FIFTEEN MONTHS

SI ONE SI

DOLLAR.

POTATOES.

Written in 1848, at the time of the potato rot in Ireland, and republished by request.] They may talk of their roses, their poppies and Their dahlias and lilies, and other hoo-

But beyont all the flowers that grows in the I like the potato that's healthy and sound. And sure, where's the man who can relish his

Be he a peasant or king—a saint or a sinner, Where potatoes are not, it's like beef without We may ate it av course, but feel mightyly

Let the Saxon rejoice o'er his beef and plum pudding.

And the Scotchman grow fat, while on catmeal he's living,
But to me, good potatoes are worth all the When I've buttermilk plenty, to give them a

But the blighting distemper has lit on her head, And nations have wept o'er the rows of their Whilst their monarch, in sorrow, look back on

Look at Erin's fine peasantry, before this disaster, When they laughed at gaunt famine, nor owned

of old,
Who went forth to engage with Goliah the bold,
Yet like him, they have laid the proud boasters low,

with their prince, and a soreness has been left on them by the superciliousness of the Russian officers, who always snubbed them for their familiarity." The spectacle of legislators dining while the discuss, munch

Even Loosy Phillips, once a mighty great king, But who after became, a most helpless old thing, Might have long had a home, 'stead of seekin' one gratis,
Had the rust niver lighted upon the potatoes!
J. B.

THE OLD CHAPEL. SYDNEY WADMAN.

From sunlit elms, that gently cant, The long and sleepy shadows fall Across the wild-grown sod, aslant And slowly mould'ring chapel wall.
The chapel long in mosses dressed—
The snail upon the crumbling sill— Beneath the caves the swallows nest— But prove that God's is nature's will,

Washed has the rain its clapboards bare;
The window-panes have dropped away;
Now, late the wild grapes cluster there,
And there the thistles bloom in May.
The pigeon's coo from out the coop—
The squirrel heard, but atill unseen—
The passing of a schoolboy group—
Can scarce awake the slumb'ring scene.

Within the walls what shouts have rung In days when virtue virtue wed;
How often there the choir has sung;
There echoed up the funeral tread.
But now its shattered walls unite
No more the village sires in prayer;
And yet, it seems, by day and night
A sacred spirit lingers there.

With wrinkles deep'ning on thy brow, Say, is it not akin to crime To see it thus forsaken now? 'Neath sixty summers' sun and shower— They say its time is almost through; But still, O Chapel, thou hast power
To warn the false, and guard the true!

HOME AND HEAVEN.

-Boston Record

JOSEPH VERY.

With the same letter, heaven and home begin,
And the words dwell together in the mind;
For they who would a home in heaven win
Must first a heaven in home begin to find,
Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
That looks for perfect happiness in heaven;
For what theu hast in earnest of the whole
Which to the faithful shell of the the property Which to the faithful shall at last be given.

As once the patriarch, in a vision blessed,

Saw the swift ange's hastening to and fro,
And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
Became to him the gate of heaven below;
So may to thee, when life itself is done,
Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.

NED'S BUTTERCUP. BESSIE CHANDLER,

Ned picked in the garden, one morning bright,
A buttercup, fresh and yellow;
And his warm, chubby fingers held it tight,
For it pleased the little fellow.

But soon it dropped its satiny head, Oh, give it some water, mamma!" cried Ned 'I think it is getting nervous!"

-St. Nicholas for October. A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

If an ambitious writer undertakes to parallel this he will find it no easy task. Each verse has in it all the alphabet save the vowel most used in the larguage, which does not once appear in any of them. It is alleged to be of English origin :

A jovial swain should not complain Of any buxom fair Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain To quiz his awkward air,

Quixotic boys who look for joys Quixotic hazards run; A lass annoys with trivial toys, Opposing man for fun.

A jovial swain may rack his brain, And tax his fancy's might; To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain That what I say is right, FRIENDSHIP.

Like music heard on the still water. Like place when the wind passeth by, Like pearls in the depth of the ocean, Like stars that enamel the sky, Like June and the odor of roses, Like dew and the freshness of morn, Like sunshine that kisses the clover, Like tassels of silk on the corn, Like notes of the thrush in the woodland, Like brooks where the violets grow, Like rainbows that arch the blue heavens Like clouds when the sun dippeth low,
Like dreams of Acadian pleasures,
Like colors that gracefully blend,
Like everything breathing of pureness,
Like these, is the love of a friend.

A Portland, Me., mercantile firm recent made a bold and what proved to be a profit-able move to collect a bad debt. In the fall of 1880, N. Harwood of Minneapolis, one of the most prominent merchants in the west, failed for over \$1,000,000 with assets less than \$400,000. Among the unsecured creditors was the firm of Deering, Milliken & Co., for \$40,000. These gentlemen were not discouraged by what might have been considered the hopeless aspect of the case, but wert to Minneapolis and offered the creditors \$285,000 for the whole stock, which was in the sheriff's hands. The other creditors jumped at the cifer, took Messrs, Deering & Milliken's check for the whole stock, and and these gentlemen in three menths had cleared out the stock, got all their money back, and \$100,000 to boot,

Before Italy was free we were told that the finance alike were told that the finance alike flourish. How many people ever think of the weakening effect of the word "very" in talking or they word "very" in talking of the word "ve most prominent merchants in the west, failed for over \$1,000,000 with assets less than \$400,000. Among the unsecured creditors was the firm of Deering, Milliken & Co., for \$40,000.

THE BULGARIAN PEOPLE.

(London Telegraph.) A little nation of peasants organising themselves to oppose a great prince has been seen before in the history of the world. The Swiss defied and defeated Charles the Bold: the Tyrolese under Hofer checked Napoleon's career, and it was the sturdy tillers planted in the soil by Hardenberg and Sie's who greatly helped finally to pull him down at Leipsic and Waterloo. The Bulgarians are simple peasants of a sturdy stock, and the shrewdness and suppleness they displayed under the Turk for years now serves them well in evading another despotism. It is not, however, only that the people are nearly all peasants, humble in their lives and ignorant of luxury. Their present rulers are racy of of luxury. Their present rulers are racy of the soil, and show in their style of living a great contrast to the Russian military gran-dees who about a year ago dazzled Sofia with their equipages and expenditure. A sense of this difference has now made itself seen and felt. "They are a people," writes a correspondent at present travelling through the cauntry, "who live simply and soberly, hate extravagance, and do not understand aristocratical distinctions. The Russian consulday,
When the rust made this green, healthy spud
to decay.

Look at Erin's fine peasantry, before this disand receives visitors in a small bed-room at his hotel. All Bulgarians come of peasant families, and do not cease to be rustic after To was praces and buttermilk gave them their spirit.

And proclaimed to the world, our proud countrymen's merit.

But the small and unnoticed, like the stripling of old.

families, and do not cease to be rustic after they have received a university education. A great many members of the Sobranje wear the national peasant costume, and carry their dinners in their pockets when they go to a sitting. They used to shake hands bluffly with their prince, and a soreness has been left on them by the supercliqueness of the Making kings, and their nobles, before them ing victuals out of their pocket in intervals of law-making or debate, is one that will hardly inspire older parliaments with any-thing like emulation. We have working-men members and Irishmen representing peasants so poor that they cannot pay their rents; yet anything like the frugality of the Sobranje is, we apprehend, out of the ques-tion. We believe that the unwritten law of the house forbids the consumption of food within the chamber itself, and what would happen if the sergeant at arms detected Mr. Biggar eating a hard-boiled egg in his place in parliament, "Heaven only knows," as a speaker once re-marked. The member for Cavan, who is nothing if not ingenious in perplexing authority, might contend that Mr. Gladstone

takes eggs; but in that case the nutriment

is dissolved and is used as a refreshment by a speaker actually addressing the house. Sandwiches and sherry or other solid food on a back bench are not compatible with the British, however they may suit the Bulgagarian, constitution, THE RISE OF THE BULGARIANS as objects of European political interest is a curious story, and the origin of the people may partly account for their characteristics and their success. They were originally a Tartar race settled near the Volga, and would be called Volgarians if the initial letter had not got changed by western pronunciation. They crossed the Danube in the sixth century, and their history has been a battle and a march. Their struggles with the emperor and with his Ottoman successor fill many a blood-stained page in the horrible annals of the East: no race has suffered more from the cruelty of conquerors; none has shown such elasticity and recuperative nas shown such elasticity and recuperative power. Matthew Arnold represents successive waves of soldiery descending upon India: "The East bowed low before the blast. In patient deep disdain; she let the legions thunder past, Then plunged in thought again." The Bulgarians, owing perhaps to their Asiatic descent, have shown corresponding patience, and something of Oriental servility in their demeanor toward their conquerors; but when the legions "thundered" querors; but when the legions "thundered past" in their case they turned again, not to metaphysics but to making money at markets and out of the soil. A certain stolidity and shrewdness saved them. They idity and shrewdness saved them. They shrugged their shoulders under the stick, and took off their caps to the generals or pashas who in turn lorded it over them; but marrying and giving in marriage, they multiplied and throve where Turk or Greek could not get on, and the very increase of their numbers made them. A rather unusual law question came up at Waterville, Me., the other day. A man owed a sum of money, and an attachment was put on his watch—a legal attachment. The man was shrewd, and said the timepiece could not be taken, as it was his tool with which he carned a livelihood. He was a watchman, not get on, and the very increase of their numbers made them a political force. If we go back about fifty years we find Bulgaria and the Bulgarians practically unknown as a modern element in the Eastern question. Of course atudents of Oriental history knew what they had been, but diplomatists Of course students of Oriental history knew what they had been, but diplomatists and statesmen classed Wallachlans, Moldavians, Servians, and Bulgarians time, and even down to a much more recent period, there were no such things as Bulgarian books or schools. If a rich Bulgarian wished to give his son any education he got him taught Greek—that was the only means of bringing him in touch with the West. In fact, had the war of 1821 or that of 1829 ended in the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, the liberated provinces would probably have been added to an enlarged Greek realm, and all the Slavs would have been subjects of the able, crafty, and energetic race who have planted themselves by the shores of the Ægean. The restriction of new Greece, however, to a narrow territory around Athens allowed the other subject

Here is Bulgaria an actual State, inhabited by a people poor but sturdy, cherishing their independence. Though only a raw mi-litia, deserted by their Russian officers, they fought well under a valiant prince. They have shown resolution, sobriety, and self-restraint, in resisting the roubles and the rough language of their Russian liberators. THEY HAVE REMEMBERED the past service of their great patrons white resenting their present manner. This is de-cidedly encouraging to the friends of free institutions all over the world. Humanity vindicates itself when peoples rise to the heights of critical occasions. Nothing is so unjust as the arrogance of older nations to-wards populations kept down by the sword. Before Italy was free we were told that the

races of Turkey to develop nationalities of

their own. The Wallachs and the Molda-vians became Roumanians, and would not

the European ruins of Turkey might have proved the best barrier to the Muscovite, and there are statesmen now who dream of a confederation of the Balkans uniting twelve

or thirteen millions of freedmen in resistance

to Russia. But we have to deal with facts.

grew before emancipation. The Christians under the Ottoman were "degraded and un-nerved;" but Greek, Roumanian, Servian, and now Bulgarian have disproved the

Why should not Bulgaria—if Turk and Czar and Kalser let it alone—become, under Europe's eyes, a second Switzerland, in-habited by a poor but independent people, with rulers living in cheap lodgings and legislators carrying their dinners in their pockets, like working men as they are? The world has plenty of states where princes live in grandeur on taxes wrung from the hard hands of peasants; and we should welcome little states of another type, where frugality characterises alike the rulers and the ruled. Bulgaria has not the military advantages of Switzerland; it does not bristle with mountains, nor have its people been trained to arms for generations. But when the Swiss crushed Charles the Bold at Morat they were peasants, not soldiers. The Bulgarians are, no doubt, too patient and too abmissive to die in the last ditch rather than accept foreign rule-too fond, also, of the material prosperity they have built up by toil and thrift. Yet it would be a disgrace to Russia and a European scandal if this young nation were trampled on by Cos-sacks and simply added to the vast extent of territory under the iron heel of the Czar.
Considering what they have done under great difficulties, there is no knowing to what heights of national prosperity the Bul-garians may reach if suffered to live in peace. They have survived the sword of the Turk; they have baffled the intrigues of the Greeks; they have elected their Sobranje in the face of the Czar's frown. It is not in mortals to command success, but they have done more—they deserve it. No doubt they have defects, they deserve it. No doubt they have defects, due mainly to years when the iron of slavery entered their souls. Some of their officers yielded too readily to Russian cajolery and gold; the abduction of their prince was carried out with a mixture of Asiatic cunning and Muscovite brutality. We must not, however, blame a whole people for the crimes of a few wretches. All travellers from the west who have lived amongst them have learned to like them. About forty years ago, while still subject to the Sultan. they were painted in very pleasant tints by

had then traversed the territory. "Of all the peasantry I have ever met with," he writes, "the Bulgarians seem the most simple, kind and affectionate. They are distinguished by their countenance and demeanour. The first is open, artless, and benevolent, and the second is so kind and cordial that every one we meet seemed to welcome us as friends. Wherever their buffaloes or arabas stopped up the way they were prompt to turn them aside. houses were always open to us. The Bulgarian women mixed freely with us, and treated us with the unsuspecting cordiality they would show to brothers. They are exceedingly industrious, and are never for s moment without the spindle and distaff, Unless in very few places they are destitute of churches, scheols and books." That is the picture of forty years ago. The people are still the same in heart and manners, but have made every possible kind of progresspolitical, moral, social and educational. Is

Mr. Walsh, one of the few Englishmen wh

please the morbid ambition of one grasping LITTLE CHIPS.

this fair prospect to be destroyed in order to

shopping with his wife.

Portland's cash contribution for Eastport has reached \$10,000. It will be noticed that the sea serpent is not seen any more. It has become too cold for men to lie on the shore and guzzle whiskey by the quart.

It is a curious fact that no dictionary in our

language gives the common word dynamo, meaning the machine that generates electric power. The dynamo machine is the practical application of a principle discovered in 1806 by E. Werner Siemens, at Berlin,

About 1,000 acres of land have been burned over in the towns of Keene, Chesterfield and Westmorland, N. H., destroying considerable wood, bark and timberland. The loss was quite large. The fire was caused by men setting fire to a hollow tree to smoke out a coon.

The stubbornness of the United States, in re-

orously. A Boston merchant, of wide experience, re-Moldavians, Servians, and Bulgarians in one term—"Greek Christians."

The bond then between Russia and the discontented subject of the Sultan was one of religion rather than race. At that time and even down to a week more recent.

St. Louis heard of the death of Christopher Columbus the other day, and unveiled a statue of the great discoverer with appropriate ceremonies. The statue represents Columbus at the moment when, the evening of Oct. 11th, 1492, he imagined he saw a light to the westward, and is looking forward with an expression half anyions half triumphent to the heart. half anxious, half triumphant to the bosom o

an unknown world. Box-holders in the Montreal post office have Box-holders in the Montreal post office have sent a large petition to the postmaster general, in which they ask access to their boxes at all hours of the night, Sundays included; that the mail which arrives in the evening should not wait till next morning to be sorted; that postage stamps should be officially sold after seven o'clock, p. m.; that "boys and others" who apply at wickets, saying they have forgotten their keys, should not be able te induce the clerks to open the boxes inside. This petition ought to command due attention in the proper quarter. vians became Roumanians, and would not dream now of accepting Greek Hospodars as they did in earlier times. Servia recalled her glories in the past. Bulgaria was discovered and a Bulgarian national feeling was fostered. How far this is a matter for congratulation remains to be seen. The formation of one strong Greek Kingdom out of the European ruins of Turkey might here.

The Memphis Avalanche says that so long as Jefferson Davis, in his utterances, represented the past and spoke from the standpoint of the past it has not thought it necessary to criticise his opinions, but when he says that "kissing is a senseless and in many instances reprehensible habit" the Avalanche draws the line and protests that "it is a false and an anarchic and a nihiliatic view, subversive of all that is worth having in life."

The Australian papers give interesting, though meagre accounts of the eruption of a volcano on the Island of Niapu, one of the Friendly group. The volcano dust is said to have fallen on the island to a depth of 20 feet, Niapu has about 500 residents, who escaped in cances to the neighboring island. A century ago the natives of these islands, named because of the hospitable welcome extended to Captain Cook in 1777, were pagans of the worst type. Cook in 1777, were pagans of the worst type and man-eaters. Now they are Christians.

and man-eaters. Now they are Christians.

Gen. John M. Corse, who has been appointed postmaster at Boston, is the man who, at the Altoona Pass, when hard pressed by the Confederates, replied to Sherman's query as to whether he couldhold the place until reinforcements arrived by saying: "Have lost my left ear and part of my jaw, but I can hold the place until hell freezes over!" The general will make a good postmaster no doubt.

How many people even think ed the



Intercolonial Railway

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THE WEEKLY SUN, ST. JOHN.

VOL.

Tis night, and And string the Near by, in str A product of O-Suga, mist Sits, with dark

Child of Japan That ballad o Lift up thy t With fingers de Lift up thy vo

In thy mono
The story of
Ko-Murasaki's O-Suga-san! C Far from ma Above me be This is the Eas No Saxon ha Mikado, Sult Rule here; fore

As, on Æ ala's i Circe the wise Who, by the Regained Penel So, in this land Encircled by Am I charms My island queen O-Suga-san, loo Upon the swi Seest thou the Hear'st thou th

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strings, 2. Gompach a ard and Heloise

3. Sake. A l

MARJ Mrs. Lennard wall as worried housekeeper's r and she waved them held up for By and by, N

Was there ever thought we wer reliable servants. mirably: the new little instruction; beginning to thin one of those sto worthy women, worthy women, going away to be has just been givi 'How very of Winnie Lennard 'But perhaps,' ad left a sweetheart is going back the 'If that were bound to say no part of the affair why she purpos reddens and seer question her; and up her place, bu Cook tells me she

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and prettlest dau at a distant table

vants for what fashioned ways, a clumsiness of her And yet they it and firm adheren youth not infred and at variance we right, she was alw obliging, so read shoulders the task that they would n 'Is it true that