

## THE COUNTY FAIR.

O, I like it in September,  
When the harvest work is done,  
An' the County Fair is red-  
With the prizes ter be won.

Fer I take th' blooded heffur,  
An' a hog o' pond'rous size,  
Er a yearling fer the races,  
An' I try ter win a prize.

Farmer Snappin' Bean goes with me,  
An' he tries to get a place,  
But I leave him at the quarter,  
An' he's never in th' race.

Silas Simpson trots a secon'  
With er little sorrel mare,  
But I leave him in th' distance—  
Yes, I allus beat him square.

Yes, I like it in September,  
When the harvest work is done,  
An' th' County Fair is open—  
If I git th' prizes won.

## HOME! SWEET HOME!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

The hearts of thousands have thrilled at these words, so pregnant with home-love—words that have made home dearer and more precious than it was before—words expressing the tenderest feelings of thousands, to whom expression had previously been denied. Many a sweet singer, as she warbles the familiar song, knows not who was its author; therefore, it may be well to give a slight sketch of his character and somewhat sad career.

John Howard Payne was born in 33 Broad Street, New York, on the 9th of June 1791; and a large portion of his childhood was passed amidst the peaceful verdant scenery of East Hampton, in that State, where his father was principal of a small academy. When John was five years old, his father moved to Boston in a similar scholastic capacity, and there remained eight years; after which, the subject of this memoir returned to New York, and entered the counting-house of a firm in which an elder brother had been partner. But he never took to the dull drudgery of a mercantile life. When only thirteen years old, he contributed a dramatic criticism to a juvenile paper of which he was editor, and it was republished in the columns of the New York Evening Post. Soon after he entered Union College, but only remained a year; after which, owing to the pecuniary difficulties of his father, he found himself under the necessity of pushing his fortune in the world alone and unaided.

Payne now devoted his time to studying for the stage, for which he displayed considerable aptitude; and made his first public appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, as Young Norval in the tragedy of Douglas. This debut was a complete success. From New York he went to Boston, where he again appeared as Young Norval, and also as Romeo, Rollo, and other characters. In cultured Boston, he became even more the rage than in the great emporium of commerce. After a time he returned to New York, thence he visited Baltimore—where he was enthusiastically received; subsequently proceeding to South Carolina and other Southern States. He came to Washington in 1809, and attracted great attention, one admiring critic declaring that 'a more extraordinary mixture of softness and intelligence was never associated in a human countenance; and his face was an index of his heart—he was a perfect Cupid in beauty.' In January 1813, Payne sailed for England, and in Liverpool was welcomed by William Roscoe, who presented him to John Kemble, Coleridge, Campbell, Southey, Byron, and others; and got for him an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of Young Norval. Great applause greeted the youthful American actor, particularly in the death scene at the end of the play.

Payne performed for a month in London, and then went the round of several of the principal English cities, after which he proceeded to Dublin, where, in conjunction with the celebrated Miss O'Neil, he played in various well-known dramas. He now visited Paris, where he met and became intimate with his distinguished countryman, Washington Irving; and formed a friendship with Talma, the French tragedian. Once more he returned to England; but on this occasion he was less of a novelty, and did not retain his former success.

About this time he commenced his career as a dramatic author, one of his first efforts in this line being the tragedy of Brutus, produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1818, the famous Edmund Kean taking the principal part. The play was a success, being performed to crowded houses for seventy-five nights. Upwards of fifty plays of various descriptions were written by Payne, and their pecuniary returns enabled him to live comfortably during his nineteen years' residence in Europe. But the production which has achieved such a world-wide fame, and rendered its author an honoured name in many a household, was his 'Home! Sweet Home.' This beautiful song was composed in Paris one dull October day when Payne was living in humble lodgings near the Palais-Royal. The depressing influences of his surroundings, something in the atmosphere which seemed to harmonise with his own

feelings, and his solitary lot in life, were instrumental in drawing forth the simple pathos and tender yearnings of the song. As originally composed, it ran, according to some accounts, as follows:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there  
(Like the love of a mother  
Surpassing all other),

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

There's a spell in the shade  
Where our infancy played  
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain:  
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;  
The birds and the lambskins that came at my call;  
Those who named me with pride,  
Those who played at my side,

Give me them! with the innocence dearer than all.  
The joys of the palaces through which I roam,  
Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like home.

The Boston Congregationalist, however, has given the following as the authentic form in which the author sent out his immortal song—the original manuscript being in the possession of an old lady in America, to whom at one time John Howard Payne was greatly attached:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain:  
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;  
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;  
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home! home! &c.  
How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,  
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.  
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,  
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.  
Home! home! &c.

To thee, I'll return, overburdened with care;  
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;  
No more from that cottage again will I roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
Home! home! &c.

The song was afterwards rewritten by its author, and introduced into an opera called Clari, the Maid of Milan, a play sold by him, in 1823, to Charles Kemble, of Covent Garden Theatre, for two hundred and fifty pounds; the music being composed by Sir Henry Bishop. In the opera, the song ran as we now know it:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain:  
Oh! give me my lonely thatched cottage again;  
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;  
Give me them—and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

Clari had a great run, the chief role being taken by Miss Maria Tree, whose singing of the song caused a wonderful sensation, gifted as she was not only with a beautiful and expressive face, but with a fine voice which thrilled her hearers. More than one hundred thousand copies of the song as set to music were sold by the publishers within a year of its publication; but poor Payne reaped no pecuniary benefit from this source, nor did even his name appear as the author.

A story is told by the American newspaper that the power of the song once liberated its author from captivity. John Howard Payne was a warm personal friend of John Ross, the famous Cherokee Indian chief, and they were together when the Cherokees were ordered to remove from their home in Georgia to the prairie-lands west of the Mississippi River. Many refused to go; so the militia were ordered to scour the country and arrest all who stayed behind. Payne and Ross were seated before the fire in a miserable log-cabin, when seven or eight militiamen burst in, secured their prisoners, mounted them on horses, and led them away. As they left the hovel, rain began to fall, and continued all night, so that every man was thoroughly drenched. Towards midnight, one of Payne's escorts, to keep himself awake, began humming 'Home! home! sweet, sweet home!' and Payne said: 'I never expected to hear that song under such circumstances and at such a time. Do you know the author?'—'No!' said the soldier. 'Do you?'—'Yes,' answered Payne; 'I am.'—'Ho! ho!' laughed the soldier. 'You composed it, did you? Oh! tell the horse that! Look here. If you composed it—but I know you didn't—you can say it all without stopping. It says something about pleasures and palaces, and cottages and birds. Now, pitch into it, and reel it off; and if you can't, you'll have to walk.' Payne 'pitched' into it, and 'reeled it off' greatly to the satisfaction of his guardian, who vowed the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it. When the party reached Milledgeville, the headquarters, they were, after a preliminary examination,

and much to their agreeable surprise, discharged.

In the summer of 1832, Mr. Payne returned to New York at a time when cholera was desolating the city, and was joyfully received by his many friends, a complimentary benefit being arranged for him at the Park Theatre, where he first made his bow as an actor. For the next ten years he resided in America during which he engaged in a considerable amount of literary work, and travelled extensively both in the North and South, until in 1842 he was appointed to the post of American consul at Tunis. However, he was not permitted very long to enjoy his new post, for in less than three years he was recalled by President Polk, who, to gratify a political associate, gave the appointment to another.

This was a great disappointment to Payne, who had ably fulfilled his duties, and was engaged in writing a history of Tunis, which he had now to abandon; but to console himself, he made a tour in the continent, visiting Italy, France, and other places, returning to Washington in 1847. During this, his last sojourn in the capital, he gathered around him an extensive circle of friends, and kept up a correspondence with many of those eminent in literature and art, whose acquaintance he had formed both in his own country and in Europe. The exertions of those who knew his worth, and the claims he had upon his country, were successful at last, and Mr. Payne was again appointed to the post he had before filled, being re-installed as consul at Tunis.

In May 1851, the author of Home! Sweet Home! bade farewell to his country for the last time, and in a few weeks afterwards entered upon the duties of his office at Tunis with high hopes of continuing his former career of usefulness. But it had been otherwise decreed, for ere another year had past, John Howard Payne had ceased from his wanderings, while his country had to lament the loss of one of her gifted sons. He died on the 9th of April 1852, and his body was laid in the Protestant cemetery of St George at Tunis, the grave being covered by a white marble slab, with a simple epitaph, and on the four edges of the marble the four lines—a line to each:

Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled  
To realms beyond the azure dome,  
With arms outstretched, God's angels said:  
'Welcome to Heaven's Home! sweet Home!'

After lying for more than thirty years in a foreign tomb, the last remains of John Howard Payne have now been transferred to a grave in his native land. To Mr. W. Corcoran, a well-known and philanthropic citizen of Washington, is due the initiation of the scheme and the credit of defraying all the expenses connected with the bringing home of the remains of his countryman from Tunis, after the necessary permission had been obtained from the Secretary of the State. Payne's grave in the cemetery at Tunis had been well kept, and, besides the marble slab above mentioned, was indicated by a large pepper-tree which had been planted by one of his friends who was present at his death and burial. Two of the small company who witnessed the interment of the poet, M. Pisani and an old Arab dragoman who was deeply attached to Mr. Payne, were present at the exhumation of his body. The coffin was found to be much decayed, and little more than the skeleton, and some portions of the uniform in which the lonely exile had been buried, rewarded the reverential care with which the sad duty was performed. After being inclosed in a leaden and two outer wooden coffins, the honoured remains were deposited in the small Protestant church until the vessel which was to transport them to Marseilles was ready to sail. As the body was being carried into the church, the poet's own immortal song was sweetly sung by an American lady who was present, with a pathos which deeply affected the little gathering of friends and mourners—an appropriate requiem to the kindly and gentle spirit whose cherished dust was once to be borne back to his native land. On the 9th of June 1883, the remains were laid in their last resting-place in the Old Oak cemetery, Washington; and of all the monuments to distinguished men in that distinguished city, none surely will attract more visitors than that erected to the memory of the author of Home! Sweet Home!

## Political Economy Changing Base.

No one who has observed the discussions of subjects coming under the general head of political economy can have failed to note that a change of base has been effected, or, at least is being effected. The idea so elaborately set forth by Adam Smith, and followed closely by Mill, Spencer and lesser lights on both sides of the Atlantic, is giving way. The fundamental idea of the old school was individual freedom, with all its many corollaries. When the useless restraints of the past which gave rise to that crusade for larger liberty are recalled one cannot fail to see that there was a great need of reform in that direction. But the need now is such an adjustment of the principles of Government to individualism as will correct the abuses of freedom which have come to be a public menace.

Henry George may be taken as the representative of the logic of the old idea in taxation. He would not only tear down all custom houses, but give up the taxation of

property except land. Anything that the owner can move or hide he would exempt, whether domestic or imported. Another logical application of the same principle is the leaving of everything to private contract and competition, restricting the province of government to the utmost limit instead of enlarging its sphere, so as to make governmental control a protection against corporate monopoly with all its attendant evils. Anarchy itself is still another corollary of the old proposition, for at the bottom anarchy is simply individualism. To what extent governmental intervention in business matters can be beneficial is an open question. The British parliament and British colonial parliaments, our own congress and state legislatures have passed a great many laws of late designed to curb the power of combination, and in many other ways come to the rescue of society from the evils of unrestricted liberty. These laws have sometimes been effective, but oftener disappointing. About all that can be said in their favor is that they are the gray of the morning giving promise of a new day.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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