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june19

THE MINISTER'S OATH.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER I.

About thirty-five years ago a committee of the most respectable and popular citizens of Amasset conceived and brought about a grand ball, commemorative of the 19th of April. It took place in a large hall devoted to all occasions of public assemblage, whether of business or society. There was a fine large floor to dance on; a raised platform at the farther end served to accommodate the orchestra; and there were two small rooms, one on either side the entrance, providing an asylum for the coats, clouds, and hats, of the male and female guests. Four large chandeliers depended from the ceiling, and a row of lamps ran around all four sides of the hall, producing an illumination which, to persons uninitiated in the brilliancy of gas, was quite dazzling.

There was a very large attendance, and of the best blood of Amasset. The old people sat on the benches which lined the walls, nodding and chatting with one another, and smiling at the handsome appearance of their sons and daughters. The latter, after they had overcome the tendency to mass themselves in timid array against each other, on their respective sides of the hall, suffered themselves, under the stimulus and guidance of the busy floor-managers, to become immersed in the mazy thrills of meeting hands, encircling arms, speaking eyes, swaying forms, and magnetized hearts, done to the sound of music, and called dancing. In an hour or so the enchantment was under full headway. The floor was alive with intricately moving figures, gayly dressed. Here and there a couple would slip out and stand aloof, pretending to be absorbed in watching the dancers, but really casting glances into one another's hearts, or perhaps they would escape into the corridor without, to cool off their cheeks and foreheads, but at the same time managing to kindle a flame which alone had sparkled through their eyes. As the evening wore on, the good feeling, the freedom, the romance, the idealization—which are only allowed full play in a music-permeated ballroom—increased and propagated. No longer country youths and maidens, it was now gallant young princes, who murmured sweet words to fairy queens; noble knights, who held gentle converse with lovely dames; things were said with earnest fervor and listened to with credulous blushes, which cynical morning would make sport of and repudiate. Probably it was an unexpressed sense, in the young people's minds, of the evanescence and unsubstantiality of their enjoyment, which made the tender hallucination the more delicious while it lasted.

But ballrooms are more or less epitomes of the world, and present as many phases as faces of humanity. Very likely quite a large part of this seemingly cheerful assemblage was, to a greater or less degree, subject to other emotions than those of pleasure and affection; and of this, an interview which took place between Miss Ellen Barret and Mr. Harry Pelmore will afford an illustration.

She had been dancing a good deal with a young gentleman, a stranger in Amasset, who was reported to be a student of divinity in Cambridge. What business a prospective minister had in a ballroom did not appear, and the question gave rise to scandalized and severe remarks among some of those present; but he seemed to be quite unconscious of any impropriety, while Miss Barret was just the young lady to delight in braving the popular prejudice, and that was perhaps one of the reasons she showed him such unusual favor. Inasmuch, however, as an understanding existed between her and Mr. Pelmore that they were to be married some day, Mr. Pelmore may reasonably be allowed some pangs of jealousy, though he cannot be excused for making a fool and a brute of himself as he did.

Miss Barret took his proffered arm with a smile of unusual graciousness, and moved with him through the open door of the hall into the corridor. Mr. Pelmore's lips were working against each other ominously, his eyes were intolerant, and his head was held very upright. In the matter of facial control he was not the equal of the lady.

They reached the wide, low banisters of the staircase, and remained half sitting, half leaning upon them. No one else was in the corridor.

"Now then, Nellie—if you can spare the time to listen to me—I must warn you not to let this thing go any further."

"What mustn't go any further, you foolish boy?"

"Oh, it's no use trying to turn it off in that way. And I'm not a boy, as you'll find out! Ellen, you've been playing with me long enough, and I'm not going to stand any more of it. Either we are going to be married or we are not."

Ellen fanned herself unconcernedly.

"You promised to be my wife."

"Well, sir, did I ever say I was going to break my promise?"

"I want you to understand that, unless you stop flirting with that young religious fellow, or anybody else, every thing is at an end between us!" This delivered with impressive deliberation.

Ellen looked the young man straight in his flushed face with a composed smile. Undoubtedly she was far the stronger character of the two, and Mr. Pelmore began, for the first time, to have an inkling of it.

"If you are talking nonsense, Harry, it's quite time you stopped. I won't hear another word. If you mean what you say, please take me back to the room, for I am engaged for the next dance."

Harry looked at her to see if she was in earnest. His small, sharp eyes could not sustain the direct, large glance of hers, even though he tried to fortify himself by saying he had right on his side. But his feelings were in full ferment, and, finding themselves unexpectedly foiled in the attempt to intimidate and control, they rushed disorderly into unreasoning anger.

"You'd better take care!" said he. "You'll find it safer not to keep *that* engagement."

Ellen's eyes sparkled, and her mouth curved. She had never looked so beautiful; this bright defiance became her well Withal, however, she was probably far from happy. She had for Harry a half awake affection, which he had helped her to consider love, and had maintained it on unreal food, being in the same condition as those who dream on the verge of morning, and wilfully keep their eyes shut because too lazy to break through a sluggish sham even for a worthier reality. But, now that her eyes had been forced open, she regretted the easy dream, perhaps from a presentiment that the future would be arduous and vivid. It may not be a paradox to say that she cared more for Harry than ever before, because she had found out how he had failed to penetrate to her heart. All her senses being fully aroused, she was able, without fear, to give their full due to each. It is only when not our own masters that we regard ourselves with caution and suspicion.

So, having said, with her defiant look, "It wouldn't do to break two engagements in one evening," her expression softened and saddened not a little: and Harry was just clever enough to notice it, and fool enough to misinterpret it.

"Come, Nellie, let's make it up," said he, with a sudden return of good nature that was only weakness, attempting to put his arm around her waist.

Angry and disgusted at his misunderstanding her—though it was natural enough he should do so—Nellie stepped back from him, and spoke to settle the matter, each word armed with a cold sting.

"Are you deaf, or do you take me for a rag-doll? You said one sensible thing just now—that we were or were not to be married. I have decided that we are not, and thought you understood it. I've discovered that a pretty mustache, and a girlish complexion, and a bad temper, and a childish sensitiveness, don't make a good prospective husband."

(*To be Continued.*)

The Science of Kissing.

People will kiss, yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips any more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy, at least for us! First know whom you are to kiss Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, on the ear, or on the corner of her forehead, on the end of her nose, or knock off her waterfall. The gentleman should be a little the tallest. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, and a mouth full of expression. Don't kiss everybody. Don't sit down to it; stand up. You need not be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner and catch a kiss; more persons spoil the sport. Take the left hand of the lady in your right; let your hat go—any place out of the way; throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let it fall down the right side toward the belt Don't be in a hurry; draw her gently, lovingly to your heart. Her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder—and a handsome shoulder-strap it makes! Don't be in a hurry! Send a little life down your left arm. Her left hand is your right, let there be an impression to that not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought and respect. Don't be in a hurry!—her head lies carelessly upon your shoulder. You are nearly heart to heart—look down into her half-closed eyes. Gently, though manfully, press her to your bosom. Stand firm. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open. Lean lightly forward with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the lips meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rides the storms, troubles and sorrows of life (don't be in a hurry)—heaven opens before you—the world shoots under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky (don't be afraid)—the nerves now dance before the just erected altar of love as zephyrs dance with the dew-trimmed flowers—the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned. No fuss, no noise, no fluttering and squirming like hook impaled worms. Kissing don't hurt; it don't require a brass band to make it legal.

The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 24, 1872.

The Premier of New Brunswick and his "Pledge."

We do not think it would involve the slightest sacrifice of dignity for Hon. Geo. L. Hatheway, Premier of New Brunswick, to notice the statement that has been made by French papers in the Province of Quebec in reference to a pledge said to have been given by him.

It has been distinctly stated by these French journalists that Mr. Hatheway when in Ottawa,—at least, while in the Upper Provinces, recently,—promised that at the next Session of the New Brunswick Legislature, the School Act would be so amended as to meet the views of the minority. This statement has been published broadcast throughout the Dominion; it is believed to be correct by a large body of people; and it is calculated to create an impression unfavorable to the stability of belief and purpose of the Legislature of our Province.

We do not believe the statement was ever made, or that Mr. Hatheway held out any promises calculated to lead persons to suppose that our Legislature stood ready to make a compromise on the vital question of non sectarian Education. Nevertheless, there are many who do believe it, and who point to the triumph thus achieved over what they are pleased to call the "bigotry" and "intolerance" of the majority in New Brunswick. They also point to the unfortunate Colby resolutions, which really censured our Legislature for its action; and between the declaration of the New Brunswick Commoners and the reported declaration of Mr. Hatheway, they hold that great headway has been made in the fight against our School Act.

Under the circumstances, a contradiction from Mr Hatheway would seem to be due both to the Government and the people of the Province. The People, the Press and the Legislature stood by the Government, and kept them in their places in spite of the tremendous influences brought to bear against them at the last Session. All they now desire is to feel assured that no part of the victory then achieved has been sacrificed,—no vantage ground abandoned, through the acts or utterances of the Government or any of its members. The statement to the disadvantage of the Premier and the Government has been so positively made and so widely made is believed by so large a number of persons, that it is not asking too much of Mr. Hatheway when we request him to make such explanation as will set at rest these unpleasant reports.

Complimentary Dinner to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

We understand that, this morning, a delegation of the Merchants of this City waited upon the Hon. PETER MITCHELL, at the Victoria Hotel, and requested his acceptance of a Complimentary Dinner, as a mark of appreciation of his services as a public man.

Although Mr Mitchell is much pressed for time, his stay in the Province being necessarily brief, he thanked the delegation for their kind and hearty invitation and expressed the pleasure it would give him to remain and be their guest.

As Mr. Mitchell must leave the City not later than Wednesday morning, the gentlemen who are interesting themselves in the matter have fixed on to morrow Tuesday, evening, for the Dinner, at the "Victoria."

Hon. Messrs. Tupper and Tilley have been invited by telegraph and have replied that they will be present. The judiciary is expected to be represented on the occasion; and, no doubt, Mr. Mitchell will find himself face to face with a host of friends and admirers.

As the time in which the necessary preparations must be made is very short, we are requested to state that any gentlemen who are desirous of forwarding the movement of the merchants will kindly leave their names at the office of J. W. Nicholson, Esq., Nelson St.

Railway Accidents.

Railway Accidents do not often happen in this Canada of ours, but when they do come they are generally "stunners." There was the horrible Desjardines Bridge accident a few years ago on the Grand Trunk in the Province of Quebec, that will be long remembered; and now we have another, even more fatal, to record as occurring on the same line in the Province of Ontario. The locomotive of the night Express from Toronto for Montreal, jumped the track near Bellville early Saturday morning; the second class car, filled with passengers, and the smoking car were driven into each other, and both piled on top the locomotive, from which issued steam that scalded the unfortunate occupants. The first class car was filled with Church of England ministers returning from the Synod at Toronto, but it does not appear that any of those were injured. The second class car was crowded with lumbermen returning to Quebec, of whom twenty three were reported dead, and the medical men thought that of the sixty five men and women injured but a few could hope to survive. The Engineer was killed and the fireman badly injured. The scenes are described as most heart rending.

It is to be hoped there will be a searching investigation into the cause of the accident, that the blame if any, may be placed where it properly belongs. By one telegram it is stated that "the axle of the Engine broke;" by another that "the Engine jumped the track" and these are the only references to the cause that appear. We shall probably have fuller information almost immediately.

Amusements of all kinds.

Miss Carlotta Leclercq, the most prominent actress on the American stage, arrived in Boston last week from San Francisco, where she created a great sensation. It is likely she will play a brief engagement in St. John this season.

The Lingard Comedy and Burlesque Troupe will play at the Olympic Theatre, New York, in August. Mr. C. A. McManus and W. F. Owen, of Mr. Lanergan's Company, are on the list of the Company.

Tony Denier and Company, under the management of Charles Melville, closed an engagement at the Park, Brooklyn, the 15th inst.

McEvoy's Hibernicon is in California.

E. A. Sothern, with a travelling company, has not met with much success among the descendants of the Puritans in the New England States; but "that Comical Brown," who favored a St. John audience a year or so ago, is extremely popular there. Tastes differ.

The Georgia Minstrels, fifteen colored men, are performing at Lina Edwin's Theatre, New York.

Wm. Scallan, one time a favorite at the Lyceum, is at Rochester.

Laura Honey has re-appeared on the stage at San Francisco.

Joe Jefferson, who was obliged to leave the stage on account of disease of the eyes, will be able to resume shortly. He had a successful operation performed by two eminent oculists, June 14th.

M. B. Leavitt's Minstrels perform in Portland, Me., to night.

Stone & Murray's Circus open in Pictou to-night and New Glasgow to-morrow.

Flora Myer's Company left Halifax last week while the Circus was there and reopens this evening.

Washburn's Last Sensation is travelling through Pennsylvania. It numbers twenty-four performers. The Paterson (N. J.) *Daily Guardian* says: "The performance includes the unrivalled gymnastic feats of the Washburn brothers; the daring acrobat, Phileon; the beautiful blonde vocalist Lisle Riddel," (of this city,) and other stars.

They have "Grand Swamp Angel Matinees" at the Bowery Theatre.

George F. Ketchum is playing at Montreal.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will open a "National College of Music" at the Tremont Temple in September.

The International Ball to be given in the Coliseum will be the largest and grandest of the kind ever given in America. Imagine six acres of dancing floor, an orchestra of a thousand musicians, and Strauss and Gilmore for conductors!

☞ The Halifax *Reporter* is urging the Halifax Electors to ask Doctor Tupper to represent their County in the Commons. It would willingly accept Mr. Power (who was elected to oppose the Government) as the merchant representative of Halifax."

The Jubilee.

The French at the Jubilee.—The Marseillaise and Star Spangled Banner.—The Boston "Post" on the New York Critics.

[From the Journal.

The usual intermission brought a great hum and clatter of transit once more upon the audience, but it was suddenly hushed by a loud cry from the organ. So loud were the notes that the choristers nearest the greatest instrument involuntarily started back in affright. The familiar notes of the grand *Marseillaise*, the hymn of the French nation, the chant long forbidden in the streets of Imperial Paris, but now sung throughout the length and breadth of France, pealed forth from the huge pipes, and a great roaring and shouting from the chorus, caught up and echoed on and on by the audience, and even taken up by spectators outside the building, was heard. The French Band had entered, and were making their way slowly down the aisle, bowing and doffing their caps with the accustomed courtesy of their race. As they came forward to the front of the platform and bowed gravely, Gilmore took up a position near at hand and watched them narrowly. They ranged themselves into a circle, and presently their leader, M. Paulus, greeted with tremendous cheering from the orchestra and the chorus, and from such of the audience as could distinguish him, approached and took his stand upon the platform A movement of his hand, and the familiar notes of "Hail Columbia," played with Gallic *verve* and fire smote on the listening ear. It is useless to attempt to repeat the descriptions of the shoutings that followed. They were of that spontaneous, irresistible, roof lifting character, known only to Jubilee audiences, and almost hindered the musicians in their task. M. Paulus, with his baton in his left hand, beat merrily the patriotic measures; and between each refrain came in a great ripple of hurrahs and "tigers."

Again there was a great shout. This time it was for the *Marseillaise* and Gilmore combined, and as the *maestro* mounted the platform and the orchestra began to lovingly play the grand strains of the national hymn of France, there seemed to be in them the clangor of battle, and the cries of hundreds of thousands of men starving, and abased under tyranny, and determined to be fed and freed. The audience felt the generous inspiration, and doubtless felt as Heine did once upon a time when he heard them.

And now Gilmore lowered his baton for the second verse, and the great chorus, orchestra and organ burst into the clamorous unrest of the celebrated hymn, while the batteries of artillery—

"Iron-lunged and thunder-throated"—joined with exact and thrilling emphasis at the close of each line. The tremendous basses, the sweet and touching sopranos, the plaintive altos and the soaring tenors, bent gracefully to the work, and the assembled thousands sat enraptured at the newly revealed grandeur of Rouget de l'Isle's master-piece.

Liberte, Laberte cherie—

the tones rent the air, the violins were heard loudly crying above all the other instruments, even over the organ's storm of reproachful pleading, and the crash and gigantic vibration of the brass smote down all contest before it. It was a song, and an accompaniment, to make men rise and demand to be led against whatever was wrong, to be led to help up whatsoever was fallen and abased! It went to the heart, and when M. Paulus, after relieving the surcharged souls of the audience by the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle" brought his own band's full force upon the glowing refrains, the enthusiasm was at its his height. Parquet, galleries, chorus, were white with handkerchiefs; cheer after cheer rose from all parts of the house; and the organ joined in with a roar which was startling. Again and again the short sharp American cheer rang merrily, while as the Frenchmen were leaving the stage the cannon barked furiously once more, as if awakening anew to the discontent and belligerent attitude provoked by the hymn.

[From the Post.]

Mr. Gilmore has called the roll of the nations and each has answered promptly, its musical representative stepping upon the conductor's stand and doffing bearskin, helmet or chapeau, as the case may be, in response to the hearty welcome of the cosmopolitan audience. The list is now completed, and the international character of the Festival fully established. Mr. Dan Godfrey, with a flourish of his cornet, has transformed the brass and reeds of his Grenadiers into a full orchestra, strings and all; Herr Strauss, waving his omnipotent violin, dashing about the platform, grasping out a *sforzando* here and smoothout a *pianissimo* there, has brought to us the garden music of Baden Baden and Vienna; Herr Saro's helmeted heroes answer the beck of his finger with a blast that tells the power of Prussian lungs and of the true German culture; and MM. Paulas and Maury produce, under the name of Republican, the music that has been national in France under monarchy and empire. Franz Abt has also ascended the platform, and the long white baton has passed from hand to hand until not only the music but the musical manners of the several nationalities have been presented, each in its most characteristic form. Apart from the criticisms to which the Jubilee performances are open, the unwieldiness of the chorus and the headstrong nature of such blunders as it occasionally makes, there is in this sampling of the music of the world enough to mark the Festival as the most noted of the age.

But not less interesing than the concerts themselves is their reception by the Critic from New York. This gentleman, who is several in number and cumulatively powerful in musical information, has been for some months past in a condition of chronic unrest; and, now that his antipathy has assumed a definite shape, his efforts to force the event into a conformity with his predictions are quite arduous. Owing his nativity to some inland town, his education to the opportunities of study afforded by hunting items between the Battery and Central Park, and his promotion to the place of censor of music and manners to a facility in depicting the scene of a wife-murderer or a police court trial in the metropolis, he comes here with an ear attuned to catch only the nasal twang of which he has read, and an eye trained to apprehend and fully enjoy only the balloons and minstrels and monster pigs and other attractions of the clustering booths outside the Coliseum. He stretches his thin legs over the dusty route to the Back Bay, not failing to note that furniture vans and draught horses are used as passenger conveyances in Boston. He expends his "shill'n" for pop corn and lemonade, and jots down the memorandum that the attendant saleswoman has a peaked nose and says "haow." He is found at the beer counter, checking off the number of glasses drained by orchestra and chorus; and he lurks behind the soprano seats to watch, and to distort, in the narration, the free and hearty applause given each of the several conductors. In all this he is at home, and wherever his gaudy neck tie flashes he finds matter for amplification in print; except, we should say, when he assumes his character of critic and evolves from a mind capable only of petty details an opinion upon the grand whole. It is, however, a comparatively innocent amusement, and we can readily pardon the critic from New York in view of his unavailing efforts to reduce the accomplished Festival to the level of his prophecies.

Is Jupiter Inhabited?

Even those who have denied that Jupiter can be the abode of life, and have formed altogether unfavorable ideas of his condition, have pictured him, nevertheless, the scene of continual calm, though the calm is, according to their view, the calm of gloom and desolation. They recognize in Jupiter an eternal winter rather than a perpetual spring. Whewell, for example, in that once famous work, the Plurality of Worlds, maintained that if living creatures exist at all in Jupiter, they must be wretched gelatinous monsters, languidly floating about in icy seas. According to him, Jupiter is but a great globe of ice and water, with perhaps a cindery nucleus—a glacial planet, with no more vitality in it than an iceberg. But when we begin to examine the records of observers, and to consider them with due reference to the vast proportions of the planet, we recognize the fact that whatever may be Jupiter's unfitness to be the abode of life, it is not of an excess of stillness that his inhabitants (if he have any) can justly make complaint. Setting aside the enormous activity of which the mere existence of the belts affords evidence, and even regarding such phenomena as the formation or disappearance of a new belt in two or three hours as merely indicative of heavy rainfalls or of the condensation of large masses of invisible aqueous vapour into clouds,—there have been signs on more occasions than one, of Jovian hurricanes blowing persistently for several week together at a rate compared with which the velocity of our fiercest tornadoes seems utterly insignificant. During the year 1860, a rift in one of the Jovian cloud-belts behaved in such a way as to demonstrate the startling fact that a hurricane was raging over an extent of Jovian territory equalling the whole surface of our earth, at a rate of fully 150 miles per hour. It is not too much to say that a hurricane of like velocity on our earth would destroy every building in the territory over which it raged, would uproot the mightiest forest trees, and would cause in fact universal desolation.

FEUDAL TYRANNY STILL EXTANT IN ENGLAND.—A gentleman writes to the London *Times* to call attention to a very old and oppressive feudal custom in the county of Sussex, England; the custom of taking heriots on a change of tenants in copyhold estates. The sufferer in this case was a farmer in the village of Henkenbury, which adjoins the town of Tunbridge Wells, who, together with his farm, which is freehold, occupies a small piece of copyhold land under the Marquis of Camden The farmer having lately met his death from an accident with a gun, the marquis's agent came to the homestead of deceased and selected the finest cow out of a herd of only four kine as a heriot, and claimed the animal or its price from the son on his succession to his father's copyhold. The family is poor, and the fine consequently presses with unusual severity on the son at a time when he is also burdened with his father's funeral expenses. The custom of levying heriots the writer ventures to think is one "which needs only to be brought to general notice to be scouted as unworthy of tolerance in an enlightened age, to be reprobated as a relic of feudal barbarism, and abolished forthwith as a last remaining badge of the villianage and serfdom of ancient times."

—Caterpillars are stopping railroad trains at various points near Memphis, lying on the track in such vast numbers that several hours are necessary to sweep them clear so as to allow passenger trains to proceed.

HANGING A RAILWAY CONGRESSMAN.—An eye witness gives a report of the interesting spectacle afforded by the hanging and burning in effigy at San Francisco of California's new Congressman, Sargent, because of his connection with what his demonstrative constituents termed the Goat Island grab. Just as it grew dark a crowd of men collected in the streets, bearing with them an ungainly figure and a number of tar barrels which they piled high in the air like a tall chimney and set fire to, the blaze from them illuminating the faces of several thousand persons. At this juncture the band struck up, the instruments being one hundred extra size devil's fiddles, an equal number of tin gongs and fish horns, and other producers of discord and noise. Violent speeches in denunciation of the renegade, "Aaron Sargeant, the traitor," were made by the ruddy light, and resolutions stamping him as an enemy of the State unanimously adopted. Amid a perfect storm of groans and shrieking of fiddles the effigy was raised aloft and placed astride the crowning barrel of the pyre, with a placard around the neck inscribed "Sargent, the Traitor." On a sash across the shoulder were inscribed the names of the smaller traitors, and all were left to crackle as an expression of the seething hate of their executioners.

THE CRAZY DUCKS.—Those crazy claimants, the Drake family, have had another business meeting in reference to the $125,000,000 which belongs to them as descendants of the enterprising and semi-piratical Sir Francis, who carried on, it will be remembered, the first important transactions of commerce on the high seas, and was in that connection much favored of Fortune and his Queen. The claimants are scattered over all parts of the Union, but mostly hail from the principal cities of the Middle States, and about 400 families were represented in council by a motley mass of descendants, which would have been the most surprising sight Sir Francis ever saw could he have looked in upon them, notwithstanding an unusual experience had been his. The ammunition for the day's campaign consisted of the simple repast of cold water and a bag of biscuits, probably to typify the sea-faring life of their ancestor. The Secretary read what had been done since last February, which was not much, except to collect some of the most surprising generalogies and cast up the interest on their prospective millions. A powerful heiress arose and moved that no consideration be given to those heirs who neglected to be present, and it was carried, as was also another motion that no heir should dispose of his claim to any coming from England to buy it; after which gratifying progress, they gathered up their equipments and adjourned until October.

LOCALS.

Personal.

The Hon. Peter Mitchell is at the Victoria Hotel.

Miss Kate Reignolds, the popular actress, is at the Rothesay Hotel.

The Hon. Charles Tupper and Hon. S. L. Tilley spent Saturday at St. Andrews.

Captain Carl Hjemstrom, late of the bark "Maria Scammell," arived in this city on the evening of Friday last, from Pisagna, Peru, to take command of Messrs. Scammell Bros. new bark "J. Walter Scammell," now loading for Valparaiso.

Complimentary Benefit.

Messrs. Hogan and Mudge, the popular comedians at Bishop's Opera House, will have a Complimentary Benefit on Friday night. They are popular members of the Company and will have a crowded house.

Steamers.

The "Lady Josyan" sailed for Liverpool yesterday morning.

The steamer "Falmouth" made the trip from Halifax to Portland in 26½ hours. Passengers by her for Boston reached that place 32 hours after leaving Halifax.

The Ferry.

The "St. George," tug boat, was on the ferry route this morning. She grounded for a short time on the Eastern side, owing to drawing more water than the ferry steamers.

"The Minister's Oath,"

which we commence in to-day's issue, is a very readable (and slightly sensational) story. It opens mildly, but the interest constantly increases as the tale proceeds.

The Missing Child

of Mr. J. Dorsay, of Portland, has been found. She took a ride in the cars as far as Torryburn, and walked to Rothesay; from which place she was returned on Saturday.

White Star Line.

C. W. Wetmore Esq., has been appointed agent for the celebrated "White Star Line" of ocean steamers, sailing from New York. They comprise the six largest steamers in the world, and are the finest equipped afloat.

Stopping Railway Extension.

While the men were at work on the Railway extension at the foot of Sheffield St. this morning, and during the absence of the contractors Messrs. Robertson & Mahoney, a party who claims the lot through which they were passing, George McKelvie, went and drove the men off. He threatened to cut the timber on the ground and destroy it. The Government and the Engineer don't recognize his claim, and ordered the contractors to go on with the work.

Handsome Present.

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming has received, as a birth-day present from Messrs. Street & Smith, of the *New York Weekly*, a pair of heavy costly gold bracelets of elegant design and finish. Within them is inscribed, "To Mrs. M. A. Fleming, from the New York Weekly;" also the date of presentation. It is by such acts of characteristic thoughtfulness on the part of Messrs. Street and Smith that they have secured the best writers in America, and the largest circulation to the *Weekly* of any paper, not only in America, but probably in the world.

Circus Feat.

On Saturday afternoon, a young man backed his horse so far over the bank of earth at Reed's Point which is being filled in, that the animal described a somersault in the air and fell twenty five feet, striking a mixture of mud and water which made the fall easy. The horse sustained no injuries.

Shipping Notes.

The woodboat schooner "Leila B" from Fredericton for Providence, with a cargo of shingles and clapboards, having experienced heavy weather, started some of her butts, and was obliged to put into the Duck Pond, Campbello, in a very leaky condition, and discharge her cargo. She is being repaired as rapidly as possible, after which she will re-load at Welchpool and proceed. The vessel is commanded by Captain Bostwick, of this city.

The steamer "Gaspe," of the Gulf Ports Line, left Pictou on Tuesday last for Newfoundland, and went ashore near St. Pierre, Miguelon, on Thursday. The "Alhambra" has gone to her assistance.

It is reported the International Steamship Company will build a new first-class side wheel Steamer, to cost from $75,000 to 100,000, for the route between St. John Yarmouth and Boston — providing one quarter of the stock is taken in Yarmouth, and another quarter in St John—the other two quarters to be retained by the International Co. The boat to be commenced this autumn, and be ready for service by the 1st of April next. The Yarmouth *Herald* understands that "one quarter of the stock has already been subscribed in this place, and there is not a doubt that an equal amount will readily be subscribed in St. John."

We take the following items from Nova Scotia papers:—WRECK AT MARGARETS BAY. Mr. Ruggles, writing from Margarets Bay to the "Church Chronicle," reports that for some days past pieces of a vessel and portions of cargo have drifted about in the neighborhood of Green Island, extending along the shore to the head of the Bay. Portions of a ship's rail and pieces of mahogany, besides rolls of ribbon and crape, handkerchiefs and lead pencils have been picked up. It is supposed by the people in the vicinity that a wreck has taken place of some ship coming from the States, on the Horse Shoe Ledge, or on Green Island during one of the gales, or in the fog in the week before last, and feared that all hands on board were lost. A bale of cotton has been thrown on the shore at Indian Harbor, which, of course, may not be from the same wreck. It is said to be very unusual for wrecked material to drift so far up the Bay as where the ship's rail was found, but Mr. Ruggles believes that the shore from South West Arm to Blandford will present proof that a disastrous wreck has occurred there.

LARGE SHIPS.—The Yarmouth *Tribune* reports that at the flourishing village of Tusket, four large ships are now in course of construction, and timber for a fifth is being provided. One of these ships, the largest ever built in Yarmouth County, is 174 feet keel, and 40 feet beam, has three decks, and will cost, when fully equipped for sea, upwards of $70,000. At Plymouth, in Yarmouth County, a large ship is being built for Messrs. Dennis & Doane of the town of Yarmouth. At the shipyard of Messrs. Young & Co, Shelburne, a ship of 1000 tons is being constructed for Mr. Stoneman and others, of Yarmouth. In the building yard of Mr. W. T. Kelly, at the same place, a ship of 1100 tons, intended for Mr. Rogers, of Yarmouth, is in frame and will be launched in October.

NEW VESSEL.—Launched from the shipyard of Mr. Edward John, Weymouth, a fine, well built brigantine called the "Harvey John," 110 tons register, built under the superintendence of Mr. Benjamin Wade for Mr. Edward John. She is classed six years in American Lloyds.

A fine ship named the "Argosy," of 1125 tons, carpenter's measurement, (says the *Telegraph*) was to have been launched at Digby from the yard of James H. Jones, Esq., on Saturday, but after she had gone about a length from her bed, the ways broke down, and she stuck fast. [She was expected to be got off to-day or to morrow.

Minor Locals.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. C. L. Richards' child was found on Saturday at Mr. Shives's, on the Manawagonish Road, and returned to its anxious parents.—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fleming will soon leave to make the tour of Europe.—Charles Murray and ——— Fisher, two lads of Nashwaak, were drowned there on Friday last. One had fallen into the dam, and the other jumped in to rescue him.—A boy named Anderson was drowned at Digby on Saturday.—Charles Kelso, of St. David's, was struck by lightning the other day; was all right the following day.

A Yarmouth Conservatory.—English Roses in Profusion.

Says the Yarmouth *Herald*: "It is pleasant just now to visit Mr. Pilling's Conservatory and grounds. The green house is admirably contrived for the purpose, and is warmed by steam. It has now about 160 rose bushes in bloom. The plants were in England on the 12th of March, arrived here on the 15th of April, and are now in full bloom. The China roses, of which there are 25 varieties, are the most beautiful we have ever seen. All these are in addition to the large variety on his grounds last year."

Serious Accidents.

A young man named Kelley, a painter, while walking along the edge of Trentowskey's wharf, Lower Cove, yesterday afternoon, fell over, and in falling struck his head against the guard of the tug boat "Alida." He was picked up and conveyed to his father's residence close by. Doctor's Livingstone, Daniel, and Walker were soon after in attendance on him and the base of his skull was found to be fractured, and he bled considerably from his ears. He was unconscious this morning.

On Monday last the 17th inst., F. W. Pickman, Esq, a well known gentleman in this city, while sitting in his library, at his residence on Coburg street, was cut about the head by the falling of some plaster from the ceiling. Dr. William Bayard being in immediate attendance, pronounced the cut, which extended across the entire scalp, to be a serious one. Mr. Pickman is still confined to his residence. This is the third time the same thing has occurred.

The Moncton Concert.

A paragraph in the *News* of Friday, stating that Mrs. Perley would give a Concert in Moncton, Dominion Day, is incorrect in one particular. The concert will not be given by Mrs. Perley, but is to be under the management of parties in Moncton, though Mrs. Perley expects to sing at the Concert.

From the Jubilee.

Some of the New Brunswick chorus at the Jubiles, from Fredericton, returned home Saturday evening from Boston. They found the weather too hot for them in Boston. Fredericton people should be able to stand a good share of heat.