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The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1876.

SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT.

The Manufacturers and Builders Moving.

Although the universal depression of trade has affected many of our manufacturers to a serious extent, yet things are looking much more hopeful in several branches. A decided revival has been noticed in some businesses within the last week or ten days, and it is expected that some contracts will be given out within the next week or so, which will again set several establishments in full blast. The building trade, particularly in those branches relating to interior fittings, is looking up, and the shipbuilding which is going on is setting other trades in motion, such as the manufacturers of ships' furniture, etc. The public schools have afforded a considerable amount of work for several trades.

Messrs. James Harris & Co. have been putting up new and improved machinery at their rolling mill and turning out on an average ten tons of nail plate per diem. This supply will probably be increased. (One nail making establishment in St. John will require this year probably 1,500 tons of nail plate.) A new boiler is being set up in the rolling mill this week. They are also now manufacturing agricultural implements and expect shortly to turn out some three or four hundred wheel rakes and a hundred mowing machines. Why, with every facility at our very doors for their construction, we should continue to import these articles from the Upper Provinces and the States, when they can be made as well and more cheaply at home, is a question which should be promptly solved. Another article which the firm are introducing is the "Improved Lowell Turbine water-wheel," which they contemplate manufacturing to a large extent. It is said to be the best water-wheel ever introduced into Canada. After thorough trial it has been adopted by Alexander Gibson, Esq., Nashwaak, who removes other wheels to make way for it.

Messrs. Christie & Co., Waterloo street, are not only running their factory on full time and employing 42 hands constantly, but their business is increasing to such an extent as to require the erection of a new drying house for mouldings and lumber. This building is in the rear of the factory and fronts on Peters street. It is 25 feet by 65 in area, three stories high, and will be fitted with steampipes and all the latest appliances for the purpose to which it is designed.

Another proof that those businesses which depend to some extent on the building trade are beginning to look up is shown in Mr. W. E. Everett's foundry on Brussels street, where attention is now mainly directed to architectural and ornamental ironwork, which is being turned out at the rate of a ton and a half a day, keeping a full staff of 35 hands in full work. Among the work at present on hand may be mentioned the elevator in the New Post Office and the heating apparatus just being completed for the new Portland school house.

We are pleased to learn that not only are a very large number of houses in process of erection or remodelling in the city and suburbs, but that many more are in contemplation. Mr. D. E. Dunham, architect, has orders on hand for a dozen or more houses, all of which he proposes to commence before the 1st of May, and tenders for work on which will probably be advertised for in the course of a few weeks. This gentleman has now in process of construction or recently finished the following more or less important buildings:—Messrs. Dunlop and Lawrence's block on Coburg street, which will be finished by the first of May at an estimated cost of $13,000; Mr. James Watson's three story brick house, with mansard roof, in Bridge Road, and a similar building for Mr. E. Macdonald, on the corner of Richmond and Brussels street; Messrs. Jas. S. May and Smalley's double two storey house in Douglas Road; Capt. S. Weston's two houses in Paddock street, nearly finished remodelling; Mr. Halpen's brick house on Princess street; Mr. C. Buchanan's two tenements at the foot of Orange street; Mrs. Jack's house in Dorchester street, and Mr. Mencely's in Sydney street, both just finished. In addition to this, Mr. Dunham has the charge of the architectural operations of St. Luke's Church and is engaged on many buildings outside the immediate neighborhood, such as Mr. W. Lawlor's residence at Brookville.

Messrs. McKean & Fairweather have the Victoria school house in the city, which is now being plastered, temporary steampipes having been put up. Its companion, the Albert school house in Carleton, will be finished in a few days. Among a number of orders which the firm have in commission is the erection of a three storey brick building, sixty feet in length by forty in depth, for Mr. J. F. Secord, on the corner of Charlotte and King streets, with four shops fronting on the former and one on the latter street, to replace the present venerable buildings whose tenants' leases expire on the 1st May. At the same time Mr. Troop's house, opposite the Centenary Church, is to be remodelled and receive large additions.

Mr. W. P. Clark has at present in hand the residences of Dr. Hatheway and Mr. John Smith, in the city, those of Count de Bury and Mr. Henry Maher, in Portland, and Mr. John Collins, Indiantown; with more in the back ground.

These facts speak well for the present condition, and equally well for the future, of the building trade in St. John. We are informed by Mr. Dunham that he has double the number of houses now in hand that he has ever had at this time of year; and we hear so much on all sides of intended building operations that it seems probable that not only will the present activity in the trade continue, but be very considerably increased.

The Sewerage and Waterworks Department is at present employing 141 men, being 18 more than at the beginning of the year. They are engaged on work which is being done at the reservoir, in the City Road, and in Metcalfe and Charles streets, Portland.

THE CUSTOMS AND THE IMPORTERS.—It is some months since THE WATCHMAN directed attention to the great injustice done to importers of Pianos and other musical instruments, by the arbitrary valuation of the Customs Department, which had no regard to the actual cost of the goods. In all cases the importers are compelled to pay duties on values far in excess of the cost, and in some instances this amounts almost to prohibition. Besides resulting in despoiling the importers of large sums of money, which in equity they should not be called upon to pay, this new Custom House law has led to efforts to circumvent the Department by importing pianos under new names, and instead of the legitimate business of importers being protected, it is really being demoralized. Great complaints have been made, and importers have not hesitated to enter the newspapers and expose the injustice of the whole proceeding, presenting facts and figures which must compel the Customs Department to change its course. We are pleased to notice that the St. John *Telegraph* now censures the arbitrary conduct of the Department, and we trust it will continue so doing. The law under which it was possible to commit this great wrong was of the present Minister of Customs' own suggestion, and is one for which he takes personal credit. It is a scandalous law, and the *Telegraph* does well to expose its injurious consequences, though somewhat late in entering the field.

THE DOMINION BOARD OF TRADE is clearly not in accord with the Mackenzie Government. By a vote of 30 to 17 it has passed strong Protection resolutions and called upon the Government to adopt "a thoroughly national commercial policy." The commercial men of Canada are coming up rapidly to Dr. Tupper's stand point.

OUR RULERS.

"THE PRIVY COUNCIL IN SESSION.

What our Rulers are Saying and Suffering.

It may interest some of the electors and people of the Maritime Provinces to learn that within the last few days an important meeting of the Privy Council of Canada was held at Ottawa, at which most of the Cabinet were present. There was, apparently, trouble in the camp. The great chiefs were not in the best of humor. Most of them looked very serious; some, however, were in high spirits. Blake, in particular, seemed moody. Huntington was really vexed at something or another. Mackenzie wore a cold and sombre look. Cauchon, however, was even more playful than usual, and one or two others seemed to think this was no time for sighing. The Premier having given orders to the door-keeper that they were not to be disturbed, and Joseph of the coat of many colors having taken his seat at the head of the Council table, the Premier suggested that the worthy President of the Council should state the business in the order of the schedule.

PRESIDENT CAUCHON: I find that the first subject to be settled is de matter of de Quebec Graving Dock. You will rememhaire, Mr. Premiere, that you autorize me to promise my—

BLAKE. Hold, one moment, please. What is the next subject?

PRESIDENT CAUCHON. De nex subject I fine on dees shedule is de little matter of de appropriation for de embellishmong of Quebec,—de grand improvement which ees excellency ——.

BLAKE. O, yes,—we understand. What next?

PRESIDENT CAUCHON. De nex subject is de project for make connexion wid de Quebec and North Shore Railway and make it part de Canada Pacifique. You will remembaire, Mr. Premiere, dat you autorize me to promise my—

BLAKE. Excuse me, Mr. President, but is there any subject on that Schedule that does not begin and end at Quebec?

VOICES. Hear! Hear!

HUNTINGTON. Hear 'im! Hear 'im!

CAUCHON. O, yes, my colleague say hear, hear, but I can say hear! hear! myself too when my colleague say someting. I can say copper! copper!

HUNTINGTON. I appeal to you, Mr. Premier,—

CAUCHON. Ho! Ho! my colleague can hear, hear. Now my colleague will keep ees tongue quite,—

BLAKE. Mr. President, will you be kind enough to answer my question? Is there on the schedule any ——.

CAUCHON. O, yes, O yes. There is plenty tings on dat schedule, but de gentleman may as well onderstan fuss as las dat wat I am promees to my peo-ple mus be ratify ——.

SMITH AND BURPEE. Ho! Ho!

BLAKE AND HUNTINGTON. Ha! Ha!

MACKENZIE. Order, gentlemen,—order! It seems to me we are in danger of drifting into trouble, which, if we would avoid ——.

HUNTINGTON. "Drifting" is a good word. We "drift" in the mines.

SMITH. An excellent word; my fishermen "drift" with their nets; Cauchon has "drifted" into the Government. The country is "drifting" into Opposition. We are all "drifting" together.

CAUCHON. Are de very polite gentlemen done? Now I weel explain ——.

HUNTINGTON. Say, Smith, "polite's" a good word. Cauchon is "polite;" I am "polite;" thou art "polite;" Mac is "polite." How's that?

SCOTT.—Don't mind them, Cauchon! You were going to "explain," I think, you said, about the Beauport Asylum business?

CAUCHON. Sacre! Non!

SMITH. Say, Hunt., "Beauport's" a good word. Come, Cauchon, conjugate "Beauport."

BLAKE. No! No! As our mutual friend Brown would remark, "it's rank and smells to Heaven!" Don't stir it up!

SCOTT. Let it smell! Give us Beauport, Cauchon!

LAIRD. I rise to a point of order. I have read in Brown's *Globe* that the Conservatives "pretended that M. Cauchon had a character." Currie writes me advising that I see that "character." Will our President oblige me by permitting me a sight of that "character?"

VOICES. You'll find it all in Brown's paper.

OTHER VOICES. O, no! It's locked up in a strong box at Beauport!

CAUCHON. Dat's de way. Go on,—go on! I don't care wot you say. I have de contract. I have de money. I have de seat in your Government. I am your Presidong, gentlemen. I am your head offecaire. You don't lofe me, but eer I am, and eer I sall stay. I was going to explain, but now I shall ask dees toorally good man, my fren Monsieur Huntington, one leetle explanashun *heemself*. I ask heem if de speech I fine in de Montreal *Herald* ees hees speech to de electeurs of Argenteuil? My fren mus onderstan dat we know in dees Government dat he is one of de *proprietaires* of de *Herald* and that hees boy is one of de editors. Weel my polite fren say dees is his speech, dees attack on de Catolique Church? Ha!

MACKENZIE. Allow me ——

BLAKE. Go on, Huntington!

MACKENZIE. I would thank the sage of Aurora not to interrupt the Premier of Canada when ——.

BLAKE. There! There! Go on, Huntington!

MACKENZIE. This is outra——

VOICES. Speak, Huntington!

OTHER VOICES. Order! Order!

HUNTINGTON. I will reply to the President of the Council. If I were sworn on a ton of copper I would avouch and maintain that I never made that speech.

VOICES. Hear! Hear! He never made the speech. It's some Opposition canard.

MACKENZIE. That's a white lie.——

HUNTINGTON. What's a white lie?

MACKENZIE.—That you ever made the speech. It's a black lie set afloat by White or some other scoundrelly Oppositionist. It's a deliberate falsehood, without one particle of truth. When Anglin wrote me I immediately replied to that effect. I said the same to our friend Cauchon, and to Scott and Letellier, and to Archbishop Lynch, who is greatly vexed at the scandalous report. And now to proceed to business of more importance. I find in the Press of the Maritime Provinces some remarkable movements in progress, and to fully appreciate their importance let us take a survey of the political field. And to begin with Ontario,—first in war, first in peace, and first in the thoughts of this Government,—you are well aware we have lost ground here amazingly within a year. We have lost London and South Huron and Toronto East, Toronto West and Toronto Centre and Victoria North, and as Blake has already explained in his place in Parliament, a change of a hundred or two of votes might give the Opposition a dozen more seats. In Manitoba we have lost Marquette and Provencher, and because we won't take the Pacific Railway into Winnepeg every member in that Province turns Opposition. In British Columbia they are now a unit against us. In Quebec we came near losing both the Montreal seats that were vacated, and we have actually lost Two Mountains, Berthier, Bellechasse, Chambly, Dorchester, Gaspe, and Napierville, and Langevin is making a desperate raid in Charlevoix. Then we are losing our hold on men in New Brunswick. Deveber, of St. John, says he will never vote for us again; Ferris, of Queen's, is only waiting his opportunity to hit us a deadly blow, and there are others whom we had calculated on who won't stick when they are needed. Nova Scotia men, as you can understand, are not satisfied with Jones' arrangement for sending Vail from the Local into our Government, over their heads, and we must be prepared to find lukewarmness and hostility in that quarter. And now I hear that in Prince Edward Island two members who had been faithful are likely to go against us. Well, all that we could bear; perhaps we could pull through, as long as we hold our Ontario majority. But just at this critical time, what do I find? Why, gentlemen, I find papers and people who are in the confidence of the New Brunswick and Island Ministers springing a mine on the Government! I find Prince Edward Island starting an agitation against our measure for guaranteeing Separate Schools to the North West country, for all time to come! I find ——

SCOTT and CAUCHON. Hear! Hear!

LAIRD. Just one word, Mr. Premier.

MACKENZIE. Hear me out. I find this movement, joined in by all the Protestant bodies of the Island, whom Mr. Laird has claimed to represent, taken up by the St. John *Telegraph* which speaks for Mr. Burpee and Mr. Smith, and here is what I read in that paper: "The Sectarian clause in the "North West Territories Act was a great outrage. "It was unconstitutional. It was an infamy. Mac-"kenzie, Blake and their clique did it. Smith and "Burpee had nothing to do with it. *They were "taken by surprise.*" Now I——

VOICES. Shameful! Scandalous! Cowardly!

MACKENZIE. I put it to you, gentlemen, if that clause of the North West Act was not discussed between us informally *out* of this Council. If it was not also deliberately discussed *within* this room. If it was not the deliberate, mature policy of the whole of us. Moreover, if it was not adopted as a measure of safety, not only to prevent another "New Brunswick School Question troubling us again," as Scott so well said in the Senate, but as a measure that would bind the Catholic Bishops to us for ever, seeing we had gone further in their interest than any other Government or Party ever dared to go. I put it to you, gentlemen, if that clause, after being repeatedly discussed and being sanctioned by Smith and Burpee and Laird and *all* of us, in Council, was not repeatedly exhibited in the Commons,—on the notice paper, in Resolutions, in Committee, in the Bill itself, which had several readings, and again in the Senate, where it was debated, had its several readings and finally passed? And I put it to you, again, whether then or since or at any time or through any channel, those gentlemen ever made the slightest demur, or opposition, but did not, on the contrary, heartily acquiesce in and applaud this wise measure for keeping the peace on the School Question?

VOICES. Never! Never! Not a word.

SMITH. Mr. Premier, allow me to——

MACKENZIE. Presently, Mr. Fisheries. Just hear me out. I dare the denial, at the proper time, of each and every statement here made by me.

VOICES. They can't deny them!

MACKENZIE. Seeing that this was the actual state of matters, I think it remarkable that when a crisis has arrived in our affairs, when we are losing seats and influence everywhere, this infernal Sectarian School mine is being sprung by these colleagues of ours. I think it is simply outrageous that——

SMITH. Mr. Premier, this is very strong language. Burpee, why don't you resent it?

MACKENZIE. Just bide a wee. I regard it as outrageous that after we have given these men offices and salaries without stint—given Laird, for instance, a position in which he clears his $7000 a year, when he would gladly have been content with an $800 affair,—almost quarrelled with Anglin for Burpee's sake,—grabbed the Fredericton Ordnance lands for Burpee,—burst up the Courtenay Bay railway for Burpee and in the interest of the Rankin wharf property for a railway terminus,—added value to his Spring hill coal stock by giving him and his associates the Spring hill Branch Railway outright,—offered his brother the Pictou railway to help him in his railway contract schemes:—after all this, and much more, to have the *Telegraph* come out in this style and try to work up a cry against the Government and force us to repeal an act of our own making and in which all joined only a few months ago, looks very much like treachery in the camp. It looks as if our friends from New Brunswick were going back on us and seeking for some excuse for deserting to the enemy.

SMITH. Burpee, why don't you speak?

BURPEE. I am surprised, Mr. Premier,—I am surprised, sir,—I am really very much surprised, sir,—at—at your speech.

VOICES. Is that all you have to say?

BURPEE. Mr. Premier, George has gone—George, sir, has gone to England.

MACKENZIE. Well, what have we [illegible] with that?

BURPEE. If George was here I would answer this serious charge; but George has gone to England. We never got the lands, sir.

BLAKE. The charge, Mr. Burpee, is that you are selling your colleagues and the Government.

BURPEE. It's false, sir—I say it's false.

MACKENZIE. I have remarked on the extraordinary attitude of the *Telegraph*. Now I will read you something in confirmation. It's an extract from a letter recently received from the Deputy Minister of Justice at St. John. Writing——

BLAKE. My Deputy? Why didn't he communicate with *me*?

MACKENZIE. He probably preferred to confide in the *head* of the Government. He had written me freely about the time Deveber was threatening to resign and kept me posted on what was going on—

SMITH. O, shoot Deveber! Didn't he send a piratical looking fellow to me the other day in St. John with a newspaper advertising account as long as the moral law, for me to certify!

MACKENZIE. I may explain that had Deveber resigned, the Deputy would have been our candidate for St. John city, and we had arranged for a young lawyer who writes "occasionally" in the newspapers to succeed him as Deputy Minister. The Deputy writes:—"We have just been bidding old Chief Justice affectionate farewell. Had big time at 'Victoria' last night." The "Victoria," I presume, is a hotel of that name. "Would write fully, only time taken up preparing speech, resolutions, for meeting Church of England Young Men's Society. Think it right lose no time informing you, confidentially, mysterious movements some our friends here. Startling rumors quietly circulating among privileged few. Throw Anglin over when General Election comes,—pass by Harding,—pass by myself (no matter)—raise Protestant cry—make up ticket—Burpee and King for County, Tilley for City!!! What in"—I think the word is *thunder*. —"does all mean?"

CAUCHON. *Sacre!*

SCOTT. Such double dyed treachery!

SMITH. This is the first I have heard of it. Protestant cry!—its all bosh. Why! look at my constituency, 1,500 Catholic votes,—every man of them has gone for me, every election.

MACKENZIE. Here is another letter. I violate no confidence when I explain that it is from our very warm friend Mr. Anglin, really the only true friend (I begin to believe) that we ever had down there. He writes:—"Our old Party do not know what to make of recent movements in Government circles. We had supposed that when we had fought and won the battle and aided in establishing a Reorm Government with Reform principles, Reformers would have been considered in the appointments for office. We had faith, at one time, sufficient to remove mountains, but it does not appear to have been sufficiently strong to secure the removal from office of a single opponent of the Government. Bad men still hold office, and bad men are selected for appointment to office. Mr. Burpee is managing to appoint simply Burpee men, and no tried Reformer has a chance. When he was selected by yourself for high position in the Government, he was advised by his personal friends to cultivate the old Tilley Party and rally them around him, and although repulsed and snubbed by them he continues to make up to them in the hope of weaning them from their old allegiance and constituting a body guard of his own. I believe he has not succeeded according to his hopes, but this [illegible], he is regarded as ready to leave the R[illegible] Party at any moment. The impression he leaves on Oppositionists is that he is dissatisfied with the Government, and as this attitude is regarded as an evidence of his having knowledge of the weakness of the Government, the Opposition are greatly encouraged and the consequences to the Government are unfortunate. Under the circumstances, I cannot answer for the allegiance of my friends, who see very little to choose between the two parties. The truth is, that many Catholics are regretting the change of Government, holding that they were better treated by Tilley and John A. than they have been by Burpee and Smith, who, of course, are regarded here as 'the Government.' I must confess that the machinations of your Ministers are creating a very dark prospect for your Government, the Opposition presenting an unbroken front, while the supporters of the Government are falling away, battalions at a time. If this state of things continues much longer, you will awake to find that Mr. Burpee has driven a considerable body of supporters from the Government ranks, and led out others only to have them captured by a more skilful leader and led up to a tremendous attack on the Government position. I shall labor for the best for the Government, but I fear the worst."

Now, gentlemen, what think you of the course of colleagues and a Press which, after helping to create such a condition of affairs in New Brunswick, deliberately proceed to throw into our midst at this crisis the firebrand of the Sectarian School business in the North West? Was I wrong in pronouncing it outrageous?

SMITH. This is all news to me. Of course, these things happened in Burpee's district, where I have no control.

MACKENZIE. I have still another letter from that quarter, one that proves that the people are in doubt as to the policy of the Government; it betrays an unrest and disquietude which is fatal to the building up of a vigorous, compact party. The writer—I may remark that he is an official, resident in Westmorland—adopts a familiar tone, but his questions are suggestive. After telling me how what he terms "the Government machine" is "working," he adds: "I say, Mac—what is it to be? Are we to raise a Protestant cry, or shall we go in for Ultramontanism? The other day, Smith gave out on the cars that he was heart and soul with Huntington. He said 'yea,' 'yea' to Lucius Seth."

HUNTINGTON. Good for you, Smith!

CAUCHON. O, Smit be hang.

SMITH. How's that? What's that remark?

MACKENZIE. Our President was merely saying something about Amsterdang. This correspondent goes on: "Smith says if he has to run an election in Westmorland he will be opposed by the priests; so the time has come for a Protestant Party. And Smith speaks for the Government. Anglin speaks for the Government, too, and he is all for Ultramontanism and says this Government is the only Government ever gave the Catholics a chance. Which are we to follow? The papers are all askew. The *News* pitches into Anglin and the *Freeman*: the *Globe* pitches into the *Telegraph*—the *Telegraph* is down on Ultramontanism. The *News* leans to Cauchon. Which are we to read? 'Is it to be 'Down with Popery,' or 'Up with Ultramontanism and Sectarian Schools in the North West?'"

You will gather from these conflicting statements and queries that matters are very much demoralised down there. I need not say who is to blame. You can see, gentlemen, we are in a pretty mess, and Smith and Burpee sit silent, offer no explanation, suggest no remedy, and leave us to suspect the worst. It now becomes my duty to announce that in consequence of statements which have reached me from the Maritime Provinces, there will be a consultation of the *inner* Cabinet, and that I shall embrace an early opportunity to inform the Council of the conclusions which I and Mr. Blake and Mr. Cauchon will have reached in reference to this unlooked for complication.

[Mackenzie leaves to attend to the work of his Department.]

BURPEE.—Well, Smith, this is a nice mess you have brought about!

SMITH.—Cool, upon my honor! As if *you*, with your confounded turning and twistin[g and] connexions, were not responsible for th[is].

CAUCHON. My good frens, you are a nice [illegible]ese twin. You are one very fine Ministaires. You would like to keel off poor Cauchon weeth your leetle Nor West School Act Beel, but you will fine I weel keep my bacon when you will cook your goose. Sacre! But I shall ave my Dock, my embellishments pour Quebec, and my Railway Beel all unkee,—and you ——

HUNTINGTON. In the catalogue of offences against political morality, yours is the rankest and ascends to Heaven the foulest. Born in the image of ——

CAUCHON. O, coppaire! coppaire! coppaire! Shoot up dat shell of de clam!

COFFIN. Shiver my timbers and douse my toplights if I could have imagined such proceedings.!

BLAKE. Gentlemen, is *this* elevating the standard? Can *this* be called the best Government the world ever saw? Meet we here as the Champion Reformers of these modern times? Are we the models for the coming ages? Will posterity rise up and call us blessed? Do political, virtue, and noble principle, and sweet concord dwell with us alone? O, that my eyes should look upon so harrowing a scene, that mine eyeballs should be pained by the reflection of such burning, blazing, blistering bonfires of discord and self-seeking. Where is patriotism?

CAUCHON. (Striking his pocket.) Dare it ees.

BLAKE. Where, I ask, is the great Reform Party, which we have labored twenty years to upbuild?

CAUCHON. Ha! Where ees it? I say so too.

BLAKE. Gentlemen, there is a breeze among the trees. I hear the voice of the multitude who have sent us to redeem this country. I hear the music of the spheres. I——

SMITH. He means your jewsharp, Cauchon. Have you the delicate little instrument with you?

CAUCHON. Non. But I ave ere som' leetle beels. Dere is de Graving Dock,——

SMITH. Shoo-fly! Go on, Blake.

BLAKE. Gentlemen, if the levity which I see present, is to become chronic in our Councils; if we are to receive at this Council Board as Reformers those whom we can not possibly disinfect; if the quips and jokes of the very dregs of the street are to pass muster here as the essence of wisdom and as a fitting substitute for auroral illumination; if in the dire extremity in which the Government now finds itself we can have the heart to sit and applaud the everlasting rooting of Ministerial porcines, then we may shortly expect to hang our harps upon the willows and wail when we remember the Jerusalem from which we have been ejected. I have said. [He leaves.]

SMITH. If Blake leaves, I leave. [He leaves.]

CAUCHON. Well, I shall ave to weeps if he go on much farder.

HUNTINGTON. Cauchon! You're a——

CAUCHON. O, coppaire! coppaire! coppaire!

LAIRD. Cauchon! You're a——

CAUCHON. O, Daveed,—no name, no name, or I shall ave you photograf in dat Winsor uneform. Ha! Ah, my good Burpee, what a fine play is dese! Dat graving Dock,—you shall ave a contrac for your fren. *Bonjour* all. I mus go see Ees Excellency about dose embellishment.

The Council breaks up in disorder.

HALIFAX AND ST. JOHN CUSTOMS HOUSES.

The *Globe* recently stated, in regard to the Halifax Custom House, that matters there were in "a muddle," "the warehouse statistics unsatisfactory," and it expressed the charitable hope "that Mr. Cudlip, with the assistance of Mr. Matthews, would so thoroughly straighten out matters that the Halifax authorities would find no difficulty in managing their business in future." We pointed out the fact that the gentleman who, according to the *Globe*, was unfit to manage a Custom House, was deemed admirably qualified to be a member of the Reform Government of Canada, and we offered this is an illustration of the sort of timber of which the Government ship is constructed. Both the Halifax *Citizen* and the *Globe* begin to see that the *Globe's* statements place their Party in an awkward fix, and they try to improve matters,—the *Globe* by intimating that the trouble has arisen through incompetent officials appointed by the late Government; the *Citizen* by denying that there is any trouble whatever. As we copied the *Globe's* charge against the Halifax Customs officials, it is only fair that they should have the benefit in this quarter of the *Citizen's* pointed and emphatic denial. It says:—

This is the first time the statement has been made that the Halifax Customs was "in a muddle," and from what we can learn the facts are precisely the reverse. It is the St. John, N. B. Custom House in which the "muddles" have occurred time and again, while Halifax has required none of the attention bestowed on our sister city in this connection. As to the late stock taking, Mr. Cudlip received from the warehouse department balance sheets showing each article in each warehouse. He personally visited each warehouse and compared the stock without finding ONE SINGLE DISCREPANCY. And, as a further check, he examined each locker's book from 1st January, 1872, *with same results*. There is no "muddle" in the Warehouse Department at Halifax, but on the contrary, perfect accuracy, and the statement made by the *Globe* is like many others that have preceded it from the same source—absolutely false. Mr. Cudlip has certified that he has compared the stock and found *everything perfectly satisfactory* Mr. Matthews is not here for the purpose stated by the *Globe*, but rather to gain information respecting the working of a department in which he has had no experience. He therefore would be a very unlikely man to find errors in book-keeping. It is probable the real object of his visit is to get a perfect acquaintance with every branch of the service. He is, we believe, or soon expects to be, first clerk, and should be master of the whole system. Mr. Cudlip is a General Inspector and only visits Halifax like every other port in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, say once every year.

It is not a little strange that the *Globe* has neither withdrawn its statement, proved it, nor republished the *Citizen's*. The fact that very friendly relations have always existed between Inspector Cudlip and the *Globe;* that Mr. Cudlip is a fair man and a judicious officer; and that the *Globe's* statements were so very definite, and wore a semi-official look, naturally created the impression that there was a good deal behind the statements which it was not advisable to reveal just then, and that the *Globe's* allusions were intended as a hint to the Halifax officers to set their house in order and keep it so, if they wished to avoid unpleasant consequences. The silence of the *Globe* in regard to the accuracy of its facts only deepens this impression, the *Citizen's* denial not bearing the official impress. The *Citizen*, moreover, is not asking the *Globe* to retract, and this circumstance seems to weaken its case. And, besides, it appears to overstate its case; for if its allegations are correct, there was really no necessity for the presence of either Mr. Cudlip or Mr. Matthews in Halifax. Then why are they there? Why does Mr. Cudlip "examine each locker's book from 1st January, 1872,"—four years back? And is Mr. Matthews likely to "gain information" in Halifax that he could not have obtained in St. John, or to make a more "perfect acquaintance with every branch of the service" in a few weeks in Halifax than in many years in St. John?

CONCERNING CORKS.

Many in St. John know Otto Kapp, who visits the Maritime Provinces once a year, taking orders for corks. His head-quarters are in Montreal. He is a Spaniard; a moderately tall, good-looking gentleman, with sandy complexion and a cordial manner, and full of business. He loses no time in taking orders from our druggists, liquor dealers and others. He bustles into an office: "How d'ye do?"—"here's my samples of corks"—"how many do you want?"—"thank you,"—and "good day," —and off he goes to the next customer. His annual circular is a departure from the strict decorum, a remarkable falling away from the stilted style, of the ordinary Prices Current. His latest, which was received in the City a few days ago, is dated from "Palafrugell," in Spain, Dec. 11, though printed probably in Montreal, and opens with the announcement of the interesting fact that: "What I foreshadowed in my last year's message has begun to take place; this market is thoroughly shaken up and full of lame ducks, some of whom not all the Cork of this province will ever set to swim again." The Spanish shippers of Corks appear to have suffered severely by London failures; "some smaller concerns here, who foolishly were hatching all their eggs in one basket, have been entirely cleaned out; and some larger ones were severely nipped, spreading consternation and distrust" among the Cork merchants. Matters are very bad, too, in Germany. A Berlin correspondent writes Mr. Kapp that in one week "not less than five Spaniards, fresh from Spain, invaded my premises, proposing Corks;" on which O. K. offers the reflection: "I often comtwo [illegible] we have the [illegible] lows, otherwise some of them go as far as Goderich!" O. K. seems to have a special spite at Goderich, Ont. Near the close of his circular he says: "Some of my friends want me to stay here to take part in the approaching elections for the Constituent Cortes, as they need conservative men with liberal principles, accustomed to self-government. 'I saw him floating in the air,' but only for one moment. No, no,—my lines are cast in different directions; other duties and sacrifices are awaiting me, such as to be snowed up at McAdam Junction and straddle the wood box of the station for a night's rest, to run off the track near Frenchman's Bay, almost within hail of 'The Queen's' (Toronto) and nothing to eat for 14 hours, or to 'do' the town of Goderich, take seven orders, four of them at four months, and find upon footing up that the whole damage amounts in the aggregate to twenty-seven dollars and eighty-five cents, including charges for bags,"—which seems to account for his hearty contempt for Goderich. He calls attention to his manufacture of soda corks, as usual, and "hopes we will have a hot summer and an easy money market." He explains that he decided upon reducing the prices of nearly all his goods, owing principally to the fact that notwithstanding the heavy crop of failures in Canada he did not lose more than $500 in the Dominion last year. These are but a few points in this unique circular, which contains much valuable information that purchasers of corks are interested in having, while it serves up something that is certain of being read from end to end: and not read merely, but remembered. O. K. will be along by and bye,—if Goderich does not employ some one to garotte him!

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

To the Editor of the Watchman:

We have seen that the arguments presented by the advocates of the great Antiquity of Man from Language, Nationalities, Geology, and Archaeology do not by any means establish their claims, but in fact appear to prove the very opposite idea.

Let us just glance at the claims of the Sociologists, which give us some data, instead of the vague imaginary, wild and incredible conjectures of the preceding idealists; let us leave them tossing on the sea of uncertainties they have created, and step ashore on fixed principle—the statistics of population. The Creator has determined the increase of the human family; has for this purpose instituted the holy ordinance of marriage and blessed it, and has denounced a weighty woe against those who would in any way prevent or destroy the life of man.

There is, therefore, no law of nature more fixed and certain than that of the increase of population in geometrical progression, doubling its numbers in certain ascertainable periods. These periods vary in different countries, but actual facts from authentic history, and present experience in regard to existing nations warrant the fullest confidence in the truth of Stuart Mill's assertion, (Political Economy I. p. 207) that: "It is a very low estimate of the capacity of increase, if we only assume that in a good sanitary condition of the people, each generation may double the number of the generation which preceded it. Twenty or thirty years ago these propositions might still have required considerable enforcement and illustration; but the evidence of them is so ample and incontestable that they have made their way against all kinds of opposition, and may now be regarded as axiomatic."

The actual ratio of increase differs in different countries, and in the same countries at different times, according as they are affected and checked by war, pestilence, emigration, &c., as well as social habits. Thus, the population of Scotland doubles every forty-six years, that of Austria in 187 years, while in France the army demands on the population are so great that it doubles only once in 200 years, but in the United States, after deducting the whole number of immigrants, the population has within the last century doubled four times over with some six or eight millions additional. The ratio of increase that prevailed in Egypt among the Israelites was nearly in a similar proportion, doubling ten and one fourth times in 216 years. This is very far below the possibilities of increase. Jonathan Edwards was born in 1703, and when his descendants were contemplating a family festival in 1852, less than a century after his death, it was found that they numbered about 2,000 persons. But leaving out of account all such extraordinary cases, and taking the very low estimate of doubling the population on the average once in a century, which is three times longer than Stuart Mill's calculation for a fair average, what will be the result? It will utterly exorcise and annihilate the Darwinian dogma of an indefinite antiquity of the race of man by a very simple arithmetical calculation. It matters little how low you fix the ratio of the geometrical progression, the numbers in the hundreds of thousands of years demanded by the geologists, or even one hundred thousand years, become utterly inexpressible and unimaginable; and even in the 12,000 years demanded by the Egyptologists, would at the lowest rate of calculation of actual increase produce unutterable hundreds of thousands of millions unable to find standing room on the face of the earth. Even the addition of 2,000 years at the lowest actual rate of increase would have crowded every acre of arable land with its tenants, and long before now the solitudes of the steppes of Russia and South America, the fertile valleys of the Volga and the Amoor, of the Mississippi, the Williamette, and the Red River of the North, and of the Amazon, Orinoco, and the La Plata, would have been as densely peopled as the banks of the Hoang-Ho, or as the Curragh of Kildare. The actual population of 1,200,000,000 corresponds to a growth of only forty centuries. How comes it that this actual condition of things so closely corresponds with the Bible account of the time man appeared on the scene, and also the sweeping away of the race some four thousand years ago? Would not this fact alone go far to prove the claims of some geologists to be "baseless as the fabric of a vision?"

This demonstration of the *impossibility* of the great antiquity of our race, which is as near to a mathematical demonstration as the case permits, applies with equal force to all past generations. Geologists cannot show that the human race ever existed in any such numbers as this law required, on their theory; nor in any such numbers as those of other animals with which they claim man to have been contemporary. On the contrary, they acknowledge the extreme rarity of human remains in all except the most superficial layers of the surface soil; while the remains of the lower animals have been found in abundance. The great abundance of human fossils, stone implements, pottery, and ruins of buildings, where they are found, shows what we might expect were all the world covered with pre-Adamite Ninevehs, or Herculaneums. Every river valley would be as monumental as the Nile, and the tombs of the dead would a thousand fold outnumber the habitations of the living. But instead of any such abundance of human remains, geologists present us with a dozen or so equivocal specimens from the most recent strata, and as many bigoted assumptions of their remote antiquity, which, as conflicting with a well established law of nature, are inherently and on their very face improbable, and yet on such proofs (?) as these they ask us to give up our cherished faith in the Bible as a reliable, truthful record of past events!

We can at a glance see how this law disposes of Agassiz's notion that "Man must have originated in nations as bees originated, in swarms." (*Christian Examiner* 1850, pp. 135, 138.) If they were created in swarms, even at the time the Bible tells us, human bones should far outnumber those of bears and hyenas, and the existing population of the globe would be thousands of thousands of millions.

The irreconcilable antagonism which exists between the leaders of these notions is worth noticing. Darmin who developes all men, and all animals also, from one primeval germ, and Agassiz who demands a separate creation for each species and variety; Herbert Spencer and Sir Charles Lyell at open war in the geological field, the one asserting, the other denying, that geological changes proceed with uniformity; and yet all these Anti-Biblical scientists draw all their contradictory and mutually destructive theories from the self-same facts. How can they ask us to give them all, or any of them, credence when they mutually oppose and denounce each other? None of those just named, and many others which might be named, contradict the Bible record more directly or positively, than they contradict each other on the much contested dogma, "The Antiquity of Man." Like the host of Midian in the dark, each successive theory falls by the sword of his neighbor but expires shouting and gasping Science! Science!!

Egyptology is occupied mainly with the monuments of Egypt, although archaeological matters come considerably into the account. The argument from the latter in favor of the high antiquity of man arises, as we have already seen, mainly from the finding of remains of human handicraft at great [illegible] the surface soil, from 60 to 165 feet, [illegible] gued that as the annual deposits are only [illegible] to ¼ of an inch in thickness, these accum[illegible]s over those remains must have required im[illegible] periods. It never appears to have occurred [illegible] ose Savans to think that those remains might [illegible] been thrown into deep pits which became gradually filled up by the alluvial soil, etc.; and another important consideration seems to have escaped their notice, namely, that at the depths they claim as proving man's great antiquity, Egypt, below the first cataract of the Nile, would be deep enough below the level both of the Mediterranean and Red Seas to float with perfect safety a navy of vessels as large as Noah's Ark or the Great Eastern; let the Egyptologists consider that point and it will help to settle their disputes.

The monumental evidence is of two kinds, direct and inferential. The direct evidence consists of certain hieroglyphic inscriptions which, compared with the fragments of ancient historians, are said to denote a vast antiquity. The science of Egyptology is a large subject, but we shall at present merely say that no three Egyptologists can agree on any common principles of interpreting the hieroglyphics; that they demand large allowances of imaginative power to fill gaps in the documents; and that with all the good guessing they can make, they do not agree on any date by some thousands of years. Lepsius, for instance, places the reign of Menes, the first Pharaoh, B. C. 3893, while Bockh says he flourished B. C. 5867, and Bunsen and others spread him all the way over the 2000 years or so that lie between. We must, therefore, be excused from expressing an opinion on a subject so much disputed by the learned in Egyptology, and leave those hieroglyphic prophets to fight out the battle and settle the question among themselves.

An argument, however, of a much more plausible character is drawn from the general state of high civilization as pictured on the monuments of Egypt, and demonstrated in the construction, etc. of those famous structures. Recent investigations have made us familiar with the fact that many of the inventions and discoveries of modern times were well known to the ancient Egyptians. They were acquainted with steam power, electricity, magnetism, mesmerism, and astronomy, things which are by no means known to savages. Their geographical discoveries were extensive. They doubled the Cape of Good Hope in the reign of Pharaoh Necho, some twenty centuries before Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco de Gama; they procured tin from India and Britain for their bronze tools, and carried on commerce with China, the traces of which remain in the Chinese bottles frequently found in their tombs. Well executed pictures of glass-blowing and cutting, in the tombs of the reign of Osvitasen, assure us that the account Pliny gives of its discovery by Phoenician sailors is fabulous,—at least, that that was not its first discovery.

"*Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians*" makes it certain that they were a highly civilized people, well acquainted with navigation, agriculture, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, distilling, spinning, weaving, working all kinds of metal, the use of acids and alkalies, arithmetic, geometry and literature, as Moses affirms in all his allusions to them.

From all this it is argued with much confidence that since man began life as a savage and entered his career under a law of universal development, and gradually raised himself from one discovery to another, learning first perhaps to kindle a fire, then to wield a club, after a long interval to use a stone hammer, then to form flint knives, etc., and after many thousands of years to melt and forge metals and build houses, it must have taken a *very* long time to reach that state of civilization demonstrated in the First Pyramid, which is by all admitted to be the oldest existing human building and generally believed to be about 4000 years old. Six to seven thousand years of previous experimental education is the least time claimed for Egypt's apprenticeship.

This, however, is a very inconclusive argument, for in order to be of any value this law of development must be universal, inevitable, and perpetually operative, and so it is claimed to be by the advocates of the great antiquity of man. But do facts warrant the concession of this claim? Very far from it. Neither the present state nor the past history of Egypt or the rest of the world, so far as we know it, corresponds to this theory of a necessary natural and constant progress in civilization, nor indeed any progress at all in that direction, but, on the contrary, the progress is often the other way. Since the days of the Pyramid building, what progress has been made in Egypt in the Arts and Sciences? Has it not been altogether retrograde? Egypt, so far from being an illustration of a universal law of development, is a grand illustration in the opposite direction. The earliest monuments show not a single trace of any infancy of civilization. Civilization appears at first full grown, a giant form of majestic proportions, rises before us on the first dawn of history; we have no child's play at house-building, no apprentice failures, but we meet at once the oldest, grandest structure upon the face of the earth—the Great Pyramid—the mere sight of which has taken the breath from astonished armies and extorted shouts of admiration from the legions of France after the progress of 4000 years of civilization.

Yet, in the face of this grand and undeniable fact, dreamy philosophers set themselves to argue that this full-grown Egyptian civilization must have had a long infancy and childhood, because their theory requires it. All facts of human history and common sense must yield to the necessities of their theory. We ask for the evidence for the slightest trace of this long apprentice preparation for building this the grandest structure of them all: where we ask are those evidences and traces to be found? And echo answers "where!"

No wonder that the reflecting part of the development philosophers stand astonished before this dumb witness for God, which for forty centuries has hidden from the degraded children of its builders the most sublime truths of natural science, imperishably built in its indestructible masonry, to reveal them in the fulness of time to strangers from a far off land at the precise time that revelation was needed to silence the atheistic folly of a boastful mushroom science denying the Heavenly Father of mankind, asserting man's self-education without a revelation from God, and denying the Bible account of God's dealings with man before the flood. It confounds even Renan and wrings from him this remarkable confession: "When one thinks of this civilization of the Fourth Dynasty, which had no known infancy; that this art, of which there remain innumerable monuments, had no archaic period; that the Egypt of Cheops and Chephren is superior, in a sense, to all which followed, *one is seized with dizziness!*" Ah, has it come to that? Yes, and so must it ever come to that; the deniers of God must ever be put to confusion, in whatever field they urge their war against him. No wonder that the infidel is seized with dizziness as he stands beside this ample evidence of the scientific culture of a buried world! Must he at length, after a life of scoffing, turn back to that old narrative, so humbling to proud godless man, of God-created, God-instructed men, who lived almost a millennium, and so learned more in one life time than many generations of modern 200 year old Universities,—men who built monster ships, and giant cities, and pyramidal observatories, and measured the heavens, and weighed the solid globe, and grew proud of this fruit of the tree of knowledge, and would be as gods, refusing the restraints of moral law—of men of renown, whose vices equalled their talents, and ripened with their ungodly civilization, until humanity groaned under their intolerable oppression, and the God whom they had despised caused a convulsion of the nature which they worshipped instead of Him, in which their memorial perished with them and they and their monuments sank into the depths of the sea? And must we in this Pyramid read another awful chapter in continuance of this sad awful story—of the survivors of this dread destruction again multiplying in the earth, scattered by a divine impulse to remote shores, carrying with them the wrecks of antediluvian science and skill, and that instinct for gigantic buildings which never could have originated with a short lived race, and those godless habits which centuries of sensual civilization and refinement had produced?

As these patriarchs sadly viewed the still increasing vices, the enfeebled minds and puny bodies of their sickly, short-lived sons and grandsons whom they followed to their early graves, did they resolve before Death's inexorable summons consigned them also to oblivion, to erect one imperishable monument of that earthly wisdom they had learned from their God-instructed fathers—a monument that would bear no man's name,—a memorial of the collective physical science of the human race in those primeval times? Yes, and there it stands, lifting its majestic head amidst the ruins of the cities of its sons, and casting its shades of proud contempt upon the ignorant, dirty, degraded, vicious beggars, thieves, and cut-throats, their offspring! There it stands, an imperishable memorial of the value of science; its very stones crying out that materialism, so far from making a necessary progress towards civilization, cannot even preserve the civilization it has inherited; but that generation after generation, growing baser and viler under its influence, will at length lose all remembrance of the design of their noblest monuments, will use the most sacred cathedral of art as a quarry for materials for their stables, until, growing too vicious and indolent for energetic sacrilege, they will procure a precarious livelihood by the plunder of their tombs, and shed each other's blood for the privilege of peddling their forefathers' bones. And this is the necessary and inevitable law of progress towards a higher and grander civilization, by which Egyptologists would, if they could, lead us to give up our cherished faith in the Bible teaching of the God of our fathers, and accept their unproved, absurd and contradictory dogmas on the great Antiquity of Man.

We have looked at the strongest arguments that have been produced, and, we think, that can be produced, in favor of the idea that man has existed on the earth a much longer period than that indicated by the Bible; nay, we have weighed them in the balances of truth, unprejudiced science, and common sense, and they have been found wofully wanting.

We have accomplished all we proposed, and now we have done.

St. John, January 17th. GIMEL.

THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

Weekly Record of St. John Police Court.

On the Grand Inquisitor's ascending the tribunal on Saturday morning, an expression of serene satisfaction was observable on the classic features of the Chief and faintly shadowed itself on the lineaments of the surrounding peelers.

"Owing," said the head cavass, "to our unparalleled vigilance and to the terror inspired by our detective ability, crime is almost at an end in St. John. But two culprits await their doom."

The beautiful chorus of "We're the finest police in the world," was interrupted by the Court, who sternly remarked, "Tis well. Bring them forth."

And they brung forth a lady and gentleman, about whom yet lingered a faint *soupcon* of last night's calamity water.

"Jane Coulter, your history is but too well known to me. I am given to understand that, in your eagerness to once more tread the path of destruction, you forgot to clean out the cell you lately occupied in the Penitentiary. Is won't take you very long to do so, but when you get back and have made it nice and clean, you may stay a couple of months and contemplate your handiwork." And she weepingly ascended the car of Juggernaut.

"Please your honor," said the male-factor, "I own up to being drunk on Union Street last night. It's the first time ever I did so, and I'll go right back to Musquash if you let me off." "John McAuley," thundered the Court, "I don't believe in first offences. Your own words have spoken your doom. Go back to Musquash."

A shudder at the enormity of the sentence ran through the whole crowd. The prisoner wilted like a leaf, tears stood in the manly eyes of the force and sobs were heard from the clerk's room. Only the features of the Judge retained their adamantine expression as the curtain fell and the loafers filed out between the Corinthian pillars of the portico, murmuring that "the bloke from Musquash got it mighty rough."

It was expected that the promise of re-cushioning the pew and supplying it with Moody & Sankey's hymn-books would be fulfilled on Monday. But no; such splendor was not for the three criminals who opened the business of the week. The railing had not been painted in the same style as the balcony at the Academy of Music, owing to the absence of the artist on particular business.

"*Place aux dames,*" shouted the herald, and Mary Ann Dougherty was ushered into the seat prepared for the Queen of Beauty. She didn't appreciate the honor, and informed the Cadi that if he'd let her go home just this time, she wouldn't get drunk again for the next six months.

"You should have thought of that before you got drunk, Mary Ann. It's eight dollars or 2 months."

Richard Rowley, a venerable sinner in a seedy American uniform, was fined eight dollars as a termination to a spree of such glorious proportions that it hadn't left him the wherewithal to pay it. "Away with him." And they awayed.

"Robert Burns," sadly observed his Highness, "I have heard of your poetic fame. It is sad to see talent thus misapplied, and—"

"I never wrote a line of poetry in my life," broke in the victim.

"Lucky for you. I was going to lock you up. Eight dollars."

After this, complaint was made of two Portland sleigh drivers, who plied their nefarious trade within the City limits. One was sentenced to the bowstring. The other fled—"all among the hay-scales, all among the hay"—as the laureate of the neighboring town sweetly warbles.

On Tuesday morning three swarthy sons of the forest saluted the Magistrate with grave but graceful dignity. Og-he-mah, their spokesman, thus expressed their gratitude for a night's lodging in the cells. "His Honor is a great chief. When the red man was cold he sheltered him in his wigwam. When the spring flowers bloom and his Honor goes out fishing, Og-he-mah will spread the bearskin for him to rest his weary limbs, and the hatchet shall be buried till it is wanted to split kindling wood in the morning. We will give his Honor photographs of our squaws if he will promise not to lend them to Dr. Grant."

The hard times had compelled sobriety, and an empty pew was the result; but a terrible dispute between John Knox and H. T. Ames necessitated the Court's appearing in the character of the angel of peace. Somebody had said that some one had stolen some one else's scrapers. Mr. Knox told Mr. Ames he was laboring under a delusion, in terms that would not be admissible in a debate in the Local Legislature. Mr. Ames said he did not want to punish Scotland's great Reformer. "That's lucky," mused his Lordship, "for you won't have a chance to. The case is dismissed."

On Tuesday afternoon Sarah Phillips felt low-spirited. Her husband was in gaol and the weather was damp. So she tried to keep her spirits up by pouring spirits down, until she was removed from the South Wharf to more eligible lodgings, preparatory to attending morning service on Wednesday, at which she got the box all to herself.

"It is a great mistake," solemnly remarked the Court, "to rely on the temporary and delusive exhilaration occasioned by ardent spirits. Rum may cheer for a time, but desolation follows in its train. You have doubtless a headache. Probably you have what are called hot coppers. Whether you have any money left I am unaware, but unless you hand over six dollars you won't have a chance of another drink for the next two months."

After this it was expected that the man whom ancient Pistol and others beat among them in classic Kalafat would appear to testify against his assaulters. But he didn't, and the reporters put up their pencils.

"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances" sang the chorus, in a manner which required the pen of the *Telegraph's* musical critic to do it justice, as he *marshalled* an old drunk, a young drunk and a lodger into their seats with a graceful wave of his cane.

"When perambulating Lower Cove last night, your Honor, I observed a smell of rum. Following up the clue thus obtained, the police, acting under my orders, discovered John Broderick lying drunk on the sidewalk in Mill street."

John was a miserable object. In a former drunken bout he had got his feet frozen off. The magistrate, in relegating him for two months to the penitentiary, only regretted he had not the power to send him for the remainder of his days.

James Burke came to the station house for shelter on Wednesday night. But he couldn't deceive the official's argus eyes. "You were drunk," said the Court. And little James, whose head barely reached above the rail of the pew, owned he was. "My boy," added his Honor, "a ride will do you good this morning. You shall go with old Mr. Broderick for a jaunt in the city coach." "Meaning Black Maria?" said the imp. "That's it," said the Court.

On Friday, some of the old stagers, whose favorite morning lounge for a long time has been the Hall of Justice, varied with occasional visits to the cells and the branch establishment at Courtenay Bay, began to grumble. "The show 's all over," said a white-headed lounger, "afore a cove's time to get warm." "Better go to Portland," said a younger malcontent. They were dissatisfied because only one victim of the modern Moloch was there to make sport for them.

"The old man's drunk again,
He was lying in the street,
I discovered with much pain
That he couldn't keep his feet."

Thus warbled the policeman who found John McCullough reposing in his favorite bed, the gutter, on the preceding evening. There was an air of consciousness about John. His face was somewhat scratched and disfigured. Altogether he looked unlike the clean and happy man who had recently left the hospitable walls of the Penitentiary. The bummers behind gazed pityingly down on him as he raised his head, and in response to the awful words, "You were drunk," from the throne, tremblingly muttered "Yes."

"It seems to me, John," said the Court, "that you and I take up a good deal of each other's time to very little purpose. Every two or three months you get tight. I give you a lecture on the wickedness of your ways and send you to the Penitentiary. Then you come out and we repeat the performance. The gentlemen in the back seats, even if they do not know how it is themselves, must know the business by heart. I wish you would vary the offence. I can't vary the sentence. Two months more."

"Here comes Black Maria," said a youth who had been flattening his nose against the window. Up dashed that triumphal car with its foaming steeds, and McCullough was rapidly whirled away to his favorite suburban retreat.

GOOD ADVICE.—The *Halifax Reporter* urges the Opposition in Dominion politics to make no alliance with the Ultramontanes and to pay no attention to the Huntington war cry; to make no promises they can not carry out; and, generally, to avoid the hypocrisy and political dishonesty which have characterised the Reform Party both in Opposition and as a Government.

BAD.—The Charlottetown *Argus* states "there are over one hundred schools now vacant on the Island for want of teachers,"—or nearly one third of the whole. The Summerside *Journal* thinks even this is an under estimate.