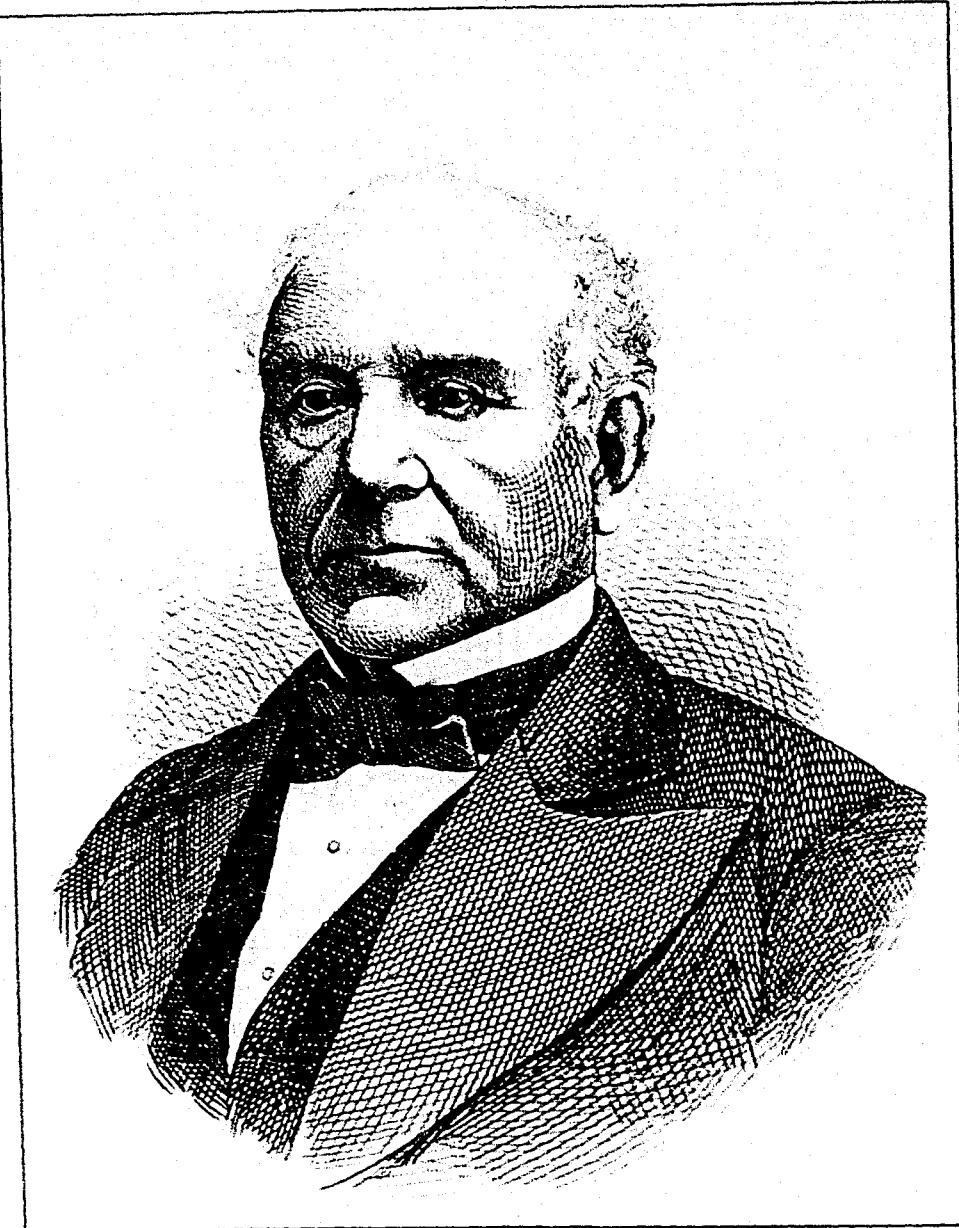


**CASHIER OF THE ST. STEPHEN'S BANK,
NEW BRUNSWICK.**

The Cashier of the St. Stephen's Bank is the youngest son of Robert Watson, who came from Scotland to St. Stephen about 1780, and we find by Mr. Knowlton's history of St. Stephen that his father was a great friend of the Rev. D. McColl, who was the pioneer Methodist minister of St. Stephen at that early day of Methodism. Mr. Watson died in 1817, and in 1818 his son went to St. John and served his time in the counting-house of the late Thomas Millidge, Esq. In 1826 he returned to St. Stephen, and was shortly afterwards appointed Deputy Treasurer and afterwards Collector of St. Stephen, and continued in the Customs until 1858, when, in consequence of the death of the late lamented D. Upton, Esq., he was appointed Cashier of the St. Stephen's Bank. This institution which Mr. Watson was largely instrumental in establishing in 1836 has gone on through all the vicissitudes of trade and panics without at any time passing a semi-annual dividend of over 4 per cent including bonus of —. Mr. Watson has been identified with all the public works in St. Stephen. Simultaneously with the opening of the St. Stephen Railway, in 1865, he opened the Watson House, which he built and furnished at an outlay of \$25,000, and which was unfortunately destroyed by the great fire of 14th May, 1877. Mr. Watson has since, with most praiseworthy energy, erected on the same site a block of nearly fire-proof stores, 80x80, now ready for occupancy. He will leave the place of his birth all the better for his exertions. From principle for about 30 years he has been a teetotaler, and also an abstainer from the use of tobacco—urging on all fitting occasions upon the young in particular to follow his example. Although vigorous, physically and intellectually, Mr. Watson may be considered among the oldest men in the Banking Department of New Brunswick, or perhaps the Dominion. It would appear that Mr. Watson has always set a good example to his neighbors to erect substantial buildings. His hotel was brick covered with slate, and his residence is also brick covered with mastick—and a very elegant building—and he has just completed his block of brick stores with gravel roof, making it nearly fire-proof. Mr. Watson has been twice married—first, in 1836, to the daughter of the late Rev. D. G. Thomson, by whom he had two children—both now dead—and in September, 1851, to a Miss McCulloch, of St. Andrews, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom is married to Mr. Thos. Smith.

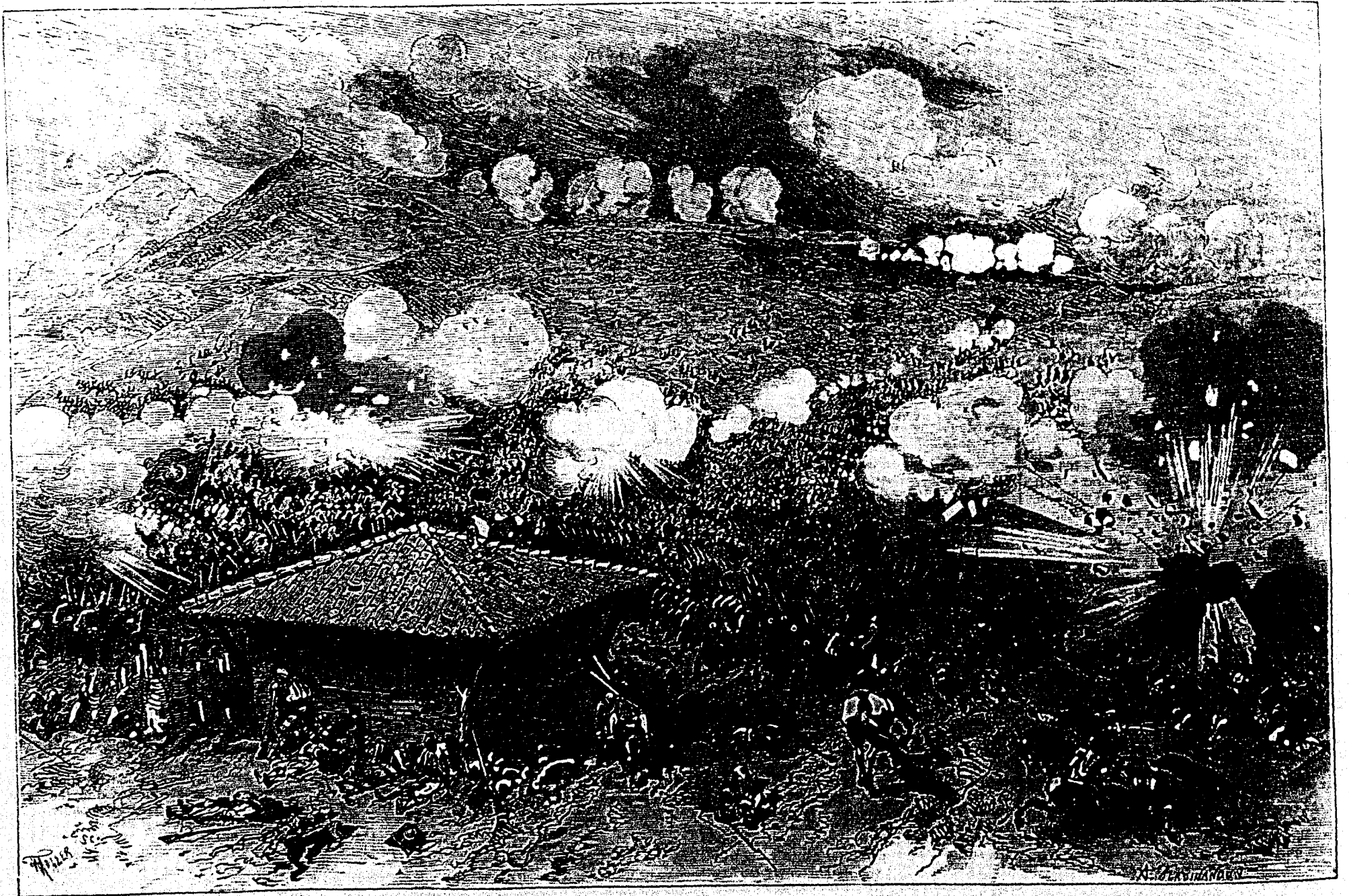


ROBERT WATSON ESQ., CASHIER OF THE ST. STEPHEN'S BANK, N. B.

HEATING TOWNS BY STEAM.—According to the *Age of Steel*, the initial attempt at warming a village by steam at Lockport, N.Y., is a success. The cost is thought to be but little more than half the cost of stoves, although the great heat for kitchen apparatus may be less easy to furnish. From the steam boilers the supply of heat is forced through pipes laid under the ground to the buildings which are to be warmed. The main pipe, constructed of iron, is in size about five inches in diameter. Around the pipe is wound hair-cloth one-half to three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and over this is wrapped heavy Manila paper. Thus prepared the pipes are laid in hollow logs, which are covered with zinc.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.—A correspondent of the *North British Advertiser* calls attention to the fact that in the year 1777, the first umbrella appeared in England, carried by John Macdonald, a footman. It was then no easy thing to carry an umbrella, the people calling out, "Frenchman! why don't you get a coach!" As it is just one hundred years since its advent, there is some danger of an umbrella centennial in her Majesty's realms. Wherein the artists would rejoice, for, although they have not had the courage to carve a "stove-pipe" hat in Italian marble, there is no doubt that for money they would undertake to immortalize the umbrella and themselves on this, the great centennial of its advent into England, by carving one.

A ROYAL TRANSLATION.—Among the novelties of the present season in Lisbon is the publication there of the tragedy of *Hamlet* in Portuguese, the translation being made by the King, Dom Luiz I. About 1,000 copies of the book have been struck off; it has been printed at the *Imprensa Nacional*, on very good paper, and got up in good style. The King does not offer the work for sale, and it is published anonymously, although all the world knows who is the author. The effort is considered very ambitious and the execution is praiseworthy; but the text of Shakespeare presents many difficulties in the way of a fluent rendering into Portuguese. It is noteworthy that it is only of late years that Shakespeare's works have been translated into the Portuguese language. Castillo, the poet, now dead, published some two years ago an excellent version of *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Pulhao Pato, the well-known poet, has published some extracts from *Romeo and Juliet*, and has also now in hand for the printer an excellent translation of *Hamlet*, in which he has caught the spirit of the original. Moreover, it is said a translation of the *Merchant of Venice* is being prepared.



THE EASTERN WAR.—SULEIMAN PASHA'S ATTACK ON MOUNT ST. NICHOLAS.