

# POOR DOCUMENT

## POETRY.

### Longfellow's Last Poem.

Below, April 15.—The title of Mr. Longfellow's last contribution to the *Advertiser* is "Mad River, the White Mountains." It is a dialogue between a river and the mountain stream—the man questioner, the river answering, and at last giving up its history thus—

I. A beak, nameless and unknown,  
Was it I, the recumbent  
A little old hat all alone  
Ours was staring down the stairs of stone,  
Irresolute and trembling.

II. Later, by wayward fancies led,  
For the world I found;  
Out of the forest, dark and deep,  
Address the open fields I led,  
Like one pursued and haunted.

III. I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
My voice content blending  
With the der from the passing cloud;  
The wind the forest bent and bowed  
The rush of rain descending.

IV. I heard the distant ocean call,  
Impelling and entreating;  
Drawn onward o'er this rocky wall  
I plunged, and the loud waterfall  
Made answer to the greeting.

V. And now, beset with many ills,  
A homeless life I follow;  
Compelled to stray from the hills  
These logs to the impatient mills  
Below there in the hollow.

VI. Yet something ever cheers and charms  
The recesses of my labour;  
Daily I water with these arms  
The cattle a hundred farms,  
And have the birds or neighbours.

VII. Men call me mad, and well they may:  
When full of rage and trouble  
I thus say be he of mad and day  
And sweep their woods' bridges away  
Like withered reeds or stubble.

VIII. Now, as you write this little rhyme  
As if this were my little rhyme  
These are the days that put its prime,  
I can no longer waste my time,  
The mills are tired of waiting.

## SELECT STORY.

### TWO MEN AND ONE WOMAN.

"Dear me! I'm sick of this kind of life, I wish—"

As if there Lettie Wayne stopped and leaned on the window sill, with her broom standing beside her in a very dejected attitude, as if it had been suddenly plunged into disgrace by the realization of the mental character belonging to it.

She looked out across the meadows, to the hills beyond, and saw nothing in the pleasant landscape. She was thinking of what was out beyond the hills, and her eyes had caught a pleasant vision of the splen in that far away world.

"It's nothing, but sweep and dust, and bake bread and wash dishes from one day's end to another," she murmured by and by, as she took up her broom again and fell to sweeping, putting in long, hard strokes by way of emphasis. "I'm sure there must be something more to be enjoyed in life than will ever come to any man or woman who stays here in this dull place. If there isn't, I don't see as there's much to live for."

"Good morning, Lettie," spoke a pleasant voice at the window.

Lettie started, looked half displeased, and answered with only a slight glance at the young man leaning across the window sill, without stopping in her sweeping.

"Good morning, John."

"I brought you some pinks, Lettie," and John reached out a handful of carnations. "I know you liked them."

"I used to," responded Lettie, almost petulently, "but I've got tired of them. One likes a change."

"I might have brought you some roses, with a shade of disappointment in his voice. "You told me once, I remember, that you liked pinks better than any other flower. I didn't know you'd change your mind. But I suppose persons change their minds about flowers as well as about things."

Lettie flushed up a little at that. She understood what he meant.

"I suppose a person has a perfect right to change his mind if he sees fit to, with a very euphatic flourish of her broom among some imaginary cobwebs near the ceiling.

"Of course," answered John; "that is, if they have good reason for changing it." "I take it for granted that everybody is his own judge about that," responded Lettie. "I don't see as it's anybody else's business."

"You're right there, too," admitted John. "Now, I haven't asked you why you've changed your mind about a certain matter, Lettie, because you give me to understand that you consider that I haven't any business to ask you any questions, Lettie, but I would like to be on friendly terms. I don't see why you should treat me as if I were an enemy, when I haven't said that I blame you in the least for changing your mind."

Lettie colored up, as if she felt guilty of meanness, and managed to say that perhaps she had been wrong, but she had heard that he felt hurt, and as she didn't just understand what reason he had to feel so, she—and the remainder of the sentence was rendered unintelligible by the vigorous whisking of the broom up and down the floor.

"I am sorry you put so much confidence in what you hear," said John, "never told any one so. If I had any thing of the kind to say, I should have said it to you."

Before Lettie made any reply the gate clicked, and John looked around to see a young man sauntering up the path.

"I see I'm likely to be in the way, so I'll go. Good morning, Lettie," and John departed, with a nod to the new comer as they met.

Lettie's face was rosy now, but not with displeasure. Evidently the new visitor was more welcome than the one who had just gone.

"Well," he accented, leaning in across the sill where John Hartley had been a moment before, "haven't been having a lover's quarrel, have you? I fancied young Hartley looked rather glum about something."

"Persons never have lovers' quarrels when they aren't lovers, do they?" laughed Lettie.

"They told me you and Hartley were lovers when I came here," answered Theo. Vaughn, picking up the pinks John had left, and pulling them to pieces slowly, as he watched Lettie.

"People say a great many absurd things," returned Lettie. "I like John well enough, as a friend, but I never cared for him in any other way, and no one has any business to say I did. I wish people could mind their own business, as Aunt Jane's been giving me a lecture, just because I went out rowing with you last night, and it makes me cross every time I think of it."

"I'm sorry if I have been the means of causing trouble in your family affairs," and Vaughn dropped pink petals on Lettie's newly swept floor. "But I can't see why she should object to any thing of that kind. As long as my intentions are honorable, and I don't forget that you are a lady and that I am a gentleman, who has any right to find fault?"

"She's always quoting Jack Hartley to me," said Lettie, "I believe I half hate him on that account. He's her ideal, and she blames me for not thinking as she does. He's good enough, but if I don't see fit to accept her opinion as law and gospel, I'd like to see her make me."

Lettie's eyes flashed defiance as she announced her declaration of independence.

"Some day you'll get rid of being domineered over," with a look and a smile that set Lettie's foolish little heart in a flutter. "Some day! If we could only force circumstances to co-operate with us there wouldn't be any some days. It would be now."

Vaughn staid there for an hour with his pretty, tender speeches, which might have meant so much, but which simply meant nothing at all. But Lettie didn't know that.

A week later he went back to the city, Lettie could feel the kiss that he left on her cheek at parting for days after, as she thought of the thousand tender things he had said, and of the vague hints he had given of his coming back as soon as he could succeed in doing what he hoped to.

He had not said in so many words, what he was coming for, but Lettie thought she understood what it was well enough.

The days were lonesome ones after Vaughn went away. Aunt Jane felt completely but of patience with Lettie for being so foolish as to think he cared for her. Her old eyes were keener than Lettie's young ones. Because she stated her opinions frankly, Lettie kept aloof from her, and nursed her lonesome feelings and her hope, and was miserable and happy, after a fashion, all at the same time. If no one else believed Vaughn had been in earnest she did.

The fall went by and winter came; and with it came a letter from Aunt Marcia, saying that she wished Sister Jane would let Lettie come and stay with her awhile and see the city.

Lettie was wild to go. Vaughn's station was at the lower part of the social ladder, Vaughn would never be likely to descend to it unless there was great attractions for him there. But, if she went to the city she would see him, and when he found that she was there then, then—and Lettie wore such delightful and foolish dreams of what might be when he discovered that she was near him that she was sure she would be broken hearted if she did not go.

She went. Aunt Jane saw plainly enough why she wanted to go, and gave a grim consent after thinking it over. Perhaps it might be the means of curing Lettie of her foolish fancy.

For some days Lettie heard nothing of Vaughn. Then in a crowd, some one spoke of him, and from the conversation she learned that he would be at a new opera that was to be given that night, in company with some friends from the South.

She coaxed Aunt Marcia into going to the opera. She wanted to see Vaughn; to let him know she was there. If he found that out she felt sure he would come to see her at once.

She had never seen anything so gorgeous before. It was like fairyland or heaven. The music wrapped her in ecstasy, and seemed crying over and over;

"Poor foolish, foolish Lettie! He is coming, he is coming!"

She looked about her. Suddenly she started, and turned pale with emotion, for she had seen him. He was just coming in with a woman on his arm. A woman whose face was exquisite as a flower, and whose garments were rich

and beautiful, making her conspicuous among the many radiant and splendidly dressed women there.

Two men in front of them began to talk of Vaughn.

"He's a lucky fellow," one of them said. "She's as rich as a Jew, they say."

"She's lovely, that's sure," responded the other. "I'd like to put that face in Cleopatra's if it had a little more fire in it. When did you say they were to be married?"

"At Christmas," was the reply. "The engagement is formally announced."

Lettie's face was as pale as death. But she gave no sign of the pain she felt. Suddenly Vaughn looked that way and saw her. He started a little, then he put up his glass and surveyed her with an air of curiosity that stung Lettie to anger. She flashed a scornful look at the man who could trifle with a woman's heart as he had done with hers, and then looked at the stage and vouchsafed him no further attention. But she saw but little of what was going on there. She was thinking about the dream that was over, the love that was dead. Vaughn had passed out of her life forever. But her heart was very sore.

The next day she said she was homesick, and in spite of Aunt Marcia's protests she went back to Marshville and her old life.

Aunt Jane saw that she had had some experiences that she did not care to talk about, and asked no questions. But she could not give up what they were.

Months went by. Again John Hartley leaned across the window sill and offered Lettie a handful of pinks. This time she took them.

"They are the sweetest flowers, after all," she said, hiding her face in them. "Have you got back to your old opinion Lettie?" he asked; "if you have changed your mind about John, perhaps you have about other things."

"Perhaps I have," she answered with a rosy face, whose color was half of shame at remembrance of her year old folly.

"About me, for instance," suggested John; "if I asked you to marry me, Lettie what would your answer be?"

"I couldn't say till you asked me," answered Lettie.

"Well then, will you marry me?" cried John, desperately.

"If you want me to, knowing how foolish I've been,"

Then John came in and kissed her. Aunt Jane, who was going by the kitchen door, declared to herself that Lettie had come to her senses after all.

WANTED ADVICE.—A Hartford man went to a lawyer for advice. After receiving the retaining fee the lawyer said: "State your case."

"Well, sir," replied the client, "a man told me to go to—, and I want your advice."

The attorney took down a volume of Connecticut statutes and, after turning over a few leaves, answered: "Don't you do it. The law doesn't compel you to.—" *Hartford Times.*

"How beautiful the dome of heaven is this evening," said Angelica, as she leaned heavily on his arm. "The stars seem to look down upon us.—" "Oh, yes," said practical John; "it's impossible for them to look up to us, you know. They can't." "Nadlen check to an evening's fill of most delightful sentimentality."

The two friends were talking about theatres. "How wide is the stage opening at the Music Hall?" asked one. "Well I don't know exactly," said the other, "but it is just the width of a Gainsborough hat on the seat in front."

Precocious children—"I know," said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join in our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks."

The Toronto World hits off Northwest speculation in these lines: "I scoop, then scooped, he scoops," Thus signs the Winespegggar. "We scoop, you scoop, they scoop," And who'll be left a beggar?

STATSMEN.—It is said that English statesmen leave office neither richer nor poorer, the French with considerable wealth, and the Americans—well, usually, they have more money than they can spend.

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When these went a courting, I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open. Now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

## NOTES AND NOTIONS.

—The Reporter opposes the Reform platform.

—It does so upon the narrow ground that the lopping off of useless government trappings means the spending of a few dollars less in Fredericton.

—A good saw mill is worth more to Fredericton and York County, in a pecuniary point of view, than a half-dozen official residences for the Governor.

—Mr. J. Love Barry, who was recently elected from an unopposable constituency in Wales is a bit of a genius. In his election card he told the public that he started, out in life penniless, but animated with three ambitions, namely, to own a schooner yacht, to be the possessor of a four-in-hand and to represent his native town. He had already accomplished the first two desires and asked the assistance of the electors to consummate the third. And they gave it to him.

—The Ford Brothers, who killed Jesse James, were indicted for murder, pleaded guilty, sentenced to be hanged, and pardoned all in one day.

—A resolution has been introduced into Congress to authorize the re-payment to England of the unexpended balance of the Geneva award. It will not probably be carried.

—Winnipeg papers complain that the Canada Pacific Railway Company are turning Canadians out of their employment and replacing them by Americans. This is not to be wondered at. The Company is a foreign concern. Canadians offered to build the road for less money and less land, but the opportunity was refused them.

—In a Cleveland, Ohio, church, the effect of the brilliant aurora on Sunday night was to prostrate the minister and make the ladies faint.

—The *Capital* promises to discuss the Reform platform by and bye. It does not say whether it will be before or after the elections.

—A subsidy of \$150,000 a year for twenty-five years is proposed by the Government to be given to Mr. Ketchum's contemplated ship railway across the isthmus of Chignecto.

—A report is circulated at Ottawa to the effect that Mr. John Costigan is to be nominated in South Renfrew, Ontario, for the Commons. A little canvassing has been done there in his interest. The Irish Catholics at Ottawa feel that Mr. Costigan would stand a better chance for a place in the Cabinet if he represented an Ontario constituency, and hence this move.

—Albany's new Capitol, the largest and most expensive legislative building in America, is proving a complete failure in a sanitary point of view.

—It is said that the Adjutant General declines to authorize Capt. Cropley to establish his new volunteer company. To apply an old joke—"That accounts for the easy attitude of Europe."

—Mr. Bunsford has not only denied a report that he is not again to be a candidate, but has informed the House of Commons that he is going to be elected.

—It is reported that Secretary Lincoln will go out of President Arthur's Cabinet very soon. He is the only one of Garfield's Cabinet now remaining in office.

—Jessie James' brother is organizing a band of "avengers," who propose to make things hot for the Ford brothers. They will probably succeed in doing so.

—The Pacific Railway Company is said to have decided for the present to sell no more of their lands in large quantities.

—The Cincinnati Southern R. R. Co. would not let Mrs. Gray, a colored lady, ride in the ladies' car, and have just had the privilege of paying \$1,000 and a nice bill of costs as the price of their gallantry.

—De Lesseps says he will have the Panama Canal open in 1888.

—On Londonry is the new word to define the Tupperism system of letting contracts.

—Germany had 1,496,364 men in the field during the Franco-Prussian war, and lost 141,700 men. They took 723,362 private soldiers prisoners. These figures give some idea of how gigantic an undertaking a European war is.

—Night trains from St. Stephen and Houlton to connect with the night train to St. John will probably be put on the N. B. & C. R. the first of June. Passengers from Fredericton by that train will continue to have the privilege of driving out to meet it.

—"Winter lingers in the lap of spring." We said it first.

—L. Eneament says that M. Prosper Groux, a French Canadian, has lately had his twenty-eighth child of the same mother baptized. Eighteen of his children are still living, and he entertains great hopes of increasing the number of his family to thirty.

—Upper Province papers speak highly of Mr. Blake's speeches upon the Costigan resolution, and the right of Canada to make her own treaties.

—"How are you, Brown?" exclaimed Fenderson. "I have been on a regular wild goose chase, and I'm glad I've found you at last." Fenderson supposed he had said something pretty smart the way the boys laughed, but he can't for the life of him tell what it was.

## THE WEEKLY HERALD.

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