

MUSIC AND MILITARY.

JEREMIAH FODDER VISITS FRED-ERICHTON ONCE MORE.

Expelled From the Officers' Square, He Hears a Story of a Poor Woman Who Fared Still Worse - A Local Concert Attended by the Rural Critic.

I must say I felt tickled at seein' my letter in Progress, though my dawter Mandy sed the spellin' was bad. Mandy, ses I, when I was yung there wasn't trainin' skools, or other priviledges that this generation has, nor nigh so many amusements nother, 'cept a show or a hangin' at Kingston now and then. Well times is changed and I hope fur the better.

I was in Frediction wun day last sumer, and while my hosses was gittin' shoed I walked down the front street, and heard 'the band a playin' in the squar, and bein' fond of musick, I walked in the gate and sot down on the stump of a willer tree. There was a lot of boys and girls a playin' some game. They had a gaspero net a settin' up sideways on the fellars stood on one side and the gals on the other, with little paddles in their hands, and they kept a pitchin' little balls over the net, and the fellars they chucked them back agin. I didn't see no sents in it all. I hev saw oo silly critters a boxin' the taller with

told her to come with us and we wood give her a bed and her breakfast, and you never seen such a thankful critter. She rit a letter after she got home, and sed no doubt the worry had hasend her dawter's deah, but she was fur gone anyway. She sent us too roles of butter and a hank of stockin yarn and invited us down to see her, and we are agoin' some time.

"Now," says Bill, "if you air here on the Queen's birthday you will see a grand review of the sogers, or as the newspapers ses, a side show in that cow pastur jinin the post offs, eos it wood spile the lawn tenis ground that will be chalked out, and the arrowstockery would be dissapated. It aint the heaviest taxpayers that gits the benefit of it nether," ses he, "but that's the way of the world." So we shook hands and parted, and I meditated on it all the time I was crossing the bridge.

When I begun this letter I lade out to tell you of a concert I tended in the City Hall a few yeres ago. I staid in town over nite, and thinks says I, I'll go to the concert, it 'll be somethin' to tell my fokes about. I hadn't ben sot down long afore a likely yung feller cum along and sot down aside me. He was rale frendly, and as we was airly, we talked considerable, and bime-by we got so thick that I'd a noshun of invitin' him up for a spell. He

THIRTY-NINE YEARS OLD

AND OUGHT TO BE RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE.

The Nightmare of a Fence That Encloses the Old Burial Ground - Mr. Dunn's Design for the Historical Society - The New Fence Should Be Put Up Now.

The old burial ground has had a checked history. When Paul Bedell laid out the city, in 1783, the lots comprising it were reserved for this purpose, though it was "out in the country" at that time—fringing the unbroken forest that stretched away to the Kennebecasis. The oldest stone in it is that erected to Conrardt Hendricks, 1784. If there were earlier ones, they were swept away by the brush fire which, in the same year, put a stop to preparations to build a church on the southwest corner of the ground. Twenty-eight years later the same lot was granted for the same purpose, but was given up because the corporation required that the fence around the ground should be kept in repair by the church. In 1848 further interments were forbidden. Twice after this attempts were made to take the ground from the people—once by extending King street to Elliot row, and again by granting a site for a temperance hall. Both schemes happily failed. Successive care-

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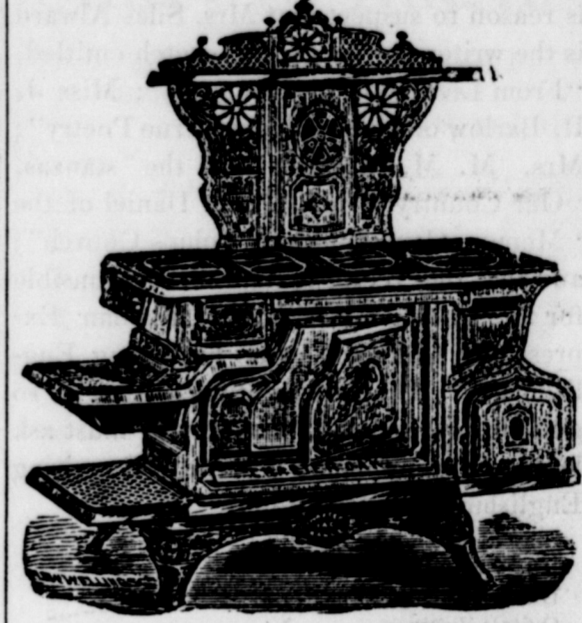
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Call and See them. They are a long way ahead of Tacks.

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OWING to the advance of TEAS in the London market, intending purchasers would do well to buy at once, as the price will surely be higher in 3 short time.

Prices have been higher for the past month in London, but owing to the large supply in this market they have sold at the regular prices.

I have now in stock an excellent Tea for Family use in 20 to 22 lbs. caddies; also

CONGOU, PADRAE, OOLONG, KAISON, PACKLING, JAPAN, SARYUNE, SOUCHONG, ASSAM.

Coffees are also reported higher.

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HAVE YOU MOVED, and do any of your living rooms look dull? If they do, forget not to ask MR. A. G. STAPLES, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET, to PAINT and DECORATE them for you. All orders get the promptest attention at his hands.

You will want your House looking well outside as well as inside this summer. Visitors will be here by the thousands. Get A. G. STAPLES to paint them, and have them looking bright and attractive.

But, people who move, do not forget the address, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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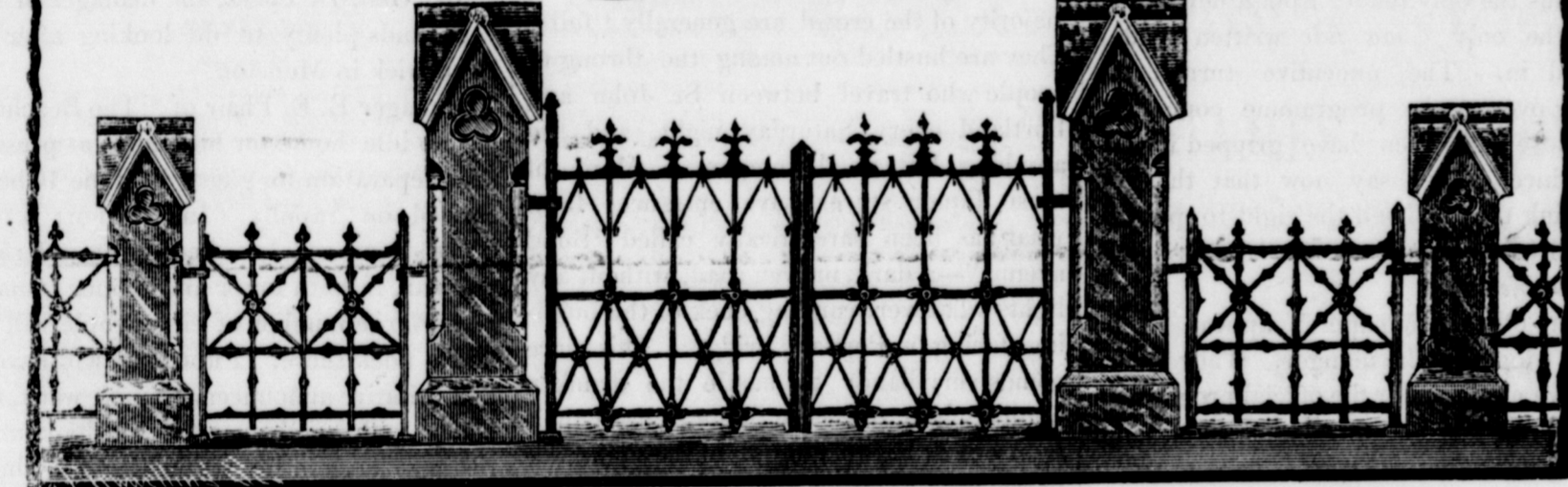
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Design for Enclosure Old Burial Ground.

R. C. John Dunn Architect.



there hands, and it rally seemed more sensible like than this ere play.

Wun girl had a laylock gownd on and another had a fire red one, and there was more that had mixed colors like horce jockeys. Sum of the men had hardly enuf close on to be desent, and they hed there sleeves rolled up like as if they was butcherin'.

Well, I hadn't ben there long before a soger cum along and ses he, "you'll hev to cleer out of this." "Yung man," ses I, "my granfather helped plant these ere trees, and its hard if I can't set under there shadder." "Can't help that," ses he, "thems my orders." "But," ses I, "there's a feller yung enuf to be my granson a struttin' round, and I don't beleve he has rumetiz ether." "Oh, that's yung Scrubber, and he's a friend of the comander," ses he. "And," ses I, "is it only the comander's friends that air allowed here?" "That's it," ses he, "only the arrowstockery air admitted." "If the comander owns the squar I wood like to see his deed," ses I. "I must inquire of Abram D. at the record offis." "It goes agin me to turn you out," ses he, "but I must obey orders." So I was turned out ackordingly.

As I stood a leenin' on the fence, my old frend Bill Staggers cum along and I told him how I'd ben treeted. Wilyum swore considerable. "Don't sware, Wilyum," ses I, "it goes agin me to hear the 5th commandment broke." "Well," ses he, "I don't do it ginnerly, but this is enuf to make a parson sware. Come over to the other side and let's set on a log that no soger can't turn us off ol'."

"You think you hev ben treeted bad," ses Bill, "but it's nothin' to the way a pore old wooman was used last sumer. Me and my wooman took a walk up town one evenin' and as we went up along shore, we see an old wooman a settin' on the bank a cryin'. 'I'll speke to her,' ses Mariar, so she ups and asks her if she was sick. Ses she 'I am at hart,' and then she told us her story."

"She lived down somewheres on the mane river, and she had a dawter that had the consumption, and she hankered for fresh beef, and its terrible hard to git that in the country in sumer, so her mother barded the bote and cum up to Frediction. She had to stay all nite at a boardin' hous, and the next mornin' she started to find a butcher's shop, but bein' a stranger she lost some time in findin' it. That made her a little late for the bote, so she took a nere cut and run through the squar, but before she got half way a man come out of one of them military houses and hollered to her to come back and not to dare to go through that way. The pore thing come back and went round, but the bote just started as she got there. She said she wandered round all day for she had spent all her money 'cept what she had for her passage, and a few cents that she bawt som soda biskits with, and ses she, here I be without a lodgin, my meet a spilin, and wuss than all it will about kill my dawter when the bote passes without me comin' ashore." Mariar has a kind hart and she

wus the ignorantest person about farmin' I ever seen. He thought peas and buckwheat ought to be planted together, and he asked me if one hacin' was enuf for oats. I sot him rite about things, and he thanked me and sed he'd make a note of the infurmation I give him, and then he pceeded to tell me the town news. He sed he'd to work hard but the government offishuls had the only soft places there was. "Now there's a feller," ses he, "a pintin' to a man that jest come in, 'he has to rite too or three 'ours a day in the bizzy time and he thinks he's killed with hard work. It aint work that's doin' the mischief, its tbacker." The man took a seat in front of us, and my frend leened over, and ses he, "you look misable; you air worn out with the hard work, and if ever a feller erved a vacation hard you hev," and he winked at me, but the other man side, and sed he knewed it, but he was resined to it because it wus his dooty. Then the yung feller begun a talkin' about the wimmen, and sed he, "too thirds of 'em is widders or old mades; I tell you the town's chock full of 'em. Now there's a widdor on the end of that set and she's ben on the track sens the fall of sixty-nine, and she stands no more chance of winnen than old Jim Reed's hoss Guvner Buglers' does." Jest then the singers cum—too wimmen and too men. A tall, dark complected woman begun by yellin' at the top of her vice, "Oh, my darlin'!" and then a little feller hollered the same words, and the counter hollwed, and the base growled, "oh, my darlin'," too, and they all took turns implorin' there darlin' to come to them. I kep' a wishin' the darlin' would go forrad for peece sake, and to stop the dredfull noise. After that the dark complected woman sung a spell by herself, I couldn't make out a word, so I suppose it was a furrin song. Oh, ses I, if you could only have heered Hanner sing the watches, or the brignal banks thirty yeres ago, you'd see the differ. "I dass say," ses he a stoopin' down and puttin' his fingers in his ears. Then the little man cum on and give a soly. He don't seem danted none, ses I. "Danted!" ses he, "you couldn't dant that fellar, he has gall enuf to sing before the Queen and ryal family in Westminster Abby." After they all got thru and we was a comin' out, my frend ses to the little man, "you done splendid, if I hed yure vice I'd make a grand Yourpeyan tower with it." The little fellar looked as proud as a peacock, and said he'd like it, but had to deny himself count of family tise. When the dark complected female cum along, my frend piled on the compliments, he told her she'd outdone even herself, and she was the priny donny of New Brunswick, and ses she, "ah now Mr. M. Club, do you rally think so?" And then Mr. M. Club turned to the other woman and looked sweet at her, and she looked sweet back at him, and he ses, "I alws tell everybody there isn't another such centrally in Canady."

I gess I've rit enuf now; Hanner alws ses, when I begin to talk or rite 'I don't know when to leav ol'.

JEREMIAH FODDER.

takers have adorned the place with flowers and given it the character of a public garden. The city has done something. Grounds have been laid out, trees planted, walks made and flower-mounds built. The old burial ground is a beautiful spot in summer. It would be more so if it were not for—the fence.

One verse from the newsboys' address to the patrons of the New Brunswick Courier, 1851, is as follows:

We've railed the graveyard round, and spread A grass-green quilt above the dead, Beside the trees we've planted; And closed it up to save affright, For if folks entered there at night 'Twould certainly be haunted.

The present fence, therefore, was put up in 1850 and is 39 years old. It looks it. The New Brunswick Historical society, which has done so much to preserve and foster pride in our local memorials, has long had the needs of the old burial ground under consideration. The society has planted additional trees, repaired many of the gravestones—and done its best to provide a new fence. When the Jubilee celebration was being arranged, two years ago, the society voted that there was "no more patriotic way, none more in accord with the feelings of the Queen, and none that would more meet an urgent want, than placing an iron railing, with fitting entrances, around the old historic ground where many of our city's early dead are buried, the corner stone to be laid, with fitting ceremonies, the 20th of June, the jubilee of the Queen." The idea found many supporters, but not enough. It was laid on the table.

It is time to call it up under the head of "new business" and adopt it.

The design which was prepared for the society, two years ago, is shown above. It provides for an iron fence, with granite gate and corner posts. The estimated cost of such a fence would be but \$6,000, representing, at 4 percent, an interest charge of \$240 a year.

Everybody who has occasion to pass the old burial ground can see that a new fence is needed. The thing that serves the purpose at present might do very well to enclose a Hottentot village, but it is sadly out of place in the oldest colonial city under the crown. The question of what should supercede it is not a very important one, but the Historical society's design was first in the field, is tasteful and durable, and is not likely to be improved upon. It may well be adopted.

The aldermen of the new and larger city of St. John will have an opportunity to show their patriotism and public spirit by their votes on this question. A fence for the old burial ground comes under the head of necessary expenditures. The corporation can stand it. The voters will approve an appropriation for that purpose. If any alderman has doubts, he can serve the same end in a different way by refrain- ing from voting but turning in his salary to the fence fund. He will win an unanimous and cordial vote of thanks, just the same.

But there must be a new fence, and it ought to be provided for at the first meeting of the new council.