THE WATCHMAN.

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STRAIGHT OUTERS AND NEW COMERS IN THE REFORM PARTY.

"The Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine*, for June, thus discourses in reference to the representatives of two wings of the Democratic Party in New York City:—

SHORT-HAIR AND SWALLOW-TAIL.—The latest political nicknames of Short-hair and Swallow-tail invite our consideration. The explanation is very simple, but possibly not known to many readers out of the State. When any such reader comes to the city which its inhabitants like to call—especially in conversation with a Philadelphian or Bostonian—the metropolis, and, passing wonderingly up the Fifth Avenue, observes at the south-western corner of Fifteenth Street a lofty "palatial residence," if he inquires whose or what it is, he will learn that it is the Manhattan Club. This is the rendezvous of certain members of the Democratic party who have common social sympathies and relations, and it is here that brilliant receptions are given to the conspicuous chiefs of the party from all parts of the country. Of course, at such feasts there is all the rigor of evening dress, and they have an air of splendor and opulence which is not in the technical sense "democratic." As the members of the club are persons of weight in the party as well as gentlemen of wealth and cultivation, it is impossible that they should not have positive opinions upon the policy that should be pursued and the candidates who should be nominated, and equally impossible that these opinions should not be felt in the party councils. Thus another conspicuous Democratic centre or "wigwam" has arisen besides Tammany Hall, which has been so long identified with the history of politics in the city of New York.

But as a very large proportion of the voters of the party are not "clubbable" men—at least in the Fifth Avenue sense—and as the great meetings of the party are held at the Hall, and that is the official residence of the party direction, a natural friction arises, where probably none was intended, and Tammany Hall and the Manhattan Club unconsciously become the centre of opposite sympathies, although within the party. It happens that the clubbable men of the Manhattan very properly wear dress-coats upon the great evenings of the club, and that the mass of the unclubbable Tammany supporters have no luxuriance of locks upon their heads. Some wit or poet has therefore classified them as Short-hairs and Swallow-tails—as expressive party nicknames as our political names French, and more suggestive than the Bucktails and Clintonians of an earlier day, or Loco-focos or Barnburners and Hunkers. It was, of course, a Short-hair who is said to have recently appeared in the public streets of New York in full evening costume and carrying a French dictionary. The division which the nickname indicates is not peculiar to the party in which it is applied. The shrewd observer will detect it in every organization, as he will find in them all the Barn-burner and the Hunker, the Loco-foco and the Bucktail.

The reader who knows anything of the politics of New Brunswick will readily endorse the Easy Chair's closing remark, that "the division which the name indicates is not peculiar" to the Democratic party in New York. He quickly recognizes an equally marked division in the "Reform" ranks in this province of ours. Thus, we have in our Reform Party the "straight outers," who battled in the Opposition; were content to live without the Government patronage; did what they could to upset the old Government and introduce a new *regime*; made no attempt to compromise their principles; honestly believed their opponents were sending the country head-long to ruin, and hailed the formation of a new Government as the joy and hope of the political world,—a fountain from which were to flow place and patronage unbounded, for the faithful. But we have also the "new comers," who bore none whatever of the heat and burthen of the war; who worked none, risked nothing and suffered nothing; who quietly ate of the good things provided by the late administration,—shared its offices, its honors, and its other patronage,—were numbered among the followers of "John A."—assisted the Government when their services were needed,—and did not "come over" until the Reform Party was able to get along without them. These are the "Swallow Tails" of the Reform Party in our Province. The others we may not designate as the "Short Haired,"—they may properly be referred to as the Working Men of the Party, for whom there is still an abundance of work and voting to be done but who must play second fiddle to the Swallow-tailed gentry who lead and enjoy the high offices, and have the disposal of the patronage and contracts, and get the credit of constituting the Reform Party of New Brunswick. To many of the Working Men of the Party, doubtless, it is a perplexing conundrum how it has happened that with their friends in power, the men and the newspapers whom a year or two ago they detested most cordially, have come to their masters, their rulers, and the dispensers of the patronage of a Reform Government, in opposition to whose advent all the influence of the "new comers" was cast almost up to the twelfth hour. These unsophisticated Workers can scarcely realize that all their talking, all their scheming, all their voting, their self-denial and their sacrifices, have resulted in giving place and power to men who have no sympathy with them,—who regard them as voting machines, useful at elections but not to be trusted near the Government; lest so it is.

That there is intense dislike between these two branches of the Party may be inferred from the comments on each other that are constantly appearing in the newspaper organs of the Party, the bitter and damaging things they keep saying about each other. On the part of the *Freeman* and *Globe*, in particular, there appears a disposition to show other city journals of the Party no mercy,—a resolution to keep the control of the Party, as much as possible, in the hands of those who were of the Reform Party when its prospects of success were dark and gloomy. This is not surprising. They and those whom they represent constitute the great majority of the Party. They, of all the journals and followers who claim to be "Reform," are alone to be trusted in the hour of trouble and danger. When we name them we name the true Reform Party of this Province, the essence and spirit of the Party which is to-day dominant in the Dominion. When we seek for explanation of the real principles of the Party, we must turn to the pages of the *Freeman* and *Globe*, and not to the columns of the "new comers." When those journals support certain measures we must treat them as speaking the sentiments of the Party as a whole;—when they oppose certain injurious measures or acts of the Government, we must credit them with speaking the better sentiments of the whole Party. Thus, while we must regard the *Freeman's* and *Globe's* attitude on the New Brunswick School Question as the attitude of the Reform Party, we must also acknowledge that the *Freeman's* opposition to the Government's new and odious Fishery Regulations is due to a feeling in the Party that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries has taken a step in the wrong direction. And yet on both these subjects, on which there ought to be agreement in the Party, the "straight-outers" and the "new-comers" are utterly opposed to each other: they are wide as the poles asunder. In fact, on no question do they agree, in no manner can they be harmonized, nor will it be possible to prevent the intense hatred which pervades the two wings from breaking out into open rupture before many months. The chances, at present, however, in regard to the local control of the Party, seem to favor the Swallow Tails, although the reliable men of the Party will have the sympathy of the Party in the other Provinces.

SPECIAL TAXES.

We recently called attention to the fact that our Grit masters have made great efforts to compel the Maritime Provinces to pay into the Dominion revenues more largely than they have been paying, and that they have at various times proposed special taxes bearing mainly on these Provinces. We cited their attempt to impose extra duties on shipping materials, a form of taxation that would have fallen mainly on New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. They were only partially successful in accomplishing their purpose in this matter, the shipping interest, being powerful, having succeeded in warding off the blow, to a considerable extent. We also called attention to the special taxes which Mr. Brydges and the Government succeeded, in a measure, in levying on all in the Maritime Provinces who used the Government Railways. True, mill-owners and manufacturers, by outbidding and bringing their influence to bear on the Government, compelled Mr. Brydges to abandon some of his demands upon their industries, but the result of that official's labors is injuriously felt, nevertheless, in the increased cost at which the railways are being used by these same people, as well as by all other classes, whether as travellers or freighters. And now we have a third attempt to enforce a special tax, this time apparently directed against New Brunswick exclusively,—Nova Scotia being exempt,—and against the fishing interest, whose market is at the best uncertain and fluctuating, just as the calling is precarious and slavish, the risks,—more particularly in regard to salmon, which is specially aimed at—, always great, being now largely increased by the action of the United States Congress.

If evidence were required that the representation of the Maritime Provinces in the Cabinet is "weak," could anything stronger be offered than these constantly recurring attacks on special Maritime industries? Would they be possible with Maritime men in the Cabinet who understood Maritime interests and were prepared to protect them from the blows so maliciously aimed at them? The worst feature of the case, however, lies in the fact that our Maritime ministers, by their supineness or ignorance, are permitting their Provinces to be represented to the other Provinces of the Dominion as opposed to paying their fair share of taxation, thus deepening the impression which Grits have been at pains to create, that this section of the Dominion is "loafing" on the revenues of the country. Instead of permitting these special, sectional taxes to be arranged for, they should have resisted them when first proposed in the Government or the Departments,—since, in each case, they were either partial, inequitable, or impolitic,—and thus have saved all the uproar and insult their discussion has occasioned. But our Ministers appear to have been too timid, or too ill-informed of the consequences of the proposed legislation, or were expecting from their colleagues too many personal favors for their friends, to offer opposition to the unreasonable provisions which have created wide-spread dissatisfaction.

We do not doubt that these Fishery regulations, so partial and impolitic in their character, so injurious in their results, will have to be withdrawn. The ship-builders and ship-owners, the manufacturers and mill-owners were able by earnest agitation and combination to weaken the force of the blows aimed at their industries and investments, and the fishermen, we believe, may also accomplish a good deal by determined efforts to help themselves. They should do it, however, in a firm, respectful manner, as if conscious of the strength of their case, which is one well calculated to elicit the sympathy of all classes of tax-payers in every section of the Dominion.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ROTHESAY.—Several fine properties are for sale in this beautiful village, including Mrs. John McIntyre's handsome cottage, a short distance east of the Station, the land lying along the Kennebeccasis. The railway passes through the grounds, which extend from the Goudola Point Road, across the track and down to the water's edge, in a charming slope. The house, barns and out-buildings are in an excellent state of repair. The place cuts from twelve to fourteen tons of hay. The whole property forms a most desirable country residence. Nearly opposite Mrs. McIntyre's, and in the rear of Mr. John McMillan's, Mr. R. E. Puddington has a block of some ten acres of land,—a level, choice field, which may be purchased at a moderate figure. It extends back to the Hampton road, and might be divided into a number of building and pasturage lots. Eleven or twelve hundred dollars could be invested to advantage in this piece of property. The residence and grounds of General Warner, adjoining Mr. Domville's on the east, are also for sale. They are valued at $7,000. The view of Rothesay and the country around it, as well as up the St. John river, to be had from the General's grounds, is quite enchanting, and not excelled, if equalled, in this charming village.—For summer residence, no place in the vicinity of St. John is so attractive as Rothesay, unless possibly Westfield. Rothesay, however, has an advantage over Westfield in the fact that a large number of trains are daily passing to and from St. John, so that the city may be left or reached every few hours, from early morning until late in the evening.

POPULAR AND JOURNALISTIC ERRORS.—Neither the *Freeman* nor the *News* is employed to advertise THE WATCHMAN, as the public have been led to suppose, from the large amount of attention which these papers are devoting to what appears in our columns.

THE WATCHMAN was not established merely for the purpose of "attacking the Minister of Customs and the Burpee Interest from every quarter and with every conceivable weapon," as the *Freeman* suggests. It is but an incident in the mission of THE WATCHMAN that it directs public attention to the "Burpee Interest" on the public stage. This "Interest" is part and parcel of the political machinery that moves the Reform Party, as we understand the construction of the Party, and we propose to deal with its acts as with those of any other "interest" which need amending. When the *Freeman* hints that, Mr. Huntingdon having brought a libel suit against some Canadian journal, the Minister of Customs is at liberty (though the *Freeman* advises him not) to do the same, it should point out in what particular THE WATCHMAN is amenable to a charge of libel. Such hints and threats are out of place when the evidence that justifies them is not forthcoming. It fact, it is a journalistic blunder to seek in this way to hinder the free discussion of any public question; but we frankly forgive the *Freeman*, when we find it telling its readers to look out for coming numbers of THE WATCHMAN. Such excellent advice covers many shortcomings.

It is a journalistic error for the *Globe* to suppose that it can help "Burpee & Co," whoever the mysterious firm may be, by publishing such inconclusive paragraphs as the following:—

Even if "Burpee & Co." do build the "Elgin Branch" and the "Hampton and Upham Branch," what particular advantage will it be to them if the Dominion Government does lend each Company enough of old rails to put down the track? Look the matter fairly in the face. If the Rails are lent the Contractors will not have to supply them, and will not, therefore, make any profit on that part of the transaction. The Company will get the Rails as a loan, and the Road will be built by the Contractors, less the supply of the rails. It is the Company and not "Burpee & Co.," that will be the gainers.

The *Globe* is too wide awake not to know that in many cases of railway building, "the Company" and the contractors are the same affair. The *Globe* is aware that the contractors generally subscribe for most of the stock themselves, and so control "the Company;" that they take "the resources" of the Company, as they are called,—that is, the stock list, the subsidies, the bonuses, etc., and build the road. In the case referred to, the "old rails" play an important part, as, if there had been no gifts of "old rails," there would be no roads built; hence no contracts; hence no profits to contractors.

INTERVIEWING CRIMINALS.—A practice has grown up in connection with the Press of the United States, of "interviewing" everybody, from the highest to the lowest, in whom the public, for the moment, has a special interest. The practice does not seem to be out of place in the case of public men who desire to communicate to the public their opinions on public questions, without the formality of a written communication addressed to the newspapers. Other circumstances may suggest themselves in which the published "interview" may be made of actual service to the public. But when it is made the means of revealing the inmost thoughts of criminals, or what is more likely, of stating deceptive arguments or mis-stating facts, in the cases of men lying charged with the most heinous offences, but still untried by their fellow men, the "interviewer" becomes a nuisance and an accomplice in wrong doing. Before Stokes was tried for killing Fisk, the newspaper reporters gave the public, from day to day, elaborate statements of his prison utterances, and no small amount of sympathy was attempted to be created in his behalf through this agency. So it has been in the cases of scores of criminals of the very worst types, until the United States public, young and old, have become perfectly familiarized with the most ingenious pleas in behalf of murder and other grave offences; and the utterances of the very worst specimens of humanity are perused and absorbed as if properly a part of the mental nourishment of the nation. When something similar is introduced among us there should be united protest against it. The alleged criminal, once in the hands of the law, should be allowed to remain there, being neither censured nor sympathized with by the Press. Under our laws he is certain of a fair trial. Able counsel is within his reach; the Judge will see that he receives the fullest measure of fair play; and a British jury will always be found leaning to the side of mercy, more especially when capital offences are up for trial. Holding these opinions we can not but express regret that indiscreet reporters are permitted to publish in our papers such statements as the following,—the result of an "interview" with a prisoner charged with a capital crime:—

Rogers thinks he has not been treated fairly by the press. That he has been unfortunate he does not deny; but he says he can prove that most of the bad stories told about him are false. Not one word has been said in his favor, and if former actions of his deserve more than misrepresentation he claims to be entitled to some consideration. To show how much he valued the life of a fellow being, he narrated a circumstance that happened at sea, not a great distance from St. John, about a year ago. When on board the bark "Director," during stormy weather, he observed a vessel in distress. At the peril of his own life he went off in a frail craft and greatly aided in rescuing the crew of the distressed ship. This fact he says is known to the most of our shipping men. Regarding his action then and the shooting of Seely he tells a long story, but as its repetition might interfere with the case of the prisoner or of the crown we decline mentioning it, further than to say that he expects to be able to prove that had he not shot Seely, the latter would have done him bodily harm. He challenges the world to mention another case in which he has acted in the slightest degree harmfully towards any person.

An expression of opinion from the Bench in respect to the propriety of publishing such matter as we have quoted, might not come amiss, and would, we imagine, give public satisfaction. It is to be hoped that the unfortunate man, now that he is in the hands of the law, will be left to be dealt with by the law, that nothing may be said or done to influence public opinion either for or against him. The machinery of the Court is ample for his protection, as for the protection of society at large.

NEW BOOKS.

"CANADA ON THE PACIFIC."

"Canada on the Pacific: Being an account of a journey from Edmonton to the Pacific by the Peace River Valley; and of a Winter Voyage along the Western Coast of the Dominion; with Remarks on the Physical Features of the Pacific Railway Route and Notices of the Indian Tribes of British Columbia," is the title of a handy volume published last year by Dawson Brothers, Montreal, from the pen of Mr. Charles Hortezky, who "organized and conducted the overland expedition of Mr. Sandford Fleming from Fort Garry to Edmonton in 1872." At Edmonton the Fleming expedition divided into two parties, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Grant and the main body keeping on to the Westward, Mr. Horetzky being charged with a mission to the Northward and Northwestward to investigate the country in the vicinity of the Peace River, and reach the Pacific Coast at a point further to the north than that contemplated by the main expedition. Many of our readers are already familiar with most of the leading facts developed by Mr. Hortezky's expedition; we do not, therefore, purpose to recall them, but content ourselves with making a few extracts from the work descriptive of the scenes and country met with by the members of the expedition. The cheapness of the volume $1,—for which sum J. & A. McMillan mail it postpaid to any address in Canada,—ought to be the means of placing it in the hands of every one who takes an interest in the future of the great country which our Dominion has assumed the responsibility of opening up and settling.

[From "Canada on the Pacific."]

CATHOLIC MISSION AT LESSER SLAVE LAKE.

The Roman Catholic missioners have here a representative, a Mr. Remon, who, like his *confreres*, have sacrificed the advantages of civilized society to devote themselves to the conversion of the Indians. This gentleman has built for himself a log shanty, which answers the double purpose of chapel and dwelling house, and also serves for a school for the few native children at the place. He invited us to tea, and served us up a plentiful repast of third quality pemmican and tea, without the concomitants of sugar and cream. Indeed, from what the old gentleman remarked, I fear his superiors at Lac la Biche were a little remiss in supplying him with the actual necessaries of life, as his stock of provisions was exhausted. He told me he had not tasted flour for six months, so I, in return, asked him to our camp, where we treated him to the unusual luxury of fresh bread. He was very communicative, and gave me a letter of introduction to his *confrere* of Dunvegan, Monsieur Tissier. The society which furnishes the North-West Territory of Canada with missionaries of the Roman Catholic persuasion is an extraordinary one, and deserves, *en passant*, a tribute of respect and admiration for the self-sacrificing zeal, self-denial, and pluck with which each and every member, from their bishops down to the humblest lay brothers, prosecute the work of Christianization. They are bound by a vow of poverty, and they certainly carry it out to perfection, for they possess nothing but the clothes they actually stand in, whatever revenue they accumulate going to the Church and the maintenance of mission stations, the principal of which are at Lake Saint Albert and Lac la Biche. The Mackenzie River and Isle à la Crosse districts possess the largest and most important of the Nor'-West stations which are also the head-quarters of several bishops.

PEACE RIVER: A NOBLE LANDSCAPE.

Quickening our pace to a hand-gallop, and lost in admiration of the landscape and the sudden transformation of the scene, we at length came to a dead stop on the brink of the Great Peace River Valley, which now barred our progress westward. We had at length reached the long-looked for goal of our hopes, and resting our nags for a little, we feasted our eyes on the glorious landscape now mapped out before us. "Throwing the reins over our horses' necks, we let them feed for a few minutes, while awaiting the arrival of the others, who, with the pack animals, were still a mile or so behind. A strong westerly gale was blowing, but the air was so warm and balmy, that to recline on the beautiful grassy sward, full face to the blast, was positively delicious. For several miles to the southwest, the noble river, flowing 800 feet beneath us, on its silent course to the Arctic Ocean, could be distinctly traced as it meandered through its mighty valley. Several large and wooded islands dotted its surface here and there, causing eddies and whirlpools, which in their turn made long and faint streaks of foam, barely visible in the distance. With the exception of these disturbing causes, the bosom of the mighty river was perfectly unruffled, and at our high altitude failed to convey an idea of the great velocity with which it flowed. About a couple of miles to the south, the Smoky River, a very large tributary, mingles its waters with that of the Peace River. From our position, and embracing an angle of fully 130 degrees, or, in other words, from the North-west around to South, a boundless and nearly level expanse of country could be taken in at a glance, the only breaks being the great valleys of the Peace and Smoky Rivers, than which nothing we had ever seen could be more beautiful, the former especially, in its magnitude and depth, surpassing all we had anticipated. The width of the valley at this point cannot be less than two and a half miles; and the banks, covered with verdure, and showing occasionally clumps of wood, slope downwards to the water edge in varied yet ever graceful form. The arrival of the pack animals disturbed us in the silent contemplation of this wonderful scene; and the business of descending the steep slopes put a stop to any further reveries on the wonders of old mother Nature.

BEAVER INDIANS, &C.

October 11th.—"Weather still holding out fine and clear, with *cirri* from westward. On the march at 7 a.m., still travelling through the woods, and over a level country. Halted at noon as usual." Such were the jottings in the diary of this foreymen's march. We were not a mile from our last stopping place when the barking of Indians' dogs caught our attention, and presently through the woods appeared, in single file, a family of Beaver Indians, on their way to Dunvegan, with fresh killed moose-meat, for barter at the Fort. They were the dirtiest, most ragged, and most powerfully smelling lot it had been our fate to meet, but from motives of policy I deemed it advisable to stop, though much against our wish. These filthy savages were all on horseback, and the women bestrode their ponies *en cavalier* like their better halves. They were wonderfully polite, and would not hear of our going any further that day. So we made a virtue of necessity, and after some consultation camped beside good running water. Our friends, the Indians, also came to anchor, and bothered us to trade for tobacco and sundry other articles, such as tea and ammunition. Mr. Macoun, chafing at the delay, started off through the woods to look for specimens, but a slight allusion to his grizzly-faced acquaintance of yesterday soon brought him back to camp. Those Beaver Indians are remarkably jealous of their wives, but are otherwise peaceably inclined, and passably honest. The next morning we parted from our dusky friends and resumed our interrupted journey.

KITWALSHENT: A NATIVE BAL MASQUE.

* * * During the course of the evening, and after supper, we were entertained by the exhibition of a native dance, in which some fifty men and women participated. They came trooping in, nearly all smoked and dressed in the most curious attire; the men divested of their nether garments, and the women rather scantly arrayed, considering the time of year. To describe the dance would be impossible. The motions were vigorous; and if not graceful, were, at any rate, whimsical, and rather free; the men and women dancing alternately. There seemed to be a leader on each side, who did his or her utmost to execute the most fantastic steps, which were accompanied by frightful facial contortions, and a monotonous chant, with which they kept excellent time. After an hour's exhibition they desisted, and retired to their respective habitations, completely worn out, as indeed they well might be, seeing that the dance had been more like those of a band of escaped lunatics than of rational beings. During the intervals of the dance I examined some of the masks, which were beautifully made. They were of all styles, and represented the faces of different animals. I was much struck with one, a delicately carved wooden imitation of an eagle's head, with a rather exaggerated beak and moveable eyes, which, during the most vigorous part of the dance, rolled about in a manner fearful to contemplate. The house now being quiet, I made my bed in one of the many vacant bunks built against the walls, and soon the steady pattering of the rain without was the only sound to be heard in the now sleeping village.

THE FUTURE GARDEN OF THE WEST.

Within an area bounded by the Smoky River, the Rocky Mountains, and the parallel of 56½ degrees north latitude, there lies the future garden of the West, now lying fallow, but yet gorgeous with many of the choicest prairie flowers, and replete with the finest wild fruits peculiar to both woods and plain. Beneath its serene sky, the lovely hills and dales, with many crystal mountain-fed rivulets between, afford the choicest soil on the continent, from which the husbandman will eventually extract with ease abundant harvests. In this favored spot, sheltered on the west by the majestic peaks of the finest mountain range of the North American Continent, there appears to be a singularly happy distribution of prairie and wooded land. Here you have magnificent rough-bark poplars and spruce of immense size; there, within a stone's throw almost, an undulating prairie. Immense treasures of fuel lie but a little way beneath the surface, awaiting the advent of the pioneer of civilization, the snorting steam-horse, to be conveyed eastward, for the use of the less fortunate dwellers of the Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Through the very heart of this "happy valley," the noble Peace River presents one of the finest natural channels of inland navigation to be seen on the continent, by which easy communication with the northern sea might be opened if necessary, and the products of the rich fisheries of the Arctic easily and economically conveyed to the South and East. In connection with this matter of northern fisheries, it may here be stated that, if the Canada Pacific road be eventually pushed through the Peace River country, a branch road of three hundred and fifty miles in length, over a very easy and level country, would suffice to bring to the main line, with but one transhipment, the cargoes of the largest sea-going vessels."

POEM BY A PRISONER.

[The following verses were recently written by a prisoner confined in the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet. The deep feeling and more than ordinary poetic talent which they evince make them worthy of publicity. It would seem that the man who wrote them had something in him which rendered him worthy of a better fate, and it is to be hoped that he may have another chance afforded him, and that his future may redeem his past.]

IN PRISON.

Dedicated to Maj. W. M. Taylor, by Col. J. W. Young.

God pity the wretched prisoner,
In his lonely cell to-day;
Whatever the sin that tripped him,
God pity him, still I pray.
Only a strip of sunshine,
Cleft by rusty bars;
Only a patch of azure;
Only a cluster of stars;

Only a barren future,
To starve his hopes upon;
Only stinging memories
Of a past that's better gone;
Only scorn from women;
Only hate from men;
Only remorse to whisper
Of a life that might have been.

Once we were little children,
And then our untrained feet
Were led by a gentle mother
Toward the Golden Street;
Therefore if, in life's forest,
We since have lost our way,
For the sake of her who loved us,
God pity us, still I pray.

O mother! gone to Heaven,
With earnest heart I ask
That your eyes may not look earthward
On the failure of your task;
For even in those mansions
The choking tears would rise,
Though the fairest hand in Heaven
Should wipe them from your eyes.

And you who judge so harshly,
Are you sure the stumbling stone,
That tripped the feet of others,
Might not have bruised your own?
Are you sure the sad-faced Angel
Who writes our errors down
Will ascribe to you more honor
Than him on whom you frown?

Or if a stronger purpose
Unto your life is given,
A stronger will to conquer,
A smoother path to Heaven;
If, when temptations meet you,
You crush them with a smile;
If you can chain pale passion,
And keep your lips from guile,—

Then bless the hand that crowned you,
Remember, as you go,
That it was not your own endeavor
That shaped your nature so;
And sneer not at the weakness
Which made a brother fall,
For the hand that lifts the fallen
God loves the best of all.

Oh, that I could your pity awake
Throughout our land to-day:
Think of the heart that is ready to break,
And wipe its guilt away.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

—It is only the stout heart, and strong, resolute will, that enables one in truth to say,

This life of mine
Must be lived out, and a grave thoroughly earned.
Pitch then thy project high:
Sink not in spirit. Who aims at the sky
Shoots higher much than he means a tree.
Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how, the business may be done.
—*George Herbert.*

—True religion teaches us to reverence what is under us, to recognize humility and poverty, and, despite mockery and disgrace, wretchedness, suffering, and death, as things divine.—*Goethe.*

—Those who would understand the courses of the heavens above, must first of all recognize the heaven in men.

—Drinking, singing, talking, none of these things are good in themselves, but the mode in which they are done stamps them with its own nature; and that which is done well is good, and that which is done ill is evil.—*Plato.*

—The world is not so framed that it can keep quiet. Could we perfect human nature, we might expect perfection everywhere; but as it is, there will always be this wavering hither and thither; one part must suffer while the other is at ease. Envy and egotism will always be at work like bad demons, and party conflicts (and those of sects) find no end. Do what you were born or have learned to do, and avoid hindering others from doing the same.

—Remember, to observe the calmness of great men, noting by the way that real greatness belongs to no station and no set of circumstances. This calmness is the cause of their beautiful behavior. Vanity, injustice, intemperance, are all smallnesses arising from a blindness to proportion in the vain, the unjust, the intemperate. Whereas no one thing, unless it be the love of God, has such a continuous hold on a great mind as to seem all in all to it.—*Helps.*

THE DEAD.

Forget not the Dead, who have loved, who have left us,
Who bend over us now from their bright homes above!
But believe—never doubt—that the God who bereft us
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.

Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish,
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in fears;—
Other joys may be lost, but their names shall not perish
While time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to remember
The last look of life, and the low-whispered prayer?
O, cold be our hearts as the ice of December,
When Love's tablet reckons no remembrances there!

Then forget not the Dead, who are evermore nigh us,
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed;—
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd, they are by us;
Forget not the dead,—O, forget not the dead!
—*Fields.*

—All the sweetest songs and the grandest and most touching poetry that have ever been on earth, breathed into sound or written in characters, have sprung out of work and strife, sorrow and peril. And why should not a new song, unknown even to the elder seraphs, be so composed and framed in heaven, out of all life's trouble and disaster, while the mercy of God, the atoning influence of Christ, all heavenly help and guidance that they have received in their struggles, shall add depth and melody to those voices of the redeemed?—*G. A. Bartole.*

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed,
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song her voice,
A sound which could not die.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.—*Whittier.*

—The venerable Archdeacon Trollope, of Stow, England, has been placed upon a committee, of which Mr. Disraeli is President, to erect a memorial over the grave of Lord Byron. Did the Britisher mean this as a dig at our American Stowe, who tried to erect another sort of memorial over his grave?

YOUNG TEMPERANCE MEN IN EARNEST.

About two hundred young men of New Glasgow, all under twenty-one years of age, have signed and published an appeal to the tavern keepers of the town, urging, them, in an affectionate, Christian spirit, to abandon the sale of intoxicating liquors. The appeal is addressed to the dealers by name, and we can scarcely doubt that it will have due weight with those whose action it is intended to influence. A few years ago, no liquor licenses were granted in Pictou County, although there were barrooms both in Pictou town and New Glasgow. If we are not mistaken, the traffic in that county is still illegal; and if this is so, it is a fact worth noting that the young men of New Glasgow deem this public appeal, this bit of moral suasion, even more effective than a resort to the law courts; and we shall indeed be surprised if they fail in their object. They say:—

APPEAL.

TO DUNCAN MCKARCHER & BROTHERS, JOHN MCKAY, ALEX. HOLMES, DANIEL CAMERON AND OTHERS ENGAGED IN THE SALE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS IN NEW GLASGOW:

Gentlemen:—

We, the male inhabitants of New Glasgow, under the age of 21 years, fully alive to the moral interests of ourselves and others, and desirous that our native place may be happy and prosperous, beg to address each and all who sell Intoxicating Liquors in New Glasgow, as follows:—

1. We believe that "righteousness exalteth" a people while sin is a reproach to them.—And we are fully convinced that the sale and use of all that can intoxicate tends to unrighteousness and sin.

2. We feel that we are in danger from the seductive influence of strong drink—some of our companions are already on the downward road, and we fear that if the evil influences at present at work amongst us are not checked the number may be increased.

3. Drinking, whether in moderation or excess, is a force in time, talents, health and money. The first three are given us by an indulgent Creator for the purpose of earning an honest living and serving him. The prosperity of our town depends with God's blessing upon the use we make of the gifts we possess. To spend our hours in rioting, our health and mind in excessive and sinful pleasure, and to squander our means without receiving a return is hurtful to our best interests.

4. We are all each others' keepers and should warn one another of approaching danger. In the use and sale of alcohol we see a powerful lever for evil, tending to destroy many souls from truth, virtue and sobriety; and knowing that we must give account for the influence we exert we are desirous of warning each other, and you, of the awful results arising from the liquor traffic among us.

5. We wish to have happy homes, kind fathers, loving brothers, affectionate sisters; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the use of strong drink will destroy all these. Even some who sign this petition could testify to the truthfulness of the inspired penman's statement, "whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

6. The town in which we live is dear to us and we desire to see it increase in wealth, virtue, and all that is honorable, just and good. Pardon us if we express the strong conviction that the habitual use of alcohol in its various forms tends to retard the growth of all the desirable characteristics we have enumerated.

7. Lastly—We are living in stirring times and would earnestly pray for the conversion of all the young and old of our beloved town. Need we say that in a bar-room little spirituality will be fostered and few conversions to Christ made. "Whatever is not of faith is sin," and unless seller and buyer sells and buys of faith in God and love to Him little progress in good can be made. The whole influence of the drinking habits of our town, we fear, are against the growth of religion. In view of all these considerations—the righteousness that exalts, the happiness of the young of our town, our earthly prosperity, our personal accountability, the preservation of domestic peace, the good of our native town, and the glory of God, we ask you all to cease trading in strong drink. Would you desire to see your own sons drunkards, or any of us outcasts? We are confident you would not. Then do not in God's name endanger them or us. By every consideration of patriotism, virtue and religion, we beg of you cease. We can assure you that we desire you to do so for yourselves as well as for our own sakes. Oh, do not put a stumbling block in our way to honor and happiness. We are none of us too young to become drunkards. Our influence may not now be very great, but as time advances it will increase; it may be better to have it in your favor, though small, than against you. Again we ask you kindly, firmly and honestly, to grant the prayer of our petition, and that God may help you all to accede thereto is the earnest wish of your young fellow-townsmen.

ORNAMENTAL FEATHERS.

An interesting account of the manufacture of ornamental feathers, an industry which employs about 240 working women and apprentices in Vienna, is given, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the "Translation of Official Austrian Reports on the Universal Exhibition" in that city in 1873. The coloring is done by men, the other process mostly by women. African ostrich feathers are most usually manufactured. These are white, black, gray and dappled, and are classified according to quality, as "prima," "secunda," etc. Other feathers frequently worked are those of the white heron, bird-of-Paradise, and marabou (there are genuine marabou feathers, and false.) The white prima ostrich feather is the finest of all. The feather is cleaned first by a cold soap-bath, well washed twice or thrice, and then put into warm soap-baths, afterwards well washed in cold water, then blued a little, pressed and swung to and fro in the air until the hairs have spread and the feather is quite dry. Next, with a small, sharp knife the strong rib at the back is cut away; the feather loses its stiffness and acquires pliability. With small feathers this is obtained by scraping the rib with glass. Then the hairs on each side of the rib are made to curl in, with a blunt knife, and the requisite uniformity of shape is given them by combing them over a slightly warmed iron. Next, in order to hide the rib, the worker with a blunt knife twists here and there some hairs of the feather spirally over the rib until it is completely concealed by them. The feather is then threaded with a wire, folded in paper, and so completed. The same process is followed with gray and black ostrich feathers, except that the gray are generally, and the black always, colored. White feathers are only colored for some particular fashion of color, as blue, rose, violet, etc. If the hair on a feather is not dense enough, or the feather is defective, then two or three feathers are sewn together and curled. This is done with both short and long feathers. Long feathers are called "leaf feathers," "Amazons"; short feathers, generally three of a bundle, are called "panache." Single and sewn feathers are distinguished in both. The hair of the ostrich feather is also much used for the manufacture of fancy feathers—cockades, fringes, etc., are made of these. The feathers are twined by a machine, and then joined to the hairs of other feathers. These combinations are called "bordures," and are used to decorate dresses. There is an American ostrich feather called "vulture," which is worked like the African, but is inferior to it in quality. Tempting white feathers called marabou are much worked. They are used for fancy feathers, the points of small white or colored pigeon feathers, and very small fragments of silk and the like are joined on to them. "Bordures" for ball dresses are made of them. It is evident from this account that "to show the white feather" is a process which entails some trouble and expense.

—An anonymous fashion writer describes one of the sweet boons of the season as follows. "The coming bonnet is to have a hurricane deck and a bell-tower, and will also have a signal light, birds of Paradise, quail, and Welch rabbits. Architects are planning higher doors for its accommodation."

COMPOUNDING FELONY.

Compounding felony is a fashionable crime, and so frequent that ordinary cases scarcely attract public notice. A very extraordinary case has lately come to light in New England. The Souhegan National Bank of Milford, N. H., was robbed last October by masked burglars. The detectives failed to find any clue to the stolen property. After all efforts in this direction had been abandoned, the President of the bank received a telegram from a pretended detective in Baltimore which induced him to visit that city and grant an interview. Several interviews were held between the President and the robbers, and the former, becoming satisfied that the stolen property could be obtained in no other way, was persuaded to bring on $40,000, the sum demanded for its restitution, from home. We let the story continue in the language of the reporter:—

Mr. Towne was taken to the private office of the so-called detective and required to place a certain sum of money on the table. When this was done the agent rapped on the door, which was instantly opened and a package thrown in. Mr. Towne was requested to examine this, which he did, occupying nearly two hours. Among a mass of securities he found many belonging to his bank, which he checked and laid one side. When this was done he was requested to place another sum of money on the table, which he did, and another package was thrown in and examined as before. This resulted in the recovery of many of the missing papers and some which had not been missed. Mr. Towne was then informed that this was all that could be done for him, and he was allowed to pocket the valuables and depart in peace. His situation during the negotiation was not an enviable one, as he knew he was dealing with desperate men, with whom he was forced to trust himself with a large sum of money, with no security against assassination.

The condition of the detective service in the United States is pretty well exposed by this criminal proceeding on the part of the New Hampshire bank officers. Doubtless, the detectives will remain the most accomplished and merciless thieves in the world so long as they find it profitable to maintain the traditional policy of Addition, Division, and Silence.—*Exchange.*

A MYSTERY.

One of the strangest exhibitions that we have ever heard or read of—very closely bordering upon the marvelous and supernatural—occurred not long since in the house of a Philadelphia gentleman. Its truth is vouched for by the gentleman, his wife and family, all of whom are credible witnesses, whose testimony would not be doubted by anybody, but whose names we do not feel at liberty to make known. The facts are as follows: On a late frosty morning, while the children of the family were amusing themselves in the sitting-room, they observed a figure in the frosting on the window-pane. It appeared to be the picture of a female, holding in her hand a paper. The outlines were so plain that even the stripes on the dress were observable. The children called the attention of the mother to the strange picture, and finally the father was called, who recognized in it an exact representation of his mother. Having a correct photograph of her, he brought it out and placed the pictures side by side, and they corresponded even to the stripes on the dress, except the picture in frost was holding the paper document in her hand. The picture remained upon the window-panes for an hour or two till dissipated by the warmth of the room, or perhaps of the sun, outside. But now comes the strangest part of the story. The next day after this appearance, the gentleman received by mail a paper package ex