cars.

"I say, old man!" yelled the conductor, "get out of this; do you hear? This is Detroit. If you've got any friends, they'll be looking for you."

"Where's Gracie?"

"Who?" asked the conductor recovering his official voice.

"Little Gracie—grandpa's little pet! I brought her with me. Is she there?"

"I guess he is not wide awake yet," said the curious passenger. "Suppose you help him to his feet."

Conductors are expert in helping people to their feet, and this one was no exception to the rule. He took the old man by the coat collar and stood him up, but he sank down again limp and motionless. Just then a depot hand came in.

"The baggage-master wants to know what you are going to do with that little dead box over there. He don't want any of that kind left over, and there's no direction on it but 'Gracie.'"

"That's her!" said the old man, and he stood up feebly. "Take me there. We're going on a long journey—Gracie and me; a long, long journey, but it don't seem as if I know the way right clear."

They took him into the depot and laid him on one of the benches and put his carpet bag under his head; but still he fretted for his "little Gracie—his pet," and at last they consoled him by telling him that she was resting, was asleep, and must not be disturbed.

The little "box" with Gracie written upon it in lead pencil, was safe enough with the other "freight"; and the old man slept peacefully at last. Some kind friend threw a rug over him next morning, and asked him what train he was waiting for, but all the answer he made was a feeble "Thank ee; call me at sunrise. We're going a long journey, Gracie and me."

He was called at sunrise by a voice that none may refuse, and when a flood of rosy light shone into the dreary room he was up and away—gone on his long journey. Only the worn out body was there, and yesterday, it was laid with "Little Gracie" in the strangers' lot at Mount Elliott, unknown, yet possibly in a sure hope of a gracious resurrection, as if marked by 30 feet of monumental clay.—Detroit Free Press.

ROOMS FOR THE LAWYERS.—The clergyman who, on Friday, opened the supreme court at Auburn with prayer, rather as to-morrow the lawyers to say nothing of his honor. The divine closed his petition in this manner: "At last may we become dwellers of that better land where there are no lawyers, no judges, and no courts. Amen." The court bit his lip, the attorney's ribs could hardly be restrained from shaking by the solemnity of the occasion, and business was not taken up until some time after prayer.

The parson doubtless meant that on the other shore there would be no occasion for legal proceedings, but the bar persisted in misunderstanding that there were to be no lawyers among the elect.—Lexington, Me., Journal.

POETRY AND QUOTATIONS.—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's poem at the reception given by the New England Club to Prof. Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, is incontestably the most exquisitely ludicrous thing in American literature. We quote the last stanza.

Our human life so slow to build,  
Has scope and promise unfiled;  
Its measure of the skies we beg,  
And round it by the rounded egg,  
Egg is good—and yet Mrs. Howe's verses have not reduced the price.

Forty cents a dozen.—Boston World.

The clerk of the parish whose business it is to read the first "lesson," came across the chapter in Daniel in which the names Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego occur thirteen times, and finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names, he went through the chapter referring to them as the aforesaid gentlemen.

A PERSONAL DUTY.—Said a Colorado jurymen: "Follow-suffors, I don't know as this man is guilty, but the folks in this neighborhood haven't enjoyed a hanging for some time, and if we don't give 'em one they'll be mad. We must look out for our own popularity."

PET NAMES.—He—"May I call you Revenge?" She—"Why?" He—"Because 'Revenge is sweet.'" She—"Certainly you may; provided, though, you let me call you Vengeance." He—"And why would you call me Vengeance?" She—"Because 'Vengeance is mine.'"

An Italian count is generally considered to be an equivalent to an American girl's money.

## CITY DIRECTORY.

### ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

FREDERICTON RAILWAY.—Trains for St. John leave the Station, on York street, daily at 7 A. M., and 2.15 P. M.; and arrive from St. John at 11.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M., daily, Sundays excepted.

Trains for Fredericton Junction, Saint Stephen, Baggor, and all points West, leave Fredericton at 9.15 A. M., and arrive from the same points at 4.40 P. M. daily, Sundays excepted.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.—Trains leave Gibson daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.45 A. M. for Woodstock, Arrostook, Carleton, Grand Falls, and Edmundston; and arrive from those points at 4.30 P. M. Passengers for St. Leonard and Edmundston remain over-night at Grand Falls.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—The Halifax express leaves St. John at 8 A. M. daily (Sundays excepted); and arrives at St. John at 8.25 P. M.

The Halifax and Quebec express leaves St. John at 7.30 P. M.; and arrives at 7.35 A. M. daily, Sundays excepted.

THE POST OFFICE.

The Post Office is situated in the Square on the corner of Queen and Carleton streets. The General Delivery, Stamp, and Registry Offices are open from 7 A. M. until 8.30 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted). Box holders have access to their boxes until 9.30 P. M.

The Money Order Office is open from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. Letter Boxes are located as follows:—Near the corner of Waterloo Row and Sunbury streets, at the Auditor General's Office, the Queen Hotel, the Barker House, the W. U. Telegraph Office, the Brayley House, and the Waterloo Row boxes at 12.20; the Auditor's office box at 12.30; Queen Hotel 12.35; Barker House 12.40; Brayley House 12.50; Long's Hotel 1.00; W. U. Telegraph Office 1.00.

The mail for England, via New York, is made up on Tuesday of each week at 8.20 A. M., and via Halifax on every Friday at 1.40 P. M.

THE CITY OFFICES.

are on the ground floor of the City Hall. They are open daily (Sunday excepted) from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

THE COUNTY OFFICES.

The Office of the Registrar of Deeds is on the corner of King and St. John streets. Office hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

The Secretary-Treasurer of York County on Carleton street, near Queen.

The Clerk of the Peace on Queen street, opposite Phoenix Square.

The Sheriff on Queen street, near St. John.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

A. F. Randolph, Chairman; C. A. Sampson, Secretary.

Meets at their room, on the Office's Square, on the last Saturday of every month.

SOCIETIES.

Church of England Temperance Society.—Patron, His Lordship the Metropolitan; President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, G. Douglas Hazen.

St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A., No. 166.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; J. T. Horsman, Secretary.

Meets every second Thursday in the Reform Club Rooms, Queen Street.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.—Mrs. Steadman, President; Mrs. Sampson, Secretary.

Meets every Wednesday at 4 P. M., at its rooms in Reform Club building.

St. Dunstan's Total Abstinence Society.—President, James E. Barry; Secretary, F. McGoldrick.

Meetings are held weekly in their Hall on Regent Street, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Reform Club.—President, George J. Bliss; Secretary, Richard H. Phillips.

Meetings are held in their rooms on Queen Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Young Men's Christian Association.—President, G. F. Atherton; Secy. Secretary, G. E. Conlthard, M. D.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, and on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No. 155.—W. J. Crewdon, Regent; G. E. Conlthard, Secretary.

Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Tuesday in each month, at 8 P. M. Insures from \$200 to \$5,000.

Royal Arcanum, Lorne Council, No. 486.—Regent, G. S. Peters; Secretary, E. S. Waycott.

American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 274.—Herbert C. Creed, Commander; C. A. Sampson, Secretary. Meets in Fisher's Building, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 8 P. M. Insures from \$200 to \$5,000.

Home Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 25.—John J. Weddall, Leader; G. E. Conlthard, Secretary.

Meets on the first and third Thursday in every month, in Y. M. C. A. Rooms. Insures from \$200 to \$5,000.

Fredericton Historical Society.—George E. Fenest, President; A. Archer, Secretary.

Regular meetings on the second Thursday in January, April, July and October in each year.

Hiram Lodge, No. 6, F. & A. M.—Harry Beckwith, W. M.; T. G. Loggie, Secretary.

Meets in Mason Hall, Carleton Street, first Thursday in every month.

Fredericton Royal Arch Chapter, No. 77, Reg. G. R. A. Chapter of Scotland.—G. D. Loggin, P. M.; R. M. Pinder, H.; N. Campbell, J.; A. P. Street, P. P. Scribner E.

Regular Convocation third Wednesday in every month in Mason Hall, Carleton Street.

Alexandria Lodge, F. and A. M.—Alfred Seely, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary.

Meets first Tuesday in each month in Haines' Hall, St. Mary's Ferry.

Victoria Lodge, No. 13, I. O. O. F.—W. A. Quinn, N. G.; John Whitrow, Secretary.

Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgecombe's Block, York Street.

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CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

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