[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

FARWELL TO SUMMER.

Farewell! O, golden Summer,
From thee it pains to part,
Like as the face of one I love
I've graved thee on my heart:
Thy morns of blazing beauty,
Thine eyes of twilight calm,
The fragrance of thy scented dews,
The accent of flower-laid balm—
All these and more, like cherished memories weave
Through all my being; ever to me cleave.

Farewell! O, golden Summer,
One last fond look to thee,
As lover, torn from one he loves,
And outward on the heaving sea
Is drifted fast by wind and tide,
Yet over backward, brimful eyes,
Through which outleaps the yearning heart,
He straining casts and vainly tries
To grasp the essence of that fair loved form
Which ever after haunts through wind and storm;

So, Summer, I behold thee
With straining, tearful eyes,
As outward to the Winter sea
On Autumn winds I fly;
Thy form becomes more distant,
My heart grows ever more sore,
I gather in with bitterness
One lingering and gaze more.
Thou'rt moaning, Summer, on the far off shore;
I'm weeping, Summer, weeping "*nevermore*."

Sweet summer yet I hold thee
By many a token fair,
The glints of pearl and diamond flash
Which decked thy dew-drenched hair,
The fragrance of thy roses,
The hill lake's lily bed,
The morning songs of winging birds,
The sunset's burning red,
All these, as tokens of a love once mine,
Around my hearts in and sweet memory twine.

LIBER.
Fredericton.

AUTUMNAL REVERIE.

Thick on the ground are strewn the fallen leaves,
Returned to Mother Earth, who them receives
Into her inmost bosom, whilst she grieves
To see the children nourished at her breast,
Who gay in verdant garb of yore were dressed,
And wantoned with the Zephyrs that caressed
Them,—now their life and bloom for ever lost,
Blown rudely from their seat, and earthward tossed.
And yet this comfort she remains to her,
That Spring will come, the sleeping germs to stir,
And from the others that have had their day,
Another leafy tribe, as fair as they,
Shall come to take their place, but to stay,
However, till another chilling fall,
When they in turn shall droop and perish all.

So when Temptation, with autumnal breath
Insidious as the Zephyrs, to us saith
"Enjoy thyself to-day, think not of Death,"
How quickly like the leaves of forest trees,
When shaken by the cold and ruthless breeze,
Our resolutions, formed in hours of ease,
When tempted fade and perish by degrees!
How often, O, how often, do we make
A firm resolve the wrong way to forsake,
Which having made, our pleasure is to break!
How often do we mourn o'er broken vows,
How oft our conscience doth again arouse
Us, till again our resolutions we renew,
And yet how soon we break them all anew!
Thus is our life a melancholy jest,
And but a fleeting phantom at the best,
Like boughs in summer, with bright foliage green,
So seen in autumn, stripped and naked seen.

MIARPE.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

THE HARVEST EVE.

The time for toil is past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves.
Worn out with labour long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Lost of the labourer thy foot I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain,—
Master, behold my sheaves.

Though few and worthless, yet their trifling weight,
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet here are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
Master, behold my sheaves.

I know these blossoms clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility,—
Wherefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew:—
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

THE TEMPEST.

Sombre, tempestuous clouds
Darken'd the sky;
Threat'ning, they hover'd and
Frown'd from on high.

Swift fled the lowing herds,
Shelter to find;
Swift flew the frightened birds
Unto their kind.

Then came a gust of wind,
Stormily roaring;
Mutter'd the thunder, as
Rain came downpouring!

Crash! came a thunder-peal,
Flash! came the lightning;
Through lurid light I saw
That which was fright'ning.

Loudly I shrieked for help—
"Ah! They are mine!
Help! Quick! See, yonder—the—
Clothes on the line!"

O'CONNELL'S WIT.

O'Connell possessed an extraordinary knowledge of his fellow countrymen—the real cunning concealed by a stolid demeanor, the tact and cleverness covered by apparent simplicity. He often hazarded a guess at their thoughts, and seldom failed to hit off his point. Thus, when defending a man for a homicide, the principal witness for the prosecution was said to have been drinking with the prisoner before the affray. O'Connell sought to show he had drunk too much whisky to be able to give a satisfactory account of the affair. Yet the man swore he only took his share of a pint of whisky. "You only took your *share*," repeated O'Connell with emphasis. "Now, on your oath, was it not all *but the quarter?*" The witness admitted the fact, and the astute counsel obtained the acquittal of the prisoner.

O'Connell was counsel for an heir-at-law whose rights were threatened by a will found, it was alleged, in a desk of the late owner. The genuineness of the will was disputed; but the witness swore point blank to the signature of the testator as having been affixed when "life was in him." The recurrence of this phrase, "when life was in him," struck O'Connell. When cross-examining, he said: "Now, witness, answer my question as you shall have to answer before the judgment seat of God! Was there not a fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was held to this paper?" Confused and trembling, the witness replied, "There was."

O'Connell's drollery was often displayed during the assizes. When stating the injury done to a client against the Earl of Bandon for diverting a water-course, the defendant's attorney's face was a good index to his devotion to Bacchus. His name was O'Flaherty, and O'Connell said: "So completely was the stream diverted from the plaintiff's mill there was not sufficient water left as would make *grog for O'Flaherty.*"

When applying to change the venue of a case from Dublin to Tralee, the motion was resisted by a very unprepossessing looking barrister whose politics were averse to Kerry men in general, and O'Connell's in particular. This gentleman contended "there was no necessity to send the case to Kerry—a county very remote—where he had never been, and it was very inconvenient."

"I can promise my learned friend," replied O'Connell, "a hearty welcome; and we'll show him the lovely Lakes of Killarney."

"Ay," growled Mr. H——; "the bottom of them."

"O, no," replied O'Connell. "I would not frighten the fish."

His practice on circuit was so great he was usually retained in all important records; and when required to defend prisoners in the Criminal Court, while the records were trying in the next court, not having the ubiquity of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, could not be in both places at once. When engaged in defending a notorious Whiteboy named Lucey he was often sent for to attend in the Record Court, where a very important case in which he held a brief was at hearing. He refused to leave the Crown Court while his client's life was in jeopardy; but when the jury returned their verdict, "not guilty," O'Connell appeared in the civil case.

"Where were you all day?" asked Sergeant Jackson. "You were badly wanted here."

"I could not leave the Crown Court; I was defending Lucey," replied O'Connell.

"What was the verdict?"

"Not guilty."

"Then you have acquitted a wretch," said Sergeant Jackson—"a wretch unfit to live."

"I am sure, my dear Jackson," responded O'Connell, "you'll allow, if Lucey is unfit to live, he is still more unfit to die."

When judges in Ireland are unable from illness, or other cause, to go circuit, a sergeant is usually sent instead. The sergeants in Ireland are only three in number, and take rank after the Attorney and Solicitor General; but as these law officers direct the prosecutions, and on great occasions personally appear for the Crown, they are therefore disqualified, while holding office, from presiding on the bench. Mr. Sergeant Lefroy was known to take great interest in religious matters, and the recent biography, written by his son, shows what a truly pious man he was. Fresh from taking part in a meeting for the conversion of the Jews, Sergeant Lefroy went as Judge on the Munster Circuit. A man was tried before him at Cork, indicted for stealing a number of valuable coins. Several were from the Holy Land, others of the time of Cæsar. O'Connell, who was defending the prisoner, heard the judge ask for the coins; when he instantly came out with a joke, saying: "Give his lordship the *Jewish* ones, but hand me the *Roman*."

Having acquitted a man indicted for cow stealing, O'Connell was visited that night by his client, who was considerably the worse for potations. They were alone in O'Connell's lodgings in Cork, and O'Connell had no desire for such companionship. He said he had so much to do he could dispense with the man's company.

"Well, counselor, jewel, don't be angry with me, but before I give you my blessing, I want to give you an *adveice*."

"What is that?" asked O'Connell.

"When you go for to steal a cow don't take any that are by the ditch—they're lean, hungry craturs; but take the outside one—she's shure to have the most mate." So saying the grateful client took his departure.

GERMANS PUTTING UP A STOVEPIPE.

[From the Danbury News.]

Our barber had his stove put up Wednesday. We were in there for a shave when the operation started. Our barber, although a German, is pretty well acquainted with the language and customs of our people, but his two assistants, whom he set to work at the stove, have not been over but a year or so, and they never put up a stove, and have not quite mastered the English language. The two men carried the stove out and got it up on its legs, and then fell to work at putting the pipe together. We didn't see the first manœuvering as we were in the chair, but we could hear the dreadful pipe move about, and the two men breathe heavily. There appeared to be periods of silence, and rasping of the pipe, and a scuffling of feet, and a lot of the German language delivered in a suppressed voice, with mutterings of an unintelligible but satisfactory nature.

When we got shaved, and had looked around we found the two men facing each other, each with a link of the pipe—the one holding a piece which rested on the floor, and the other making herculean efforts to slide his piece over it. The upper man's eyes had increased to fully one-third their usual size, and wore a glitter that bordered on the uncarthly, while his cheeks set out like the figures on a tax list. The lower man scrouched up in as small and as compact a shape as possible, looking upward at the performance with a gaze of the liveliest terror. From the middle joint of the first finger of his right hand had been scraped a bit of skin, and the red flesh peered through the black with ghastly distinctness. We could almost see this hand shrink from the pipe, as the upper link careened over to that side. And the standing man weaved and twisted, growing redder and redder in the face, while great drops of perspiration rolled down his cheeks. Suddenly his link slipped over, catching the palm of his hand with a fierceness that wrung from him a shriek of pain that might have been heard out on the street. He let go with both hands at once, while the under man, believing that the climax in the agony was now reached, and that he was about to have all the skin torn from both hands, promptly loosened his hold on his link and went over on his back, and both pieces of pipe came down with that appalling sound peculiar to falling stovepipe. The barber himself was surprised, but it was noticeable that he did not allow his surprise to so far master him as to overcome his presence of mind. On the contrary, he firmly placed his coat on his back, his hat on his head, and immediately departed to see a man. The two assistants looked after his receding figure very much as if he was taking with him all they held dear in this life, and then proceeded to pick up the pipe again. It was evident that a restraining influence had been withdrawn. No. 1 held his link, and looked for a moment very carefully at it. Then a thought suddenly struck him. He smiled a German smile clean across his countenance, which, had it been in English, would have reached clear around to the back of his head, and firmly said:

"I dry another biece."

Another piece was brought to bear. It didn't work. The same of a second link. It suddenly occurred to No. 1 to reverse the ends, and try them that way.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "I now got him bretty queek."

He went to work with renewed energy, but the pipe slipped and took off his skin, and tumbled and upset both of them with just the same ease and grace it had done before. Then he threw up his hands and said something that sounded like Rotterdam.

No. 1 wanted to draw on his resources again, but No. 2 became inspired. He got the pomade, and rubbed a lot of it on the outside of the end of one pipe, and a lot more on the inside of the end of another piece. He was then prepared to slip the latter link right over the former. No. 1 offered to assist.

"You go away ven you can," observed No. 2 significantly, at the same time blowing tenderly upon his mashed thumb. He then set to work on his maneuver. He first opened his eyes to their widest extent, then distended his nicks to their fullest capacity, and closed his lips as tightly as possible. With these precautions taken, he grasped the lower link between his knees, and the upper with one arm, using the hand of the other to adjust the ends. Effort succeeded effort to make the one lap over the other. He would get them so neatly arranged as to seem impossible of failure, when one or the other would suddenly slip, and catch a portion of his body on their edges, and he'd drop both pieces, and yell German war-cries at the top of his voice.

Finally he made them match. He was almost breathless.

"Yacop," he whispered, "you come queek here once, and shust knock him off the top."

He was holding on with dear life with the one arm, and two legs, while the other had was eagerly encircling the treacherous joint.

Jacob cautiously approached with a stick of wood.

"Hit him like dunder," suggested No. 2 between his teeth.

Jacob did so. It was all done in a flash. There was a shout of surprise from Jacob, a yell of pain from No. 2 as he held up a frightfully gashed thumb, and both links of pipe went rolling across the floor. Jacob had received a dig in the shin which caused him to impetuously draw up the injured member in his arms, and hop off towards a chair, speechless with amazement.

No. 2 didn't care to set down. He held the last wounded hand in the tight grip of the other, and danced around the room in a fury of pain, astonishment and rage.

"Ooh my cracious! Ooh my cracious!" he wailed. Then suddenly observing a piece of the pipe he hastily added, "To the tuyvel mit the Yankees anyvay."

This being a hint we left.

THE BRINDLED DOG.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Yesterday morning a soap-haired young man of eighteen was drawing a big brindled dog around the City Hall market, anxious to find a purchaser. A corpulent old chap, smoking a long pipe and dodging the rain, finally halted the young man and asked:

"My frent, how little you vhants for dose dog?"

"Two dollars will take him," was the reply, "and a better dog never stood on four legs and howled."

"Vhell, goom along mit me," continued the old chap, raising his umbrella. He paddled a full mile through the pouring rain, the young man and the brindled dog at his heels, and reaching home at last the dog was led in, the old man refilled his pipe and sat down and said:

"Now, my frent, ish doze a good dog?"

"He's the best kind of a dog?" was the reply.

"Does he keep tieves away from my house?"

"You bet he will! Why, he'd chaw up a man quicker 'n a flash!"

"Does he keep der bat poys out of my garten?"

"Well, you ought to see him go for a boy once! He's had his teeth into every boy in Macomb County!"

"Does he like my schildren?"

"Like 'em? Why, that's his great hold! Nothing so pleases him as a house full of children."

The old man hesitated for a minute, and then asked:

"Can doze dog play on a fiddle?"

"Play on a fiddle? Why—why—yes, sir, he can! He can play seven different tunes on a fiddle?"

It was a big lie, but the soap-haired young man was bound to make a sale if he had to bury truth out of sight.

"Can doze dog play on a horn in der prass pand?" asked the old man after a pause.

"On a horn? Why, he has led the Mt. Clemens band for the last year! Yes sir-e-e, he can play on a horn with anybody!"

The old man was a little staggered, and he waited quite a while before asking:

"Can doze dog write ledders for me to my prudder in Shermany?"

"Write? Write letters?"

"Yaw."

"I wish I had pen and paper here! He writes the most beautiful hand you ever saw, and he writes like lightning! I could hire him out for fifty dollars a month to keep books, but I don't want to work him too hard. Besides, there's a mortgage on my farm, and I must have money to raise it."

"Der brice is two dollars?"

"Only two dollars. He's worth a hundred if he's worth a cent, but I'm forced to sell. If you keep him till March I'll buy him back and give you two hundred dollars for him."

The old man smoked away for a while and then asked:

"Can doze dog baint a house?"

"Paint a house? I'd like you to see three big houses he painted last week. He's as good as three men, and he never wastes a drop of paint. I'm in a hurry to catch the train, and I'd like the money."

"Two dollar?"

"Yes, two dollars. You'll never have another such chance."

The old man made a motion towards his wallet, but let his hand dropped and inquired:

"Can doze dog shump over der City Hall?"

This was a crusher. The young man knew he couldn't beat it, and he replied:

"No, I don't think he can, but I'll warrant him to jump forty feet and catch a fly?"

"You gan dake doze dog away, my frent," said the old man.

"You won't take him?"

"No, sur; I vhants no dog what can't shump over der City Hall!"

"But you made a fair bargain and said you'd take him."

"I can't help dot. Vhens I bay two dollars for a dog he shall be able to shump like a pird."

And the young man dragged his brindled dog out of the house and back to the market, where he offered him for fifty cents without getting a buyer.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT SINGER.

This universal habit of helping almost every person who applied to her as her countryman, was once the occasion of placing Tietjens in serious embarrassment. She was a member of a Germain society in London, which was formed for the purpose of giving aid to poor Germans who wished to return to their own country, but had not the means to do so. A man representing himself to be of the class applied to Tietjens one day for assistance. She gave him only a small sum of money, but wrote for him also a letter to the Secretary of the society requesting that the man should be furnished with a passport to Germany. Some days passed and Tietjens had forgotten all about the petitioner, when it detective officer called at her house and requested to see her. He was shown into her presence, when he immediately took from his pocket a letter stained with blood and asked Tietjens if she had not written it. She trembled when she recognized her own signature. It was blotted with these significant marks. It seemed that a dreadful murder had been committed in the moorlands. A poor woman, who lived quite alone about 30 miles from London, had been killed in the night and robbed of some £500. When the crime was discovered there was found by her bedside this letter from Tietjens, which, of course, pointed to the man to whom she had given it as the murderer. Then for weeks Tietjens and her sister, who had also seen the man, were continually called upon to identify some person whom the police had arrested on suspicion. This was a great trial to both the sisters, but at last they had to encounter a greater one when, contrary to all their hopes, they found themselves face to face with the criminal. Tietjens was dumb at first with fear, but her heart was too kind not to pity even this unfortunate, and she declined to swear that he was the man, though she could not deny that she thought he was. Her hesitancy saved him. She had, however, occasion soon after to reflect on the wisdom of her course. Very soon after an engagement called her to Hamburg, her native city. She decided to go by steamer, on account of her mother, who was to accompany her, and who was better able to bear a sea voyage than the fatigue of travel by rail. Her sister went also. When the daughters had seen the mother quietly bestowed in her stateroom they returned on deck and almost the first person who attracted their attention was the very man to whom Tietjens had given the letter and whose life they both had been instrumental in sparing. The voyage was, it may be imagined, not a pleasant one. They said not a word to their mother, but every night they barricaded the doors of their rooms with the utmost caution and slept with almost suspended breath.

COMIN' THRO' RYE.

[From the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald.]

A New York pictorial publishes an illustration of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," and blunders into what we presume is the popular misconception of the ditty, giving a laddie and lassie meeting and kissing in a field of grain. The lines

If a laddie meet a lassie
Comin' thro' the rye,

and especially the other couplet:

A' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye,

seem to imply that traversing the rye was a habitual or common thing, but what in the name of the Royal Agricultural Society could be the object in tramping down a crop of grain in that style? The song perhaps suggests a harvest scene, where both sexes, as is the custom in Great Britain, are at work reaping, and where they would come and go through the field indeed, but not through the rye itself, so as to meet and kiss in it. The truth is, the rye in the case is no more grain than Rye Beach is, it being the name of a small, shallow stream near Ayr, in Scotland, which, having neither bridge nor ferry, was forded by people going to and from the market, custom allowing a lad to steal a kiss from a lass of his acquaintance whom he met midstream. Our cotemporary will see that this is the true explanation if he will read Burns' original ballad, in which the first verse refers to the lass wetting her clothes in the stream:

Jennie is a' wat, puir bodie;
Jenny's seldom dry;
She drag'ls a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the Rye.

UNJUST SUSPICIONS.—The other day a Detroit husband went on a fishing excursion with a small party of friends. Returning at midnight he pounded on the door and awoke his wife. As she let him into the hall, she saw that something ailed him, and cried out:

"Why, Henry, your face is as red as paint."

"Guesser n't, he replied, feeling along the hall.

"And I believe you've been drinking," she added.

"Whazzer mean by that?" he inquired, trying to stand still.

"Oh! Henry, your face would never look like that if you hadn't been drinking."

"Mi to blame?" he asked, tears in his eyes. "S'pozen big bass jumped up'n hit me in th' face an' make it red—mi to blame?"

And he sat down on the floor and cried over her unjust suspicions.—[*Detroit Press.*

A VERY OLD COUPLE.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Standard* writes as follows:—"Among our latest arrivals in Paris are two persons who deserve to be mentioned as something quite out of the run of ordinary visitors to the French capital. They are both centenarians, and, what is rarer, they are husband and wife. Their names are Monsieur and Madame Ballue. The man is said to be 110 years of age and the woman 105 years. They live in the South and have come to Paris on a cheap excursion train. Monsieur Ballue is an old soldier of the First Empire, and while visiting the ruins of the Tuileries delighted his wife by pointing out the spot where he mounted guard under the Consulate of Bonaparte. Both these courageous centenarians enjoy excellent health. Their eyesight is good, their memory almost unfailing and their legs as strong as can be expected under such a heavy weight of time."

A MARYLAND PARSON STRUCK SPEECHLESS.—Some years ago the Rev. Isaac Collins was preaching at Spedden's Church, Neck District, and was much annoyed at his congregation turning in their seats to look at every new arrival. At last he could stand it no longer, and exclaimed: "There is one special request I desire of this congregation, and that is that they will turn all their seats around so as to face the door before I preach here again." His request was attended to, and next Sunday when the Rev. Mr. Collins walked up to the pulpit, he looked around at the backs of his audience, and was so overcome with emotion that he just took his seat and spoke not a word that beautiful Sabbath evening.

IT IS A PERFECTLY SAFE THING for a criticised actress to horse whip the critical press when the representative of the press is a fragile, unprotected male, but when the weapon which is mightier than the sword is wielded by a firm feminine hand, the case is different. And such was the recent experience of an aggrieved commedienne who, undertaking to cowhide Mrs. Laura Gordon, now "editress" of a California paper, was speedily reduced, to use the words of a local reporter, "to a state of baldness that would excite envy in the heart of a turnip."—*New York World.*

—The natural result of an equal commingling of the sexes in a Wyoming jury was recently exemplified in a case wherein five days and nights of deliberation led—not to a verdict, of course—but to five elopements; and there would undoubtedly have been six if the remaining jurywoman had not been a mature mother-in-law.—*Rochester Union.*

—A woman with her first baby banged on her female neighbor's door the other morning, about the time old topers crawl out to hunt their morning's cheer, and shrieked out excitedly, "Come over as soon as you get your breakfast; if the baby hasn't got a tooth I'am a liar.—*Glasgow Times.*

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sept 11

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