

POETRY.

HYMNS THAT MOTHER LOVED.

There's nothing like the old hymn tunes
That mother used to love;

I think she sings them now
Behind the throne above.

They bring me back the country church,
With floor and benches bare,

The country-folks in Sunday clothes,
The preacher's thin white hair.

The leader with his tuning-fork,
Who used to set the key;

He taught the village singing-school,
A martinet was he.

And when he led the verses out,
My, how the folks did sing!

You see those people felt it all;
They made the rafters ring!

And then at home on Sunday night,
We had our family choir,

With father, mother, girls and boys,
Around the open fire.

And mother would fold her busy hands
And kinder close her eyes,

And look as if she saw the light
Of mansions in the skies.

I've travelled far and wide since then,
And famous singers heard,

I've heard the great musicians play,
But nothing ever stirred

My soul as did those old hymn tunes,
The saints and martyrs knew;

They sang them through the fire and flood,
And mother loved them too!

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER XVII.

BREAD AND SALT.

Madame de Morcerf entered an archway
of trees with her companion. It

was a grove of lindens, conducting to a
conservatory.

"It was too warm in the room, was it
not, count?" she asked.

"Yes, madame; and it was an excellent
idea of yours to open the doors and the

blinds." As he ceased speaking, the count
felt the hand of Mercedes tremble. "But

you," he said, "with that light dress, and
without anything to cover you but that

gauze scarf, perhaps you feel cold?"
"Do you know where I am leading you?"

"The countess, without replying to the
question of Monte-Cristo.

"No, madame," replied Monte-Cristo;
"but you see I am making no resistance."

"We are going to the greenhouse that you
see at the end of this grove."

The count looked at Mercedes as if to
interrogate her, but she continued walking

in silence; on his side, Monte-Cristo
also said nothing. They reached the

building ornamented with magnificent
fruits, which ripen even in July in the

artificial temperature which takes the
place of the sun, so frequently absent in

our climate. The countess left the arm of
Monte-Cristo, and gathered a bunch of

Muscad grapes. "See, count," she said,
"with a smile, so sad in its expression that

one could almost see the tears on her eye-
lids, "see, our French grapes are not to

be compared, I know with yours of Sicily
and Cyprus, but you will not scold him

for our northern sun." The count bowed
but said nothing. "Do you refuse?"

"I refuse," replied Mercedes, in a
voice which seemed to say, "I will not

be scolded." Mercedes let them fall and
sighed. A magnificent peach was hanging

from an adjoining wall, ripened by the same
artificial heat. Mercedes drew near and

plucked the fruit. "Take this peach,"
she said. The count again refused.

"What, again?" she exclaimed, in so
plaintive an accent that it seemed but to

"But only her; do you, then, still hate
those who separated you?"

"I hate them? not at all; why should I?"
The countess placed herself before

Monte-Cristo, still holding in her hand a
portion of the perfumed grapes. "Take

some," she said. "Madame, I never eat Muscad grapes,"
replied Monte-Cristo, as if the subject had

not been mentioned before. The countess
dashed the grapes into the nearest thicket,
with a gesture of despair.

"Inflexible man!" she murmured.
Monte-Cristo remained as unmoved as if

the reproach had not been addressed to
him. Albert at this moment ran in.
"Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, "such a

misfortune has happened!"
"What? what has happened?" asked

the countess, as though awaking from a
sleep to the realities of life; did you say a

misfortune? Indeed, I should expect
misfortunes."
"Mr. de Villefort is just arrived in Paris

bringing the news of M. de Saint-Meran's
death, which took place on the first stage

after he left Marseille. Madame de
Villefort, who was in very good spirits,
would neither believe nor think of the

misfortune; but Mademoiselle Valentine,
at the first words, guessed the whole truth,

notwithstanding all the precautions of
her father; the blow struck her like a

thunderbolt, and she fell senseless."
"And how was M. de Saint-Meran re-

lated to Mademoiselle de Villefort?" said
the count.
"His wife's grandfather on the mother's

side. He was coming here to hasten her
marriage with Franz."
"Ah, indeed!"

"Franz is delayed, then. Why, is not
M. de Saint-Meran also grandfather to

Mademoiselle Danglars?"
"Albert! Albert!" said Madame de
Morcerf, in a tone of mild reproach, "what

are you saying? Ah! count, he esteems
you so highly, tell him that he has spoken

wisely. And she took two or three steps
forward. Monte-Cristo watched her with

an air so thoughtful, and so full of affec-
tionate admiration, that she returned

taking his hand; at the same time she
grasped that of her son and joined them

together.
"Are we friends; are we not?" she

asked.
"Oh, madame, I do not presume to call

myself your friend, but at all times I am
your most respectful servant." The countess

left with an indescribable pang in her
heart, and before she had taken ten steps

she counted as her raised her handkerchief
to her eyes. "Do not my mother and you

agree?" asked Albert astonished.
"On the contrary," replied the count,

"did you not hear her declare that she was
my friend?" They re-entered the

drawing-room, which Valentine and Mad-
ame de Villefort had just quitted. Monte-

Cristo departed almost at the same time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MADAME DE SAINT-MERAN.

A gloomy scene had indeed just passed
at the house of de Villefort. After the

ladies had departed for the ball, whither
all the entreaties of Madame de Villefort

had failed in persuading him to accom-
pany them, the king's proctor had, an

hour before, called on her, and, with a
heap of papers calculated to alarm any

one else, but which generally scarcely
satisfied his inordinate desires. But this

time the papers were a mere matter of
form. "Nortier has not scolded him-

self to study, but to reflect; and, with the
door locked, and orders given that he

should not be disturbed, excepting for
important business, he set down in his

arm-chair, and began to ponder over those
events, the remembrance of which had,

during the last eight days, filled his mind
with so many bitter thoughts and bitter

recollections.
"No!" he murmured, "none of my

enemies would have waited so patiently
for me, had I not been so long a space of

time, that they might now come and
crush me with the secret. What interest

can this Monte-Cristo, or Zaccaro, son of
a ship-owner of Malta, discoverer of a

mine in Thebesy, now visiting Paris for
the first time, have in my person, who

he takes in discovering a gloomy, mysteri-
ous, and useless fact like this? In no

period, in no case, in no circumstance,
could there have been any contact be-

tween him and me.
"But Villefort uttered words which even

he himself did not believe. He was imagi-
ning a future limited to the enjoyments

of home, fearing to awaken the
enemy that had so long slept. The noise

of a carriage sounded in the yard, then
he heard distinctly the sound of a carriage

rolling up the stairs, followed by tears and
lamentations, such as servants always as-

sume when they wish to appear interested
in their master's grief. He drew back the

bolt of his door, and almost directly an
old lady entered, unannounced, carrying

her shawl on her arm and her bonnet in
her hand.
"Villefort rose, and run towards his

mother-in-law, for it was she. "Why
what can have happened?" he exclaimed.

"What has happened, my dear son? Is M.
de Saint-Meran with you?"

"M. de Saint-Meran is dead!" answer-
ed the old marchioness, without preface,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

without expression; she appeared stupid,
without expression; she appeared stupid,

ness concerns Valentine; let us leave the
dead in peace.
All this was said with such exceeding

rapidity, that there was something in the
conversation that seemed like the com-

ment of a delirium.
TO BE CONTINUED.

SAMBO'S FRAGMENT PARTY.

"We had a fragment party over in In-

dianapolis the other day," said Major Joe
Swanwick. There were five of us.

One had in his arms, another both arms
a third was bald as a billiard ball, a fourth

was a mince and a nose, and the fifth both
eyes. Every one had appeared to take

the deficiency of nature. After en-
joying several bottles of blue label, we

concluded that we would spend the night
together. There were two beds in the

room, and we decided that they were
sufficient for the five fragments of humanity;

so we took the colored gentleman in at-
tendance to prepare us for the embrace of

the bed.

"He tackled the bald party first. When

the wig came off, Sambo's eyes opened

wide. The bald gentlemen insisted that

he had been scalped, and threatened to

have Sambo indicted for mayhem.

"He next waited upon the gentleman

with the wax ears, and they came off with

his undershirt. We all gave voice to a

cry of horror, and Sambo turned a beauti-
ful bottle green.

"The man with the papier-mache nose

begged hard that he might not be made

latter, and when he looked up above his

robe de chambre minus that facial organ

the poor black made for the door. The

nocturnal man headed him off, and in a

voice that sounded like of a wheezy ghost

commanded him to complete his task.

"The arms of the next man came off,

and we had to pour a bottle of wine down

Sambo before his knees would resume

business at the old stand. The mourning

of the four men for their lost members

and their dire threats of vengeance were

so loud, and when he looked up until his

eyes bulged out; then I loosened the

strap and let 'em go. He staggered to his

feet holding a leg in each hand, gave a

yell that could be heard a mile, and

jumped through the window without

waiting to raise the sash."

MOUTH KESWICK.

The ladies of both the Baptist and Free

FREDERICTON JUNCTION.

Dec. 9.—The children belonging to the

Loyal Legion of this place, are preparing

to hold a concert and Christmas tree, on

Christmas Eve. As they are being very

carefully trained, a good time may be

expected by all.

Rev. G. W. Foster has purchased the

farm, a few miles above the Junction, for-

merly occupied by Charles Webb. This

will necessitate the removal of Bro. Fos-

ter from our midst, but our loss will be

his gain, as the place is much more con-

venient for him.

The public examination of the school

in this place is to be held in the primary

department Thursday and in principal

Alexander's room Friday. The scholars

of the advanced department will undergo

a written examination the following week.

P. A. Nason, one of our merchants, is

rejoicing over a domestic event in the

shape of a beautiful little daughter.

Miss Maggie Patterson of this place, is

visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Fal-

con, of Canterbury Station.

Miss Stella Devitt, who has been visit-

ing her parents in this place, is about to

return to St. John.

UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY.

Cannot be disputed, and the case is yet to

be heard from in which Putnam's Painless

Corn Extractor has failed to produce a

perfect cure. This with painless and

rapid action and freedom from annoyance

during use. The great corn and bunion

cure stands unrivalled. Safe, sure, pain-

less. Beware of frauds offered as substi-

tutes for the great corn cure.—Putnam's

Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson &

Co., Kingston, proprietors. Use no other.

Do you believe in the transmigration of

souls, Joe? What's that, sir! Why, for

instance, that that cow has had a prior

existence in another form—perhaps been a

NO! NO!

You needn't go to Florida, but take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver

Oil and Hypophosphites.

It will STRENGTHEN WEAK LUNGS,

STOP THE COUGH, AND CHECK ALL

WASTING DISEASES. A remarkable

fresh product and it is almost as Palat-

able as Milk. Be sure to get the genuine

put up in salmon-colored wrappers.

Prepared only by Scott & Bown, Ballsville.

TERRA COTTA PIPE.

Now landing per schooner Estella R.,

1651 PIECES

Terra

Cotta

Pipe.

For sale by

JAMES S. NEILL

BOYCE BROTHERS.

Next store above Mr. Hodge's,

IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE:

1000 DUBHELS White and Black Feed

Oats.

Largest Mill, Prime Middlings and Course Bran

in bags, direct from the mill.

Quality, heavy and light weight, for fine sewing.

CPA Few barrels of good Flour from home grown

Wheat.

Champion Swale Turpin Seed, etc.

Freese Hay and Straw.

BOYCE BROS.

Fredon, June 21.

Meat Choppers.

USE RECEIVED:

A D.C. Best price Meat Choppers, fitted from