

POOR DOCUMENT

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

VOL 1--NO. 26.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1882.

\$1.00 A YEAR

The Silence of the Flood.

A DEPOSIT OF PROSE-POETRY LEFT BY THE MISSISSIPPI OVERFLOW.

A sea of smooth water stretching out of sight on every hand, with here and there a tree-summit bursting above it, or the ruins of village homes drifting upon it—a world of dark yellow waters and deep blue sky meeting—such is the picture offered to-day! Varieties appear only in the form of floating carcasses, guarded by buzzards, articles of furniture, fence rails, hen coops, and, as our correspondent artistically observes, pictures lifted by the rising water from the walls of invaded homesteads and borne out and away on the currents. This is dreariness indeed—dreariness unutterable! But with nightfall the dreariness becomes infinite!

In this semi-tropical South of ours, the voices of nature are never hushed by silent snows of winter or river fettering frosts. The night air is full of magical hirsong, of insect-music, of ceaseless chirrupings, cricket-calls, of frog-choruses, of sounds so elfish and inexplicable as to startle and deceive the unaccustomed ear of Northern visitors. But in the region inundated the night has become voiceless; there is no croaking, no chirruping, no singing, no buzzing! Standing on the deck of a boat fastened to the upper branches of some drowned tree, one sees only the same night purple in water and sky, the same star-throbbing above and below—one hears only the beating of his own heart or the sound of his own breathing.

This is not the silence even of death—for in death itself there is life. In our cemeteries the nightbirds and crickets sing; there is a rustling of wind-kissed leaves; there is a swaying in the beards of the moss; there are moving shadows. On the face of the flood there is not even the life of motion; there all is shadowless; the birds have flown; the frogs have sought the shallows which murmur—the deeps are dumb.

In mid-ocean there are voices! The waves lap the flanks of the ship; the winds sing; the waters tumble and roll and flash and leap under sun or moon. In the desert there are creatures which find support in the waste of sand—insects, birds and burrowing things. In lands of eternal winter there is life and there are sounds; there are herds of arctic caribou—there is the sound of ice breaking or grinding or crumbling—there are shadows of flying birds—there are prints of paws in the snow. But where the Mississippi has spread itself over the face of the earth, there is no life, no sound. The currents are noiseless; the surface is shadowless; the shores are voiceless. These nature's heart has ceased to beat; there is a silence not of deserts, not even as of night and death—only a silence as of God—in some vast dim place of worship, where only a lamp-ray gleams before the altar after the tapers have been put out, and the many-toned voice of worship is hushed, and the great doors have been barred, and the echoes of the sexton's footsteps have long died away in the distance.—New Orleans Times.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.—In a recently published volume of insurance anecdotes, the following is related: A merchant appeared in the commercial walks of Liverpool, where, deep in the mysteries of cotton and corn, a constant attendant at church, a subscriber to local charities, and a giver of good dinners, he was much respected. The hospitalities of the house were graciously dispensed by his niece; but at length it became whispered that his speculations were not successful, and it was necessary for him to borrow money. This he did on the security of property belonging to his niece; a certain amount of secrecy was necessary for the sake of his credit, and the Liverpool underwriters readily assented. He insured her life with at least ten different merchants or underwriters for £2,000 each, and the same game was again played over. The lady was taken ill, the doctor was sent for, and found her in convulsions. A specific was administered, but in the course of the night he was again summoned, but arrived too late. Next morning it was known to all Liverpool that she had died suddenly. The body lay in state, and the merchant retained his position, and bore himself with a decent dignity under his affliction. He made no immediate application for the money, and scarcely alluded to it, but he had selected his victims with skill. They were safe and honorable men, and he duly received his £20,000. From this period he appeared to decline in health and was recommended change of climate. He went abroad, and with him his clever partner, who possessed the wonderful power of simulating death and deceiving the medical men.

In London nobody who is anybody now speaks of a lady's dress. Not long since it was quite the thing to speak of her "gown," but now you are vulgar if you call it anything but "frook."

How Far.

He was a seedy, threadbare-looking individual, and he occupied a whole seat in the ladies' car. The conductor inquired for his tickets. The threadbare man shook his head sadly.

"Well, money then. Be quick. Come man, brace up."

"No money," still sadly.

"Get off at the next station."

"Yes, sir, of course."

The station was reached, the man got off, but got on again as soon as the train began to move, and resumed his old position.

Again the conductor approached.

"What! you here?" I thought I told you to get off?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, did you?"

"Yes, sir, of course."

"But you got on again."

"Yes, sir, of course."

"Well, my friend, next time I want you to get off, and stay off. Do you understand that?"

Obtaining no answer, the irate conductor passed on. As the train stopped at the next town the conductor looked in the car—the seat was empty.

Satisfied, the conductor passed through the cars as soon as they were outside the station.

There sat the threadbare personage in the same seat very much interested in the scenery.

The conductor gave him a vicious dig in the ribs.

"Didn't I tell you to get off and stay off?"

"Yes, sir, of course."

"Well, you didn't do it?"

"Yes, sir, of course."

"What?"

"Not."

"Well, now, my friend," went on the conductor, "do you know what I am going to do with you? I'm going to make an example for 'beats.' The brakeman and I will kick you from one end of the station to the other when we stop."

"Yes, sir, of course," answered the man meekly.

True to his word, the irate conductor and brakeman laid in wait for our meek but penniless friend, and when the train stopped in Worcester, they seized him by the collar and kicked him from one end of the depot to the other.

"There," said the conductor, "I guess we're rid of him."

The train steamed out of Worcester. The man of checks went through the usual routine, and when he came to the ladies' car he saw the meek and patient individual in the same seat, gazing southward.

"Well, my man, I see you didn't get enough."

"Oh, yes, sir, of course."

The astonished conductor thrust his hands down in his pockets, and drew out a roll of bank notes.

"Well, now where in Heaven's name are you going?"

"Well, conductor, I am going to Boston, if my pluck and my pants hold out!"

"You can ride," said the conductor, as he passed on, and the last words he heard were a triumphant:

"Yes, sir, of course."

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—An incident occurred on the English sea coast, which strikingly illustrates the sagacity of the canine race. A boatman, having accidentally fallen overboard, was soon followed by his dog, who seized his cap, with which it swam ashore, thinking doubtless that it was rescuing its master. When the animal discovered its mistake it uttered a piercing cry, and plunged once more into the middle of the stream.

The poor fellow had by this time disappeared under the water, and the dog could find nothing to save but the boat hook, which he brought ashore. A third time it returned to effect its purpose, when the drowning man re-appearing for a moment, was fortunately seized by the hair of his head. Being only a little dog, however, and besides being greatly exhausted, it was unable to drag its master ashore; but the faithful creature would not relinquish its hold, and supported the sinking man until he was picked up by some carpenters, who had launched a boat, and were hastening to his assistance. He was, as may easily be supposed, in a very exhausted state.

Mrs. Langtry's leap from the concert hall to the Royal presence and then back again to the concert hall has mortally offended the prejudices of the ancient dowagers in London. There is war between them and the modern matrons, and the salons of an afternoon are filled with clamorous suggestions of the different methods by which the recurrence of such mistakes may be avoided. The Prince of Wales laughs heartily at the fray. The Princess, who is still at a loss to comprehend the rules and regulations of English Court Etiquette, grows bewildered at the hubbub. Her Royal Highness herself created commotion by going out alone to dine at a Paris restaurant. In the meantime, Mrs. Langtry finds consolation in \$300 a week.

Friends in the Sanctum.

THE POETRY FRIEND OF WINTER—SUGGESTIONS OF THE EDITOR—THE FATE OF THE POEM.

"I hardly know where to begin," she said, faintly, the blushes mounting to her forehead and her long lashes sweeping her crimson cheeks.

"Compass yourself," said the news editor, encouragingly, sipping his pipe behind his ear and dropping his pen down a rat-hole; "take plenty of time and a chair. How can we be of service to you?"

"It is about winter," she answered, timidly, flashing her glorious eyes at him for an instant, and dropping them in the rosy sea of blushes that again surged upwards to her brow.

"Don't let them alarm you, murmured the editor, soothingly. "They all are at this season of the year. Six verses, of course?"

"Yes, just six," she replied, gaining courage from his smile.

"Certainly. That's the average. The first begins, 'How somber is the winter time' and you make it rhyme with 'Sleigh-bells chime,' of course. I understand it. Don't be frightened. There is no danger."

"You are very good," smiled the pretty mouth.

"Not at all. Let me see, the second verse commences, 'Then tender flakes drift slowly down,' and for the rhyme you take, 'The earth so bare and brown.' A beautiful idea!"

"I think so," returned the fair girl, showing her dimples. "I was going to put something about 'frown' or 'town,' but I like the sentiment of 'brown' best. Don't you?"

"By all means," agreed the editor. "And it's much more fashionable this winter. We used to get some 'towns' and now and then a 'frown,' but they are out of date now. The third verse has it, 'The merry boys, laughing, rosy boys,' with their sleds, and works in with the 'New Year forgotten'—irresistible, I think."

"It does," she replied, referring to her manuscript, "and it speaks of 'Bright-eyed blushing, smiling girls,' which naturally gave rise to 'Dimpled cheeks and sunny curls.' I think that idea is quite lofty, and her radiant face took a tint of sweet anxiety as she looked for an endorsement of her opinion.

"Couldn't it get along without it," asserted the editor. "That is the key-note. Now, your fourth stanza opens—Ah! is the city editor there?"

"Yes, sir," responded the functionary.

"How does the fourth verse of winter open this season?"

"I think it is 'The trees bend low with fruits of snow; isn't it?' suggested the city editor.

"No, no, that's poetry, I mean the regular loggallypop! How does No. 4 commence?"

"Oh, I know what you mean. 'The graceful skaters smoothly glide.'"

"That's it," said the news editor, "and that makes room for 'The merry children softly slide.' That's it."

"The first line is right; but I don't think the second is," with an enchanting smile of doubt in her face.

"Oh, yes, it is," insisted the city editor. "You look at the poem and see."

"Upon my word, you are right," she admitted, glancing at the verse. I thought it was something else."

"Of course," smiled the city editor. "Then the fifth verse charges us to 'Not forget the starving poor, that beg their way from door to door, doesn't it?"

"No, sir," she exclaimed, with a flash of triumph in her eyes. "That's the sixth."

"I guess that's so," conceded the news editor. "Upon my word, you are right, for a day or two and I've rather lost the run of the verses. The fifth is, 'At night around the blazing fire, we watched the sparks leap higher and higher.' Am I right now?"

"Yes, sir! Oh, yes, sir!" beamed the delighted girl. "Would you—would you like to publish the poem?" she asked, growing more beautiful as her timidity returned.

"Certainly," answered the news editor, and he bowed her gracefully to the door.

"What shall I do with it?" asked the city editor, as his chief handed it to him.

"Oh, make a running, long hand account of it and stick it among the death notices. You'd better look after your local form, for I see they have got a cock fight mixed up with the Friday evening prayer meeting."

And the news editor dipped his pipe in the ink preparatory to the evolution of an article upon "The prevailing disposition of critics to crush true genius."

Grey Cloud, a chief among the Dakota Indians, who was sentenced to be hanged for his part in the outbreak of 1862, but was pardoned by President Lincoln, is now one of the most active Christian missionaries in that region. These Indians themselves created commotion by going out alone to dine at a Paris restaurant. In the meantime, Mrs. Langtry finds consolation in \$300 a week.

The Iron-Hearted Lover.

In the big crowd of the excursionists sitting on the city hall steps for a rest, the other day, was a young man of excellent length of legs, and a girl with sixteen Auburn curls hanging down around her head. They had scarcely settled themselves and locked fingers when she cautiously observed:

"I suppose they have soda water in this town?"

"I suppose," he replied, "but the last thing before we started I promised your mother not to let you drink any soda water. It's the worst thing in the world to bring on consumption."

She waited for a moment, and then, pointing to the left, remarked:

"I see that Sarah is eating peanuts. I suppose they have peanuts in this town?"

"Well, yes, but your mother cautioned me the last thing not to buy any peanuts for you. The shucks are apt to get into your wind-pipe. The Queen of Holland was choked to death in that way."

Presently a boy came along with some fruit, and the young woman felt obliged to say:

"Them apples and pears look awful nice."

"Yes, they do," replied the prudent lover; "but I promised your mother at the depot not to buy any fruit for you. Then apples look nice, but if you get the toothache started on you then the whole afternoon is blasted."

The young man had just begun to take comfort again when the innocently remarked:

"When I came up here last Summer with Jim, he bought more'n two pounds of candy."

"Yes, and what was the result?" he demanded. "You fell down cellar that very week, didn't Jim have to light out last winter for bustin' in the school-house door?"

She got down to water, and with considerable sarcasm in her voice, she inquired:

"Mother didn't say anything against that, did she?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but she got me an appealing look as she came out off—same as to say that it ought to be kind o' warmish water, if any I got here and I'll borrow a dipper."

She "soot," and it was all of half an hour before she again succeeded in getting his arm around her.

NO CURE FOR LARS.—A Michigan farmer who took in the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia on a recent trip, one day approached an aged negro who was loitering on the street, and confidentially informed him that he had come to the springs to be cured of the habit of lying, and he asked the old man's opinion of the chances for a cure.

"How long has you bin in de habit of lyin', sah?" was the honest query.

"About fifty years."

"Lyn' all de time?"

"Right along, day after day."

"Big lies?"

"Yes—the worst old whoppers you ever heard. Give me your honest opinion, now, as to whether a course of baths will help me."

"Well, sah," said the old negro, as he scratched his head, "pears to me dat if you kin git the water hot 'nuff it might help you some, but de trouble is dat in sweatin' out de lies you may cook de body, an' 'perience wid white men an' I kin git 'long better wid a well man who les dan wid a parbled man who tells de tru'!"

A SIGN WHICH CONQUERED.—A Wayne county farmer five or six miles from Detroit came to Detroit a while ago and had half a dozen signs of "Small-pox-beware!" painted to post up on his house and grounds. Although he had one on either side of his gate, they had not been up two hours when a rover passed between them and knocked on the door and asked for food.

"Didn't you see those signs on the gate?" demanded the farmer.

"Yes, but I can't read."

The next one said he was near-sighted and thought the signs read "for sale." The third had had small-pox and was willing to nurse the family. The fourth had been vaccinated and was reckless. The fifth had a remedy to sell, and the sixth, after getting away with a cold bite, turned to his benefactor and said:

"If you want to beat the boys knock down them signs and put one up reading: 'Help wanted.' It never fails to keep 'em jogging straight along."

The farmer followed the advice, and he hasn't had a call since.

Mr. Baldwin, now of the New York and New England road, but conductor of a train in Missouri which Jesse James' gang robbed in 1874, has a watch Jesse handed back to him on that occasion, graciously saying:—"Excuse me, sir. I don't think you will need this to run your train."

"Why cannot a pantomimist tickle nine Equinians? Give it up? Why, it's because he can gentleman."

An Oriental Incident.

The Russo-Turkish war revives an old story. A Turkish and a Russian officer once fell into a dispute as to the superiority in discipline of their respective soldiers.

"I can prove to you on the spot," said the Russian, "how perfectly our men are trained." And he called his orderly.

"Iran!"

"Sir!"

"Go to Mehemet's, buy me a pound of tobacco, and come back at once."

The soldier saluted, turned on his heel and went out.

"Now," said the Russian officer, taking out his watch, "my orderly is walking straight to the next corner, where he must turn—now he is turning—now he is going it—now he is opposite the white mosque—now he is crossing the maydan—now he is at Mehemet's—now he is buying the tobacco—now he is coming back—now he is on the block below us—now he is at the door—now"—and the Russian called out—

"Iran!"

"Sir!"

"Where's the tobacco?"

"Here, sir."

The Turkish officer, showing no sign of surprise at the precision of this Russo-Turkish agreement, promptly broke out: "He! he! my soldier can do that every day in the week," and he called—

"Muhatar!"

"Sir!"

"Go to Ali Effendi's and see that you bring me a pound of tobacco. My pipe is empty."

"Instantly, sir."

Following the tactics of the Russian officer, the Turk pulled out his watch and went on—

"Now Muhatar is in the street; now he is passing the pashooch bazaar; now he is drinking at the stone fountain; now Ali Effendi hails him and asks about his health; now Muhatar is paying for the tobacco; now he is at the door; now"—

"Muhatar!" shouted the officer.

"Sir."

"Where is my tobacco?"

"I haven't found my shoes yet!"

IT WAS NOT A HIGH-PRICED PICTURE.—"In looking at some pictures that I see," writes a correspondent from abroad, "I can imagine that they were painted by an artist of whom I heard the following story in Brussels the other day. His indulgent friends had praised his attempts at drawing and painting to such an extent that the youth really imagined himself an artist. His wealthy friends even bought his pictures for considerable sums to encourage him. The youth was thus the victim of his friends—as so many others are. Recently, in walking along the main street in Brussels, he was much delighted at seeing his pictures, finely framed, in a dealer's window, especially as he was with a lady before whom he wished to appear in the best light possible. Calling the attention of the lady to the picture, he said:

"Pardon me, but I have some curiosity to know how my pictures stand commercially, and with that the other entered the shop. 'My good woman,' said he to the keeper of it, 'What is the price of the picture in the window there?'"

"That?"

"Yes."

"Three francs and a half."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the artist, recoiling.

The shop woman, thinking the exclamation to be surprise at her high price, said:

"Bless me, my friend, it includes the frame."

A MAN WHO WOULDN'T TAKE TAPTY.—Collector (Judge) Robertson tells the following good joke of himself. A short time after his retirement from the State Senate, he happened to meet an old friend, whom he had not seen for some time. The judge, all smiles and heariness, effused over his "dear friend" in such a way as to provoke the enquiry:

"What office are you a candidate for now, Judge?"

The judge made a deprecatory movement with an outward turned palm, and said: "For none at all, my dear brother; I'm simply a candidate for the kingdom of heaven."

His friend regarded him sorrowfully for an instant, and then, with more wit than politeness, and more profanity than either, said: "I'll bet you don't carry a township."

Doubtless the judge lost sight of the man's profanity in admiration of his sublimely truthful candor.—X. J. Mercury.

Several years ago a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, named Mr. Geoch left that body broken and penniless, admonishing the members as he bade them good-by that he would "be even with them yet." The circumstance that he has just made \$1,000,000 in a single corner in wheat may be accepted as an indication that he proposes to be as good as his word.

A THOROUGH JOB.—Judge M., a well known jurist living near Cincinnati, was fond of relating this anecdote. He once had occasion to send to the village for a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards, use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge went to dinner, and coming out, found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to sail them on at once, just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were planed and numbered ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work.

"When it was finished, there was no part of the fence so thorough in finish."

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man shouldering his tools.

The judge stared.

"Why did you spend all that labor on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only the dollar and a half" And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had the contract to give for the building of certain magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master builders, but the first of one caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said, "I knew we would have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he a carpenter, farmer, author, or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.

A SURPRISED MERCHANT.—Prince Max, of Bavaria, father of the Empress of Austria, must be an agreeable traveling companion, judging from this brief narrative. It is said that during the Vienna Exhibition an amiable Hungarian merchant, who did not know the prince, happened to meet him in a railway carriage and proceeded to hold a pleasant conversation.

"I'm going to Vienna," said the merchant, "to see my daughter, who is married well there. My son-in-law deals in paper and fine leather-work and has a good trade. He is very prosperous."

"I also," said the good-natured stranger, "am going to see my daughter and son-in-law."

"Ah! Is your son-in-law well off?" asked the merchant.

"Pretty well; but he has to carry on his work all alone, it is rather tiresome."

"Is your daughter rich?"

"Not as rich as she'd like to be."

"She likes to spend a good deal on her toilet?"

"No; but she would like to be able to give a great deal in charity."

"She's a good woman," said the merchant, heartily; "it'd be hoped that your son-in-law's business will improve. Good-by, sir; come to see us, and bring your daughter; we shall be happy to make her acquaintance."

The train arrived at the station at that moment, and the traveler whose son-in-law's business was only "pretty good" was immediately surrounded by grand personages in uniform.

After having politely saluted the amazed merchant, he stepped into the carriage of the Emperor of Austria. The good father-in-law of the dealer in paper and fancy leather goods had been traveling with the Prince Max, of Bavaria, father of the Empress Elizabeth.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S CONSUMPTION.—"Mom," said little Johnny Periwinkle the other day, addressing his maternal parent, "what does 'aesthetic' mean? I heard Mrs. Mobby say yes-day that you was a disciple of their aesthetic school."

"Aesthetic, my son," said Mrs. Periwinkle, as she dished Mr. Periwinkle's red flannel shirt out of a washbowl, "is an extreme love of the beautiful; the too, too utterly intense all butness of everything that is lovely. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, clasping her hands rapturously, "how supremely divine is the study of this noble science!"

"Well, mom," said Johnny, "I've got an aesthetic consumption for yer. What's the difference between this nut I'm holdin' in my hand and a No. 1 salute from a William goat? Give 'er up! Why, one is a butter nut and the other is an utter butt."

Johnny studied "the science of the beautiful" in the washbowl.