

Daily Tribune.

VOL. III.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1874

No 16

MAPLE HILL.

OUR Subscriber begs to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has issued and fitted up for a HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT the above delightful property on the MOUNTAIN ROAD. This place is admirably adapted for a variety of parties, and the drive presents a great variety of scenery.

CHARLES WATTS,
Proprietor.

CARD.

D. E. DUNHAM,
ARCHITECT.

Rooms, 1 and 2 Bayard's Building,
(OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.)

106 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Persons intending to build or remodel their buildings would do well to call at the above address before commencing operations, as the architect can be obtained from the most practical mechanic, his theory being healthy, economy and strength, so established as to make the ordinary work, when finished, what is called

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FOR Lumbering, with Patent Bolt Harness; Harness for Farming, Light and Heavy; Harness for driving, of every description.

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WINE STORE,
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ST. JOHN, N. B.

Best Old Three Star and Old Blend Old Irish Scotch Whiskies, Guinness' Porter on Draught.

See All kinds of Havana Cigars, nov 15

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Choice Dairy Butter

From Sussex.

Will be sold low for Cash.

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NOW LANDING—500 lbs. Labrador HERRING,

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(OPPOSITE THE CITY MARKET.)

JUST RECEIVED, and now serving up to suit the taste of the season.

A FINE LOT OF

P. E. Island and Duotouche B OYSTERS!

LARGE 7 and WELL SELECTED C. SPARKOV, Proprietor.

WILLIAM LEE,

House and Ship Plumber,
STOVE & FURNACE DEALER,
Cooking, Hall, Parlor, Office and Shop

Of the most Celebrated Patterns. Every Stone

A good supply of KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS constantly on hand.

A good supply of House and Ship Water Fittings, Brass, Cast-iron, Galvanized, Pump Fountains, Wash Hand Basins, &c.

dec 30
OAKUM.

If I could only make him see me perhaps he would take compassion on me and let me in. But it wasn't likely that he would see me. Looking from the lighted window into the twilight outside it was hardly possible that he should see anything. I thought of flinging a pebble at the window, but it was a good distance off; I might break the glass and be taken in custody. I gave a few shrill whistles, but he didn't turn his head. I even ventured on a modified version of an Australian "oooh," but it was all of no use. The old man didn't turn his head.

Once again I had almost given the thing up and gone home, but just then the light disappeared from the window and all was darkness. Was the old man off to bed, I wondered, or has he gone to sleep among the crypts below? Should I see his light presently twinkling in these high windows? I did he could be in some stony gallery or find a resting-place in the golden ball? Whilst I was thus speculating I heard a door softly closed, a footstep on the stone staircase, the iron gate at the bottom cracked on its hinges. I sprang forward and met a graying-headed old man with a pallid face, who was just opening the iron gate.

With all the eloquence of which I am master I besought him to do me the good office of letting me into the sacred fane. He hesitated, shook his head, at last he relented. "Very well," he said, "it's against my will, but you're young, and you've got to go. I'll let you in if you don't mind stopping inside above for an hour, it will be that time before I turn out, and you must lock the door behind me. Do you still wish to go inside?"

"I thanked him warmly and said, "Certainly, yes." I was delighted at the idea of an hour in perfect silence and seclusion among the mighty columns and arches of St. Paul's. I got under the great dome, which hangs like a luminous cloud above, full of mysterious shadows, a faint circle of light flaring in a round, arch and huge piers encompassing it.

AN ADVENTURE IN ST. PAUL'S.

We colonials, on the whole, I think, have more appreciation of St. Paul's than any other of our London sights. More than that, we have a deeper interest in the abbey and its puzzling chapels; and for a certain amount of stock-driving and one lambs up to the kings and queens. Coming over from Australia for a six months' visit to England, one of the first things I promised myself on landing was to see St. Paul's, and yet it's a singular fact that up to the very end of my sojourn here I had never been inside your (or may I say our) great cathedral. I felt it impossible to go back and face my relations and friends if I couldn't say that I'd seen St. Paul's, and I made half a dozen plans at various times of paying it a visit. But first one thing intervened and then another till my last day in England had come, my pilgrimage unperformed. This last day, however, I kept clear of engagements on purpose to see the place. Before I was out of bed in the morning I had a telegram of importance, which took me off post haste to the Eastern Counties; and it was eight o'clock in the evening before I reached shore with my return. Now I was bound to start early next morning to reach Brindisi in time for the Italian mail, and this seemed as if it were my fate to miss my last chance of entering St. Paul's. Still I was determined not to throw away a chance; it might be that the cathedral was still open; and I picked out a fast-looking horse from a row of harnesses, and rode the driver out to the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard.

As I descended from the cab and stood on the edge of the pavement looking up at the giant bulk of the dome the clock struck nine. The sun had set; but light over the head the golden ball and cross stood out against the darkening sky by the evening glow. All the lower part of the building was in deep shadow, rendered still darker by the iron tracery of the great golden cross which was the spot that caught the eye; but the upper portion, towering clear of houses and chimneys, and swept and sweetened by the wind and rains, caught a gleam of brightness from the clouds above, and raised itself white and fair into the evening sky. The traffic of the day had slackened; there were few pedestrians and only an occasional cab rattled by. The big street houses had retired from business; the shops were shut; the city seemed to sleep. St. Paul's was a lonely fastness up. It misgave me that all I should see was the top of the dome and the cross. Bending back my neck and gazing upward at the huge dome I saw that about the great golden cross a ball was a tracery of cobwebs, and men like flies were crawling about those slender filaments. Strong scaffolding was erected up. It misgave me that all I should see was the top of the dome and the cross. Bending back my neck and gazing upward at the huge dome I saw that about the great golden cross a ball was a tracery of cobwebs, and men like flies were crawling about those slender filaments. Strong scaffolding was erected up. It misgave me that all I should see was the top of the dome and the cross.

I walked quickly round the church, hoping to find some doorway open, some access to the interior. The iron gates were all closed, the doors were fast. St. Paul's portals looked as inaccessible and forbidding as the rocky flank of a mountain. I was determined to find my way in, if possible, but knew not how to set about it. Could I have contrived to bolt down that looked like a denary or sacred residence I should have made bold to knock there and ask the occupiers for the key. But I could find nothing of the sort. Even a luncheon, which was open, where I inquired as to the way of getting into the church, the people knew no more about St. Paul's than if it had been a thousand miles distant.

I began to feel despondent about the matter; when round a corner I saw more till I came to the end of the south transept—the shorter limb of the cross—and looked up at the top of the dome and the cross. I was determined to find my way in, if possible, but knew not how to set about it. Could I have contrived to bolt down that looked like a denary or sacred residence I should have made bold to knock there and ask the occupiers for the key. But I could find nothing of the sort. Even a luncheon, which was open, where I inquired as to the way of getting into the church, the people knew no more about St. Paul's than if it had been a thousand miles distant.

"I don't think so, sir; I don't think you're hurt a bit. Bless you! You didn't fall more than three feet to the ground. I stretched out my arm—they were sound and mine. What a happiness to be alive, after seeing death inevitable!"

"How is this?" I cried, sitting up and looking about me. "I thought I was carried up into the dome."

From the west a subdued crimson glow eastward the choir, dark and sombre; the windows of the apse showing as starry luminous patches, and altar glowing in white figures gleaming here and there in shadowy recesses—marble warriors, on rush-bottomed chairs—lashed together in rows, looking towards the east. Choosing one of the most central of these I sat down and began to dream, peering the wide area with a vast, invisible congregation.

In so, long-drawn cadence the bell of St. Paul's struck out the hour of ten. I had been in the place nearly an hour. I felt chilled and numb. Enough of dream. Let me walk briskly up and down and think of the busy scenes awaiting me the warm, glad welcome; wife and child, ren holding out eager arms—right at the other side of this huge world.

I heard faint sounds of hammering and knocking, and then I saw a man in a white coat and a light shawl here and there, twinkling like a star.

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your face came in sight it was white like death, and your eyes closed—but you were still holding on—till, as I say, you came within three feet of the floor, and then you gave a quiver and fell. I caught you in my arms for you were in a dead faint. But what were you about to let them draw you up like that?"

"Oh, then, I suppose you shook the rope. That's the signal to pull up, and up they pulled, and they never knew what sort of a load they were hauling up. The men are working double shifts now and are in a hurry to get finished."

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NEW Tailoring Establishment!
JAMES REID,
CUSTOM TAILOR, &c.
76 Germain Street,
(Nearly opposite Trinity Church.)
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO CUSTOM WORK.
Garments made in the most approved fashion, and work executed in the most perfect manner.
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Fire, Life & Marine Insurance Agent
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PORTLAND,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves
Of latest and best designs,
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
WITH A GOOD AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF TIN WARE and other requisites, usually found at such an establishment, at LOWER PRICES than in any other place in the city. Particular attention given to the fitting up of the subscriber, before purchasing please see our 25th.

20 BBL. SHEDDING OYSTERS!
For Sale at
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J. D. TURNER.

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IN THE
FAR WEST
PERSONAL ADVENTURE
OF A
Border Mountain Man!
DURING A PERIOD OF
OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!
Comprising Hunting and Trapping Adventures with Kit Carson and others; Captivity and Life among the Comanches; Service under Doniphan in the War with Mexico and in the Mexican War against the French; Desperate Campaigns with Apaches, Gophers, Bears, etc., etc., etc.

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Good News for the Children!
ST. NICHOLAS HAS COME!
CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, but ST. NICHOLAS, the beautiful new picture book for Girls and Boys, just published by Scribner's Sons, New York, is a book that can be read every day. It is full of good things, Pictures, Stories, Tales, and Songs, and is a book that every child should have. It is a book that will give you a new idea of the life of St. Nicholas, and will be a source of joy and instruction to all who read it. It is a book that will be a treasure to all who have it. It is a book that will be a source of joy and instruction to all who read it. It is a book that will be a treasure to all who have it.

Richly Embroidered FLANNELS,
Six Quarters Wide.
For Ladies' Wear.
AT FAIRALL & SMITH'S,
52 Prince William St.

1874. THE DAILY TRIBUNE
Is issued every afternoon from the office, No. 51 Prince William Street.

NEW YEAR'S CARD!
J. CHALONER,
THE Manager of the Drug Store, brick building, corner King and Germain streets, has most thankfully acknowledged the numerous favors of the past year, especially that of the fourth of September, when a kind Providence permitted the efforts of the Fire Department and others to be successful. He wishes his customers health and happiness, and wherever necessary to visit the Drug Store, he promises every care and attention, so that his customers in every department may be properly satisfied.

LECTURE COURSE!
THE following course of Lectures and Conversations will be held during the winter in the Lecture Room, Free Press Building, on Wednesday evenings—
Jan 13.—Lecturer: Rev. G. A. Hartley. Subject: "The World as we are Living."
Jan 20.—Lecturer: W. G. Shaw. Subject: "Civilization, its basis and growth."
Feb 6.—Lecturer: Rev. Wm. Stuart. Subject: "Our Country (Vocal)."
March 13.—Lecturer: Rev. L. G. Galt. Subject: "The World as we are Living."
Tickets for the course: To admit one, 50 cents; to admit lady and gentleman, 75 cents; to admit two ladies and gentleman, \$1. Each additional member of family above this, 25 cents. Tickets for single lecture or concert, 15 cents. Tickets sold by M. S. Hall, Senate Chamber, and G. F. Asherton. Gen. E. POSTER, Secretary.

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MANUFACTURERS OF VARIOUS KIND OF PATENT POWER LOOMS,
To weave Plain Cloths, Twills, Drills, Checks, Ginghams, &c., &c.
MACHINES TO FOLD CLOTH TO PRESS DO.
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WE invite the special attention of Ladies and Gentlemen who desire protection from falling on the ice, to our assortment of
IMPROVED ICE-CREEPER,
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Which is, without any doubt, the newest and best article that can be used.
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MAIL SUBSCRIBERS can secure the DAILY TRIBUNE (postage pre-paid) at \$6.50, or \$5, postage paid at office of delivery.

ADVERTISING RATES.
On and after January 1st, 1874, the following rates will be charged for Transient Advertising in this paper:
For Advertisements of Governments, Corporations, Railways and Steamboat Companies and other public bodies, for Theatres, Concerts, Lectures and other public entertainments.
First Insertion, per inch..... \$1.00
Each Additional Insertion..... 0.50

FOR ORDINARY COMMERCIAL
First Insertion, per inch..... \$0.80
Each Additional Insertion..... 0.40

FOR ADVERTISEMENTS
First Insertion, per inch..... \$1.00
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FOR CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS AND RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.
First Insertion, per inch..... \$0.60
Each Additional Insertion..... 0.30

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Employment Wanted, Help Wanted, Agents Wanted, Rooms Wanted, Articles Lost, Houses to Let, &c., &c., &c.
Inserted in condensed form, not exceeding five lines, at 25 cts. each insertion, and five cents for each additional line.
Marriage Notices, 50 cts.; Deaths 25 cts.; Funeral Notices 25 cts.; for each insertion.
No Discounts will be made on these rates.
CONTRACTS FOR LONG TERMS, with or without changes, may be made at the Counting Rooms, 51 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
Contracts for yearly advertising will secure all the advantages of Transient advertisements at a very much lower rate.
M. McLEOD.

MEN'S LONG BOOTS!
JUST RECEIVED:
70 Pairs Men's Fine French Calf Boots,
BROAD SOLE, G. JACKSON, 22 King Street.
Albion Liniment.
Sole Agent, Nov. 20th, 1873.
DR. LEARY—Dear Sir:—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for thirteen years. I have tried every medical remedy, but very little relief obtained, until I heard of your ALBION LINIMENT, which, after using three bottles, I am happy to say, has proved a permanent cure. For the benefit of the afflicted, please give its publicity.
Your obedient servant,
JOHN ABBEY,
Main Bridge, Westchester, St. John, N. B.