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The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1876.

AN EDITOR'S HOLIDAY.

[CONTINUED.]

And this is Dalhousie! Dalhousie which "Harper" has made famous, that Dalhousie wherein "Dugald Stewart laid the first street in the shade of its native alders!" Mr. Stewart died only last year, full of years and honors, esteemed by every one, a father to the town of which he was one of the original settlers. The "street" remains, but "the alders," where are they? I have enquired for them in vain. They must have perished, though I have no doubt had they received an intimation of the improbability in store for them, they would have struggled on and endeavored to live as long as "Harper's History" its term extends. But they must have perished—perished to the eye but living in history! Those blessed alders! Though not reckoned among the most graceful or beautiful of our New Brunswick shade trees, even *they* might have helped to a cool retreat this day—this intensely hot day, for even here on the Bay of Chaleur they have had a very hot season, of which this is one of the severest days. I think the thermometer is among the nineties in the shade:—I might have known to a dot, but I hated to talk "weather" to the local Clerk of the Weather whom I met, perspiring and struggling with the Hill Difficulty, carrying a quarter of lamb in a superannuated mail bag. But the heat here by the sea shore differs greatly from the prostrating heat of inland towns. The winds here are east and west, and as east lies seaward and west up-river, the breezes, though ever so slight, are pure and refreshing. The situation of the town of Dalhousie causes it to rank among the most picturesque in Canada. At the mouth of the Restigouche,—washed on one side by the waters of that noble river and on another by the waters of the Bay de Chaleur, it stands as a sort of connecting link between old ocean and the internal system of rivers on the Quebec and New Brunswick border. While the Restigouche, bearing the contributions of its great tributaries, the Escuminac, the Metapedia, the Patapedia, the Upsalquitch, and other streams more or less renowned, flows placidly by its side, Dalhousie bares its breast to the winds and waves of the Gulf and rejoices in the health and vigor which probably the purest and most bracing atmosphere in all Canada is fitted to develope. The town is on a point of land that forms the extreme eastern limit of the southern bank of the Restigouche. A light-house stands at what might be termed "the jumping off place," and this light-house marks the mouth of the Restigouche on the southern bank, Magnasha Point on the Quebec shore being the limit on the northern side. Following up the river bank from the light-house you quickly reach the Hamilton farm, the property of the Hon. William Hamilton, M. L. C., on which stands an imposing sandstone pillar, a monument erected by Mr. Hamilton to the memory of his father. Having passed the Hamilton farm, which, by the way, appears to be in a good state of cultivation and a very desirable property, you have reached the town of Dalhousie,—a town located on the side of a hill with a principal business street stretching along a level bit of ground which lies at the base of the hill and the margin of the river. The town is regularly laid out. The streets run east and west—that is, parallel with the river,—and north and south; the former having the ample width of 66 ft., the latter 100 ft. Two principal roads lead out of the town—one up the Restigouche, this thoroughfare passing "Dalhousie station" on the "Inter-Colonial," which is about 7 miles from Dalhousie town; the other leads down the Bay shore to Charlo, New Mills, etc., with other roads branching off to Dundee, Balmoral and other thriving settlements. The last named road, as it leaves the town, passes over a high hill, from the summit of which, say, from the residence of the late Dugald Stewart, a commanding view of Dalhousie and its surroundings may be had. At the foot of the road or street on which you are standing facing the river and town, are the residence, stores, saw mill, wharf and loading ground of George Moffatt, Esq., M. P., who is this year about the only shipper of lumber from Dalhousie. The usual piles of newly sawn deals, accumulations of saw-dust, masses of logs, timber, etc., that form conspicuous features in the premises of milling establishments, are to be found here. The Presbyterian Church, erected by adherents of the Established Church of Scotland, lies a block below and to the right of our stand point; the brown colored English Church, stands at about the same elevation, a block or two to our left. Rev. Mr. Crozier, of St. John, a favorite of Bishop Medley, is the pastor, and in this church prayers are read every afternoon at five o'clock, whether the attendance is large or small. Further to the left and nearly at the same elevation as the Stewart homestead, stands "the Manse,"—a building that had been unoccupied for about two years, the Presbyterian congregation having been without a resident pastor for about that length of time, until, in the present year, the Rev. Alexander Russel, of Truro, accepted their "call," and the Manse again became a centre of social and religious influences. Mr. Russel is probably better known to the masses of Protestants in New Brunswick than any other one man within its borders, having been for many years the indefatigable agent of the New Brunswick Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Still further to the left, and partially hidden by trees, is the residence of Geo. Haddow, Esq., a handsome building of the Gothic order, enjoying a noble view of town, river and bay. The cosy residence of the Roman Catholic clergyman, Father Barry, immediately to our right, with the chapel beside it, occupies one of the most prominent and pleasant sites in the place. At various points between our elevated standpoint and the river front are the residences of Honorable William Hamilton, Esq.; James S. Morse, Esq., Judge of Probates; William S. Smith, Esq., who has been engaged in commercial enterprises for many years; Mrs. Barberie (widow of the late Andrew Barberie, who was known in the House of Assembly and the Farmers' Parliament for many years); D. Sadler, Esq., one of the oldest Crown Land Surveyors and at present Trial Magistrate for Dalhousie Parish; W. Montgomery, Esq., ex-M.P.P., and at present Collector of Customs; besides the hotels of Messrs. Murphy, Phillips and Delaney, the stores of Mr. Haddow, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Morrison and others, which are located near the Post office and Telegraph office, (where our old friend, H. A. Johnson, Esq., proves himself a most efficient postmaster and telegraph operator,) on the principal business street. A pleasantly situated cottage,—not to be seen from this point of view, however—is that of Mr. E. J. Stewart, at the entrance to the town by the road from the Station. A large square wooden building in the heart of the place is the Court House, and a by no means forbidding looking building in its rear is the County Gaol, which at present contains a single prisoner charged with robbing a store. The new school house, arranged for three departments, is the neatest of the public buildings. The observer notices, moreover, that an artificial harbor has been created by a sandy point at the upper end of the town, a rocky island which lies in front of the town, and Moffatt's wharf,—the point running out to the island, which extends a considerable distance in the direction of the wharf. Within this harbor lie the logs which the steam mill's gang is cutting up at a rapid rate,—lie there secure from every wind that blows, and almost as safe and quiet as if reposing on the logging "brow" in the midst of the forest. There are other small islands lying near shore but further up river that will probably be utilized in the same way at some not distant day, when the advantages which Dalhousie offers to the lumbering and milling interests come to be appreciated as they deserve. The Restigouche at Dalhousie is a mighty river. Regarded from our present standpoint, the view along its banks is at once pleasing to the senses and stimulating to one's patriotism. As I shall have occasion to refer to the Restigouche more fully before I close these papers I shall only say at present that it is here three miles wide; its banks are highly cultivated, though the area of low land seems much greater on the Quebec than the New Brunswick side, the hills there being grander and, as a whole, more distant from the river. The view down the Bay from Dalhousie includes Nouvelle, Maria, New Richmond and other points in Quebec Province, and Eel River, Charlo and other points in New Brunswick. Up river the eye takes in both banks of the Restigouche for many miles, with its picturesque hills, which at times rise to the dignity of mountains, its noble watery expanse on which the navies of the world might float, its finely cultivated farms and peaceful homesteads. A ride of a few hours would introduce the traveller to many points worthy of notice, such as *Eel River*, at the mouth of which the road runs along a sand beach, forming a most romantic drive; *River Charlo*, where there are a railway station, a most obliging gentleman for station agent in Mr. James Reid, excellent trout fishing, many fine farms, a thriving village and several fishing "stations;" *Balmoral Settlement*, where an English Colony have grubbed and grumbled until most of those with whom farming in the wilderness disagreed have left and a tolerably prosperous body of settlers remain to improve lands which are among the finest in the Province; and other points, more or less remote, to which the people of the town will gladly direct the visitor's attention. One's inspection of the surroundings would not be complete without the ascent to the "highest top" of the hill in the rear of the town, whence you look back on more hills and valleys to the south, and down on town and river and bay. It should also include a stroll along the shore around Monument Point, and take in the Old Woman,—a solitary rock of red sandstone, a sort of leaning pillar which stands by itself, having been isolated from the adjacent rocky bank by the action of the sea, whose rough usage is gradually wearing away the base and dooming the rock to sure though slow destruction. Within a few feet of the Old Woman once stood the Old Man, a rock of similar form and proportions, but which lately fell because undermined by the waves. The light-house at the point is itself an object of interest; and near by lives a person who is still more interesting to many—a Mrs. Arseneau, who enjoys a great reputation as a natural healer, a reputation which is probably due to the fact that she is a really good nurse. Farther down the shore there are various curiously formed rocks,—rocks which form arches, under which a boat might pass; rocks which enclose curious caves; rocks full of fossils,—remains of corals and fishes and shells of various kinds, whose geological names and history puzzle the uninitiated. Fine beaches for bathing are pierced by cosy little indentations, which appear to have been specially designed to add to the privacy that modest bathers seek. Altogether, this shore, with its high banks at many points, is quite romantic, and a most desirable adjunct to a pleasant watering place.

DALHOUSIE MEN WORTH KNOWING.

Mr. Haddow has lived fourteen or fifteen years on the Restigouche, where he has been engaged in ship-building, salmon and lobster canning and general trading. He has a salmon fishing station at Old Church Point, above Campbelton, and a salmon and lobster station at Charlo, and this season he has added a temporary lobster station at Bonaventure. He has a thorough acquaintance with the people and trade of the county and is disposed to give visitors the benefit of his information when desired. The largest business in the place is done by Mr. Geo. Moffat, M. P., whom I did not meet. His shipments of deal this season will amount to eight or ten million feet, of which about six millions was held over from last year, his lumbering operations last winter having been comparatively light. With the exceptions of two vessels, loaded by Mr. W. S. Smith, all the deals exported from Dalhousie this summer have been by Mr. Moffatt, who has sent forward those cut not only by his steam mill at Dalhousie, but by his water mill at Christopher's Brook, above Campbelton, by the Morton mill at Benjamin River, down the coast, and, I think, by one other mill in the same quarter. Next to knowing Mr. Moffatt himself it is best to know his son, Robert, who is very well informed and very obliging. Judge Morse is another gentleman worth knowing: he is an authority on subjects of local interest, and his memory runs back to the early days of the town's history. Mr. Phillips, M. P. P., resides in Dalhousie, and it is well to make the acquaintance of his son, Sheriff Phillips, who has some spare time on his hands and is anxious that visitors should see all that is worth seeing in the county. Justice David Sadler knows all about the settlements and agricultural resources and peculiarities of Restigouche and much of its early history. Hon. William Hamilton has long been identified with the Legislative history of the county, and is, besides, a good authority on agriculture, stock, etc. For a square-edged Opposition politician Mr. Wallace, blacksmith, is a good man to know. He says right out what others, as well as himself, are thinking, and can give good reasons for the faith that is in him. For the statistics of the port, the acquaintance of the Collector of Customs, Mr. Montgomery, should be cultivated: and, moreover, much local information may be gathered from one who, like Mr. M., represented the county in the House of Assembly for a number of years. We dare say, however, that the gentleman whom most of our readers would best like to know is the Marquis of Breadalbane, at present, it is firmly believed, resident in Dalhousie. True, Mr. Adam Smith, of St. Andrews *Standard*, and the editors of the *St. Croix Courier*, the *St. Stephen Journal* and the *Calais Advertiser* have alleged that the missing and much sought for Marquis and heir to the Breadalbane estates is a native of St. George, in Charlotte County; and many other journals echoed the cry. Mr. Peter Campbell, a farmer of St. George, doubted his own identity for a long time, but was finally induced to believe that he was the Marquis, and so, accompanied by Dr. D. E. Berryman, of St. John, he made a trip to Scotland with the intent to convince the hard headed lawyers who are working up "the case" that he, a St. George farmer, was the true claimant. "They came, they saw," but it is evident that they did not conquer. How could they? The man from St. George could not be the man, for the rightful heir was all the time living quietly at the other end of the Province—his home was not by the raging St. Croix or rocky Magaguadavic but by the expansive and majestic Restigouche. I have seen the Marquis; I have grasped his hand and looked into his eyes and received from him more particulars and proofs of identity than it is prudent at present to reveal. The Marquis, however, is as anxious to acquire the distinction and title and estates in store for him as some of his friends are to secure them to him. He is about fifty-five years of age, and, although moderately active and energetic, is not disposed at his time of life to lay too much stress on this world's goods or to distress himself even to secure a Marquisate and the several hundred thousands of dollars of annual income which the great estates are understood to yield. He is of an amiable disposition, is a good business man, orderly in his habits, quite communicative, even talkative and fluent in speech, has had a good education, and, from all I can learn, possesses many more of the qualities which distinguish genteel descent and noble blood than the pretender from Charlotte County can boast of. He is nearly six feet in height, is straight and well formed, has good features, eyes deep set and (I should say) grey in color, an ample reddish moustache and beard, reddish or auburn hair, with complexion to correspond. Such is John U. Campbell, Esq., formerly High Sheriff of Restigouche, the grandson of Archibald Campbell, who in his day was a man of wealth, a frequent visitor at the Castle of Breadalbane and even at that date was an expectant heir to the title and estates. This Archibald Campbell, coming to America, settled in Prince Edward Island, where he founded the town of New London, laying out streets and squares and drives, at an immense expense, giving to the streets the names of the principal streets in old London, England. But the American Revolution came and a Yankee privateer one morning appeared in the harbor of New London and laid waste the town (just as some other Yankee privateer is expected to do in the harbor of St. John, unless the *Telegraph* gets a new roof put on the Martello Tower in Carleton); and the property and pride of Archibald Campbell were levelled to the dust! Letters in the possession of the family, heirlooms of one kind and another, and other evidences of heirship will be forthcoming in due course, and it is understood that a brother of Mr. Campbell, who resides on the Quebec side of the Restigouche, will shortly visit Scotland and press the family's claim to a successful issue. Under all the circumstances I can not but hope that we shall hear no more of the St. George Pretender; and I would respectfully suggest to the Press of Charlotte that an apology is due by them to a credulous public whom they have been entertaining for the last twelve months with absurd stories in reference to the Pretender, whose claim they must have known to be wholly fictitious.

PEOPLE WHO VISIT DALHOUSIE.

Strange as it may seem, (seeing that Dalhousie is seven miles from a railway station) people from all parts of the world meet at Dalhousie. Here, for instance, you meet a Montreal merchant and his lady sojourning up-town, for the benefit of their health. You enter Haddow's store and are astonished by the lingo of two Norwegian captains. The lady passing the Telegraph office is the wife of Captain Coventry, an English army or navy officer, who lives a life of pleasure,—hunting and fishing, at Nouvelle, on the Quebec side. A few miles up river you are shown the home of two young men, the sons of Lady Mary Chayter, an English lady, who brought her boys to Dalhousie, or Point in Nim, bought a farm for them and set them to work digging and hewing out an existence for themselves. Lady Mary returning occasionally from England to see how they were getting on. Yonder, near the Episcopal Church, are Bishop Medley, Rev. Mr. Brigstocke, from St. John, and Rev. Charles Medley, on a Confirmation visit; and this gentleman, with dark complexion, eyes and hair, and dressed in a blue suit, who is having a fling at the *Telegraph*, the Bay Verte Canal and other used up subjects, in a store on Main street, is Captain Fraser, formerly of the Presbyterian Missionary schooner *Dayspring*, which a few years ago rendered good service to Christian missions in the New Hebrides. Among the throng of ladies passing up street, returning from a pic-nic, is Miss Daley, of St. John, who has written some very clever tales for *Godey*, and Miss Russell, a superior teacher in the Normal School of Truro; another Miss Russell, a sister of the latter, having just finished her holiday sojourn in Dalhousie and returned, *via* Halifax, to her educational duties in Lunenburg. In this same pic-nic party is a Professor from Princeton College and a young Barrister from St. John,—the latter here for needed improvement in health, the former just returned from a fishing trip up the Metapedia. Even editors occasionally wander this way. Hamilton, of the Montreal *Gazette*, was here a few days ago; interviewed the principal inhabitant, was shown the Monument and the other lions by "Bob" Moffatt; bagged all the available trade statistics; then picked up his cane and travelled South. And Gilbraith, of the *Scottish American Journal*, the travelling successor of the Bains, is here, renewing subscriptions and picking up the bawbees; but, truth to tell, Gilbraith has a soul above buttons. Since Premier Mackenzie gave him an audience of ten minutes at his official apartments in Ottawa in this current year, these ten minutes being devoted to an exposition by Gilbraith of his wonderful scheme for revolutionizing Finance and placing the world's monetary affairs on a proper basis, Gilbraith never ceases drawing his diagram and expounding the new Gospel of Finance. His diagram is very simple. It is made on a page of a memorandum book. A lead pencil is the instrument used, and with this pencil a mark is drawn midway across the page. The upper half of the page is labelled "Personal Property," the lower half "Real Property"—thus:—

Personal Property.
Real Property.

And with this pencil and diagram Professor Gilbraith runs on "for ever and for ever," confounding pre-existent and present systems of Finance, utterly demolishing them, and thus paving the way for the practical introduction of his own theory, which elevates Real Property to the highest pinnacle in the financial synagogue and sends Personal Property and Personal Credit to the back seats. When in Dalhousie, the Professor was wrestling with the problem afforded by the case of a farmer at Point la Nim—or elsewhere—whose real estate was worth $10,000, and to whom he promised to give $5,000 in Security Bank stock, on which the Professor assured an annual income, while the farmer would retain the whole of his farm and enjoy all the profits at the same time. That is to say, he would have his bank stock, have his whole farm in possession, and enjoy an income from both. The Professor grappled manfully with this worse than Chinese puzzle, and convinced himself at least. However, there was amongst his auditors a Presbyterian minister from Nova Scotia, who had come to Dalhousie believing that the clergy were not ordained exclusively to be fishers of men, but might take a trout occasionally, if they could. This minister being Scotch, remained unconverted by Gilbraith's logic; and as I have a warm appreciation of Scotch level-headedness in all human transactions, I thought it safe to take the same side. Gilbraith, it should be said, though he spurns gold as a standard of value and as the right thing to have in "reserve," denounces with equal energy the theories of Robert Duncan Wilmot and Isaac Buchanan. He is heavy on Finance, weighty on Currency and tremendous on Banking. He is worth watching, as some day he may cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war—and then good-bye to our Loans, our Bonds, our Debentures, our Securities of all kinds, to our Banks and other financial corporations, and, indeed, to commercial society generally, as at present constituted. I feel confident that Canada stands on the verge of a financial revolution that will shake her gold basis past all recognition, and that the time is coming when a sovereign shall lie side by side with a pistereen and no mortal man shall care a pin's head more for one than the other:—for Gilbraith declares that he has made an impression on Governor Tilley and Premier Mackenzie, and now he is going straight for Sir Alexander Galt and Richard John Cartwright, and vows he will never cease the agitation while grass grows and water runs! He is one of the greatest and best natured curiosities at present travelling.

THE SENATORSHIP.—The *Telegraph* speaks of "a local committee consisting of Hon. Isaac Burpee, Mr. Deveber, M. P., and Mr. McLeod, M. P., agreeing to recommend J. D. Lewin, Esq., of the Bank of New Brunswick, for the vacant Senatorship," and it adds that the general impression is that Messrs. Burpee and Deveber waited on Mr. Lewin and tendered him the position, which he accepted. The reference to the Leaders of the *Telegraph's* Party as "a local committee" is, to say the least, disrespectful. The *Telegraph* helped to bring this Party into power and to place the patronage in the hands of original anti-confederates, and it ought not to make wry faces over the Government's selections. Since the appointment was destined to go to some anti-unionist, we do not see that the Government could have made a better choice from that section of their supporters, and the *Telegraph*, to be consistent, should congratulate the Government on their selection. It must have known all along that the Government policy was to indemnify the Anti-Union element for its exclusion from office for five or six years,—as witness the appointment of Mr. Anglin to the Speakership, Mr. Ketchum to the Penitentiary, Mr. G. F. Everett to the Money Order office, Mr. Cudlip to the Customs, Mr. Ellis to the St. John Postmastership, Mr. Weldon to be Deputy Minister of Justice, Mr. Thomson to be Counsel for the Fishery Commission, Mr. Duff to the Supreme Court Bench, etc., etc.; and it should not hesitate, as a good Reform journal, acting with the Anti-Union element, to accept the logical consequences of its acts. The appointment of Mr. Lewin will be a disappointment to some of "the workers" of "the Party," with whom, however, the public have not the slightest sympathy.

THE WEIGHTS AND MEASURES ACT.

Does the Government of Canada intend to "make fish of one and flesh of another" in the matter of the Weights and Measures Act? If not, why are they enforcing the law in St. John and not in other towns of the Province? Why are the small traders, the grocer and dry goods dealer of St. John, compelled, at considerable expense and annoyance, to have their weights and scales and yard-sticks regulated under the new act, when the same classes of persons in the country districts are exempted from the operation of the law by the inaction of the Government?

The Government must know that the law is a dead letter outside of St. John; that the Inspectors have done nothing but draw their salaries for the last year. The Government has connived at this state of things in the country while insisting on carrying out the law in the city, in the face of the written protest of every merchant and trader in St. John. Has the Government reason to suppose that in St. John, where there is more competition and dealers watch each other more sharply than in the rural towns, the dealers are less honest than those of the country, or less deserving of the consideration of the Government? If not, why is this extraordinary course adopted?

The matter is plain enough. The County Inspectors in all cases act according to instructions received direct from the Government. Inspector Macfarlane set about enforcing the law in St. John and he did it in the harshest manner possible. He insisted on all sorts of impossible things, which the *Act* did not call for but which the Government must have instructed him to exact. The citizens of St. John rebelled: they would not be treated as serfs. They remonstrated with the Government against the extraordinary and most arbitrary requirements of the Government's agents and they asked for a suspension of the operation of the law with a view to its repeal. The Government called the Inspector to Ottawa to receive further instructions, and the result of the deliberations between the Government and its agent was that the Inspector returned and went to work with more determination than ever! But outside of St. John, as we have seen, a different policy has prevailed. The country merchants, the small traders, the old woman with her shelf of groceries, know nothing of this Weights and Measures Act—nothing of the arbitrary regulations that have been flaunted in the face of the traders in St. John—nothing of Inspectors who seize unstamped scales and examine the ends of yard-sticks through a microscope to ascertain whether they are the exact length or not. The official annoyances and interferences are reserved for only one portion of the people, the people of St. John. Now why is this? Will the Government Press kindly supply the information?

THE "GLENDON" ONCE MORE.—We asked the *Globe* some weeks ago to tell the public something about the steamer *Glendon*, which, it is said, was bought on the recommendation of Mr. Deveber, M. P., two years ago, for the revenue service of the Dominion Government. The *Globe* seemed to desire to write about revenue vessels, and we suggested the *Glendon* as a fit subject for the editor's pen. But the *Globe* is silent. It will say nothing about the *Glendon*. It will not enlighten the public on that subject in the least, although it has had several spare columns to devote to paltry squabbles with the *Telegraph* about copying paragraphs without credit and appropriating the high honor of directing the Government's policy. But the *Globe* ought not to overlook the *Glendon*. Its relations to the moving spirits in the *Glendon* business are so intimate that in five minutes it can obtain all necessary information in regard to that extraordinary purchase. It ought to be able, therefore, to reply promptly to the following queries:—Was the *Glendon* useless for any commercial purpose and unsaleable at the time the Government bought her from those who were interested in converting her into cash? Had she been a failure both as a sailer and a freight boat? Was it impossible to make her steer properly? Was it impossible to get more than six miles an hour out of this powerful steamship? Did the Government pay some $20,000 for this vessel which nobody would take as a gift? Did they expend an immense sum—and how much—on the extraordinary craft before venturing to commission her? In instituting official enquiry into her condition before purchasing, did they carefully avoid reference to her weak points, thus securing only partial information? After lavish expenditure was she found utterly useless for cruising purposes? Did not the Commander of last year refuse to sail her this season? Did he not report against her fitness for the service? Did not the Government excuse him from further service in her and give him another vessel? Has not the "steamer" *Glendon* been wholly unserviceable this season? Has she not been lying in Halifax all summer doing nothing? And how much has all this cost? And now, whose pocket was chiefly benefited by this delightful example of Reform management of our naval interests? We again commend the subject to the attention of the *Globe*, now that its important controversies with the *Telegraph* have terminated without bloodshed.

THE POST OFFICE PRINTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The *Toronto Mail* returns to the subject of the Post Office printing in New Brunswick, for executing which the Speaker of the House of Commons received last fiscal year $7,081. The *Mail* seems to doubt if the work was done, but we think there can be no question on that point. The prices may have been liberal, but the work was done as charged for. The *Mail* lays much stress on the "farming out" arrangement, and this would certainly be objectionable if it led to the Government paying higher than ordinary prices, but we understand that Mr. Anglin, who got others to do the work for him, and the *Citizen* Company, of Halifax, who did the work with their own material, charged precisely the same prices. The really strong point against the Government in this case is their violation of the Independence of Parliament Act, their attempt to influence a member, the official head of the House of Commons, by the profits on public printing, contrary to the Act "made and provided." Mr. Anglin was prevented by a combination of New Brunswick M. P's. in the Burpee Interest from receiving the seat and salary of a Minister of the Crown, which were given to Mr. Burpee; and Mr. Burpee in compensation for that loss gave Mr. Anglin the Post Office printing for New Brunswick and helped to make him Speaker, the net income from these two sources being about equal to a Minister's salary. Of course, to carry out this arrangement for mutual profit it was necessary to set the Independence of Parliament Act at defiance, and the point to be decided now is whether the law can really be set aside to suit the convenience and intrigues of politicians who fear while they detest each other. Too much can not be said on a subject so important to the rights of Parliament and the constituencies.

GUSTAVUS H. BEARDSLEY, Esq., who reported the proceedings in the Crown Land Investigation for the *Colonial Empire* newspaper of this city many years ago, died recently in Jackson, Michigan. Mr. Beardsley's connexion with the *Colonial Empire* gave him considerable local reputation at the time. He subsequently edited papers and practiced law in the oil region of Pennsylvania, and later removed to Michigan, where he was elected from time to time to several public offices, which he filled with credit.

REFORM JUDGES.—The *Telegraph's* Halifax correspondent says of the recent appointments of seven County Court Judges made by the *Telegraph's* Party, in Nova Scotia:—"Like the Prophet's figs, some of the new Judges are very good and some "naughty, exceedingly." We are not told who these "naughty Judges" are by this correspondent, but one of them is described in an editorial in the *Globe*, as "poor Stewart Campbell, gulled, disappointed, worn out with waiting, and now in his "decline shattered in political fortunes and with "no prospect whatever before him." Though so poor a character is given to the new made Judge we incline to the opinion that Mr. Campbell's is probably the best judicial mind of the whole seven. We have no desire to reflect on the Bench or to question the qualifications of these seven gentlemen to whom the Mackenzie Government has committed the interests of justice in the sister Province. We are content to leave that duty to the Government scribes, and to call attention to their estimate of the appointments. If the new Judges are what they are represented as being in the *Telegraph* and *Globe*, Nova Scotia is to be pitied. According to the *Telegraph*, several of the occupants of the Bench are "naughty, exceedingly," and according to the *Globe* at least one of them "had no prospect whatever before him" when the Mackenzie Government took pity on him and—made him a Judge in the land! And this is modern Reform!

THE "FREEMAN" pretends THE WATCHMAN is not hot enough in Opposition and it suggests texts for articles, etc. Not to be out done in courtesy, we have a text to offer the *Freeman* and its editor.—It is said in the Northern Counties that orders were received a few days ago from Ottawa to erect twelve or fifteen more snow sheds along the Inter-Colonial Railway in Gloucester and Restigouche. Mr. Anglin knows whether the report is correct or not. He also knows that great dissatisfaction has existed among his constituents because such public work was not put up to competition. Has he arranged for these new sheds to be competed for? Or has he contented himself with a weak telegram or two or forwarded to Ottawa the correspondence of some leading constituent, whose remonstrance against the acts of the Government and its agents would be sufficient to prevent the remonstrant from ever receiving a dollar's worth of work at the hands of the Government? Mr. Anglin's representation of Gloucester is not giving satisfaction to the more intelligent of his constituents, but there is here an opportunity (if report speaks truly) for him to obtain for his constituency a measure of fair play which has long been denied to them. Will he do anything? Or will he rest content with the exertion of drawing a large salary and securing, if possible, an extension of his printing jobs?

THE GRAND JURY, in their Presentment on Thursday last, responded to the Chief Justice's invitation to an expression of opinion on the subject of the late Orange Procession in this City. They say they "recognize the principle laid down by your "Honor as to the right of any Society to peaceably "walk in procession in the public streets," and, further on, they declare that "a repetition of the "same course"—the 12th July Procession—"might, "we believe, lead to different and more disastrous "results." But it is hard to make out whether the Jury mean that the fact of Orangemen walking or the fact of their being armed was the likely cause of bloodshed. As it stands, the Presentment resembles more a condemnation of all Orange processions than a condemnation of a march by a body of men illegally armed. However much the *propriety* of a march or walk by unarmed men, even Orangemen, may be questioned by private individuals, it cannot be said that such conduct is illegal, and as the Grand Jury have to do simply with the legality or illegality of matters referred to their consideration, they would be in excess of their duty in condemning any body in the exercise of a legal right. But supposing them to be censuring the armed character of the Procession, and that alone, their action will be endorsed by nine tenths of the citizens of St. John and Portland, who, we may be certain, never will permit another such demoralizing and unlawful exhibition as that of last 12th July, when several hundred men marched with deadly weapons on their persons, these weapons loaded and ready to be emptied on the first persons who ventured to question their owners' right to walk. In this sense the Jurymen seem to be faithful interpreters both of the law and public sentiment.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

The Boston Theatre opens for the season next Monday night, with Mr. Frank Mayo as Tom Badger in his great specialty "The Streets of New York." The "Boston" has been gorgeously refitted.

Madame Carlyle's Female Minstrel Troupe will give a couple of entertainments at the Mechanics' Institute, in this city, next week.

About sixty people went to the Academy of Music to hear Prof. Maynard's pianoforte recitals, last Monday evening. The musical part of the entertainment was good, but a worse reader than Mr. Francis Gowen, of Bangor, could hardly be got. The audience was very forbearing and Mr. Gowen was not hissed.

Mr. J. J. Sullivan married Katie Putnam, the celebrated protean artist, at Boston, on 16th inst.

Fanny Davenport, daughter of E. L., will appear in "Pique," next Monday night, at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

Dion Boucicault says that writing plays pays. He is worth two million dollars and ought to know. He expects to clear one hundred thousand dollars out of "The Shaughraun."

When are the St. John "Harmonicons" going to give that long promised concert?

Frederic Robinson, the eminent tragedian, who has been fishing in this Province during the last three weeks, will leave St. John for the United States on Monday morning next. It is a pity a decent theatre is not running in our city, so that we could have a week's good acting out of Mr. Robinson.

John H. Murray's Railroad Circus is playing to good business in the Province of Quebec.

Dollie Bidwell is playing in "The Black Crook" in Philadelphia.

Susie Cluer, Elmer Warner and Thos. N. Edwards are in Portland, Me.

Walter Lennox, Jr., who played here a couple of years ago, under the name of Walter Scott, is at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Sophie Miles is doing Aurora Floyd at Wood's Museum, New York.

Fannie Lee is in New York.

Dora Goldthwaite rendered the character of Zarina in "Sardanapalus," Lord Byron's historical tragedy, at Booth's theatre, New York, so well recently that she received high praise from the critics.

Harry L. Barcomb, Mrs. Calder, W. W. Allen and Alfy Chippendale play in Portland, Me., at the "Masonic Hall," next Monday evening.

Harry Bloodgood, the famous minstrel performer, will go on the stage this year as an actor. He is connected with the Western Theatre Company.

Oliver Doud Byron has a new infliction called "Sentenced to Death."

E. M. Hall, the banjo soloist, is in Chicago.

Callender's Georgia Minstrels, with Billy Kersands, are in Rochester, N. Y.

Barnum's great show will show in Troy, N. Y., Aug. 31st.

Harry Leslie calls his minstrel troupe "The Colored Congress and Brass Band." He took the road last week.

This is what Fred. Hamilton says in the *Montreal Gazette* about our Academy of Music: "That building on the other side of the street, a little to the south of where we are standing, is the scene of manager E. A. McDowell's many triumphs. It is the Academy of Music, not so large, certainly, but quite as attractive as the Academy of Music at home. Perhaps the decorations of the former are a trifle too elaborate; but its acoustic qualities are excellent."

Nell Warner enacted Alfred Evelyn in Bulwer's standard comedy of "Money," for his benefit, at the Academy of Music, Montreal, last evening.

THE MARSH BRIDGE remains in a shameful condition. What with ruts and sticks and other forms of danger to man and beast and wheeled vehicles, neither life nor property is safe. It is altogether too bad that nothing is done by City or County to remedy a state of things which should never have been permitted. We hope to hear of the early improvement of this thoroughfare.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE INTER-COLONIAL — A HISTORY—1832 TO 1876, by Sandford Fleming, C. E. Dawson Bros., Montreal. Jones & Morrison, St. John.

This work is nominally Mr. Fleming's closing report to the Minister of Public Works on severing his connection with the Inter-Colonial on the completion of this important national road; but having received the Minister's permission to depart from the beaten track of official routine, Mr. Fleming has succeeded in presenting a volume which will have a permanent value as long as Canada has an existence. The volume embraces Chap. 1, The Early History of the proposed work; Chap. 2, The Maine Boundary Question; Chapters 3, 4 and 5 continue the Early History; Chap. 6, Location and Construction; Chap. 7, The Engineering Character of the Line; Chap. 8, The St. Lawrence District; Chap. 9, The Restigouche District; Chap. 10, The Miramichi District; Chap. 11, The Miramichi Bridges; Chap. 12, The Nova Scotia District; Chap. 13, Concluding Remarks; Appendix, &c. The amount of information supplied in regard to efforts made during the last forty years to secure the construction of this great work, to the relation of the Maine Boundary difficulty to the work itself, to the road, the character of the road, its bridges, culverts, embankments, etc., is very detailed and interesting. The maps and drawings, showing the bridges of all the principal bridges, etc., adding greatly to the value of the report. Mr. Fleming, in describing the differences of opinion between himself and the Commissioners—of whom Mr. Brydges was the ruling spirit—and in dealing with what he regards as mistakes in location at certain points, is exceedingly frank and straightforward, and the volume as a whole impresses the reader favorably to Mr. Fleming's strength and manliness of character. The honorable man, not less than the able engineer, is seen throughout the narrative. We notice that Mr. Fleming republishes in this volume, and with the sanction of the Government, a chapter on "The Short Ocean Passage," taken from his report in 1865 on the Exploratory Survey of the Inter-Colonial, the short passage being the route from Ireland to and across Newfoundland to a point connecting with the Inter-Colonial, say, Shippegan. The argument in favor of the shortest possible route between Europe and America—London and New York or the West—is very clear and convincing. No one need doubt that we shall ultimately see a railway across Newfoundland, and the trans-oceanic travel passing through that Island to and from Shippegan or some other point in northern New Brunswick, at least during seven months of the year. Time and money alone are needed. Time we shall have, and the money will be forthcoming. Already railway surveys are being prosecuted in Newfoundland; and it needs no prophetic vision to foresee the simultaneous advent of Newfoundland into the Canadian Union and the commencement of railway operations on this great trans-continental highway. Equally certain is it that St. John, New Brunswick, will be the great freight shipping port for Canada, since it is nearer the Upper Provinces than Halifax by the Inter-Colonial Railway, besides having the added advantage over any other Maritime port of being the resort of vessels seeking cargoes. When the "short cut" *via* Lake Megantic and Sherbrooke is completed St. John will be only one half the distance from Montreal that Halifax will be by the Inter-Colonial. We would like to hear from Mr. Fleming on this subject. Meantime we commend his volume to the reading public. It will have attention from all public men and all railway engineers, but it should be read by every one, especially by every Canadian. Messrs. Dawson have sent it forth in superior type and binding, and on heavy paper. The maps and drawings are well printed and arranged.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED, by F. W. Robinson: New York, Harper & Bro.: St. John, Jones & Morrison.

A new novel by the author of "Poor Humanity," is almost sufficient announcement to send book buyers eagerly to the bookstores. "As long as she lived" is a most readable novel, fully equal to "Little Kate Kirby" any better than "True to herself," all popular novels by the same author. Robinson has the faculty of investing his stories with peculiar interest and genuine dramatic force. The book under notice is written in his best vein and in some parts it surpasses his previous efforts. The conversations are sprightly and exhibit the author's strongest characteristics. The exquisite love story which runs through the narrative, develops the progress of the old, old passion in a new light, and young ladies will find this portion of "As long as she lived" the most delicious in the book. A fine moral runs through all of Robinson's works, and in the present novel he presents a new truth in a strong aspect. This is just the book to read now, when the autumn is upon us and the leaves are turning. Robinson's books seem more enjoyable at this season than at any other time.

ROSE TURQUAND, by Ellice Hopkins: New York, Harper & Bro.: St. John, Jones & Morrison.

This is a very pretty love story, with nothing brilliant in it. There is little depth in the plot, or much point. The author possesses talent but not genius, and while the story as a story is amusing enough and pleasant to read, it is devoid of fire or power. Ellice Hopkins writes very well though, and has succeeded in telling the story without being dull or tedious, but we fail to see any art in the construction of the tale. Whatever may be its defects, "Rose Turquand" has this merit, it will not tire the reader or send him to sleep. The book is a good one to take up on a rainy afternoon or a dull day. It will amuse the reader. Messrs. Jones & Morrison have added to their already large stock an immense number of new novels by popular authors. They get all the new books as soon as published.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, AUGUST.—The contents of this number fully maintain the high character which the magazine has attained. Dr. Ryerson occupies the place of honor with the concluding paper on Queen Elizabeth. It is written in the author's usual style, and contains nothing specially new. It is, however, sufficiently interesting to repay a perusal. In Pioneer Methodism, by the Rev. Edward Eggleson, D. D., we recognize an old