



HARBOR GRACE, JUNE 27, 1873.

left New London, United States, for the seal fishery in those islands, arriving at her destination after a voyage of four months. The following day the Captain ordered a boat's crew of five men, under the orders of James King, boat-steerer, to proceed to the shore and commence killing seals at Winden Island, off which place the vessel was anchored. In the boat were placed provisions for seven days and a big club for each of the men, with which to kill the seals by hitting them on the head. Captain Holmes's instructions were, "kill all you can, and we will be back for you within a week." The *Franklin* then sailed away, and the men commenced slaughtering all the seals they could find; and so successful were they, that at the expiration of the fifth day they had killed and skinned 4,000 seals, which they piled on the rocks. The seal crop being exhausted, the men resolved, with their remaining provisions, to set out for St. George's Island, which is situated in the vicinity, where they could find more seals. They accordingly departed, leaving behind them a small piece of board, on which was chalked, we have left for St. George's Island; call for us there. When the *Franklin* returned at the end of the week, the pile of sealskins was found, and also the notice-board. She accordingly proceeded to St. George's Island in quest of the missing men, and cruised about that island for several days, but could see nothing of the boat or the men, who were at last abandoned to their fate, and the *Franklin* returned home, no boat having been sent ashore on account of the breakers and the ice which had already formed. The men were supposed to be dead, but in August last year a New London Sealing fleet left for the South Shetland Islands, and it was mutually agreed among the captains that they would endeavour to discover some traces of the lost men. When the barque *Nile* arrived at St. George's Island, the Captain and a number of his men went ashore to make a search for the remains of King and his companions. Walking along the beach for some distance, they were surprised to find a small hut, from which projected a stove pipe. In the corner of the hut was a man with long red hair and matted beard fast asleep. He was clothed in seal-skin, with sandals on his feet, and, on being awakened, turned out to be King, the sole survivor of the party. It seems that they found the hut and stove on the island, and lived for some time on pelican flesh, burning seal blubber in the stove. One had died of cold; three others attempted to get back to Winden Island, and are supposed to have perished; and King alone returned in the *Nile*. Such, at least, is the story we are told about the new Robinson Crusoe.

A Touching Romance.

Into the arid atmosphere of politics and bread and butter sometimes comes a bit of romance of melting sweetness. Of such is the story of two lovers and a remorseless father, which, as it has just been told by a Bostonian, must of course be true. Ten years ago a beautiful young girl was sent to the Vermont hills, to arrest, if possible, the indications of approaching consumption. She recovered her health, and meantime inflicted a cureless wound upon the heart of an intelligent and well-educated young farmer's son. Unlike Lady Vere de Vere, she did not scorn his timid affection, but returned it heartily, referring him to her father. That traditionally unromantic personage wouldn't hear of it. Never shall a base mechanic wed me child! The young man retired, went West, and made a large fortune, and the young woman married the man proscribed by her father. She went to live in France; her husband died in two years, and her parents also dying, she remained abroad. The memory of her first romance faded with her as with its object, who, though unmarried, was too busy in making money for tender thoughts. Last year his business took him to Europe, and one night found him on a little steamer plying between Marseilles and Leghorn. A storm came up, and a lady who had risen from her seat on deck to go below, was thrown overboard by a sudden lurch of the vessel. The base mechanic jumped after, and though in the dark the steamer drifted away, they clutched a presidential plank and floated until morning, when they were picked up by another vessel. During that night in the cold and darkness, they discovered in each other the loved and lost of earlier years. The old feeling came back in that fearful hour, and on the arrival at Malta they were married. End of the poetry. The Rest is prose.—*Daily Graphic*.

Circumstantial Evidence.

The *London Globe* publishes a statement which is an illustration of the danger of relying upon circumstantial evidence, even when it approaches positiveness. A gentleman went to the British Museum with an order to have a case opened containing some valuable medals for his inspection. He examined a particular medal, which was supposed to be unique, restored it to the tray, and after talking some time with the custodian, was about to leave, when the latter discovered that the medal was missing. It was searched for everywhere, and could not be found, when it was suggested that the pocket of the visitor should be examined. To this he objected, and a policeman was sent for. However, before he arrived the medal was found to have slipped between the tray and the bottom of the case. When asked why he refused to be searched, the supposed culprit produced a medal from his pocket, the exact counterpart of that which was in the case and remarked that his object had been to verify the authenticity of his own, which, being identified with the missing one and discovered in his pocket, would at once have convicted him of the theft.

A FARMER gathers what he sows; a housewife sows what she gathers.

THE ALEXANDRIA CRICKET CLUB.—The Annual Meeting of this Club was held on Wednesday, 25th inst., in the Reading Room, for the purpose of electing officers. The following were chosen: Secretary and Treasurer—D. B. Longwill. Members of Committee—S. G. Allan, H. Youdall, Wm. Squirey, T. Gaden. Captain—W. G. Wood.

The chief topic of conversation just now would seem to be the "Great Eastern" and the new Atlantic Cable. Everything in the shape of a vehicle has been fitted up and made ready for the journey to Hearts Content.

The weather is now delightfully fine, and vegetation appears to be progressing favourably.

The French war steamer 'D'Estaing' arrived at St. John's on Saturday last from Croque.

We think the following anecdote relates to Mr. T. Mullock—not to his brother, the late venerated Bishop. It sounds like the former:—

A merry prelate was the late Roman Catholic Bishop of Newfoundland, of whom (writes a contributor) Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee once told a pleasant little anecdote. He had a piano, of which he wished to dispose, and which a friend, a Protestant doctor, desired to purchase. Considerable chaffing ensued before the bargain was consummated, and the doctor finally secured the instrument at a price which the Bishop declared ruinously low. The only vehicle in the town which would accommodate the piano, when the time came for its delivery, was the hearse, and in this it was accordingly driven to the Doctor's door. Down comes the Doctor to the Bishop in high dudgeon. "Why on earth," he asked, "did you act thus so unbecomingly, and send my piano home in the hearse?" The Bishop's eye twinkled as he remembered their hard bargaining, and he answered: "Why? Oh, because it was such a dead bargain."

We recollect meeting "Tom" at the Cove, one day some six years since. The steamer was lying at the wharf, waiting to take on board some cattle whose beef was designed for Hearts Content or the "Great Eastern." The cattle were straying about in search of something green, and on remarking to Tom that the cattle didn't seem to be enjoying themselves much, he replied,—"Begor they ought to, then, for they have a couple of horns in apiece." And just as we were starting—"Come," said Tom, "let's go aboard and get a pin" (Pynn) worth of steam." Many other good things we heard from our merry friend that day, most of which we have forgotten. The rest are good enough to keep.—*Chronicle, June 24*

NEWS ITEMS.

An editor in Reading advertised the other day that he "would take a good dog in payment of one year's subscription" for his paper. The next day forty-three dogs were sent to the office. The day afterward, when the news had spread out into the country, four hundred farmers had sent two dogs apiece by express, with eight baskets full of puppies included all the kinds from bloodhounds down to poodles. A few hundred broke loose and swarmed on the stairways and in the entries, and stood outside the "sanctum" and howled and had fights, and sniffed under the crack of the door as if they were hungry for some editor. And the editor climbed out of the window, up the waterspout and out on the comb of the roof and wept. There was no issue of the paper for six days, and the only way the friends of the eminent journalist could feel him was by sending lunch up to him in balloons. At last somebody bought a barrel of arsenic and three tons of beef, and poisoned the dogs; and the editor came down only to find on his desk a bill from the mayor for eight thousand dollars, being the municipal tax on dogs at one dollar per head. He is not offering the same inducements to subscribers now, and he doesn't want a dog.

ST. JOHN is certainly getting worse and worse. Now the "Telegraph" says:—"The public look to the bankers and other discounters of bills to put down forbery by a rigorous prosecution of the offenders. It is very credibly reported that some additional reasons, of a very cogent kind, have been found for action and there is some hope that action will be taken. The committee of the Board of Trade may make an elaborate report, as we have no doubt they will, but unless 'individuals' take action, it will all be in vain. This forgery business must be stopped and the reproach wiped away forever. There is no doubt that the press will go to any legal and reasonable length in aid of the good work."—[Halifax Citizen.]

There has been a sad display of muscular Christianity in Potton, Lower Canada, just across the border line in the province of Quebec. The population there is principally composed of woodsmen and others who are accustomed to a lawless life, and the prevailing form of Christianity is that known as the strictest order of Free Will Baptists. It seems that there has been a continued squabble for months between the deacons and the "boys." The deacons abused the boys, and the boys aggravated the deacons, until on Sunday, May 18, matters came to a crisis. A man named Highland entered the church, just after a chapter had been read, wearing a hat which, it was stated, had descended to him from his grandfather. The hat was decorated with a long red ribbon, and Highland's appearance in the sacred edifice with this venerable relic on his head caused no small excitement among the congregation, whose devotions were interrupted by the accident. Mr. Little, field one of the deacons of the church, told Highland to leave the building, and on his declining to do so, kicked the hat into the aisle. This was the signal for a general disturbance, which ended in a serious fight. Everybody started from his seat, and headed by a man named Olens, the anti-church members "went for" their Christian brethren with frightful impetuosity. People were knocked down on the floor and thrown out of the windows. One member of the congregation was forcibly seated on the stove and burnt most severely, and many other accidents of a like painful nature occurred during the struggle. The religious services, of course, came to a close, and were not resumed during the day. The next morning Highland, whose grandfather's hat had been the cause of so much suffering and bitterness, was arrested and taken to Moosonville for trial. It was hoped that this decisive step would effectually settle the difficulty but, unfortunately, on the following Sunday the battle was again renewed during the service, and was with difficulty suppressed by the constabulary. Religious circles in Potton are represented as being profoundly agitated by these events, and the latest accounts are gloomy in the extreme.

The biggest vine in the world is to be found near Santa Barbara, California, and certainly from the account given of it by the "New York Herald," it seems to put the famous Hampton Court vine to the blush. The trunk of the Santa Barbara vine is nearly four feet in circumference where it leaves the ground, and continues the same size for some eight feet up, where it branches out very regularly, and although kept well trimmed back it covers a surface of some four thousand feet. Eight thousand bunches of grapes, weighing twelve thousand pounds, or six tons, were picked from it last year. It is owned by an old Spanish woman who cannot speak a word of English, but who knows very well how to calculate correctly the amount due to her for a drink of wine made from the grapes of the "big vine" which every one is expected to drink who visits it. The age of this vine is variously estimated at from thirty five to fifty years, and romance has woven the tale that the original cutting was given to a Spanish girl by her lover as a riding whip, and that she planted it as a memento of their engagement. The appearance, however, of the Spanish lady who now owns it is such as to lead visitors to the conclusion that she never could have had a matrimonial engagement, or that if any such contract was ever entered into, her lover was perfectly justified in forgetting it.

The Mexican Congress has passed an important measure for the separation of Church and State in that country. Several bills with this object have been proposed since 1858, but no definite regulations were established until the present session. The new law, which consists of five articles, declares that no religion shall be either supported or forbidden by the Government; that marriage shall be regarded as a civil contract, to be legally valid only after registration in the presence of a magistrate; that no religious body shall have any corporate rights, that no Mexican citizen shall be bound by any vow he may have made as the member of a religious order, and that witnesses shall not be required to take an oath in a court of Justice. The Ultramontane party is now getting up an agitation in the principal towns of the Republic for the repeal of this law, and it is said that they are secretly supported by the President, Lerdo de Tejada.

The following telegram was sent by the Queen to Lady Cartier on the morning of 24th May:

From the Queen, Baltimore.
TO HON. LADY CARTIER,
57 WELBECK STREET, LONDON.

I have heard with regret of the death of Sir George Cartier. I deeply deplore the loss of a faithful and loyal subject, and warmly condole with you in your sad affliction.

A "resurrection jubilee" is about to be held at Chicago to celebrate the restoration of the city to its proportions prior to the great conflagration. The programme, it is stated, is on the most magnificent scale. Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General of Canada, is to be one of the lions of the occasion, and the music and feasting are to be worthy the occasion. It is very natural that the people of Chicago should feel proud and elated at the rapid restoration of their city; but that a disastrous conflagration should thus be made indirectly a matter of rejoicing shows how difficult it is in these days, when centenaries and bi-centenaries and commemorations have exhausted almost every possible excuse for festivity, to find any plausible reason for banquets and revellings. So many cities and large buildings are now destroyed every year by fire that these "re-urrection jubilees" are likely to become both frequent and popular. It is however, worth consideration whether "preservation jubilees" might not be more satisfactorily in the long run. If any city or large institution has had the good fortune not to be burned down in the course of a twelvemonth, the insurance companies, on whom the principal loss of these conflagrations falls, might with advantage to themselves give a preservation jubilee to commemorate the unusual circumstance, at which medals and decorations should be freely distributed to all who have notably refrained from acts of carelessness they have had opportunities of committing which might have kindled a good blaze. Perhaps one of these days, instead of either regrets or rejoicings, we shall learn to feel heartily ashamed of large fires, and look upon them less in the light of unavoidable calamities than as evidences of imperfect arrangements and unpardonable recklessness in some quarter or another.

The naval authorities have received information from Bermuda that the flying squadron left that place recently for shot and shell practice, and that that they will then proceed to this port, arriving here about July 1. The squadron is in command of Rear Admiral F. A. Campbell, and consists of H. M. S. "Narcissus" (flagship) 28 guns; "Immortalite," 28 guns; "Inconstant," (iron clad) 16 guns; "Topaz" (steam frigate), 31 guns; and "Volage" (iron clad corvette) 8 guns.

We are reliably informed that the salmon fishery in the Gaspé and Bay Chaleur districts this season far exceeds anything of the kind known for forty years past. Our informant states that salmon fishing began about the 26th of May, being unusually early; and that the nets were taken sometimes fifty each at a single tide. He adds: "Never has salmon been so plentiful, and never have the owners of stands seen such a season. Some nets take \$60 worth of salmon every day."—[Montreal Gazette.]

The rage for international exhibitions has reached even to Chili, and that progressive State has devoted \$223,000 for the building of an edifice in Valparaiso for the first industrial fair, probably, which has ever been proposed in South America. The time is set for 1875, giving ample opportunity for the collection of the treasures, which, in the shape of ram material of every description, exist in profusion in that country. If there ever was a land that deserved development as well as needed it, it is South America, and it is to be hoped that the proposed exhibition will have the effect of infusing a new spirit into the lazy, lethargic inhabitants.

SHANGHAI advices report the capture by an Imperial Chinese force, of the capital of a Mahomedan state, in the province of Gannan. South Western part of China. The victorious forces fell upon their captives and massacred 40,000 of them. The Sultan poisoned himself, preferring death by his own hand to falling into the power of his enemies.

The late Dr. Cleland, an eminent statistical writer, of Glasgow, related that a criminal, after attentively listening to the condemned sermon which preceded his execution, turned to a companion and remarked in Dr. Cleland's hearing, "A very good sermon, but rather too personal."

A PROPHECY.—The *Boston Times* relates the following of the lost *Atlantic*. When about mid-ocean a curious incident occurred, which, if true, as related to our reporter, is very unaccountable. The steerage passengers as if by gift with the spirit of prophecy, that the ship and all on board would be lost. They kept repeating the prediction, packed their carpet bags, and went on deck to watch for chance passing vessels, saying that they were going to leave her, and they were doomed to destruction. The captain intervened, and looked them up as madmen, and when the prediction they had made in their supposed insanity received its fearful fulfilment, they, it is said, perished in confinement.

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