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WHOLE NO. 350.

Original Poetry.

THE SEASONS.

First comes cold Winter with a gown,
While round him snow and winds do moan;
With hoary beard, and chattering teeth,
He stands upon us like a thief.
Yet ere he goes, he leaves behind,
Some memories sweet on every mind;
The Merry Christmas sounds of mirth
Echo the Happy New Year's birth.

Then comes Spring, decked in garlands
green,
Skipping sprightly o'er each leaf she's seen;
Returning birds open wide their throats,
And pour on the breeze, sweet warbled
notes:
The grass is quickened into birth,
And pheasants like quills mother Earth;
The tender leaves which deck the trees,
Sigh gently in the fluttering breeze.

Next Summer comes, both mild and warm,
Her presence sweet, her graceful form—
Is felt in every glen and bow,
Is seen in every full-blown flower.
The zephyr o'er each blossom plays,
And Nature speaks in many ways.
The fields with grain are unimpeded,
Fain would court you all day long to tread.

Now Autumn ends the Seasons' reign;
The farmer reaps his ripened grain;
The chirping birds now leave their nest,
And none remain but sweet Red Breast;
The rest to Christian climes fly fast
To "scape the coming Winter's blast."
The region of the leaves, recall—
That thus we die, and thus we fall!

Ah, Winter cold! Oh, Spring so gay!
With thee how swift time flies away!
The Summer's rain, the Autumn's sky,
As swift ye pass, as swift we die!

SNOWFELLOW.
Hopewell Corner, March 20th, 1877.

TOTS, THE PEACE-MAKER.

Tots was just upon the point of
stepping into bed when an idea
struck her.

It had been a trying day for Tots
all the way through. From morning
until night this insignificant member
of the family had been in diffi-
culties, and a source of much dis-
comfort to herself and other people.
It was hot, every body was cross,
and Tots, whose resources in the
way of entertainment were limited,
had had great trouble to dispose of
her time. In the morning she had
gone fishing in the duck pond, with
a crooked pin for a hook, and a ball
of worsted for a line. After waiting
patiently for her prey for some time,
she had tired of this amusement,
and, finding it non-successful, deter-
mined to go after some water-fly, the board
upon which she rested her tiny feet
slipped from under them, and Tots
was summarily precipitated into the
pond. When she appeared at the
farm-house, her bedraggled condition
brought down such a storm of de-
nunciation upon her head that the
unsuccessful angler, who had expect-
ed nothing but congratulations upon
her narrow escape from drowning,
was disgusted. Aunt Susan dressed
her, and Tots suffered so much during
the operation that she vowed never
to go near the pond again.

After dinner she wandered out to
the arbor, underneath whose leafy
roof Flo Stanton was playing with
her clergyman-lover's heart, as if
there was no little pain in the world
that she could afford to manufacture
more. Tots listened to the whole
interview, and watched the minister
go away, too well behaved a young
woman to interrupt the *tele-tete*,
but after having furtively watched
Aunt Flo cry as if her heart would
break, for two hours succeeding his
departure, Tots thought she might
venture upon a little consolation. It
really was too bad that her well-
meant efforts only resulted in a pair
of boxed ears, and abrupt orders to
"go away."

Then life became a burden. Tots
began to look upon the world as a
melancholy place. There was nothing to
do, and every body was to full of
their own affairs to pay her any at-
tention. It was a gleam of bright-
ness when the bell rang for supper.
In spite of her weariness and general
disgust with sublimity affairs, Tots
still retained her appetite, and her
bread and butter and strawberries
certainly did their part toward
raising her spirits. But after
supper came the culminating disaster
of the day. In a thoughtless
moment Tots, in spite of all the
warnings of past experience, wander-
ed into the kitchen. The kitten lay
underneath the stove, and Tots made
a rush to take possession of her pet
plaything. Her foot slipped, and she
fell against the table, and a big china
dish went bumping, bounding, crash-
ing, on the floor. The alter upon
which burnt sacrifices was daily
offered lay broken in a hundred
pieces. Aunt Susan witnessed the
whole transaction, and in two
minutes Tots was seized, spanked,
and sent to bed.

There is nothing to do but yield
to Fate and Aunt Susan. They are
a combination too strong for Tots to
overcome. So she toddles up stairs,
lays aside the garment she has worn
during the day, and buttons herself
into her bifurcated night dress.

Then is that the idea comes to her.
Tots, notwithstanding her tender
years, is devoted to fictitious
literature. She can not read her-
self, but she takes great pleasure in
listening to Aunt Fanny, who some-
times entertains the family by read-
ing aloud. Their last author was
Dickens, and Tots imagination has
been greatly excited by the beautiful
story of David Copperfield and his
child-wife little Dora.

"If," says Tots to herself, "I could
only marry somebody. Now Dora
was just as good for nothing as I am,
and yet Dodo loved her, and nobody
could get a nuisance and boxed her
ears. It must have been very nice
to live in the little house with Dodo
and Jip. I wonder if I could find
any body to marry me?"

Then, all of a sudden, Tots thought
of the minister. His name is David,
and he lives all alone in the
cunningest little cottage, with an old
woman for a housekeeper.

"It would be just the thing,"
thinks Tots, "I'll ask him."

With Tots, to plan is to execute.
She withdraws the foot with which
she has begun to scale the heights of
the bed, and goes to the window.
The moon shines brightly. She
isn't a bit afraid. In two minutes
she has scrambled over the roof of
the shed, seized a bough of the old
apple-tree, let herself quietly down
to the ground, and is on her way to
the minister's house.

The Rev. David Thornton, sitting
gloomily in his study on the ground-
floor of his house, and fighting man-
fully with the heart-ache caused by a
girl's careless words, is suddenly
startled by two white legs tearing
their way through the vines that
grow in front of his window, and a
small body turning a somersault
into the middle of his room.

"I caught my toe and tumbled,"
explains Tots, assuming an upright
position, and caressing the injured
foot.

"What are you doing here at this
time of night?" asks the clergyman,
beginning to smile.

"I want to get married."

"To whom?"

"You!"

This time the grave man laughs,
and seating himself in his arm-chair,
takes the child on his knees.

"What for?"

"Cause Aunt Susan spans me
and Aunt Flo boxes my ears, and I
want to get married and be a child-
wife like Dora, and have a dog named
Jip, and I'd like you." Tots accompa-
nies this statement with a kiss.

"Thank you."

"And I'll call you Dodo, and hold
your pens. They are all so cross at
home, and there is nothing to do, so
I thought I'd come and ask you to
marry me. I wish I had thought of
this before I got undressed," and Tots
surveys her toilet, realizing for the
first time that she has committed a
breach of the proprieties by appear-
ing in public in pantaloons.

"What did Aunt Flo box your
ears for?"

"After you went away this after-
noon she began to cry so that I
thought you had been pinching her.
I thought so, you know, when you take
a little nip. But when I heard her
say she had been so wicked, and that
she never would forgive, and that you
would never come back again; so then
I thought I must have been the
she that pinched you. So she cried
for some time. When I cry, and
they give me jam, I always stop.
But she boxed my ears and sent me
away.—Don't scold me so; it
hurts."

"Tots," said the minister, "you
are the dearest child in the world,
and I am going to take you home."

"I won't go. I want to stop with
you only I must have some clothes."

"W-I'll go for the clothes."

Aunt Flo is sitting in the parlor
wiping a very red pair of eyes when
the Rev. David appears with Tots on
his shoulder.

"Florence," says the clergyman,
"may I forget all the harsh words
spoken this afternoon?"

"Can you forgive them?"

"Where all the tears Tots tells about
shed for me? I have just had a visit
from the little lady." The clergy-
man looks tenderly down at the red
eyes, and Flo's hand feels its way
into his.

Poor Tots! here are two more
people who won't pay her any at-
tention.

"You are going to marry me, you
know," tugging at the Reverend
David's disengaged hand.

"No, Tots not you—Aunt Flo!"
Tots begins to cry.
"Never mind, pet," and Aunt Flo
takes the child in her arms. "You
shall have your reward. 'Blessed
are the peace-makers,' Tots, and I'll
give you a big cake in the morning.
Now Aunt Sue will put you to bed."

"I don't know what 'peace-makers'
are, and, I don't want a cake. I
w-w-want to go to g-get married!"
Tots is borne screaming away.

WOMEN.

"What!" said Bartle, with an air
of disgust. "Was there a woman
concerned? Then I give you up,
Adam."

"But it's a woman you spoke
well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser.
"Come, now, you can't draw back.
You said once as a woman wouldn't
have been a bad invention if they
had been all like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man—I mean
her voice, that was all," said Bartle.
"I can't bear to hear her speak with
out wanting to put wool in my ears.
As for other things, I daresay she's
like the rest of the women—thinks
two and two'll come to make five, if
she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay," said Mrs. Poyser.
"One 'ud think, an' hear some folk
talk, as the men war 'cute enough to
count the corns in a bag of wheat
only smelling at it. They can see
through a bare door, they can. Per-
haps that's the reason they can see
so little of this side on 't."

Martin Poyser shook with de-
lightful laughter, and winked at
Adam, as much as to say the school-
master was in for it now.

"Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly.
"The women are quick enough—they
re quick enough. They know the
rights of a story before they hear it,
and can tell a man what his thoughts
are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser.
"For the men are mostly slow, their
thoughts over-run 'em an' they can
only catch 'em by the tail. I can
count a stocking-top while a man's
getting 'is tongue ready; an' when he
'ut 'is speech at last, there's little
truth to be made out. It's your
dead chicks take the longest hatchin'.

However, I'm not denyin' the women
are foolish: God Almighty made 'em
to match the men."

"Match!" said Bartle: "ay, as
villager matches one's tea." If
man says a word, his wife'll match it
with a contradiction; if he's mind
for hot meat, his wife'll match it with
cold bacon; if he laughs she'll match
him with whimpering. She's such a
match as the horse fly is to 'is horse:

she's got the right word to sting
him with—the right venom to sting
him with."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poyser. "I
know what the man like—a poor soul
as 'ud snipe at 'em like the picture
of a snipe, whether they did right or
wrong, an' say thank you for a kick,
an' protest, she didn't know which
end she stood uppermost, till her
husband told her. That's what a
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1877 THE WEEKLY GLOBE

THE "GLOBE" PUBLISHING CO., gratefully acknowledge the triumph of success that has attended the appearance of THE WEEKLY GLOBE in its new and improved form. The vast circulation it has secured, and the enthusiastic approval that comes from all sections of the Dominion, as well as from numerous readers in Great Britain and the United States, leave no room to doubt that the publishers have succeeded in producing "a Weekly Journal of the Highest Class." But the success achieved in the past year is only one step in the path of advancement. In the coming year fresh progress will be made, and that of a character which must greatly increase interest and value to the paper. The series of Illustrated Biographies of Prominent Public Men that has this year attracted so much attention will be continued during the coming year. Over twenty thousand of the subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE are agriculturists, and they will all gladly learn that THE CANADA FARMER on 1st January, 1877, was amalgamated with that paper under the title of

The Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer. THE FARMER will cease to appear as a separate publication. The annual subscription to THE WEEKLY GLOBE and the CANADA FARMER, remains as heretofore, only \$3 per annum, sent free of postage; payable invariably in advance. The Club Rates for 1877 will be as follows:— 5 Copies and under \$1.00 per copy. 10 Copies and under \$1.80 per copy. 20 Copies and over, at \$1.75 per copy. Orders and remittances to be addressed to the

GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY, Toronto.

THE BANNER WEEKLY

Of the Maritime Provinces.

Enlarged in Size. Reduced in Price. Improved in Form.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

THE most popular Newspaper in the Maritime Provinces is the

WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

It contains of eight pages, of forty-eight columns, and it contains summaries of

1. The General News of the World.

2. Parliamentary and Legislative News.

3. Editorial Articles of the "Daily Telegraph."

4. Religious News; Notices of Temperance movements.

5. Weekly Sermons by Dr. Talmaire or others.

6. Select Tales and Original Sketches.

7. Market Reports and Departments of the

8. Farm, Garden, Household, etc.

9. Correspondence from different parts of the world.

Published at \$1.00 per year in advance.

The Telegraph will hereafter stop at the date to which it is paid up. News of interest to the country solicited from correspondents. Approved advertisements taken at moderate rates.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

is the most complete newspaper of the Maritime Provinces. It is published at 50 cents a month or \$6 a year in advance, being less than 2 cents a copy. A discount is made to pastors, teachers, and members of the public schools, postmasters and telegraph operators. Send for Specimen Copy.

WILLIAM ELDER, Editor & Proprietor, St. John, N. B.

Tea. Tea. Tea.

LANDING:—

80 C CHESTS, 140 half-chests Fine

Retaining CONGOU TEA.

IN STORE:—

294 chests and 140 half-chests Super Black Tea.

80 boxes Tea, very good for family use.

AND TO ARRIVE:—

150 Half-Chests KAI-SOW CONGOU

We would call the attention of the trade to the above TEAS, they are well bought, of excellent quality, and will be sold low.

STEPHENS & FIGGURES

24 & 26 Dock St., St. John.

SALMON ANGLING.

DEPT. OF MARINE AND FISHERIES,

Fisheries Branch,

Ottawa, 1st March, 1877.

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to let MAY next, for the SALMON ANGLING PRIVILEGES of the following rivers:—

Natashquan, (North Shore).

Mingau, (near Mingau).

Romanie, (near Mingau).

Trinity, (near Point des Monts).

St. Margaret, (near Mingau).

Trout, (near Mingau).

Mattawit, (near Mingau).

Decade, (near Mingau).

Malbait, (near Mingau).

Grand Pabos, do.

Little Pabos, do.

Tolique, (New Brunswick).

Nashua, do.

Jupiter, (Anticosti Island).

Salmon.

Rent per annum to be stated; payable in advance.

Leases to run from one to five years.

Leases to employ guardians at private cost.

By order,

W. F. WHITCHER,

Commissioner of Fisheries.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

ON and after MONDAY, November

20th, 1876, Trains will pass Sackville as follows:—

Express for Halifax and Way Stations, at 1.30 p. m.; 1.32 p. m.

Express for St. John, Point du Chene and Way Stations, at 2.40 p. m., and 12.15 p. m.

Express for River du Loup and Way Stations, at 7.24 p. m.

C. J. BRYDGES, Gen. Mgr. Govt. Railways, Railway Office, Montreal, Nov. 23rd, 1876.

Elgin Branch Railway.

Running of Trains.

ON and after Wednesday, 8th November, Train will leave Petford at 12.30 p. m., and returning will leave Elgin at 3 p. m.

C. A. HALLETT, Petford, Nov. 1, 1876. LESLIE.

COAL! COAL!

THE Subscriber has been appointed Agent for the sale of Bennett's superior house Coal. Orders promptly attended to. Coals delivered in any part of Sackville.

JOHN FORD, Jr.

NEW GOODS. The Gazette,

MONTREAL.

Received per Steamer from Glasgow:

Dress Goods,

In all the latest Shades.

LUSTRES,

COBURGS,

SHAWLS,

FLANNELS,

Wineys, (Twilled and Plain); Mantles, Corsets, Scarfs, Grey and White Cotton, &c., &c., &c.

COATINGS,

In Blue, Black and Brown Beavers; Basket-Cloths and Napp-Cloths.

The above Goods will be disposed of for very low cash or its equivalent. Purchasers will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Dickson & Patterson

nov2

NEW GOODS.

AT THE

Sackville Drug Store.

In Toilet Articles.

SUPERIOR HAIR BRUSHES (at moderate prices), Cloth Brushes, Tooth and Nail Brushes (a good stock), Dressing and Fine Combs, Choice Perfumes, Nourish and Toilet Powders, Hair Oils, Hair Dyes, Hair Vigors, &c., Vanburke's Sordol, Tooth Paste and Camphorated Dentifrice (for the teeth); a superior Stock of Toilet Soaps, Silver Soap, and Emulsive Soap (for removing grease spots, &c.), &c.

In Medical Preparations.

THE Syrup of Phosphates (a superior Tonic), Campbell's Quinine Wine, Elixir of Beef, Pure Norway Cod Liver Oil and Campbell's Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites (a superior remedy for all consumptive tendencies), &c.

Patent Medicines.

CLARK'S Worm Fennel Blood Mixture, Fowler's Hypophosphites, Krasavin Syrup, Thomas' Electric Oil, Seven Seas, Gales' Medicine, Shonobee's Eucalypti, Ayer's Hair, and Channing's Sarsaparilla, Cough Mixture, Liniments, Pills, Ointments, &c., (a variety).

SUNDRIES.

ROYAL FOOD for Infants, Durham's Spice for Horses and Cattle, Condensed Milk, Purest Hops, Castor Oil, Olive Oil, Nut's Hot Oil (in bottle or bulk), Lecimene's Essence, British Oil, Oil of Spices, Peppermint Salve, French Dressing (for boots and shoes), Furniture Polish, Nursing Bottles, Enemas, Cement, Sponges, Hair's Plaster, Porous Plaster, Aniline Lysol, Mucilage, Marking Ink, Alcohol, Turpentine, Bay Rum, Glycerine, Thermometers, Dominos, &c.

A Good Stock Confectionery.

APPLES, ORANGES, LEMONS, &c.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded.

A. DIXON, Dispenser.

Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula, and all conditions of the blood, such as Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Erysipelas, Ulcers, &c., &c., &c.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Sillington, Man-drake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the disease it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skillfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corrupting humors which develop into loathsome disease.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, prove their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

200 Barrels Superior Flour

Direct from Mills.

For Sale Low.

BLAIR ESTABROOKS.

Sackville, July 31st, 1876.

NOTICE!

HERBY FORBID any person credit-ing my wife Emma Emma Allen.

NEILSON W. ALLEN.

Botsford, Feb. 15th 1877.

NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS having any claims

AR CRANE, of Westmorland, merchant,

deceased, will please render their accounts

duly attested to the Subscribers within

months from the date hereof, and all persons

indebted to the said Estate will please make

immediate payment to

ROSARIA CRANE, Executrix.

CHARLES M. CAREY, Executors.

BEDFORD HARPER, Executors.

Bay Verts, Feb. 6th, 1877.

POETRY.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

(Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her husband, Marchese di Pescara, retired to her castle at Ischia, and there wrote the ode upon his death which gained her the title of Divine.)

Once more, once more, I write

I see the purple hills—once more

I hear the billows of the bay

Wash the white pebbles on thy shore!

High o'er the sea-wave and the sands,

Like a great galeon wrecked and cast

Ashore, by storms that shake the stands,

A mouldering landmark of the Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see

Of phantom gliding to and fro;

It is the Colonnade—'tis she

Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,

The type of perfect womanhood,

Whose life was love, the life of life.

That time and change and death with-

stood.

For death, that breaks the marriage band

In others, only closed pressed

The wedding-ring upon her hand,

And closed locked and barred her breast.

She knew the life long martyrdom,

The weariness, the endless pain,

Who nevermore would come again.

The shadows of the chestnut trees,

The odor of the orange blossoms,

The song of birds, and more than these,

The silence of deserted rooms.

The respiration of the sea,

The soft caresses of the air,

Her life was martyrdom and pain,

But ministers of her despair!

Till the oft-repeated heart, so long

Imprisoned in itself, found vent

And voice in one impassioned song

Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, 'tis hidden from sight,

Transmuted to gold the leaden mist

Of the creation to the light.

From realms that 'thou' unseest, exist.

Infinite! Infinite!

Thy castle on the craters above

In dust shall crumble and decay.

But not the memory of her love.

—HERBY W. LONGFELLOW, in Harper's Magazine for April.

UNCLE TOM AND THE QUEEN.—The

cable some days ago brought the

announcement that the Rev. Josiah

Henson, (colored) the original of

Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" had been

presented to the Queen. Mr. Henson

himself describes the interview as

follows:—

"He said that when he saw the

Queen she met him very graciously,

and they might say on it that he en-

deavored to meet her as gracefully.

(Laughter.) She was greatly de-

lightened. She said she had read of me, and

heard a great deal about me, and was

happy to see me, indeed. I did not

say ditto—(laughter)—but I thought

ditto—(renewed laughter)—and said

this, that I had for a long time a great

desire to see Her Majesty in person,

that I had not the honor of pre-

senting to Her Majesty private thanks

for the honor which she had conferred

upon herself by granting United

States slaves an asylum from the

hand of the cruel oppressor. I said

however a slave struck the soil of

Great Britain he was a man and a

free man. (Applause.) At every

sentence Her Majesty would make a

polite bow, and so would I—(laughter)—

and I told her how our petitions

had been ascending to God in prayer

and thankfulness for the privilege

which she had given us in Canada

from the armed hand of the oppres-

sor. (Applause.) I said that we

would be always an honor to the

Crown, and the greatest blessing we

could confer upon Her Majesty would

be to hope that all her subjects should

be like her. (Laughter.) She said

In the year 1792 a gentleman

named Charlton left a bequest, out of

which was to be given a marriage

dowry of 6 guineas to the daughters

of every day laborer of the counties

of Meath and Wexford on their

marriage, in presence of Protestant

clergymen, to the sons of day laborers

in those counties or the counties

adjoining. The claims on the fund

have been few, and the amount has

increased very largely. The ordi-

nary Chancellor recently approved of a

scheme extending the application of

the fund to persons of all denomina-

tions, and increasing the dowry to

£25. The scheme was opposed by the

Bishop of Meath and the Bishop

of Kilmorsh who desired that it

should be heretofore be restricted to

Protestants. Besides, the members

of the Protestant Church of

Ireland. In opposition to this

view it was argued that in the year

of the testator's death mixed mar-

riages were legal, if performed in

the presence of Protestant clergy-

men.

The Legislature of Nebraska has

declared in favor of war of ex-

termination against the grasshopper,

and has provided means for con-

ducting hostilities upon the most

extensive scale. It has passed a law

authorizing the raising of a regiment

of the State militia to order out of

the voters in their respective pre-

dicts to do twelve days work each

in killing grasshoppers, for which

services each of these home guards is

to be paid two dollars per day in

country. Besides, this

grasshopper clubs are forming in all

parts of Nebraska for voluntary effort

in waging war against their tiny but

terrible enemy, and to devise new

and improved means of destroying

the destroyers.

"There was a Kerry priest," began