

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE, J. L. STEWART, Editor. PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY. Price \$1.00 per annum, in Advance.

Weekly Tribune. ST. JOHN, N. B., DEC. 30, 1878.

Unemployed Laborers in the States. It may not be true that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," but it is certain that the idle hands find the mischief. Poverty and labor may harbor cheerfulness and virtue, but unemployed poverty is discontented and apt to be criminal.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 23. A second large meeting of working men was held in this city last night at which a committee was appointed to confer with the City Council, the State Legislature, and Relief Association, to see if employment can be obtained.

Chicago, Dec. 23. The presence of a battery of artillery and 400 men has been a quieting effect upon the unemployed workers who marched processionally yesterday to the number of 6,000 or 8,000.

The distress in the States will, doubtless, be but temporary. It is caused by the blind clinging to a vicious system of inflated and fluctuating paper currency that inevitably leads to over importation of foreign goods and distress among native manufacturers.

Our Newcastle correspondent informs us that James Taylor of Newcastle has been authorized by a Canadian gentleman to match George Brown of Halifax, Nova Scotia, to row Joseph H. Sadler over a sea water course at Queenstown.

A Vacuum. Some philosopher has said that "Nature abhors a vacuum." He said it, however, some time ago. He would not say it after a perusal of the speeches made by Ministers at the Huntington dinner.

Some Sweepings from the New Broom. George Brown Finds Kellogg in the "Political Religion System." The Premier's Religion and Faith. His New Broom.

The Ottawa correspondent of a St. John paper has a friendly interest in Hon. Dr. Tupper and maintains a very valuable knowledge of last gentleman's movements. He lately telegraphed an account of the Doctor's sayings and doings in Ottawa, five days after that statesman had passed through St. John en route for Cumberland County.

Mr. Henry O'Leary, Hon. Owen McInerney's candidate, has been elected to the seat in the Assembly made vacant by the death of Hon. Mr. Cale. He is opposed to free schools, or any other school except those under the direction of the Church of Rome.

The Halifax papers have discovered a genuine ghost—a visitor from the realm of eternal bliss. The most encouraging statement made by the spirit was that the Premier was to visit the last day. If Halifax journalists degenerate in this way they may finally discover in one of those strips of buried vellum bearing a half obliterated inscription.

The vessel in contact with the telegraph cable in the Strait of Canso, as before reported, is the bark Henry M. Carvell formerly of Halifax, and now owned by Ficton. She is bound from Ficton to Chatham, and is expected to arrive in the city on the 31st inst.

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There was a riot at the Tynes House, Loch Lomond road, yesterday. Result: black eyes and cut faces for several of the rioters; the landlord's face severely cut by one of the pieces of ice which the windows were smashed; and a charge of powder and shot wasted on the desert air.

HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From heaven's benighted air, To touch their harps of gold.

With the weep of sin and strife The world has suffered long, Beneath the angel-strain have rolled Two thousand years of woe;

It is Christmas Eve, Upon a high stool, hugging the unwarmed, curtained window to catch the latest sunset rays.

There are industries that preclude reflection, but the industry of the needle is not one of them. It is a pleasure in itself, and his pleasure in it, he would find no thought of it; he would prefer that others should do it for him.

There is no voice so hard to be hushed as the voice of conscience. We may fasten ourselves that it is stifled forever; that it cannot rise from the depths where it has been buried with endless care; but the ghost of Europe, it is as despicable as cowardly; that his surroundings are only his natural accompaniments; that his gettings are, if anything, greater than his merits.

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BIERSTADT'S GHOST.

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ing some. Nicholas inclines his ears that way; but the beating of a thousand drums cannot drown the "still small voice." Up and down the stairs, tramp, tramp, and doors opened and shut with a hurrah! On all sides is movement evoked from scanty materials; but he has no part in the jolly, and a new line is drawn in his yellow face at every froth-outburst of merriment.

Miserable old bachelor, stilted away in your solitude. There are sympathizing hearts near, but none so sympathizing as yours. Stretch out your lean hands for a friendly grasp, and who will retain them? Shiver as the fire grows low, but shiver more over the great mistake of your life—the divorcing of yourself from human affection. Is your life lonely and desolate? It is well. Why do you murmur? You would have no burden around your neck, and you have none.

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her great, fearful blue eyes, and hands clasped as before Heaven? Why doesn't he bid her "adieu"? A pretty pass it is when one can't be let alone in apartments as pays for! And then he is reminded that just one week from Christmas is—rent-day, and the owner of the property is a very punctual man.

One should not do evil that good may come. It is his first duty to please his employer, and then self-interest points that way. He is commanded to love his neighbor as better than himself? Providence has sent him a good job at a very critical period, and it is wise—it is grateful to run the risk of losing it? His new employer won't stand much nonsense. He is going to supply him with food and lodging if he gets turned off? Not the four-year old. And Heaven—"Whoosh" gives a cup of cold water.

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not even summon up resolution enough to go to bed, though the fire has long been out, and the cot, scanty as the spreads are, would be vastly more comfortable than the hard stool beside the rattling easement. Who cares? Here or there, what matters? It is true, he is tired; but if he seek sleep will not soon wake again to misery? Better, perhaps, it will be to sit still and freeze; and sleeping thus to wake no more. He is weary of the world.

Tears are trickling through his fingers. He has deserved this; he has deserved the worst that fate can have to store. Never to be forgotten days of youth? O, never to be remembered days of selfishness? O, ever to be deplored mistakes that can never be rectified!

It is the eve that brings forgiveness to the erring. Then, O, spirit of the past, speak not too harshly to a repentant soul; overlook! not one whose sin, though great, has brought punishment so bitter, so long endured, and, withal, so meekly borne. Just bear him to the door of his childhood; let him see his mother's gentle face; speak consoling words; bid him to pluck up courage to face the life of life.

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