WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE.

NOW OPENING PER THE STEAMER "EDITH EMILY."

One Case Blue, Brown and Black

MOSCOW BEAVERS.

One case Blue and Black Presidents!

2 bales GREY COTONS; 2 cases HABERDASHERY

One case Small Wares; One case Shoe Threads.

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EVERITT & BUTLER,

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The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 19, 1872.

The Commons Candidates for St. John County.

No elector questions the ability of Mr. Palmer to serve this constituency. All, whether friendly to him or to the other respectable candidates now before the County, admit that he has great talents. At the Bar he is unsurpassed by any lawyer in the Province, while his business ability is shown in the successful management of large Shipping and Manufacturing interests. His qualifications being admitted, his strength with the people does not admit of denial. In St. John City, two years ago, Mr. Palmer was a candidate for a seat in the Assembly, and although this was his first appearance before the constituency he came within a few votes of securing a seat. The support extended to him on that occasion surprised those who did not know the appreciation in which Mr. Palmer was held by the ordinary electors. No politician lifted a finger to assist his election; the votes came to him simply from the large body of people who *knew* him and knew his value as a legislator. The vote which Mr. Palmer will take during the approaching election will equally surprise superficial observers. We understand that in Lancaster, in Simonds, in St. Martins, in Portland and in Carleton he will take a very large vote, and we know that in the City proper he will run a poll that will astonish the unsophisticated. From all quarters the signs appear to be most favorable for his election.

The canvass is proceeding with considerable animation, the announcement that the Election for the County will positively be held on the 7th and for the City on the 8th, having determined the candidates and their friends to make the most of the time allowed them. A good feeling, in fact a friendly feeling prevails on all sides, and there appears to be no desire to run into undue personalities or to employ unfair arguments to influence the voting. Each of the Candidates is fairly represented in the Press. Each is working through committees as well, and at the same time using active personal exertions to promote his election.

ST. JOHN COUNTY.

ITS PEOPLE, ITS INDUSTRIES AND IMPROVEMENTS.

ITS REQUIREMENTS, AND HOW TO SUPPLY THEM.

No. 2.

At Spruce Lake, whence the Carleton people get good clean water by way of an aqueduct seven miles long, there is a Post Office kept by Mr. Kelly who is an authority on all matters political, scriptural and general. Mrs. Madden keeps an Inn where Nicholson's imported wines and brandies are always on hand which city bloods enjoy. The "*Lake View Cottage*," kept by T. Theall, is a nice spot at which to stop for a day's fishing, He has only moved into it this season, but has a couple of boats and has lately put up a large shed for the accommodation of fishing parties. He has just put up a new flag-staff, whence flies the British ensign. Turning off to the left of a large brown two story building opposite Mrs. Madden's, a mile and a half drive over a very good gravelly road, brings one to the house of Wm. Stinson, the first of the long stretch of houses which compose this *terra incognita*, to most city people—Mr. Stinson is a fisherman, like all the rest of the people in this village. He owns a comfortable looking cottage. A short distance beyond, James Ewart has his cottage on the brow of a hill overlooking a cove which runs up into the land some distance and is crossed by a long bridge in only a fair state of repair. Standing out from the point of land forming the outer limit of the cove, about a dozen large boats carrying two sails each are

JUST LEAVING FOR THE DAY'S FISHING.

June and July are the salmon months The fishing this season has been an average one. Some of the men have done very well, and others poorly. None have made a regular good haul. Two hundred salmon to a single fisherman is called a fair season's work. For these they get one dollar and thirty five cents each, large and small, A five pound salmon brings as much current coin of the Dominion as a twenty pounder. Messrs. Coram, Littlehale and Noble buy all that are caught in this vicinity, and they ship them all to Boston. In Pisarinco there are about fifty families, and in the neighborhood of a hundred stalwart, healthy, genial fishermen.

After crossing the last mentioned bridge, a drive of half a mile or so brings another bridge into view. This bridge crosses Craft's Creek, and is a couple of hundred feet long. It is now in a bad condition for heavy wagons, and should receive immediate attention from the Road Supervisors. It don't look as if they had done much for it lately. At Craft's Creek a number of fishermen were preparing their nets for another day's fishing. They have about forty large boats. Just now the salmon fishing is falling off The fishermen say the salmon are plenty, but the easterly winds are bad for the men with their nets spread out. The regular shad fishery commences about the middle of July and continues till September. After that codfishing follows in January and finishes the last of March. Of the forty or fifty families,

THE GILBRAITHS

number ten families. There is a remarkable tenacity of traditional ideas among the Pisarinco people. The memory of King William of Orange is celebrated with as much fervor and warmth as in any Irish hamlet, and it's not the twenty-fourth of May or the first of July, but the Twelfth that receives all the honors. On that eventful occasion, undisturbed by foreign wars, free school commotions or any thing else, the people don their gala attire and the bright orange colors are unfolded to the breeze. In the evening a ball takes place in the Orange Hall, which continues till daylight of the thirteenth of July breaks in upon the scene. The people of this section or their forefathers are all from the County Down; and scattered along this elevated sandy ridge of five miles in extent, and only twelve miles from the commercial metropolis of New Brunswick, interspersed with variegated patches of forest of the evergreen type, and within a stone's throw of the glassy waters of the Bay of Fundy, the "rattlin' boys of the County Down" go in for a good old time; and then the usual routine of making nets by the girls and fishing by the boys goes on for another twelve months. The Post Office is kept by Mr. John Gilbraith, and his pay is very small, too small for the work, as two and three papers are taken by each family, which involves a good deal of labor weekly.

Pisarinco boasts of Methodist, Episcopal, and Presbyterian Churches, none attended by resident pastors, but all visited occasionally by city ministers. At the upper end of the village the Temperance Hall is situated, and the Orange Hall at the lower end. They are both rather good sized halls, though the Orange Hall is not quite finished yet.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

is taught by Miss Brown. On her register she has sixty-one names, but the average attendance is not more than twenty five. This season the young ladies are kept at home making nets for the fishermen. The teacher, who was affable, intelligent and communicative, hopes for increased and improved accommodation under the new school act.

Standing like a frowning sentinel in the foreground, and shading all the coves around this section, is one of the prettiest and most attractive Islands along the coast.

TAYLOR'S ISLAND

is a tract of two hundred and sixty five acres of land, owned by George V. Nowlin, Esq., who is taking every means to make its beauties and attractions known to the general public. It is only two and a half miles from Carleton, and at high water a narrow strip of hard and smooth sandy bottom, which separates it from the mainland, is washed by the tide. A road has just been laid out to it, and all that requires finishing now is about an eighth of a mile. It will be, when completed, the favorite drive out of the city, for it is surrounded by one of the prettiest expanses of scenery in the Province. Every steamer, ship, schooner, and fishing boat up and down the Bay of Fundy can be seen from its shores. A city poet has immortalized it in verse in a striking manner. Below will be found a short extract from the poem which is very lengthy, and dedicated to the Proprietor of the Island :—

TAYLOR'S ISLE.

"Of Taylor's Island, O, let me sing;
'Tis the place to which our friends we bring.
Black foxes run wild along the shore,
Where is heard the splash of the fisherman's oar;
And the dulce that clings on the rocks around
Is the finest that on our coast can be found,
And the lobsters, too, when the season's not hot,
Will almost throw themselves into the pot.
The salmon are fat and the herrings galore
Are finer than those of Labrador.
In the Spring of the year, when the weather is fair,
Duck, Pigeons, and Geese almost darken the air,
For the wild goose knows by his strong instinct
The best stopping place for food and drink.
The bears are as fat as bears can be
As they roll on the grass quite happy and free.
And the maiden fair with her nice young man,
Can revel in bliss while squeaks the clam.
The moose and the deer are never forlorn,
For under Nature's care they are sure of a horn.
The birds, too, are happy and have no ills,
As they don't care a rap for the length of their bills.
And the porcupine guards the place with his quills.
O, all the Islands I ever did see
O, Taylor's Isle is the spot for me.

In order that timid tourists may not be alarmed at the presence of bears, the information is gratuitously given that by special provision of the Sessions, at the instance of Judge Nowlin, bears are not permitted to roam around any more.

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

NOTES FROM QUEEN'S COUNTY.

Otnabog and its surroundings.

[BY OUR OWN REPORTER.]

About midway between Saint John and Fredericton and almost hidden from view by the numerous islands at this point, lies Otnabog Lake, and just above it the village bearing the same name. This charming spot, nestled away from the ordinary track of tourists, has long enjoyed the reputation of being a capital Summer resort, but beyond the favored few who had discovered its beauties the number of pleasure seekers who visited it was small. The glowing descriptions given to us by some of its admirers made us take a ticket to Hampstead instead of to Fredericton, and at nine o'clock off we steamed in the "Rothesay," the admirable arrangements of which are so well know to all River tourists. After a pleasant sail of three hours through the fertile valleys of the Saint John, Long Island is reached; a few moments more and the characteristic small boat of steamer landing shouts out to meet us. It is grappled, the steps let down, ladies with little shrieks and the omnipresent bandbox gently deposited; the gentlemen and luggage follow; hats are raised, handkerchiefs waved and we are off dancing on the wave caused by the paddles of the departing steamer. The dark hued son of Ethiopia who handles the oars has, he tells us, pulled out a boat to meet the steamer for nearly 30 years, a labor of which the Steamship Company have shown their appreciation by presenting him with a new and handsome boat this season.

It is Saturday, and the group of muslin encased beings who wait with shrill cheers on the landing for fathers, husbands, brothers and friends, expected to spend Sunday with them, is enough to appal stouter hearts than ours. But the ordeal past, and seated in the comfortable carryall of "Our Host," a span of horses soon lands us at the "Upper House," where Mr. S. L. Peters, a gentleman well known in agricultural movements and improvements throughout the Province, has made ample management for the accommodation of summer visitors. Standing upon the portico,

THE SCENE

stretching out below us is one for which a visitor for the first time is little prepared. Beyond the lawn and well kept flowers is a sloping meadow ending with a fringe of maple, oak and elm on the border of the lake. Beyond the lake, with its miniature islands, is a long piece of intervale studded with clumps of trees. This intervale separates the lake from the river beyond; farther out the head of Long Island; then a line of water separating Greater and Less Musquash Islands, and finishing the water view the true river with its heavier waves and broadly curving cove forming the outlet of the Washadamoak. For six miles above and below the house is a most beautiful route for a drive or ride.

GOING DOWN THE RIVER

we pass the neat white farmhouses, with fences and fields, showing the true test of good farming, down gently sloping hills, through wood and meadow, catching glimpses of Little River from time to time, until Lower Hampstead or Hampstead proper is reached.

GOING UP THE RIVER

the view is more picturesque; first, the lake with its reflections of rock and tree; then a green expanse of rushes with the Otnabog River widening in a tortuous channel like a silver ribbon through it, up to the White Bridge, where, in place of level intervale, we have rocky, fern covered bluffs and hills bounding the horizon.

OTNABOG

is supposed by most of the English people to have derived its name from a species of wild oat growing at its inlet; hence *out in a-bog*; but an ancient aborigine gave us the true meaning as being the "place of peaceful joy" or "Calm Content," as *he* said, "All happy and all still."

But in the meantime the dinner bell has rung and we leave to enjoy all the delicacies of the country and city served up in a style which will compare favorably with the tables of St. John hotels. By means of an ice house Mr Peters is able to command fresh meats and fish at all times as well as to keep the milk and cream in a state of delicious coolness. Dinner being over we turn our attention to the manner in which

OUR FELLOW BOARDERS

dispose of the time. Here, close to the house, a well known barrister of St. John is employed in reading to a group of ladies who are deeply engaged in sewing mysterious somethings. On the lawn two companies are waging war against each other in croquet, of which there are two setts. Some of the boys have disappeared in pursuit of piscatorial bliss, while the others are scattered through the grove and hay field from which their jolly shouts come from time to time. The rest of "Our Family" are interspersed over the lake sailing or rowing, or up in the grove enjoying its mossy walks and romantic nooks and resting places. After tea the visitors indulge in more active amusements. Nearly all are good riders, and the horses have as much as they wish to do for three or four hours. Long walks over the meadows or along the road form a prominent feature in the recreations, while the surface of the lake reflects many a lair cargo either rowing themselves or allowing the gentlemen to exert themselves for the pleasure of others. Birch canoes and lapstreaks glide along over the shallow places, while fair hands and frilled wrists dip in the clear waters gathering dripping water lilies. The lake, with a brilliant full moon shining upon it, the careless crowd on its bosom, the faint echoes of some song coming over it, the dark shadows on its beach, cannot be described, but must be seen to be appreciated.

ON SUNDAYS

those religiously inclined are taken across the lake in the sail boat by Mr. Peters to attend Divine Service there; the rest wend their ways to quiet retreats where they "look through Nature up to Nature's God" in the most approved style. When we visited Oatnabog there were about fifty boarders at the Upper House and about half as many at the Lower one, kept by a cousin of Mr. S. L. Peters. Among them were J. Travis, Esq., and family, Mr. Wilson and family from New York, Mrs. Ennis and family, Mrs. W. Peters and family. Mr. and Mrs. Clawson, Mrs. and Miss Gérow, Mr. Underhill and family, the Misses Eaton and many others, including a number of young gentlemen from Saint John who only expected to stay for a fortnight.

ON SATURDAY

there is a great increase in gentlemen and a proportionate exodus on the Monday following, when the boat by a special arrangement calls at the landing so as to allow business men to spend Sunday with their families. Late in the season, about the first of August, there is an abundance of duck as well as heron, bittern, gull and other good game. Beyond eel and chub, the piscatorial attractions are not very great, but within ten miles there are some very fair trout streams.

It is but justice to Mr. Peters to say that his arrangements appear to have been made purely with a view to the comfort of his guests, and we can safely recommend his house and "Calm Content" to every one desirous of spending the summer in an agreeable manner with none of the discomforts ordinarily met with in country resorts.

ANOTHER GREAT RACE.

Harry Bassett beats Longfellow.

THE KENTUCKY HORSE SERIOUSLY DISABLED!

The race for the Saratoga Cup has just been won by Harry Bassett. who has beaten Longfellow, though the loss of the race is no injury to the reputation of the horse. It will be remembered Longfellow defeated Bassett only two or three weeks ago. The N. Y. *Herald* says :—

It will be learned with extreme regret by the large class interested in sporting matters that John Harper's great horse. Longfellow, was disabled from racing, it is feared for life, by an accident at the Saratoga course yesterday. That this took place in a race which saw two and a quarter miles accomplished in three minutes and fifty nine seconds—the fastest time on record—will make the accident the more regretable, when, too, it is learned that Longfellow only lost the race by a length. One of his plates became twisted in the running and cut the other foot and leg badly, but the heart of the horse never weakened. He ran gamely as ever to the end, and was led off limping and bleeding to the stable. There seems something in this of pluck, almost heroism, which arrogates entirely to himself; but two miles and a quarter on little better than three legs and in as fast time as will challenge admiration the world over. It will be remembered that he recently beat his successful rival of yesterday, Harry Bassett, at Long Branch, in a two and a half mile race, by about one hundred and fifty yards, in four minutes, thirty-four seconds.

THE RACE.

When Longfellow and Harry Bassett appeared, they were received with applause from the stand, and as the former galloped up in front of the stand the cheering was resumed. The assemblage were very nervous, but there was no delay in getting the horses away. They soon moved down to the quarter pole, and at the first attempt were despatched to a capital start. Harry Bassett soon took the lead, and as he came rattling up the homestretch to the stand he led one length, Longfellow three lengths in front of Defender. The time of the first quarter of a mile was twenty-five and a half seconds. Going around the upper turn, Longfellow went up to Bassett's saddle girth, but at the quarter pole they were nose and tail. Time of the half-mile, 52½ seconds. Defender at this time was out of the race and not worthy of further notice. Going down the backstretch, Longfellow again went up to Harry's saddle girth, but at the half mile pole fell back again. The three quarters of a mile were run in 1 16¾. Harry Bassett led half a length around the lower turn and at the three-quarter pole. The time was 1.45½ for the mile. Longfellow then ran up to Bassett as they came up the homestretch, and, passing under the wire, they were both doing their best and running at a tremendous rate of speed, head and head The mile and a quarter was run in 2.08¾, which is the fastest time ever made for that distance. They did not relax in their flight around the upper turn, Longfellow gaining gradually until he reached Bassett's shoulders at the quarter pole, the mile and a half being run in 2.35¾. Leaving this point Longfellow faltered, and he had to be urged. It was here, it is supposed, that Longfellow's near ankle gave way, but still he ran up again without flinching, and was at Harry's saddle girth at the half mile. Longfellow ran up closer, and was at Bassett's shoulders on the lower turn and as they passed the three-quarter pole, finishing the two miles in 3.30, the fastest two miles ever run. A bullet fired at one jockey would have hit the other, so near together were the horses. Coming up the homestretch the contest was close until near the furlong pole, where Longfellow began to succumb, and his jockey commenced using the whip. The horse struggled on, but could not keep up with Harry Bassett, and the latter passed under the wire a winner by a length, making the two miles and a quarter in the fastest time ever recorded, 3.59. Defender was beaten nearly a quarter of a mile.

The Canadian Pacific Survey Interrupted by Hostile Indians.

SAN FRANSISCO, July 15.—A portion of the Canadian Pacific surveying party have returned to Kamloops, and report that the Chilcoatan Indians are openly hostile, threatening the work of the survey and that they have already attacked a detachment of the railroad party at the forks of the Skeena river. It is alleged that the Indians are incensed at the destruction of one of their villages by fire, through the carelessness of white travellers, and that the savages have armed themselves and notified the Government officers that no travellers or freight will be permitted to pass through their territory.

—The wife of Dan Rice has gone over to the enemy by joining Backenstoe's opposition circus. Both circuses were in the same vicinity the other day, Rice's at Dubuque and the other at McGregor. At the instigation of the wife of Rice a party of Backenstoe's company made a raid upon the other party For a while there was a scene of bloody riot that beggars description, and would have ended in loss of life had not the authorities of McGregor interfered and put a stop to it. As it was, broken noses, bunged and blackened eyes, and swollen mouths abounded on both sides.

—A pair were married at Plainview Minn., in an unusual way lately. The ceremony was performed in a dancing hall, the floor of which was filled for dancing, except one set Then the happy couple, followed by three newly-married couples, stepped forward and formed the lacking set, the minister stepped into the centre of the circle and performed the ceremony, the music struck up, and the dance went forward as if nothing had happened.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE TRIBUNE.]

THE DESERTED CHURCH.

Oft, in yonder distant forest,
Is heard a faint, dim sound of bells;
Whence it cometh no man knoweth;
Sage tradition nothing tells.
Of some lone, ruined church the murmur,
Wakened by the passing wind;
Once it's path was thronged with pilgrims,
Now no trace of it we find.

In it's pathless woods late wandering,
Fancy's mystic realm exploring,
From these wicked, dreary earth-scenes
Aloft my soul to heaven was soaring.
Sudden, in that silent forest,
Again those plaintive notes I hear;
Climbing, listening, their sweet music
Near and nearer doth appear.

Soul and sense beneath their magic,
In blest delusion fondly stray;
By what mighty power, I know not,
Borne so high and far away.
More than a century, methought,
Had vanished 'midst this pleasant dreaming;
When lo, above the mists, so bright,
A broad, clear space before me gleaming.

In the azure depths of heaven
The sun was shining, full and bright,
And a vast cathedral's presence
Stood revealed in golden light.
Snow-white clouds, like outspread pinions,
Bore it's massive splendors high,
And it's towers and pinnacles
Seemed melting in the holy sky.

A ravishing accord of bells
Resounded, thrilling, through the tower;
No mortal hands those bells did toll,
Awakened by some heavenly power.
Methought those waves of sacred sound
Against my throbbing heart did beat;
Beneath the lofty dome I stole,
With trembling joy and faltering feet.

The splendors that I saw within,
Vainly I seek in words to paint:
The windows glowed with mystic light
From seraph and from martyred saint.
Still, as I gazed, the wonder grew:
To life returned those blessed sprites;
I seemed encompass'd by a throng
Of holy women, sainted knights.

Before the altar humbly kneeling,
My soul was thrilled with love and awe,
As in the spacious dome above me,
The shining ones of heaven I saw.
And as again I upward gazed,
Lo! the vast arches parted wide;
Unfolded were the heavenly gates,
And every veil was drawn aside.

The wondrous visions that I saw,
While thus mute and reverent bending,
The strains celestial that I heard
Of heavenly harps and organs blending.
These pass all power of mortal song.
Thou, who, to share these raptures, soarest,
Go, lend a patient, loving ear
To those sweet chimes in yonder forest.

[From the German of UHLAND by F. TOWNSEND.

—The children of the New York Mission School are having a series of delights, in the development of a plan projected by the Times management, which they never knew much about before, in excursions to the suburban groves. The second pic-nic came off Saturday, and, intended for the enjoyment, health and mutual improvement of its motley participants, could not have been more of a success. Eight hundred and sixty children, who had never known a better home than the stifling, unhealthy tenements of the city, some of them not having as good shelter as that, were taken by steamboat over the waters and through the cool and refreshing breezes of the Sound to Oriental Grove, and 860 children knew and showed, if they did not say it, that they were spending the happiest day that life had yet given them. Their tickets were guarantees of every attention from boat passage to refreshments of ice-cream, lemonade, cake, sandwiches and everything which contributes to a delicious summer pic nic in the country. The boys, brought up in the rough school of the news venders and wharf rats, were boisterously hilarious, and, as they had all their dirt and rags on, felt no-wise embarrassed, but the girls, with their best apparel about them, were silently happy, so much so that some shed tears of joy, which, as they departed, were responded to with tears of sorrow by their little companions in the city who couldn't go. The cost was less than $400, and about ten times as much waits to be expended in the same way.

—Apaches in a Fifth avenue church must be something like a drove of bulls in a china shop, without, however, any disrespect for the Apaches, but Gen. O. O. Howard with that delicate preception of the eternal fitness of things which distinguishes his every action, has escorted his dusky friends, whose names may be reserved for another edition, to the sanctuary mentioned. The pious General took a seat in the pulpit, and his delegation ranged themselves around the sacred desk, keeping themselves cool with large palm-leaf fans. Finally two or three of the principal Indians were invited into the pulpit, the occasion being a kind of benefit for the peculiar strangers who happened to be within the gates. One of them wore a turban made of a colored comforter around his head, and a long linen duster. The other wore his hair down to his waist, and no turban; in other respects his costume was like his brother chiefs. They announced themselves very much pleased with their visit and anxious for peace, and one who wore a naval coat and two pair of pantaloons was very anxious for schools. One of them accompanied Gen. Howard to the Moyamensing Prison, and wanted to find one convict innocent of the crime for which he was imprisoned, that he might shake hands with him, but he was unsuccessful in his fraternal design.

—Rev. J. Sella Martin, the eloquent and patriotic colored clergyman of Louisiana, in a letter to the New York *Tribune*, promises the most intelligent portion of his race in that State for Greeley, for Grant has held sway over them simply as the head of the Republican party, whose service has been magnified.

LOCALS.

The Elections.]

Nomination day will be August 31, Polling days 7th and 8th, Declaration day 10th. The time now is very short.

Steamers.

The Steamer "Darien," from Savannah, for Liverpool with cotton, seven days out, put into Halifax Wednesday evening short of coal.

260 bales of cotton, a portion of the cargo of the wrecked steamer "Concordia," arrived at Halifax Wednesday per schooner "Harmony."

Shipping Notes.

The ship "Jeypore" which cleared at New York, on the 13th inst., for Liverpool, carries 86,685 bushels of grain, said to be the largest cargo ever taken in one vessel from that port.

The Moonlight Excursion.

Last evening, shortly after 8 o'clock, the "David Weston" left her wharf at Indiantown for Oak Point. The excursionists numbered about two hundred. Maddigan's Band furnished excellent music during the evening, and dancing was freely indulged in. The Choir of New Dominion Lodge, Indiantown, added to the pleasure of the evening. An abundance of refreshments was furnished; and although the moon did not put in an appearance until Oak Point was reached, the trip was one of the pleasantest of the season. About 12 o'clock the party were landed safely on the wharf at Indiantown.

Odd Fellows Dinner.

The dinner given by Pioneer Lodge of Odd Fellows last evening at the United States Hotel, was a highly enjoyable entertainment, not only to the fraternity but to the guests of this highly progressive, liberal, and influential body. E. Willis, Esq, was chairman, supported on the right by Grand Master James Yorston, and on the left by Grand Secretary John Matheson. Gilbert Murdoch, Esq., occupied the Vice chair, supported on the right by Deputy Grand Master A. Robertson and on the left by Grand Warden S. Fraser. The usual loyal toasts were drunk in clear and sparkling water, which all preferred to the sparkling wine. They said so at any rate. In response to a call from the Chairman, Grand Master Yorston made a few appropriate remarks on the progress of the Order. Grand Secretary Matheson, the next speak, gave a glowing account of the progress of the Order, which called out a hearty outburst of applause, and "They are jolly good (Odd) Fellows." George Stewart, Esq., Sr., responded to the toast of "the Dominion Parliament." He pitched into our late representatives, and hoped better things from the next batch. In the absence of U. S. Consul Warner, Andre Cushing, Esq., responded to the toast of the President of the United States. Mr. Cushing spoke at some length relative to benevolent institutions, and Odd Fellows, particularly. He spoke admirably and his remarks were highly appreciated. The "Press" was responded to by the various representatives present.

Messrs. J. G. Forbes, C. N. Skinner, W. Pugsley, Jr., Pringle and Mills, Robert McKean, C. Armstrong, R. R. Barnes, John March and J. Hinch made speeches on the usual topics, and Mr. Pringle sang "My Heather Hills," and Mr. March 'Golden Strang.' With 'Auld Lang Syne' sung in a splendid manner, and cheers for the Queen, Grand Master, and Pioneer Lodge, the pleasant meeting terminated at an early hour this morning. The dinner was most creditable to the resources of the "United States."

Captain Wilson,

of the ship "St. James," received a great overhauling from our Boston Correspondent in a letter which we published yesterday, in which he was described as a "sea ruffian" who ought to have been a "pirate." The charges against the Captain (who with his ship, is now in our port) appear to depend for their justification entirely on the narrative of one William Kelly, a sailor who made the voyage in the "St. James" from San Francisco to Manilla and thence to Boston. He complained of being kidnapped and confined on the vessel, and when she arrived in Boston he undertook to give the Captain trouble; but although the vessel lay there three weeks before coming to St. John, Kelly could not get even the adventurers among the legal fraternity to back up his case, though he did succeed in getting a newspaper reporter to publish a fictitious story which was imposed on our Boston Correspondent. There was no kidnapping in the case. Men were not scarce at San Francisco, and Captain Wilson's officers can prove that Kelly signed the articles. There was no cruelty in confining a man who was insubordinate and would not work, and the Captain was justified in keeping him strictly to the fare prescribed under such circumstances; but the truth is that he allowed him large extras, in this respect. Captain Wilson would gladly have had the troublesome man leave the ship at Manilla as he desired, but the Spanish authorities would not allow this, unless the ship's consignees would become responsible for his maintenance and his passage to Hong Kong. We have heard or read both sides of the story, and we see in it nothing very different from the charges so frequently put forth by "sea lawyers" with a view of "raising the wind." Captain Wilson is a gentlemanly, efficient officer, who is highly esteemed by all that have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and could not possibly be guilty of the charges so freely put forth on such disreputable authority.

Academy of Music.

The brilliant comedy "Masks and Faces," was put on the boards at the Academy last night. It is one of the many enviable triumphs in which Miss Le Clercq is unsurpassed, and which surprise her audience by the constantly recurring evidences of her complete command of all the graces and natural and artistic qualities which enrapture an audience. To-night "As You Like it," will be played, when the charming character of "Rosalind" will be sustained by Miss Le Clercq. The cast to-night is an unusually strong one, and this evening and to-morrow will be the last nights of this talented and world famous actresses performances in St. John

Complimentary Address to Captain Henderson, of Shediac, and His Reply.

Captain Henderson, of the Cavalry, was recently the recipient of a mark of the respect of his Troop, together with the following address :—

To L. W. J. HENDERSON, Captain No. 7 Troop Cavalry :

The non commissioned officers and men of No. 7 Troop beg of you to accept this RING as a small token of their esteem and regard. For your ever watchful care for the comfort of your Troop we tender our sincere thanks, and trust that whether on duty or off duty, at our annual drill or in the stern realities of war, we may never bring a blush to your cheek but will be ever ready for our duty, and perform it as soldiers should.

We sincerely trust that your connection with No. 7 Troop as Captain may be while life shall last—like this ring, unending—and whilst encircling your finger may it lead you to think of your Troop as ever ready to obey your call at a moment's warning. And that you may ever be blessed with happiness and prosperity is the sincere wish of those you command.

Signed on behalf of the non commissioned Officers and Troopers of No. 7 Troop Cavalry.

CAPTAIN HENDERSON'S REPLY.

To the non-commissioned officers and men of No. 7 Troop 8th Regt. Cavalry :—

The token of respect which has just been given by you to me has been received in the same spirit as prompted its donors. My connection with No. 7 Troop has been referred to and such connection has rendered me many happy hours and pleasing recollections. Your promptness to obey orders has always placed you high in my estimation, and now to know that my efforts for your good have been appreciated, and to learn of the mutual attachment so strongly set forth in your address, gives rise to feelings in my breast which I cannot find language to express. Your faithfulness in times of peace to your duty has ever led me to form a high estimate of the position you would occupy in war.

My greatest wish is that prosperity and happiness may attend you and your families. *God Save the Queen.*

Yours ever I. W. J. HENDERSON.

Bishop's Opera House.

"Humpty Dumpty" was presented to a large audience at Bishop's Opera House last night, and gave great satisfaction to those within, and also to a large crowd on the outside who filled up the street, in order to listen to the performance of the orchestra and singers. Humpty Dumpty had a run of over a thousand nights in New York, but we hardly think it will run so long here, though it's full of pantomime, funny tricks, songs and acrobatic leaps. It will be repeated to-night.

Last Hours of the late Mr. John Bolton.

The *St. Croix Courier* has an appreciative article on the late Mr. Bolton. We quote a reference to the last moments of the deceased gentleman :—

He had been confined to his house for some time previously with a rheumatic affection and a severe attack of pleurisy on the right side, but was fast recovering, and only an hour before his death expressed himself well pleased with the progress he was making. Shortly after ten when about to retire for the night he stepped into the bath room and presently a fall was heard and he was found lying in the bath where he had fallen. He was removed to another room and shortly expired. When first discovered he said to his wife that he had fainted, and shortly afterwards said he felt that he was dying. Presently he said he was no better and asked that Dr. Todd should be sent for. The Doctor was soon in attendance, but before he arrived the vital spark had fled! Just before he died he uttered a short prayer in a clear and distinct tone of voice. The immediate cause of his death was heart disease.

Mr. Bolton was out driving on Friday and Saturday, and on Sunday morning attended service at Trinity Church, where the Rev. George M. Armstrong, of St. John, preached a most able and impressive sermon from Hebrews, xii ch., 1st verse. It was remarked that Mr. Bolton manifested a most devout spirit throughout the service and paid the closest attention to the sermon, which, in view of the sad event which was so soon to take place, seemed to be singularly appropriate. He joined in the singing of the last hymn, "Thy will be done," in a clear, full voice, and afterwards said to Mr. Armstrong and others how much he had enjoyed the service and the sermon. Little did he or those around him know that it was the last time he would ever assemble with the Church on earth, and that so soon he would be called to the spirit land.

Passengers per Anchor Line Steamers.

In addition to the list of passengers per "Acadia" published a few days since, there are also on board from Glasgow the following :—

Mrs. Peter Innis; Peter Innis; Eliza Innis; Helen Cruickshanks; James Cruickshanks; Mary Cruickshanks; Thomas Leahy; Catherine Welsh; Wm. McDonald; Catherine McDonald; Hector McDonald; Saml. Pocklington; Mary J. Crawford; making a total list of 15 cabin and 45 steerage, from Liverpool and Glasgow.

The following statement of first cabin passengers who sailed from New York last Saturday for Europe, shows the volume of pleasure travel to be increasing, and that the Anchor Line gets the preference :—

Steamship	Australia, Anchor Line,	104.
do	Atlantic, White Star,	95.
do	Batavia, Cunard,	60.
do	City of Brooklyn, Inman,	95.
do	Franklin, Inman,	8.

The California of the Anchor Line sailed the Saturday preceding with 174 cabin passengers, being the largest number carried by any steamer on that day.

Smash up.

At noon to day, as Dr. Walker was driving down Dock street towards the Market Square, he came in collision with a coach which was travelling in an opposite direction. The wheels of the two vehicles becoming locked, the Doctor's horse, which is rather "skittish," started, tearing the whiffle-tree of the light wagon from the shafts. But for the exertions of his driver he would have cleared himself of all obstructions and taken a ramble round town on his own account. The coach received no injuries, the horses being quiet.

Olive's Express.

Mr. W. H. Olive runs an Express to Halifax by the "Empress" in connection with "Barry's," Mr. Barry has the monopoly of the Annapolis and Windsor road. Packages of freight or monies forwarded by this Line will receive the fullest attention. OLIVE'S EXPRESS OFFICE, Barnes' Hotel Building, Prince William street.

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