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The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 2, 1872.

Charles Francis Adams

The Democracy of Ignorance—for there is such, and a goodly one, is not more offensive to the ragged sans-culottes, than the aristocracy of intellect to the mind of dull mediocrity—love to console itself with the comforting libretto that there is no bright light of genius which is so far from true; but when you level the Jacobin goes further, and asserts that great men never have great offspring, he only demonstrates his own stupidity. To be true in the converse of his proposition, it is the instances wherein it holds good are exceedingly rare. More than one great name in history would have descended to us as a representative of the highest position in literature, art, politics, or war, but that it has been overshadowed by the greater fame of the junior partner in the family group. Not to be too exhaustive, we may briefly instance, in ancient history, the greater sons of great sires, Alexander, Scipio, Hannibal, Pliny; and, in later days, Pitt, Disraeli, and a host of modern heroes, conspicuous amongst whom is the honored name that heads this sketch.

John Adams, son of a gifted parent, worthily filled the chair of Washington, and was succeeded by his son, John Quincy Adams, father to the distinguished Statesman and Jurist, whose name appears, as it were, in the list of illustrious names of our country, in connection with the Liberal Republican movement in the United States. To the lustre of a famous pedigree, a thing not despised even by the rights of the Republic, he adds the much more valuable fame of a personal record second to that of no Statesman in the country. His conduct in the difficult and trying position of Minister to England, during the civil war, gained him the respect of both countries, as well by his judicious care, in averting causes of strife between the two nations, at a time when a show of temper on either side would have precipitated the conflict, as by his firm and dignified stand, when he gave his ultimatum on the well known question of the Rebel Rans on the Clyde. Granting that his action in either case may have been dictated by the Washington cabinet, it is nevertheless required as much credit in carrying out as in advising the desirable course. That he filled his mission well is shown by his selection to represent his country at the Geneva Conference, on the eve of signing to attend which, he has published his letter, accepting the nomination for the Presidency, if given him on a suitable platform. A certain sign of the times is that the present gentleman's father made himself very unpopular with his countrymen by denouncing the system of proslavery, as practised by American citizens on British commerce during the Anglo-French War of 1793!

Charles Francis Adams is not a politician, though his son, John Quincy Adams Junior, has run twice Democratic Candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. The latter is a young man of sufficiently small calibre, to almost satisfy the theory of degeneration, above alluded to. At College he was designated by his fellow students "the lost term of a descending series." It is said however that he had sufficient brilliancy to reply, on being asked by his father if he "thought himself quite fit to be Governor of Massachusetts," that he "expected to be, by the time he got the position"—a quite probable conjecture in view of the present standing of the Democratic party in the old Commonwealth.

Should Charles Francis Adams be nominated by the Liberal Republicans and receive the support of the Democracy, it is more than probable that his election to the Presidential chair will once more "restore" the line of Adams.

To the Editor of the Tribune. Sir,—Your valuable paper of a few days ago contained some reference to the letter of Mr. Wm. Howe, of Halifax, in the Reporter of that city, in answer to mine of the 23rd April. I must say Mr. Howe's letter surprises me, for it shows on the face of it that he does not want to play me a friendly game in the presence of judges and gentlemen, for a purpose offered to me if I would go over to Halifax, and to play the match, which I agreed to do at my own expense.

Mr. Howe's ideas are very erroneous, supposing he thinks he has the right to select any kind of a game, table and balls. He must know that there is only one standard game known in the Dominion, and that is the carrom game, in which the Champion Cue was won, and is now held by Mr. James, of Coburg, and won by him from Mr. Bennett, of Toronto. Any matches made would have to be played under the same rules and regulations, unless otherwise stipulated. Mr. Howe has no more right to select the English game than I have the French or Spanish game. And even the tables and balls he selects are such as were used twenty-five years, in the country towns at the time. Presuming on the same right, he might select one inch balls and play on a kitchen floor. If Mr. Howe would like to play the Standard Game on a table 5x10 or 5x11 feet, with or without the carrom pockets, with 24 balls, or a size larger, or smaller, let him say so at once, and name the time, and I will go over; if not, let him say no more about it.

Respectfully yours, St. John, May 1st. JOHN PACE.

"TO GIVE NOTHING FOR NOTHING, and indeed little for some." They said "True, Mr. Bennett has spent money but he has a hatchet to grind; he wants his Royalties remitted." And, sure enough, he soon showed himself. Five per cent on Till Cove means from \$10,000 to \$12,000 per annum; and last year Mr. Bennett introduced a modest little bill remitting this tax. The Government party in the Assembly passed it as of course, but the Council unanimously kicked it out. This year another bill was introduced, and passed the Assembly, which goes still further than the last, for it wipes out all past liability. The Council, anxious to get Bennett out of the country, have agreed to this; and it is evidently that his hatchet is ground and his log rolled he will depart from among us.

AND LEAVES THE COUNTRY. "I do not and in the right mind." If this should happen to come to pass the only element of cohesion that binds together this motley ministry will be eliminated and *aperta calce deluge*. Mr. Bennett is the skeleton that holds in only a very risky feat the heavy his and party subsidies into a boneless mass of political pulp. Meantime we can only wait and hope.

THE REAL FISHERY. The winds that have prevailed for the last ten days have made it impossible for our vessels to work northward through the heavy field ice. From Signal Hill a great portion of the fleet, including a number of steamers, is still visible on clear days. There is no doubt that De Soto had an *Early Spring*! but we can only lay upon our oars and hope for the best. Even should the fleet be generally successful, there is still a fair prospect of success for the inhabitants of the Northern wharves, Providence sometimes sends these treasures of the deep. I trust to be able to give you some more satisfactory intelligence in my next communication.

OUR BEST LETTER. The Crumpled Coliseum—A Prophet at Large—Doctor Howard's Case—The Liberal Candidate—News from the North, a Polar Paradise, etc. [FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT] BOSTON, APRIL 29, 1872.

The Jubilee enterprise has received a blow, and it is safe to predict that the disjunct choir will not sing "Blow, ye winds of the morning," with much effect. The fact is, however, that the Babel builders' complacency was infused into the pride with which our citizens surveyed the lofty tower, who, ignorant of the fact, were not aware of the monster truss, erected for the purpose of supporting the roof of the Coliseum, which was destroyed in one short hour by a squall which blew down the western wall and its supports, and piled the debris upon the roof, which was a heap of broken timbers. No thing now remains but a pile of denuded lumber, torn and wrecked and scattered "scattered to the four winds of heaven." If it is not a total loss, it is a total ruin. The Jubilee Committee—be patient; I mean "The Executive Committee of the World's Peace Jubilee and International Convention," which were in session the time, and immediately passed resolutions to re-commence the work, but to alter the design, so as to make the building correspond with the Coliseum of 1868. So we expect it to be the original date, the 10th of June. By a recent decision of the Supreme Court the action of the United States authorities in Utah, has been pronounced illegal, and Brigham Young, is released from duress vile. The Saints celebrated the occasion, by serenading the Prophet, who replied for his crown during a family in a most peculiar manner, and not pass away from his line for default of an heir. Luckily for Dr. Howard, of England, the fact is, however, that the American intervention comes in the favorable season of a political campaign when a little spread eagle is a judicious investment on the part of prospective candidates. Congress has taken the Government to demand his release or a legal examination of his case. Some politicians tried to make a point against Charles Francis Adams, as Minister to England, and present proposed candidate at Cincinnati, by alleging that he refused to protect American Fisheries.

"REMEMBER IN BRITISH BARRIERS," a charge which, if true, speaks volumes for the discretion of that gentleman. The only evidence of malignant hostility on the part of Great Britain was evinced in the release of George Francis Train. They knew nobody wanted him, and so took occasion to let him loose upon us. This is one of the consequential damages, or ought to be. The letter of Mr. Adams, accepting conditionally the Liberal Republican nomination, has thrown the Administration Party into a ferment. Should he be nominated, the chances are many that his high personal character and stainless record, and the prestige of his name, as an honored one in our history, would carry the day against all opposition.

INTERESTING TIDINGS from Capt. Hall's exploring expedition, are brought by a *Greenland* brig to Newfoundland. The "Palmer" was at Disco, Greenland, on April 15th, whither she was sent for repairs, and her commander announces his intention of sailing for the Polar Sea immediately. He reports discovery of a temperate climate somewhere in the Arctic Zone. His only dread is a "new and formidable race of human beings" should oppose his progress. Admirers of Edgar A. Poe who have recognized a similarity to the wonderfully accurate and minute "narrative of A. Gordon Pym" by that fanciful writer. The hero of the fictitious narrative is wrecked in the tropics, and after suffering the most harrowing miseries, is rescued by an exploring ship which makes the Antarctic Continent.

finds a "new and formidable race" of Indians, who repay the navigator's kindness by a treacherous surprise and massacre. A. G. Pym and another being the sole survivors. They escape, and are the moment of entering the South Pole itself, through a cataract, when—the narrator dies! leaving us in a provoking state of conjecture as to how he returned to tell the tale. It is a wonderful piece of fancy weaving your readers by reproducing what may be a familiar story to them, the excellence of the subject, and its resemblance to our Arctic Explorer's predictions, justify the description. From Greenland's icy mountains to the South Pole itself, a long stride, notwithstanding its glib Sunday school combination; and Mrs. Howe has been painting the delightful tropic clime in a glowing lecture, that tropic clime in a glowing lecture, delivered to us last week. The torrid how of negroes, bananas, earthquakes, revolutions, tornadoes and tarantulas, is painted as a land of enchantment by the enthusiastic lecturer. Let us not blame the lecturer, but the promoter, who endeavored to glorify the senses of their pilgrimage, else who could divine from the rapturous announcement.

"THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT," says the Rev. Alexander Blake was going to remember his deluded audience with a discourse on Nova Scotia! Verily the misguided tourists will "change their mind," *qui trans mare currunt*. No doubt, Nova Scotia is a lovely smiling country, but it is scarcely probable that De Soto had Halifax in view. When he sought the unattainable El Dorado. If he had, it is a pity he didn't get there in January or February—he would have looked rather odd in winter, than his long sought "fountain of life."

BATTERS ENTERPRISE is putting a new steamer on the route between Boston and the ports of Maine with the intention of running on New Brunswick ports. A steam propeller will run as far as Newport and to St. Andrews and St. Stephen, carrying freights at reduced rates. Business is active, especially in financial circles. The risk got to 120 on Friday morning by the extraordinary tightness of the money market, is a bad sign of the times. J. J. R.

THE ROLLING PASSION. It is a lamentable fact (says the *Terrific Mail*) that upon the stage and on the track is rapidly crowding out Shakespeare and the legitimate drama. We had really come to think that all love for the Bard of Avon had been smothered—the things had taken the place of brains—until one night recently we had a curiosity to visit the station-house, where the choice spirits of both sexes are immured, like captive birds. "Reading their little brains in verse to each other." It is a sad sight to see a man in a white waistcoat, and a woman in a black dress, sitting on a bench, and reading to each other. The fact was speedily developed that the ruling passion, strong in death, is equally strong in drink, as the ensuing conversation will prove.

Officer—What's the matter with you? Prisoner—Oh, I see, Horatio. The potent poison quite o'erflows my spirit. Officer—Yes, I see it do. What's your name? Prisoner—This is I, Hamlet, the Dane! Officer—I know better than that; tell me your name and where you live, and I'll take you home. Prisoner—My name, sweet saint, is hateful to myself because it is an enemy to thee. Officer—Come, stand upon your feet. Prisoner—Help me, Cassius, or I sink. Officer—Steady, now come on. Prisoner—Wherefore dost thou lead me? Stay, I'll go no further. Officer—I'm just going to lead you to the station-house, that's where. Prisoner—Prythee, good Horatio, tell me one thing: How long will a man lie in a ditch before he is buried? Officer—Not very long, I can tell you. Give security for your appearance and you needn't go at all. Prisoner—Let you be damned like a charlatan! Wherefore dost thou lead me? Stay, I'll go no further. Prisoner—I'm just going to lead you to the station-house, that's where. Prisoner—Prythee, good Horatio, tell me one thing: How long will a man lie in a ditch before he is buried? Officer—Not very long, I can tell you. Give security for your appearance and you needn't go at all. Prisoner—Let you be damned like a charlatan! Wherefore dost thou lead me? Stay, I'll go no further.

Officer—See here, young man, I won't take any of your impudence. Not another word from you, if you please. Prisoner—We shall obey you were you ten times our mother! Officer—Here's the station-house at last. Prisoner—This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses. Officer—John, here is a man who is either drunk or crazy—probably both. Prisoner—Peace, good plin-plin; peace, good tickle-brain; for the watch to baffle and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured. John Smith—Who are you, sir? Prisoner—I am no creator, as Brutus is, but, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man. Smith—No fooling, sir? Your name. Prisoner—Mercurio's kinsman, noble Count Paris. Smith—Where did you capture this man? Officer—On the *Ona*, stone across from Chadwick's stable, so drunk he couldn't speak. Prisoner—Lord, Lord! how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was drunk and out of breath. Officer—Out of breath. You was drunk. Prisoner—A friend should bear a friend's infirmities; but Brutus makes mine great or than they are. Smith—Essentially, you do for a living? Prisoner—Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear, envy no man's happiness; and the greatest wish of the steamer sails.

pride is to see my eyes gruze and my lambs suck. Smith—Enough of such nonsense. What kind of talk do you call that? Prisoner—Truly, I would the gods had made thee postilion. (Sings): "Oh! a bit of clay for me to make, for such a road is meet." Smith—That'll do 'we'll have the rest of that verse in the morning. Prisoner—My Romeo speaks and nightingales are mute. Smith—I mean look you up. Prisoner—If thou be not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. In he went, and, as the door closed between us, we went our way, meditating to what base uses we may return, Horatio, and left our poor Shakespeare friend to those.

LOCALS. Personal. Mr. McAdam, of St. Stephen, is in town. Mr. McAdam is a candidate for the representation of Charlotte, in the House of Commons, with good prospects of success. For the Assembly. Gideon Bailey, Esq., M. P. P., having been appointed to a seat in the Legislative Council, it is reported that Walter S. Butler, Esq., will be a candidate for the Assembly. For Ottawa. We understand that Albert T. Smith, Esq., of Carleton Place, of Bouchette, will be a candidate for the House of Commons for Kent County. The "Scud." This steamer arrived at an early hour (morning) with its usual large number of Nova Scotia emigrants aboard. They swelled the crowd of passengers in the American boat which left at eight o'clock this morning. Removal. Mr. Walker, droggist, Reed's Point, has removed from his old shop, to the new and handsome one close by the old one, lately built by Moses Lawrence Esq. He has now one of the neatest shops of the kind in the city. Accident. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Cromwell, carpenter, had his finger badly crushed while working at the pneumatic tube in the Electric Telegraph Office.

The Proposed Billiard Match. The impression of Mr. Wm. Rose, of Halifax, and Mr. John Peck, of the Camp Billiard Hall, of St. John, in reference to the proposed match between them, seem to be different. Mr. Peck sends us the following reply to a letter of Mr. Rose, in relation to the proposed match of a few days ago:—

The Royal Hotel. A very handsome lamp, designed and made by Mr. C. E. Potter, has been mounted in front of the Royal Hotel. It is made from ground cut glass of a very handsome pattern imported from Boston, in the centre of each pane the name of the hotel is cut. The lamp is surrounded by a gilded vase, and is lit by three burners. It is quite a credit to the designer, and an ornament to the hotel. Grand Railroad Accident. A brakeman named Joel Littlefield was knocked off the top of a freight car, as it was passing under the Jereville Bridge, at Lincoln on the E. & N. A. Railroad, Monday. The car passed over him below his hips, and cut his legs from his body. He did not live an hour afterwards. He was twenty-four years of age and left a wife and child.

Grand Central Hotel. In our notice of this Hotel, we stated the dinner was got up under the management of Mr. Whetzel. It was very happy to state got up under the whole and sole management of the proprietor John Crawford, Esq. Mr. Whetzel and his aids were *primus*, to help the nervous guests. May Day in Bangor. Bangor is only part of a day's journey from St. John now, and it is a lively city to visit. Last evening two public balls came off, one a May-day dance, the other for the benefit of the funds of the Grand Post. In St. John a general move of householders took place, pyramids of old relics piled the streets all night. The Exchange Rooms. The rooms lately occupied by the Board of Exchange, have been rented for office by J. J. Kaye Esq. Negotiations are now being carried on for the leasing of the offices lately vacated by the Western Extension Company. Until these are secured the board have no place of meeting. Babo's Serenades. This troupe returned from Halifax in the "Scud" this morning. They had a very successful season and were highly appreciated by the Halifaxians. They will re-hearse for a few days prior to their Grand Opening, Monday night in their Opera House, when we hope every success will attend them. Last Rehearsal. The Bangor Commercial of yesterday has the following: "The last rehearsal of the St. John chorus class takes place at Concert Hall to night, as Mr. Torrens leaves tomorrow for St. John on business connected with the international convention on which over \$1000 has been so far extended. The "Peruvian." About twenty feet of the bottom of the steamer "Peruvian" is badly injured, many of the plates being loose and broken. Temporary repairs are being made and the steamer will leave Halifax about Friday for Liverpool, G. B., where she will be docked. Cricket. The New York Clipper says: "The Phoenix Cricket Club of Halifax, N. S., is sending visiting teams, and probably other cities in the United States, this summer, to play matches with the Winnisnet and other clubs. Matrimonial. Harry Bookwiah, Sergeant at Arms of the New Brunswick House of Assembly, returned from Halifax in the "Scud" this morning, where he has been taking into himself a bride.

Dominion Parliament.

The New Telegram says:— In the Senate to-day, Mitchell stated that the expense of the Dominion in protecting the coast fisheries last year was \$24,000, and that the British Government some hundreds of thousands of dollars. In answer to Senator Watt, asking for the establishment of life annuities by the Government, Campbell replied that there was a law now in existence, enabling the Finance Minister to convert public debt into annuities for investment, and that Hicks intended to propose amendments, making the law still more efficient.

The whole afternoon was taken up by motions for papers on a variety of subjects of a local interest. In answer to Bennett, Pope said the Government did not intend to appropriate any money for the Dominion Agricultural Association. On the order of the day being called for Bennett's questions respecting the interpretation of articles 15 and 21 of the treaty between the Dominion and Great Britain, Sir John asked that they be postponed till the treaty bill was before the House, which would be next Friday. For the same reason Cartwright's resolutions respecting the withdrawal of the Fenian claims were postponed. The House adjourned at 6 on account of the hall being out of night by the members of Parliament from British Columbia.

No despatch received from Ottawa up to the time of our going to press. Merchants' Exchange. The following despatches were received at the Exchange to-day:— Montreal, May 1.—Hour at Liverpool, 77s. a 27s. 6d. Red Wheat, 11s. 4d. a 11s. 5d. New York Flour Market dull, scarcely so firm. Common to good Extra State \$7 1/2 to \$7.50. Park dall, \$13.60 a \$13.65. Grain freights 4d. Montreal flour market quieter. Sale; Ordinary Canada Superfine, \$6.37 half opened delivery. New York, May 2.—Gold opened at 112.3.

Personal. Archbishop Connolly of Halifax, left Halifax in the "Carlotia," for Portland, on a visit to Ontario, on Monday. Grand Lake Navigation. The steamer "May Queen" will leave Saturday for Grand Lake, the first trip this season. Captain Brennan is the genial, obliging and skillful commander. Card of Thanks. To the Editor of the Daily Tribune. Reading the notice of an adjourned meeting of my good clerks to be held in a day or two, I am authorized by a large portion of the last meeting to tender their many thanks to the dry goods merchants of St. John for the friendly manner in which they received the request of their employes, and their energetic action in closing so promptly and unanimously this evening. Trusting that this perfect understanding between employer and employed may long continue, and be fostered by the present occasion. I am, Sir, Very respectfully, Yours, J. M.

Oysters! Oysters! Oysters!—If you want oysters, call on Geo. Sparrow's, King Street. By measure on any other way. —Seven days and seven nights will now serve to take one comfortably from Boston to San Francisco. —A newly converted Kansas reporter thus notices a minstrel troupe: "For those who do not consider it a sin to witness minstrel shows, this entertainment will furnish a pleasant relaxation from the revival meetings." —Massachusetts Liberals of the phreatic next ever that Gen. W. F. Bartlett "may be the next Governor of Massachusetts" if he cares to be. What about Genl. Butler—didn't the Washington folks promise him the next chance?—[N. Y. Tribune.] —Brooklyn has a sensation. A local editor claims to have made a wonderful invention in the shape of a ferocious sheetrock cut, which works by machinery. It is armed with terrible claws and utters all the alluring and pathetic cries with which the feline race is gifted. Placed on the roof on a balmly night and set in operation, it calls out to all the prowling cats for miles around, and one by one they attack the glaring sheet-iron monster, and are instantly torn in pieces. In the morning the roof and all the surrounding domain are covered with tufts of fur, with discolored claws and tangled feline strings. The invention may be truly said to be a boon to any populous city.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.,

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