

SELECTED POETRY.

THE COURTIER.

[BY PROF. J. RUSSELL LOWELL.]

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeped in thru the winder,
An' there sot Hully all alone,
An' no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbley crooknecks hing,
An' in among 'em rusted
The old Queen's arm that grau'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The Wannut logs shot sparkles out
Toward the poorest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, euz she wuz in,
Looked warn frum floor to ceilin';
An' she looked full ez rosy agin'
Ez the apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelin's flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' O' fitered on the mat,
Some doubtle of the seakle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern wenty pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him fuzder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez if a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"
"Wa'al no; I come designin'—"
"To see my ma? She's sprinclin' clo's
Agin' to-morrow's mornin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other;
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told you, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin';"
Sez she, "Think likely, mister;"
The last words pricked him like a pin,
An', wa'al, he up and kist her.

When ma, bimeby, upon 'em slips,
Hully sot pale as ashes,
All kind o' simly round the lips,
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide,
Down to the Bay o' Fundy;
An' all I know is, they wuz cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

[Written for the Examiner.]

DICK THE BARBER.

HOW HE GOT TO BE SIR RICHARD.

Now-a-days it seems anybody can easily be something if he care to and has the knack. Foolery goes for wit, electro-plate for silver, brazen trash for gold. The Jack-in-the-box sensation monger is the hero—burnt cork the attraction. It was not always so. Will not be so always. Suffer it to be so now. Society is in transition. The valleys are being exalted. The mountains and the hills are being made low. The rough places are being made plain. The whirligig of the present is the promise, the pledge of the future. Whilst it lasts—this hurly burly—we must expect things topsy-turvy. Man is dissatisfied. He never was—he never is—he never will be content. God does not require him to be. He never did. He never will. Eternal progression towards infinite, unattainable perfection is a law of his being—the law of his God. Man does not please himself. He does not suit himself. He is not what he is originally was. He is not what he is to be. He knows—he realizes this. His present state—condition—position—resources—capabilities—capacity—do not tally with his needs and his aspirations. In his consciousness of infirmity—of impotence—in the bitterness of his spirit he groans, he growls. It is the cry of the disabled eagle that needs must founder who fain would fly—that loathes the carcass on which its feeds—on which it sickens.

Evis abound. All people—all ages have them. Some are perpetual. Some are universal; some ever recurring. "O tempora! O mores!" in one form or another is the old, old exclamation. Adam's boys heard it in their infancy—heard him say it and sigh. We repeat it. Man's latest posterity will groan it out. "Times ain't as they used to wuz," is the old New England version. Dissatisfaction well or ill-founded—dissatisfaction with things in general and mankind in particular, is a common complaint. It is as common as tooth-ache. It gets as much pity. One so afflicted sighs and says nothing. Another growls and does nothing. Many just grin and bear it. Dick the barber, gracious knows, had enough in his day and in his experience and circumstances to sigh about and groan over. He did a little at it too, I dare say. Had he done that and nothing more, he had better held his jaw. He thought. He designed. He undertook. He did. He helped himself. He aided us. He lent the times a hand. He pushed the car of progress. He benefitted the race. He had his reward. It was according to his works. This is how he got to be High Sheriff in England, where High Sheriffs are very high—how he came to be Sir Richard—why he didn't die Dick the barber. Dick was born in Preston, England. He is dead. Where he living now he would be 145. He was born 1732. He died at 60. His folks were poor. They were very poor. They were poor every way. They were poor in the past—poor in the present—poor in prospect. They lived and they died poor. They were not hung. They must have been "poor—but honest." The "gallas" was the reformatory then. It did a swinging business. "You be hanged" was no bye-word then. Poverty was in their day a class distinction—pre destination—leprosy. It was degradation pure and simple. It was without reproach: it was an hereditary life-long infirmity. It was the tag-end fag-end of feudal serfdom. This is false. The moral, the political, the intellectual, the commercial, the mechanical history of England give the lie to the assertion. Men could then rise from the slough of poverty and contempt, of brutish ignorance, of weird superstition, for men did rise. Then as now all things were possible to him that believeth—and worketh. There were men amongst them—men of might—self-helped, God-helped men—Sampson's that slew the lion that roared at them in the way—those who would not be cribbed, nor cabined, nor confined—who opened for themselves and others avenues closed against them—carrying off the gates, and who were judges in the

land. Jacobs there were who wrestled with the angel of destiny, and prevailing, were called by another name—men diligent in business who stood before the King—men whom the King delighted to honor. But against what tremendous odds did such contend! Their glory is to be more excellent. They are diamonds from the ditch.

(To be continued.)

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Dec. 19, 1877—2m

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Charlottetown, Dec. 18, 1877.

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Ch'town, Nov. 30, 1877.

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June -

SALE OF BOOK DEBTS.

Insolvent Act of 1875.

In the matter of David Hooper McKinnon, an Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that the remaining uncollected Book Debts of the above estate, will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Sales Room of William Dood, in Charlottetown, on THURSDAY, the 27th day of December, instant, at the hour of eleven o'clock, a. m.

F. L. HASZARD, Assignee/ Ch'town, Dec. 15th, 1877—pat till sale