The Herald.

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THE HERALD
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nov16 M. A FINN

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aug31

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Just received:
50 GREEN Cases DeKuypers' GENEVA;
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The above will be made up in the most Fashionable Style and at shortest notice on the most reasonable terms. Also, a nice selection of Gent's Furnishing Goods.
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feb23 MULLIN BROS.

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STOVES, RANGES
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TINWARE
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APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

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Are now showing the Newest and Leading Styles in English and American
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In great variety and quantity.
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LATEST STYLE OF
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BOOT & SHOE FACTORY,
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MY Factory is now in first-rate running order, and I am now manufacturing
FINE
Boots and Shoes,
of every description.
Dealers are respectfully invited to call and see my samples, which will be found on inspection, superior to the imported article. All goods manufactured by me are equal if not superior to samples, and bear my monogram
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apr20

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☞ GENT'S GARMENTS NEATLY RENOVATED.
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Nearly opposite the Ferry Chatham.
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WARD ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE CANDIDATE

"Father, who travels the road so late?"
"Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate:
Fit example of human woes—
Early he comes and late he goes;
He greets the women with courtly grace,
He kisses the baby's dirty face,
He calls to the fence the farmer at work,
He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk:
The blacksmith, while his anvil rings,
He greets, and this is the song he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy-do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

"Husband, who is that man at the gate?"
"Hush, my love, 'tis the candidate."
"Husband, why can't he work like you?
Has he nothing at home to do?"
"My dear, whenever a man is down,
No cash at home, no money in town,
Too stupid to preach, too proud to beg,
Too timid to rob, and too lazy to dig,
Then over his horse his leg he flings,
And to the dear people this song he sings:

Howdy, howdy, howdy-do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fills my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the working-man."

Brothers who labor early and late,
Ask these things of the candidate:
What's his record? How does he stand
At home? No matter about his hand,
Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone
To close over money not his own.
Has he in view no thieving plan?
Is he honest and capable? He is our man.
Cheer such a one till the welkin rings;
Join in the chorus when thus he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy-do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my hand as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

COLORADO LETTER.

[From our Washington correspondent.]

DENVER, AUG. 29.

The traveler who enters Colorado at the south, will not at first be greatly prepossessed with the country, or at least with its surface indications. For nearly a hundred miles, the routte to Pueblo is through a barren, sandy plain, which has been denominated the "Great American Desert." Yet beneath this uninviting exterior lies a rich soil, which, by the application of water and usual processes of cultivation, produces a transformation more wonderful than the magic influence of Farys' wand. Some of these results are to be seen at Las Animas, in and about Pueblo, and in various spots near the river where ranchmen have by their efforts interspersed little oases grateful to the eye. Then as we proceed up the valley over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad toward Colorado Springs and Denver, we witness in greater extent these striking results of irrigation and labor. This now rich and fertile valley, was formerly but the continuation of the same sandy plain over which we have just passed. And among the curionsly interesting features of a view of this valley are the unmistakable evidences that it was once a mountain plateau of several hundred feet higher elevation. The Denver and Rio Grande narrow gage roads winds a crooked and picturesque path along the base of the mountains, making the 120 miles from Pueblo to Denver in about four hours, and treating the traveler to an exceedingly delightful ride. There is no similarity in the two cities which this distance separates, and which are now the leading cities of the state. Denver is the state capital and at present the principal commercial centre, with a population of 25,000, full of enterprise and vigor. Pueblo is its only rival for commercial supremacy and promises to be a formidable one. Being further south and nearer new Mexico, its population is somewhat different, to say nothing of other contrasts. Here the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fa road bear off in a southeasterly direction to La Junta, and will in a few days reach Trinidad whence it is to pass on through a tunnel under Raton mountain to Las Vegas, New Mexico, and thence to Rio Grande River. There is a strong probability that the road will in time be extended to the Pacific coast, thus supplying the required Southern Pacific line. The 350 miles from La Junta to Rio Grande river is to be completed within fifteen months. The Denver and Rio Grande road is also being pushed rapidly forward into the San Juan mining region. Its present terminus is Alamosa, thirty miles beyond Fort Garland, and in passing over the mountain range through La Veta pass it accomplishes a most wonderful engineering feat, reaching the highest altitude attained by the iron horse anywhere in the world. The ride over this part of the road is said to be exciting, and rewarded by the finest scenery in Colorado, of which your correspondent may be able to particularise after taking the trip.

Upon embarking for the mountains, our party formed a resolution to "see all there is to be seen" in Colorado, but after two weeks constant travel and climbing we agree that the undertaking is more than we had bargained for—too much indeed for one trip. Colorado is larger than Great Britian, comprising an area of 67,410,000 acres, of which one-third is good grazing and agricultural territory, while the remainder is the vast upheaval known as the Rocky mountains. For hundreds of miles it is range after range of peaks and rocky crags interwoven with gulches, passes and Canons, marvelous to contemplate. The entire length and breadth of these wonderful formations are rich beyond description in the grandest scenery the world affords, and in valuable mineral deposits, the hundredth part of which has not yet been revealed. Victor Hugo tells us that "every condition has its instinct," and he who finds himself for the first time face to face with the Rocky mountains—God's eternal sentinels—has an appalling sense that he has not only overrated his individual importance in nature's economy, but has likewise undervalued the influence of inarticulate nature upon himself. Nothing can transcend the majesty of these snowclapped mountains! You gaze upon them in mute wonder, praying the while that your little *Dorcas*—whose prattle is so charming at fireside—may hold her peace, and let you grow abstracted and out of self into the idea of perpetual greatness. You do not think—only feel—and somehow the eastern world that you have left behind with its glitter, and gloom, its envious struggles and manifold defects, fades into insignifigance in view of this endless range of divine architecture, and you are for once an humble worshipper at the pure shrine of sublimity.

The allotted space of this letter is all too short to relate in detail what our explorations have revealed and suggested. Fifty-two miles up Clear creek, and through the famous canon of that name, in the very heart of the mountains as it were, we found the great mining city of Georgetown. Passing through Clear creek canon is almost like going into an immense cave. Its towering peaks and overhanging rocks are high above you on either side, at times nearly shutting out the sunlight. But it is a grand sight. And when Georgatown is reached its appearence is wholly unlike that of any city of 5,000 inhabitants you would see anywhere east of Colorado. Yet the very contrast gives it a charm, and one walks through its streets looking with strange interest upon its plain, unique structures and peculiar location. The mountains and hillside on every hand are completely honey-combed with "prospecting holes," tunnels and mining shafts. The ore found here is almost exclusively silver, with a considerable commingling of Iron Pyrites, Lead and Zinc. It is estimated that upwards of $14,000,000 has already been taken out in the vicinity and there is no abatement of the yield. We went into the tunnel of the "Terrible mine" three miles above Georgetown, and witnessed the process of taking out mineral, which assays from $200 to $800 per ton. The proprietors of this mine after spending a round fortune in its developement are now reaping what is termed "a big thing," while all around it on every hand are played out and abandoned claims. There is no telling when a vein or lode may be "struck" without a trial, and many become discouraged and give up too soon, while others by bad judgment and bad management exhaust their means without achieving success. It is a good deal like buying lottery tickets. One man fails utterly after tedious efforts and another finds "paying dirt" from the very grass roots. Thousands of dollars are sunk by eastern companies and individuals in holes which they have never seen and which never yield a penny, yet for all this the precious metal is here on hand all over these miles and miles of mountains, and in such quantities that the supply will not be exhausted in a thousand years. Whenever a good strike is made, prespectors flock to the spot in thousands and turn up the dirt for hundreds of yards around. An old operator pointed out a spot sixteen miles below Georgetown where a large "pocket" of gold was discovered several years ago, "and," said he, "in less than a week there were three thousand men at work within calling distance." We went through some of the reduction mills and concentrating works in and about Georgetown, and saw the interesting process of separating the silver and gold from the granite and other metals.

Three miles up a mountain gulch above the town is what is known as Green Lake. It is a large basin at an elevation of 11,000 feet, filled with water 75 feet deep, almost as cold as ice and of a greenish hue. The lake is half a mile long by a quarter of a mile in width, and overlooked on all sides by an almost impregnable mountain wall. Here the propagation of fish is extensively carried on and the lake literally swarms with beautiful trout and salmon. They are so tame that droves of them will come close to the shore and eat crumbs from visitors hands. There are now about 20,000 in the lake and several thousand young ones in the tanks below. To feed them requires 50 or 60 pounds of ground meat per day at this season and a larger quantity in winter. No fishing is allowed and an armed man patrols the bank at night to prevent the destruction of these pets. The object of this enterprise is to stock the mountain streams for food and sport. All the waters of Colorado are being rapidly depleted of their beautiful finny inhabitants, and fishing here is not what it was a few years ago. The subject of fish propagation is being agitated in many of the states and the attention of Congress has been called to it. All our waters need replenishing. Seining and other devices have greatly reduced the supply of fish food everywhere and nearly destroyed the healthful sport incident to its taking. But a small percentage of the eggs deposited are hatched and saved in the natural way, while by the artificial process, properly managed, only a very small percentage is lost. The destruction of young fish by the game species can also be guarded against until they are able to take care of themselves, thereby still again largely augmenting the annual supply. Congress could wisely appropriate for this object, in ilegible localities, a portion of the sums annually expended for the supposed improvement of mythical rivers and streams.

"Pikes Peak or bust" is the cry, now as much as ever, of all tourists this way, but it generally terminates in "Pikes Peak *and* bust," for few make the assent without feeling an inclination to lay by for repairs after it. Situated twelve miles from Georgetown is Grey's Peak, 200 feet higher than Pikes, and one of the four highest of the whole range. Its cold stony summit points up through the clouds 14,341 feet above the sea level, leaving vegetation and timber line far below. We made the assent August 22nd on horseback and a hard climb it was. Our horses had been there many times before and followed the narrow, winding trail up the steep mountain side where to look back made ones head swim, and where a mistep or a stumble would precipitate horse and rider down the terrible rocky incline to almost certain destruction. But the magnificence of the scene repaid, many times over, the labor and risk of reaching it. As we neared the top we could look down hundreds of feet below us upon immense snow banks which the summer sun has failed to dissolve. It was a bright clear morning and with overcoats and wraps we were able to meet the chilling breeze without discomfort Resting over the tops of lower mountains we saw immense white clouds, which from above, with the sunlight shining on them looked like great seas of snow below us. For hundreds of miles in every direction mountain peak after mountain peak met our view, snow clapped and rock bound, "grand, gloomy and peculiar." It was the sight of a life-time. In the clear, rarified atmosphere there is almost no limit to ones vision, with a good glass Denver lay fifty miles to the south of us, Pikes Peak 140 miles distant looks as though it was a gun-shot away. South Park, an elevated fertile plain with an area of many thousands of acres was almost at our feet, while ranges of mountains in Wyoming and New Mexico were plainly visible.

But to come down from the clouds and return to things pertaining to a lower sphere. There are all sorts of people in Colorado. Even John Chinaman has found his way here, and may be found in considerable numbers in the towns. Ah Sin, Sam Lee and Chang Wung "washee, washee allee slame Melican man, dolla dozee!" Here in this modern city of Denver we see everything—luxury and "style," and all the accessories of metropolitian life. And right here a word to the society-worn, seeking health in the mountains. Don't come here to show your fine clothes, for they labor under a mistake who fancy the Denverites need to be taught the art of dressing. But leave your Saratoga trunks, with their flummery and frizzles, behind you, and devote your allotted time here in finding out what you were made for. My limited observation in Colorado has discovered the fact that a well-bred, well-dressed, well-behaved tourist need have no fears of instant dissection of either his anatomy or his wardrobe, and may pass through the state causing no more consternation than the Ute Indian astride his picturesque pony.

PHONO.

A Horrible Death.

John E. Bailey, aged 27, living at 22 Johnson street, Baltimore, died Wednesday morning from the effects of being horribly boiled in a vat of vitriol at the guano works of P. Zell & Sons, near the Spring Gardens, on Tuesday afternoon. Bailey, in company with a fellow-workman, named George Rush, was working around a vat of the fluid, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, while they were standing on a light plank, extending across the vat, the board snapped in two, precipitating them into the terrible liquor. In falling both men caught the edge of the vat and succeeded in keeping their heads out of the vitriol. Bailey plunged in up to his neck, and before he could be extricated the burning oil had eaten away his clothing and burned his body in a shocking manner. At places where his clothing was thin the deadly vitriol ate into his flesh for several inches, while his whole body from his neck down was burned to a brown crisp. Rush's injuries, although terribly painful, are not thought to be fatal. Dr. Noble was called in attendance, and made every effort to relieve the terrible sufferings of the unfortunate men. Bailey died Wednesday morning, as stated, after suffering the most terrible agony for over eighteen hours. He leaves a wife and one child. Rush, who lives at 232 Fort Avenue, is suffering intensely from his injuries, but was somewhat easier last night. The sad accident has caused great excitement in the neighborhoods where the two victims reside, and Wednesday several hundred curious people visited the house of Bailey to view the disfigured corpse. The wife of the dead man is nearly frenzied with grief and horror at her husband's terrible death.

The premiums offered by Mr. Peck at the baby and bird show, which opens on the 23rd inst., are numerous and quite large. A prize of $50 in gold is offered for the largest, handsomest and healthiest baby 1 year of age and under. Special premiums is offered to the handsomest colored baby 18 months old and under; to the handsomest colored twins; to the baby having the smallest forefinger on the left hand, between the ages of six months and two years; to the baby having the smallest foot, between the ages of 6 and 12 months; to the finest group of children, two or more, in one family; to the handsomest baby under two years of age. Silver premiums valued at $10 or $15 are to be given to the lightest baby, fattest baby, handsomest triplets, smallest triplets, earliest-walking baby, earliest-talking baby, most remarkable baby, greatest juvenile curiosity, handsomest boy and handsomest girl between two and four years old. In addition to the attractions of the baby show there will be an exhibition of ladies' pet and fancy cage birds, for which prizes ranging from $10 to $3 are offered.

An ingenious kind of painting machine designed for slats, laths, or narrow work has been invented by a Liverpool mechanic, the operation being by this means greatly facilitated, and a much better result obtained than by hand. The paint is poured into a lower tray; above are located first a pair of rollers, which seize the slat and draw it in between a series of brushes, one of which paints the upper side, another the lower side, while two more cover the edges. To keep these brushes wet with paint, two wheels beside the grasping rollers, rotate partially in the paint in the tray beneath, these being so grooved as to carry up the liquid at every revolution, and dash it on the brushes. The machine, it is stated, is found to be capable of painting the large number of 6,000 running feet of lath per hour, without the aid of steam power.

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TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

A correspondent at Vienna represents that negotiations for a convention are at a dead lock.

The Czar arrived at Odessa on Sunday and he held a review of the troops. He subsequently proceeded to Micholariff.

The Radical organ, the *Dovere*, announces the departure of a body of Italian volunteers from Ancona to join the Bosnians.

M. Fournier, the French ambassador to Constantinople, home on leave of absence, has been ordered to return to his post forthwith.

A London despatch reports a severe storm on the British coast on Saturday. A French fishing smack was wrecked at Folkestone and 12 lives lost.

The anniversary of the battle of Sedan was observed at Berlin and in various other town in Germany with decorations and illuminations on Monday.

At Vicksburg there was considerable increase of new cases, but the deaths showed a slight decrease. The situation at other points is not materially changed.

A despatch from Bucharest says Bulgerians appear determined to elect a native prince. The Russian desire a foreigner, but so far have nominated nobody.

A San Francisco despatch says that it is understood that Kearney does not intend to return to California, subscriptions being taken to send his family to Boston.

Divisions of the Austrian army, just mobilized, will reach their destination at the beginning of next week, when operations will be resumed on a large scale.

On Saturday an explosion of black-damp occurred in a new tunnel of the Stanton mine, by which seven men were prostrated; one of them named William Dougherty, fatally.

The death from yellow fever in New Orleans, Saturday, reached 81, the largest in any one day yet reported. There were 57 interments in Memphis and 72 new cases reported.

The *canard* about Gambetta's proposed marriage with an heiress is sufficiently refuted by the fact that the lady named has been married for five years and her husband is still alive.

All reports represent the resistance of Bosnians as declining. Many bands are dispersing. It is said that Hadji Lojo himself sent messages calling the people to return to their homes.

A Pera despatch says that it is reported that General Todleben has received orders to discontinue the embarkation of Russian troops because the English fleet has not withdrawn from the Island of Princepos.

A correspondent says that according to advices from Constantinople the Sultan, on first hearing of the fall of Serajevo, flew into a violent passion and declared that he would order open resistance at Novi Bazar.

The mortality among the negroes in New Orleans is nearly 60 per cent. A convalescent young lady was so frightened by a flash of lightning that black vomit and death followed. Many physicans are so over-taxed that they refuse few cases.

The town of Miskoleg, the capital of the circle of Bosrod, in Hungary, was almost entirely laid waste on Friday night by storm. One thousand houses were destroyed by rain fall and one hundred person killed. The population of the place is estimated at 20,000.

At Erlan, the capital of the county of Hives, Hungary, situated on the river Eger and about sixty-five miles from Pesth, the river rose during the storm and broke through the walls of the town. A whole row of houses were demolished by the storm and many persons were drowned.

The Sultan sent a telegraphic despatch to the Czar on the 27th of August requesting him to give orders to check the outrages upon the Mussulmans in Roumelia. The Czar replied, expressing sorrow at the anarchy which prevailed, but declared his belief that the reports were exaggerated, as the Russian Generals had received strict orders to prevent and punish such acts.

A Constantinople despatch says according to authentic information direct from Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Austrians are acting with great energy, but with moderation and perfect discipline; nevertheless reports are circulated that the army of occupation has been guilty of many excesses and cruelties. These accusations bear a singular resemblence to the charges brought against the Russian army in Bulgaria and Roumelia.

Several newspapers report Schouvaloff as about to be appointed chief of the new Ministry of Police, including the whole gendarmerie and police administration hitherto under the control of the Minister of the Interior; that Prince Orloff, Ambassador at Paris, will succeed Schouvaloff at London; that Novakoff, Ambassador at Vienna, will go to Paris, and that Prince d'Oubril, Ambassador at Berlin, will go to Vienna.

Gen. Szpary announces from Doboj that he had an artillery engagement of several hours duration with the enemy on the 30th, and silenced four or five of their guns. He also had two hours musketry firing the same evening. Loss of Austrians was not ascertained. The whole of Herzegovina from Narenta river to the town of Djubinjo has been subjugated. Petty Chief submitting, but 1,000 of the insurgents are massing at Trebinge.

There is much dissatisfaction among the exhibitors at the exhibition in consequence of the report that the official list of awards will not be published until the 22nd of October, the day following the ceremony of the distribution of prizes, and only nine days before the close of the exhibition. French journals urge the injustice and uselessness of such delay, and demand that the successful exhibitors be promptly notified of the work of the class juries.

A cheap fast train on the London, Chatham and Dover Railroad from Ramsgate, Broadstaris and Margate for London, crowded with passengers, collided with some freight cars while the latter were switching off the line, Saturday, near Settingbourne. The train which was practically an excursion train bringing away summer residents at the breaking up of the season, was running at express speed, and was completely wrecked. Eighty persons were killed and thirty-seven wounded.

M. McLEOD, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET, keeps a fine assortment of Tobacconist, Fancy Goods, Virginia and Canadian Smoking and Chewing Tobacco Havana Cigars, &c. His "Queen" Cigars, "three for a quarter," are the genuine article. Virginia Shag and Gold Leaf Smoking Tobaccos a specialty.