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VOL. XLVI. | SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 20, 1879. | NO. 34.

Under the Guns.

Under the guns of the fort on the hill
Daisies are blossoming, buttercups fill;
Up the gray ramparts the scaling vine flings
High its green ladders, and falters and clings
Under the guns,
Under the guns,
Under the guns of the fort on the hill.

Under the guns of the fort on the hill
Once shook the earth with the cannonade's thrill,
Once trod these buttercups feet that, now still,
Lie all at rest in their trench by the mill.
Under the guns,
Under the guns,
Under the guns of the fort on the hill.

Under the guns of the fort on the hill
Equal the rain falls on good and on ill,
Soft lies the sunshine, still the brook runs,
Still toils the husbandman—under the guns,
Under the guns,
Under the guns,
Under the guns of the fort on the hill.

Under the guns of Thy fort on the hill,
Lord! in Thy mercy we wait on Thy will;
Lord, is it war, that Thy wisdom best knows,
Lord, is it peace, that Thy goodness still shows
Under the guns,
Under the guns,
Under the guns of Thy fort on the hill!

—*Brete Harte.*

THE STROLLING PLAYERS.

"Can't you listen to reason for a minute?" asked Mr. Miles Forrester, as he compelled his handsome nephew, Gerald, to sit down beside him on a rustic bench in the garden.

"For one minute? Certainly, uncle," replied the young fellow. "Time's up! The minute's expired. Let's talk nonsense."

"You are incorrigible, Gerald."

"No, sir! no, sir! Why don't you look on life with a little of my philosophy? Confess, my dear uncle, that you haven't been so very happy; that you are not very happy now, in spite of your wealth, your fine house, your real estate and California investments."

"Very true, Gerald. And if this world had been intended as a great playground I should confess that I had mistaken my career. Your father was a wild dreamer like you; visionary, unstable. He had no steadiness, even in his profession."

"He left some good pictures, though," said Gerald.

"His subjects were so eccentric that he could not sell them. I was almost his only patron. My house is full of things that nobody else would buy."

"The ordinary fate of genius," remarked Gerald.

"But had he gone into trade as I did, his wife would not have died of privation and a broken heart."

"Poor mother!"

"Half of these wrinkles on my brow," pursued the old gentleman, "were not traced by age, but by care. The care occasioned by your father and yourself. But a truce to all this now. I am amply rich to allow you, if I chose, to follow your fancy wherever it may lead you. But I am a man of principle, as rigidly wedded to what I know to be right as you are to your profitless day-dreams. If you will not do as I wish you I withdraw my countenance and aid, and leave you to work out your own salvation. I have laid two propositions before you; one to go into business in a profitable house, I to furnish the capital; and the other to accept the hand of Mrs. Rashton, young, rich and pretty. I do not insist on your acceptance of both of these propositions, but you must take one or the other, or we part."

"The first, my dear uncle, I decidedly decline."

"But you'll marry the widow; she comes here, to-morrow, you know."

"Thank you for the widow; I'll keep clear of her."

"Incorrigible boy! What do you propose to do with yourself?"

"I haven't exactly decided, uncle. But the world offers a wide field to a gentleman of my figure, taste, accomplishments and education. I might be a strolling player, or a traveling portrait painter; or I have thought of reviving the traditions of the older ages, and going about like Homer, singing my own verses to my own music."

"Then you are determined to leave me?" said the old gentleman, rising. "Poor, foolish, headstrong boy."

"I shall not trouble you long, my dear sir," said the young man. "But at least say that we parted friends," he added, holding out his hand.

"Friends!" said the old man, with a tear in his eye. "I love you better than anything else in the world. But my principles are adamantine."

"So are mine," said Gerald. "Good-bye till we meet again."

They shook hands in token of amity, and went in different directions, Gerald strolling along through a fine oak grove.

He was roused from his abstraction, however, by the sound of merry laughter. Advancing cautiously, he soon obtained a view of an open glade in the wood and of a group of persons who had taken possession of the spot. And it was not long before he knew the group to be a party of traveling actors. Among them was a long-faced, melancholy man, in a seedy black suit, seated beside a buxom, smiling damsel, and a stout, ruddy-cheeked gentleman, flashily attired, who sat opposite a second trim-built damsel. The whole party were busily engaged in tattling, laughing and devouring a miscellaneous feast, consisting of ham, cold chicken, crackers and bottled ale. In short, it was a little picnic party.

"The breaking of a dried branch on which he had incautiously rested revealed the presence of Gerald.

"Ha!" cried the red-nosed man, with a theatrical start, "whom have we here? Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"My friends," said Gerald, advancing, "excuse my interrupting your festivity. I beg you will not let me disturb you. I intruded accidentally."

"Perhaps you have as good a right here as ourselves," said the red-nosed man, with a merry twinkle of the eye.

"Are you the owner of this charming spot?"

"No, sir," replied Gerald, with a smile. "I am only the nephew of the owner of this spot; and allow me to bid you as much of a welcome to this place as I, only the nephew of the proprietor, may extend. Did I feel at liberty, I would ask you into the house."

"Enough said, young gentleman," cried the red-nosed man, with a wave of his bread-knife. "And for the hospitality of the forest, sir, permit us to requite you by inviting you to a seat at our board—sward, I mean."

Gerald sat down amidst the strange, merry crew, and was soon perfectly at home.

"And now, good sir," said the red-nosed man, using the same quaint phraseology he had already adopted, "in return for your confidence" (Gerald had told his name) "let us inform you who we are. We are a company of traveling Thespians—in other words, strolling players. I rejoice in the name of Horatio Bivvins, and am the manager of these unmanageable ladies and gentlemen. That melancholy man in the 'suit of sables' is our low comedian. That black-eyed lady at your left, Mr Forrester, is Miss Jones, the best chambermaid in the country. The other lady, Miss Doxie, is our walking lady. My friend in the red waistcoat does the high tragedy. Mr. Wolf, Mr. Forrester. The rest of our troupe have gone on before to engage a hall in the country town—to post the bills—to propitiate the editor—and to bespeak a favorable hearing for us and for our tragedy.'"

"Ah, you are happy, my friends," said Gerald, "while I—"

"Are you unhappy?" cried the dark-eyed girl, laying her hand lightly on the young man's arm.

"The most miserable dog alive!" cried Gerald.

"How?" exclaimed the manager, in his deep stage tones.

"My uncle wants to set me up in business."

"Hang business!" said the ruddy-cheeked gentleman, Mr. Wolf.

"And he wants me to marry a rich widow."

"Hard-hearted old hunks!" cried the black-eyed girl, winking slyly at the tragedian.

"In short," said Gerald, "we must part. I have been casting around for a profession, and I don't see that I can do anything better than turn actor."

"Sir," said Mr. Bivvins, "your good star led us here to-day. You're born to shine upon the boards, sir. Are you up in any parts, Mr. Forrester?"

"I know fifty plays by heart."

"Romeo, for instance?"

"Every word of it."

"Then we're in luck!" cried the manager. "What do you say, Mr. Wolf. Two first appearances for one night. It'll draw like a pitch plaster. There'll be a twenty-dollar house. You know you only consented to do Romeo to oblige me. Well, you take Tybalt, and let Mr. Forrester take Romeo."

Mr. Bivvins then explained to Gerald that they were to play Romeo and Juliet that night to introduce a debutante, Mrs. Mortimer, to a generous and discerning public. Mrs. Mortimer was a romantic young widow of splendid talents, who had run away from the tyranny of her friends in New York and just joined the company. She was beautiful and accomplished.

Gerald did not see her face till he encountered her upon the stage at night. Then he was dazzled by her charms. They were not those fictitious beauties which the close glare of the footlights reveal in all their treachery to the actor though they strike the distant audience with bewilderment. No pearl-powder and carmine—but the roses and lilies of youth and health adorned her lovely face. Her rounded arms and shoulders shamed the pearls that rested on them. Amid the awkward figures that surrounded her she moved with the grace of a queen. It was not difficult for the Romeo of the evening to feign an attachment to so beautiful a creature, and before the curtain fell, amid thunders of applause, he found himself pleading the cause of a real passion.

And from this moment he wooed the lady in downright earnest, and was ultimately accepted. She never asked what his prospects were, nor did he inquire into her antecedents. It was enough for the giddy-pated fellow that she was beautiful and loved him. They had about a hundred dollars between them, and with that to live upon until something turned up they concluded to abandon the strolling company without beat of drum, and, eloping to New York, they there got married.

Before the month was out they had run to for want of funds. Then Gerald, with starvation staring him in the face, roamed New York in search of employment. Disappointment met him everywhere. Nothing remained but to throw himself on the generosity of his uncle. He communicated his project to his bride; she acquiesced in the arrangement, and, raising funds by pledging a gold watch, they started for Forest Hill.

Mr. Forrester was reading in his library when the couple were announced. He dropped his paper, and the couple fell at his feet.

"Uncle, pardon me!" exclaimed Gerald, for running away without your consent."

"Uncle—my uncle!" cried Mrs. Forrester; "be an uncle and please pardon Gerald!"

"Get up, you blockhead! you'll burst the knees of those ridiculously tight pantaloons!" cried the old gentleman. "Julia, don't be making a fool of yourself!"

"Julia!" cried Gerald; "how did you learn her name?"

"Oh, she's an old friend of mine," said the old gentleman, winking mischievously. "Eh, Jule?"

The bride burst into a fit of hearty laughter.

"Nephew," said the old gentleman, "allow me to present you to Mrs. Rashton, that was."

"Mrs. Rashton!" exclaimed Gerald, in amazement.

"Yes—the widow you tried to run away from—but whom you ran away with, after all, my boy!"

"What! have I been a dupe?" cried Gerald.

"Don't be angry, my lad: Your old uncle only borrowed a little of your romance to cure you of your visionary notions. I engaged those strolling actors to come into my grounds, because I knew very well you'd go with them. I induced Julia to make her first appearance—and I saw it, too, through a pair of green spectacles, with a red wig on my head and an old plaid cloak around me. Yet I paid my quarter to see the show. Ha! ha!"

"Fairly trapped!" cried Gerald.

"Yes, and if you go tramping around the world like a gipsy, trying to realize your day-dreams, you'll be everybody's dupe. Yet I suppose you are determined to make the stage a profession."

"Not so, uncle," said the young man, rather sheepishly; "I tried to get a clerkship in New York."

"And they wouldn't have you. Ha, ha! Well, don't let old Trapball know that, or he mayn't allow you to come in with a capital of $50,000."

"My dear, generous uncle!" cried Gerald.

"Tut, tut, boy. I'm only too glad that you'll let me be generous, master Romeo. Oh, Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo? Egad! I think I could play it myself as well as Bivvins."

We need hardly add that Gerald became a steady, thriving merchant, and never reverted, without feeling his cheeks tingle, to the episode of his connection with the strolling players.

A Big Hotel in a Cornfield.

One of the effects of the panic of 1873 was to defeat certain railroad projects in Virginia and suddenly check the growth in its infancy of a grandly-laid out city near Quantico, in Prince William county, in that State, about thirty miles down the Potomac. Anson Bangs and Jesse Hoyt, two well-known New York capitalists, the former the advocate of cheap transit rail and steamer routes, with others, about ten years ago, conceived the idea of a railroad from some point on the Potomac to the Kanawha river. They procured a charter for such a road, and after having examined many locations finally selected the neighborhood of Quantico as the best site for the terminus on the Potomac. Accordingly they purchased there a tract of land—about 7,000 acres—extending from Quantico creek to Chapawamsic creek, on the Potomac river, running back a distance of about four miles to the Telegraph road. This tract they laid out in streets, avenues and squares, and named it Potomac City. Mr. Bangs was so confident of the success of the enterprise that he immediately had erected near the intersection of Potomac avenue and the railroad a large hotel. This is a concrete building of four stories, containing 122 rooms, and cost $68,000. It is well arranged and finely finished. This building, now occupied only by some one to care for it, has long been a wonder to those who have caught sight of it from passing cars or steamers. The inclosure surrounding it having once or twice been cultivated in corn gave it a still more singular appearance—a hotel in a cornfield.—*Washington Star.*

WASTED LIVES.

The Career of Two Sisters who Hanged Themselves—Born to Wealth, but Disappointed in their Ambitious Expectations.

The two Trowbridge sisters who committed suicide by hanging, leaving their dwarf sister Nona, to tell the story of the tragedy, were bord to a competence, if not to wealth. They were well educated. They made good social connections. They had more than the average of personal attractions. Certainly few girls had better prospects than they. When one was eighteen and the other fifteen their mother died, and three years later their father married again.

The stepmother was a most amiable woman, but the girls looked on their father's remarriage not simply as an act of disrespect to their dead mother, but as a robbery of them. From this time the mental peculiarities of the two ladies began to be conspicuous. They were intelligent and well-bred, and their society was esteemed by many, yet they were capable of making the most unkind and untrue accusations against their father, and of making miserable their stepmother.

The young ladies visited Europe at their father's expense. For their convenience after their return he kept a carriage. Their surroundings seemed abundantly satisfactory. But the soreness developed by their father's remarriage was increased as time slipped by, and the prospect of their marrying millionaires and shining in society became more faint. Advancing age led their father, twelve years ago, to retire from business and dispose of his interest to his son-in-law. This the two daughters bitterly opposed. It was in their minds one more act of robbery perpetrated at their expense. If their father remained in business his increasing fortune would add to their means sooner or later. If he went out of business it would put an extinguisher on their hopes of being rich, and, more than that, it opened the gates of wealth to their married sister. A very moderate amount of brooding over this new disappointment was enough to make them see in their father's retirement nothing but an act of hostility to them and of partiality for the married daughter.

The father retired with an income of $10,000 a year, but the panic of 1873 reduced his means, and he had to dispense with his carriage. Here was another disappointment. The one object of their existence was to lead the social world, and the loss of the carriage put an end apparently to this.

In the meantime the constant complaints and bickerings of these two daughters had made their stepmother's life a burden to her, and at last they induced their father to refuse to provide longer for his wife, and she left her home and returned to Eastern friends. The father was very fond of his daughters, and sought by all means in his power to placate them and preserve peace in the family. In 1875 he began proceedings for divorce from his wife, on a charge of desertion, but the desertion was not very clearly made out. However, by agreement, a decree of divorce was entered, the husband agreeing to pay $2,000 as alimony. The wife died broken-hearted two years ago.

About two years ago the two discontented daughters, who had been joined by their sister Nona, demanded of their father that he divide his property with them then instead of leaving the matter to be done after his death. He complied, and gave the two older daughters real estate worth $16,000, being two stores numbered 147 and 149 Halsted street, and a cottage on Forty-fifth street, and on the youngest of the three he settled $30 a month. The three had an income of $1,800 a year or more. They refused to see any of their friends. They took a house on the west side, moved to another one, returned to the south side, moving frequently, and had lived at 126 Langley avenue only since the 1st of last May.

A man with a grievance may keep himself in tolerable mental health by keeping himself constantly occupied. But these three women had nothing to do. They were not even obliged to do their own housework, for they kept a servant. They had no work to do—no real anxiety about their support, though they created an imaginary anxiety on that point. Things had not turned out as they had hoped. They were single, in moderate circumstances, and comparatively unknown, whereas they had hoped to be married, rich, and the observed of all observers. To make things worse, their sister was married and rich, and rode in her carriage. They had little to do all day but to contrast their condition with hers, or with some imaginary condition which might have been theirs. They grew into the idea that all the world was against them, and, having injured their mental vision in one respect, it speedily became untrustworthy in all others. Not content with breaking up their father's house, they charged him with criminality, and undoubtedly they believed that he was guilty, just as they doubtless fully believed that all the world was trying to rob and disappoint them. They withdrew from society, and sat in their house brooding all day long over their troubles, real and fictitious, till those troubles became in their eyes the chiefest things in the world. They imagined everybody knew all about their affairs, and that nearly everybody was hostile to them. That tragic self-conceit which led the older two to decide that the youngest should live, lest an anxious world should never know what they died for, characterized all that they did.

After living on the west side the sisters concluded that they preferred to live on the south side, and they called on the Rev. Charles Hall Everest to know if it would do for them to return to Plymouth Church. They imagined that a very strong feeling had been created in the church against them, and that opposition to their return would be manifested. As a matter of fact they were but little known in the church. Probably not a dozen of the people knew their story, and not one had any feeling of hostility toward them.

The three sisters were for many years members of Plymouth Church. In many respects their deportment was most exemplary, and Mr. Everest regarded them as devout Christian women, but victims of mental disease.

Their wrongs grew ever larger in their eyes, till at last they seemed to call for blood. These three daughters discussed the murder of their father, to whom they attributed all their self-created misery, but this was for some reason abandoned. They then decided to commit suicide. At first it was agreed that all three should kill themselves at once, but their diseased self-consciousness saved the life of the youngest, who, it was determined, should survive and tell the world what her elder sisters died for. Methods of suicide were discussed, and hanging was selected. Monday evening they fastened the doors and windows, dressed themselves carefully (they always dressed well), drove some books into the casings of the doors in the front parlor, and then Elizabeth and Anna told Nona to go up stairs and remain for an hour or two. Than these two ladies, aged respectively forty-three and forty-four years, got up in chairs, placed the nooses around their necks, the other ends of the cords being attached to the hooks which they had driven into the casings. Then the two sisters kicked the chairs from under them. The fall being too short to break their necks, they strangled to death. Nona, who sat up stairs, heard the chairs kicked out, and the fall of the bodies, but she sat there alone in the twilight, with the dead bodies of her sisters hanging in the room below her for another hour before she would stir down stairs.—*Chicago Times.*

Why Deacon S. Went Behind.

It had got to be the common talk of the neighbors that Deacon S., who several years since lived in Hamilton county, Ohio, was going behind, but no one knew exactly the reason why. The fences were down on his farm; the place was not only covered with weeds, but, worst of all, with a mortgage to a considerable amount. One day the hoe was missing, and after hunting all around for it for a long time, Deacon S. called out to his son John:

"Where's the hoe, John?"

"Don't know, father."

"Thought I told you to always keep it in its place?"

"Didn't know you had a place for it, father."

Next day the shovel was missing; then the ax. An hour was consumed in finding it—just at a time, too, when Mrs. S. was impatiently waiting for wood to get dinner with. After the ax was found the handle was discovered to have been broken; another hour was consumed in fixing it.

One evening Farmer A. came in about dark to sit awhile. After a little conversation, says Deacon S.:

"Will you have something to drink?"

"Well, I don't mind," replied Farmer A., "if it's handy."

"Certainly it's handy," says the deacon; and although it was dark, he went to the cupboard and without any trouble put his hand on the bottle. A light was struck, and if some of the inquisitive persons had looked in an hour thereafter they could have found a solution very readily to the question of why Deacon S. was going behind.

Although he had taken several draughts from the bottle, he was careful to put it back in its accustomed place. He could get up in the darkest night and put his hand on the bottle, but he could never find the hoe. This was the secret of Deacon S. going behind. Any man who attends to his bottle and forgets his hoe will be likely to go behind.—*Exchange.*

Augustus and Maud linger long on these clear cool evenings, and drink in deep draughts of astronomy—that is, they attentively and persistently study the reflected stars in each other's eyes, while they take particular notice of Mars' movements.

Roses and Orange Blossoms.

Tilting, tipping, on dainty toes,
A maiden climbs for a bright wild rose;
Breaking away from the net's control,
Over her shoulders the ripe curls roll.
An indolent stranger, sauntering by,
Stands still to gaze with a startled eye;
And, oh! the blush on her cheek that glows
Hath shamed the hue of that poor wild rose

The bud that June discloses
July's hot breath will sere;
Then hey for hardy roses
That bloom the livelong year!

The last lone rose in the garden grieves,
Dropping to earth its scentless leaves;
And far and wide o'er the russet land
The yellow stacks of harvest stand.
But the blush on the maiden's cheek to-day
Is bright as the rose of the ripened May,
Though orange blossoms, faint and fair,
Entwine the sheen of her ripply hair.

The bud that June discloses
July's hot breath will sere;
Then hey for hardy roses
That bloom the livelong year!

—*Harper's Bazar.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The knobbiest part of the house is t door.

London measures about thirteen mil from east to west and nine and a h from north to south, and is set down containing 30,000 miles of streets, cou and lanes.

In 1881 there is to be in Switzerla an international exhibition of watch jewelry, snuff-boxes and musical box This will be the first exhibition of t kind in Switzerland.

A society has been established in Lo don for the prevention of street acciden and dangerous driving. It is estimat that 16,000 persons were injured by vel cles in the streets of London last year.

Official returns show that England h lost twenty officers and four hundr men of cholera and other diseases on t return march from the Afghan ca paign. Only about one hundred m were killed in action on the British si during the war.

Frederick Malcho, a murderer, ve tured from his hiding place in the woo to his home at Wilberton, Ill. He fear the officers of the law less than he d his neighbors, who, as he knew, wou like to lynch him. Hungry and fatigue however, he had resolved to take t risk of this visit. It was night, an after eating a hearty meal, he lay dow on a bed to sleep, first placing a load gun within reach, and stationing his wi at a window to keep a lookout for lync ers. He had not slept long before s awoke him to say that mounted m were approaching. He unhesitating shot himself through the heart.

Of General Albert Sydney Johnson is related that one day in Utah when h command was two days distant from mailing station, he found that a capta had returned to the camp forgetting post a letter which general had intrust to him. But all the commander sa was: "I can imagine no excuse f such carelessness, captain." Not lo after the general himself discovered in winter coat, which had been pack away, a letter which a long time b fore he had received from the surge with the request that he post it. I had taken it the station, forgotten post it, and it had remained in his pock for six months. The conscientious ge eral first apologized to the surgeon, a then he sent for the captain and sai "I beg your pardon for reproving y for an offence in which I myself set t example."

Fashions in China.

A foreigner may live for years amo the Chinese and never notice any chan to relieve the monotony of their dre Yet, as a matter of fact, some varie even of hat or shoes, is introduced most annually. The fashionable cap squarer or rounder at the top, as the c may be; the shoes more or less point or ornamented after some novel desig And so it is with fans, which are ma of different material and of different si for different seasons of the year, in p portion to the quantity of breeze quired. In the "Miscellanies of t Western Capital," we read: "The fa for the son of heaven are, for the summ of feathers; for the winter, of silk;" a in a poem by Ow-Yang Husi occurs t line:

"In the tenth moon the people of t capital turned to their warm fans."

At the present day the distinction tween warm and cold fans can hardly said to exist. Those for spring a autumn are smaller than those used summer, reminding one of the old Rom luxury of summer and winter rings. is also *mauvais ton* to be seen with a too early or too late in the year. Th are indeed no days absolutely fixed the beginning and end of the fan seas as in the case of the summer and win hat worn by all employees of the gover ment, and which are supposed to changed simultaneously all over the e pire; but Chinese custom has made it ridiculous for a man to carry a fan fore or after a certain conventional d as it would be with us to wear a wh waistcoat in March or November.

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