MANUFACTURES
OF THE
MIS ECK MILLS, - - St. John, N. B.

ALL WOOL GOODS, viz:
HEAVY and LIGHT GREY CLOTH; HEAVY and LIGHT BROWN CLOTH;
HEAVY GREY FLANNEL; HEAVY SCARLET FLANNEL;
Heavy Grey Blankets.
ALSO:
FIRST CLASS COTTON WARPS.
The above named Seasonable Goods are all of SUPERIOR QUALITY, manufactured from the very best materials, and warranted to give satisfaction.
☞ORDERS FROM THE TRADE RESPECSFULLY SOLICITED.
☞Warehouse—Reed's Building, Water Street.
sep 11—1yd&w J. L. WOODWORTH, Agent.

STEAMER "NARENTA,"
FROM LIVERPOOL.
WE ARE NOW OPENING PER THE ABOVE:
52 BALES AND CASES
GREY COTTONS, GREY BLANKETS, WHITE BLANKETS, CAMP BLANKETING, FLANNELS, HABERDASHERY, SCOTCH TWEEDS,
CLOTHING, RUBBER COATS, PRINTS, ROLLED LININGS, WINCEYS, UMBRELLAS, JACONET MUSLINS.
NEW FALL GOODS,
At Wholesale, and Lowest Living Profits.
EVERITT & BUTLER,
55 and 57 KING STREET.
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The Daily Tribune.
ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 13, 1872.

"Purity of Elections."

Our American cousins have been claiming all along that intelligence ruled in their popular elections. They admitted spending large sums in fireworks and processions and public meetings, as well as in hiring popular speakers and disseminating campaign literature, but they disclaimed utterly any attempt at purchasing electors to vote for either Party. If it was ever in doubt as to whether elections have been run in the States into which the element of Bribery entered, that doubt has now been set at rest. It is proven that enormous sums were spent by both parties among the negroes in North Carolina, and that the majority obtained by the Administration candidate for Governor, besides being otherwise fraudulently obtained, were purchased with money. And now in intelligent Maine, which has been held up as a model for the British American Provinces to imitate, only a few days ago the most unblushing bribery prevailed. The *St. Croix Courier* says:—

The excitement in Calais election day was intense. Single votes sold for $50 and few were bought for less than $15. It is said nearly one-half the votes were bought.

The statement is corroborated by one which appears in the New York *Sun*:—

No such wholesale, unstinted expenditure of money has ever been witnessed in any election in this country as that just made by the Grant managers in Maine. There was no limit to the money at their command. "All calculations have been frustrated"—so a most perspicacious correspondent telegraphs us from Calais—"by extensive bribery of voters. Chandler's money was spent like water, and enough loose voters of the baser sort were bought up with it to offset the whole Liberal Republican vote. This has been the rottenest election ever held in Maine."

The Railroad Anaconda.

The North Shore movement on the Public Lands, to which we referred some days ago, is increasing in proportions and promises to be a serious piece of business. The Newcastle *Advocate* states that owing to the presence of Attorney General King in Chatham on Monday evening last, a public meeting was hurriedly called to consider matters connected with the proposed Railway from Chatham to Fredericton, and "to ascertain why the land grant had been refused to a company incorporated for the purpose of building this very important link." The *Advocate* continues:—

W. Wilkinson, Esq., occupied the Chair.—Speeches were delivered by J. C. Gough, Esq, Hon. Wm. M. Kelly, T. F. Gillespie, Esq., the Attorney General, M. Adams, Esq., and Hon. P. Mitchell. Some very strong resolutions were passed showing that the railroad should be built, and that also as aid had been given to railroad enterprises in other sections of the Province, to which the North had contributed for years, this section was justly and fairly entitled to aid from the Government. It was also stated as wrong in principle, and highly improper that the timber lands on the head waters of our river should be given to subsidize a line which alone can benefit the country along the Saint John River. And lastly, that the Government should be strongly urged, through our representatives, to grant a subsidy towards the construction of a line through the Miramichi valley.

We don't see how the Legislature can consistently refuse to grant 10,000 acres of land per mile to this Company when it has given the same to the River du Loup Company, and when the Local Government have consented that a Narrow Gauge road is entitled to such an enormous subsidy. At the same time, we ask the people of this Province to consider for one moment the effect of giving away another million of acres of the public lands, in addition to what the River du Loup Company are to receive? Where will our Timber Lands be then? Where will our settlement lands be? What inducement can the Province offer to emigrants and settlers from abroad? What will have become of the lands which the sons of our present settlers and inhabitants will require in the future? All,—all will have disappeared in the voracious maw of one or two Railway Companies! These corporations will sell for what they please. They will enrich or impoverish whom they please. The Government, the constituencies, the Legislature and political institutions of the Province will be at their mercy, and *the people* of New Brunswick will no longer own their own country.

Just at this juncture we learn that the River du Loup Company have given the management of their great timber interests into the hands of Messrs. Temple, Gibson and Randolph, three able lumber and railway operators. At this moment, the following brief extracts from Provincial journals supply food for reflection to the mercantile and political men of our Province:—

[From the Fredericton Reporter.]

An ordinary Crown Land sale took place at the Office this morning. It was extraordinary, however, as involving portions of the land in dispute between the River du Loup Railway Company and private applicants, the latter appearing in force to urge their respective claims. In addition to the grounds which have been surveyed by the Company and reserved by the Government, *there is a further survey of lands which the Company is determined to secure, and as private individuals could have no hopes of contending against them, they will no doubt obtain all they desire.* Objections not unmingled with threats were urged against this procedure, and we fear the government have yet an unsolved problem demanding their most serious consideration.

[From the St. Stephen Courier.]

It is no longer a secret that parties to the Westward are anxious to secure the control of the railroad and branches in which this section is more immediately interested. It is known that if negotiations have not actually been entered upon, *the basis of a sale or the conditions of a lease, say for ninety-nine years, have been freely canvassed on both sides during the past twelve months.*

The Maine Election.

Speaker Blaine, on the night of the Maine election, sent the following despatch to President Grant:—

We have carried the State for Governor Perham by more than fifteen thousand majority—a net gain of 5,000 on last year's vote. We have carried all the Congressional districts, the closest by well two thousand majority. We have carried every county in the State, something we never achieved but once before, have elected every Senator and chosen four-fifths of the House of Representatives. Our victory is complete and overwhelming at all points, and insures you more than twenty-five thousand majority in November.

The Portland *Argus*, a Democratic journal, says:—

Unsatisfactory as the result is, it is gratifying to reflect that the resources of corruption must necessarily be spread over a wider area in November. They cannot then be concentrated in a corner of the Union, with a view to reflect public opinion. We shall then get an honest and not a purchased judgment. The country will speak and not a single "bought up" State, which, by its laws of election, is placed in a peculiar position as an indicator of the general public sentiment of the country, and which indicator has sometimes been very far from correct, and with the growing Liberal ideas of the Middle States and the great West, is likely to prove very much more so unless she mends her ways. If Maine could have been left alone yesterday, and not overwhelmed with an army of plausible placemen and an avalanche of greenbacks, she would have pronounced in more unmistakable terms for the great Reform movement, but as it is, all matters given grave consideration, we see no good reason to despair of the Republic.

The New York *Herald*, which holds the scales with tolerable impartiality between the two contending hosts, remarks:—

The practical lesson of the Maine election is to teach the opposition that their efforts to take any of these States from General Grant will be unsuccessful. It is now as certain as any future event can well be that Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island will cast their electoral votes for the republican candidate. In Massachusetts there will no doubt be a material falling off in the republican strength, for Banks and Sumner will carry with them a large number of the republicans; but, unfortunately, in that State the majority to be overcome reaches seventy-seven thousand. However gallantly the seceders may fight, they can never hope to break down this enormous figure.

The *Herald* believes Connecticut will go for Grant, as well as South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Florida, Georgia and Alabama, leaving the battle to be fought out in the Middle and Western States. The New England and Southern States enumerated will give Grant 86 votes, or nearly half the number required in the Electoral College.

MOOSEPATH PARK.

Second Day's Trotting.

INCREASED ATTENDANCE AND LIVELY RACING.

Yesterday afternoon a large attendance, fully 3,000 persons, were present at the races, as good sport was anticipated, the St. John favorites Andy Johnson and Bismarck being about to measure paces with the Bangor favorite Ink, and the Saint Stephen favorite Nellie Eaton. The Grand Stand was crowded and a very large number of private carriages and livery teams swelled the concourse. The weather, which had been threatening became quite fine, and nothing occurred to mar the fine exhibition of the racing qualities of the various steeds and the dexterity of their drivers. For

THE FIRST RACE,

for horses of the three minute class, there were nine entries, but only five came to the score,—Country Lass, by Mr. Caie, of Richibucto; Little Fraud, by J. G. Morrell, of Bangor; the Lord Horse, by Mr. Callaghan, of Charlotte-town; Nellie, by Mr. Large, of Charlotte-town; and Kitty by Mr. Brickett, of Portland, Me. The first heat was a game struggle between Little Fraud and Kitty, who was the favorite, the performances of Little Fraud the day before not having been satisfactory. Nellie broke badly in this heat. Kitty came in first, Little Fraud, second, Nellie, third, and the Lord Horse and Country Lass were distanced. On the second heat Kitty took the lead, Nellie came second, and Little Fraud third. Nellie passed Kitty and kept the lead, but on account of breaking as she came under the wire the heat was given to Kitty. On the third heat Kitty got off first, Nellie, second, Little Fraud, third. This was the easiest heat of the lot, Kitty taking the lead and keeping it throughout, winning by several lengths.

The following is a summary of this race. Sept. 12th, 1872.—For horses of the three minute class, mile heats, best three in five. Purse of $200; $125 to first, $50 to second, and $25 to third.

J. Brickett, Portland, Me., ns. b. m. Kitty,	1	1	1
Mr. Large, Charlotte-town, P. E. I., ns, blk m. Nellie,	3	2	2
J. G Morrell, Bangor, Me., ns. b. m. Little Fraud,	2	3	3
Mr. Caie, Richibucto, ns. ch. m. Country Lass,	dist.		
Mr. Callaghan, Charlotte-town, ns. b. g. the Lord horse,	dist.		

Time—2.53½, 2.50, 2.51.

The second race on the programme and the second of the day next came off. For this there were three horses entered, Dolly Varden, by Robt. Bustin; Bismarck, by Doctor Christie, and Nellie Eaton, by Mr. Eaton of St. Stephen. In the pool selling Dolly Varden was the favorite, the sports investing their surplus cash in that direction, and coming to grief, as the sequel proved. The horses got a good send off, but Bismarck took the lead, being well handled by the Doctor, and he kept the lead all the way round, winning by several lengths, in 2.52¼. Bismarck stock went up then, the superior bottom of Bismarck and his game bearing giving him the preference, while the heavy gait of Dolly and the apparently poor driving of Nellie Eaton lowered their stock. In the second heat both Dolly and Nellie got off ahead of Bismarck and kept the lead till on the first quarter Nellie Eaton broke up and Bismarck passed her, Dolly pegging away ahead and having it all her own way till on the last quarter of the homestretch Bismarck swung in as if by magic, and left Dolly Varden in the lurch, taking the heat and race, time 2.55¼.—There was some talk just about this time, and J. Hill, who drove Nellie Eaton in the previous races, offered to bet $500 that Nellie could beat Bismarck. The offer was accepted, and a match for $500 a side, for next Wednesday, was made, to be trotted at Moosepath Park, and $200 a side was put up to bind the bet. There will be considerable betting on this race. A prominent St. John horseman bet a hundred dollars in favor of the St. Stephen horse, last night, with a Frederictonian, who put up his on Bismarck.

The following is the summary of the gentlemen's race:—

Thursday, Sept. 12th, 1872. Purse of $150 for horses that have never beaten three minutes—$90 to first, $40 to second, $20 to third. Mile heats, best two in three, in harness.

Doctor J. Christie, St. John, ns. ch. g. Bismarck,	1	1
Robert Bustin, St. John, ns. b. m. Dolly Varden,	2	3
E. Eaton, St. Stephen, ns. ch. m. Nellie Eaton,	3	2

Time—2 52¼, 2 55¼.

FOR THE THIRD RACE,

Andy Johnson, Ink and Nellie scored. A great deal of money changed hands on this. It was a repetition of Crown Prince and Eastern Boy of last year, the knowing ones putting up money on Ink to a considerable extent, though in the pools Andy sold as high as $55 and Ink $9, and betting varied all around with that as the outside, in favor of Andy. The horses were a considerable time scoring, and the crowd yelled impatiently, and at last off they flew, Nellie taking the lead, followed by Ink and Andy. They both passed Nellie on the first quarter, and Ink took the lead, closely followed by Andy. Ink kept ahead till coming in on the first half mile. Andy came up and came under the wire, leading; half way around Ink again passed Andy, but on the home stretch Andy put on a spurt, and came in ahead by barely a length. Time 2.40, Nellie distanced. This was a good heat, and Ink became quite a favorite; betting was not so fierce in Andy's favor.

For the second heat they both got off on the first scoring, Ink took the lead and kept it, but broke and run near the start. She kept the lead all the way through but broke again several times, being pulled up before gaining anything by it, and came under the wire at the end of the mile half a length ahead, making a break and run half way under the wire. The heat was given to Andy; time 2 38¼.

In the third heat Ink took the lead and gained several lengths, till on the homestretch Andy came up gradually, but on an application of the whip broke under the wire. Ink took the heat; time 2.39¼.

The fourth heat, both Bell and the driver of Ink wanted to get any slight advantage possible from the start, and they scored several times, but at last they got off, Ink taking the lead and keeping it with Andy close on her wheel and this was maintained pretty much all through. It was thought at one time that Ink would take this heat, but coming in the last hundred yards, Andy, who was a couple of lengths behind, was urged by his driver and he slipped by Ink like a flash, winning by a couple of lengths; time 2.38¼.

The men who had bet 4 to 1 on Andy, the men who lost, and those on foot and in carriages all felt surprised at the sudden victory of Andy, and a simultaneous rush was made for Dan's where things were whooped lively enough to scare a foreign missionary society.

The following is a summary of the free for all race:—

Same day and same track. Purse $400; free for all,—$250 to first, $100 to second, $50 to third. Mile heats, best three in five.

C. W. Bell, St. John, ns. r. g Andy Johnson,	1	1	2 1
G. O'Connor, Bangor, ns. blk m. Ink,	2	2	1 2
Mr. Large, Charlotte-town, ns. blk m. Nellie,	dist.		

Time—2 40, 2.38¼, 2.39½, 2.38¼.

The racing this meeting has been good, and the time here would appear to greater advantage on a better track, as the short turns on this track make it impossible for the horses to get anything like their best time taken out of them. The time made yesterday is better than has yet been made on the track, and the proceedings were extraordinarily quiet for such a large assemblage. It was gratifying to see the large number of ladies present, who seemed to enjoy the sport amazingly.

On Wednesday next there will be another excellent opportunity to see some good racing between the two chestnuts Bismarck and Nellie Eaton.

ON BOARD THE "SCAPEGRACE"

A Cruise to Leeward.

BY J. N. W.

(Concluded.)

One delightful morning we were cruising gently along the sandy shores of Sal Cay. The sun was just appearing far off Eastward, and his fiery rays cast a cheerful glimmer over the cerulian waters of the old Bahamas Channel that flows past the fertile land of Cuba's northerly coast. A man at the fore-crosstress cried: "A wreck! a wreck!!" I sprang up the shrouds and saw for myself a vessel lying near the shore on her beam ends. I at once made this known to Mr. Wholeheart, and with his permission we bore down for the prize and anchored under the lea of the Island. A large boat was put out and manned by six of our crew; Mr. Wholeheart and I occupied the stern sheats, and away we sped toward the abandoned vessel. We found her to be the brigantine "Union," of Baltimore; she was at anchor in five fathoms of water. It appears she had been standing to windward, from Matanzas, loaded with box sugar, when she struck on one of the Lavandara rocks or on one of the double-headed shot cays, and sprung a leak. She then headed in for Sal Cay, and anchored. Soon after this she sunk. The sugars melting, in due time she arose to the surface, and thus we found her apparently uninjured. I signalled for another boat's crew, and we saved nearly all the sails and rigging, besides some beef and pork. We then cut away the fore and mainmast, and the brig at once righted. She was a noble looking craft, with a clipper-like rake, as most Baltimore vessels are. Next day a heavy norther arose, and we were obliged to ride it out with both anchors down. Our ground tackle was heavy, else we could not have held on. In two days the gale ceased. We proceeded to the wreck and found her high and dry on the beach.

THE PROCEEDS.

This was what we wanted, for she was well coppered and copper-fastened. After stripping these valuable sheets from her broken planks, we applied the match to the grest mass, and for two days or so she burned. Then we found a great many pure copper bolts, etc. While the fire was raging we were not idle. We had men diving for sundry articles among the reefs. We also found eight anchors and five chains that had been lost from time to time by one ship and another. We had now been absent from Nassau about six weeks, so we concluded to beat up to Abbico and attend a Ball that was to be given at Elbow Cay. This celebration was to take place in honor of the first lighting of this new and lofty Beacon. Mr. Wholeheart was so pleased at the way in which my niggers worked at the wreck that he asked my consent to open champagne for the entire company. It was all that could be desired on that occasion, so one case of the "fizz" was drunk off in a most hearty manner. One old Guineaman among the crew said a man was foolish to drink that kind of stuff. He preferred about four fingers of "old Jamrica." Four or five days smart beating to windward found us near the "Hole in the Wall." We ran up our ensign to the main truck, and fired a shot from a brass swivel attached to the Paul Post, and soon after this we gracefully glided into romantic Abbico village. This settlement was about three miles distant from the main land and was situate on a long, narrow, coral island the summit of which was decorated with thatch trees and mangrove bushes. A little river or inlet made up a short distance inland and a large portion of its surface was dotted with small schooners, sponging sloops and sail boats.

SUNDAY.

It was the Sabbath, and we could plainly hear the music of hymns for the morning's devotion was taking place in a little gothic church that occupied a conspicuous place on a sand bank overlooking the ocean. Mr. Wholeheart and I after we anchored, put on our Sunday clothes and we looked very respectable as we sat at ease in two large chairs on the quarter-deck. When church services were over the people flocked out and observing my friend and me, came to the conclusion that it was Governor Bailey and suite from New Providence. They cheered with the utmost enthusiasm. Our crew responded with telling effect and numerous guns and pistols were discharged in honor of our distinguished arrival. I was filled with joy, and considered myself, just then, a person of no mean capacity. A brass band adorned my blue cap, and Mr. Wholeheart had provided every negro on board with a brass button, on which was the crown and anchor. An abundance of good things was despatched from shore, to us, consisting of chickens, hens and turtle eggs, fresh fish, etc. The villagers were mostly white, but their system of intermarrying so much had reduced them to a scrawny, ghastly looking people. Two days from this the great ball was to take place. Fleet after fleet of small crafts was continually arriving with males and females, young and old. The latter generally wore dresses of the most fantastic colors. Mr. Wholeheart had insisted on my instructing him in heel-and-toe science, although I was a very poor dancer. He informed me that the people among the islands knew little or nothing of waltzes, quadrilles, etc., and assured me that he considered no dance more suitable to his taste than a Scotch reel, highland fling, and hornpipe. For many days I had been acting the part of dancing-master for him. Wholeheart had more life in him than one half the young men; he was a "tip-top" boxer, could stand on his head, sit on a bottle and drink his toddy, sing a jolly song, and tell a good story.

THE BALL

at last opened. My friend led the lighthouse-keeper's pretty little wife to the floor. The musicians played a regular New York Water street breakdown which started up a dozen couple and they rattled off the time in vigorous steps. The ladies would grasp the sides of their short dresses and the way they would kick out and turn round was bewildering to look at. Then the gents would grasp the waists of the damsels with their left arm and with their right hand clasp the left of the fair ones and off they would go in fine style. Wholeheart sometimes got out of breath but he kept up wonderfully well, and the girls took a most astonishing fancy to him, and several of the dear little innocent island beauties at the close of the set sprang towards him and showered sweet kisses on his rosy face. At this sudden turn of affairs he turned deadly pale and fainted.

AN ABLICO BELLE.

During the evening I had kept very silent and carefully watched the different lads and lasses both old and young; they were a mixture of Blacks, Quadroons, Octoroons, Whites and in fact all colors.—The wenches had their hair tied up in scarlet and blue narrow silk ribbons. The "yellow gals," who had longer hair, had it braided in little tails, and some of the white dulciannas wore back combs large enough to do a grocer, on a pinch, for a sugar scoop. Late in the evening a bustling and rustling took place near the door, and a young girl entered that took my eye in a moment. Nature had bestowed on her a sweet and winsome countenance; her form was graceful and finely moulded. She was indeed fascinating, in fact bewitching. In her veins flowed colored blood which tended to add fresh lustre to her brilliant eyes that sparkled like diamonds set in jet. Her robes were white as the snow flakes of the north; satin slippers of the same hue encased her delicate feet and she moved with such ease that one would imagine that the place over which she glided was paved with material liable to injury from the weight of her fairy-like form. That old fox of a Wholeheart made a bee line for her and cut me out slick and clean. He danced with her for a painfully long time and then led her to her papa while he was outside taking a nip. I took courage and made myself acquainted with her parents and they introduced me as Captain "So and So," of the Government yacht "Scapegrace;" didn't she bow? She bent nearly double; I reciprocated; and we became immediately acquainted. I gently drew her warm and beautiful arm into my own and we promenaded to and fro; she talked of her quiet home away on the Silver Islands, and of the orange groves that surrounded it; she told me of her pa's schooners and boats, and of her brother-in-law, the great wild boar hunter. She was, indeed, sweeter than any pine apple or box of Guava jelly. I told her of my home among snow banks and fog mulls, of the vast riches of my great aunt and of the position I expected to fill at some future day in the British Navy. A tear rolled down her blushing cheek and I began to tremble like a side-wheel steamer. At last she lowered her glistening orbs and so did I. Then she gradually raised them—so did I. Then, great heavens, our eyes met, she screamed and rushed to my outstretched arms and she shed tears. I left her sobbing. I went outside for I had become exceedingly dry.

The later waxed the hour, the warmer grew the ball. Grog was plentiful and many was the hero who got elevated and wanted to fight; some got accommodated and some didn't. Towards morning, Wholeheart showed signs of being pretty full. His highland flings became less amusing to the spectators, and on more than one occasion he planted his foot on a negro's pug.—some of them took offence at this playfulness and withdrew from

THE SCENE OF INNOCENT MIRTH.

As morning dawned, one by one of both sexes departed for their respective homes and finally Wholeheart and myself left for the "Scapegrace." He was "pretty well on" but occasionally showed signs of life by treading on every negro heel that was before him; he became as frisky as a lamb and would now and then jump on a colored gentleman's back and make him trot down hill with him. That afternoon a little party was made on board of our schooner. Her mainsail and foresail were unbent and spread as awnings over her decks. About twenty couple were invited and we had

AN AFTERNOON OF GOOD FUN.

The pretty girl of whom I have spoken was on board. The more I saw of her the more I admired her. Her grandmother was to have a large kind of Dignity Ball in the village that night, and I was invited, but unfortunately they did not ask Wholeheart. I don't know why they slighted him; perhaps his style of flings and nimble kicking did not suit their fine ideas. Darkness at last came. The gaulding flitted among the bushes: the young sharks played gently in the bay; the turtle floated lazily on the bosom of the peaceful waters. The sound of music was heard far away among the little glens and sand hills. I oiled my hair, blackened my boots, primped myself up very nifty and ordered my gig to be manned. It was not long till I was by the side of the dark girl dressed in white. We danced our Irish jig together. We went through a sett of common quadrilles. We walked out among the orange trees. My heart was filled with joy more that I can express on paper. The moon was just appearing over the piazza of her grandma's house, throwing its mild rays among the thousand fruit trees that were wet with the sweet dews of a cool and balmy evening. Our meeting was abruptly ended by the arrival of Wholeheart, who was as corned as anything can be corned and be able to walk and talk. He ordered me on board instantly, as it was his intention to proceed at once to Nassau. I told him the sails were all unbent, and that I would not go till morning. He said naughty words to me, and declared that if I did not obey orders the charter was broken. I told him to go to a distant region. He told me to go there too. The more we argued the hotter grew the dispute. After this I tore myself away from this loveliest of creatures and accompanied old Wholeheart to the "Scapegrace" and we put to sea shortly afterwards. It was one of the saddest hours of my life. I bitterly cursed Wholeheart in my mind. I dreamed about the dark girl dressed in white night after night, and not for days did I exchange words with the author of my misery. After cruising about for a week or more we shaped our course for

NEW PROVIDENCE.

The night before we arrived at this place old Wholeheart broke the ice and commenced overtures by opening a quart of Creme de Bouzey. Next evening we sailed slowly over Nassau Bar and cast anchor off the Western Esplanades. The Barrack bugle sounded in harmonious strains the evening call, and I hastened on shore to the lively streets of the beautiful city to see the sights and hear the news and give tidings of the arrival of the "Scapegrace" and Mr. Wholeheart from our Cruise to Leeward.

LOCALS.

Personal.

Hon. Mr. Tilley arrived in the City last evening and is stopping at the Victoria.

Hon. Mr. Mitchell left Chatham this afternoon for St. John, where he will remain until Wednesday, leaving then for Ottawa.

Sunday Service.

The Rev. Rupert Cochrane, M. A., morning preacher of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, England, will preach in St. Paul's Church, in the Valley, on Sunday next at 11 o'clock, and also at half-past three.

Preaching.

O. A. Burgess, of Chicago, will preach in the Duke street Chapel this (Friday) evening at half-past 7 o'clock.

Cordwood.

There are several cargoes of cordwood at the slip of an average quality, mixed and white birch; the former selling at $7, the latter at $6 per cord. The demand is fully up to the supply, the only drawback being the lack of sufficient cartmen to haul it and buck-sawyers to cut and split it. Or perhaps we should say that neither cartmen nor sawyers will do the work for which they are specially licensed by the Corporation unless they can secure what they consider a "fat job."

Frank Palmer to the front.

"Frank Palmer," an American trotter, who was at the races at Moosepath Park last season, won the race for horses that never beat 2.32 at Lowell last week. The purse was for a thousand dollars, and six heats were run, the best time made being 2.33—mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Died from his Injuries.

A young lad named Michael Donavon, residing in York Point, who, on Monday last, fell between the Anchor Line steamer "Assyria" and the wharf, while passing from the vessel to the wharf on the gangway, died from his injuries received yesterday afternoon. It is said a box which he was carrying in his arms struck him in the breast when he fell. He will be buried by the Laborers Association, being a member of that Society.

Pic-Nic.

The Pic-Nic season is now nearly over, but on Tuesday next there will be a highly enjoyable one, of the St. John Presbyterian Church, at Hampton, one of the loveliest rural spots on the Eastern line of Railway.

A New Phase of Things.

When Doctor Christie accepted the $500 challenge, and put the money up yesterday against "Nellie Eaton," it was supposed the race would come off next Wednesday as at first proposed. To-day Mr. Pugsley received a letter from one of the Eaton party, asking for $100 expenses, and a third of the gate money, or they would give Doctor Christie $100 and a third of the gate money, and name the track. As nothing of the kind was proposed when the challenge was flaunted under the Doctor's nose by the Eaton party, it is to be hoped that Mr. S. T. Golding, who holds the $200 put up to bind the bet, will insist on the race Wednesday next, play or pay.

Brevities.

A Promenade Concert in Halifax last week realized $130.—A concert will be given by St. John's Church Choir in Durlap's Hall, Moncton, Monday, 18th.—Capt. David Stiles will be on the route between St. John and Moncton next week, with the steamer "Albert."—The Albert Railway shows some signs of renewed life. The contractors have taken offices at Salisbury—The Rev. J. E. Hopper, formerly of St. Stephen, but now of Burlington, Iowa, is taking away New Brunswick's educational talent to build up a Western Seminary. Prof. Williams, Miss Norwood, and other New Brunswickers have accepted situations.

Bishop's Opera House.

The Opera House last evening was filled to overflowing. The galaxy of beauty that greeted the eye on every side was a fine sight. The programme, which was a superior one, was very creditably carried out, and all present seemed delighted with the evening's entertainment. McNulty's "Nicodemus Nobbs," in the farce of that name, was excellent, although his treatment of the unlucky "Moke" was unmistakably a little on the rough side. Hunter, Collins, Mrs. McEvoy and Miss Howard ably supported him throughout the piece. Brown handled the Banjo in masterly style. Collins' comic songs were well received, while Talbot and Brown, in a negro farce, kept the audience in convulsions. The Freeman Sisters, whose appearance each evening is the signal for a storm of applause, sang some of their choicest pieces, and were compelled to come to the front the fifth time. The pantomime, "Robert Macaire," was delightfully funny, Sanford and Hunter being the stars. The full strength of the Company was cast in this piece, and considering the short time it has been in rehearsal, it was very creditably performed throughout. The same programme will be put on to night. On Monday evening next, Mrs. E. L. West, vocalist, will make her first appearance. Other talented stars from the Howard Athenæum, Boston, are engaged and will appear in rapid succession.

Shell Boats.

Mr. James Logan, boat-builder, at the Straight Shore, Portland, has just completed a shell boat, the model of which is perfect, for Mr. Frederick Hilyard. She is 34 feet long, 15 inches wide, 6 inches deep in the centre, 5 inches foreward, and four aft; her box is butternut, beautifully finished. This boat, which has been named "The Brothers Pride," is Mr. Logan's first attempt at that kind of work; she weighs 50 pounds, and is pronounced by competent judges to be the prettiest model ever produced here. Mr. Logan is now laying the keel of a four-oared boat for this same gentleman, which is to be 24 feet keel, 29 inches wide, and 9 inches deep. She is to be a lapstreak with shell bottom and rowed on the gunwale.

Interesting Gathering on Long Reach.

On Wednesday evening, 11th inst., there was an interesting Gathering in the Temperance Hall at Kerr's Point, Long Reach, in connection with a Social Entertainment in aid of the Union Sunday School at that place. This school is attended by both Methodists and Baptists and is in a flourishing condition. The meeting was attended by 100 to 135 of the leading inhabitants, and passed off remarkably well. Mr. James R. Wood, the Superintendent occupied the Chair, and Miss Emma Carter presided with much judgment at the organ. From the following programme it will be seen that there was a good deal of variety:—

Opening chorus ("Hosanna") by the children and the teacher.

The Morning Flowers: Recitation—by Master Hogan.

Children brought to Jesus: Recitation—by Miss Fanny Carter.

The Master hath need of Reapers: Recitation—by Mr. Ash.

The Echo: Song—by the Misses Carter.

The Happy Day: Recitation—by Miss Adelaide McBay.

Dover Church Yard: Recitation—by Miss Lucy Carter.

The Little Footsteps. Song—by the Misses Carter.

I long to be there: Recitation—by Master Albert McBay.

Lover of the Lord: Song—by Mrs. McBay and family.

The Dying Boy: Recitation—by Miss Whelpley.

The Tempest Stilled: Recitation—by Master J. Whelpley.

Sweet by and bye: Duett—by the Misses Carter.

Under the Lea: Recitation—by Miss Hogan.

The Murmuring Sea: Song—by the Misses Carter.

Dialogue—by Miss Lucy Carter and Master J. Whelpley.

Charity begins at Home: Recitation—by Miss Mary Purdy.

The Execution of Montrose: Song—by the Misses Carter.

A prize presented to the school by Mr. McBay was drawn for by lot and fell to Miss Ida Purdy. The evening passed off most pleasantly, and with many regrets at its early termination.

New Vessels.

A handsomely modelled three masted schooner named the "Monaita," is being built in tho yard of Mr. David Lynch, Straight Shore. She is nearly completed and will be launched on Saturday, the 20th inst. Her dimensions are as follows:—Length of keel 107 ft,; breadth of beam 28 ft.; depth of hold 12 ft.; tonnage 400 tons, carpenters' measurement. She is a substantial craft, thoroughly iron kneed and copper fastened, and is classed A 1 French Lloyds 9 years. Her Keelson, Stringers, Waterways and top sides are all of Pitch Pine. She is being built for M. Pomares and is intended for the West India trade.

A fine barkentine of 500 tons carpenter's measurement is being built by Mr, Charles Nevins in McDonald's yard, Straight Shore. Her measurement is 130 feet keel; 25 feet breadth of beam, and 13½ feet depth of hold. She is being built of Spruce and Pitch Pine, is thoroughly iron kneed and copper fastened, and will be ready for launching in about four weeks.

The keel of a freight and passenger boat intended for the Washademoak Lake has just been laid in Ruddick's yard, Straight Shore, by Samuel Tippedore, for Messrs. Lewis Rivers, M. Hamm and G. Vanwart. Her measurement will be 151 feet keel: 22 feet breadth of beam and 8 feet depth of hold.

Minor Locals.

M. Kavanagh and John Howard will race 175 yards at the Moosepath Park, October 1st, for $100 a side.—A Woodstock lady goes for Col. Shives, emigration agent, through the *Telegraph*.—Doctor P. M. Greene, a London veterinary surgeon, has arrived here to practice his profession.—The St. John County Agricultural Exhibition will be held on Wednesday, October 16th.—The name of the St. Stephen seven-footer is not Christopher Columbus, but Columbus Tyler.—The *Telegraph* has a Stanley. He is not a success.