

POOR DOCUMENT

POETRY.

The Message of the Rose.
She gave me a rose at the ball to-night,
And I'm a fool I suppose,
For my heart beat high with a vague delight,
Had she given me more than the rose?
I thought that she had, for a little while,
Till I saw her dressed in dancers,
Give another rose with the same sweet smile
To another man in the Lancers.
Well, roses are plenty, and men are not rare;
It is really rather sad to see
To graze because my lady fair
Is to other men kind and gracious.
Yet who can govern his wayward dreams?
And my dreams, so precious and bright,
Now faded, broken, and worthless seem,
As if faded, with her rose to-night.

SELECT STORY.

A Bag of Gold.

"Are you engaged, coachman?"
I had stopped at that moment to water
my horses and quench my own thirst in
a saloon near by. I had scarcely reached
my horse's head when I heard the above
question, and saw, as I turned around, a
young lady standing by the side of my
cab.
Without delay I answered, and opening
the carriage door, I helped the lady
in. Her face had a certain hesitating,
timid expression, which made me judge
that my fare was not an independent
lady, but a housekeeper or governess.
She wore a black silk dress and a
woolen shawl. Her hands and feet were
small, but it did not escape me that her
gloves were very much worn.
I asked her where she wished to be
carried. She named a locality not of the
best fame, and with a trembling voice,
as if ashamed of it, I climbed on the
box and whipped up. Although it was
nothing to me where my fare wished to
go, I felt a sort of curiosity as to who and
what this lady might be.
I had observed that she seemed to
have a pretty face, although the veil that
she wore over it did not let me see her
plainly. During the trip I was driven by
my curiosity to peep through the carriage
window behind me, and saw that she had
put up her veil. She looked frightfully
pale and thin. Her skin was like wax,
and one did not need to be a doctor to
know that she was consumptive.
She held in her hands something on
which her eyes were fixed, and there
came over her face an expression of
thankfulness and satisfaction. What the
object was I could not tell exactly. I
saw that it was light colored, and had no
decided shape. I had only two seconds
of time for observation. I had to see to
my horses in the crowded street.
I gave them a lash with the whip, and
at a quick trot we soon arrived at the
part of the city indicated. As soon as I
found the number which the lady had
given me I stopped, got off the box and
opened the door to help her out. She
appeared to be in great agitation, as if an
unpleasant interview was before her.
I received from her over the price of the
fare, which she evidently knew, a little
drink money, thanked her, and she
turned away, while I turned my carriage
toward a neighboring saloon to invest the
drink money immediately in a glass of
beer.
But before I went I straightened the
carriage cushions and saw that all was
right inside. As soon as I opened the
door again I saw some object lying on
the seat. It was a small linen sack—without
doubt what the lady held in her lap. I
lifted it and its weight astonished me.
With much curiosity I looked at it again
and again, and then tried to open it. It
was easily done, for the bag was fastened
only by a piece of string.
One can imagine my surprise when I
found that it was filled with gold pieces!
I dared not look at them further in this
place as a policeman might possibly
notice, and ask how I came by the gold.
Meanwhile I tied the sack again, and put
it in the wide pocket of my coat. Instead
of indulging myself in a glass of beer, I
drove to the nearest hackstand and took
my place in the rear of the line of carriages,
so that I could be sure of not being
wanted for the next half hour.
I got into my carriage, as hackmen
often do when they want a little rest,
and I examined for the second time my
new-found treasure. I shook the contents
of the bag on the seat, and sat with
dazzled eyes before quite a pile of gold.
After delighting my eyes with it for a
while, I counted the money, partly \$20,
partly \$10, pieces, singly again in the
sack, and found that it amounted to
exactly the sum of \$1,500.
I could not think otherwise than that
this money belonged to the pale young
lady whom I had last carried. How she
came by it, and what she was going to do
with it, was another thing. I had found
it, and it was a great temptation to me
to keep it. What could I not undertake
with such a capital? I could buy myself
a carriage and horse, and instead of being
a miserable hired coachman, would myself
own a carriage, or establish a livery
stable, which would make me independent.
The pictures of the future which I
painted in this way were alluring enough,
but along with it was the consideration
that I should be a thief if I retained the
money. My selfishness had a severe
struggle with my conscience.
While I now looked more closely at
the bag, I found written in ink upon it
the following words: "Miss Emily Berkeley, No.

4 Madison Place." This address, which
as a hitherto escaped me, I read with as-
tonishing disgust as astonishment, for there
now remained to me, an honorable man,
one way. I meditated over it a time,
but could come to no conclusion. "With
you on my side," said one voice of my soul,
"you will earn no bread; with honesty
you can go, in your old age to the poor
house."
At last selfish interest and conscience
came to a compromise, and I resolved
to keep the money till the next day.
Then, I thought, there will be a reward
offered and no one can blame me for at
least profiting by that.
I remained all day in a fever of excite-
ment and when night came I felt really
ill. I could not sleep. Next morning I
was pale and wretched. I went to break-
fast where hackmen are in the habit of
drinking their coffee, and eagerly looked
for the morning paper. Sure enough,
at the top of the column for the lost
and found articles, I found this advertise-
ment:
Lost—Yesterday in a hack, a bag of
gold. The finder is earnestly entreated
to bring the money to No. 75 Grattan
street, three flights up, where he will re-
ceive a liberal reward.
I knew well what this last passage sig-
nified, for I had already in many cases
learned that this common expression
allowed great latitude. A liberal reward
meant perhaps from \$1 to \$5 and a glass
of beer. That would be fine amends for
\$1,500. I laughed in scorn, and my
chagrin was great. My heart hardened
toward the person who had inserted this
notice, and I no longer felt the least
desire to part with my newly-found
treasure.
I went about all day with the sack of
gold in my pocket, like a madman, which
made me once or twice nearly run over
people. My night's rest was disturbed by
phantoms, and the morning brought no
relief. I felt miserable, and what was
worse, even in my waking hours the phan-
toms did not fade from my eyes.
To my great surprise the advertisement
was repeated. I could not explain this
myself, but began to fear that the police
were on my track, and that some fine day
I must walk into prison.
A week passed, and I had become a
mere shadow of the strong, healthy man
I had previously been. I could only re-
proach myself with not having written
the bag to its proper owner. I had not
taken a penny of its contents, but I car-
ried the bag with me, I felt in my pocket
from time to time to see if it was safe.
Strange to think I had during this time
unusually good luck. My carriage was
always occupied, and I earned a good
deal of money. When I reflected on this
fact, I believed that Providence thereby
gave me a plain hint. I had always been
a little religious, and not free from super-
stition, and this idea came to me. The
result was that on the tenth day I came
to the resolution to restore the lost prop-
erty. The money had become a curse to
me ever since I stretched my hand out
toward it. I had no rest by day or night,
and felt weak and wretched, and visibly
pined away.
I had noted the address given in the
advertisement, and so I drove at noon on
the tenth day to No. 75 Grattan street.
It was the place where I had driven the
young lady. The door stood wide open.
I called a boy to hold my horse, and went
up stairs. I asked a girl I met for Miss
Berkeley, and she thought that such a
person lived on the attic floor. I went
up higher, and knocked at the door I
thought to be the right one. I could not
but feel that I had been a rascal, and only
the consciousness that I was at last going
to do right gave any ease at all to my con-
science.
At my knock a weak voice called out,
"Come in." I opened the door and went
in.
For a moment the darkness prevented
my seeing the interior. The windows
were dim with dust, smoke and dirt, and
some broken panes were plastered over.
A table and two chairs with a miserable
bed, made up the whole furniture.
"Step softly, death is here," said a
trembling voice, in which I only too well
recognized the young lady whom I had
brought there ten days before. But how
she changed in this time. Her cheeks
were hollow, her face was as pale as
death, and her eyes had an unnatural
brightness.
When I had gained the necessary com-
mand, I said, with my face turned away,
for it was impossible for me to look on
myself as other than a cowardly villain:
"I bring the bag of gold which—" and
then muttered something about having
just seen the notice.
"It is too late!" she whispered sadly.
"He for whom that money was destined
is no longer living. Here he lies. He
died some hours ago. Yesterday you
could have saved him—saved us both—
but now it is late, too late!"
And she went on murmuring to herself
"Too late!" as if she had fallen into a
heartrending stupor.
Suddenly the door opened slowly
from the chair where she sat by the death-
bed, and after walking up and staring at
me, gave a hollow cry, which thrilled me
to the marrow of my bones.
"It is only right that you should know
what you have to answer for," she said.
"That is your work. You can be proud
of it; it has been a complete success."
She laughed slyly—it was more a

mungling of laughing and crying—and
looked at me.
"He was my husband," she went on
after a time. "We lived apart, why and
wherefore is nothing to you. For three
years I heard nothing of him. During
this time I lived out as governess, and
earned that money which you hold in
your hand. May God forgive you for what
you have done!"
Here she had a severe fit of coughing,
and when she took the handkerchief
from her mouth it was wet with fresh
blood. The hectic flush on her cheeks
burned deeper than before, and I could
plainly see that she had not long to live
in this world.
"At last he found me," she continued
weakly, "and wrote, begging me to come
to him. I came. He lived in this hole
in sickness and poverty. Had I not lost
my gold then, I would have taken him
away and cared well for him. He died of
hunger. We have had no food for the
last three days, and there is no other fate
for me but to follow him—Oh, you have
done a manly deed! Look there—your
work!"
She drew a cloth from the face of the
corpse; it looked almost a skeleton, and
the sorrow of the sight overpowered her.
She threw herself over it, and sobbed
violently. This emotion brought on
another fit of coughing with a frightful
torrent of blood, during which she ex-
pired. Her disease had gone too far for
her to survive the shock of her husband's
death, and if she could not die in his arms
she died by his side.
Terrified I spread the sheet over the
two dead forms, and hurried to call the
landlady. I still held the gold in my
hand. It seemed to burn like fire, and
I would have hurled it from me if I had
not a duty to fulfill. The landlady was
very indifferent about the fate of the un-
fortunate pair. She merely said that
nothing different had been expected, but
she was much pleased when I asked what
they owed and proceeded to pay her.
I went to an undertaker and arranged
with him for a fitting funeral for the
couple united in death. I could not and
would not seek for their friends and rela-
tives to draw suspicion upon myself. It
was now clear to me why the advertise-
ment for the loss of the money appeared
but once. The poor souls had not the
means to pay for a repetition.
I followed the coffins to the grave.
No stone marks it, but I know it will
and it often follows me in my dreams.
The very same day I drove to the
hospital for consumptives, and put the
rest of the bag of gold in the collection
box, for I would rather have died of
hunger than have kept a penny.
Gerry-mander.
This word had its origin in Essex County,
Mass., in 1811, when the Democrats
first began to play the same game that Sir
John is playing in Ontario now. The
story is told as follows:—
In the early part of this century the
contest for the control of the state be-
tween the federalists and democrats of Mass-
achusetts had been long and bitter. In
1811 the latter succeeded in electing
their candidate (Elbridge Gerry) for Gov-
ernor and a majority of both houses of
Legislature. In order to secure the elec-
tion of United States Senators in the
future, it was important to perpetuate this
procession of power, and measures were
taken to retain a democratic majority in
the state senate in all future years. The
senatorial districts had been formed
without any division of counties. This
arrangement, for the purpose alluded to,
was now disturbed. The legislature pro-
ceeded to arrange the senatorial districts
of the state. They divided Counties in
opposition to the protests and strong
constitutional arguments of the federal-
ists; and those of Essex and Worcester
were so divided as to form a democratic
district in each of those federal counties,
without any regard to convenience or
propriety. The work was sanctioned,
and became law by the signature of Gov-
ernor Gerry.
In Essex county the arrangement of
the district in relation to the town was
singular and absurd. Russell, the veteran
editor of the Boston *Sentinel*, who had
fought against the scheme valiantly
took a map of that county and designated
by particular coloring, the towns thus
selected, and hung it on the wall of his
editorial room. One day Gilbert Stuart,
the eminent painter, looked at the map,
and said the towns which Russell had thus
distinguished resembled some monstrous
animal. He took a pencil and with a
few touches added what might represent
wings, claws and tail. "There?" Stuart
said, "That will do for a salamander."
Russell, who was busy with his pen
looked up at the hideous figure and ex-
claimed, "Salamander, call it *Gerry-mander*!"
The word was immediately
adopted as a term of reproach to the
democratic legislature.
THE CHINESE MUST GO.—A mob at Crit-
tenden, N. M., took forcible possession of
the railroad, on the 16th inst., drove the
Chinamen from camp, and hanged D.
Scott, superintendent of construction, to
a telegraph pole until he promised to hire
no more Chinamen.
In New York men are uncertain whether
they like the new stained straw hats that
ladies are beginning to wear. The spec-
tacle of red hair under a crimson hat is
startling to just it mildly.

A Montreal Society Sensation.
Montreal, May 15.—A decided sensa-
tion was created here to-day in society
circles by Miss Emelie Leste entering an
action for \$10,000 damages for breach of
promise of marriage, and seduction
against a wealthy young manufacturer of
the city named Alphonse Kerouack.
The plaintiff is said to be a member of
one of the oldest and most respectable
French families in the village of Terre-
bonne, where she and the defendant
were intimately acquainted in their
childhood. She was subsequently highly
educated, but owing to her father losing
his fortune in some speculative enter-
prise she was obliged to accept a situa-
tion in a judge's family here. The gay
deceiver met the young lady in Mon-
treal, paid her great attentions, it is
alleged, and finally accomplished her
ruin. He then provided her, as stated
in the declaration, with luxurious quar-
ters in the city, and she lived with him
as his mistress. In December last he is
charged with abandoning her, leaving
her penniless, as well as completely
broken down in health. Mr. Kerouack
is a society man, belongs to high toned
clubs in the city, and is engaged to be
married to-morrow in Quebec, it is said,
to a leading and very wealthy resident's
daughter. The notice of action to-day
will by no means add to the pleasures
surrounding the nuptial ceremony. The
defendant alleges that the suit just taken
on the eve of his new departure in life is
with the object of blackmail. The law-
yers of the plaintiff, however, deny the
accusation.
Lady Masons.
For some time past five chapters of the
above order have been working under
charters from the general grand chapter
of the United States order of the eastern
star, whose special deputy, A. Gardner,
called a convention of the representa-
tives of the different chapters on May
3, for the purpose of organizing a grand
chapter for the province of Ontario. On
the meeting of the convention the grand
chapter of Ontario order of the eastern
star was duly organized and the follow-
ing is the list of officers elected and in-
stalled: Bro. W. J. Hayward, P.; Sister
Ettie Bean, W. M.; Sister A. Robertson,
A. W. M.; Bro. Theo. Pinkerton, W. P.;
Bro. S. J. Bain, secretary; Sister T. H. Mc-
Cormell, treasurer; Bro. E. G. Forknell,
chaplain; Sister Fannie Eckhart, London,
chaplain; Sister Kate A. M. Reid, Chat-
ham, a conductor; Sister B. H. Barton,
Stratford, Ada; Sister J. McGuire, Lon-
don, Ruth; Sister Thomas, Ethol; Sister
J. McBeath, Pinkerton, Martha; Sister
W. J. Hayward, elector; Sister W. T.
Bevan, warden; Sister G. W. Walker,
O. G. M.; Sister P. Salter, Pinkerton,
marshal. The great strength of the above
order in the United States, and containing
it does five degrees of masonry, intended
for the benefit of the wives, daughters,
mothers, sisters or widows of master
masons, is an order of unusual interest in
masonic circles, especially to such as de-
sire to join the "systolic tie."
TEMPERANCE AND DYNAMITE.—Hosner's
saloon, at Palestine, Ind., was blown up
by dynamite on Saturday by radical tem-
perance men. An old man up stairs had
a leg broken. This is the third time the
saloon was blown up. An indignation
meeting was held, and a reward for the
perpetrators offered.
The largest city in the world is London.
Its population numbers 3,020,871 souls,
New York, with a population of about 1-
250,000, comes fifth in the list of great
cities.
Every one should be charitable in
judgment. "She is in a pretty bad way,"
said Talleyrand. Then learning he had gone
too far, he added, "But it is her only
defect."
The loftiest mountain is Mount Ever-
est or Guarisanter, of the Himalaya range,
having an elevation of 29,022 feet above
the sea level.
Every family is said to have a skeleton in
its closet, but Hanlan and gentlemen
of his craft prefer a skull.
The highest range of mountains is the
Himalayas, the mean elevation being es-
timated at from 16,000 to 18,000 feet.
Saw Mill Burned.
(Special to THE HERALD.)
HOLLIS, Me., May 22.
Gilman Jewett's saw mill was burned
early yesterday morning by an incendiary
fire. The loss is \$4,000. There was no in-
surance.
European Immigrants.
(Special to THE HERALD.)
NEW YORK, May 22.
Last week 23,545 European immigrants
arrived here—the largest number in the his-
tory of the port.
On Suspicion.
(Special to THE HERALD.)
GLASGOW, May 22.
A man named McCarthy has been arrested
here on suspicion of being concerned in the
Phoenix Park murders. He has blood stains
on his clothes and a partially healed wound
on the nose.
Insurrection Ended.
(Special to THE HERALD.)
CETTING, May 22.
The Circassians, being completely at the
mercy of the Montenegrins, the troops have
surrendered. The insurrection has ended.

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

The Weekly Edition of the HERALD will be issued on
EVERY THURSDAY,
at four o'clock in the afternoon. It will be a quarto, that is, an
eight page paper, and will be printed upon a sheet 31x46
inches in size. It will be
LARGER THAN ANY OTHER SHEET PUBLISHED IN FREDERICTON,
and the equal in size of any paper published in the Maritime Provinces.
It will be emphatically
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE PROVINCE
Something that every one, rich or poor, wants. It will give all the news of the
week, both home and foreign, up to the hour of going to press, in
fresh, readable style. To ensure this the services of com-
petent correspondents have been secured who
are to send any late news by telegram.
NO OTHER WEEKLY PAPER IN THE PROVINCE GIVES TELEGRAPHIC
NEWS REGULARLY ON THE DAY OF PUBLICATION.
The HERALD will do this, because its aim is to be
THE BEST FAMILY PAPER IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
I believe a first-class family paper will pay, and I am going to try the
experiment.
The WEEKLY HERALD will always contain a good story, will tell all about the news
of the religious world, will give the CHURCH APPOINTMENTS for the next
Sunday and the ensuing week, and have an

Agricultural Department,

in which it will endeavor to give its country readers valuable information relating
to the Farm. In this latter respect it will aim at being
an agricultural newspaper.
New Features will be introduced which Experience may show are Desirable.
REMEMBER THE HERALD is the only paper in Fredericton which has upon its staff
A CITY EDITOR, WHOSE TIME WILL BE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO
LOCAL NEWS.
IT IS THE ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON HAVING A CORPS OF CORRESPONDENTS WHO ARE
instructed to send in
LATE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH
IT IS THE ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON ESPOUSING THE LIBERAL
CAUSE IN POLITICS.
THE WEEKLY HERALD will not be simply a reprint, but will contain much
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edition will be sent for FIFTY CENTS.
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CHAS. H. LUIGRIN Editor and Proprietor.
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