THE WATCHMAN.

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GOVERNMENT MARINE TELEGRAPHS.

The Halifax *Chronicle* has been advocating the establishment of Marine Telegraphs by the Government of Canada, say to the Magdalen Islands and Bird Rocks, to Sable Island, and around the coasts of Nova Scotia generally, in the interests of shipping. That it would be well to have these cables and connecting land lines, so that early intelligence of disasters to shipping might be ensured, will not be questioned for a moment. What may fairly be questioned, however, is the propriety of the Dominion Government undertaking any portion of these works that can be secured and managed through existing Telegraph Companies. The Government of Canada has not proposed to become a proprietor of telegraph lines, except on the Government railways, where no course was left open to it but to maintain its own wires for its own business. When it decides to own and work all the telegraph lines in the country, if that day ever comes, it ought, of course, to build and work lines along the Nova Scotia coast, which will be partially for public uses but will also be of some service for business purposes. Until that time comes, it will be well for the Government to consider whether it cannot better secure these marine lines by aiding existing companies—say the Western Union, in Nova Scotia—to build such lines and work them, than for itself to assume the position of telegraph proprietor and manager in these special cases. The Western Union appears to be moved by a liberal and progressive spirit in such matters. The case of the telegraph line to Point Lepreaux is in point. The merchants of St. John deemed it important to the shipping interests that a wire should be laid to Point Lepreaux, in order that shipping entering and leaving St. John harbor, or any vessels in distress, might be promptly reported here, and that the state of the weather in that quarter might be reported two or three times per day. Point Lepreaux being to St. John harbor what Father Point is to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The merchants induced the Government to aid to the extent of a thousand dollars, or about one half the cost of building the line from the Western Union Company's line to the Point; the Company paid the other half, say one thousand dollars, and sent a person to the Point to instruct a party in the Light House in telegraphing. That the line, though but a short time in operation, is of service to the public, is unquestionable, the constant weather and shipping reports being deemed valuable to all interested in shipping, and it was through the agency of this line that the fugitive Rogers, about to be tried for the murder of Seely, was recently arrested: but for this wire his escape was absolutely certain. It brings no revenue whatever to the Company, however, being, in fact, simply one of its contributions to the accommodation of the shipping interest, whose members give business to the Company in other directions. We have little doubt that the same liberal spirit would be found to animate the Company in regard to the construction of marine telegraphs on the Nova Scotia coast, as in some instances these would be merely extensions of the Western Company's wires. The Government and the Company could co-operate, leaving to the Company the management of the lines in connexion with their Nova Scotia system, thus ensuring greater economy and better management than are possible under the scheme proposed by the *Chronicle*.

THE GRATEFUL ENGLISH EMIGRANT.

We find the following in an English journal of late date:—

CONDITION OF AGRICULTURAL LABORERS IN CANADA.—Mr. George Phillips, of Chestfield, Kent, has received a second letter from the shepherd who left him last spring to go to America. This man, Joseph Farnham, who writes from London, Canada West, in January last, says:—"I should have written to you before, but I have been waiting to see if I could send a better account than I did last time. Now we are in the middle of winter, and a rare one it is too. We have not seen the ground for three months, and I don't know when again we shall for snow. There is nothing for agricultural laborers to do here, only for about three months in the summer; and all we can do in the winter is to go around and see if we can get a little wood to saw; they employ no men on the farms in the winter. The farmers here do a great deal of work themselves, and they do not cultivate the ground the same here as in England. There are hundreds of men walking about to see if they can get any wood to saw, and I am sorry to say I am among the number. I shall not think of staying any longer than I get the means to come home. The girls are in service, they are saying all they can to get home. I think it is a great pity, so well as I know about sheep, for me to be wasting my time going about to see if I can get wood to saw. Taking one thing with the other you are not so well off as in England. Remember me to my fellow-workmen, and I think as I have hindered them from coming and being as unhappy as I am, they ought to make a collection to help me back again. I would not care if they only helped me from Liverpool into Kent."

We have here a very sad sight! In the small town of London, Ontario, there were, in January last, "several hundred men walking about to see if they could get any wood to saw!" A procession of bucksawyers, their bucks on their shoulders, marching through the streets of London the Little, was a sight to make angels weep. And yet, no London newspaper possessed sufficient enterprise to chronicle the fact! Nor is there any explanation of the causes which led so many persons to decide upon sawing wood, in preference to all other occupations—such as shovelling snow, driving teams, acting as porters, etc.; nor are we informed as to the cause of little London, beyond all the towns of Ontario, being favored with these "hundreds of men," of whom the English correspondent was an important one. In fact, the affair is enveloped in a mystery which we at this distance can not penetrate; and as it is important to the future greatness and goodness of the Dominion that there should be no mysteries in this Canada of ours, we call upon the press of London, Ontario, to draw aside the veil and let a little light upon the dark side of life as painted by an observant English emigrant. Pending the explanation which, no doubt, will be forthcoming, we desire to compliment this English correspondent on the valuable use to which he has turned his highly artistic account of the shocking condition of the Ontario London and Ontario generally. Having shown that in that unfortunate Province there is no work for human beings, especially for farming humanity; having pledged his veracity to the statement that up to January he had not seen bare ground for three months, that is, for the months of October, November, December; having shown the perils to which the poor English emigrant is exposed in that Province, but especially in London where "several hundred men where walking about to see if they could get any wood to saw;" having shown conclusively that he has been the means of hindering many "at home" from rushing to a horrible country and a terrible fate, he modestly suggests that those whom he has thus saved from starvation "ought to make a collection to help him back again!" If the men "at home," who, doubtless, believe every word this veracious emigrant conveys to them, turn a deaf ear to his appeal, we say they are worse than brutes, than the brutes that perish.

We presume this "emigrant" is one of the many whose passages from England to Ontario the paternal governments of Canada and Ontario between them paid. Whether they fed him on the passage does not appear,—perhaps they did, and, moreover, conveyed him by Grand Trunk from Point Levi to the interior of the Continent. He says he knows something about "sheep," so it is quite consistent for him to be found knocking about the town of London trying to get wood to saw,—for we all know the Ontario farmers to be a miserable class of wretches who never have any employment for an industrious, sober, steady Englishman, possessed of a considerable knowledge of sheep and cattle! We don't know whether this English emigrant and those who came over in the same vessel were banquetted or not: it may be doubtful if they were, as there are so many emigrants arriving in Ontario that probably they could not all be banquetted. We do things differently down here. We make an enormous "time" over our emigrants. We nearly smothered the Kincardineshire Colonists a little while ago in good things,—a rare spread, with toasts, speeches, etc.,—besides paying their passages out, sending them by steam to within a few miles of their lands,—which were also given them, houses built and roads made for them,—the little Colony of a few hundred persons costing this small Province about $70,000. And still they "are not happy;" and a few days ago sums were subscribed by their devoted fellow countrymen in this city to purchase seed grain for a number of them. Doubtless, they will thrive; their Scotch perseverance and intelligence will pull them through their difficulties, and there will yet be a fine settlement in the New Kincardine district. They can't do anything like this in Ontario,—which leads us to repeat that we do things better in this quarter. But Ontario has a long purse and she can afford to do what we have been doing. And we had better leave that sort of of hot-house work to her: *We* can't afford it. Another such immigration victory and we shall be undone. There is the Balmoral Settlement, for instance: we can't repeat in that quarter what was done in New Kincardine, and hence there are grievous complaints. We wanted agriculturists, and we have got everything else. We have got particularly and in abundance the complaining Englishman, the fellow of the Ontario correspondent who retails his grievances in the English newspapers and tells a story which it may cost the Emigration Fund thousands of dollars to wipe out. Such people are great treasures,—certainly they are "costly." They cost Canada and the Provinces something to get them, and a great deal more to keep them, and still more to keep their mouths shut and their pens quiet,—for it would seem that they take to scribbling for the newspapers as naturally as a duck takes to the water. They seem to imagine that the eyes of all America are upon them, and that both America and Europe expect them to relate their experiences in the public press. Shall we forego the pleasure or reading these experiences in the English and American Press? Shall we say to the native of the British Isles, "forbear your visits to our shores, and let us have peace?" Not by any means. Let us bear our cross with fortitude. Doubtless, we have sinned as a Province, and we are being punished. Doubtless, also, our own people are "played out." The New Brunswicker as a colonist must be a failure. He isn't worth "encouraging," let alone "protecting." Let him go to the States, or elsewhere, and make a living for himself and build up that foreign country. Not for him are the settler's houses erected and the settler's roads made; not for him lavish passage monies and the good fare of this life. Let the young men go, and stand not on the order of their going. Home ties may be sundered and the heart strings may be wrenched; but then there is compensation in the fact that the "old folks" will be made by affliction better Christians, and escape temptations which beset a tranquil, prosperous life.

A RAILWAY FOR KENT COUNTY.

In some correspondence relative to the Chatham Branch Railway, which recently passed between the Dominion Government and the Railway Company, the policy of the Government in dealing with branches of the "Inter-Colonial" was discussed. The result of the negotiations was that the Government decided not to accept the road or mean it. Subsequently, it consented to lend some old rails to the Company. Having become committed to this old rails policy, the Government can not do less than lend the people of Kent a lot of old rails, notwithstanding the fact that a few weeks ago it flatly refused to give aid of any kind. With many disadvantages, there is this one advantage in having a one-man Government, that there is but the one will to bend: having convinced Mr. Mackenzie you have convinced the whole Government. It is to be hoped the people of Kent will be able to convince Mr. Mackenzie of the reasonableness of their request. Having accomplished this much, and spent a year or two in doing it, where will they then stand? They will not stand as well as they stood two years ago. Mr. Cutler, ex-M. P., at a public meeting in Buctouche about ten days ago, stated that when a member he had arranged with the Mackenzie Government for it to give the iron and rolling stock for a Kent County branch of the Inter-Colonial Railway, *and to run the road*. Why has Mr. Mackenzie "gone back" on Kent? The County, however, will do well to get what it can from the present incumbents at Ottawa, trusting to a change, which can not be far away, for more liberal treatment, which it will undoubtedly receive. The people of Kent will also do well to act cautiously in the matter of the contending railroad interests. It would seem that the road ought to be built which will accommodate the greatest body of people, thus ensuring the greatest amount of traffic after construction, even if it is a little more expensive to build,—for what is the good of a railroad that can hope for little or no traffic? The cardinal point to be kept in view is, not "what will benefit contractors?" but "what will benefit the great body of the people of Kent County?" The two schemes proposed,—and which stand on precisely the same footing as regards the Local Government subsidy, having exactly the same claim on the $5,000 per mile,—are these:—1. A road leaving Richibucto town, bending towards the Richibucto river just above Kingston, and running west or north west. By keeping towards the settled country on the branches of the Richibucto it might be made to accommodate a considerable extent of good country, for a distance, say, of twelve or fifteen miles; but, unfortunately, in order to get an easy route for the contractors, the line is kept north of all the settlements,—known as North and South Weldford Parishes,—and at 27 miles from Richibucto it joins the Inter-Colonial at a point in the wilderness about 19 miles north of the place at which the ordinary wagon road leading to Queen's County crosses the Inter-Colonial Railway. The road by this route will probably be cheaply constructed, and, in fact, this is the only reason that can fairly be assigned for its location by the route indicated. 2. A road starting at Kingston, on the south side of the Richibucto, and running south to join the Inter-Colonial at Shediac. A road by this route will accommodate Richibucto and the Weldford parishes fully better than the line running west from Richibucto, as it will give them quicker transit to the parts of Westmorland with which those parts of Kent have the most intimate relations. A drive of two or three miles from Richibucto Court House is all that will be required before taking the cars for Shediac, St. John, etc. Then, as regards the Weldford parishes, the people will be thirty or forty miles nearer to Shediac by this route; and, in fact, they will be able to reach the railway, no matter where there destination may be, about as quickly by one route as by the other; and, besides, Kingston is the headquarters of Weldford trading operations at all times. As these are the points which are supposed to be most interested in the line *west* to the Intercolonial, it will be seen that they will be well served by the line *south*, which passes through the parts of Kent where the great bulk of the population is found, people who would find the *western* line of no earthly use to them. The southern line can not be constructed without crossing thickly settled country for the whole distance, the advantages of this route being: 1. The certainty of a large permanent traffic. 2. The probability of the county as a whole voting aid to the railway, as the road by this route will be a great benefit to the whole county. The drawbacks are mainly to be found in the number of rivers to be crossed, necessitating a considerable expenditure for bridges. Even this consideration does not appear to be serious. Mr. Donkin, C. E., pledges his reputation on the assertion that $70,000 to $80,000 will build all the bridges, of wood, and he intimates that aid to the extent of $35,000 can be procured outside of the county. Now that the people of Kent have become fully alive to the advantages offered by the southern road, and these advantages are so marked and apparent, it seems quite remarkable that any other scheme should be preferred before it. We don't suppose that one person in five in the county prefers the western to the southern route, and we shall be glad to find that, since there can be but the one railway in the county, the minority have gracefully yielded to the very large majority, and the town of Richibucto has decided not to stand out against the wishes of the greater portion of the county. If there is anything in the report that Mr. O'Leary, M. P. P., is to be a subcontractor on the Western Line,—the "Northern" railway, we believe it is called,—it might be well for him to get rid of an entanglement which can only result in a very serious difficulty with the bulk of his constituents.

NEW BOOKS.

"TEN YEARS AMONG THE MAIL BAGS."

This is the title of an interesting royal duodecimo volume of about 450 pages, by Mr. T. Holbrook, a Special Agent of the United States Post Office. It is printed on beautifully tinted paper, is finely illustrated, and is sold only by subscription, Mr. R. A. H. Morrow, of St. John, being the General Agent for the Maritime Provinces. It is sold at $2.50, a very moderate price, indeed, for a subscription book of its size and style of paper and binding,—a price which ought, we think, to insure for the work a very general circulation. The author has had very varied experiences in connection with his peculiar duties in the Post Office Department, a branch or the Civil Service of every country in which the great masses of the people take the deepest interest, since its management and operations are so intimately connected with their domestic and social and business comfort. The writer describes with graphic touches numerous exciting incidents in his official experiences when he has been called on to solve the mysteries of mail robberies within the department, and we follow with deep interest the unfolding of his plans for entrapping the guilty. Our sympathies are at times greatly aroused in behalf or those who have been led, step by step, to tamper with property which every tie of interest and duty should have called on them to protect,—not, perhaps, pure sympathy with the transgressors themselves, but with those relatives and friends who are overwhelmed by the disgrace of their misconduct. The author, while giving prominence to detective experiences which have all the air of romance, truth, in many instances, being really stranger than fiction, is careful to do no injustice to the Postal Department, and is at pains to show that this service is frequently wrongfully charged with outside errors; and he explains how many blunders occur that for a time are saddled on the Department. This portion of the volume is scarcely less interesting than the more exciting passages. The book has a lasting value, as it gives a clear insight into the workings of one of our most necessary and important institutions. It will probably tend to make its readers more considerate in their treatment of a Department whose officers can not but be subject to the ordinary weaknesses of humanity, since they are but ordinary men and women, but from whom the public seem to expect infallibility of judgment and perfection of action. The illustrations of the work are:—1. Bob's Exploits; 2. The Game of Pins; 3. "Pat" at the Grave.; 4. The Baggage-master's last "haul;" 5. The Betrayed Jailor; 6. The Suicide; 7. The Long Night Watch; 8. The Fatal Shot; 9. Brave Repulse of Arapahoe Indians; 10. Roughs "Blockading" a U. S. Mail Coach; 11. Post Office vs. a Funeral; 12. A perplexing Interview.

[From "Ten Years Among the Mail Bags."]

An ingeniously planned and successfully executed escape of a mail robber from prison, occurred in Troy, New York, a few days ago.

This person had held the office of post master in a place of some note in the Northern part of New York. He was a man of education, and connected by birth and marriage with some of the most respectable and influential families in that part of the State, and in the Province of Canada.

These favorable circumstances, however, did not prevent him from becoming seriously embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs, by which he was led, in an evil hour, to resort to mail depredations, continuing them until his course was cut short by his detection and arrest. As he failed to give the requisite bail, he was thrown into prison to await his trial, which was to take place in the course of a few weeks.

As the efforts which he and his friends had made to secure the intervention of the Post Master General for postponing the trial were unavailing, and the direct and positive proof against him made it certain that he would be doomed to at least ten years' imprisonment at hard labor, the desperate expedient of breaking jail seemed to be the only hook left to hang a hope upon.

He occupied a large room, adjoining that of the notorious murderess, Mrs. Robinson, and had for his room-mate a person who had been committed for some minor offence.

He was frequently visited by his relations, whose high respectability exempted them from the close examination which should have been made by the jailor, to ascertain that they carried no contraband articles on their persons. Respectability in this case, as in many others, served as a cloak to devices from which rascality derived more benefit than the cause of justice.

These afflicted friends, in the course of their visits, contrived to supply the prisoner with the tools necessary to enable him to effect his escape from "durance vile." Sighs and saws, regrets and ropes, anguish and augers, were mingled together, supplying both consolation for the past and hope for the future.

The time selected for the escape was a Sabbath night. The first thing discovered by the jailor on the next morning was a rope suspended from a back-hall window in the second story, and reaching to the ground, the window being open. On ascending the stairs, he found in the partition separating the mail robber's room from the hall, an opening about large enough to admit of the egress of a small person; and on entering the room but one occupant appeared, who was fast asleep; but the mail robber was gone.

It was with the utmost difficulty that the sleeper could be aroused. He was evidently under the influence of some powerful narcotic, as was fully shown by his replies to the interrogatories of the jailor after he had sufficiently recovered from his stupefaction to understand what was said to him.

His story was, that on the previous evening he was complaining of a severe cold, whereupon his sympathizing room-mate remarked that he had some medicine that was just the thing for such complaints, and offered to give him a dose, if he wished to try it. To this the unsuspecting victim of sharp practice assented; and the amateur "M. D." measured out a quantity sufficient for the purpose intended, first pretending to swallow a dose himself, in order to convince his patient that the medicine was perfectly safe.

One of the last things that the patient remembered on the night in question, was that about eleven o'clock he was affected by a very drowsy sensation which he could not overcome, and that he lay down on his bed to sleep. About this time his attending physician came to him and inquired "how he felt;" to which he replied, "very sleepy." His benevolent friend assured him that it was a "favorable sign," and asserted further that he would be "all right by morning," at the same time showing his solicitude for his companion's comfort by taking the pillow from his own bed and placing it under his head.

The cause of these phenomena stood revealed, in the shape of a vial labeled "Laudanum," which was found upon a table in the room. Near it lay a note addressed to the jailor, of which the following is a copy:—

Sunday Night.

Dear Sir,

Intelligence of a very discouraging nature, informing me that my approaching trial is not to be postponed on any account, impels me to make my way out of this place to-night.

Before doing so, however, I have to thank you for your kindness to me. I am also indebted to Dr. M. for his attention to my comfort, and I regret that interests of the highest importance require me to take a step which may lead some people to find fault with you. All that I can say about that is, that I have been fortunate in eluding your vigilance as a public officer.

The effects I leave behind should be sent by express to my friends in P——, who no doubt will pay all expenses incurred by me while I was with you. Any letters coming here may be forwarded to me at P——, that is, after waiting a week, when my brother is to be at that place.

With a renewal of my acknowledgments for your goodness, I remain

Respectfully yours,

A. C. N.

To J. Price, Esq., Sheriff, &c.

Among the "effects," left behind, were sundry saws, files, and chisels of the best workmanship and materials; a large roll of putty, to have been used in concealing the saw-marks, in case a second night's labor had been required; and a valise containing a variety of books, wearing apparel, and letters received from his friends during his confinement. One of them was from his wife, a young, lovely, and accomplished woman. It was full of love, devotion, and Christian resignation, and ends as follows:—

"The dear baby is quite well, and is growing finely every day. She is a dear, beautiful child. Oh, that God may keep her for us both, for she will make us so happy, she binds us so closely together.

"Here are some lines which I have preserved for some time. They have often comforted me, and I hope your feelings are such that they may comfort you."

"GOD'S WAY IS BEST."

This blessed truth I long have known,
So soothing in its hopeful tone—
Whate'er our trials, cares and woes,
Our Father's mercy freely flows—
That on his bosom we may rest,
For God is good, "His way is best."

Trouble without and grief within,
Are the sure heritage of sin;
And e'en affection's voice may die
In the last quivering, gasping sigh;
But what though death our souls distress,
'Twere better thus—"God's way is best."

Misfortune's dark and bitter blight
May fall upon us like the night;
Our souls with anguish may be torn
When we are called o'er friends to mourn;
But what assurance doubly blest,
To feel that all "God's Ways are best."

Yes, glorious thought! in yonder sky
Are joys supreme which never die—
That when our earthly cares is sun,
We'll live in regions o'er the sun;
And there, upon the Saviour's breast,
We'll sing for aye, "God's way is best."

REAL AND FALSE HAIR.

The peasant girls of Brittany and Auvergne have to deplore a diminution in the market-price of their capiliary adornments. Since the fatal year 1870 female hair has gone down in the French market, of which the high priests are the *coiffeurs* in Paris. In 1873 feminine hair was exported, according to the inexorable Custom House returns, at 95fr. per kilo., equal to a fraction more than two lbs. av.; but previous to the war the price was considerably higher. It is worthy of remark that this peculiar article of commerce has risen rapidly since 1852, during which year girls' hair was purchased at 20fr. per kilo. In 1866 the price had doubled, having advanced to 40fr.; in 1870 the price was 70fr. At the commencement of 1870, before the outbreak of the Franco-German war, female hair worked up, that is, manipulated by the *coiffeur*, was valued at 125fr. to 160fr. per kilo. wholesale price. Of course, ladies had to pay considerably above these prices. Capillary luxuriance of a blonde description, clear and pure, was frequently sold at 2,000fr. per kilo. to the feminine consumer. Ingenue the simplicity of a youth asking for a lock of his partner's hair during the excitement of a mary waltz. He could not possibly have the slightest idea that he was really asking for twenty dollars. One of the reasons for the decline in the trade of late years has been the extensive manufacture of imitation feminine hair from wool, silk, etc., which, when worked up, is warranted to deceive the most practiced eye. If the result of the competition of false hair with false hair could persuade the sisterhood who have condescended to live with us in the same planet to be content with their natural advantages, mankind would be the gainers, although hairdressers would certainly be losers.

HAIR DRESSING IN CHINA.—The life of the average Chinese woman is so monotonous, that the chief joy of her existence seems to lie in "dressing her hair." This is done with an elaborate artistic science curious to see. This hair dressing is the woman's accomplishment; a man would be considered quite out of place—and I think they are right. Their hair is invariably black and very long. It is drawn back tightly from the face, and stiffened with a gum made from a certain kind of wood. It is piled up in a wonderful pyramid of bows, loops, wings, twists, leaves, flowers, rolls, all so stiff that they stand alone without the aid of pads, roulets, puffs, or hair pins. Not a single hair is astray, the whole highly polished, or, I should say, veneered, which keeps it smooth for nearly a week, when the fabric is taken down and remodelled. "How do they sleep?" asks a curious reader. I reply, Quaker fashion, "How did our great-grandmothers sleep when they wore those immense bundles on their head.? I presume they had a pillow made on purpose." The Chinese ladies have a small leather pillow, which fits underneath the back of the neck, and keeps the head in a settled position. Others have a case or box, in which they put the whole head comfortably, and which protects the coiffure from being disordered. It is, *par excellence*, the most intricate structure that could be made with hair, and, when adorned with real flowers and gems, is both an elegant and imposing headdress—when badly arranged, is stiff and ungainly.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

A FISHY ARGUMENT.

[From the Chatham Herald.]

The *News* sums up the argument against the imposition of the proposed Fishery tax in its own peculiar manner, and disposes of the whole matter by the following simple and logical argument: If a net catches only 2000lbs. salmon, the fisherman will only have $2.00 to pay for it; if it catches nothing, he will have nothing to pay for it, and the more it catches the better he can afford to pay for it; therefore there is no injustice to the fisherman that, from what was seen in Glasgow, that all would put a tax on every barrel of potatoes a farm would raise, the *News* could easily convert its formula to suit and show that there would be no injustice in the special tax because if he raised no potatoes he would have no tax to pay and the more he raised the better able would he be to pay the tax. The *News* will have to try again.

THE INSIDE OF THE GRIT CAMP.

[From the London Free Press.]

The reason why Mr. Blake so soon escaped from office after having solemnly accepted it, has been matter for various conjecture. But it was left for the Hamilton *Times* to give the true reasons for this advance to the rear; this abdication of office. The *Times* tells us that—

"In his own party he found that evil leaven working and the grab game existing. Local magnates considered their claims paramount, and urged, with offensive pertinacity, that they should be satisfied—even at the expense of the general interests of the country. The member for South Bruce was scarcely the man to listen patiently to arguments of this nature or to treat courteously those who use them. * * * Rather than be forced to perform such a degrading service he elected to withdraw himself from it altogether."—*Hamilton Times, May 17th.*

Here is a plain and frank admission on the part of a Grit organ, which in general estimation ranks next to the *Globe* itself, that the "grab game" exists in full force in Grit ranks. That the local lenders are pertinacious in their demands for plunder, so much so as to vex the righteous soul of Mr. Blake, and to cause him to turn his back upon them and their cause in supreme disgust. He could not even treat the fellows who wished to thrive at the expense of the country with ordinary patience, but took himself off altogether. This frank statement on the part of the *Times* carries with it, however, nothing new. Those who have marked the doings of the party in power know full well how corruption is the Alpha and Omega of their political existence. It has been made plain, to a degree bordering upon disgust, in the election trials that have taken place, during which monetary immorality and the insolence of office have been seen to be the means used of alternately cajoling and coercing the electors. It has been seen in such affairs as that of Mr. Palen, at Ottawa, when, as soon as it was known that he was a Liberal Conservative, it was managed by hocus-pocus to deprive him of the contract and hand it over to an obsequious Grit. It was done in the Proton Outrage; in the Central Prison jobs; in the barefaced acknowledgment made by Mr. McKellar, in the face of Mr. Mackenzie, at Prescott, that the Reformers had "backslided" in order to compass the election by the force of money. It was seen in Mr. Mowat's language in this city, when at a public meeting he expressed the hope that even Mr. Walker would be re-elected, and that too by an increased majority. A score of other instances might easily be mentioned, so that it scarcely required the testimony of the *Times* to assure us that the Grit party is rotten to the core.

[From the Same.]

The Ottawa *Free Press*, in its issue of the 14th says:—"In but one case, under the new election "law, has bribery been proven to have prevailed "to any extent, on behalf of the Liberal Conser-"vatives." This a candid admission on the part of the ministerial organ! But what a picture does the other side present? No less than *twenty Grits*—the pure and undefiled; the salt of the earth—unseated for saying "money," and two of them—Barber and Walker—disqualified! But that exhibit will be found poor in comparison with other rascalities which time will bring to light concerning them. Had the public been told prior to the elections that the home seat of bribery and corruption was to be found in the camp of the Grits, the statement would have been received with incredulity. Yet the fact has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of dispute.

KENEALY ON KENEALY.

[From the Englishman.]

Great and splendid as was the Bristol demonstration to welcome Dr. Kenealy, and magnificent as was the turnout at Plymouth, Glasgow has borne away the palm from all other places in the colossal grandeur of its reception. Not less than 70,000 persons turned out to welcome the Man whom millions of our countrymen look upon as their Leader, Hero, and Representative; and whom a small clique of Reform Clubbists have agreed to treat with every species of insult and annoyance; while a few of the Carleton Club dandies back them in the miserable manoeuvre. Kenealy, we feel confident, will in the end triumph over both. He represents Right; and, we think, he cannot finally be crushed. There are men who would murder him and lap his blood, if they had the chance. There are others likewise in great numbers, who would not hesitate to stab or poison him; but then unfortunately for themselves, they cannot, with safety, do so, otherwise they might probably make the attempt. Kenealy has never mentioned any of these persons; yet they get up and attack him at their intoxicated banquets in the foulest language. If Kenealy retaliates, or if a writer in this paper calls them "dirty dogs," then there is an outcry! Heaven and Earth are coming together! It is infamous of Kenealy not to lie down and be murdered without an effort to rescue himself from his murderers. Every newspaper in the pay of the Jesuits, or of the Whigs and Tories, is vilifying Dr. Kenealy with the most terrible abuse ever known. Every ribald comic journal issues its weekly cartoon in which the Doctor is held up to public ridicule. There is hardly a falsehood too gross for belief, which is not circulated against Kenealy. The language in which O'Connell used to be denounced is like milk and water, compared to that envenomed rain which is showered upon the Doctor's head. He has been disputened, disbenched, disbarred, turned out of his profession, and ruined—for no offence against anyone, but for having told the truth; and yet his would-be Assassins are not yet satisfied. Nothing but his blood, we believe, will ever content them. They will then have done away with the only living Man who is capable of defending the rights and liberties of the People from further invasion by the abettors of the Despotism that has been set up. Let them go on. Let them succeed, if they can. We believe Kenealy does not care a button for his life, if the sacrifice of that life can arouse the People. The American Martyr, John Brown, was cruelly murdered by a Slave-holding State when he raised the banner of freedom for the Black Race. Kenealy will probably share the same fate. But out of his blood there shall be regeneration. If it does not produce a Revolution, it will go a great way towards it. It will undoubtedly destroy the Despotism. It will unite the whole People in an Oath and Confederacy of Vengeance, that the Man whose public career is without stain or reproach should be murdered because he fought for *them*. There were men in Kilmarnock who, when Kenealy was leaving the Meeting there, rushed up to him, and when they could not get his hands for the crowd that shook them, actually twined around his legs and kissed his clothes. One woman said, "*Let me kiss even the hem of your garment*," and she positively imprinted her lips on his dress. At Edinburgh, as he drove along the streets, there were crowds in whose glistening features was seen the sentiment which makes thousands ready to die in one Man's cause. Nor have we the least doubt that, from what was seen in Glasgow, that all through Scotland there are thousands who would avenge in blood the murder of Kenealy, which seems the one thought now among his enemies. This is signified by one of his direst foes—the *Glasgow Herald*, which says in its account of Kenealy's reception at Glasgow: "*by the ignorant, little short of divine honours are being paid to him.*" This species of adoration has driven his enemies mad with fury, hate, and envy. Never before did any Man live in this land who holds concentred round him so many noble hearts and resolute spirits. They are so concentred, not for Kenealy's own sake, but because they know and feel that he is true as truest gold to the interests of the People, and the Constitution of the Empire.

THE GREAT TREE DEVIL.

STRANGE AND HORRIBLE MURDER IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

[Dr. Jay in the South Australian Register.]

If you can imagine a pine-apple, eight feet high and thick in proportion, resting upon its base, and denuded of leaves, you will have a good idea of the trunk of the tree, which, however, was not the color of an anana, but was a dark, dingy brown, and apparently as hard as iron. From the apex of this fusticated cone (at least two feet in diameter) eight huge leaves sheer to the ground, like doors swinging back on their hinges. These leaves, which are joined at the top of the trees at regular intervals, where about eleven or twelve feet long, and shaped very much like the leaves of an American agave or century plant. They are two feet through in their thickest part and three feet wide, tapering to a sharp point that looked very much like a cow's horn, very convex on the outer (but now under) surface and on the under (now upper) surface slightly concave. This concave surface was thickly set with strong thorny hooks like those upon the head of a teazle. These leaves, hanging thus limp and lifeless, dead green in color, had in appearance the massive strength of oak fibre. The apex of the cone was a round concave figure, like a smaller plate set within a larger one. This was not a flower but a recantacle, and there exuded into it a clear treacly liquid honey, sweet, and possessed of violent intoxicating and soporific properties. From underneath the rim (so to speak) of the undermost plate, a series of long, hairy, green tendrils stretched out in every direction toward the horizon. These were seven or eight feet long, and tapered from four inches to a half an inch in diameter, yet they stretched out stiffly as iron rod. Above these (from between the upper and under cup) six white almost transparent palpi rearing themselves toward the sky, twirling and twisting with a marvelous incessant motion, yet constantly reaching upward. Thin as reeds and frail as quills, apparently, were yet five or six feet tall, and were so constantly and vigorously in motion, with such a subtle, sinuous, silent throbbing against the air, with their suggestions of serpents flayed, yet dancing on their tails. My observations on this occasion were suddenly interrupted by the natives who had been shrieking around the tree with their shrill voices, and chanting what Hendrick told me were propitiatory hymns to the great tree devil. With still wilder shrieks and chants they now surrounded one of the women, and urged her with the points of their javelins, until slowly, and with despairing face, she climbed up the stalk of the tree, and stood on the summit of the cone, the palpi swirling all about her. "Tsiki Tsiki" (Drink! drink!) cried the men. Stooping, she drank of the viscid fluid in the cup, rising instantly again, with wild frenzy in her face, and convulsive cords in her limbs. But she did not jump down as she seemed to intend to do. Oh, no! The atrocious cannibal tree, that had been so inert and dead, came to sudden savage life. The slender, delicate palpi, with the fury of maddened serpents, quivered a moment over her head, then, as if instinct with demoniac intelligence, fastened upon her in sudden coils round and round her neck and arms, and while her awful screams and yet more awful laughter rose wildly to be instantly strangled down again into a gurgling moan, the tendrils, one after another, like great green serpents, with brutal energy and infernal rapidity, rose, protracted themselves, and wrapped her about in fold after fold, even tightening with the cruel swiftness and savage tenacity of anacondas fastening upon their prey. It was the barbarity of the Laocoon without its beauty—this strange, horrible murder. And now the great leaves rose slowly and stiffly, like the arms of a derrick, erected themselves in the air, approached one another, and closed about the dead and hampered victim with the silent force of a hydraulic press and the rutheless purpose of a thumb-screw. A moment more, and while I could see the basis of these great levers pressing more tightly toward each other from their interstices, there trickled down the stalk of the tree great streams of the viscid honey-like fluid, mingled horribly with the blood and oozing viscera of the victim. At sight of this the savage hordes around me, yelling madly, bounded forward, crowded to the tree, clasped it, and with cups, leaves, hands and tongues, each one obtained enough of the liquid to send him mad and frantic.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

Very painful is the situation of a certain clerk in a grocery store near the Town of Stamford, Ky. He was standing behind the counter but a few mornings ago, sniffing pleasantly the odor of dried herrings and kerosene and cheese which hung about him, and waiting for a customer, when there ran in, in a great hurry, a young lady from a house near by. She had forgotten the flour needed for some dish in course of preparation, and had come in haste to the store to get it, taking out of a bureau drawer and bringing over what she supposed to be a clean pillow-slip to serve as a bag. The obliging clerk seized the pillow-slip in one hand and a scoop in the other, and dipping from the barrel a scoopful, began filling the bag. The first scoopful went not only in but through the receptacle, and the astonished clerk held up the pillow-slip to find that it consisted of two parts with fringed outlets at the bottom, through which the flour had gone to the floor. The girl saw the thing at the same time, and with a shriek, but without a word, ran home. The grocery-store clerk carefully dusted the garments and laid them away to be returned when called for, but they haven't been called for yet. And so, because of a carelessness not his own, that unfortunate clerk is in a painful situation, and the store in which he is employed has lost a customer. It was a dreadful affair.

GOLDEN HAIR AND LAUGHING EYES.

In the shadow of the tomb,
Mingling with their kindred clay,
Ruby lips and cheeks of bloom
Now are hid from earth away.

Tired hands and weary feet
Crossed beyond the rolling tide—
Entered into rest complete,
Over on the other side.

Golden hair and laughing eyes
Passed the pearly gates of light;
From the mansions in the skies
Beam they on us ever bright.

Angel footsteps ever gleam
There around our Father's throne;
And beside the crystal stream
Hearts are never weary grown.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

—The mere lapse of years is not life: to eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our bookkeeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade,—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being.—*Montgomery.*

—We cannot make our home too attractive. Let it be the home of the affections; a parlor for conversation, a pantry of comforts, yet not reminding us too broadly of the brute satisfactions. Let its chamber open eastward, admitting sunshine and the sanities, for our and still more for the children's sakes. They covet the clear sky, delighting in the blue they left so lately, nay, cannot leave in coming into Nature, whereof they are ever asking the news of it. The gay enthusiasts must run eagerly, and never have enough of it. Their poise and their plenitude rebuke us.—*A. Bronson Alcott.*

—Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own; nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.—*Thoreau.*

—Death meets us everywhere, and is procured by every instrument, and in all chances, and enters in at many doors, by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star and the stink of a mist, by the emissions of a cloud and the melting of a vapor, by the fall of a chariot and the stumbling at a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine or by watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon, by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights or sleeping days, by water frozen into the hardness and sharpness of a dagger, or water thawed into the floods of a river, by a hair or a raisin, by violent motion or sitting still, by severity or dissolution, by God's mercy or God's anger.

The chains that confine us to this condition are strong as destiny and immutable as the eternal laws of God.—*Bishop Taylor.*

WE ALL HAVE OUR SATANS—each one of us a different Satan. Satan comes to one man in the form of idleness, and makes him waste day after day, year after year, until he has wasted his whole life doing nothing. Satan comes to another man as work, and makes him destroy himself in the opposite way by wearing out prematurely his brain and his body.