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VOL. 13.—NO. 49. SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1882. WHOLE NO. 620.

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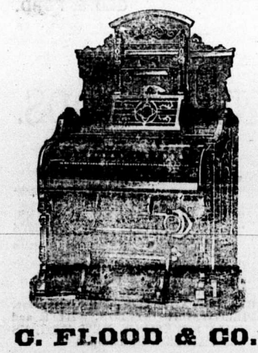

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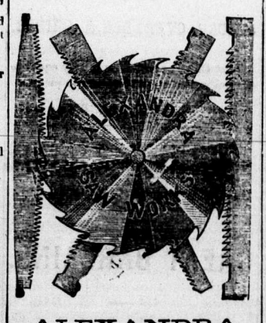

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C. T. BENT, Surviving Executor.

Truro, N. S., Jan. 30th, 1882.

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LITERATURE

The Voiceless.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,—
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stop to number?

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!

Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—

If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as Heaven!

Principal and Interest.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so tired!"

"Cheer up, my child, we have not very far to go. Come closer, let me brush the dew from your curls. Now take my hand."

But the child hung back, sobbing with weariness and exhaustion, and the pale young mother, bending over her in the vain attempt to soothe the hysterical excitement, did not hear the rumble of advancing wheels until they passed close to her and a rough, hearty voice exclaimed;

"What ails the little girl? Ain't sick, is she?"

Mary Ellsworth had never seen Farmer Raynesford before; yet the moment her eyes rested on his wrinkled, sun-burned face, with the shaggy brows overshadowing kind eyes, she felt that he was a friend, and made answer promptly:

"Not sick, sir, but very tired. We have walked a long way."

"Got much farther to go?" asked the farmer, tickling his horse's ear with the end of his whip.

"To Breckton."

Mr. Raynesford gave a low whistle.

"That's four miles off, and the little gal is pretty nigh used up a'ready."

"I know it," said the woman, with a sigh, "but I have no money to hire a lodging nearer. In Breckton I hope to obtain work in the factory."

Farmer Raynesford gave the seat of his wagon a thump with his whip-handle that made old Bonney drop the mouthful of clover he was nibbling from the roadside and prick up his ears in astonishment.

"I won't hear of no such thing!" said he, energetically. "Why, that child can't go twenty rods farther! Here, get in along with me. You won't be none the worse of a bit of supper and a good night's rest. I know Hannah'll scold," he muttered, as he lifted the little girl to his side and extended his hand to the mother; "but I can't see folks perishin' by the wayside and never offer to help 'em. I don't care if she scolds the roof of the house off."

He drove rapidly along, making occasional interjectional remarks to his horse, while Mrs. Ellsworth drew her thin shawl around the little golden head that already dropped drowsily upon her shoulder, and thought with a deep sensation of gratitude upon the shelter Heaven had provided her in her sorest strait.

It was an odd-shapped old farm-house, gray with the storms of nearly half a century, with a broad door in one, overhung by giant lilac bushes, and a kitchen where even in the bloomy month of June a great fire roared up the wide throated chimney, and shining rows of tins winked and glittered at every upward leap of the flames.

Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the wagon, and threw the reins over a post, and went in to conciliate his domestic despot.

"Look here, Hannah," said he, to a tall, angular-looking female who emerged from a pantry near by, her face nearly as quite as sour as the saucer of pickles she was carrying. "Jest set a couple more plates on the table, will you? I've brought home a woman and a little gal I found a piece below, e'en a most tired to death. They were calculatin' to walk on to Breckton, but I thought it wouldn't hurt us to keep 'em over night."

"I'm astonished at you, Job Raynesford," said his better half, in a tone of indignant remonstrance. "We might just as well hang out a tavern sign at once and be done with it; you're always bringing home some poor, miserable cretur or other and"——

"There, there, Hannah," interrupted Mr. Raynesford, "I'm always willin' to hear to you when you're anyway reasonable, but it goes clear ag'in my grain to see poor folks a sufferin' and never stretch out a helpin' hand. 'Taint Scripture nor 'taint human natur'."

"Well, go on your own gait, Job Raynesford," responded his wife, tartly. "Only mark my words, if you don't end your days in the poor-house, 'twon't be through no fault o' yourn!"

She shut the pantry door with a bang that made all the jelly cups and milk-pans rattle, while Job, with an odd grimace, went out to help his guests to alight.

"Don't mind my old woman," said he, apologetically, as Mrs. Ellsworth sprang to the ground. "She's kind o' sharp spoken, but she means well after all. We ain't all just alike in our notions, you know."

"If all the world were like you, sir," said the young widow, with tears in her eyes, "there would be less want and suffering, by far."

Farmer Raynesford pretended not to hear, he was busy lifting little Mary out.

"Set on them blackberries, Hannah," said he, toward the close of their evening meal. "The little gal's so tired she can't eat nothin' solid."

"I was calculating to keep them blackberries for the donation party, to-morrow," said Mrs. Raynesford, rising with rather an unwilling air.

"Nonsense!" quoth the farmer, with a broad laugh. "I'm having a donation party of my own to-night. Here, little one, see if those berries don't put some color in your cheeks."

All the evening little Mary sat by the hearth, with her hands in her mother's and her large blue eyes fixed earnestly upon the kind farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, dearest?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth once. She drew a long sigh and whispered:

"Oh, mamma, he is so kind to us?"

When Mary Ellsworth and her little girl set out next morning upon their long walk to Breckton, Job Raynesford went with them to the gate, fumbling uneasily in his pocket, and glancing guiltily around to make sure that Hannah was not within seeing distance. When Mary extended her hand to say good-by, to her astonishment a bank bill was thrust into it.

"Don't say nothin'," muttered Job, with a sheepish air. "Ten dollars ain't much to me, and if you don't chance to get work in the factory right away, it may be a good deal o' use to you. Needn't thank me—you're as welcome as the flowers in May!"

He bent over to kiss the child's fair forehead, and stood watching them until the two slight figures disappeared, and only the golden sky and the moving crests of summer woods remained.

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford, who had witnessed this little episode from behind the curtains of her milk-room window. "Is Job Raynesford crazy! To give ten dollars to a poor, strolling vagrant! If he don't get a piece of my mind"——

And she hastened out, her cap border fairly standing on end with horror. Job awaited the coming tempest with philosophic coolness, his hands in his pockets, and his lips parted in a good-natured smile. It was not the first piece of Mrs. Hannah's 'mind' that had been bestowed upon him, nor did he suppose it was likely to be the last.

'She means well,' he said to himself, when the volley of wrath had been discharged on his luckless head, and Mrs. Raynesford had returned to her butter-making, 'but she's got the greatest faculties for scolding of any woman I ever saw!'

The years flitted by, sprinkling the steep old farm-house with crystal drops of April showers, and thatching it with the dazzling ermine of January snows, many and many a time. Gray hairs crept in among the raven locks of Farmer Raynesford, the care-worn wrinkles began to gather around his mouth and brow. Alas! those swift-footed years brought troubles innumerable to the kind old man.

'Twenty years!' mused he, one bright June morning, 'it don't seem possible, Hannah, that it was twenty years ago this very day that I caught that ugly fall from the hay-rack, and got lame for life.'

He looked down at the crutches by his side as he spoke, and sighed from the very bottom of his heart.

Hannah stood in the doorway, tossing corn to a forlorn little colony of chickens. Twenty years had not improved her in any respect—she was gauntier, homlier and more vinegar-faced than ever.

'Yes,' said she, slowly, 'and perhaps you don't remember that it was just twenty years ago to-day that you threw ten dollars away on that woman and her child. I told you that you'd end your days in the poor-house, and I don't see but what my prediction is likely to come true. Didn't I say you would live to repent it?'

'I won't deny, Hannah,' said the old man, 'but that I've done a good many things I've been sorry for—we ain't none of us perfect, you know, wife—but that is not one of them. No, I never for a minute repented being kind to the widow and fatherless.'

Hannah shrugged her shoulders but made no reply.

"Didn't you say you were going to see the rich lawyer about the five thousand dollars to-day?" she asked, presently.

"Yes, but I don't suppose it'll be much use. If he'd wait a little, I'd do my best to please him. Jones says he'll be sure to sell the old place from over our heads, however; they tell me he's a hard man. I mean to explain to him just how the matter stands and'——

'I told you how it would be long ago!' ejaculated Hannah, unable to restrain her vexation. 'What on earth ever possessed you to sign for Jesse Fairweather?'

'I s'posed he was a honest man, and I wouldn't see an old friend wronged.'

'Fiddlesticks!' exclaimed Mrs. Raynesford. 'That's just your calculation, Job! There—Zeke has brought the wagon; do start off or you'll be too late for the York train.'

And Job meekly obeyed, only too happy to escape from the endless discord of his wife's rolling tongue.

The rays of the noonday sun streamed brightly through the stained glass casements of Mr. Everleigh's Gothic library. The room was decorated with appurtenances of wealth and taste. Velvet chairs, with tall backs of daintily carved rosewood, were scattered here and there; marble vases occupied niches beside the doorway, and the rarest pictures hung on the panelled and gilded wall. But the prettiest object of all—the one which the rich lawyer oftenest raised his eyes from the writing to contemplate with an involuntary smile of pride and affection—was a lovely woman in a white cashmere morning robe, trimmed with velvet, who stood opposite arranging flowers in a bouquet. She wore a spray of berries, carved of pink Neapolitan coal, at her throat, and tiny pendants of the same rare stone in her shell like ears, and the slender waist was tied around with a pink ribbon.

'There, Walter, isn't that pretty?' she asked, holding up her completed bouquet.

'Very pretty,' he answered, looking not at the roses or geraniums, but directly at the blue eyes and golden curls of his beautiful young wife.

'You are not even noticing it,' she pouted.

'Because I see something so much better worth looking at,' he said, playfully.

'Do you really love me so very much?' she asked, throwing down the flowers, and coming around to his side.

He rose and drew her caressingly towards him.

'My dearest, you are more precious to me than the whole world besides!'

She let her head rest for a moment on his shoulder, and when she raised it, there was a tear on her eyelashes.

'Oh, Walter, if mamma could only see how happy we are!'

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Everleigh slipped from her husband's arm with the prettiest blush in the world; and was very busy with her flowers when the rich lawyer's 'right hand man' put his grizzled head into the room.

'The old man wants to see you about that Fairweather business.'

'Show him in. Don't look so disappointed, love,' he said, as the grizzled head disappeared. 'I shall not be detained three minutes, and the horses are at the door.'

Mary Everleigh never troubled her pretty little head about business matters, so she never looked up as the haltering sound of old Mr. Raynesford's crutch echoed on the carpet. But the instant he spoke she started as if an arrow had smitten her, and her slender hands clasped together, listening as intently as though her life depended on hearing every word. The old man was pleading and sorrowful—her husband politely inflexible. At length Job Raynesford turned to go.

'Well, sir,' he said, in a subdued tone, 'I don't know much about law and law books, but it seems hard that an old man should be turned out of the home that has sheltered him for sixty years, and all for no fault of his own. They say you are a very rich gentleman, sir—five thousand dollars may seem a small sum to you, but it is my all.'

Mrs. Everleigh's soft voice broke the silence that succeeded this appeal.

'Walter, come here one minute—I want to speak to you.'

He obeyed, somewhat surprised; she drew him into a deep recess of the stained glass window, and standing there with the rosy and amber shadows playing about her lovely brow, like some fair-pictured saint, she told him how twenty years ago a wearied child and its mother were fed and sheltered by a kind-hearted stranger; how he had given them money and kind wishes, when they were utterly alone and desolate in the wide world.

'But, my love, what has all this to do with my business matters?'

'Much, Walter! I am that little child!'

'You, my dearest?'

'I, my husband, and the noble man who, I am persuaded, saved my life that night, stands yonder, with gray, bowed head and sinking heart!'

'Mary, you must surely be mistaken.'

'I can not be mistaken, Walter. I should know him among a thousand. You said you loved me, this morning—now grant me one little boon?'

'What is it, dearest?'

'Give up that note he spoke of.'

Mr. Everleigh silently went to a small ebony cabinet, unlocked it, and drew out a folded paper, which he placed in her hands. She glided up to the old man, who had been gazing out of a window in a sort of reverie, and laid her soft hand on his arm.

'Do you remember the little golden-haired Mary whom you found with her mother, wearied out on the roadside, twenty years ago?'

'Do I remember her, lady? It was but this very morning I was recalling the whole scene.'

'And don't you recognize me?' she said, smiling up into his face, as she drew back the drooping curls. 'I am little Mary!'

He stood in bewildered silence. All of a sudden the truth seemed to break upon him, and he laid his hand upon her head with a tearful blessing.

'And your mother, my child?'

'She has been dead for years; but it is my dearest task to be the instrument of her gratitude. Here is the note you indorsed; my husband has given it to me. See!'

A small lamp was burning in one of the niches; she held the bit of paper over the flame until it fell a cloud of light ashes upon the floor.

'Well!'

Mrs. Raynesford met her husband at the door at the instant his crutches sounded on the little gravelled path.

'Why don't you speak? Of course I know you've nothing but bad news to tell, but I may as well hear it at once. Have you seen the gentleman? What did he say?'

'Hannah,' said old Job Raynesford, slowly folding up his gloves, 'do you remember the ten dollars I gave that poor wanderer a score years ago to-day?'

'Why, of course I do. Didn't I remind you of it not twelve hours ago? What has that to do with our troubles, pray?'

'Just this—to-day I received payment, principal and interest!'

'What do you mean, Job Raynesford?'

'The little golden-haired child that sat beside our hearthstone that June evening is Lawyer Everleigh's wife, and I have seen her burn the note that has hung like a millstone around my neck for many years. She said it was but paying a sacred debt of gratitude; but Heaven knows I looked for no such reward.'

There was a moment's silence. The old man was pondering over the past, and Mrs. Raynesford was so taken by surprise, that she really could not speak.

'And now, wife, what have you to say about my financial mistakes?' said Job, archly.

Mrs. Raynesford had no argument suited to the emergencies of the case, and she wisely said—nothing.

P. T. Barnum Falls Into Line.

Scanning our various exchanges, we notice especial distinction given in prominent New York dailies to Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson's strong endorsement of St Jacobs Oil as a pain-reliever. They too have fallen into line, it would seem.—*Cincinnati (O.) Enquirer.*

—Cornelius Vanderbilt, son of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, and brother of the present Railway King, committed suicide on the 2nd inst. Cause supposed to be insanity.

—Colonel Rockwell's daughter Lulu is said to be engaged to a son of the late President.