omething about the Institute and the Men who Were to the Front in its Early His-tory—Names which Will Live in the Future Annals of this Province. IX.

'Hall' belongs to this edifice; although it youthful frequenters to its portals. It should pleasure it has afforded to the past and last of the Mohicans. This gentleman, too, keeps his head well above water—about the same age as the Queen. He has been exhibition be tolerated at the present day? in many a political whirlpool since he helped | Certainly not! And yet we all thought to launch the old Institute—one time all ourselves as refined then as we are now.

On another occasion Dr. Patterson gave their crest, but always keeping abreast of founders of the Institute. Were it not for monds, the Whites, the Hazens. recount their evening's experience. What Mr. Lawrence does not know in such matters is not worth knowing; and should he pass away before committing to print what he has in store, St. John and the Province generally will be a heavy loser. I am told he has in manuscript form several valuable records-the Lives of the Old Judges, and also of the leading settlers of the Province, etc. I was never able to define this gentleman's politics when in the Legislature. Had he been there longer no doubt they would have been better understood. His leanings probably had a conservative tendency, during the "old school" days. Had he kept pace in the traces with the other old "war horse," he might to-day have been in the enjoyment of a good sup-ply of oats and well-housed in a comfort-able stable!

But as to the Institute itself. It has been the scene of some amusing incidents, a few of which I propose to recall, and refresh the memory of your older readers. A lecture was given on one occasion by Dr. Gesner, on the subject, if I mistake not, of Electro-Biology. By way of exnent and illustration, an ox's head was to be brought forward at a certain stage

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED of the lecture, for the purpose of showing to the audience the effect of the galvanic battery in the way of reanimating a dead A PEN PICTURE OF A VARIOUSLY. Iman part of the time; henceforward you are to have part of a man the whole of the time." Yet such sayings did not seem to spark—in short, bringing back to life an animal that had been to all intents and purposes dead. For instance, it has been asserted that persons hanged or drowned have been restored to life by the exercise of I notice with regret that the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute has taken down its to make the ox's head live without the rest sign, and is about going into liquidation—
out of business. By the way, are the
readers of Progress aware that the word loss of blood. Matters, however, had to was so christened by its promoters 50 years ago, it has always been called "The Mechanics' Institute," whereas it should be "the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute." However, what's slaughter, not far distant, in the neighborin a name? If you call a cabbage a turnip, it will still be a cabbage. It is a pity, too, to part with this old memorial of the ment the doctor expected to arrive at this be preserved if possible, if only to look at as cut off at a preconcerted signal, a sort of a monument of its founders, and for the telegraphy carried along the line by boys stationed at certain distances, from the present generation. How many of the Institute to the slaughter house. Now, to promoters of this old Pantheon survive? I time the proceedings accurately was some-can only recall three—Thomas Daniel, what of a difficult matter—for there was a now a member of one of the most dignified clubs in London, viz.. "The Reform," situated in Pall Mall, where I once had the honor of dining in 1855-however, I do an audience becomes when there is a failure not wish this mentioned again, lest I for- in the connection. We were all ready for feit the confidence of my old friends, which the bloody head, and would have it whether is worth more to me than a dinner in my old days—Sir Leonard Tilley and Joseph after an hiatus of twenty minutes, the ox's W. Lawrence. There may be more, but I head was brought on the platform, reeking do not remember them. The first gentle-man is hale and hearty at 80—a "fine old" platter prepared for the purpose. And English gentleman," living at ease. I had such a spectacle! Its eyes were wide open the pleasure of seeing him about eighteen and glazy—the boys in the gallery, aye, months ago in Boston, where we exchanged even in the "swamp," shouted and greetings and opinions of St. John men and whistled. The whole audience was convulsed things as they were 50 years ago, when he was accounted one of our leading citizens, for his great public spirit and gentlemanly bearing. He was the founder of the "London House," and after accumulating a muscles of the head, and when the whole fortune, retired from business in favour of his nephew Thomas W. Daniel, now of the the eyes winked, the jaws began to grind firm of Daniel & Boyd, very worthy descendants in the same establishment—the oldest now, perhaps, in the Province. Mr. Daniel left St. John about forty years ago, and has never been back since. I hope I sublime and edifying—a spectacular peram not trenching upon private matters? formance no where to be seen outside of Also, our Lieut. Governor is among the Spain, where the matadore and the bull are heroes of the hour, and the onlookers

us a lecture on electricity, and by way of the current—right side up—in fact too experiment and to show the great power buoyant in spirits ever to sink beneath of the electric fluid in destroying buildings, superincumbent difficulties whatever their rooting up trees, setting fire, killing persize or weight. He carries his years as he does his honours, well; and I hope he will and placed on the table, by his stand. live long enough to wear the blue ribbon Instead of warning the audience when the of the garter. I am not aware that this gentleman was ever equal to the immortal the electric spark in contact, that we might George in never telling a lie. But I think all be prepared for the shock, he suddenly he may compare favourably with the Governor of Virginia, of whom it is said he was never known to utter a profane table caught fire, and the new Institute for word, he never smoked, never took a chew a time seemed doomed to destruction in of tobacco and has never drank as much as the second year of its existence. The half a gallon of spirituous liquors in his lite. audience became excited-a panic ensued, To which credentials I beg to add that our and the way we all bolted (men, women governor was never heard to utter a severe and children and babies in arms) over the word, or call a political opponent a harsh stiff-backed benches for the exit doors, was name, a practice so universal among poli- a scene most grand and sublime. The ticians; his personal allusions have always Lecturer and the officers of the Institue been kind, but the lash at the end of tried to restore order by shouting from the the whip seldom failed to reach the platform, but as well try to keep back being brief, and unimpressive, they raw of a political opponent. Then there Niagara. The only way to treat a panic found themselves out and upon the side- lo! The slow, mechanical manner modifies a physical imperfection in an important walk were the first to try and wedge them- and quickens; the nasal monotone elevates, sense, this gentleman must long since have selves in again through the outpour, and taken the exalted political position for so between the two wedges of humanity, expressive, mask-like countenance, from settlement of the place and the pioneers mainder of the lecture still going on, while with precision and force the classically who preceded even the Loyalists, such as others wended their way homeward to moulded sentences are uttered, simple and

AN OLD TIMER.

A Lofty Intellect. who, in addressing the Jury at a recent sit- head is taken up from the pew on which it ting of the Carleton circuit court, remarked: "I am at a disadvantage, gentlemen, in this case, as compared with my learned gation. Now they follow breathlessly, his friend, Mr. A., because of the fact that I heavenward-flight; and now, while tears am a stranger in this county. I am not run in rivulets at his pathos, sighs, sobs, able to conjecture, as I would if addressing a York county jury, what are the features of the case which are most likely to in- tone, positive in experience, frequent in fluence your judgment. The lawyer cannot always know the minds of the jury. There are a great many things, gentlemen, which might impress an ordinary man's mind that probably would not strike a mind smile about his lips, as who should say: mind that probably would not strike a mind like mine." It is needless to say that the "Don't call your nut sour till you have "ordinary minds" composing the jury were cracked the kernel." He said to me: duly impressed.

Guest (to waiter)—What do mean by bringing me such a small piece of meat? Have you nothing larger? Waiter—Oh, yes, I'll go and get your bill.—N. Y. Sun.

Out at Sea.

Some of the Quaint and Curious Ways and Words of a Maine Clergyman whose Wit and Wisdom Endeared Him to the Flocks Among whom He Labored.

Yes, the mark is set; the final word written. I see it with misty eyes, and it is a careless paragraph, but it announces the passing of a soul worthy of nobler chronicle. Well I remember him! Well was bestowed in that quaint husk of a body, a manly, capacious being, worthy of rememsweep of spontaneous eloquence, of that corporeal incongruity, which seems in such cases a sardonic whim, or humor of Na-ture. Master of laughter! Master of tears! With that grim smile creeping over fying the minds of crowds who had misseen him passing through them, and by his hearty pathos making green the soul's pathway where he went. Are there no tears in Heaven? Then how must the sweet, gentle weeper be ill at home! Is there no laughter? Is wit under ban? Then how can it be tolerable for this sparkling spirit, to whose close hitting at the mark Truth itself stood indebted?

Spite of modern intolerance of it, he loved the tobacco pouch, upon which so many of his callow brethren stood to pronounce a "Babylonish curse." Listening one day to such a tirade as hung his head for a season, either in shame for himself or them, he gave his rejoinder: "Brethern this weed deserves burning; therefore, am I burning it as fast as I can." Pushing his chair back from his own table, he avers that the only thing for which green peas tobacco, and soon has he entered the cloudy realm of meditation, and arranges his fifthly amid its fragrant fumes. For some may dream their sermons, some may gather them by the wayside, or catch them as they fly; but perhaps he exhaled his from that blackest and shortest of clay

it may happen sweet or sour." presiding eldership on B—— District, he was to dedicate a church at C——, one fine Sabbath. The church stood on a great hill overlooking the sea, and was large for a country so remote from town. It was full of people, not a soul of whom had ever seen him, and it was a little past-the time set for his coming. Entered sud-denly an undersized rusty looking farmer, seemingly from a back settlement, passing toward the pulpit, with his head bowed, and a leathery-hued sphynxian countenance. Some one arose to give him a pew, near the door; but of this courtesy he seemed ing cards. unaware. Horrors! he went into the pulpit and sat down, and there was not even a good old Scotch woman to remind him that the "meenester" sat there, and that it was no place for a "laddie." as second lieutenant in the household, the People looked curiously at him and at one lady of the house was called away to visit another. He arose, and in a squeaky nasal monotone announced and read his hymn; then there was visible consternation, were not relieved; and when he proceeded is Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence the third of is to let it take its own course. This one to his sermon, they lapsed into all this excellent trio amongst the surviving did so in its own way. Those who first sorts of negligence and mattention. But, on in town." which his abilities and strong individuality so
eminently befit him. He may be emphatically called the historian of his native City.

meeting together in the halls and on the
stairways, the lock was complete—nor was
the blockade raised until some one in the
more and more. Now to the front

"There was an awful l rare manuscripts of our City forefathers—
he is the custodian as it were of every scrap
We then began to unravel ourselves, some
the athlete race for which it is fitted; the of information appertaining to the first going back into the hall to hear the re- pigmy figure dilates, the eye flashes; and they all had a pocket-book full of tickets, sublime. Look! in his growing fervor, the hands that lay upon the Bible, finger tips against finger tips, are lifted up, and pre-pare to part: this is the signal of fire. It was a Fredericton lawyer, of course, Regard the congregation now! Every reclined; every eye is attent on the speaker, amens, and halleluiahs, attest the power that moves them. He is evangelical in on. "Brethren, a little boy, in my God, for Christ's sake, converted my soul?

"When I went to C—, they had a pulpit about as high as Fort Knox. I could just

see the people over it, without a stool to

stand on. I used to load and fire, and then fall back." When first he entered

He loved a bit of parley with the Bishop; and the conference was always visibly amused when he put a smart saying upon that dignitary. It is the custom that when in session each man is called for the yearly examination, that he who makes resp shall report the sum he has collected missions. When, on one occasion, it be-became the duty of Bro. D— to respond, and his statement was given, the Bishop queried: "Have you taken all the other Then, with a particularly fine twinkle in his eye, the re-

sponse came: "No, Bishop; but I took them as long as my pocket book held out." Woe to pretension or insincerity if they came within the range of his sharp arrows. A sham could not stand before him. Sometimes his shafts glanced upon his friends, whom he did not seriously mean to convict of evil or mistake, in such a way as to make them wince "Why don't you shout?" cried a some imes windy, but really eloquent and able, minister, who was leading up a camp-mee ing sermon with a rather unwilling altar service. "Don't feel like it," Brother D.—. "More of the fire, and then you will!" yells the preacher. "Nay," persists Brother D—; "fire does not operate alike on all substances." "How so? How so?" "Well, wood, it burns; lead, it melts; iron, it heats red-hot;

water, it turns to steam; gas, it explodes! "You are fond of beans in this conference," observed a new-comer, in the vestry, whe the third member of the same reverend and doubtful family had been introduced to him. "Yes," responded Elder D—who stood by, "We are, or we would n have taken so many of them half-baked." Having had, in the connection, some some slight difficulty with young ministers imported from the mother try, who could but imperfectly adapt them selves to altered conditions, he obs "The only way to Americanize the English mastiff is to take him when he is a pup.

word together, thou choice soul, unique among a company of marked and vari-ously gifted men, who belonged to an from that blackest and shortest of clay pipes. This was his foible,—an infirmity of a life intrinsically good and noble. He said of himself: "I am a jug. All the you," he said, half pensively, as we sat you. week through I am open and filling up.
On Saturday the stopper is put in, and I ferment. On Sunday I pour the vintage;
week through I am open and filling up.
beside a well in the forest, to which they came from the encampment to draw water; "but my work is nearly done and It happend that in the first year of his end has been reached; and on the hill

> COULD NOT FOOL HER. She Had Learned How to Rebuff the Pedlar and Wandering Book Agent.

She was a very green specimen of a servant girl, and her experience in the her very familiar with the etiquette of visit-

Now, it so happened that her new mistress had set apart Wednesday as her reception day, and the very first Wednesday after the instalment of this woodland flower a sick friend. On her return in the evening, the lady from Wayback, who bore the title of Almire, greeted her with effusion and following her into the parlor, threw herself into the easiest chair and remarked genially:

"Guess there's a concert or bazaar goin

Frozen silence, accompanied by a stare of calm surprise, intended to wither the offender, on the part of the lady of the house, and a total absence of withering on the part of the servant girl, who continued

and they was bound to leave some of them but I would'nt take them. I said I didn't hardly think you wanted any, so it was no use leavin' em. But one woman was that sassy and that sot in her ways she stepped right in the hall and laid two on the table; so I just up and told her to leave ther there if she was a mind to, but I guessed she'd have a lively time gettin' her pay for them! I sin't the kind to be fooled if I hain't been in town long. I'm too used to the pushin' ways of the peddlars that comes

to our place in summer!" Almira is not quite sure to this day how she got back to the kitchen, nor yet why she has never been allowed to open the door for visitors since. G. C. S.

Ye cautious manne on ye first morninge putteth on his overshoes and goeth forth but ye daye is drye and warme. Ye seconde daye alsoe he taketh them, and it is warme Yet again ye third daye he taketh them and it is warme alsoe, and ye asphalt maketh him sorely lame. On ye fourth daye he leaveth them at home, and behold at and on. I used to load and fire, and then fall back." When first he entered that pulpit, as a newly appointed preacher, he announced himself thus to his people: "Brethren, hitherto you have had a whole "Brethren, hitherto you have had a whole soe ye weary worlde doth wag alonge."

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What is the real g Order, said the law Knowledge, said the Truth, said the wise Pleasure, said the fe Love, said the maid Beauty, said the pag Freedom, said the d Home, said the sage Fame, said the soldi Equity, the seer:

WHAT IS GO

Spake my heart full The answer is not l

AN OLD S

Her Story. wish I had never learned it never seen it! I firmly bel everything for learning a so must have been sung by m mother. It was so old—wr script—and so yellow and ld not even make out th

had copied it two or three ti And how curiously per about it, too. Who can Fate or something higher doubt that "there's a divini our ends, rough hew them h Surely it must have been

that prompted me to pounce gotten old song, lying hidd neglected corner of mother she came upon one day, sorting her old letters. I sitting near her, and caught the yellow music paper. So

I suppose it was just beca was unfamiliar that I fancie tell, I am sure, just what pre lavish so much time and e thing which was to prove the my own destruction, as far happiness went. And try convince our aching hearts to other things in the world be ness, we will meet with but in cess. Our minds may accep in a lukewarm fashion, but o not to be put off with any s doctrine. They want happin will keep crying out for it, tr to stifle them. Try as I hav for six long years, and then fi and you are no nearer the cov intellectual superiority than

The very fact of my being s lay the blame of my one greathat inoffensive old piece of r how very far I am still from s any kind, mental or otherwise. my own fault, if I only had the confess it mine, and perhaps of for surely he should have know

Perhaps it will be the wis write it all down here, just as It will be a relief to me, this lo mas eve, and a journey into th keep my mind from dwelling the present, for it is at Chris always miss Philip most. He used the very spirit of Christmas to old days, and each of the six days that have passed since has seemed more dreary than ing one. Philip and I were is brought up together, but we h each other since we were little children. He was an orphan, but his bright disposition and head to help him along in the wealthy old uncle, who was a g of my father's, was giving him fession, and so he came to be a in my father's office.

ow, Philip was not only the slightest aptitude for la loathed it with a bitter loathing and flourished day by day. He gone so far as to tell his uncle would much prefer being app

But his relative was firm. It the law, or nothing. Philip shi his profession and all his expense was engaged in acquiring it. that, but he should have an allo the first year he was practising that he must fend for himself.

That was thirteen years ago, was seventeen and I fourteen uncle's request, he lived in our that naturally we saw a great de other during the next four years. brilliant castle in Spain did I hel tim of adverse circumstances to b by the time Philip passed his exaand was admitted to the bar, something more than friends.

He had worked taithfully, thou

out interest in his studies, and h well; but his dislike for the law creased instead of dimishing. He office and tried to practice, b struggling along for nearly a came to me one day and told me could stand it no longer, and so where so many young men were their way so much more quickly to could do at home.

"It is useless for me to stay of