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Per the "Nestorian."

SECOND FALL IMPORTATIONS.

4 BALES WHITE BLANKETS; 4 bales GREY COTTONS; 3 bales PRINTS, dark; 1 case DRESS GOODS; 1 case VELVETEEN MANTLES; 1 case HAIR NETS; 1 case Black and Fancy SILKS; 2 cases CLOTHES PINS. ***Wholesale, at Lowest Rates.***

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28 Cases Ribbed SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

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The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUG. 17, 1872.

New Brunswick's Representation in the Commons.

New Brunswick has good reason to feel proud of the delegation which she sends to represent her opinions and interests in the House of Commons. We have one member more than in the old Parliament, but this a small part of our gain. It is in the talent and standing of our members that we appear to the greatest advantage. Excepting the loss of Mr, Bolton, all our changes have been improvements. Instead of Mr. Ryan we have gained Mr. Domville for Kings; instead of Mr. Renaud we have obtained Mr. Cutler; instead of Mr. Gray we have secured the able services of Messrs. Palmer and Burpee; and instead of Mr. Hutchison we get Hon. Peter Mitchell. The four old members here named were quite useless as representatives of public opinion and the interests of New Brunswick. Three of them were mere servants of the Government; the fourth was so extreme and personal in his opposition as to deprive him of the slightest influence in the direction of public affairs. In Mr, McAdam we have secured a member who will look well after our local interests and rights, and those we have named, with Messrs. Tifley, Smith, Anglin and the rest, constitute a representation that will prove both vigilant and able. We doubt if any other group of constituencies of the same number, in Ontario or Quebec, will send to Parliament as strong a delegation as this,—strong in their hold upon the people,—strong in sterling independence of character and Parliamentary skill.

Efforts are being made in the Press to classify these gentlemen and assign them positions as "Government" or "Opposition" members. It is well known that of all who have been elected not one has declared himself an out-and-out opponent of the Government, or, in fact, in opposition to the Government at all. At the same time no one, except, perhaps, Mr. McAdam, has declared himself a thick and thin supporter of the Government. They have not pronounced against the Government for what *has been;* they propose to deal with the Government and the Opposition according to their acts yet to be performed. They respect public sentiment which is friendly to the powers that be, and they will not run counter to this sentiment by plunging into a causeless opposition. If we understand the attitude of the newly elected members, they believe that by pulling together in the interests of New Brunswick they may be enabled to accomplish a good deal for us,—much more than can be obtained by dividing up into little cliques or knots of three or four each, and, acting as a tail to the large Parties of the larger Provinces. The importance and advantage of united effort on the part of our members is so clear that we cannot see how it is possible for them to do otherwise than, by joint and intelligent co-operation, give the Upper Provinces to understand that in all matters of legislation and administration the wishes of the Maritime Provinces must hereafter receive serious consideration. Hitherto we have had reason to complain that, if much unfriendly legislation was not actually accomplished, a good deal was attempted,—witness the flour duty, the election law, etc.; while in the distribution of the patronage the smaller provinces were neglected,—witness the inferior salaries assigned to our Judges and the filling up of the Civil service at Ottawa with the "played out" servants of old Canada. To guard against a repetition or a continuance of these just causes of grievance, our members will require to assume a bold front, rating neither as Government hangers on nor tame followers of Opposition leaders. We feel confident that this is the desire of most of them; we believe it to be the wish of their constituents; and we have no doubt that it will be the policy pursued at Ottawa.

The Charlotte Election.

Charlotte has spoken, and her verdict is unmistakably in favor of Mr. McAdam and the Government. This was one of the very few elections in the Lower Provinces where the candidate came out squarely for the Dominion Government Mr. McAdam has never been a man who concealed his opinions, and his frankness was never more fully exemplified than in his hustings speech the other day. He then told the electors that he was a supporter of the Government; he believed in them thoroughly; he approved of all their past measures, excepting the duty on flour (subsequently repealed,) Charlotte has not objected to Mr. McAdam's policy; rather, she has approved it by sending Mr. McAdam to the Commons with a good majority. As for Mr. Gillmor, he has discovered that the Press, after all, represents public sentiment pretty accurately. He has appealed to every prejudice,—to all the lower and baser sentiments of the electors,—to every anti-progressive element in the constituency, all without success. He has been sufficiently well beaten, as he deserved to be. The man of words gives place to the man of deeds; and buncombe and balderdash have passed out of sight, or will be confined for five years, at least, to their native Magaguadavic.

Annoyances.

Their name is legion, in a world like ours. We will but name a few. To dance attendance as a witness day by day, upon a paltry law suit, only to be insulted and brow-beaten by an insolent lawyer, for your pains. To receive from a persuasive maiden at a charity-fair, as change for your bright bank note, a lot of greasy, mutilated stamps, tendered with a smile so bewitching as to silence all protest. To be bespattered with mud by a reckless hack-driver, and to receive a still fouler dose of ribaldry and profanity, in reply to your remonstrance. To be bullied at the Polls and have your own vote challenged by your own coachman, dismissed the day before for drunkenness. To have your ribs poked and your corns trodden on by an enterprising, antiquated female, rushing to the platform to air her views on Woman Suffrage and Labor Reform. To be button-holed in a damp passage, through which a raw east wind is blowing, by some plausible projector or persistent life insurance agent, and so miss the car for which you have been waiting. To find a precarious foot-hold on the platform of the next that comes along, with fifty fellow-sufferers aboard, and a Mephistophiles of a conductor gloating over his victims. To get home weary and late for dinner, and then to find a tough old temper-testing turkey crowning the festive board, and not the splendid bird you paid such a princely price for in the morning. To be imprisoned for the hundredth time by your merciless tailor, in a villainously tight-fitting suit, in spite of all your explanations and remonstrances. To have your features marred by an incompetent photographer; thence to be transferred, surreptitiously (wearing the look of a condemned malefactor), to the pages of an illustrated weekly, to the delight of jeering critics and over candid friends. To sit panting for breath in an over-crowded, badly ventilated theatre, you and your loved ones, and wondering what would become of you all in case of a panic, with such wretchedly contrived and scanty means of egress. To become interested at last in the business of the scene, and then be compelled to listen, not to the sublime imprecations of a Lear, or the delicious railleries of a Rosalind, but to a circumstantial account of the origin and progress and decline and fall of Tommy Nokes's measles, or the successful or unsuccessful issue of the vaccination of little Betty Wiggins. To fare no better at Music Hall, but to have Elijah's solemn invocation, or Samson's exquisitely modulated song of sorrow, intercepted in its progress to your eagerly awaiting ear, by a running fire of comments on latest loves of bonnets, or stunning Dolly Vardens. To have a shabby vagabond under your window, grinding out Captain Jinks from a broken-winded organ, while you are in the midst of an elaborate letter of condolence to a bereaved friend and husband. To be detained a half an hour by a confounded political procession, while hurrying to the fulfilment of your duty as pall-bearer. To find that your costliest claret has been consumed by scoundrel servants. To find your choicest edition of Shakspeare in the clutches of an over-indulged, mud-pie-making cherub. To have your pleasant dreams invaded by howling dogs, or disreputable tom-cats. But why look farther along the dismal perspective of annoyances past, present, and to come, which, like Banquo's issue, stretch out, and ever must, we fear, in this distracted planet, unto the crack of doom?

Lake Lomond and Thereabouts.

MR. WILLIAM M'LELLAN'S CLOTH FACTORY, at Willow Grove, is reached by following the Quaco Road past Bunker's for a couple of miles, until a small dam is reached, a sluice from the dam supplying the Factory with the water necessary to drive a Turbine wheel. The Factory is situated in a very romantic spot, the country around being considerably broken and wild looking. Mr. McLellan confines his operations chiefly to country homespuns, of which he makes a variety of qualities, which are in good demand. Besides all wool and mixed goods, he turns out blankets for country use, and makes homespun for customers at a certain sum per yard, they supplying the raw material. T. R. Jones & Co. sell large quantities of the manufactured article. The factory is supplied with a full complement of pickers, carders, spinners, mules, looms, etc., combining late improvements. An interesting feature of the operations is seen in the fact that of the eight or nine hands employed in the Factory, six or seven are members of Mr. McLellan's family, both girls and boys having been brought up to this description of work; so that the disbursements for aid in labor indoors are very slight. Mr. McLellan is working up a good, safe business here, and as increased patronage is extended to him he will add more machinery and carry on the work on a larger scale. He buys our country wool, which is taken in at Mr. Archibald Sinclair's and Mr. James Dunlop's in the city, and cash paid for it. His residence is nicely situated by the roadside, overlooking the Factory; and past it there is a constant stream of travel to and from Quaco and adjacent settlements. The negro colony is near at hand, and Mr. McLellan gives his colored neighbors an excellent character for honesty and industry.

BUNKER'S,

or the Lake Lomond House, is admirably located for a place of summer resort. It is at the foot of the first Lake, a splendid sheet of water, supplying boating, fishing and other recreation. The house is admirably kept, the table being spread with the best of everything. Parties who would spend a few weeks with their children retired from the noise and bustle of the city, may seek long before they will find a more pleasant retreat, though but an hour's drive from the city. Bunker, himself, is worth knowing. An American by birth and training, he has settled down into one of the most hearty admirers of the Queen and British institutions to be found anywhere. He takes a deep interest in the prosperity of New Brunswick and is constantly studying out the problem as to the best means of speeding her along on the path of Progress. Some things, he believes, are mismanaged in this Canada of ours, but he has a great admiration for Tilley and Mitchell. He can't understand how such able men can devote themselves to politics, where there is nothing to be made. He was delighted at the recent success of Palmer and Burpee, and believes that with a little better generalship their majority "might have been doubled." A half hour speech by Bunker contains more sound sense, strong points and telling hits than other orators, who do not understand themselves, could get off in twenty-four.

The Lake Lomond House has been greatly improved since last year. The bar room has been removed from the main building, and now occupies an addition especially constructed for the purpose The bed-rooms, furniture, etc., are all that can be desired. City folks who long to breathe country air should give Lake Lomond a trial.

ÆSTHETIC ATTRIBUTES OF ACADIA.

BY I. ALLEN JACK, A. B.

(Concluded.)

Among the dearest though less sparkling gems of Literature there are few examples which touch the heart strings more than those in which decayed prosperity is pictured, and I have somewhere seen a painting in which, if we apply the best interpretation which actual facts suggest, the same idea occurs. The scene is laid in twilight, and banks of clouds are closing round a flush of light beyond the far horizon which seems more distant by contrast with the shadowed hills. Between these hills and the immediate foreground lie stretches of marsh and lake, while a gloom of shadow and falling night and darkness pervades the whole. In the center, reflected from the single piece of cloudless sky, appears a lumined space of water and there, in bold relief, stands an Indian in his canoe. Motionless he stands and silent, with form erect and steadfast gaze upon the distant glimpse of day; and in contemplation of the painting one almost seems to see the lingering twilight fade into total darkness and hear the last faint plashing of the paddle of him who goes from out the gloaming we know not where.

Were the story of French domination in Acadia written by an able writer it would be seen that no other section of America is supplied with better subjects for every form of the poetic muse. De'Monts, Champlain and Poutrincourt, the earliest settlers, were gentlemen of culture who aimed at something higher than mere plunder or profit for themselves, while, in after times, men like the Sieur La Tour appear, with lives devoted to gaining influence in this wild new land for France; and among the missionaries, both Recolets and Jesuits, were some of God's devoted servants and men of the de'Retz and Richelieu stamp, well adapted for aiding or subverting dynastics and building up colonial power. Over the greater portion of the country the French have left mementoes of their occupation in the forms of ruined forts, dykes, and rows of willows and names of places. I think that in selecting names the English settlers are far behind both Indians and French. Quigondi, the winding river; Magaguadavic, the stream of hills; Shockamock, the shining falls; Pokiock, the dreadful water, have beauty and suggestiveness, and Digby Gut and Parrsboro and Cow Bay will scarcely bear comparison with Cape Enrage and Grand Prarie One likes to linger among the old historic scenes and characters to mark the courtly customs at Port Royal, where the grand steward of the day with the staff and collar of his order ruled the guests; to read the story of the fight at Fort LaTour, of the brave defence by a noble woman and of her subsequent ill fortune. Then there were fierce engagements between the rival ships of war, when at times King Fog, the guardian spirit of the Bay, would separate the combatants, and, at intervals, a Captain Argal drove the settlers off, or a fleet from Massachusetts sailed past Brier Island up the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia and battered at the sea-girt walls of Louisbourg. At last the struggle ceased. Wolfe was victor at Quebec. The rule of France in North America was at an end. The final story of the Acadians is sad in the extreme. Some of them, neglected by their friends at home, yielded, against their inclinations, swore fealty to Great Britain, and continued in the country; others, refusing to take the oaths, or suspected of infidelity by Colonial magistrates, suffered like the people of Grand Pre. In sight of burning cottages and barns they were borne away over the waters which D'Monts had named, in honor of their country, La Baye Francoise, past points and headlands bearing well known names; they, looking backwards, with fixed eyes and panting breasts, till the last wreath of smoke was lost in the growing distance,—till the sun had set, and banks of Eastern clouds had faded in the twilight over Acadie, and the breeze had borne them away, and the night had shut them off forever from the land they loved.

More than a century has passed since England claimed Acadia as her own. The hardy settlers, who worked their way through brake and forest, are sleeping calmly in the grave; the little cabin with its moss filled chinks and rubble chimney, is supplanted by the wooden mansion, with Mansard roof and cornice, and the sparsely settled hamlet has grown into a town, and with the advent of success and wealth romance retires. Art fears not progress, but she hates to strive with rancor, and would rather follow in the van of science and use the fragments of established truth. She waits till prejudice and cynicism have done their work, till history and tradition are forsaken by the sceptics, then she paints them in her own fair colors and they endure.

I will not, therefore, seek to picture English life in Acadie, not because it is devoid of interest, but because it is more recent than the other periods of our history, because it gains its interest rather from connexion with commercial than æsthetic progress Apart from all that man has done, however, Acadie stands adorned with nature's graces, and God has given her charms which man could not create. Among the breakers of Cape Breton, where the water surges past the heights at La Bras d'Or, among the islands near Cape Sable, at Lunenburg, at Tusket, and St. Mary's Bay, there are bits of rugged landscape, rich in all the splendor of bold rocks and splashing waves. From Granville to Cornwallis the sweetest strip of valley lies between two stretches of lofty mountain land, and, standing on the heights of Coldequid, we can gaze for miles away upon a broad and boundless reach of marsh land. From Fort Medway through Lake Rosignol to the Basin of Annapolis, without leaving the canoe, we may pass through a lovely highway of lakes and outlets, while up the river of New Brunswick we may sail for days till we have to make a portage at huge cascades, which, if Canada did not possess Niagara and her railroads, would gather round them crowds of tourists. I shall not soon forget a night once passed on Blomidon—the wildest spot perhaps in all Acadie. It was in my grand old college days and we, three students, carried with us enough of classic training to make us seek some classic features in the scene The night was cloudless and a great round moon hung in the sky above the Parrsboro coast and lit the belts of trap and sandstone which skirt the western boundary of Minas Basin. Along the heights, which rise precipitous three hundred feet above the waters' edge, are fearful land slides, where among fragments of basaltic column mixed with smaller broken stone and gravel, sprays of birch and dogwood mark the struggle between vegetable and inorganic force. To the South lay Grand Pre, and a few stray distant lights were all that told us of the human world,—the rest was solitude. And then the waters of the Basin were surging at our feet, or soughing up the shingle, or thundering against the cliff, while countless splash and wave and ripple sounded from the distance far away. It was such a scene as Æschylus and Homer must have witnessed, and I do not think we should have wondered had we seen the pale Promotheus shackled to the beetling rock, or heard his wild and sad complaints, or had the story of Andromeda been re-enacted before our eyes

The pleasant memories which hover round this place must be my sole excuse for saying more, but I cannot check the feelings which every true aluminus knows when visiting his college. Windsor, indeed, has left the impress of her teachings and is connected with æsthetic progress in Acadie, but I will not dwell upon her claims in this regard but rather make a few remarks suggested by the present gathering, and then conclude. In undergraduate days our hopes are high, our faith in human nature unimpaired, the vague ambition which we entertain is pure. A few short years of fighting with the world may teach us that our hopes and faith were vain and that our standard of ambition cannot be attained. Then we turn with sweet remembrance to our College Halls, and though our places may be filled with other lotus eaters and men we do not know, we still can call them brethren, for every old aluminus feels that in his troubles as well as in his triumphs his Alma Mater and all her children entertain a kindly sympathy. Speaking for myself to-day, I can scarcely find expression for the pleasure which this visit has afforded. Nearly ten years ago some fifty students were my fellows in King's College, and I can truly say that never since have I contracted stronger friendships than at that period and amongst those men. To day, I say thank God with all sincerity, I do not stand alone. Our venerable president and two of my old professors are still in their accustomed places, while, from their various vocations, a goodly group of old King's men, whom I have known, have left their labors to attend our festival. So should it be as every year is closed with an Encœnia, and, while I feel my own remissness heretofore, I would urge upon my comrades the pleasant duty of meeting here together and forwarding the interests of an institution to which we owe whatever culture we possess, and to which is chiefly due our individual success in life. King's College, Windsor, has been for scores of years the foremost champion of art and letters in Acadia and the truest guardian of her best æsthetic interests, and if we graduates cling together and support her she shall still maintain her place. King's College, Windsor, has known her trials, but though the blackest storms may lower awhile, the bow of comfort joins the darkest with the brightest sky, and through the breaking clouds are seen rich gleams of sunshine which show among the rocks the rarest, richest gems. The glory of our Alma Mater is not departing, but we, her children, must brush the rain drops from her chrystals, must renovate and trim her lamps, and then her light will shine with greater brightness than of old.

☞The Government have carried Halifax, Almon's majority being 75 Tobin's 26. Dr. Almon, member elect, is brother of Lewis J. Almon, Esq., of Rothesay.

McRay (not Mr. Longley) is the member elect for Annapolis. He has been a Government supporter.

As regards Charlotte, the returns from Grand Manan and Campobello had not been received when we went to press. A despatch to THE TRIBUNE from St. Stephen at eleven to-day says:

"Anxiously waiting for the Island's returns. Mr. McAdam elected without doubt."

Late: 3 *P. M.*—A St. Stephen telegram just received says: "Campbello, McAdam 27; Gillmor 27; Grand Manan expected this p. m. McAdam undoubtedly elected."

Female Swimming Match.

The swimming festival on Saturday, at the foot of Fifty-fifth street, East River, New York, presented a scene of excitement and curious incidents not frequently witnessed at bathing resorts. The place is located directly opposite Blackwell's Island, and is styled "The Oriental Salt Water Baths." The festival was got up for the purpose of testing the proficiency of the pupils of the establishment, who daily assemble around the premises to struggle for fame in natatorial enterprise. There were three swimming matches for prizes varying from $20 to $100, contributed by Mr. Keysich, swimming master of the baths. The first was a contest between six handsome young ladies of peculiar notions, ambitious ideas, and salt water propensities. The start was given by Mr. Heysick at fifteen minutes to 3 o'clock. The six young female adventurers stood in bathing costume on the planks beneath the steep overhanging rugged rocks. Their names were as follows:—Miss Kate Allen, in blue bathing suit with showy tasselled fringes; Miss Broderick, in black and white suit; Miss Westermer, in red; Miss Cohen, in red; Miss Siegle, black and white fringes; and Miss Candidus, in gray, with light borders. The first plunge of the fair ones into the rapid stream was watched with much anxiety. The boat around which they were to turn was rocking in the tidal current about four hundred feet from the bank, or pretty nearly in the centre of the river. Miss Allen and Miss Siegle, after recovering from the effects of the first dive, struck out boldly ahead of the others. The next in front were Misses Cohen and Westermer. Miss Siegle apparently lost power before the boat was yet reached. Miss Broderick struck in about this time with steady strokes. The three others failed to breast the breakers in the centre of the river, and had to be taken aboard the boats. Katie Allen swam steadily, with Miss Broderick very close behind, until the two fair disputants reached the bathing landing in a state of nervousness and anxiety. Mr. Heysick proclaimed Miss Katie Allen the winner.

Transporting Robeson's Horses at the People's Expense.

The United States steamer "Tallapoosa" has just been employed by Robeson, the jolly and robust Secretary of the Navy, to transport his horses and carriage to Portsmouth, N. H., near which place he is reposing from his official honors in paying fraudulent claims.

The "Tallapoosa" is a public vessel belonging to the people, and her expenses are paid by the Treasury of the United States; but Robeson uses her for his own private gratification and convenience.

The time required to make a voyage from Washington to Portsmouth is about four days. The "Tallapoosa" on this occasion stopped at new York in order that Secretary Robeson's horses might be taken on shore at the Navy Yard and driven around sufficiently to limber them after the confinement of the voyage from Washington. They were then taken on board again, and the vessel continued upon her mission.

The cost to the people of the United States of transporting Robeson's horses and carriage from Washington to his summer watering-place is about two thousand dollars.—[N. Y. Sun.

EMIGRATION MATTERS IN TORONTO.—Yesterday morning, Miss Rye arrived here by special train of the Grand Trunk Railway, in charge of 112 emigrant children from her "home" in London, England, who came out per steamer "Peruvian" to Quebec. There were about one hundred girls, and the remainder small boys. They all embarked on the "City of Toronto," in the afternoon, for Niagara, where Miss Rye will soon be relieved of them, as there are now 900 applications for children of this kind, and these are already bespoken. The children were brought from England under the care of a matron as far as Quebec, where they were met by Miss Rye, who had just been disposing of 180 children, mostly girls, who come out a few days ago in the steamer "Caspian" to St. John. They were there disposed of to the best advantage by Miss Rye, after which she left for Quebec and met the "Peruvian." There were also with the lot several young women, of very respectable connections, who were going to the States, among whom were three very interesting sisters, who were going to meet a fourth, and married, sister in Illinois. Mr. Donaldson, the Emigration Agent, very kindly takes charge of the baggage belonging to Miss Rye's children, and forwards it to Niagara. There were about 150 other emigrants, who also came out on the "Peruvian," who arrived at Toronto last evening about five o'clock They took up lodgings at the shed.—*Toronto Mail.*

—One of the questions which have been agitating the female mind in New York is the proper posture for ladies on horse back. *Appleton's Journal* maintains that there is no reason why ladies should not ride astride, and five young ladies of the city were so taken with the idea that they last week announced their intention to inaugurate the fashion by riding astride their horses in Central Park. Saturday was the day fixed by the young horsewomen for the daring innovation, and five thousand persons gathered in Central Park to witness the feat. The young ladies, however from some unknown reason, failed to make their appearance, and the gaping crowds were disappointed. The proposed equestrian reform is therefore deferred to a more convenient season.

—If, as the census taker solemnly asserts, there are some four hundred thousand more women than men in the United States, the cause of the prevailing scarcity of beaux becomes involved in still more perplexing mystery than before. From all the watering places come feminine cries of indignation and touching appeals for more freqent escorts of the male persuasion. What can have got into the men? In the Mountains, at the Springs, on the Shore, are hundreds of blooming and attractive belles, sighing for adoration and flirtation and refusing to be comforted because they are not. Alone, or in awkwardly assorted groups, they clamber over tiresome ridges, quaff dismal draughts, or essay the surging surf. In vain do the lovely but neglected creatures receive new costumes daily from the metropolis, each one more marvellous than its predecessor; in vain do they invent distracting coiffures and procure picturesque phaetons and ponies; and in vain do they attempt to probe the masculine heart by adopting new and unique styles of dress. Accounts glowing with descriptions of gypsy hats, flowing tresses and sashes tied jauntily just over the liver, are indited by the benevolent correspondents, but fail to arouse the "brutes" from their torpor. Some of the derelicts are, of course, cynical or impecunious, or both; while others are doubtless immersed in business, not wholly undiversified with relaxations in the shape of yachting or quiet euchre parties in the city, all by themselves. But whatever the reasons may be, the fact remains; and the ladies' eyes—those arrows of Cupid—are all in a quiver as they still exclaim, "No beaux!"

—The pugilists were sorely annoyed in Baltimore on Tuesday evening. After they had been arrested on peace warrants, and had entered bail not to fight in the State, Mr. Pinckney, Deputy Prosecutor, had the necessary papers filed in Chambers, charging that they had conspired in Maryland to violate the laws of Virginia. This is under a statute of comity between the two States. Both Mace and O'Baldwin gave bail in $2,000, and were released. Hence, if they fight in Virginia to-day they will not only forfeit this bail, but be liable to prosecution in either Virginia or Maryland, as the authorities may elect—in the former State for inciting a riot, and in the latter for conspiring to commit a misdemeanor in a sister State.—[N. Y. paper.

—A memorial to the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod is being got up by his friends and admirers in Glasgow. Although there has been no public advertisement on the subject, nor any canvass for subscriptions, the amount already subscribed amounts, it is stated, to several thousands of pounds sterling. The committee includes men of all denominations.

LOCALS.

Pic-Nic Postponed.

The Pic-Nic of the St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School has been postponed until Monday, the 19th inst., on account of the unfavorable state of the weather. tf

New Music.

The "Canadian National Hymn," so-called,—music by Professor Muller, words by Mr. Geo. C. Hutchinson,—is for sale by E. Peiler & Bro.

The Grand Italian Opera.

Those who wish to secure seats for the Opera at the Academy next week, had better do so in good time, as they are being rapidly taken up for the whole four nights.

Pic-Nics.

The St. Andrew's Church S. S. pic-nic will leave the Ferry at 9.30 and 1.30 on Monday for South Bay. All who go may expect a good time, as the Committee have spared no pains in making everything nice and comfortable. The young men will have a good opportunity to try their muscle, as foot ball, cricket and all other games of the season will be introduced.

Postponement.

The Germain St. Baptist Church pic-nic has been postponed until Tuesday next when the young folks will go to Rothesay, weather permitting. The Committee have gone to a great deal of trouble to make everything pass of well. All kinds of games will be introduced, and it is thought that this will be one of the best pic-nics of the season.

Concert at Carleton..

Mr. J. R. Burwood's Concert at the City Hall, Carleton, on Monday evening next, will, we doubt not, be well attended. Mrs. Perley and Miss Hartt will sing some of their choice pieces, and Mr. Burwood will render some of his fine selections. Prof. T. Martens will preside at the piano.

The Grand Hallet, Davis & Co. Piano.

used by Rosa D'Erina at her concert last night, was very much admired. Its richness and mellowness of tone were particularly remarked.

Bleasant Election Party.

Yesterday, after the proceedings at the Declaration in Hampton had terminated, Mr. Domville's General Committee adjourned to Campbell's Hotel, accompanied by other friends, including some of Dr. Sharp's supporters who were specially invited. Here refreshments were introduced, and the party, to the number of about one hundred, spent an hour or two very pleasantly in social intercourse. J. D. M. Keator, Esq., Chairman of the Committee, was called to the head of the table, and a list of toasts was drunk amid great enthusiasm and good feeling on all sides. Numerous speeches were made, including off hand and appropriate remarks by Isaac B. S. Raymond, Esq., of Norton, Geo. Otty, Esq., of Hampton, Robert B. Vail, Esq., of Sussex, Captain John Stockton, of Studholm, John L. Wilmot, Esq, of Greenwich, Mr. Beyea of Hammond, Deputy Sheriff Sproule, Mr. T. W. Lee, Mr. W. H. Thorne, J. D. M. Keator, Esq., and others. A pleasing incident of the gathering was the following resolution, proposed by the Chairman in the name of the Committee, and adopted amidst great cheering:—

Whereas in all contested elections it becomes necessary to organize Committees to further the interests of the particular candidate put in nomination; and

Whereas the General Committee selected on behalf of James Domville, Esq., have had most efficient assistance from their Secretary, Thomas W. Lee, Esq.,

Therefore Resolved, That this Committee tender to Mr. Lee their cordial thanks for the generous, spirited, and energetic co-operation with us in the efforts which have returned Mr. Domville with such an overwhelming majority to the House of Commons.

Mr. Lee replied in a few appropriate words. The meeting was one of the most pleasant ever assembled in King's County.

Charlotte County.

The following are the returns for Charlotte:—

	McAdam.	Gillmor.
Lepreaux	29	37
Pennfield	45	78
St. George	48	243
Upper Falls	10	76
St. David's	175	54
St. Patrick	78	90
St. Andrew's	172	158
St. Stephen	290	120
Milltown	235	165
St. James, (Kirk)	145	42
" " (Ballie)	136	35
Clarendon	4	48
Dumbarton	58	66
Deer Island	11	81
Totals	1,436	1,293

Bishop's Opera House.

Bishop's Hall was, as usual, well filled last evening. The programme was an excellent one. The songs and dances of Miss Bella Gordon were fully appreciated; Talbot's negro comicalities, in which he excels, received their full measure of applause; Sam Collins in his Dutch songs has not a superior on the continent. Pete Lee's negro songs and dances were decidedly funny, without being vulgar; he received several encores. Sanford's grotesque dancing is a new feature here, and a decided hit. The burlesque "Cinderella" was an improvement on Thursday evening and passed off to the entire satisfaction of the large audience gathered to witness it. Miss Kimball surpassed all her previous efforts to please, and Mr. McEvoy exciting the risibilities of the audience to an alarming degree. The rest of the characters were fully up to their parts. There will be a Matinee at half-past two this afternoon, when the children will have an opportunity of witnessing "Cinderella." It will be produced this evening for the last time.

Black vs. Brown.

A lively colored damsel named Mrs. Lavinia Jackson, flitted into the City Police office yesterday morning to get a warrant out against a Mr. Brown who is considerably more black than brown, tho' not so black by several shades as Mrs. Jackson. Her husband took his departure for the happy hunting grounds some time age, and Mrs. J. pursues her chequered career alone. Mr. Brown lives in the fertile region of Loch Lomond, and on Ben Lomond's hills he feeds his father's flocks, and when his agricultural life becomes weary he seeks the refreshing breezes that make the air of the Back Shore of a bracing nature. Mrs. Jackson lives on the Shore, and as her husband was "a perfect gentleman," she seeks good society; and in Mr. Brown found a black but congenial companion. Their intercourse though friendly at first became exceeding stormy, and yesterday morning they separated formally, he gesticulating vigorously with his right arm, and telling her to do her worst, and she expressing herself just as emphatically, that she'd let him know "he couldn't crowd on her." At the Police office they laid their troubles before the Police Magistrate for adjustment, but were advised to get out.

Country Market.

The market was well supplied this morning, and produce sold at the following prices:—

Butter, roll, per lb.,	25 to 25 cents.
Butter, packed, do.,	21 " 22 "
Lard, do.,	13 " 25 "
Eggs, per dozen,	16 " 18 "
Potatoes per bushel,	60 " 80 "
Cheese, dairy, per lb.,	10 " 12 "
Beef do.,	7 " 9 "
Mutton do.,	6 " 9 "
Veal do.,	5 " 7 "
Lamb do.,	8 " 10 "
Pork do.,	7 " 8 "
Chickens per pair,	40 " 50 "
Turkies per lb.,	18 " 20 "
Ducks,	00 " 50 "
Peas per bushel,	$1.00 " $1.50
Beans per bushel,	80 " $1.00

Fish Market.

The market was poorly supplied this morning. Salmon were selling from $1 to $4 each; shad 15 cts.; bass $1 to $1.50

Axle Broken.

This forenoon, as Mr. W. J. Stevens' carriage was crossing the horse-car track on Prince Wm. Street, opposite Cooper's Alley, the axle broke; considerable repairs were necessary.

Hor. Dr. Tupper

did not come yesterday. He is expected by rail on Monday.

Merchants' Exchange.

The following despatches were received at the Exchange to-day:—

Montreal, Aug. 16th.—Liverpool Flour 28s. 6d.a 29s. 6d.; Red Wheat 11s. 6d a 11s. 10d.

Private advices from England say that the potatoe crop is uninjured, weather rainy.

New York Flour Market dull, heavy. Common to good Extra State $7.08 a $7 20.

Pork firm, $13.75 a $13.85 new.

Grain freights 8½d. a 8¾d.

Montreal Flour Market quiet, steady. Western State and Welland Canal $6 40 a $6.45.

New York, Aug. 17.—Gold opened at 115½.

Portland Police Court.

This morning EdwardLogan, up for assault and battery on John Harding. The charge was withdrawn on payment of costs.

Isaac Wells, drunk on Main street, fined $4.

John McSherry, assaulting and striking Richard Beamish. The case was dismissed on McSherry paying the costs.

City Police Court.

This morning, Thomas Mullally, for selling in his tavern after 11 o'clock on the 16th inst.; fined 8.

James Wilson, 35, lying drunk on Walker's wharf; fined $5.

☞James McCarty, 18, and Hugh McDade, 36, fighting on the north side of King's Square; fined $10 each.

Arthur Langan, 25, lying drunk on Britain street; fined $6.

G. W. DAY'S

Printing Establishment,

46 *CHARLOTTE STREET.*

All Descriptions of Printing executed with despatch.

Orders left at the Counting Room of the DAILY TRIBUNE, No. 53 Prince William street, promptly attended to.

jan 31 G. W. DAY.