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Vol. I.

No. 1

THE
NEW BRUNSWICK
MUSEUM

The Amateur

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Single Copies & etc. Per Year 5 & etc.

Persevere
and
Succeed

May

Published

Monthly

by

1889

the U.S.

L. and M.

Society

58671 22



Vol. 1. Upper Dorchester, May, 1889. No. 1.

Leaving the Old Home,

Spring has come, that joyous
time

When everything looks gay,
The birds are bustling on the trees
Oh, yes, 'tis the first of May.

Then why do I feel unhappy,
When everything looks gay?
'Tis because I leave my old home
Where I spent my childhood
days.

'Tis sad to leave the old home,
I sigh and the tears will
start.

To think of the friends I am
leaving

Oh, 'tis so hard to part.

So hard to leave the old home,
Where my sisters and I
have strayed.

'Neath the shade of the wide-
spread willows,
And there with our dolls
played.

As I am on my way to the
station,
I turn and look back
my home,

The Amateur, May, 1869

The dear old home of my child-
hood,

It makes me feel sad and alone.

I will thought 'twas so hard to
part,

Till I bade my friends adieu
At the quiet little station,
And the new home was in view.

But the old home had its shadows,
For Death had been in at the
door.

And taken a sister and brother,
Who are waiting for me on
the shore.

There's never a life but has
partings
From home or from those
whom we love,
And there'll be neither sorrow
nor sighing
In our Father's home above.

Oliver.

The Amateur, May 1869

The Monthly Journal
of the Uxbridge Worcester
Literary and Musical
Society.

Subscription Rates.

Per Copy . . . 5 cents

Per Year . . . 50 "

Mailed free to all
subscribers.

Nature seems, this season
to be trying to give to
May the character of
June. We seldom have
had more summer like
weather even in June than
we have been favored
with this May. Nature
has put on her summer
dress. Fruit-trees are in
bloom and coolness
meets the eye in every
direction!

The twenty fourth of May has come again, the day in which we celebrate as the birth day of our beloved sovereign, Her most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria.

This year she completes her seventieth year of her age, and the fifty second of her reign.

Seldom has history furnished us with an example of so long and prosperous a reign.

As wife, mother and queen, Queen Victoria is respected and honored by the whole world, as well as loved by her subjects.

May she long be spared to us!

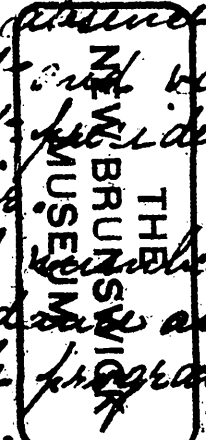
"Long May she Reign"

Society Reports -

The regular meeting of the D. D. L and M. Society on April 26th was held at the residence of Mr. Freeman, Buck.

In the absence of the president and vice-president the past president occupied the chair.

A good number were in attendance and an enjoyable programme was rendered.



The meeting for May 10th was to have been at Mr. W. Hoarsham, but as Mr. Hoarsham's affairs were before that time, the meeting was re-

appointed at the residence of Mr. Geo. McPherson. There we were disappointed again as the evening proved so unfavorable that no one ventured out.

The Armaterra Day, 1871.

A glance into the future
(continued.)

The next morning dawned bright and clear, just the morning to enjoy a walk, and as Uncle John made his appearance, Mr. Blank observed

"We shall have a delightful day for your first sight of modern Upper Dorchester. I think if you do not feel too tired after yesterday's journey, it will be pleasant to go out on foot. We shall then be able to make a closer inspection of the points of interest, and can be as long as we like about it."

"I shall greatly enjoy a walk this pleasant morn-
ing," said Uncle John, "this air makes me feel young again."

So an hour later found Mr. Blank and his uncle

starting out to revisit the scenes of the latter's boyhood.

Mr. Blank's home was pleasantly situated in the northern part of the town, at some distance from the business centres.

As they went down the street they passed several handsome houses all built of gray stone. Uncle John observing this remarked:

"Has wood become scarce or stone very plentiful? In the Upper Dorchester that I remember, stone buildings were few and far between."

"Well," said his nephew, "wood is certainly not as abundant as it was fifty years ago, and since the re-opening of the old quarry, very little has been used for building purposes. The stone is of a fine quality, and

is now used all over Canada.

"And this, I suppose is Beans Creek," continued Uncle John, "I really can scarcely tell where we are, but from the lay of the land I suppose it must be, and here we are at the residence. What an improvement on the one that I remember!"

"And this street, the one to the left is Bean Street, and a little farther on you see the Mines Railway Crossing. Some time before you leave us, we must drive up to the mines and see the works."

"Thank you, I should enjoy it very much. But let us look at this building, the Baptist Church is it not? I think this is about the site of the one I remember."

"Yes this is the old place. The Baptists are now, as they were then, the most numerous denomination in town, and have one of the largest and handsomest Churches. We can look at some of the others as we go along."

"Fifty years ago," said Uncle John, "there were no others, and the one that stood here was a small, plain, wooden building, but large enough to hold all that ever came to it. I think I heard of its being repaired and painted shortly after I went away."

"Yes, I remember it. It stood till fifteen or twenty years ago, and was then replaced by the handsome structure before us."

"And pray what building is that on the opposite side"

of the street? The school house used to stand there.

"Oh that is the Upper Dorchester High-school, one of the best in the county. It has six departments and as many teachers and everything is fitted up in the best-possible manner for the comfort and convenience of the rising generation."

"How changed, how changed," mused Uncle John, "on that very spot some of the happiest days of my life were spent! How it all comes back to me — the little school house with the paint all worn off the shingles, broken panes in the windows, the fence falling to pieces, and the gate gone; inside, rows of shabby desks, deeply cut by the jack-knives of

generations of boys. "I wonder if the children who attend this school value the privileges they enjoy!"

"I don't know" laughed Mr. Blank, "I dare say none of us appreciate our privileges as we should, but suppose we go on towards the factories."

(Continued in our next.)

Local Miscellany

The rotary mill lately at Mr. C. H. Black's has been removed to the logs of Mr. Weyning Black, which they expect soon to reduce to marketable shape.

The prospect looked bright for a brisk trade this summer —

The Amherst May, 1859.

mer. Already two vessels
have been in at the wharf.

Schooner *Aminda*, Capt.
D. Hill Buck, has taken a
load of deals for Mr
Chas. W. Pack.

Schooner *Spring Bird*,
Capt. Cameron, is now
loading at the wharf
with deals for Mr. Robert
Pack.

The Upper Dorchester
Baptist Church has lately
been undergoing quite
extensive repairs.

The work is now com-
plete and the Church
is to be re-opened on
Sunday, June 2nd, services
being held, morning and
afternoon, by Rev. Mr. Weeks.

The departure of Mr.
Wm. Garrison and his

family for their Moncton
home, leaves a blank
in Upper Dorchester
society. We are glad
to hear that they are
much pleased with
their new surroundings.

Several of our friends
have been attending
the closing exercises
of Mr. Allison College,
which were held from
the 25th to 29th inst.
They have returned
we hear much pleased
with all that they saw
and heard.

Scarlet fever has en-
tered the family of Mr. J.
H. Smith and as this goes
to press we hear that John's
Robert, the second son, died
this morning.

The Amateuca May 1859.

What I would like to know;
I am now the mother of six fine girls
From twenty to thirty years old,
I have trained them all with very care,
And labour that cannot be told.

They can play the piano, and sing like Larks,
Can dance and sing and sigh,
But to make a dress or a dinner to get,
They cannot and will not try.

They have had many offers in times gone by
Or at least they have had some,
And refused them all with a queenly grace,
In hopes of better to come.

But the tide of suitors ebb'd away,
Now none of them remain
The girls wait vainly for offers of a sort
To be made to them again.

It's all very well for a mother to tell,
How she'll keep them all under her wing;
But I have to talk of dollars and cents,
And that makes a different thing.

Now who will give some good advice
To one whose troubles grow,
How to get them wedded and off my hands,
Is what I would like to know.

— Rosanna —

Correspondence.

— 34 1889.

My Editor,

... have been looking over the Amateurs and things perhaps you would like a few words from me. As I look around on either side some one is sick or some one has died. Now the question comes to my mind, are we ready to go if the summons comes to us? and it may come at any time; we know not the day nor the hour.

Oh my dear friends just pause one moment and think, and then remember what Jesus tells us to do

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest; sweet rest to our souls and "Whoever cometh I will in no wise cast out" and "Whoever believeth

in me shall never die" and again "As the Father hath loved me so have I loved you, continue ye in my love.

Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Just remember Jesus laid down his life for us and he says "Ye are my friends if ye do what soever I command you" Love, trust, and obey him. If we do this we will be happy in this world and life everlasting in the next.

A few words more; if one of our friends here among us were to lose his life to save ours we would never forget it, and always try to show just what we think of them.

Jesus has done more than that and yet I am afraid we forget him very often and so strive to give him

If we therefore strive to be kind and affectionate one to another and never forget that even Christ pleased not himself.

Mount-Lee.

Personal —

Capt. Irwin Buck has been spending a week or so with his friends at Upper Dochester.

Mr. W. H. Bouillard spent from the 24th to the 26th inst. at home and then returned to Moncton.

Mrs. Frank D. Clarke, formerly of this place is at Moncton and is expected home for a visit in a few days.

While the Coppé Bros' rotary mill was sawing at Mr. C. H. Black's, a serious accident occurred.

Mr. William Dixon of Sackville was with Mr. W. Coppé, working at the edger when through some mismanagement Mr. Dixon's right hand came in contact with the saw, badly mutilating it.

Dr. Gaudet was soon in attendance, but it was found necessary to amputate parts of all the fingers.

Mr. Dixon left as soon as able, and we are glad to hear that the injured hand is doing well.

Mr. Albert E. Smith spent a day or so home.

The Runaway Horse

Yesterday I planned, if the weather should be suitable, to take a drive to Sachville this morning.

On rising I found the weather all that could be wished for. I accordingly went to the barn, harnessed my pony to the carriage and brought him to the house. After hitching him, as I thought very secretly, I went into the house to get my breakfast. I had only got the inner man about half satisfied, when Rover my faithful dog came rushing in, caught hold of my trousers and tried to drag me from the table.

At this I did not pay much attention to him, but at last, to please

him I got up and followed him out of doors.

What was my surprise to find that the pony had gone. I followed the dog around the house and from there I saw the pony walking down the road as leisurely as you please, dragging the rope which he had tied with him.

As he heard me approaching he quickened his pace into a trot, and when some of the neighbors joined me he started on a run.

There being a turn in the road just ahead I struck across the field to try and head him off.

When he came to the turn, he was cute enough to slow up in order to get round it without upsetting the waggons.

After this he put on a little

Phoenicia May. 1809.

extra speed and passed me just as I was getting over the fence into the road. By this time the whole neighbourhood dogs included had joined in the chase.

On meeting a load of hay the pony turned to one side all right but shortly afterwards he met two pretty young ladies and did not have as good success in passing. The ladies having a stronger attraction than the load of hay he went a little to elbow and looked the whiffle of the two waggons. These ladies being no exception of their sex made such ridiculous noises in screaming that the pony concluding he had mistaken them for some wild animals

broke loose from the waggon and taking the shafts with him started upon the road fiercer than ever with the cross piece striking his heels at every bound.

While this was going on we had almost caught up to him and shortly afterwards we secured him at the turnpike gate which had been closed by the tawman on hearing the noise of our approach. Crying something or other I let him go but did not whip him for I knew by so doing I would only make him more frightened. Alas for young men never leave your horse unless in as secure a way and do not pay too

much attention to pretty
and fascinating girls for
you may have to leave
as sudden as the fogs did.
Yr. fr.

- A fish story -

"Good evening, Uncle Hill."
"Evening, Ben fishie I see?"
"Yes, what do you think of
that?" I resounded, with par-
donable pride as I leaned
my fishing rod and my tired
self against Uncle Hill's
fence, and opened my basket.
"Are 't they beauties?"
"Not bad, not bad at all,"
he answered, as he picked
up a handsome speckled
three pounder, "fairish fish
all of 'em - considerin'"
"Considerin' what?" Uncle
Hill. "I see though I was
I could ^{not} resist the temptation
to get a yams out of the old

man, and I know he was
longing for an opportunity
to convince me that my fish
were not to be compared
with some that he had land-
ed in the halcyon days of
his youth.
"A fishie's aint what it used
to be," he replied, settling him-
self more comfortably against
the fence, "When I was a
young fellow forty or fifty
years ago, there was the
days. Why we thought
nothing of going out in the
morning and bringin home
four or five hundred trout
that would average five
pounds. We wouldn't re-
thought ~~them~~ (with a jerk
of his thumb towards my
dispirited basket) worth
carryin'. And there calms or
Marius the forty four de
I have hooked. I recollect
once up Bay Chaleur way

14 The Anatewa, May, 1889.

me and my cousin Hiram
were salmon fishing.

"He was a mighty fine
fisherman, and I was no
sneak, so we calculated we'd
have a pretty good showing
of fish by the time we got
back to Ingeu Mission, that
was where we was staying.

"Howsoever, luck seemed
to be dead against us, when
we'd been out for four hours,
we had only nine fish, and
not more'n half of 'em
went over forty pounds.

"We was gettin' pretty do-
in the north, when Hiram
says "Hill" says he "lets g.
down the river."

"All right -
the water
round."

(Uncle
believer in
And fish
Lettie Luch come place else.

I, I guess
is hangin'
to right;

as a firm
the craft.)

we'll have

"So we turned our bows
and started. The tide was
going out and the wind
was fair so we were soon
at the mouth of the river.

But the wickets followed
us, and for a while we hardly
got a bite. Then Hiram
hooked a regular stunner,
must a well-near a hundred,
but somehow the fishy
thing got off, with one of my
best spears stickin' in him.

"You bet we was mad, to
think o' lettin' a fish get
ahead of us. But we know
he couldn't live - that speer
must have done the business
for him.

"Decently we seen something
floatin', and first we thought
it was the salmon, it was
too dark to see any thing
plain. But just then it
lifted itself out of the water
and I'll be blamed if it -

wasn't a hundred feet long
and ten feet thick, every
inch of it. You'd better
believe we was scared, my
hair hasn't got laid down
that yet. It was a sea-
sarpent. Yes, sir, I've seen
sea serpents since, and some
a good deal bigger, but
never one to take the starch
out of me like that one did.

It was lying there on the
water quite quiet-like and
we had a good chance to
look at it. It was an awful
looking thing, as big as I
told you, with the wisest
looking head you ever saw
and two horns on top.

"It was enough to make
your blood run cold. But
Hirano, he never was afraid
o' nothin' and says he.

"Bill, lets take him."
"Take him," says I, "take him
where?"

"Take him a shore of course

you musskull says he. He
can kill him easily enough
if you only keep your weapons
eye open."

"I didn't think it would
be easy at all, but I didn't
say nothin' and Hirano laid
down his tar, and began
loadin' his gun.

"There were plenty of bears
up the Ingun Mission,
then and we never went
to woods without our guns.

"Now," says Hirano, "you aim
for his eye and the go for
the hole where his heart
ought to be if the creature
has one.

"He seemed to be a very oblige-
ing sea-sarpent," he said, "and
as quiet as an infant, so
if he knew we wanted to
have a whack at him.

So we fired and I don't
know just what happened
next. Talk about storms!
The biggest storm ever I

seen was nothing to it. Why the bay just boiled over like a pot of soft soap, and we was a good deal nearer Gay Jones' locker than ever I want to be again.

"I tell you it takes a sea serpent's tail to make things lively. But both the shots had struck home, and the old fellow had to pass in his checks. Before he was dead enough to be safe he had drifted half way down the bay, and of course we followed.

"We was awful tired, but we had some grub with us and we was too anxious about our fish to give up.

"We didn't know how we was going to get him hauled ashore, but he drifted into just the right place. A little gully where he was easy to get at, and by low tide

he was almost on dry land. There was a saw bill near the creek, and we borrowed all the chains and ropes they had. Then we got about twenty yoke of oxen and when the tide was in again we hitched in on and yanked him ashore. Her and our one, we skinned him and stuffed him, and then sold him to a Yankee who was getting up a show.

"He wasn't so 'normous seeing he was a sea serpent. I've seen bigger ones.

"It just took seventeen tons of straw to stuff him, but we got 'ninteen hundred dollars for him, so I think that was about the best days' fishing ever I did."

I got this paper some time ago to send
you, but never made out to send it. It is not
printed as good as some, but was the best I could get
I recd your letter, will answer it when I get plenty of time.
I am very busy at present, hope you are well.
If ever you come to Moncton come and see us,
please excuse haste.

Good night,

A. A. H.

~~It~~ probably the news will be old to you
but you can form and solem of what
our paper is like