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BUSINESS EDITOR—D. R. JACK,

P. O. address—Box 223, St. John.

EXCHANGE EDITOR—J. W. GALLIVAN,

P. O. address—Box 578, St. John.

LITERARY EDITORS—T. CUSHING,

G. G. RUELL.

CORRESPONDING EDITOR—A. W. MACRAE.

Contributions and letters for insertion should be addressed to "Literary Editors Wolleston Gazette, Box 578, St. John, N. B."

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THE TOMB OF BYRON.

If ever fame seemed lighter than the air,
A thing of naught, more empty than a dream,
A silver gloss on earthen vessels laid,
That fades away before the touch of death ;
'Tis surely here, where moulders 'neath my feet,
The hand that wrote "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."
Oh, what a Poet's corner this, to hide
The feet that press'd the highest mount of song,
The tongue that hymn'd the thronodies of Greece,
The arm that laid the muse's garland by
To wield the sword and strike for liberty !
St. Paul's proud dome, the Abbey's stately aisles,
So rich in stores of consecrated dust,
Half rob the "King of terrors of his gloom,
And keep the ashes of the great alive ;"
But desolation here reigns all supreme,
And fancy shrinks from dread mortality.
You dreary nave, that grim and ghastly tower
That peers so coldly o'er the village street,
Where rustic wit, to delicacy dead,
Has dubb'd the noisy 'public' "Byron's rest ;"
And seems to fix its melancholy gaze
On Nowstead, nestled in the vale below
Where—lord of all the hard's ancestral lands—
The stranger sits ; say, do they not proclaim
With stony lips a lesson to the world ?
'Tis Heaven's decree that honour, length of days,
Domestic bliss, the love that never dies,
Unfading wealth, that dignifies the man,
And makes him blessed, a blessing to his kind,
E'en in the tomb ; his heritage shall be,
Who cleaves to Christ, and walks in virtue's ways,
Who never stoops to prostitute his gifts
At passion's shrine, but honors God with all ?

M. S.

They are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing her shoe after a newly married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, a doctor has the bride and horse under treatment, and a large number of men are searching the ruins for the groom. — *Ec.*

CONTRIBUTED.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for anything that may appear in this column.

To the Editors of the Wolleston Gazette.

DEAR SIRS :—I think it is a disgrace to St. John and the surrounding districts, that our Suspension Bridge is not lighted up at night. Just think of it, not a light anywhere near it, except one poor lamp at Mr. VanBuren's end, which, standing alone, is very little good, and only tends to draw attention to the surrounding gloom. Now if the bridge trustees would only put a couple of lights at each end, it would be of great benefit to travellers. The Lancaster side especially needs some sort of a light, as it, being fenceless on the left hand side, is quite dangerous to persons coming towards town on a dark night ; for if a person should once get off the road he would have an ugly fall down a very steep bank, and would probably get some limbs broken, if not killed.

Now thanking you for inserting this, I remain,

Yours truly, AN OCCASIONAL PASSER.

THE UMGENI FALLS.

BY A GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOY.

If a traveller happened to near the village of Howich, the first thing to attract his attention would be the river Umgeni, which flows gently along between rich meadow land and weeping willow trees ; and he would hear a loud rumbling noise like thunder, which, upon enquiry, he would find to be the noise caused by the Umgeni Falls.

The Umgeni is here comparatively a small river compared to the proportions it assumes when it reaches D'Urban, otherwise Port Natal, being about a hundred feet broad, but very deep. It flows gently on until it reaches a quarter of a mile from the falls, when it flows much faster over the rocks that now forms its banks and sides.

We see, a little distance away, the Howich Hotel, and on the other side of the road is the Castle Hotel, with its romantic and tower-like form and its mantle of ivy and grape vine, with the grapes clinging to it. From these hotels the Falls can be clearly heard and the precipice over which it rushes be seen.

The Falls, though not very broad, are three hundred feet high, and are turned, in their leap, into a mass of foam. Just before the water takes the final leap it is divided by a rock, and this causes a small stream to run off sideways, which again reunites with the main water in its fall. All along the sides of the precipice rock rabbits and baboons wander, while in times gone by even leopards were shot.

One of the first impressions of the Umgeni Falls is merely a confused vision of two narrow valleys converging into a deep ravine, the upper end of which is shut in by a vast crescent-shaped precipice of reddish brown rock, down which a cataract rushes with great velocity and beauty. Quite near the Falls is the road that leads to the Transvaal on the North and the Orange River Free State on the West.