THE WATCHMAN.

VOL. I. SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875. NO. 7.

New Advertisements.

THE COLDBROOK ROLLING MILLS COMP'Y
MOOSEPATH, N. B.,
Have in store and are manufacturing all the time—
MERCHANT BAR IRON,
both Common and Refined, comprising all sizes in ROUNDS, FLATS AND SQUARES,
RAILS FOR MINES,
CUT NAILS, CLINCH RINGS,
CUT SPIKES, WROUGHT SHIP SPIKES, RAILWAY SPIKES
Galvanized Nails and Spikes.
They also manufacture to order
Patent Tampered and Parallel Bars,
for Ship's Knees, with promptness and despatch.
All the above will be sold at lowest market rates, and qual ity guaranteed. For terms apply to
JAMES DOMVILLE & CO., Agents,
may 15 No. 9 North Wharf, St. John, N. B.

Oranges and Apples.

150 BOXES ORANGES; 40 brls. Apples; 1 bbl. Eggs; 5 bbls. Potatoes.
may 22 JOSHUA S. TURNER.

OYSTERS,
Malaga Grapes, Fresh Lobsters,
ICE CREAM.
AND
ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON!
SERVED EVERY DAY.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
GEO. SPARROW,
may 1 56 King Street.

COFFEE AND POTASH.
20 SACKS Choice Gonaives COFFEE; 35 cases Babbitt's POTASH, in balls and tins. For sale by
may 15 JARDINE & CO.

TO LEASE FOR ONE OR A TERM OF YEARS.
THE STORE or Office in the Brick Building on the corner of Prince Wm. street and Market Square, adjoining the Fire and Marine Insurance Offices of the undersigned; as well as Offices and Rooms in the upper part of the same building.
may 8 ROBERT MARSHALL.

HOMESPUN!
The subscribers have on hand a large stock of
HOMESPUNS!
AT PRICES RANGING FROM
40 to 70 cents per Yard.
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST GOODS IN THE MARKET.
Wholesale Only.
may 15 THOS. R. JONES & CO.

BOYS'
AND
YOUTHS' CLOTHING!
W. W. JORDAN
OPENED LAST NIGHT:
2 CASES BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS,
MADE TO HIS ORDER.
ALSO:
TWEED PANTS,
SHORT AND LONG.
No. 2 MARKET SQUARE.
may 22

BROOMS and PAILS.—75 doz. Brooms, assorted sizes 2 doz. Carpet Sweepers; 30 doz. Pails; 20 doz. Half Pails. For sale by
may 29 R. E. PUDDINGTON & CO.

KING'S SQUARE LIVERY STABLES.
HORSES, Carriages, &c., of every description, to let. Superior Coaches in attendance at all hours. Boarding Horses kept on reasonable terms. Horses bought and sold.
J. B. HAMM,
may 15 Proprietor.

RUBBER COATS
—AND—
OIL SUITS!
WE HAVE ON HAND—200 Suits SINGLE YELLOW OIL SHEETS, 100 Suits Double Yellow OIL SHIRTS.
200 Drab Cambric RUBBER COATS;
200 Heavy Lined RUBBER COATS;
108 COUCHINON'S RUBBER COATS;
144 New Check Twill RUBBER COATS;
100 pair Edinbro Rubber Leggings;
9 pair RUBBER SPONGE BAGS.
LOWEST PRICES.
EVERITT & BUTLER,
Wholesale Warehousemen,
55 & 57 KING STREET.
may 15

SEASONABLE GOODS.
A. & T. GILMOUR
have now completed by late Importations from
London, West of England and Canada
THEIR STOCK OF
CLOTHS, VESTINGS, &C.,
which upon inspection will be found second to no other establishment in the City as regards EITHER QUALITY OR PRICE.
may 8

F. S. SHARPE,
Public Accountant and Average Adjuster,
MERRITTS'S BUILDING,
Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.
Orders solicited for Opening, Posting, Balancing, or Auditing Books of Joint Stock Companies, Commission and General Merchants, Manufacturers, Insurance Companies and Agents, Ship Brokers, &c., &c.
Also for Rectifying Deranged Books, Changing from Single to Double Entry, Effecting Partnership Settlements, Settling Estates, Adjusting Interest Accounts, Fire and Marine Claims, &c.
☞ Business strictly confidential.

New Advertisements.

PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN
Warerooms,
64 GERMAIN STREET.
Sheet Music and Musical Instruments of every description.
CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
Terms,—2 cents per day.
LAURILLIARD'S FURNITURE POLISH always on hand.
THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has added to his Business Stock a supply of Authorised SCHOOL BOOKS, to which new works will be added as they are prescribed by the Board of Education.
Also,—a full stock of STATIONERY, including LETTER, INITIAL NOTE PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c., &c.
☞ A large supply of SHEET MUSIC SELLING AT HALF PRICE.
☞ Pianofortes Tuned and Repaired. ☜
A. T. BUSTIN,
may 8 Opposite Trinity Church.

NEW FIRM!
JUST OPENED:
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
LADIES' SILK SCARFS AND HANDK'FS,
ALSO:
Black and White Brussels Netts;
Black and Colored Turquoise Silk;
Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Smallwares.
A good assortment of
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
SCOTT & BINNING, 28 KING STREET,
may 8 A few doors from Foster's Corner.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
MR. ALEXANDER JARDINE retired from the Firm of JARDINE & CO. on the 31st day of January last, and Mr. ALEXANDER C. JARDINE was admitted a Partner at same date. The name and style of the Firm will be continued as heretofore.
JARDINE & CO.
In retiring, Mr. JARDINE begs to thank his friends and the public generally for the liberal patronage he has received during the past thirty-seven years he has been in business and solicits a continuance of the same to his successors.
may 8

CHILDREN'S PERAMBULATORS.
WE have just received direct from the Manufactory, another choice lot of
CANOPY-TOP PERAMBULATORS,
among which are some of a STYLE AND FINISH NOT BEFORE IMPORTED, and which
CANNOT BE EQUALLED IN THIS MARKET.
C. E. BURNHAM & CO.,
may 15 55 Germain street.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.
EDUCATION OFFICE, FREDERICTON, } May 28th, 1875.
UNDER the authority of the twenty-third Regulation of the Board of Education, a Teachers' Institute will be held, in the Temperance Hall, Fredericton, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 7th, 8th, and 9th of July next. The first Session will begin at 10 o'clock, a. m. There will be three Sessions each day.
The Teachers of the Public Schools in the COUNTIES OF YORK AND SUNBURY are requested to be present AT ALL THE Sessions of this Institute. In the event of any Teacher being unable to comply with the request (see Reg. 23), it is required that a written statement of the cause of absence from any Session be transmitted to this office.
THEODORE H. RAND,
Chief Superintendent.
T. H. R.
N. B.—The Institute will be open to all Teachers in the Province who may be able to attend. The Examinations of the Public Schools of Fredericton take place on July 2nd, 5th and 6th; and professional exercises are conducted daily, throughout the summer, in the Provincial Training School. The exercises of all these Schools are open to the observation of Teachers.
may 29 4i

Gentian Root, Whole and Crushed.
Senna Leaves, Alexandria,
" " E. S.,
" " Tinnivolli.
CHLORIDE OF LIME, in 1½lb. air tight packages.
TINCT. CHLORIDE OF IRON,
By R. Process.
AT LOWEST RATES TO THE TRADE.
J. CHALONER,
may 29 Cor. King and Germain streets.

CHALONER'S
ANILINE DYES!
CHALONER'S ANILINE DYES,
ROSINE PONCEAU (Rosy Crimson),
NICHOLSON'S SCARLET, MAGDALA PINK,
REGINA PURPLE (red shade),
ATLAS PURPLE (blue shade),
VIOLET, MAUVE, PHOSPHINE (orange).
ANILINE YELLOW (light),
NICHOLSON'S BLUE (light),
SOLUBLE BLUE (deep),
ATLAS GREEN,
BISMARCK BROWN,
IMPERIAL MAROON (shade of crimson).
The success of Chaloner's Aniline Dyes has excited the cupidity of certain covetous parties both at home and abroad to imitate them as far as lies in their power. The proprietor regrets having to caution the public against such parties, as their goods are liable to failure. Chaloner's Dyes are in colored packets, with simple directions. They work on Bone, Cotton, Feathers, Grass, Hemp, Paper, Silk, Wool, Wood, &c.
Nothing in the above is intended to apply to Messrs. Hannington Bros., Barker & Sons, or Geo. Stewart, Jr. H. L. Spencer is not guaranteed as formerly. These Dyes can be obtained of the Travellers for Messrs. Dearborn & Co. and Berton Bros., or at their establishments in St. John—also of all city druggists and merchants.
J. CHALONER,
may 22 Cor. King and Germain Streets.

W. C. MORRISBY,
Funeral and Furnisher Undertaker.
WAREHOUSE, 66 CHARLOTTE STREET; Residence 45 Charlotte street, opposite Horsefield street. Rosewood, Walnut and Covered Coffins, Grave Clothes, Coffin Mountings, &c., at lowest prices. Orders in town and country promptly executed by day and night. may 22

PATENT DETERGENT!
A SUBSTITUTE FOR SOAP.
FOR WASHING and CLEANING CLOTHS,
BLANKETS and Flannels, Windows and Looking Glasses, Greasy Dishes or Kitchen Utensils, Painted Woodwork and
POLISHING SILVER OR PLATED WARE.
For cleaning Printers' Types it is said to do its work well, and leaves no gumminess. For sale by
may 15 JARDINE & CO.

HAIR GOODS.
One of the Largest and most Complete Stock of
HUMAN HAIR GOODS
in the Dominion, is to be found at
CONROY'S HAIR STORE.
☞ The Stock of LADIES' SWITCHES now on hand cannot be surpassed.
RACK, SIDE AND FRAZEE CURLS, FRONTS AND PUFFS of every description. WIGS, TOP-PIECES, WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.
Razors, Brushes, Combs, Barber's Mugs, &c.
Orders from the Country attended to with despatch.
CONROY'S HAIR STORE,
Canterbury Street. - - St. John, N. B.

FIGS. FIGS.—Very Choice FIGS in small boxes. For sale by
may 29 R. E. PUDDINGTON & CO.

The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

WILL ROGERS BE HANGED?

On Saturday last the trial of Rogers was concluded. The Chief Justice delivered a very clear and able charge, which was reported most admirably for the *Telegraph* by Mr. James Hannay, this report being the fullest and most satisfactory effort of the kind we have seen for many a day. The jury after brief deliberation, found Rogers "Guilty of Wilful Murder, with a recommendation to mercy,"—a verdict which can only be understood by assuming that the jurors rejected utterly the evidence of Wm. Demill for the defence. On Monday morning the prisoner was taken into court to receive his sentence, and when asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he repeated what appeared to be the contents of a paper which he took from his coat pocket, and the substance of which was that he thanked the Judge, the Attorney General and the Jury for an impartial trial; that he admitted shooting Seely, but declared that when he fired it was in self-defence and he had no intention further than to wound him; that he hoped his difficulties would be a warning to other young men against carrying revolvers, etc., etc. He spoke in a moderately firm and very respectful tone, and won a certain amount of sympathy by his candor and general bearing. The Chief Justice, after stating that he would forward the recommendation to mercy to the proper quarter, and intimating that he had no authority to hold out any hope of reprieve, in a voice at times overcome by emotion sentenced the prisoner to be executed by hanging on the 31st of July. There was the usual crowding together of "the masses" in the outer court during the painful proceeding, but within the bar the space was only comfortably full. The prisoner, although he did not exhibit much of what passes for "feeling," seemed fully to realize the solemnity of his position. There was nothing of levity or bravado in his manner and he gave unstinted attention to the sentence which the Chief Justice read from a manuscript. When he was removed from the dock he walked away firmly but modestly with the constables, and the rough crowd that had rushed and tumbled in when the front door of the Court House was opened at 11, rushed and tumbled out now that the "scene" was over.

We have, therefore, in our Gaol a prisoner condemned to death, that death to be by hanging, on the 31st of next month, and it is now an interesting question, "Will he be hanged?" We have seen that he has had a patient and fair trial. With a single exception, no effort was made to influence public opinion through the Press, *pro or con*. He was left in the hands of the law, and the law has dealt fairly and fully by him. Now that the necessity for reserve on the part of the Press no longer exists, it can not be improper to discuss the probable fate of Archibald Rogers.

There is about the "Death Penalty,"—that cool, deliberate destruction of the life which the great Creator alone can give,—something which, to a majority of minds, is revolting and painful beyond any other experience to which the heart or mind can be subjected. It must have been that on the jury which convicted Rogers of "Wilful Murder" there were those who were opposed to the infliction of the Death Penalty, and who were instrumental in having added to the verdict the recommendation to mercy. On no other hypothesis can the verdict be understood. If the jury believed William Demill's evidence, their verdict would naturally be one of "Manslaughter;" if they did not believe Demill,—as seems probable,—their verdict would more probably have been one of "Wilful Murder," without qualification. If, however, we assume that certain of their number, believing that Rogers' crime came under the legal definition of Wilful Murder, were also honestly opposed to the infliction of the penalty which the law prescribes for this crime, we can easily understand the wording of the verdict. However this may be, there can be no doubt that a very large number of persons in this community will be opposed to the execution of Rogers on this ground alone. Another very large class of our citizens, while not taking strong ground against the death penalty on principle, are disposed to believe that in the absence of actual malice, premeditation, or any pre-arrangement for the killing of Seely, there are wanting those essential elements of the crime which seem to them necessary before resort is had to the extreme form of punishment. There are others who are moved by personal sympathy,—who cannot forget that this man whose life is threatened because of a difficulty which occurred when he was under the influence of intoxicating liquors, himself volunteered and helped to save the lives of wrecked seamen in our harbor; that, born and reared amid the most vicious surroundings, he had never before made himself amenable to violated law; that many respectable gentlemen went forward to testify to his general good character, and others to his good disposition when not under the influence of liquor; that his bearing since his arrest, during his trial, and when sentenced, shows him to be a man who, brought up under happier auspices, might have been something better than the curse which he has lately proved to be to himself and to society.

We are convinced that there is no popular call for the death of Rogers, and even if there were we are satisfied that the ends of justice would be better served by saving than by taking his life. We should reserve the extreme penalty for extreme crimes. As long as the death penalty remains the law of the land for premeditated murder, let it be visited on the men who are really murderers,—murderers at heart, who wait for their prey, who plan and plot to kill, whose hearts and hands are bloody, who are reckless of human life; but in this category Archibald Rogers does not appear. All who sit on juries and all who are likely to be summoned to this important duty are interested in seeing that the intent and expectation of the jurors who tried Rogers are carried out, for otherwise it will be impossible hereafter to obtain from a jury a verdict of Wilful Murder, except in the most desperate of cases.

We are well aware that this young man's life depends upon the report of His Honor the Chief Justice, and we should hope that the last act of His Honor in connexion with the trial of criminals will be associated with an act of mercy which will detract in no degree from that reputation for judicial uprightness and fearlessness which His Honor so worthily bears.

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.—This order appears to have made rapid strides in a few years. At a recent entertainment given to the Grand Lodge, in Toronto, the Chairman, in proposing the toast of "The Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Pythias," said that in these times secret societies were becoming very popular. "The Masonic order, the order of Oddfellows, and the Knights of Pythias had grown with amazing rapidity. Amongst these the youngest was the Knights of Pythias, to which he felt proud of belonging. When he looked back to the time of Pythagoras and recalled the friendship that Damon and Pythias, after whom the society was named, manifested towards each other, he could not but feel proud. He believed the order was instituted eleven years ago by Mr. Rathborne. Ten years ago there were only fifty-two Knights, but to-day there were 98,000. During the last five years the order had made unprecedented progress. There are in existence no less than thirty-five Grand Lodges, and calls were being made from Europe for the institution of Grand Lodges there, as well as from European residents in Africa for the same purpose. As to the principles of the Order the speaker said that they were those that were laid down in Holy Writ—friendship, charity and benevolence. The Bible was to be found in every lodge, and every member was guided by its principles in his duty to his fellow men. The only secrets which members were required to keep were those by which they could distinguish brothers in the Order from those who were not members."

[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

ON GENERAL SERVANTS.

Notwithstanding the large amounts annually expended in promoting immigration to this country, nothing has yet been accomplished worth speaking of in the way of introducing the right sample of the domestic servant, whom we read about and hear so much of in England.

Mrs. Ford's experiences in that line have been exceedingly varied and perplexing; mine also have been full of anxiety and disappointment. There may be good servants, but if there are I should much like to see one. It would be an interesting sight, and I dare say as an investment it would pay to go around exhibiting one. High wages and nothing to do but to spend them seem to be the only terms upon which a servant can be had, and even then considerable tact has to be exercised upon the part of the so-called "mistress" of the household to retain such a luxury. A hasty expression or an unguarded suggestion either from Mrs. Ford or myself would be sure to have a fatal result in being told that "we might suit ourselves that day week." Ours is not a large family—only ourselves and the baby,—but that baby seems to have been the unhappy cause of as many separations between our servants and us as there are on a single list of a Chicago Divorce Court.

We are not very hard to please, though Mrs. Ford has considerable of a will of her own. I haven't any. The baby, unfortunately, has more than either. It is a girl, and is said to take after her mother, with its father's nose. Like most babies it wants everything it sees, and a good many things it don't see. So, between Mrs. Ford's power of will, the baby's power of lungs, and the servant's power of tongue, we are oftimes a miniature Babel. Of myself I say nothing, having long since been an implicit believer in the proverb that "a still tongue makes a wise head." Such wisdom as I may be possessed of seems more of the observant than the demonstrative.

Long and anxious have been the many consultations we have held for the better government of the household. Finally we resolved unanimously to reduce our establishment. We sent the baby into the country to a maiden sister of my wife, whose experience it was said, in matters pertaining to the bringing up of infants, was one of those profound mysteries which I have, so far, been unable to solve. This relation, for whom I entertain the greatest respect, with that apparent inconsistency, typical of old maids, has made baby-training a specialty. She knows more about the management of infants than those who have had them. Her little library is full of books upon infant physiology, teething and the thousand and one ills to which baby-flesh is heir. Whether or not these studies were pursued with the view to the positive contingency of exercising them in her own right at some future day, I cannot say. Let it suffice for me to record the fact that according to her own statement (in which I place every reliance) that what she doesn't know about babies isn't worth knowing.

Having handed our baby over to the care of my sister-in-law, after many parting injunctions from Mrs. Ford, who was so full of advice that she nearly dislocated her ankle trying to catch the train which was just moving off, we started for town.

Next day we inserted an advertisement for a servant. It was the seventh we had inserted since January, and the clerk seemed to expect me and evidently looked upon me as a regular patron to his advertising columns. The wording of that advertisement had been a second trial of literary skill. Much labor had been expended upon it, and it was framed, to use the ordinary vocabulary of circus advertisements, so as "not to offend the taste of the most fastidious" of general servants. Here is a copy:—

WANTED.—A THOROUGH GENERAL SERVANT in a family of two persons. A middle aged woman preferred. To one who will condescend to do the washing and cooking the advertiser will be under obligations. Wages $10.00 per month. Hours of labor will terminate at seven p. m. A free use of the piano will be guaranteed, and, if not objected to by the applicant, references will be exchanged. Apply personally at No. 7, Valley Place, between 9 and 10 to-morrow morning.

No reasonable person could object to such a composition, framed with so much care. There was just enough in it to make it attractive, without having the appearance of promising too much. After mature deliberation we resolved to make every reasonable concession to the enemy.

Punctually at nine o'clock a double knock at the door was heard. I peeped cautiously through the window to get a view of the caller. With a palpitating heart but a calm exterior I opened the door.

"Ye's are wantin' a servant, I believe?"

"Will you walk in? What name, may I ask?"

"Me name it's yer wantin'? Well, me name's Miss Bridget Dennis, and I ain't ashamed of it."

I was heartily glad to hear it. Miss Dennis' "make up" had evidently cost her much time, and was a strange mixture of color and effect. I introduced her to Mrs. Ford, and the following conversation took place:—

"Is the washin' put out, marm?"

"No, the washing is *not* put out. The advertisement stated that we should expect the servant to do both the washing and cooking."

"Bedad, is that so? Mrs. Magrath read me the advertisement, bekase I don't read myself, and she never says a word about it. If ye's get somebody else to do the washin' p'raps we can fix the cookin' between us. I niver wash'd in the families I've bin in, and its meny the one that 'ud be glad to git me back, so they would."

Miss Dennis looked as if soap and water and she had been strangers many a long day.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Ford, "you would scarcely suit us. Our laundry work is small and could all be got through with in one day."

"Bad luck to ye's," retorted Miss Dennis, "and its the likes of ye's that's makin fools of honest gurrels like meself. Faith, ye's too mean to send yer dirty clothes to the Chinese, the heathens, who's only fit to do the like. I wouldn't sarve with sich for twenty dollars a month."

Miss Dennis finally left in high dudgeon. We looked at each other very helplessly. Shortly after Miss Dennis' departure another knock was heard. With a heavy sigh I opened the door, full of evil forebodings.

Much to my surprise a tall, angular, but respectable looking person presented a card, on which was inscribed,

Miss Phoebe Phillips.

I ushered Miss Phillips into the room, and requested to know the object of her call.

"Is the mistress of the house in?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ford, my wife," (emphasising the words "my wife") "is at home. May I inquire the nature of your visit?"

"It is to see *her* I called."

I felt overawed by her manner, and ushered her into Mrs. Ford's presence.

"Madam, I believe you need an assistant to superintend your domestic labours."

"I require a general servant. Are you an applicant for the situation?"

"Unfortunately, through force of circumstances, yes."

"With whom have you lived?"

"Madam, your words pain me. I have not yet worked as a menial in anyone's service, but from the tenor of your advertisement I thought that here I might find that seclusion I so much need." Here Miss Phillips burst into tears.

She required much persuasion ere she revived. The delicacy of her situation,—that apparently of extreme grief,—forbade any questions which might appear to be impertinent. After many enquiries, it was finally agreed that she should come to us on the following Wednesday. "I trust," she said, "I may find those home comforts to which I have for so long been a stranger."

On Wednesday morning Miss Phillips came, accompanied with a large Saratoga trunk and a number of small parcels. "Will you kindly pay the cabman, Mr. Ford?" I paid the cabman a dollar with the utmost satisfaction, feeling sure that we had at last secured the prize we had so often looked for in vain.

Miss Phillips proceeded to her room, where she remained until twelve o'clock. Mrs. Ford prepared lunch, as we did not dine until six. At four o'clock "Miss Phillips" (she objected to being called Phebe) began to prepare dinner. We sat down to the best cooked meal we had eaten for three months and I raised her wages on the spot. I was so overjoyed that my old cheerfulness returned. It is wonderful the effect a good dinner will have on a man's temper. If you want to ask a favor of a male friend you cannot choose a better time. True it is that we had to put up with some little inconveniences. Unfortunately, Miss Phillips *would* play the piano, after a fashion, and with a vengeance, too. She always managed to do so at a time when friends would be sure to call. So we received them in the nursery, while she practised in the parlor. Miss Phillips had, according to her own account, seen better days. As we could not regard her as a servant, we had to put up with many little inconveniences. For example: she had a cousin in a large wholesale house, and upon the strength of our passing interest in him—principally on her account—she would ask him to tea about three times a week. Her cold, calm exterior checked any attempt at remonstrance. She manifested an interest in religion. We approved. Upon the head of our approval she attended the "Dorcas meetings" in the parlor. A sister of her's was coming from the country, "would Mrs. Ford object to her staying at the house a few days?" Permission was given, and her sister came and stayed three weeks. Our butcher bills increased to an alarming extent. My wife's dresses went astray. Two of my best shirts disappeared, and I found her "cousin" wearing one extremely like one of them. Soon I began to venture a few enquiries as to their whereabouts.

Miss Phillips burst into tears, and asked me to search her trunk right away.

I apologised for hurting her feelings, but my explanations were coldly rejected. Matters, however, got to such a pitch that even her qualities as a servant failed to give satisfaction as a set-off against the many losses we sustained. But a climax was coming. Mrs. Ford and myself had occasion to go out of town to see baby, who was in one of its periodical fractious moods, and returned sooner than we expected. Imagine our astonishment at seeing the house lighted up and a large party assembled in the best drawing room.

Miss Phillips' sister occupied my easy chair. In the corner was the cousin, seated next a coarse looking girl. Two or three young men were cracking nuts at the table and "philopening" two or three young ladies opposite. Foremost in the group was Miss Phillips, attired in one of Mrs. Ford's best silk dresses.

Overcome with rage and astonishment, I could scarcely speak, but Miss Phillips presence of mind was equal to the occasion.

"My relations, Mr. Ford,—Mr. Ford, my relations." Mrs. Ford's presence Miss Phillips did not condescend to notice, and that lady's temper got the better of her judgment.

"Out of my house, you hussy," shrieked Mrs. F. "Go! Go at once, or I shall do you a mischief."

In the meantime I went for that cousin to the best of my ability, and came off with one of my left eyes closed and blackened.

The result was, I was summoned next day, and had to pay twenty dollars and costs for a "savage assault," besides Mrs. F. losing one of her best hundred dollar silk dresses, which Miss Phillips swore was a present.

We keep no servant now, and Mrs. Ford does her own cooking. I do not wish to be hard on general servants, but truth compels me to add that my experience of them, as a whole, is not satisfactory.

PAUL FORD.

—All good men should live in Archangel; all angry men in Ireland.

All murderers in Kildare; all circus-men in Somerset.

All brokers in Stockholm; all cold men in Chili.

All geometricians in Cuba; all fools in Folly Island.

All horticulturists in Botany Bay; all wags in the Bay of Fundy.

All perfumers in Muscat or Cologne; all brewers in Malta.

All gluttons in Turkey; all beggars in Hungary.

All laconic men in Laconia; all mourners in Siberia or Wales.

All confectioners in Candia; all children in the Crimea.

All fil speculators in Greece; all gamblers in the Faroe Isles.

All stumblers in Tripoli; all curious men in Pekin.

All shoe-makers in Bootan; all soldiers in Armenia or Warsaw.

—There are certain cynical old bachelors extant who speak apologetically of the late King Herod. What say they of the venerable Dr. Bullard, of New Haven, Connecticut, who has been a practicing physician for about fifty years, and been professionally present at the birth of 1000 children? Those children propose to hold a reunion and picnic at his residence next month, and talk over matters with the doctor. Some of the children may possibly be dead, but enough remain on the active list to give the affair a lively and jocular turn. The babe business is not yet ended.

—Mr. Samuel Mendel, an opulent Briton and spinner of cotton, weary of gazing upon the same fine pictures and fine furniture, committed them to the cacophonous efforts of the auctioneer. One of his pictures, by Frith, brought $24,000—the highest price ever paid in England at an auction for the production of an English artist. The total sale of all his household goods brought over $750,000, most of the pictures selling for more than cost.

HUMORS OF THE STAGE.

[From Macready's Reminiscences.]

A PERFORMANCE AND NO AUDIENCE.

Recalled to business, I went to Berwick. Here I acted some of my principal characters to very good audiences, and ended the season with very satisfactory results. It was in this season that a general illumination had been ordered for the triumph of the Allies over Napoleon. To my surprise my father gave directions for a performance on that evening. It was in vain that I reasoned with him, stating my conviction that there would not be one person present. He was pertinacious in his resolution; but I could not believe he would persist, until I saw the play-bills advertising "Laugh when you can" (the title a satire on the proceeding) and the "Poor Soldier." My father took the part of Gossamer; the players could hardly be persuaded that he was in earnest, but the night arrived and they were obliged to dress for their parts. At seven o'clock the prompter went to my father's dressing-room, knocked, and inquired, "Sir, shall I ring in the music? there is no one in the house!" "Certainly, sir; ring in the music," was his answer. The music was rung in—the musicians went into the orchestra and began to play. I went into my father's room, and informed him that "there were two boys in the gallery and one man in the pit, and I would go into the boxes, that there might be an appearance in all." Accordingly I took my place in the centre box, and, with difficulty preserving a demure countenance, saw my father very gravely and indeed sternly begin the part of the laughter-loving Gossamer, indignant with the performers, who had difficulty in restraining their disposition to make a joke of the whole affair. A scene or two was quite sufficient, and I left the remaining three-quarters of the audience to their amusement, preferring a walk round the walls of "our good town" on a lovely summer evening, until the inhabitants should begin to light up. About nine o'clock I thought I would look in again, to see whether the farce was really going on. The play had just concluded, and the pit audience went out. The two boys remained in the gallery, evidently tired out with the dullness of their evening; but when the musicians reappeared in the orchestra, and began the overture of the afterpiece, it seemed as if their powers of endurance were exhausted, and leaning over the gallery balustrade one of them, with a violent gesture of his arm, called out, "Oh, dang it; give over!" and both walked out, leaving the players to undress themselves and go out in their own clothes to see the illuminations.

HUMORS OF DUBLIN AUDIENCES.

The value of the principle that I had laid down as a primary duty in my art, viz: *always to be in earnest*, was enforced upon me still more strongly by my experience before a Dublin audience. Their attention arrested and their feelings once excited, the actor enjoyed in their glowing sympathy the full triumph of his art. The national character might be read with tolerable correctness in their theatre. Keenly sensitive to the commanding truth of the poet's or the player's passion, they would as often find resource in their own humor from their dullness or inefficiency. It would not unfrequently happen that the humor of the gallery would prove the ruler of the hour, disturbing the most sedate of the spectators and utterly disconposing the player; until, checked by perhaps some energetic declamation or sobered by some touch of nature, they would surrender themselves to the potent influence of the scene, and beneath its charm no assembly could watch more intently, with more discriminating taste, or more lavish applause, "the dream of passion" passing before them. The anecdotes are numerous that have been current of the Dublin galleries' waggeries. I remember on one occasion acting the character of Pierre in "Venice Preserved." My friend Jaffier displayed a rotundity of person that might have agreed with the simile to which he likened himself, of a "full ear of corn," but certainly showed no appearance of being "withered in the ripening." As if in accordance with this obesity, his delivery was drawling and his deportment heavy. In the scene prepared for the execution of Pierre, after he had struck me and himself with his dagger, and gasping out the few spirited words of the defiant conspirator, I had closed my part with the cordial plaudits of the audience, a long and rather drowsy dying speech of my poor friend Jaffier was "digging its slow length along," when one of the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly, "Ah! now, die at a-once" to which another from the other side immediately replied, "Be quiet, you blackguard," then turned with a patronizing tone to the lingering Jaffier, "Take your time!"

SO LIKE A FOOL.

Among those I have seen, the only amateurs with any pretension to theatrical talent were Charles Dickens, of world-wide fame, and the lovely representative of Mary Copp, in the "Merry Monarch," at the British Embassy at Paris, Miss MacTavish, the niece of Lady Wellesley, afterwards married to the Hon. H. Howard, and since died. One of the very worst, if not the worst, who owed his notoriety chiefly to his frequent exposure of himself in the character of Romeo, Lothario, Belcour, etc., was Coates, more generally known as "Romeo Coates." He drove a curricle with large gilt cocks emblazoning his harness, and on the stage wore diamond buttons on his coat and waist-coat. He displayed himself, diamonds and all, this winter at Bath, in the part of the West Indian, and it was currently believed on this occasion he was liberally paid by the theatre, which profited largely by his preposterous caricature. I was at the theatre on the morning of his rehearsal, and introduced to him. At night the house was too crowded to afford me a place in front; and seeing me behind the scenes, he asked me, knowing I acted Belcour, to prompt him, if he should be "out," which he very much feared. The audience were in convulsions at his absurdities, and in the scene with Miss Rusport, being really "out," I gave him a line which Belcour has to speak, "I never looked so like a fool in all my life;" which, as he delivered it, was greeted with a roar of laughter. He was "out" again, and I gave him again the same line, which, again repeated, was acquiesced in with a louder roar. Being "out" again I administered him the third time the same truth for him to utter, but he seemed alive to its application, rejoining, in some dudgeon, "I have said that twice already." His exhibition was a complete burlesque of the comedy, and a reflection on the character of a management that could profit by such discreditable expedients.

AN ECCENTRIC AMATEUR.

Before I left Dublin an announcement appeared in the play-bills of "Shakespeare's Historical Play of 'King Richard III.' The Duke of Gloster, by Mr. Plunkett, of this city, who comes before the public for the purpose of giving him a claim at a future period for a benefit in order to relieve the distressed poor of Dublin and its vicinity." The city was all alive with the promise of "fun" which this notification held out. Mr. Plunkett was a gentleman, a barrister of the Four Courts without practice, and nearly related to Lord Fingall; but was said to have—what the Scotch call—"a bee in his bonnet." Unlike his vulgar contemporary Coates, his motives were disinterested and amiable, and his sacrifices in behalf of charity would have been without parallel could he but have known how superlatively ridiculous were his efforts in its cause. The audience that crowded the theatre were in fits of laughter from the beginning to the end, the wags in pit and gallery taking part in the dialogue. When he said in Gloster's soliloquy, "Why, I can smile, and murder will I smile," the response from the pit was, "Oh! by the powers, you can!" To his question, "Am I then a man to be beloved?" voices answered, "Indeed, then, you are not!" At "Off with his head!" the encore was long continued, and at the death the shouts of laughter and ironical "bravos" drowned the remainder of the tragedy; but so satisfied was he of his triumphant success, that the next morning he called on the Lord Chief Justice Bushe to learn his opinion, and understanding that he had been unable to visit the theatre, Plunkett begged leave to act some of Richard's speeches before him, which, to the great annoyance of the Chief Justice, who feared the gathering of a mob about the windows, he did, and pressed the venerable judge for his verdict. The Chief Justice had no escape but in assuring him that "he had never seen anything like it in all the performances he had ever witnessed;" which sentence, as that of the Chief Justice, Plunkett sent to the papers next day. He was too estimable and kind-hearted a man not to excite regret in many that he should have been under such a delusion in respect to his theatrical powers.

AN AGED MOTHER'S FATE.

A month ago Sarah Smith returned to her old home in New Jersey from visiting one of her children in another State. For many years she and her husband had lived in the little village of Franklin. They were poor, not even owning the cottage they dwelt in, but they so lived that they earned the respect of their humble neighbors. A year ago the husband died, leaving little or no provision for the support of his widow, then seventy-three years of age; but she had several children married in different parts of New York and New Jersey, and with them in turn she passed much of her time. As often as she could, though, she came to visit the friends who had been her neighbors while her husband lived. She so came a month ago, and after a few days her son-in-law, Benjamin Robinson, of Raritan, arrived one Saturday to take her to his home. She started with him, and the two reached Newark, and there Robinson went into a saloon and got drunk. His feeble mother could do nothing to restrain him, and soon, in the midst of a street row he was arrested, and she was alone and penniless. She borrowed a little money from the man who sold her son the drink, and began a weary trudge back again toward Franklin. Her route has easily been traced, for she stopped frequently on the way to make enquiries, and her sad, old face impressed all to whom she spoke. At one time she was sitting by the roadside, when two young men approached her and asked whether she needed help. "Please raise me on my feet," said she, "for I am very weak, and tell me, if you can, by which way I can reach Franklin." They aided her as they could, but she slowly tramped on. She was then only a mile from her home, but she lost the road soon and kept getting further away. Later she met a party of workmen returning from their work in Vonacaw, and they pointed out to her the spires of her distant village and walked along by her side until their paths parted, and then giving her a word of cheer, they stood for a moment watching her as she wearily left them. Her gray hair, loosened by the wind, straggled from under her hood. Her shawl had fallen from one shoulder, and her short dress of dark stuff was covered with dust. One of the men offered his support for a bit of her journey, but she thanked him, saying that she had but a little distance to go and she would not trouble him. Soon she became too weak to continue, and turning aside from the highway she passed a rude foot bridge over a narrow stream to a heavily wooded island in Acquackanonk. Then she climbed to a summit of a knoll a few rods away from the beaten path, and folding her hood to make a pillow, straightening her dress, and covering herself with her shawl, she turned her face so that she could see, scarcely a mile distant, the home toward which she had been journeying, and laid herself down to rest or die. She did not move from that spot, and her friends did not miss her, for those in Franklin thought she was with her daughter in Raritan, and her son-in-law, Robinson, supposed she had safely returned to Franklin. On Sunday morning a laboring man strolling through the woods found her body. Immediately the Coroner and a jury were obtained, who found simply that "Sarah Smith died on Saturday, May 1, from cold and exposure." Her children gathered and quietly buried their mother yesterday, decorating her grave with flowers.

MAKING HIS SHIRTS.

There is trouble brewing—in fact, broken out—in a certain family in this city. Agreeable to the earnest solicitation of his wife, who knew she could make a shirt just exactly as well as any regular hand at the business, and being sadly in need of that necessary article of wearing apparel, the head of the household purchased a bolt of Wamsutta, and troubled with many misgivings, took it home, and told his wife to go ahead, specially charging her to make the band 14 1-2 inches around, and not one hair smaller or larger, and to be very careful with the bosoms. The good woman, anxious to economize, and sanguine of success, borrowed a pattern cut from a shirt worn by a consumptive neighbor, and slashing into the cloth, in a remarkably short space of time had the whole piece cut up, and basted ready for the machine. We will not detail the sufferings which the miserable husband was called upon to endure until the work was completed. Every man whose wife or mother has had the shirt-making fever, knows what it is to go home to dinner and be compelled to undress and try on a shirt basted together, jabbed full of pins and pulled and hauled all over the house, while your better-half is trying to fit the thing to your back. This is a subject we cannot dwell upon and keep out of the mad-house. In the course of time the cloth was all made up, the wife