WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE

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.*

EVERITT & BUTLER,

aug15 Warerooms 55 and 57 KING STREET.

CANADIAN WOOLLENS.

WE ARE NOW OPENING

28 Cases Ribbed SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

Direct from the Manufacturers.

Having early made very advantageous and large contracts for these Goods we can offer them very low to the trade. WHOLESALE ONLY.

aug 1 EVERITT & BUTTLER.

The Daily Tribune.

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

Too Religious by Half.

In Ireland a large body of the people are so very religious that they can not tolerate any public exhibition that does not square exactly with their own views, as witness the following from the Associated Press despatches published this morning :—

LONDON, August 17.—Further advices from Belfast confirm the reports of the serious nature of the riot on Thursday. Several collisions occurred between mobs of Pretestants and the Catholic procession, during which a large number received serious injuries. The entire city was in an uproar and the disturbances were only quieted by the active exertions of the police. Many rioters were arrested.

2 P. M.—A despatch just received from Belfast states that the riots have broken out afresh and severe fighting is now going on. A barrack of the police and several houses have been wrecked by the mob.

In Ireland, among the peasantry, they are still fighting the Battle of the Boyne, —still hurrahing for King William or damning his deceased Majesty most vigorously. The political condition of the country, the want of railroads, the improvements of harbors and other stimulants to trade, are of small account to a majority of the people, compared with the question as to whether this or that Faction shall be permitted to "walk" on their holiday. Instead of the old fires of bigotry having burned themselves out, they are blazing higher than ever, to the shame of Ireland and the sorrow of her thoughtful sons all the world over. We ought to feel thankful that we know comparatively little of such feuds in this section of the world; and although many years ago the streets of St. John once ran with blood, and at intervals an attempt is made to excite the passions of the unreflecting, yet there is amongst us a sound public sentiment which condemns the agitation and bids all live in peace and respect the prejudices and convictions of one's neighbors. The telegrams from Ireland reporting woundings and outrages as the result of party conflicts, should strengthen our resolve to discourage religious feuds and animosities, by which the prosperity of a country is retarded, no living soul by any possibility being a gainer.

A Cheerful Organ.

There is a Mark Tapley jollity about the Halifax *Citizen*, which must be a source of pleasure to its many readers and admirers. The most trying circumstances only bring out its humor in bolder relief. Thus, the Elections in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have just proved most disastrous to the Opposition, only one declared opponent of the Government having been elected from each Province, Mr. Connell in New Brunswick, and Mr. Church in Nova Scotia. The *Citizen* of Saturday is accordingly pleased with the general result, and declares as follows:—

The fate of the Dominion Government is virtually decided.

* * * * * *

Ontario and Quebec will of themselves run up a very respectable majority for the Opposition, which we hope to see increased by *a considerable addition from the Maritime Provinces.*

* * * * * *

The prospect is that the Opposition will be able to carry very nearly if not quite all the constituencies in Ontario still remaining to be contested. In this case their majority would very nearly equal that of the Government last year, and when to this is added *the Opposition supporters sent from Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick*, the Government would evidently be nowhere.

To strengthen its cheerful view of the situation, it publishes a list of the members elect, classified as Government, Opposition and Independent. It gives the Government only four supporters in New Brunswick, namely, Messrs. Mitchell, Tilley, Palmer and Isaac Burpee. Seven are "Independents," namely, McAdam (unkindest cut!) Moffatt, Domville, Ferris, Pickard, Smith, and Charles Burpee. The straight-out Opposition Members are Messrs. Cutler and Connell. Why Mr. Cutler is put among the Oppesition, or Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Smith and others not classed for the Government, is known only to the sages who run the *Citizen*. Then, of the twenty-one Nova Scotia members elect, it gives the Opposition *six*, all of the six but one having been Government supporters in the former House. It places eight among the Independents, all but two, newly elected, having voted almost invariably with the Government. It allows the Government only seven, these being Howe, Tupper, Stewart Campbell, Almon, Tobin, McDonald, Doull. Mr. Savary is classed with the Independents! If anything was needed to show the utter demoralization of the Opposition in Nova Scotia, it is found in the unsettled state of mind that is revealed by the manner in which they attempt to classify their opponents. And yet we do not doubt that the *Citizen* is quite in earnest in its calculation,—quite pleased, in fact, with the result of its labors and the verdict of the country. From what it has seen going on around its sanctum, it is satisfied that the fate of the Government is decided—"the Government is nowhere!" *It* may be pleased, but what do Messrs. Jones, Power & Co, think of the situation?

☞ Many of our educated readers have pursued with pleasure the translations from the German, by Mr. Townsend, that have appeared in THE TRIBUNE from time to time. These exquisite renderings of the productions of Germany's sweet poets would probably have attracted further attention had the public mind, of late, been directed more to Literature and less to Politics than it has been. In to-day's issue we print one more translation, by Mr. Townsend, who, by the way, is a summer sojourner among us and a gentleman whose acquaintance our local *literati* might profitably cultivate.

☞ We shall endeavor to print, daily, a portion of the correspondence now on hand, and the most of which has been lying in our drawer for the past two or three weeks. We give to-day two or three brief letters.

☞ It is said that Mr, Elder left this morning for Albert County in the expectation of being put in nomination to-morrow for the seat in the Commons. We have not heard what his prospects are for the Albert seat.

☞ The Anti-Unionists swept Nova Scotia five years ago, leaving only Dr. Tupper as the representative of Union principles. On Wednesday last, not a single Anti-Unionist was elected. The *Chronicle* mournfully says:—

The wave of popular excitement which reached its height in 1867 has fallen to its lowest ebb. A corrupt, extravagant and politically immoral Tory Government has been handsomely sustained by the people of this Province.

☞ The Halifax *Chronicle*, more candid than the *Citizen*, admits that Sir John Macdonald's Government has swept the board in Nova Scotia, and pluckily "enlists under the banners" of the Ontario Reform party. It confesses that "the question of Union or Anti-Union is dead," and declares that "the time has now come when the Liberal party of the Dominion should unite its strength from all the Provinces to ensure for United British North America an honest, economical, honorable and Liberal Government."

☞ The Imperial Government have sanctioned the Bill passed by the P. E. Island Legislature, authorizing the Government to hand back to the former owners certain lands purchased for railway stations. The Island Government are punishing what they call the members of "the Ring" by changing the location of the Stations.

☞ The news from Belfast is sickening. The latest despatches represent the City as divided into hostile Protestant and Catholic camps, the mobs only separated by large bodies of troops. More troops and the Constabulary from all parts of the Island are pouring in.

☞ Confederation sentiment is evidently making some progress in P. E. Island. The Summerside express, which formerly opposed, now declares that "it is best for the interests of our people to unite with the Dominion with as little delay as possible, provided just and equitable terms can be obtained from its Government." It states that the great increase of the debt of the Island has deprived the opponents of Union of most of the arguments hitherto urged against it.

☞ The London correspondent of the Boston *Post*, writing of Disraeli and his wife, says:—

One often sees this remarkable pair now, in the West End quarter, the lady seeming old and frail, the husband young, jaunty, and spring gaited, walking slowly, for Lady Beaconsfield's health will not permit faster progress.

Rev. Theodore Cuyler, writing of his recent House of Commons experience, remarks:—

We passed Disraeli, in the corridor, and he walks a little unsteady from old age. His trying to walk very firmly makes it more apparent.

☞ The sporting sketch in to-day's TRIBUNE is written in true sportsman's style. Every devotee of the rod, the gun, etc., feels that he enjoys, if not a poet's license, at least an extra amount of liberty in describing his experiences. At the same time there is generally a basis of truth in the descriptions of sporting excursions sometimes furnished to the Press. To-day's sketch is unusually true to the facts,—notwithstanding the seeming tendency to exaggeration,—as parties well known to many of our city readers can testify; and, moreover, it is a fair sample of the experiences of very many city sportsmen, who do not find these excursions in the rural hunting grounds all that their fancy painted them.

DUCK SHOOTING ON THE SAINT JOHN RIVER.

TWO SPORTSMEN AFTER SPORT.

BY J. N. W.

My friend Snobby had coaxed me to go for a shoot with him. He wanted to see if our style of bagging game was like that of the old country. I had told Snobby that I was but a poor companion for a person of his gunning qualities, but he insisted, and we went. A delightful day in early September found us drawing near the landing close by which was located the pretty little village of ——. We were soon on shore with our traps and dogs, our souls all the time yearning to catch sight of a duck, or a drake, or a blackbird, or anything that had feathers and two legs and that no body owned. We were both armed to the teeth, our equipment consisting in part of two double barreled guns, two revolvers, two long knives, six bottles of whiskey, two dozen cans of Mulligatawny soup and some money. Before leaving St John a *carte blanche* was given me by a friend to his brother who resided near the shooting grounds on which we intended to perambulate. I was much pleased to get this letter from my friend. I considered myself endowed with special privileges. The house we intended to stop at was situated about two miles from the church. It was one of those bright and clear days peculiar to the early fall, and Snobby acknowledged that our scenery was nearly as fine as some parts of England. The shining waters of the Grand Lake lay before us like a huge basin of still hock, while here and there an honest farmer moved

SLAYING THE BEAUTIFUL GRASS.

It was here my soul was gladened. Poetry arrested my mind. I thought of my childhood and the "Old Oaken Bucket." Snobby and I walked smartly along, and carried our goods with us. After a while we were informed that so and so was so and so's house, and at this haven we soon arrived. A knocker adorned the front door, and a tap from it brought forth a maiden of perhaps fifty summers. Her locks were somewhat Dolly Vardsn in caste, and her face indicated that she was one whom nature had not endowed with gentle smiles so essential to females of her tender years. I at once produced my letter of credit. She read it and handed it back in a regular, business-like way, saying, "We've got the Scarlet Fever here." We bowed and left. Snobby swore a swear. We were tired, and it was warm, and our traps weighed several pounds. We sat for a while near the roadside and rested our weary limbs. Snobby blamed me for leading a blind lead. I said little. A charming rill bounced by us and sparkled like ginger ale. Here was an idea for a temperance man,—the pure, innocent stream, gurgling past two sinners, its pellucid surface reflecting our shadows. I felt fatigued. Snobby and I took each to himself a small swig of Hennessy's cordial, and then he went in search of a "native"—not of King's County.

GENTLY DREAMING.

When Snobby left me, a sense of extreme loneliness seized me. I thought of the terrible monotony of a Country life, and in this mood I passed to a quiet and undisturbed sleep. Ah, ye land of ease and vision! Ye place were I have seen the wondrous depths of cerulean ocean! Ye place where I have gone up in a balloon and scanned the little world beneath me! Ye place where I have killed trout on the glossy bosom of some fairy lake, and winged snipe on the magnificent mud flats at Courtenay Bay! In this blissful mood somewhat I awoke, and away before me was setting old Sol. He was just dodging behind a Western forest, and had cast his scarlet reflection through the thousand clouds that rested with grandeur above him. I sprang to my feet, grasped my revolver belt and hauled it from my loins, unshipped my cap and thrust my head into the waters of this brook and came out refreshed and pleased to behold coming along the road Snobby. He had hired an ox-cart! Our stuff was put on board and we were hauled to an inn or rather to a house built over some tan vats. Here we learned to our vast joy that the wife of the host was crazy with the tooth ache. Snobby, who claimed to be an amateur horse-doctor, attempted to charm the grinder of our host's good lady. He ordered a heavy dose of buckwheat pancakes to be taken every evening and morning before meals. This mixture was put to the test and it did her good. It did Snobby and myself some service too. We returned to our voluptuous couches early that night, for we intended next morning to go after ducks. Snobby snored so loud that he kept the lamp chimney on the dance all night long. The stars were still glittering in the Heavens when we started for the Ponds. Our two dogs were particularly delighted and showed their true game qualities by running after every bird or grasshopper that happened along. They also barked handsomely, so that if any ducks were about they would know we wanted them. Snobby considered his dog very valuable, had refused one hundred dollars for her, and he always allowed her to sleep on the foot of his bed. One night I awoke and felt a great pressure on my legs. I found that it was Snobby's pup, and gave the beautiful canine creature a neat rise that caused her to tumble gracefully into a barrel of wool that formed part of the furniture of our room.

AFTER THE DUCKS.

We found a canoe, and away we flew past marshes and dykelands. The morning was charming, and the luxuriant grass ever and anon bowed submissively before a refreshing breeze. We larded a mile or so from the starting point and crept cautiously up to a long sheet of water on the surface of which we discovered a large flock of black ducks with their heads nicely tucked under their wings. Our dogs acted quietly enough, for I had made mine fast to my boot and Snobby's was under the influence of so sound a kicking that she was calm and motionless. We both rose at a given signal and fired. At this Snobby's dog rushed pell mell into the water, ki-yiing grandly. My pure-breed followed with a fierce spring, pulling off my boot, and away went dogs, boot, ducks, &c. I am quite certain that we shot some of these ducks, but they forgot to stay; they all left with a perfect looseness. How admirably our dogs hunted the marshes that morning! They must have beat over miles and miles. They hunted all the ducks off I put some shot in my dog. It hit him near the tail, but he was not the style of dog to stop at trifles. Snobby swore and ripped hard enough. A farmer found my boot next day.

By very hard work one morning we bagged some fine large snipe. I forget the number exactly, but if my memory serves me I think it was one, though it might have been two. Snobby's dog from this out acted well enough, because he left it behind tied up. Mine mostly after this beat the hunting grounds thoughtfully; would good naturedly scratch about a charge of shot out of his back a day, more or less, just as the occasion required.

One afternoon Snobby and myself concluded to make a grand circuit and do the whole marsh. We went. Our intentions were to take the ducks in the evening as they flew over us bound for their feeding grounds. Evening finally arrived and threw her somber shadows over hay cocks, barns and us. Many flocks whizzed over our heads and numerous were the times we pulled trigger on them, but few fell, I think we got one. Snobby said he killed it, and I said I did, but it lay before us a case for equity. Snobby got it.

After this huge sport among those dykelands, we concluded to go down the river and have a day or two at the Nerepis, with our friend B ——. We landed from the Rothesay quite near his cosy home, which lay nestled in a green valley and surrounded in the rear by an amphitheatre of hills from the summit of which a cheering view of our noble river was afforded. It was among those hills the Blue Jay flew. The cheerful voice of the Crow sounded from many a tree, and the Partridge's loud whirr caused the anxious gunner to grasp firm his piece.

It was the partridges we wanted.

The sun had not appeared when we were up. It was a very dark morning, and we must make the best of it, for we were now on our last day; and so we clambed the rugged hills with a will, feeling confident that we would bring honorably to bag as much as a dozen brace of partridges before noon. We were disgusted with duck shooting,—we preferred partridges. Many a weary mile we travelled. B— had often told us in town of his genuine partridge dog; so of course we must have a fine day's sport with such an animal. We now most firmly selected the partridge in preference to any other bird.

"If the partridge had the woodcock's thigh,
'Twould be the finest bird that ever did fly."

So sung the poet. We concluded it was the finest anyhow. We imagined this fowl roasted on a spit and served with sauce *a la Russe* and lime juice. B.'s dog had been caught in a bear trap, and consequently had a lame paw. He would get on the scent of a rabbit or porcupine, and off he would dart with tail erect, and finally would give tongue encouragingly. Forward we would press with our guns at half cock, and we breathless. "He's got a partridge," B. would say, and when we found him, instead of his barking at game, he would be sitting on his hunkers growling at his dilapidated paw and gnawing it.

At last a partridge was treed.—It was one of the *Audubon* type. Snobby rushed towards it and fired at about ten yards distant, when with a loud whirr off went the beautiful gallinaceous biped through birch trees and mossy glens; after it sprang my dog gallantly, serenading the woods for a league or more. Noon was now upon us and the "merry, merry sunshine" appeared and made joyous the day. We turned homeward, for a keen hankering after prog came over us. At our good friend B——'s a savory dinner awaited us; an immense dish of lamb chops formed a centre on the ample table, the corners of which were graced with green peas, new potatoes, tomatoes and numerous other dainties that tend to make life pleasant. Before sitting down to this sumptuous board Snobby invited us to "come outside and have something." Fatal moment! While praising the mellowness of the whiskey I perceived my dog quietly making his way out of the back door; he was licking his ponderous jaws and appeared languid. After him flew the cook with a broom which she laid on his back with giant stroke. "Oh Lord," she screamed, "your horrible cur has devoured all the dinner." True enough, he had cleared off the meat dish equal to a patent washing machine. I felt hurt. They blamed me. What could I say to smooth things over? "Now B——," cried I, "this is a bad business and I assure you that my sorrow on this occasion is beyond description, but for my part I don't want any dinner, a cup of tea is about all I care for such a hot day as this."

Reader, but little more is to be told. That afternoon we landed at Indiantown and the melodious strains of the fog horn on Partridge Island reminded us that we were home again. We hired a whole coach. On the road to town my dog got lost. Poor, faithful Fido, I never saw him more. Soon after this Snobby gave his dog away and sold his gun. We had found the pursuit of pleasure under such circumstances "too wearing."

RITORNELLA.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE TRIBUNE.]

Fair Almond flower!
Thy blossoms thou strew'st round the feet of Spring,
And speedest her path to her blooming bower.

Dear Primrose pale!
As a flake of the snow which has left the fields,
Thou seemest to linger behind in the vale.

Sweet Violet shy!
Thou say'st, "I must go, for the rose has come."
That the rose may live, must the violet die?

Lily so fair!
The flowers in the garden are worshipping God,
And thou, the white-robed priestess there

Pure Lily-spray!
The fair hands of angels dost fitly adorn,
And not the boquets of vain worldlings gay.

Rose with thy thorns!
Vainly with briars thy charms would'st defend,
Mere spurs to true love, which such barrier scorns.

Narcissus, that blooms!
The gladsome glance of thy beautiful eye
Speaks all of love's pleasures, and nought of its glooms.

Orange-bough fine!
Such blossoms of silver and fruits of gold,
By what mighty magic dost thou combine?

Pansy so bright!
All day thou droopest, like nun demure,
Reserving thy smiles and kisses for night.

Pomegranate red!
The same hot airs, which thy cheeks have stained,
Have almost left my poor corn-fields dead.

O, Myrtle-wreath!
Fair is thy lot; in love's service to live,
And symbol of innocence, fading in death.

O, Laurel-boughs!
How ye glance and wave, on those lofty heights,
Still, still withheld from my prayers and vows!

—From the German of Ruckert.

F. TOWNSEND.

The Wood Market in Britain.

Messrs. Farnworth and Jardine's Wood Circular of the 31st July, says:—

The arrivals from British North America during the past month have been 70 vessels, 68,641 tons, against 62 vessels, 48,231 tons, during the corresponding month last year.

During the past month there has been an active business done, and although the import has been very heavy, still prices have been fully sustained, and in some articles an advance has been established. The stocks as given below appear at first sight to compare very unfavorably with those last year, but it must be borne in mind that these embrace the numerous cargoes just arrived, and which are not landed as yet, viz., 57 vessels laden with *Timber* and *Deals* reported here within the past four days.

From Canada we have had a heavy import, chiefly within the past week, the most of which has been on account of our resident trade, consequently there have been but few wholesale transactions to report. *Pine Timber* of the best quality, both *Waney and Square*, rules high in price; but the demand for all sorts is far from brisk. *Red Pine* has been in moderate demand, as also *Elm*. *Oak* still rules high, although prices are easier. *Ash* of good quality commands high prices in retail quantities. *Birch* has been sold readily on arrival at full prices, and the present stock is very moderate. *Pine Deals* move off slowly at the present prices, which hardly cover present cost of importation. In *Staves* a considerable business has been done at full prices. *Lathwood* is in moderate request.

Spruce Deals.—There has been a large business done, and of late prices have been advanced 5s. per standard, owing no doubt to the country trade being convinced that prices have touched the lowest point and to the high prices ruling abroad. Earlier in the month the market price for St. John cargoes was £8 15s. per standard, and by auction rather less was taken for some cargoes, but late sales have been at £9 per standard; other ports at proportionate rates.

Pine Deals sustain their value, the demand being stimulated through the high prices asked for *Quebec Deals*.

THE SALES

have been as follows:—

Birch.—A parcel of St. John, 14¾ inches, at 21d. per foot.

Masts and Spars.—No sales; the latter are much wanted.

Spruce Deals.—Sales early in the month at £8 15s. per standard for St. John's cargoes, but late sales have been at £9; lower ports in proportion.

Pine Deals of all qualities have been sold at full prices.

Quebec Deals.—Sales have been chiefly in retail quantities.

Scantling and *Boards* are worth £8 to £8 5s. per standard.

Palings are wanted 4½ by 3 inches, being worth 72s. 6d. to 75s. per mille.

Lathwood.—A small parcel from Dalhousie at £4 10s. per fathom.

THE IMPORT

of New Brunswick Spruce Deals, Jan. 27 to July 31, were as follows:—In 1870, 1,508,493 pcs.; in 1871, 1,277,940; in 1872, 1,483,883. The stock on hand in Liverpool July 30, was 8,646 stds. against 6,757 stds, at the same date last year. The tonnage arrived at Liverpool from St. John in the same period in each of the last three years was, 1870, 41,572; 1871, 32,960; 1872, 40,646.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Railway to the Breakwater.

MR. EDITOR: Is it true that when a delegation from the Common Council went to Ottawa a short time ago to reason with the Dominion Government, in the name of the City, against the adoption of Mr. Superintendent Carvell's proposal to carry the Railway from the Breakwater to Reed's Point wharves, and to agree upon some line that would be satisfactory both to the City and the Dominion authorities,—is it true, I ask, that on this occasion this Delegation, representing City interests, *actually made a tender on their own behalf to undertake the job?* Is it true that (as if premeditating this piece of contracting) the delegation had prepared the necessary figures, to enable them to tender, before leaving on their mission, and that they did so secretly and without the knowledge of their associates of the Common Council? Was there, Mr. Editor, any mention made of this tender of theirs, and of their negotiations with Minister Langevin, *in their Report to the Common Council*, on their return from their mission?

You will oblige a number of us by answering these questions or getting replies from the proper quarter, while we remain

SEVERAL OBSERVERS.

St. John, Aug 7.

Our Early History.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me as a TRIBUNE reader to thank you for publishing Mr. Jack's interesting paper on "The Æsthestic Attributes of Acadia." I have seldom read any thing on this subject, so brief and unpretentious, that gave me such real pleasure I am sure that those who have read it will feel and believe that something thorough should be done, and immediately, to preserve the traditions and early history of Acadia in permanent form. Our old men are fast dying out; old records are being lost, or becoming worthless from age; and perhaps another generation hence there will not be available a tithe even of the scanty aids that are now to be obtained. Why not make a bold move at once to institute a search for old records and papers bearing upon our past, especially of the Indian and French eras, and employ such other means as are absolutely necessary to accomplish the object sought? If twenty spirited men would guarantee $40 to $50 a year, for five years, I believe that all the information obtainable might be had and placed in presentable shape,—at least in MS; and the work of printing, I believe, would be self-remunerating.

Yours, BLUENOSE.

Prince William Street and the Street Railway.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

What action does the Corporation intend to take in reference to the Street Railway? For some time past the Company have not operated the line from the Market Square to Reed's Point, and, I should judge, have forfeited their Charter. Under such circumstances, are we to continue to tolerate the rails now laid there, or shall the Company be compelled to take them up? If they are made to lift them, should not the Company be made to put the street in as good order as they found it?

Many thousands of dollars were expended on Prince William street to put it in good order. Just as it was got in good condition the Street Railway Company tore it up to lay their detestable rails. When their rails were placed, the street was not properly repaired, and it has remained a scandal to the City ever since. The Company have treated the citizens scandalously in this matter, and the City authorities have done nothing to keep them in check or up to their work. Between the two, Prince William street has been DESTROYED. If the rails were taken up to-morrow, five thousand dollars would not put it in as good shape as it was in before. Is the Company to get off free in this matter, and must the heavily taxed people put their hands in their well rifled pockets once more and make up the sum of which they have been literally robbed?

The matter ought to be ventilated. Now is the time to go into these subjects,—now that everybody is denouncing the iniquity of the last tax levy, the most monstrous and unfair ever put upon a patient community of swindled rate-payers.

I am, &c.,

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

LOCALS.

The Charlotte Election.

The vote in Grand Manan was McAdam 89; Gillmour 10. Mr. McAdam's total majority is 222.

Sir Francis Hincks.

As far as heard from, at 10 a.m. to day, the vote in South Brant stood: Sir Francis Hincks 216; Paterson 212.

Personal.

Mr. John Rusk, the County Treasurer of Kent, lies seriously ill at the Kent Hotel, Richibucto. Mr. Rusk's numerous friends in this City will regret much to hear of his indisposition.

Concert at Carleton.

The Concert announced to be given at the City Hall, Carleton, this evening, under the direction of Prof. Burwood, will surely take place. It should be well attended, as Mrs. Perley, Miss Hart and Prof. Martens are to appear.

The Grand Pleasure Gathering

of the Catholic congregation of Carleton, fixed for to-morrow, on Mr. McCarthy's grounds, will probably be the Pic-Nic of the season. There will be Boat races, Three-legged races, Fat Men's races, and all other kinds of races, and other games and sports to suit the views of all. The Carleton Serenade Band will be along, and refreshments will be provided.

Pic-Nic Postponed.

Germain St. Wesleyan Sabbath School pic-nic has been postponed in consequence of the extremely wet state of the grounds.

Choral Festival.

Rehearsals for the Choral Festival will be held on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, the 20th and 24th inst., at Messrs. Landry and McCarthy's music store, King street under the direction of Prof. Martens, to commence at 8 o'clock. All who wish to take part in the choruses are cordially invited to attend.

The Second Rehearsal

for the Choral Festival took place at Messrs. Landry and McCarthy's store on King street, on Saturday evening last. Owing to the disagreeable state of the weather the attendance was not as large as on the first night.

Shediac

is, in many respects, ahead of St. Andrews as a watering place. Among the principal hotels in the former place is the "WELDON HOUSE," directly opposite the Railway Station and in the centre of the town. At this hotel the tourist will find all the comforts of a home.

McEvoy's Hibernicon.

Prof. John McEvoy is in the City making arrangements for exhibiting his panorama of Ireland, etc.

Rev. Antonio Arrighi

lectures on "Life in Italy," and will sing in Italian and in English to the people of Portland, this evening at 8 o'clock, in the Methodist Church. Admission, the free-will offering of those who may attend, to be handed to the door-keeper.

Italian Opera To-night.

Great expectations are entertained in regard to the artistic treat in store for the people of St. John, at the Academy of Music this evening. A large number of reserved seats have been taken up. The Opera of "Lucrezia Borgia" is selected for this opening night.

The Steamer "Glendon,"

from Portland for this port, with 3,000 barrels of flour, struck the spilght rock at 4 o'clock this morning, while making up the bay in the thick fog. She immediately backed off. To keep the steamer free the engines are kept constantly going. The tugboat "Hiram Perry, Jr.," and another were immediately despatched to the scene of the disaster on the arrival of the news She is expected to reach here this afternoon.

Pic-Nics.

The Germain St. Baptist Church pic-nic which was advertised to take place on Saturday last, at Rothesay, owing to the disagreeable state of the weather on that day, has been postponed until to-morrow, weather permitting. The grounds at this place are very pleasantly situated, and should the weather prove favorable a good time may be expected, as there will be boating on the Kennebeccasis and games too numerous to mention, for which a large number of prizes are offered.

The St. Andrew's Church S. S. pic-nic which was to have taken place at South Bay to-day, has again been postponed until the first fine day.

The Cathedral pic-nic is also postponed.

Star of Peace Lodge of B. T. purpose having a moonlight excursion on the St. John River, on Wednesday evening next, for which the steamer "Rothesay" has been engaged. The Band of the 62nd Battalion will furnish music. Besides the usual refreshments, there will be a supper furnished during the evening, The steamer will leave the wharf at Indiantown at half past seven sharp.

The Centenary Methodist Sabbath School hold their annual pic-nic at Blissville, on Thursday next, in connection with the Fredericton Methodist Sunday School.—Extensive preparations are under way for making this one of the best pic-nics of the season. The beautiful grounds of John T. Bailey, Esq., are to be used on this occasion.

Bishop's Opera House.

The burlesque "Cinderella" was played at the Opera House on Saturday evening before a large audience. Mr Sam. Collins took the part of the Prince in place of Miss Bella Gordon, and rendered it in fine style. The rest of the performers were fully up in their roles. The first part of the entertainment was replete with fun and, as usual, passed off well. The burlesque was somewhat marred, however, toward the finish by the total eclipse of the gas, and but for the illumination on the stage the audience would have been left in total darkness. Major Bishop, by his ready tact and presence of mind, prevented a scene of confusion that would have been better imagined than described. This evening the Freeman Sisters will appear in their favorite character sketches. Mr. W. C. Pope, formerly of Mr. Lanergan's company, has been engaged for a short season, and will appear in conjunction with Miss Jennie Kimball in the farce of "A Loan of a Lover." The rest of the star performers will appear in some of their best acts.

The Sea Serpent again.

Says the Halifax *Express*:—

Of course it has been seen! We never knew it fail to put in an appearance at this time. We shall no doubt have the customary affidavits, though of late years they have failed to produce the effect that formerly attended them. This time the "fearful monster of the deep" is about sixty feet in length, and is disporting himself at Margaret's Cay, in this County. His head is like that of a horse, and his neck is ornamented with a long bristling mane. Shots fly from his impenetrable hide like balls from the bat of a hard hitter. A number of enterprising citizens in the locality have formed themselves into a hunting party in order to seek the monster out, and to settle the long-mooted question of the peculiar species of marine animals to which it belongs.

The Monster of Lake Eutopia, in Charlotte County, N. B., was a terrible mystery until the matter was taken in hand by Mr. B. C. Kenway, C. E., who, we are pleased to hear, has settled the monstrosity for all time to come. Mr. Kenway informs us that the Lake Eutopia dragon was nothing else than a cow, which occasionally swam the Lake, presenting to the uninitiated and superstitious a fearful appearance as she paddled her way through the briny deep. The service which Mr. Kenway has thus rendered the terror stricken frequenters of the Lake will not be readily forgotten. His kind offices seem to be needed at Margaret's Bay, Halifax County, to which, in the cause of suffering humanity, he should instantly repair.

A Drunken Lunatic at Musquash.

For some three or four days past a drunken lunatic, named Jas. McWilliams, has been committing depredations around the neighborhood of Musquash, and insulting the people with the utmost impunity, although there are several Magistrates in the Parish. On several occasions recently he has attempted to gain entrance into houses by the window, there being no men about at the time, and when prevented has used the most obscene language. On one occasion he received a severe but merited beating from the lady of a house. It is to be regretted that there is not one Magistrate with sufficient courage left to have the man arrested and put under restraint.

The Musquash Draw-bridge.

It is over six weeks since the draw-bridge at Musquash was carried away, and yet nothing has been done towards repairing it. Travellers are compelled to go fully a mile out of their road over a number of rotten bridges, in constant danger of their lives; and after the Lancaster Mills are running it will be utterly impossible to cross these with a restive horse. It would be well for the Local Government to attend to the matter at once, there being a great deal of travelling on this road.

That Wire Fence.

W. H. Pope, Esq., of Charlottetown, Editor of the *Islander* is the contractor for supplying a wire fence along the line of Government Railway. The Opposition when assailing Mr. Pope, do not forget to give his fence "fits." The *Herald* says of it:—

Hogs, sheep and oxen, can pass through the fence anywhere. Sapling posts, driven in with mallets, that could be lifted out of their places by a boy; wires that will yield to an extent to allow a cow to pass through or snap, to render the transit more easy still—a superficial, flimsy construction, unworthy of the very name of a fence, because it possesses none of the properties,—this is the substitute, which a Ministry, possessing, by their own account, all the ability, wisdom and foresight of the community, decreed that the farmers of the Island should have before them as a model *lawful* fence.

City Police Court.

Wm. Crosby, 66, and John Conway, 26, came to the Station for protection, were cautioned and let go.

Robert Fox, 25, drunk and disorderly on Sydney street; fined $8 or 10 days Gaol.

John Dixon, 22, lying drunk on the King Square; fined $8 or 10 days Gaol.

Merchants' Exchange.

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

Montreal, Aug. 17th.—Liverpool Flour 28s. a 29s.; Red Wheat 11s. 6d a 11s. 9d. Market quiet.

New York Flour Market steady. Common to good Extra State $7.08 a $7 20.

Pork dull, $13.75 a $13.85 new.

Grain freights 8d. a 8½d.

Montreal Flour Market dull, 5 cents lower. Western State and Welland Canal $6.35 a $6.40.

New York, Aug. 19.—Gold opened at 115.

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jan 31 G. W. DAY.

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