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June19

THE MINISTER'S OATH.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

The minister and his wife sat in the parlor. It was Saturday night, and the Rev. Mr. Morley was writing the peroration to his sermon. When it was finished he read it to his wife, who sat with her chin resting on her hand, gazing into the fire. She was still very beautiful, but her face was more than usually sad and thoughtful; and its expression seemed to be echoed in the tones of the minister's voice as he read sentence after sentence. The subject of the sermon was Sudden Death; and the minister aimed to show that no death, however sudden in a temporary sense, could be spiritually so, were mind and soul living a worthy life; while on the other hand no length of lingering illness could render any thing but sudden the final blow, unless all the past life had been a preparation for it.

"But it seems to me, dear," objected Mrs. Morley, "that what is commonly called preparation is by no means a preventative against sudden death in any sense."

"How so?" asked the minister, looking up with a troubled countenance.

"Because we don't know what death is, nor how it may effect us at the last moment. May not the last moment prove all that we believed to be preparation, to have been unaviling?"

"Surely not, if we steadfastly believe in the future life."

"But the future life that we believe in is not death; and yet not until after death can we know whether what we have believed is true. If I were to die to-night, I should be afraid whatever pictures I may have drawn in my imagination of the next world would turn out to be little better than belauded canvas. So it would be sudden death in both ways, I suppose!"

Mr. Morley looked at his wife with a sort of fearfulness in his expression. She had been speaking rapidly, in a feverish manner, and on a subject they had seldom or never discussed before; and her last sentence was concluded in a tone half way between laughing and crying, which was so unusual in her, and so inappropriate to the topic, that it affected the minister very unpleasantly. He rolled up his sermon nervously in his hands.

"What put the idea of dying to-night into your head, Nellie?"

"Oh! I don't know; it's been there all day. I've been thinking of all sorts of queer things to-day—about little Jack's death."

The minister's gaze wandered into the fire, and the manuscript lay quiet in his grasp. Mrs. Morley watched him curiously, and seemed to make several ineffectual attempts to speak. But there had been quite a long silence before she said:

"Do you remember what happened that next night, Frank dear?"

It was the first time any allusion had been made by either to the awful vow which had changed and darkened both their lives. The minister moved in his chair, and breathed heavily and uneasily.

"I have had no reason to forget," said he, in a hoarse voice.

Mrs. Morley suddenly slipped from her chair and knelt on the floor at her husband's knee.

"I want you to promise me something, Frank," she said, looking up into his gloomy face timidly, and yet with a certain radience of expression which made her more lovely than ever in the flush of her girlish beauty. She did not wait for Frank to answer, but went on: "It was I who made you take that oath, dear; I never dared confess it before, but I knew it all along. I thought I was justified then—I thought I had reason enough. But now I think there never can be reason enough, and I want you to promise to-night to abjure the oath—let it be as if you had never taken it. Promise, my husband!"

"Why to-night?" said the Rev. Mr. Morley, looking keenly at his wife. "And this is the night you spoke of death."

"I cannot tell—I don't know why," replied his wife, "but I have felt that, if that vow was not recalled to-night, the opportunity would be gone forever. And, however sudden my death might be, Frank, how infinitely worse it would be, were it to force you into becoming a murderer. Oh! it was madness ever to think it—ever to say it. Take it back—take it back!"

Mrs. Morley ended with passionate earnestness, and tears streamed down her face. But the minister rose from his chair with a fierce light in his eyes, and his mouth set.

"No!" cried he, "I cannot take it back, nor would I if I could. It is mine—I've lived with it until it has become a part of my life—my very life itself. If it has made all my life a lie, and myself a hypocrite, so much the less can I now afford to give it up. I made the choice then, and I knew what I was doing: I would not delegate even to God the punishment of whomever injures you! It has become my right and my destiny, and I never can, never will relinquish it."

As he spoke, loudly and with excited emphasis, Mrs. Morley, stood drooping before him, every word seeming to drag her down still more. In the silence which ensued, a child's cry—Sallie's—was heard from the bedroom. Mrs. Morley gathered herself up at the sound, without looking at her husband. As she went out, he sank back into his chair with the air of a man exhausted.

"Because I loved her!" he muttered. "Would it not be worth a soul?"

A scream, short, agonized, fearful to hear, rang in his ears, and turned his face lividly white. His hands relaxed, and the manuscript sermon rolled open on his knees, revealing the words 'Sudden Death' written in large letters at the top of the page. The Rev. Mr. Morley listened for a repetition of the scream, but none came. The stillness seemed to beat in his brain like a clock. He dared not move until some other sound should break the spell. As he sat listening, deep lines and wrinkles seemed to grow in his face and forehead where none had been before.

All at once he heard Sallie's voice, not crying this time, but cooing and prattling to herself. At that the minister burst into an irregular, nervous laugh, but ceased abruptly in the midst of it—it echoed so strangely through the house, and came back to him like a groan. For a time he was quite unmanned, and sat shaking in his chair, with dry lips and staring eyes. Still, at intervals, came the soft sound of Sallie's voice from the bedchamber. What was the child doing? What—

Feeling that he would become insane if he did not do something at once, Mr. Morley made a violent effort, and gained his feet. Then he staggered to the door—feebly, like an old man—and along the dark entry to the darker bedchamber, and into the bedchamber towards the bed.

At first he could see nothing; but by and by his eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, and then he distinguished a shadowy something thrown half on the floor, half against the white coverlet of the bed, close by where Sallie's crib stood. Partly enveloped by it was a small, white-clad figure, discernible by its motion, which now lifted itself up toward him a little and called "Papa!" But the shadowy appearance lay immovable.

The minister did not reply to the voice which called him, but turning groped his way to the mantel piece, found a match, and lit a candle that stood there. He did not turn round immediately, but stood muttering aimlessly with the match and candle. At length, however, the horror of uncertainty proved stronger than the dread of seeing: he faced about, walked desperately to the bed, and looked down upon it.

His wife lay there, with her arms thrown around Sallie; Mr. Morley had seen them in just that position many times before. Dazzled by the candle-light, the child hid her laughing little face against her mother's which was turned half sideways toward her. Presently she uplifted it again, glancing archly at her father; and he saw that her plump cheeks and white forehead were smeared with blood—not her own. The very horror of the spectacle steadied him. He bent down and held the candle to his dead wife's face. Then his eye caught the glitter of a long, sharp pointed pair of scissors in Sallie's hand—the pair she had surreptitiously taken to bed with her. That made the mystery clear enough.

Probably the child, sleeping with them in her hand, had pricked herself with the sharp point, and hence cried out; and when her mother, hearing the cry, had run to the bedside and caught her to her bosom in the darkness, a blade of the scissors which Sallie still held had penetrated through her eye into the brain, and caused instant death—perhaps sudden death, too; but that could be known to her alone.

Having completed his examination, the Rev. Mr. Morley stood up and remained gazing stupidly at the dead and the living. His thoughts were clogged and heavy; it was with difficulty he could make his mind move. His wife was dead—was dead—was dead! For a long time he could not get beyond that, though he felt, indefinitely and indistinctly, that there was something yet to come.

By-and-by his attention began to concentrate upon the child. She was still prattling to herself and playing with the dead woman's hair. Gradually his gaze became more and more fixed; instinctively he tried to break away, from a feeling of danger at hand, but it was impossible; all his faculties were tense, strained, and immovable—all directed upon the child. His wavering brain began to move in shorter and shorter vibrations; soon it would be quite steady, and then he would know something—something far worse than any thing yet.

There was a terrible cry, but whether it came from Mr. Morley's own lips or from the air around, he could not have told. The truth had been opened to him at once, and, in spite of his indistinct premonitions, unexpectedly. It smote him with deadly force, and yet seemed to nerve him with supernatural strength to act upon it. Once realized, it became for him the only real thing in the world; he saw it written everywhere, whether his eyes were opened or shut; heard it whispered, screamed, and shouted in his ears, though no sound save his own thick and labored breathing was audible. It took possession of and overmastered him. He traced, through devious but unmistakable paths, his whole past life tending to this awful consummation. He saw the present—a wild, indistinguishable whirl around one fearful, immutable nucleus; the future was a blank—a desolation without hope. For his sinful vow had at last found its object. His own child was the murderer, and she must be the victim!

(*To be Continued.*)

The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 28, 1872.

"Humanity and the Reverse at Sea."

The extract given below we take from the Liverpool *Courier* of a late date. It is the report of Captain Michael Thompson, of this port, commander of the ship "Bucephalus," which recently arrived at Liverpool from Mobile. It illustrates, in marked contrast, the differences in the character and humanity of ship captains, and redounds greatly to Captain Thompson's praise. It is to be hoped the conduct of the steamer's captain will not pass without investigation.

Monday, 29th April, 45 N. 48 W. Commenced with a heavy gale from N. N. W. About 9 a. m., saw a ship ahead under two lower topsails with a signal of distress flying. When come up with she proved to be the "Sarah M.," of Hull. Her starboard, bulwarks, and stanchions were all gone, and the sea was breaking over her decks. Saw a windmill pump working very fast. Signalled them whether they wanted assistance. They replied, by chalking on a board, "Yes, will you lay by us?" Answered them I would. It being impossible to lower a boat in such a heavy sea I gave the captain a course to steer, that we might be better able to keep company during the night. Shortened sail to keep a little astern of the ship, and during the night burned blue lights. April 30th, about 5 a. m., a lull taking place in the gale, we rounded to, to leeward of the ship, and in about three hours got off the captain (Day) and crew, in all 22 souls. By this time the weather looking very bad, and our ship having drifted a considerable distance from the wreck, I did not think it safe to risk a boat's crew to go for supplies to her. The consequence was, we being now 46 in number, we had to go on short allowance. May 33, in 45 N. 42 W., at 1 p. m., sent a boat to a barque about six miles distant, which proved to be the Hakon Jarl, of Arandel, Captain Matthieson, who kindly supplied us with about a barrel of beef, three bags of bread, and some flour. May 5th, 46 N. 41 W., fell in again with the Hakon Jarl, which took from us four of the crew of the wrecked ship, and sent to us some fresh meat. I wish to give my best thanks to Captain Matthieson for his kindness in relieving us to the extent that lay in his power. May 13th signalled (a long distance off) a large four-masted steamer bound east. Reported to him the loss of the Sarah M., and of having the crew on board. May 17th, 51 N. 12 W., signalled a large steamer, barque rigged, with white topgallant bulwarks, one funnel, black with a white streak around it, about one and a half miles on our lee beam; kept our ship off to close upon her as much as possible, and hoisted signal "Short of water," which he answered by hauling down his flag. We got a boat ready to lower, but as he did not slacken speed I hoisted a signal of distress (ensign union down). He answered, and asked, "What do you want?" We again hoisted signal, "Short of water," to which he paid no attention, but steamed across our bows at a short distance off with his flags flying "What do you want?" and ours "Short of water." At that time the crew were on an allowance of one pint of water, ½lb. of bread, and ½lb of meat each per day.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

Jubilee Notes The Foreign Bands—President Grant—Strauss—Fame and Photography.

BOSTON, June 25th.

The second week of the Jubilee opens with more eclat, if possible, than the first. To-day the vast auditorium was filled to overflowing, owing to the reduced prices of admission, viz, three, two, and one dollars. All the bands took part in the performance, the French leading in popular favor by the easy grace of their execution and the delicate finish of all their renderings. Their first appearance on Thursday at once fixed their position as

THE MOST EXQUISITE PLAYERS

of all the foreign or native bands, although the brilliant performance of the English Grenadier and German Bands makes the task of awarding judgment a delicate one for non professionals. The audience is sufficiently enthusiastic to gratify the fullest ambition of Messrs. Gilmore and company. Applause of hands and feet, waving handkerchiefs, cheers of the short, sharp, and penetrating American kind, supplemented by occasional enthusiastic "tigers," testify the popular delight; at irregular intervals an extra volley of cheers is let off for the "English Band," the "Prussian players," or the "land of Lafayette."

THE AUDIENCE

has little or nothing to complain of in the way of accommodations, and being like all American crowds, pre eminently patient, the policemen have a sinecure position. Outside the Coliseum, a vast throng gathers daily to feast their eyes on the huge structure and catch whatever stray notes may escape, while they gratify their love of noise and sensation by seeing and hearing the booming cannon discourse their saltpetre symphonies.

THE BOOTHS

for the sale of beverages are fairly patronized, and as there are no spirituous liquors sold "on the premises," intoxication is unknown. Within the Coliseum no beverage is vended, save the diluted lemonade which cheers not nor inebriates, and the harmless lager, about whose intoxicating powers science is undetermined. This liquid is sold "only to the German Band," by permission of the authorities, and some thirty five waiters are momentarily occupied in dispensing the innocuous drink to that very capacious organization. Seventy five barrels were sold the first day and over one hundred on the next, figures which indicate

EXTRAORDINARY POWERS OF SUCTION

on the part of Kaiser Whilhelm's hornblowers—if they alone partake of the flowing bowl, a circumstance which one might be inclined to doubt as he saw the multitude of un-Teutonic visages that gazed in calm abstraction from the upturned frothy mugs. So great is the thirst among those mythical musicians, that two rows of loaded mugs are kept perpetually ready on the long bar of Meinheer Pfaff's establishment, and the visitor has but to deposit his nickel piece and pick out his weapon.

I have seen absent minded customers replace their emptied mug and unconsciously take up another, under the evident impression that it was their unfinished drink, repeating the operation so often that they were only recalled to a comprehension of their situation on settling with the barkeeper at the close of their repast, or by discovering that it was only possible to pass out from the narrow gate of the refreshment room edgewise, or "fin right oblique," to use a military phrase.

PRESIDENT GRANT

whose famous apostrophe "Let us have Peace" has been occasionally mentioned during the past five years, was at the Jubilee to day. Those who expected to hear the silent statesman "speak a piece" were disappointed as he kept quiet and reticent after his usual fashion. On Wednesday evening a grand International Jubilee Ball will be given under the management of

THE GREAT STRAUSS,

who has won all susceptible female hearts by his handsome face and gallant bearing. He is immensely popular, and his photographs sell for fifteen cents! This may seem a trivial fact, but to the philosopher is pregnant with meaning. For instance; General Grant and all the other military heroes command from five to ten cents in the photograph market. Horace Greeley, Bret Harte, Henry Ward Beecher, and other literary celebrities bring about the same price, while Jim Fisk, Buffalo Bill, Johann Strauss are quoted in good demand at the bloated sum of fifteen.

TO BE FAMOUS

in these free United States, the aspiring being must first write a popular book or song, become a candidate for something, or kill somebody, and then he shall stand in the temple of fame, and shall adorn the ranks of the "self made men of our times," and shall sell in Loring's for fifteen cents, "a liberal discount to the trade." This trade in portraits is a curious feature of our civilization, and many are the devices resorted to in order to secure the counterfeit presentments of new great men. If the modest hero is unwilling to "sit" for his pictures, unscrupulous dealers sometimes hire a photographer to produce a passably ugly portrait of the victim, who generally prefers to have a good one taken rather than go forth to the world "in such questionable shape." It is ridiculously like attempts made to secure the likeness of notorous law-breakers for the Rogue's Gallery in City Hall, only the modes of persuasion differ.

J. J. R.

THE FOGARTY PAPERS.

No. 2.

Yesterday our Reporter called upon Mr. Fogarty at his Nelson street office, determined to "interview" him on the leading subjects of discussion among our citizens. It was the same Reporter for whom Mr. Fogarty opened the door at a former interview, but feeling it would be dangerous to approach him in *propria persona*, the Reporter disguised himself most effectually by shaving off his side whiskers, wearing a fierce but false moustache and a wide brim med felt hat, and throwing over his shoulders a militarycloak. Thus apparalled, and with a note book of yellow paper in his hand, and in his cheek a world renowned fifteen cent cigar from the Pharmaceutical Pharmacy of George Stewart, Jr., Pharmacoptic Pharmacopolist, and Agent for Cattle Spice and Chalybeate, the Reporter presented every indication of his Bohemian occupation. He found the Irrepressible in a state of high spirits. He had just received advices from Newfoundland that Seal Oil had advanced another twenty-five per cent in price, and he was bound to net large profits on his stock on hand. He greeted our Reporter with great warmth, though his tone changed suddenly on being informed that he came from THE TRIBUNE to obtain Mr. Fogarty's views on certain topics that have been the talk about town. He damned the former Reporter with no 'faint praise,' and expressed his willingness to "cuff him" if he ever crossed his path again. After our Reporter had apologised for his colleague's rashness and incivility, on the grounds of want of experience, Mr. Fogarty thawed out again and with a smile that was child-like and bland, expressed himself, in the words and manner of Dr. Pomroy, ready for the ordeal.

REPORTER.—Did you read the *Globe's* little article on the law firm of Pumpkins, Cabbage and Pumpkins?

MR. FOGARTY.—I did—wasn't it capital? One of the best things I ever read! Bull's eye every time. I hear they're going to bring an action for libel, and pay the expense out of the last dividend of the Scovil Estate.

REPORTER.—Is that so? Well, I must confess I thought it was a little rough.

MR. F.—Rough? The d-d-dickens, no! Served them right. Who the d-d-dickens wants to be reading constantly about the Pumpkinses all the time in the newspapers. Why, Sid. can't blow his nose without first going to a newspaper office and asking the Reporter to state that "we understand the accomplished Mr. Pumpkins, senior member of the firm of P. C. and P., was observed this morning standing on the steps of the Victoria Hotel, in the act of bringing forth a brilliant, orange colored silk pocket-handkerchief, to apply to his elegant proboscis. The happiest results, we trust, will follow." What sort of stuff is that to fill a newspaper with?

REPORTER, (laughingly).—That's very well for a joke; but we know the Pumpkinses are not alone in the puffing business. I thought I saw your own name in the papers, tho other day, Mr. Fogarty.

MR. F.—O, come now—that won't do. I never published a paragraph in a newspaper in my life. I *despise* the newspaper men.

REPORTER.—I didn't say you published the paragraph—I merely said I saw your name there.

MR. F. (bridling up.)—I know what you mean, young man. Perhaps you don't know I don't allow smoking in this office?

REPORTER (taking the hint, and producing his cigar case)—I beg your pardon—have one?

MR. F.—Whose are they?

REPORTER.—The celebrated 15 cent cigar, sold by our young friend Stewart. I don't suppose you ever saw *his* name in the papers?

MR. F. (reflecting.)—Just once, I think. Mr. Elder presented him with a Bible and some Original Sermons the other day, didn't he?

REPORTER (smiling.)—O, no! Its Stewart of the *Telegraph* who is the pious chap among us—he's the great sermon reader of the Guild.

MR. F.—The Guild?

REPORTER.—Yes, the Craft,—the Crowd,—the Profession, if I may so speak.

MR. F.—To glory with the Profession. There's Col. Deblois does more good in his way than the whole of your Profession, and never boasts of it either. He's one of the chief supporters of Calvin Church, I believe.

REPORTER.—How's that? I thought he and Peters were the pillars of "Trinity" and the "Valley?"

MR. F.—No, Deblois was out on Prince William street the other day, canvassing for ten cent subscriptions to purchase a Library for Calvin Sunday School. Fact, I assure you! He came up to me with a Card in his hand, and asked mo if he'd punch five holes in the Card for me? (Every ten cents you give you punch a hole—this is a check on unscrupulous people who carry the cards; they can't cheat the Church Treasury, you see.)

REPORTER.—This is all news to me. Did he gather much?

MR. F.—O, yes; he stuck a crowd of them—Oulton, and Hillman and Chubb and Lanergan and and several of the curb stone brokers who most do congregate near the corner.

REPORTER.—Did Varner give anything?

MR. F.—No, Varner hasn't time to do anything these days but blow for Palmer:

REPORTER.—By the way, that reminds me: I was instructed to ask you how you thought the Elections will go?

MR. FOGARTY.—They'll go all right.

REPORTER.—Who's Ol Wright?

MR. F.—Stupid! I say they will go all right—my men will be elected.

REPORTER.—Then your's for Elder, for one?

MR. F.—Am I? I think I see myself. Do you know what he did the other day? I was a little interested in some sa—, yes, some sales, of goods, of one kind, and another, and I took him in a little notice, just briefly calling attention to the articles and asked him to publish it as an Editorial. Well, now, it wouldn't have made *that* length—[pointing to a scrap of newspaper about a half column long]; he said, "Yes, certainly, we'll make it low to you seeing you're a large advertiser—say $20!" I looked at him, amazed!! "A hoosier of a House of Commons you'll make," says I; and I turned on my heel and left his presence. Don't you say that's a pretty way to treat his constituents?

REPORTER (horrified.)—Truly scandalous! There ought to a little come and go about Election times. This is the day of free drinks, free rides, free law and free cut nails; and we ought to have free news papers, at least. But who's your favorite, Mr. Fogarty?

MR. F.—Well, I think I'll go for Kerr.

REPORTER.—Shake hands, old fellow,—you're Unique.

MR. F.—No opprobrious epithets, if you please,—what do you mean by calling me a eunuch?

REPORTER.—I say you're one in five thousand,—I may add "the chief among *ten* thousand and altogether lovely."

MR. F.—You may think that a joke, but I don't see the point. I have strong objections to the other men.

REPORTER.—What objection have you to Palmer?

MR. F.—Well, I think there's too much bone. Elder, again, is too lathy—then there's the affair of that little editorial notice: I think he might have done that,—don't you? As for Burpee, he makes a pretty picture, I know, but I never could go for a Hardware man and Sunday School Superintendent together. The two things don't agree. Did you hear what "pretty pictures" the teachers gave him some time ago?

REPORTER.—No; we had no report of it.

MR. F.—There's this to be said about Burpee—he don't rush to the newspapers whenever he runs a nail into his finger or gets a Presentation, "as the manner of some is." It's a fact, nevertheless. It was a splendid work,—but, O, *such* a subject!

REPORTER.—What was it?

MR. F.—You can't guess.

REPORTER.—I waive my claim to solve the conundrum.

MR. F.—And for a politician too!

REPORTER.—Perhaps you'll explain?

MR. F.—And him just setting out in politics—just getting his first glimpse of Jerusalem!

REPORTER.—Well?

MR. F.—*Well?* Would you be surprised to learn they presented him with a copy of "HELL ILLUSTRATED?"

REPORTER.—Pshaw! You're joking?

MR. F.—No joke about it—ask Rowan.

REPORTER.—Had Rowan a hand in it?

MR. F.—Yes—all to say about it.

REPORTER.—Is Rowan a Sunday School teacher?

MR. F.—To be sure, and a good one!

REPORTER.—You surprise me—and him a member of the Common Council!

MR. F.—The same.

REPORTER.—The Chairman of the Fire Department Committee?

MR. F.—The same.

REPORTER.—Chairman of the Police Department Committee?

MR. F.—The same.

REPORTER.—Chairman of—thirteen other Committees?

MR. F.—The same.

REPORTER.—Our Coming Mayor?

MR. F.—The same.

REPORTER.—Well, Rowan *will* have his little joke, I suppose, though sometimes it is a little broad.

[Here the Reporter launched out into a glowing eulogium of the City's Senior Alderman, and in the midst of his enthusiasm his moustache unfortunately dropped off! Mr. Fogarty opened his eyes in astonishment. He seemed to recognize the Reporter as an old acquaintance, and gradually a heavy frown settled upon his noble brow. The Reporter explained that a butcher in a barber shop had that morning so mangled his lip that he had either to lay up or use a false moustache. Mr. Fogarty was not convinced. He glanced at the side face and there probably saw traces of recent mowing. Jumping to his feet, then straightening himself up, throwing out his chest, extending his arms and working his muscles in a defiant manner, his appearance boded the near approach of a serious unpleasantness. The Reporter felt that he must temporize, or fight, and accordingly assuming a tone of the deepest sincerity he explained, confidentially, that he had undertaken the mission this day greatly against his own inclinations, but he had been forced into it by the unfeeling Manager, who placed so high an estimate on Mr. Fogarty's opinions that he was bound to have them at whatever cost. The assumption of penitence and the delicate flattery had a perceptible effect in reducing the wrath of the interviewed, and a few minutes later there was nothing in the relations of the two gentlemen to prevent them going Round the Horn and smilin' accordin'.]

Queen Victoria and Nellie Grant.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* has received through private sources a letter written by Miss Nellie Grant to Queen Victoria, previous to her recent visit to Windsor Palace. It reads as follows:—

Langley's Hotel, May, 1872.

My Dear Lady and Queen: I am embarrassed at the honor of an official request, given through a high officer (your Lord Chamberlain, I think), to be presented to your Majesty. I should dearly love to see you, that I might tell my mother and father that I had been thus honored. I am but a simple American girl; that I am the President's daughter gives me no claim to your recognition as a sovereign. If, with the kind lady who is acting as my *chaperon*, I might visit you, I should be very glad. Our Secretary of Legation hints at some political significance in this opportunity. I cannot so interpret it, and would not wish to be so received, because it would not be right, as I am sure my father would not desire me to appear other than as my simple and very humble self. If with this explanation, your Majesty will allow me to visit you, I shall be greatly honoured and be very proud.

I have written this note of my own motion and because I think it the right thing to do. I am your Majesty's very obedient servant and admirer,

NELLIE GRANT.

The reply is equally refreshing.

Windsor Castle.

Miss Nellie Grant: I have instructed Lady —— to convey to you this note, and we shall receive you as the daughter of your honored parents without the intervention of our high officers of State. I shall receive your visit as an "American girl," and thre shall be no other significance in the fact than your kindly expressed desire to see the lady and not the sovereign. I shall find it pleasant to forget that I am Queen in receiving you to-morrow afternoon at our palace of Windsor.

VICTORIA.

LOCALS.

The New Post Office.

To day Messrs. Tilley, Stead (Architect,) and McMillan (P. O. Inspector) were examining the site for the new Post Office.—While Mr. Tilley is in the City it might be well for him to instruct the proper officer to have an asphalt sidewalk laid in front of the Custom House.

Personal.

Mr. W. H. Fairall, of Fairall and Smith, and Mr. H. J. Thorne, of Kerr and Thorne, leave to morrow morning for Halifax to take the steamer "Caspian" for England. They go to purchase Fall goods.

The following interesting "personal" item comes to us from the Upper Provinces:—

Walter S. Burpee was elected member of the New Brunswick Legislature for Queen's County yesterday, to fill the vacancy caused by the election of Gideon Bagly to the Legislative Council.

Dr. S T. Gove, of St. Andrews, advertises "to let for the season, or for a term of years, Dr. Tupper's Cottage, known as 'Bellevue.' The property consists of about twenty acres of land, delightfully situated, with outhouses, stables, and good water.

Telegrams received this morning report the Hon. G. L. Hatheway, who was injured in jumping from the train at the Junction a day or two ago, as much worse, having suffered greatly during the night.

Mr. George F. Hatheway who is the popular and obliging agent of the Small & Hatheway line of Steamers was married this morning, which was the occasion of a cordial display of flags between International Company's warehouse, and Small & Hatheway's, at Reed's Point to day.

☞ The attractive artists and great favorites, Mr. and Mrs. McEvoy, at the Opera House to night.

Amusements on the First.

St. John will be furnished on Dominion Day with races at Moosepath Park, of different kinds, and performances at the Academy and Opera House. Fredericton, of course, will indulge in a Cricket Match. Woodstock will furnish horse races on the Driving Park, and a lively time is anticipated. At Moncton, a concert will be given, at which Mrs. Perley and other St. John talent will assist. Shediac will have a minstrel show by the "Acme Club," an original and talented troupe of native artists.

A New Marine Insurance Association.

A local Marine Club called New Brunswick Lloyds has just been organized by Robert Marshall Esq., as Attorney & Broker. It is composed of leading ship owners, and others concerned in marine insurance. The members possess ample means, and offer security which should command the support of those seeking reliable insurance. Calling attention to their advertisement it will be observed that this Club, in connection with Mr. Marshall's strong companies, are now prepared to do business in all the usual kinds of marine risks and that the policies will meet the requirements of the Shipping community.

☞ The great Pete Lee, burlesque actor and stump orator, to-night, for Hogan and Mudge's benefit.

The Excursion to Digby and Annapolis.

The cornet band of the Christian Brothers will discourse sweet music on board the "Empress" on Dominion Day, both going and returning from Digby. Excursionists will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Instruction in Music.

Parties desirous of securing the services of an accomplished musical instructor, are referred to the card of Mr. Theodore Martens, in THE TRIBUNE.

The Chapman Sisters

make their first appearance at Bishop's Opera House on Thursday next the 4th July. They are said to be the finest burlesque artists travelling.

A Shock.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock this morning, the loungers at Gabel's Corner were some what startled by a shoemaker's last thrown through the second story window of Francis' factory, being landed at their feet, followed *by a shower* of glass.

The Washademoak Scenery.

Sons of Temperance from "Gurney," "Victoria" and "Fireman's" Divisions, will take a sail on Monday next (Dominion Day) up the Washademoak, in the steamer "Fawn." The 62nd Regt. Band will furnish music. Strawberries and cream will be indulged in to any extent. Hon. S. L. Tilley will be present. See advt in another column for further attractions.

☞ The great attraction to night at the Opera House, Blanch Selwyn, change artist.

Acknowledgement.

Received from Misses Nellie Taylor, Amelia Trimble, Annie Bell, Amanda Millen, for the Protestant Orphan Asylum, $10.79, being proceeds of Bazaar. JOHN BOYD, Treasurer.

☞ Strawberries by the quart or pint. Strawberries and Cream. Prince Edward Island Oysters. Ice Cream, Pastry &c. &c, may be found at Geo. Sparrow's.

Academy of Music.

"She stoops to Conquer" was produced to a fair house last night, considering it was the second performance of it this week. To-night Miss Reignolds will take her benefit, and it will be her last appearance but one in St. John. She announces that after to-morrow night, she will not play again in this city. The many admirers of her conscientious acting will therefore take the opportunity to turn out in force, this evening. The play to night will be "Pink and White Tyranny," a dramatization by Miss Reignolds of Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel of that name. It depicts the follies and foibles of the present day quite graphically. An extract from a criticism of the Boston *Advertiser* says:—

The play is eminently American, and is unstilted and natural. Like "Divorce," it deals with the follies and sins of fashionable life, and Mrs. Stowe's tale is closely followed. Miss Reignolds' impersonation of *Lillie Seymour*, the spoiled child of fashion, was admirably conceived; and the wily, but not heartless coquette of the first act, the petted wife of the second act, and her sudden transformation to a noble woman in the third act, were played in the spirit of true comedy, while in the last act, where *Lillie* has returned to Springdale and dies in the presence of her injured husband, her acting is tender and full of the deepest sympathy.

Bishop's Opera House.

The audience at the Opera House was an average one, and the programme was varied and well carried out. To-night Messrs. Hogan and Mudge, comedians, will take a benefit. They are capital delineators of Negro eccentricities, and are deservedly popular, while their dancing is brilliant. The bill will embrace Pete Lee, burlesque actor and comedian; Blanch Selwyn in her different characters; Harry Talbot and J. D. Roome; Hogan and Mudge in their great song, "Riding in the Street Cars," and three others. Jeffreys will contortionize into all kinds of shapes; J. D. Roome will sing several songs and banjo solos; Jerry Cohan, Irish comedian, will put in an appearance, and four of our crack city gymnasts will do the magic ladders. There will be a Matinee for ladies and children to-morrow afternoon at half-past two.

Miss St. Clair at the Institute.

Owing to the short notice given to Miss St. Clair's lecture, she had a small audience at the Institute last evening. Those who listened to the lecture were highly pleased with the description of life and manners in California and the Great West. Miss St. Clair is pretty, and has an easy, unaffected style on the stage. Her delivery is excellent, and in a clear musical voice she tells about camping with Indians and whites, how they live, and scenery customs and manners on the plains. California, Utah and Idaho are described in an attractive manner. The lecture was highly interesting, and was frequently applauded. It will probably be repeated next week, when a larger audience will certainly attend.

☞ A new star to-night at Bishop's Opera House, Jerry Cohan, Irish comedian.

Queen's County Court.

This Court was opened on Tuesday, Judge Steadman presiding, and on Thursday at noon, adjourned, the following cases having been disposed of.

Martha Arbuckle vs Sarah Arbuckle, the plaintiff was nonsuited. C. F. Harding Esq. appeared for the plaintiff, and C. N. Skinner, Esq. for the defendant.

William Parks vs John Palmer. Verdict for the plaintiff. J. R. Currey and Silas Alward Esquires, appeared for plaintiff, and C. F. Harding and C. N. Skinner Esquires, for defendant.

David Ferguson vs Joseph Coy. Verdict for defendant. C. N. Skinner Esq., for plaintiff, Silas Alward Esq. for defendant.

The Circus.

To-morrow afternoon and evening Stone & Murray's Circus will give two performances at the Ballast Wharf. "Bolivar" will perform, too.

Wesleyan Conference.

The Rev. James Hennigar has been elected President of the Wesleyan Conference for the Lower Provinces, now holding its Annual Session at Halifax.

☞ Roome and Talbot will be two of the funniest men at the Opera House to-night at the Benefit of Hogan and Mudge.

Merchants' Exchange.

The following despatches were received at the Exchange to-day:—

Montreal, June 27th.—Flour at Liverpool 28s.; Red Wheat 11s. 10d a 12s. 2d.—Market quiet.

New York Flour Market quiet, without decided change in prices. Common to good Extra State $6.70 a $7 70.

Pork steady, $13.25 a $13.30 new.

Grain freights, 7½ a 8d.

Montreal flour market quiet. Western State and Welland Canal $6.15 a $6.20.

No Gold despatch received at 1 p. m.

Cricket Match.

A match between eleven young braves from Fredericton and eleven athlets of this city is now going on the Barrack Square. The Fredericton eleven took the first innings and made a score of 31 runs. The St. John men then took the bat and at 1 o'clock four men only were out and 36 runs had been made. A. O. Skinner made 18 runs.

English Mail.

The "Peruvian" arrived at Halifax this morning at 10 o'clock. The mails for St. John were forwarded by the 11.20 train via Truro.

City Police Court.

Mary Haley was complained of for insulting and abusing Ann Sullivan. The females, after a good deal of trouble in Court, settled the affair. John Aitkens, 21, Ireland, drunk on Charlotte street, fined $4 or 5 days gaol. Michael Ronan, 26, Ireland, for interfering with Policeman Wilkins and helping a prisoner whom the policeman was attempting to arrest to escape, was fined $20. Ronan is a vicious looking chap, and the fine will do him good. James Buchanan, 27, Ireland, drunk on Britain street fined $4. Thomas Quinn, for insulting Daniel Heenan, fined $6.—Brian McNamee who tried to make a jelly of his wife on Tuesday morning, will know how "the old thing works" for the next two months in gaol.