

POETRY.

IN MEMORIAM.

Home they brought the wanderer,
O'er the western wave,
To sleep beneath his native skies
Within an honored grave.

Tell the bells, and wake the song,
That the muffled drums,
He who fell neglect and wrong
In triumph home come.

What feelings on the bosom swell
As memory brings again
The cheerful life of nature's child,
—John Howard Payne.

Sad son of song! 'twas time to bear
Along life's path a load of care,
And feel within the breast forlorn
The world's most pining thorn.

While wandering forth, companionless,
Save with the friend of loneliness,
O, cold, unfeeling world!
How oft thou hast unkindness hurled

Against the lone, and aching breast,
Until, at last, it sinks to rest—
Then give to an immortal fame
The sad, deserted wanderer's name!

O, cruel, calculating earth!
Didst thou not earlier bring to birth
The generous, humanizing deeds,
How many a soul that only bleeds

Would find a helper through the years
And part in smiles instead of tears!
Roses on the coffin lie,
Even tho' in profusion there,
Till they rise a pyramid,
Never, never can atone

For the love that should have blessed
Ere the weary soul to rest!
Sad son of song! thy wanderings o'er,
Welcome to thy native shore,
Then who went not to die,
Rest beneath the Eagle's eye,

Where the wide historic wave
Flowing wanders to his grave
May thy coming warm each breast
To relieve the deep distress,
And display in bliss or pain
Wider sympathies for man!

May all harmonies increase
And the tongue of praise cease,
And from youth till latest age
Kindness every heart engage!

Pierced with sorrow's torturing dart,
Kindness soothes the aching heart,
In affliction's "best night"
Throes a well as heavenly light,
When o'er each with grief and pain,
To the clouds a silver rain!

In this land where millions roam
From their early "Home, sweet Home!"
In this land where sons of toil
Find a free and generous soil,
In this land by fortune blest,
It is fitting that should rest!

Sad son of song! Thy fame is sure
While our language doth endure
Blessed from their land of birth,
Wanderers of the earth,
As they bear along life's road,
Loneliness that heavy load,
Shall while tears like rain drops fall
Thy immortal soul recall!

"Aidless reared in manhood high
Leads their parents guardian eye,
Free from every care and sorrow,
Thoughtless of the coming morrow,
And what changes time may bring,
Shall, while plannings they may sing,
Drop a sympathetic tear
O'er thy sad but honored bier!

Earth, that ne'er refused a pillow
To those tossed on life's rough billow,
In thy kind, maternal breast
Soothe this son of song to rest!
Marble, pointing to the skies,
Tell the world that "Here he lies!"

"Here he lies." No breath of spring
Nor summer's sun shall pierce the tomb,
Nor autumn's storm on blackest wing,
Nor winter's rime and gloom
Shall ever disturb his peaceful sleep
Secure in Heaven's eternal keep!

Crowning act of honored years!
Coronant such thy deed appear!
Fame's nobleman art thou,
And around thee stand from
Fame shall weave a garland yet
Which mankind shall ne'er forget!

Together joined in just renown—
Thus the page historic reads
Each has gained an immortal crown,
One for words, and one for deed!
New York, Mar. 3, 1883.

LITERATURE.

BUMPER, THE BUTLER.

Mr. Bumper, who had been butler to old Miss Elliott, of Bryanston-square, for over twenty years, felt very much aggrieved when he learned that a nephew of his mistress was coming to reside with her. He had reigned supreme in the quiet household for so long that he represented the idea of being in the least measure superseded. Up to the present he had acted as confidential adviser to his mistress, and he not unnaturally apprehended that the old lady's nephew would aspire to the post. He was somewhat mollified, however, when Miss Elliott openly expressed a prejudice against the young man, who had been thrown upon her hands by the death of his parents, and he resolved that it should not be his fault if his mistress got over her preconceived aversion.

Young Elliott turned out to be a genial, unaffected, good-looking lad of seventeen, with boyish spirits, and an unfortunate propensity for making his presence felt with somewhat unnecessary emphasis. The noise he made clattering up and down stairs seriously agitated his aunt's nerves, and his progress in a room was attended with imminent danger to fragile ornaments. He was perpetually knocking things down with a crash, and the amount of mud he imported into the house upon his boots horrified the prim housemaid. Mr. Bumper had no need to draw his mistress's attention to the lad's shortcomings, for the old lady was quite on the alert, and took a malicious pleasure in administering reprimands. Nevertheless, the butler did not omit to report his little delinquency which came under his private notice, and he watched the young man as a cat watches a mouse, pouncing upon him if he transgressed in the slightest degree the stringent rules of the house.

Poor Charlie Elliott was, in truth, neither better nor worse than most high spirited lads of his age. He had come straight from school into a dull, gloomy house, and he naturally could not conform at all to the strictest rules of the house.

One day, when he had been at the hospital a few months he astonished Mr. Bumper by asking for a loan of five shillings, in a perfectly easy and natural manner. The butler at once assumed a dignified and inquisitorial air, and stern-

ly demanded what he had done with his last allowance of pocket money.

"Come, Bumper, that's a good one, considering that my aunt allows me ten shillings a month. It's three weeks since I had the last, and it's all gone. Lend me the money, Bumper, there's a brick. I'll pay you back on the first, honor bright! The fact is it's a debt of honor."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Bumper, opening his eyes.

"Well, a bet. I backed the favorite for the Derby, and lost."

"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed Mr. Bumper, looking virtuously indignant.

"Gampson, old boy! Do you think I don't know your little goings on at the Packhorse? One of our fellows goes there sometimes, and told me all about you. I know what you won over the Derby, Bumper, you needn't pretend you can't afford five bob."

Mr. Bumper's expression on hearing this announcement would have been an interesting study for a painter. He stared at Master Charlie with a look of mingled consternation and amazement, with a fine purple tinge suffused his massive countenance. He was so utterly taken aback and confused that his dignity seemed to have vanished, and he could do nothing better than smile inanely in answer to Charlie's grin of amusement.

"I certainly use the Parkhouse occasionally," he said at length. "It's a very respectable house, where several of my friends meet. But I don't bet, Mr. Charlie—at least, not in a general way. I won a few shillings over the Derby, it's true, but the bet was almost forced upon me. I know nothing about horse-racing, and don't want to."

"All right, Bumper; I shan't attempt to ruin your morals," returned Charlie. "For that matter my bet was quite exceptional, too, but I have got to pay up all the same."

"You're welcome to the money, Mr. Charlie," said Bumper, producing it with alacrity; "but I shouldn't say a word to your aunt if I were you. Her ideas are rather strict, and—"

"We won't split upon one another, eh, Bumper?" interrupted Charlie, with a wink, and, without more ado, he pocketed the coin and left the butler to his reflections.

These were disturbed enough, for Mr. Bumper found himself in the unpleasant position of being at the boy's mercy. It would have eased his mind considerably had he been aware that Master Charlie had spoken very much at random, and knew very little about his proceedings. The young fellow had heard casually of Mr. Bumper having won a little money over the Derby, still he had no reason to doubt that he had a model of sobriety and respectability. But Mr. Bumper had a guilty conscience, and at once imagined the worst. For years past he had gambled systematically on the turf, though he had been cunning enough to conceal his weakness from those about him. Unfortunately, he had not been equally successful from a financial point of view. A careful inspection of his account book, with regard to which his mistress blindly trusted him, would have revealed a long series of speculations; while recent losses had driven him to the dire necessity of pawning a large quantity of the plate entrusted to his care. He had very often adopted this equivocal expedient before, and had hitherto always contrived to replace the articles after intervals of more or less duration, so that his temporary embarrassments had not caused him particular uneasiness. But when he heard that young Elliott had got wind of his sporting proclivities, he at once realized that he was in a dangerous position, since a word from the lad might raise his mistress's suspicion, and lead to unpleasant disclosures.

As soon as he had recovered himself sufficiently to be able to think with calmness, he began to consider how he could best keep Master Charlie's mouth shut. The recollection of their recent conversation soon suggested a plan, which commended itself to his low, cunning nature. If he could encourage the young man to bet by advancing him money from time to time, he would soon get him into his power and effectually secure secrecy.

Mr. Bumper lost no time in putting his scheme into operation, and unfortunately he found young Elliott an easy victim. There was no vice in the lad nor any natural tendency to unscrupulousness, but he was reckless and foolish, and easily influenced. Mr. Bumper set to work with great astuteness, never relaxing his dignity nor showing his hand. He employed confederates, who soon got the young man into their toils, and, before many weeks had passed, Charlie was in Mr. Bumper's debt to the extent of £50. The money had been advanced by instalments, and not without a good deal of grumbling and much paternal advice, which latter the lad so took to heart, that, when his obligation had reached the above-mentioned sum, he voluntarily promised never to bet again, and had the firmness to keep his word.

Mr. Bumper was, perhaps, a little disappointed that young Elliott refused to be dragged deeper into the mire; but, upon the whole, he was satisfied with the success of his maneuver. Whatever the young man might know about him—and Mr. Bumper had long since discovered that this was really very little—he was not likely to mention his suspicions to Miss Elliott, even putting gratitude out of the question. As a matter of fact, Charlie Elliott was deeply sensible of Mr. Bumper's supposed kindness, and would on no account have done him an injury. He felt humiliated at the idea of being in his debt, and resolved to make every sacrifice to pay him off by degrees; and he was alarmed one day at the hospital by the apparition of Mr. Bumper, looking pale and agitated, requesting to speak with him.

"Dear Bumper—Some months ago, I took long odds from a man about Royce for the City and Suburban. I had forgotten all about it till I heard the horse had won, when I looked up my man and he paid me. I won nearly £700, and I sent £50 in order that you may replace the plate. With the balance I shall start to-morrow for America—Yours, 'C. E.'"

Enclosed was a crisp £50 note, and it is needless to say that the perusal of this epistle completely reassured Mr. Bumper.

"What is it, Bumper?" inquired Charlie, with a foreboding evil.

"Mr. Charles, I'm a ruined man unless you can repay me that £50," he said, with apparent emotion.

"Why, what has happened?" demanded the lad, considerably alarmed.

"The fact is, Mr. Charles, I was obliged—in order to supply you with money—to pawn some things belonging to your aunt—some plate," said Mr. Bumper, with a sly glance at the lad's horrified expression.

"Miss Elliott intends to check my inventory this afternoon, and unless I can redeem the things at once I'm ruined!"

"Good heavens, Bumper! Why, you never told me that you had pawned anything," exclaimed Charlie, turning as white as a sheet.

"Well, sir, I thought you knew. Where did you suppose a poor servant could get so much money from?" whined Bumper.

"I expected to have been paid back before now, and unless you can give me the money at once everything will be discovered."

"I haven't got a farthing, Bumper," said Charlie, in great consternation, "and if I could raise the money I should have done so long ago."

"It's very 'ard," exclaimed Bumper, distilling an oily tear. "It was to oblige you I done it, and now I'm to be left in the lurch."

"No you shan't, Bumper!" cried the lad, with warmth. "I'll stand by you, whatever happens. I'll explain everything to my aunt."

"What will be the good of that to me?" interrupted Bumper, sullenly. "I took the things and pawned 'em; so in the eye of the law I'm the thief, I suppose. You'll get off scot free, of course."

"Look here, Bumper," said the young man, after a pause; "of course, I can't let you be ruined for my extravagance, though I had no idea that the money you lent me was not your own. But since you did this thing for my sake, I suppose I ought to suffer. You go back, and I keep your mouth shut. I'll manage the rest."

There was a break in the lad's voice as he spoke, but his face wore a determined look, and it was evident he had formed a desperate resolve. Mr. Bumper guessed that the young man meant to take the blame upon his own shoulders, and felt inexplicably relieved.

"What time will you be back, Mr. Charles?" he hazarded.

"I shan't come back. You will never see me again, but I'll write to my aunt. Good-bye."

Charlie left the room abruptly as he spoke, and for once in his life the butler experienced a qualm of conscience. The truth was, as the reader is aware, that the deficiency in the plate chest was of much longer standing than young Elliott's debt, and represented considerably greater value. In other words, Mr. Bumper meant to make Charlie a scapegoat for his own delinquencies. His story of his mistress's intention of checking the inventory of the plate that afternoon was a pure invention, fabricated for the purpose of carrying out a nefarious project.

For some time past he had been growing more and more uneasy lest some accident should disclose his knavery, and it had occurred to him that if he could persuade young Elliott to disappear, he might shift his own guilt on to innocent shoulders. But he could not help feeling touched by the lad's chivalrous readiness to sacrifice himself, though his remorse soon gave place to satisfaction, and he wended his way home, chuckling at the success of his morning's work.

In the course of the evening he was summoned into his mistress's presence, and found her almost speechless with horror and dismay. Without a word, she handed him a note she had just received, which ran thus—

"My dear Aunt—By the time you receive this I shall be on my way, and you may never see me again. If there is anything wrong with the plate-chest, Bumper is not to blame. Forgive me if you can, and try to believe that I am not so unworthy of all your kindness as I appear to be.—Your affectionate nephew, 'CHARLIE ELLIOTT.'"

"What does he mean about the plate, Bumper?" inquired Miss Elliott, sternly.

"I don't know, Miss," returned Bumper, who was as pale as his mistress. "I had better go and see," he added, significantly.

Mr. Bumper returned after a decent interval looking scared and horrified. His report fully explained young Elliott's mysterious allusion. But in the midst of his perturbation the butler could not help feeling a pang of jealousy at the demeanor of his mistress, who was much less affected by her loss than her nephew's supposed misconduct. Mr. Bumper's persistent lack-lustre appeared to have done the lad no real harm, for it was evident that Master Charlie had succeeded in arousing the affections of his grim old aunt. Unfortunately, however, the young man's character had been so misrepresented to her that she was rather shocked than surprised at his misdeeds.

Mr. Bumper was perfectly satisfied with the turn of events and thought he had good cause to congratulate himself. No shadow of suspicion rested upon him, and matters went on very much as usual for a week or two, during which time he completely recovered his equanimity. But at length he received a letter from young Elliott, which he opened with considerable misgivings. It was as follows:

"Dear Bumper—Some months ago, I took long odds from a man about Royce for the City and Suburban. I had forgotten all about it till I heard the horse had won, when I looked up my man and he paid me. I won nearly £700, and I sent £50 in order that you may replace the plate. With the balance I shall start to-morrow for America—Yours, 'C. E.'"

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It was highly satisfactory to learn that young Elliott had, in this time, left the country, and the £50 came like a windfall. He laughed in his sleeve at the lad's simplicity in believing he would not fail to apply the money for the purpose suggested. The missing plate was now an affair of the past, and troubled him no longer. But the £50 would come in very handy to pay some tradesmen's bills, which his mistress imagined had been long since discharged, and he resolved to devote it to that laudable purpose.

He accordingly went his rounds the next morning, changed the note, and returned home with a feeling of virtuous satisfaction. His elation, however, was short-lived, for a few hours later he received a visit from a police-inspector, who brought the startling news that the note was a forgery, and demanded how he had come by it.

Mr. Bumper, being considerably taken aback, had Miss Elliott's name on the top of his tongue; but he managed to swallow it just in time. Such an assertion would have been disproved at once, and he saw he was in an awkward fix. He dared not refer the note to young Elliott, fearing that the lad, if arrested, might disclose the cause of his recent disappearance, which would lead to compromising disclosures. Not knowing what on earth to say, he turned first hot and then cold, while beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead.

"Come, my man, speak up," said the Inspector, impatiently.

Mr. Bumper was not accustomed to be hurried, and felt more confused than ever. Suddenly he recollected that by this time young Elliott had probably started for America, and the reflection gave him courage to say:

"The fact is, I received it yesterday from my mistress's nephew, Mr. Charles Elliott, who ran away a few weeks ago. It was some money I had lent him, and which I never expected to see again. I haven't told Miss Elliott, as she might be vexed with me for having lent the money."

"All right. What is his address?"

Mr. Bumper replied, with perfect truth, that he had destroyed the young man's letter, but that it had borne no address, except Liverpool. The officer glanced at him rather suspiciously, but had to be satisfied with this clue. The episode gave Mr. Bumper a nasty shock, but he imagined he was well out of it, and he continued a peddler. Upon consideration, he felt convinced that young Elliott was not likely to have delayed his departure, and it seemed highly improbable that he would be captured. It never occurred to him that the balance of the lad's winnings had been paid with the same sort of paper as the £50 note, but this, luckily for him, turned out to be the case. Some casual had swindled the boy in the manner described, and at the moment of Mr. Bumper's interview with the inspector, Charlie Elliott was already in custody for attempting to change the note.

Had Mr. Bumper foreseen this, he would not doubt have deemed it prudent to abscond, but the first intimation he received of anything being wrong was a second visit from the police-inspector, who this time requested to see Miss Elliott. Mr. Bumper endeavored to reassure himself by the reflection that the interview might not necessarily affect him, but all doubts were soon removed. He was summoned to the dining-room, where he learned that young Elliott had confessed the reason of his flight, but, upon being questioned, he had admitted that he had never taken or pledged any article of plate himself. Nothing further could be elicited from him, so the police took upon themselves to communicate with Miss Elliott on the matter, and the result was that Mr. Bumper was called upon for an explanation. His lies and his prevarication soon excited suspicion, and aroused his mistress's indignation; the police were authorized to take the matter in hand, and Mr. Bumper, in sheer desperation, confessed that he was not altogether inaccurate. A few inquiries in the proper quarters soon proved that this admission was by no means an exaggeration, and the butler is at present awaiting his trial for felony.—*Truth*.

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1883. EXHIBITION. 1883.

An Exhibition will be held in

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK,
Commencing on Oct. 2nd, 1883,
open to Exhibitors from every part of the Dominion.

THE Dominion Government, the Provincial and Municipal Authorities, and the various Agricultural, Horticultural, and Industrial Societies, have united to give to the Exhibition the most complete and valuable collection of exhibits that has ever been seen in this Dominion.

The Exhibition will be open for all kinds of Agricultural Products, Live Stock, Dairy Produce, Machinery, and Manufactures in Metals, Wood, and Textile Fabrics, Domestic and Foreign.

Silver and Bronze Medals and Diplomas will be given for prizes in addition to Cash Prizes. Freight will be carried at reduced rates. The Exhibition will be held in the new building erected for the purpose, and will be open to the public from 10 o'clock to 5 o'clock daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

This will be the largest and most thoroughly representative Exhibition ever held in the Maritime Provinces, and will be an excellent opportunity for the Manufacturers of the Dominion to show their productions to the people of the Lower Provinces, and to the various Agricultural, Horticultural, and Industrial Societies, and to the various Manufacturers of the Dominion.

For full particulars, see the prospectus, and send everywhere free, on application.

JULIUS L. INCHES,
Secretary,
Fredericton, March 28th, 1883.

REMEDY
FOR
Nervous Headache, Neuralgia and SCIATICA.

IT IS ONE of the best preparations now before the public for the cure of those distressing complaints that have baffled the skill of physicians for years. It is perfectly safe and reliable, being prepared from the prescription of a surgeon in the British Army, who has used it for the cure of those Nervous diseases existing in the region to which he was attached, and by its remedy he was enabled to effect a positive cure in every case. Wherever it has been used according to directions, it has never failed to produce the most satisfactory results.

It has been recently introduced into this country, but during the last two years it has been used here, its cures of the above diseases have numbered more than that effected by all other remedies combined; it has cured cases of from one to twenty years' duration, and has been verified by the testimony of most reliable and distinguished medical authorities.

Sold by all the principal Drug Stores in the Province.

DRESS L. ORDERS TO
Geo. H. Davis or J. M. Wiley,
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SILVERWARE.
NOW IN STOCK, 2 elegant Tea Services, 12 Cake Baskets, 85 Castor Stands, 12 Butter Dishes, 10 Pickle Stands, 50 Dole Spoons and Forks, 9 Dole Table Knives, 1 Ice Pitcher, 32 Dole Glasses and Napkins Rings. First-class Goods at Lowest Prices.

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Wagon Work, Steel Shoeing, Horse Shoeing, Etc. promptly done at moderate rates.

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JUST ABOVE REFORM CLUB ROOMS.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he is prepared to execute all sorts of Plain and Ornamental

MONUMENTS, TABLETS,
Fence Stones and Posts.
23 First Class Material and Workmanship guaranteed.

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Fredericton, Sept. 1.

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FAITH IS THE SUBSTANCE OF THINGS WISHED FOR:

Grass Seed,
Clover Seed,
Seeds Oats,
PERKINS.

Has in store a fine stock of the above seeds for sale by the bush or by the ton, and also a large stock of seed wheat and seed corn, and seed potatoes, and seed peas, and seed beans, and seed turnips, and seed carrots, and seed cabbages, and seed radishes, and seed onions, and seed garlic, and seed leeks, and seed pumpkins, and seed melons, and seed cucumbers, and seed eggplants, and seed okra, and seed squash, and seed zucchini, and seed corn, and seed beans, and seed peas, and seed turnips, and seed carrots, and seed cabbages, and seed radishes, and seed onions, and seed garlic, and seed leeks, and seed pumpkins, and seed melons, and seed cucumbers, and seed eggplants, and seed okra, and seed squash, and seed zucchini, and seed corn, and seed beans, and seed peas, and seed turnips, and seed carrots, and seed cabbages, and seed radishes, and seed onions, and seed garlic, and seed leeks, and seed pumpkins, and seed melons, and seed cucumbers, and seed eggplants, and seed okra, and seed 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