

Poetry.

TO THE POTATO.

An Epitaphical Poem of Robert Burns.

Guid'een, my sallow acquaintance crone,
I'm glad to see thee bloom as bonnie;
Of fruits and flowers there is nae monie
Can match thee; but I'll be true to thee;
I question much if there be one,
At least to me.

It's now two months since ye've been to us,
As soon's ye can come in and see us;
Ye'll banish poverty frae us;
The time ye stay;
And though I hope ye winna lea' us
Till Whinsunday.

I'll mak' my law young bounding wench
Place thee upon a bowl or trencher;
Wi' doon o' milk as deep as Stinchin;
In case I had it;
I'll show thee fairly I'm nae slincher;
When once I said it.

Ye'er saw the poor folk's bread and scones,
And hungry men's gasp and groans;
Frae me to him that lies the throne
O' happy Britain;
Bath young and auld man, wife, and wean,
Ye haud them eating.

Literature.

THE LOVER'S REVENGE.

One evening early in the rebellion, Laura Davis stood at the gate of her home on the banks of the Tennessee. The rays of the setting sun that flashed from the river and illumined the pleasant plantation, lit up to glowing beauty her handsome face and dark, eager eyes, and she leaned forward to listen to the sound of approaching footsteps. In a moment a man appeared under the trees near the house, and she sprang forward to meet him.

"I am so glad to see you! that is, to see some one who can tell me the news. What has happened? Have the Yankees advanced?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I do not know," he answered, with strange slowness in contrast with her impetuous words. "I have heard nothing since I last saw you."

"Have heard nothing?" she repeated, contemptuously, "and you are a man and might have found out easily! By the way, how can you stay at home so tamely, when your country calls on every man to defend her from these tyrants who would make us slaves!"

Byrne watched that handsome, defiant face with its burning eyes and scornful lips, and his dark features grew sinister with suppressed passion.

"And this is all you welcome! You did not care to see me, only to see any one who could give you the gossip of the day."

"The gossip of the day!" she sneered. "You call the events that are stirring around us here gossip—you regard the great struggle before us perhaps as child's play!"

"No," he answered, "it is important enough, doubtless, but to me, Laura, even these questions are nothing compared to what lies nearest to my heart."

"And what is that?"

"My love for you! Yes, Laura, I must urge my suit once more; tell me, will you give me no hope?"

"And this was your errand to-night?" she said scornfully. "You come here to sigh about your own selfish hopes, when every man should think of his country!"

"Your words are bitter, Laura. You will not listen to me, then?"

"No, Joe Byrne, neither now nor any future time. I never loved you, and now your indifference to your duty makes me—"

"Go on," he said, fiercely, as she paused. "Despise you! And she turned haughtily away."

For a moment he looked at her, his arms contracted, his eyes blazing with anger; then he called to her:

"Stay a moment, Laura."

"Well?"

"Suppose I join the Confederate army, may I hope then that you will be mine?"

No, she answered, as she turned back. I will make no promise even on those conditions; but though I will not marry you even then, I shall regard you as an honorable friend."

"A friend!" he repeated. "I do not want your friendship; I want you, your love—that or nothing."

"Then the sooner you leave me the better. I tell you I will never be yours, but if you draw your sword to defend your country like a man, I will honor and respect you."

"But you will not marry me?"

"No! why ask so many times a useless question?"

"Then you love another!"

A deep flush swept up under Laura's dark skin, and for once her large eyes dropped. Her voice trembled as she replied:

"You have no right to ask."

"But I am answered," he said, savagely. "Your tell-tale confusion betrays you. See that you scorn my love because you care for another man. I understand now why there is no hope for me, but I tell you Laura Davis, although I cannot make you love me, I will one day make you fear me. I am going to join the Union army."

Laura faced him, her eyes fairly blazing with scorn.

"What! recant! traitor! you will betray your country and join her assassins?"

"I shall join the strongest force," he said, coolly. "I tell you Laura, this time the South is stronger and richer than the North; they will conquer you, and I shall be one of the conquerors."

Laura's face was white with anger.

"You are a coward!" she cried indignantly. "Never insult me by contriving to speak to me again!"

"Never till you sue to me for mercy—never till you are in my power! I tell you I will have revenge for every insult word you have uttered to-night. Until then farewell!"

He turned away, and Laura, with a burning desire to be a man and kill him on the spot, saw his powerful figure disappear down the winding path. She was no longer loved, but she was enrolled in the hostile army. Life had grown very indifferent to her. She exposed herself recklessly on all sorts of daring expeditions, caring little if she lived or died, wishing often that she might be killed, if her death could serve her country.

All sorts of stories are told of her perilous adventures at this time. She soon gained the reputation of being the most faithful and successful spy in that region of country. It is even said that more than once, in a guerrilla skirmish, she carried a musket and fought with the best. An opportunity came very soon for very permanent usefulness to the rebel cause.

There had been a ferry near her house but the boats had been carried away by a raid of Union troops, and communication between the opposite banks of the river became difficult and dangerous. Laura at once resolved upon establishing a ferry that should run only for the benefit of

her own friends. She sent for one of her slaves, an old man whose feeble health had kept him faithful, while others had fled.

"Pompey," she said, "you know these miserable Yankees have said you would be free if you would go with them, but I will make you really free if you will do as I ask you."

"Deed, miss, I do anything miss's wants, but don't send poor Pompey away."

"No, Pompey, I will not. I will make you free, but I will give you wages all the time, and you shall work for me."

"I thank de missis."

And then Laura went on to explain her plan. Pompey had a light canoe which had escaped destruction. In this he was to cross the river, and build for himself a hut in the bushes on the opposite bank; there he was to live, with his canoe concealed under the hill. When she summoned him with a blast on the plantation horn, he was to come over and take across those she placed in his care, or if called on his side by a peculiar whistle, he was to ferry over those who belonged to the rebel service.

Before many days, this ferry was in successful operation, to the intense annoyance of some federal troops, who thus several times lost important captures. Laura heard of their wrath and vows of vengeance, but she laughed at the threats, and went on as before, in storm or danger, never down to the river bank at the risk of her life.

At this time she had news again of her former lover Byrne. He was raiding through the country, the captain of a desperate band of outlaws and deserters, who made the Union name an excuse for every species of robbery and oppression. She only laughed at every warning, and continued her perilous enterprise.

One evening late in November, when it was cold and dark, a near storm threatening, she wrapped her cloak around her and prepared for her evening duty. Mrs. Davis, who viewed her daughter's whole course with a horror, and knew her remonstrances were utterly useless, was so overcome with some recent stories of the near approach of the Union army, that she could not forbear one last appeal.

"Laura! Laura! don't go to-night!" she said. "It is cold and stormy. Oh! my darling child, don't go away!"

"I must mother. I have reason to expect there will be fugitives escaping from the Yankee troops. I must be there to save them."

"But, my dear daughter, the Yankee troops are so near they must be there, too."

"I can't help it. Would you have me desert my friends for any paltry consideration of personal danger?"

"Yes, I would! Laura, I am an old man, your father is away, and I have no one but you. Do you not think you owe me some duty? My child! my child! stay with me this one night!"

For a moment Laura hesitated; but just at this instant she caught the sound of a thrill whistle.

"Hark! they are calling me now. I must go, mother. Kiss me, quick! Good-bye!"

She was away, darting down the path, out into the wild and stormy night. There was a full moon, so that the darkness was not very intense, although black clouds were hurrying across the heavens. Yet ever and anon these clouds would break away, and the clear, silver moonlight would stream out, illuminating the dark river, the tempest-tossed trees, and the group of soldiers on the bank.

Laura hesitated to be, wondering who they could be. It was only when she stood among them, that by the pale moonbeams, she caught sight of the glittering buttons of the Federal uniform, and saw Joe Byrne's pale, sinister face scowling upon her.

"Yes, Laura Davis, I have come back," he said—"come back, as I told you I should, a conqueror. Ah! you need not try to escape!" as he laid his heavy hand on her shoulder. "You are my prisoner now! Here, men, bind her hands."

"Traitor and coward!" cried Laura; "you come to fight a woman?"

"When a woman does a man's work, as you have done, she must take a man's punishment," he answered, as with a strong cord he fastened her hands together.

A young lady, tall and slender, with her hair bound up in a turban, and her eyes fixed on Laura, said to her:

"You know the penalty of your obstinacy?"

"I shall not tell you where it is," she replied calmly. "You may kill me, if you choose, but I will not betray my country to your enemies."

The full moonbeams lit up her handsome face, with its brilliant dark eyes and firm set lips. Byrne looked at her with craving eagerness, and then coming closer to her, whispered in her ear:

"Be mine, and you need not tell where the horn is; otherwise I cannot save you. These men are hungry for your wine and blood, and they are hungry for your life. Last night you helped across the river the men who had tortured to death one of our comrades. They have vowed vengeance on you."

At this moment, one of the men who had been searching the bank cried out:

"Here, captain—here's the horn. I found it under a stone."

Laura gave a shudder. "Don't let me hear that," she cried. "For God's sake don't hurt poor Pompey!"

And she turned away her head as she heard the long, echoing sound ring out on the night air.

A few moments of comparative silence, and the little canoe sped out from the bank, and disappeared into the distance. Laura could see the old negro's head white in the moonlight with its thick, silvered hair.

"Captain Byrne, if you have the heart of a man, don't hurt the poor defenceless fellow. It was my fault."

"It is too late!"

And indeed, at this second the sharp crack of a rifle cut the air. Laura saw the well known features of the faithful slave convulsed in mortal agony, as the bullet struck his forehead. The soldiers were by him in an instant, and while some secured the boat, others tossed the still quivering body into the water.

"Let his fate be a warning to you," said Byrne. "Now be mine, or your punishment will be more horrible than you can guess."

"Never! Cowards who can kill a defenceless man and threaten a woman, I defy you all!"

And with a sudden bound, Laura freed herself from the clasp of the soldier who guarded her and sprang up the bank.

"Quick! Catch her! Shoot her down!" cried Byrne, whose forehead the flying rifle bullet had struck.

And with a convulsive spring she sank to the ground, the life blood welling out in an instant. She lay motionless. The husband blushed, looked foolish and said he guessed he wouldn't go to the lodge.

"Mamma," said Miss Penelope Waldo of Boston, "I don't like this Brezy from the West whom we met last night. He is extremely uncouth."

"How?" inquired the old lady.

"We were discussing horseback-riding and he said that he rarely used the saddle, and rode bareback on almost all occasions. Of course one can dispute with a saddle if he wishes, but for any body to ride about in his bareback is unnecessarily western."

And the old lady thought so, too.

Miscellaneous.

MY MOTHER.

She is with the angels reigning.
She has left me here alone,
But her gentle teachings guide me
To that bright eternal home.
I have missed her since she left me,
Where she the night draws nigh,
But I hear her gentle whisper,
"We shall meet, dear, by and by."

Would I call that back, my mother?
To this world of pain and woe,
Where the heart is always aching,
Where the soul is ever so low,
No, your resting sweet, my mother,
From your cares so well performed,
And some day I hope to meet you,
And be welcomed to your arms.

An old bachelor compares life to a shirt button, because it is often hangs by a thread.

An honest dealer will do his buying and selling by the same scales. There are no two weights about him.

"It's a wife's duty to be pleasant," says an exchange. Yes, and it's the husband's duty to make her duty easy.

A lawyer, speaking of suicide, said: "The only way to stop it is to make it a capital offense, punishable with death."

"How do you wish I should cut your hair?" asked a talking barber of a customer. "Without talking about bands," was the brief reply.

Propounding to a boy 7 years old the old riddle, "Round the house and round the house and peeps in the keyhole," he gave as his immediate solution, "A woman— isn't that it?"

Butcher (to young housekeeper) I have nothing left, mum, but a hind quarter of lamb and liver.

Young housekeeper—Very well, you may send a hind quarter of liver.

"Well, old fellow, it's all settled. I am going to be married in two months. You will be one of the witnesses, I hope?" "Count on me. I never deserted a friend in misfortune."

The girl who never screams when she sees a snake isn't a safe girl to marry. With her calm, cool collected, unexcitable disposition she would hit where she aimed with the rolling pin every time.

The girl being absent, the lady answered the door bell. She was answered by an embarrassed-looking man, thus: "Excuse me, madam, but I've come for your remains." It was the swill merchant.

A Workworth (Ont.) minister prayed on Sunday as follows:

"Lord bless our servant girls who are detained from joining in the worship of Thee by the sleeping of their masters and mistresses."

Adoring grandmother—"Isn't he a lovely child?" "Calm visitor—" "Yes, he's a nice little baby." Adoring grandmother—"And so intelligent! He just lies there all day and breathes, and breathes, and breathes."

Patient—"So glad you have come, Doctor. I am in such pain!" Doctor—"Well, where's the trouble?" Patient—"I suffer so dreadfully from my cold." Doctor—"Come, oh! ahem! (meditatively) just show me your tongue."

"I wonder," said a young lady, "why Hyman is so much respected as carrying a torch?" To which an old bachelor sneeringly responded, "To indicate that he always makes it warm for people who marry."

They were discussing an elopement, and one lady, turning to her friend, said: "Don't you believe it would kill you if your husband was to run away with another woman?" "It might," was the reply. "Great joy sometime kills."

Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for rheumatism; he had such a lame back he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression, "cured him up." He thinks it is the best thing in the market.

A youngster who has ready wit reached his arm across his tunic at the supper table to help himself to something on the table. He was reproved for doing so. "Why, I have always been taught at school to cross my tunic," was his quick reply.

The following is a copy of a London (Eng.) Times advertisement—Education.—Wanted, by a father, a school, where his son may receive an education to fit him for a manly and useful life, without any humbug as to nations dead and buried thousands of years ago.

Two little tots, aged perhaps five or six years, were standing beside a front gate a few evenings ago. Said one, gazing upward: "What do you 'spose the stars are?" "Well," said the other, "I guess they're the sun's chickens. Don't you know papa says the sun sets?"

A lady whose leg was bent at the knee and stiff for six years, by the use of 3 dozen bottles of "Minard's Liniment" can walk as well as ever. In case of long standing rheumatism and quantity of leg required, a single bottle will seldom cure in obstinate cases.

A handsome lady entered a dry goods house and inquired for a "bow." The polite clerk turned himself back, and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

It is the firm opinion of an eminent European physician, based upon careful investigation and experiment, that the fat man who uses milk liquor as a daily beverage deserves to be buried under cross roads at midnight, according to the ancient modes of degrading the wilful perpetrators of suicide.

"Yes," said the old man, "my sons are very ambitious, and all they are getting along well. One is the captain of a tugboat and the other is a physician, and each is trying his best to see who can make the most money."

"Ah," said the listener, "a sort of head and tow watch, as it were."

"Mother," said a young wife, "would you mind cooking the dinner to-day?" It would please John, I know. He complains so much of the new girl that I will discharge her the moment I can get another. "Certainly," replied the old lady cordially. At dinner John said to his wife, "Mary, that new girl seems to be getting worse and worse."

"My dear," said a young wife to her husband, who had already fallen into the habit of going to the lodge in the evenings, and who was just preparing to go out, "I am going up the street to see the superintendent of males at the post office."

"Ah! On what business, may I inquire?" "Well, I want to see if he can give me any advice about getting in an invalid's chair to ride in."

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And the old lady thought so, too.

Mrs. Simpson-Hendricks, the landlady, had just remarked with a sigh that all flesh is grass, when Dumley, who is even with his board, and therefore, inclined to be capacious, felt called upon to correct her. "Some flesh may be grass, madam," he said, struggling with his knife and fork, "but it occurs to me that this piece of flesh cuts more like b-b-baled hay."

The expression of "buying a pig in a poke," and "letting the cat out of the bag," came from the old practice of bringing little pigs to market in a bag, and selling them by weight without opening the bag. Some tricky dealers substituted a cat for the pig, and the discovery of this caused the expression of "letting the cat out," or a premature disclosure.

Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beaverville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seemed to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended the valuable medicine with such happy results."

Minister (to farmer)—You and your good wife don't get in for Sunday services as often as I would like to see you. "I was going to hitch up and drive in last Sabbath, but it rained. What did you preach about?"

"My text was 'Feed my lambs.' I attempted—"

Is that so? I'd like to have heard that sermon. A farmer who keeps sheep can't know too much 'bout feedin' lambs."

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which often-times saves great suffering, and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a wide spread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

A few weeks ago, when a Scottish parliamentary candidate was canvassing his constituency, he called at the house of an aged couple. Finding the old woman alone, he entered into conversation with her, and asked her to use her influence in getting her husband to vote for him. "While they were conversing, he would be M. P. noticed a kitten amusing itself on the floor, and taking it up, praised its beauty, and offered her £5 for it. The bargain was struck; and on leaving he again expressed the hope that she would secure her husband's vote for him. "Well, sir," answered the old woman, "as I said afore John's a man o' his ain mind, an' just does what strikes his ain noddle; but at any rate, sir, you've gotten a rare cheap kitten, for yer opponent was in nae farner gane than yesterday, an' giv' me £10 for its brither."

A Fruitful Season.

The fruitful season of this year is prolific with many forms of Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, &c.; as a safeguard and positive cure for those distressing and often sudden and dangerous attacks nothing can surpass that old and reliable medicine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
'86 Summer Arrangement '86
On and after MONDAY, June 14th, 1886, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John:

Day Express, 7.00 a.m.
Accommodation, 11.0 a.m.
Express for Sussex, 4.45 p.m.
Express for Halifax & Quebec, 1.15 p.m.
A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 10.15 p.m. Train to Halifax and St. John.

On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Montreal.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec, 5.30 a.m.
Express from Sussex, 8.30 a.m.
Accommodation, 12.15 p.m.
Day Express, 6.50 p.m.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
MONTREAL, N. B., JUNE 10th, 1886.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.
Arrangement of Trains--In effect June 27, 1886.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(Eastern Standard Time)

6.00 a.m.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, and for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.

8.30 a.m.—For Fredericton Junction, and for Medford Junction, and St. Stephen, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.

12.10 noon—For Fredericton Junction and St. John, and points East.

3.30 p.m.—For Fredericton Junction, and for Medford Junction, and St. Stephen, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.

6.00 p.m.—From Fredericton Junction, and from St. John, and all points East.

7.00 p.m.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON:

11.10 a.m.—Express for Woodstock and for Amherst and Grand Falls.

10.10 a.m.—Express from Woodstock, and from Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

H. D. McLEOD,
Supt. Southern Division.

J. F. LEAVITT,
Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., June 25, 1886.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.
Arrangement of Trains--In effect June 27, 1886.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

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6.00 a.m.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, and for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.

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6.00 a.m.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, and for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.

8.30 a.m.—For Fredericton Junction, and for Medford Junction, and St. Stephen, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.

12.10 noon—For Fredericton Junction and St. John, and points East.

3.30 p.m.—For Fredericton Junction, and for Medford Junction, and St. Stephen, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.

6.00 p.m.—From Fredericton Junction, and from St. John, and all points East.

7.00 p.m.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON:

11.10 a.m.—Express for Woodstock and for Amherst and Grand Falls.

10.10 a.m.—Express from Woodstock, and from Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

H. D. McLEOD,
Supt. Southern Division.

J. F. LEAVITT,
Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., June 25, 1886.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.
Arrangement of Trains--In effect June 27, 1886.

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(Eastern Standard Time)

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