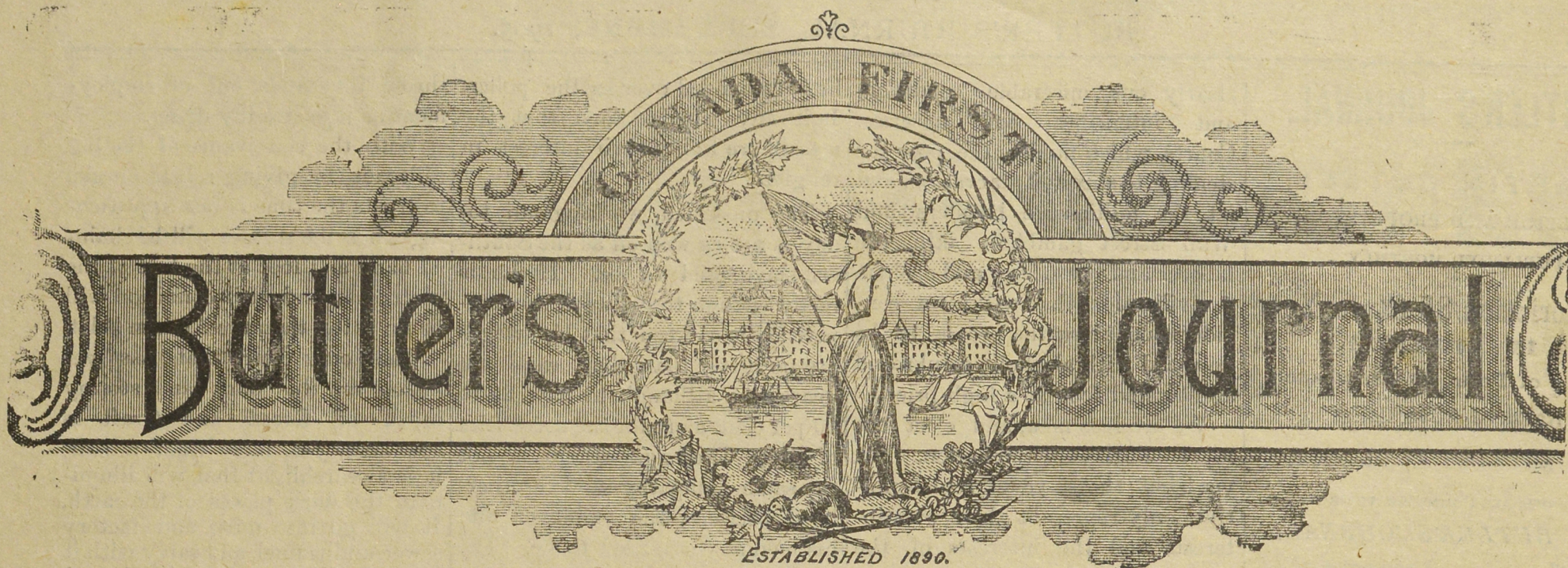




VOL. 16. No. 3.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SEPTEMBER, 1905.

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POEMS BY THE EDITOR.

The St. Croix and Its Environs.

The following poem is slightly changed from the one which appeared in The St. Croix Courier of August 24, and the mistakes, which were many (as a result of the Courier compositors not being conversant with the author's handwriting) eliminated.—Ed. B. J.

Memory comes again before me of the joyous summer time.

After reading Miss Valona's somewhat disconnected rhyme,

In the dear old St. Croix Courier in which I won my bays,
And I, too, would tune my lyre to a song of other days.

Where the burly hemlocks sentinel
The rocky Grand Lake shores,
And the rushing stream into Big Lake tumultuously roars—

Where the water-lilies cluster, where we urchins went to swim

'Round the borders of Gould's meadows and the Greenlaw chopping's rim;

Where the tannery, mute memento of the days departed, stands,
Wrecked and ruined, as the writer, ere he left for other lands.

And the hill, beyond the graveyard, where the sportsmen's tents gleamed white

And their beacon-fires glimmered upon dark and moonless nights.

There's the road, as yet unturnpiked, leading up toward the dam,

Where I had my habitation and was 'happy as a clam.'

Till that blighting blast fell on me, on a chill December day,
Which has made of me an outcast upon the world's highway.

There's the Main street leading downward to the tannery, where I plied my task from morn to evening with my comrades by my side,

And the road unto "The hatching house" throughout the gloomy wood,
Where I prostrate laid the stout trees that for centuries had stood:

Add the long and rugged logging road that stretched out in a line

To the shores of mighty Wabash and the camps of Thirty-nine.

Memories of my boyhood rambles in my early days of ease

Seem to blow their perfume o'er me as the evening wind through trees,

And irradiate my fancy with a bright and ruddy glow
That eclipses all my later days of misery and woe.

Without speaking of the village and the ones who dwelt therein,
(Unto all of whom my heart was bound by friendship or by kin.)

I must mention the long forest road to Princeton by the lake,

Where with youthful feet and buoyant heart my journey I would take,

Till I entered at the depot of the one-horse Princeton road,

And at old J. D's in Calais for a week made my abode.

One must know my inexperience, my ideas young and crude,

When I fancied institutions so admitted course and rude.

But the years fly with their changes, and I find myself one day

In the year of '77 on the 19th day of May,

Pack o'er shoulder striking eastward, holding it with but one arm,

Striving for a mere subsistence amongst the Charlotte county farms;

For the hard and cruel company where I'd met the accident

Cast me on the world unfriended without giving me a cent.

And though the flag and constitution to my heart were dear,

They'd not furnish me a living, even poor as I've got here.

For the strong and able-bodied there with wages good may thrive,

But the crippled and dependent, they can barely keep alive,—

Continued on page 8.

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