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The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 5, 1872.

Carl Schurz.

Despite the absorbient powers and amalgamating influences of the great Cosmopolitan American nation, it is very evident that the hot bed naturalization garden does not always, in producing full blown citizens, eradicate the germ of foreign birth enough to make the subject of the process entirely oblivious of past training and previous prejudices. Thus, the politician who estimates the controlling forces of a campaign without counting the influences of the German vote, or the Irish vote, and perchance in the near future, when every pigtail may approach a poll, the Chinese vote, reckons without his host, and is in danger of political shipwreck. So it comes to pass that a representative man like Carl Schurz is of more importance from his influence with a large and ever-increasing constituency of his countrymen than from his own merits, transcendant though they are. As a patriotic German who suffered for the cause of republicanism in 1843, his name is a watchword with thousands of exiled radicals, while his loyal conduct as an American citizen has won him the respect of all worthy men in his adopted land. He held a commission as brigadier-general, commanding the eleventh corps, during the war of the Rebellion, and distinguished himself by good service at Gettysburg, second Bull Run, and Fredericksburg. A story has been recently going the rounds of the Press, to the effect that General Sherman expressed rather a contemptuous opinion of Schurz's generalship, and begged some one to "drown him" as an easy and effective disposal of a troublesome subordinate. This anecdote lacks point and vim enough to atone for its stupid falsity; otherwise it is a fair story. Yet political journalists could once do better than this. It tells volumes for the decline of chivalry, when a Bohemian with the whole range of the Newgate calendar within easy access must trump up a poor story like this to injure an opponent. Nast does better. He caricatures the Senator's legs and defames his nose. Such are the terrible weapons of modern satire!

A more graceful story is told of his first visit to the United States Senate as a spectator, when he gazed about him with due respect, and said to his companion in his native German tongue, "When I learn to speak English, I mean to sit in this Chamber." The walls of that room have seldom echoed more eloquent English than has since fallen from the lips of the inspired German orator. By a similar strange turn of fortune, he found himself in 1861 in Berlin, whence he had fled, an outlawed rebel, thirteen years before, and whither he now came a court guest as United States Minister to Spain.

At present he is Senator from the State of Missouri and distinguished by his prominence in the Liberal Republican movement. He was Chairman of the Cincinnatti Convention and one of its prime originators, as he had been of the Chicago convention which nominated General Grant four years previous. He is in the prime of life, cultured, eloquent, and influential, with a stainless record and apparently a great future. Yet he wears glasses, and his legs are continuous, so to speak. No wonder he is the butt of the satirical Nast. No wonder that satire such as this is not deadly.

Death of Hon. George L. Hatheway.

A telegram to THE TRIBUNE from Fredericton reads as follows:—

"Hon. Mr. Hatheway died at 1.40 this "morning of inflammation. He has not "been able to leave his room since he was "injured ten days ago."

The cause of Mr. Hatheway's injuries, it will be remembered, was a fall from a railway car in motion, at Fredericton Junction. Notwithstanding Mr. Hatheway's weaknesses and shortcomings, his sudden death will be generally regretted. He was of a social disposition, was frank and affable in manner, and generous to a fault, and had many warm friends among the yeomanry of York. His career as a politician is familiar to most of our readers. He has been identified with the discussion or disposition of a large number of public measures, and has profitted nothing pecuniarly by his public position. He will be missed from the Halls of Legislation, and the County of York loses in him a representative who always fought vigorously for her interests.

MATTERS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Facts as Strange as Fiction—Sensation Reports verified by Actual Occurrenccs.

Newfoundland advices of June 28, state that the season was very backward, though the weather at that date and for some days previous was summer like. The prospects of the Cod fishery were not the most encouraging, but to hazard a positive opinion at so early a stage is unwise, as the season has just opened. Despite the many losses of the past spring, the spirit of enterprise in Newfoundland is by no means subdued; already some of the merchants are adding to their steam fleet for the seal fishery next year. Messrs. Job Brothers & Co., of St. John's, are having a ship of 700 tons (exclusive of engines) built at Dundee, Scotland; and John Munn, Esq., of Harbor Grace, whose steamship "Commodore" has been so very successful, is having another of a similar class built at Aberdeen. These will be splendid vessels—first-class in equipment and every particular, and will cost between $66,000 and $70,000 each.

The steamer "Gaspe" went ashore on Langlois Island, near Miquelon, where she lies a total wreck. There were no lives lost, the weather at the time being moderate, but very foggy.

The steamer "Moravian," of the Allan Line, made the passage from St. John's to Queenstown in five and a half days!

[From a Newfoundland Correspondent.]

It is rather remarkable that of late, many leading American journals, especially those of New York and Boston, have taken the taken the trouble to gather together and publish as facts,

A SERIES OF HOAXES,

all referring to Newfoundland or Newfoundlanders, which although destitute entirely truth as to places, names, or actual occurrences, nevertheless display a general knowledge of the country, its people, and its peculiarities, not likely to be acquired except after either long residence, or intimate communication with the colony. The first of these fictions appeared in the New York *Sun*, about a year ago; and many cruel and heartless falsehoods have been circulated from time to time ever since,

RECORDING SHIPWRECK, DEATH AND DISASTER,

with all their attendant horrors, on more than one occasion throwing happy families into mourning and sorrow. Two of these ingenious works of mischief, however, are so circumstantially told, and are so characteristic of the tendencies of the *sovereign majority* that sustains our rulers, that they deserve particular notice. They are indeed stories of reality by anticipation. The first story referred to, gives an account of a certain Ogre, or modern Blue Beard, called Barnacle Bill, who lived in a cave in the rocks, near St. Shott's, and whose pleasure it was to

LURE THE UNWARY MARINER

to destruction, by showing lights on the cliffs; to murder the crew if any escaped with life from the consequent wreck; and subsequently, when all was quiet, to appropriate the remains of the cargo strewed along the shore. The second story, equally false, gave a full and particular account with every detail minutely recorded of the trial, conviction, execution, and

LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION

of the murderers Geehan and Hamilton, who were in jail at the time, and were not brought to trial for nearly four months afterwards; but are at this moment under sentence of death, the former to be hanged about 1st July.

Now, while it is admitted that the Barnacle Bill of the *Sun* was a myth, circumstances have happened in the neighbourhood of Placentia on the one hand, and at Bonavista on the other, which alter the charge against the author of the fiction from perverse and malicious lying into being merely a recorder of facts allegorically described, the redoubtable "Bill" being the model representative of a great mass of free and enlightened voters. That a certain modified description of

PIRACY, COMBINED WITH WRECKING,

is the rule rather than the exception at Placentia, is very well known to every one acquainted with the place; and it is a notorious fact, that when a vessel appears in the offing to be in a dangerous position, or her steering shows bewilderment on the part of her navigators, these and such like indications act as signals for every fishing boat to trip her killock, and dodge about the doomed craft until she strikes on a rock or on the shoals, when she and her contents fall

AN EASY PREY TO THE VULTURES

by whom she is immediately surrounded. Magistrates, Custom House officers, authority of every kind are openly defied, and sails, rigging, spars, cargo and all are made prizes of by the strongest parties. Three valuable pianos were part of a cargo wrecked there some few months ago, and a quarrel ensuing as to who was to become proprietor, the difficulty was solved by cutting the instruments to pieces with axes.

But the

WHOLESALE PLUNDER COMMITTED AT BONAVISTA

upon a sealing steamer was even a more flagrant act of downright piracy than that of Placentia. Here the crew of the said steamer kills and stores upon the ice some 10 or 12 thousand seals. The property is not merely marked and has flags displayed over it, but a part of the crew, consisting variously as the necessities of the vessel permitted, of from 10 to 50 men, were left in charge to watch and protect it constantly by night and by day. The vessel (eventually) being jammed in the ice drifts on one side of Cape Bonavista, while the party on the pans with the seals drifts on the other, the seals with the watching party on the pans are finally driven towards the shore, and as soon as accessible from the land, are besieged by some

HUNDREDS OF COAST SETTLERS

from Bonavista, who in open defiance of the people in charge of the property, and of the voice of their own Magistrate, (who declares himself powerless and helpless) forcibly take possession of every seal on the ice, and drag them to their own doors. Nothing further was necessary to make the piracy complete but to plunder the vessel herself. But when the matter comes to be represented before our *Responsible Government*, although the crime is admitted, and the authority of their own subordinate officer is acknowledged to have been set at defiance,

NOTHING IS DONE

(except in talk) to bring the offenders to justice, or to procure some sort of redress or compensation to the owners, master, and crew who have been thus unlawfully plundered of their hard earned gains! And why is this? Simply because the pirates of Bonavista are

VOTING SUPPORTERS

of the existing Government. Again, for another instance of this choice responsibility: The same steamer, the 'Nimrod,' went upon a second sealing voyage; she worked up to the North, as far as Battle Harbour on the coast of Larbador, fell in with seals, and was in a fair way of making a successful voyage, when she came upon the crews of two other steamers and a sailing craft that had been wrecked in the ice, and gone to pieces. These crews consisted of over 200 men. The master of the "Nimrod" had to choose between two alternatives, to save the men and lose his season's trip, or to

ABANDON THE MEN TO THEIR FATE,

and proceed on his own and his crew's immediate business. Humanity dictated the propriety of taking the former course, and he took it, and brought the men in safety to St. John's.

Now there happens to be an annual grant by the Legislature here of some four or five thousand dollars, expressly meant to be used in aid of shipwrecked mariners belonging to the country, and the owner and master of the "Nimrod" reasonably considered that they were entitled to some compensation out of the said fund; for had they not acted as they did in taking off the crews, and the Government received information of the perilous and destitute condition in which the men were left, they (the Government authorities) would have been

COMPELLED TO CHARTER A STEAMER

to do the duty which was voluntarily performed by the "Nimrod."

On the owners representing their case at head-quarters they are insultingly told "that while there is no obligation on the part of the government to admit the right of such a claim," the Council would be graciously pleased to allow the owners *two hillings* a day for each man, to pay for their maintenance on board the "Nimrod." And how and why is this again? The question is easily answered: The *owners* are *not* supporters of the existing Responsible Government!

The truth is, this humbug nick-named Responsible Government means in reality that there is no responsibility on the part of any one at all, or it lies in some subtle corner only to be found by those conversant with governmental mysteries. In fact, in many cases it seems to amount to this,—it

TURNS LAW AND ORDER INTO A FARCE

or a sham, and justice is only to be procured through favour.

The owners of the "Nimrod" are obnoxious to the powers that be, simply in consequence of having in common with many other wealthy and highly respectable men, expressed their honest and candid opinion that Confederation with the Dominion of Canada was the surest and most effectual means of ultimately improving the general condition of the country. To hold such an opinion, or still more to give such an opinion expression, is denounced by our rulers, as

A CRIME TO BE PUNISHED

by total disfranchisement, and the more than ordinarily ignorant mob are made to understand that those who favor such a scheme are for selling their country; although those very men who originate this outcry are, almost to a man, loudly in favor of annexation to a foreign power!

In short, unless some better system than the present is brought about, and that shortly, this Island, which has many natural advantages as yet but little generally known, will, instead of progressing, gradually retrograde, and the oldest colony of Great Britain be the youngest in civilization.

THE CAVALRY CAMP AT APOHAQUI.

[BY OUR OWN REPORTER.]

To get away from the "bulls and bears" and speculators who with a dyspeptic fierceness infest Chubb's Corner, and take a trip among the peaceful yeomanry of New Brunswick encamped for their sixteen days drill at Apohaqui, forty miles from the City, is replete with pleasure and interest. The Camp this year is a great success, in the numbers, drill, and enthusiasm of the men. The Regiment is called the

EIGHTH REGIMENT OF CAVALRY.

Lieut. Col. John Saunders has command of it. The officers next in command are Major John Darling, Hampton; Adjutant R. W. Otty, Hampton; Quartermaster Henry Hallet, Hampton; Surgeon, L. Sharp, Norton; Asst. Surgeon Johnson, Norton; Paymaster, W. C. Drury, St. John.

Seven troops compose the regiment. No. 1, has 47 men, under Lieut. J. H. Crawford and Cornet Wood, of Hampton; No. 2, has 41 men, under Capt. Foshay, Lieut. Sharp, and Cornet Campbell; No. 3, has 54 men under Capt. Pearson, and Lieut. McKnight; No. 4 has 35 men, under Capt. Langstroth, and Cornet Fowler, of Hampton; No. 5, has 40 men, under Capt. Upham, of Parish of Upham; No. 6, has 36 men under Capt. Brittain and Lieut. Hay, Springfield; No. 7, has 29 men under Capt. Henderson and Cornet Scovil of Shediac. No. 7 troop is the only one of the Regiment that belongs outside of King's County.

CAPT HENDERSON

this year completes his fifth year of service, and if he had sufficient clothing for his men could bring a regiment himself from Shediac. His troopers formed the guard of honor on the arrival of Prince Arthur at Shediac and received special commendation from the Prince for their soldier like appearance. Eleven men from the regiment left for the camp at Woodstock, on Monday. They will return for the general field day. Colonel Otty has been present at the Camp all the time till yesterday, when he and Colonel Saunders went to Sussex, five miles above their present Camp, to be present at the opening of Col. Beer's Camp of Infantry.

THE CAMP OF THE CAVALRY

is nearly a mile from the Apohaqui Station, and is beautifully situated on a commanding eminence, the Kennebeccasis, which is a good sized stream at this point, running through the Sussex Valley up and down as far as the eye can reach, its serpentine course being rendered additionally attractive by the clumps of elm trees which fringe the stream. The three hundred and forty men who camp out here for sixteen days, revel among the luxuriant verdure, bathe in the cool waters of the stream on hot days, and luxuriate among strawberries and cream *ad libtum;* and the horses from following the plow, get, after prancing around in bodies for a few days, as frolicsome as a lot of ball room revellers. A very

SUGGESTIVE BIT OF SKETCHING

is on the canteen wall, penciled on paper. It is a picture of a soldier, erect, steady and firm, with his hair shaved close, and neat and trim. Under him is marked "as it should be." Directly facing him, is another picture of a long-haired, slovenly looking chap, with his hair all down on his shoulders, and having a generally slouchy look. He is marked, "as it is at present." The whole sketch is extremely comical, and the author of it is Steve Daly, old comedian of the Home Circle Troupe, who is abiding at Sproul's Hotel, serving out cooling compounds, shaving country men, and getting himself in training for the November election for the Commons, which is turning the quiet Sussex Valley into a seething cauldron of political feeling already.

ON DOMINION DAY

the Cavalry all fired a salute at 12 o'clock noon, the Band played, and they did all the honors compatible. To show that there is no small work about the drill, we give the hours that they devote to the service each day: Reveille, 5 A. M.; stables, 5.30; breakfast, 7; watering parties, 7.45; orderly sergeants, 7 50; guard mounting, 8; dress, 8.20; drill, morning parade, 9 to 11. Noon,—stables, 11 30; dinner 12.30; dress, 1.30 P. M.; afternoon parade, 2.30 to 5 P. M.; evening.—stables, 5; retreat, 7; first post, 9.30; tattoo, 10; lights out, 10 30.

THE RULES OF THE CAMP

are the regular rules of the British Army. The men are subject to punishment for any breaches of discipline, drunkenness, etc.; but as yet this year, though there is a canteen on the ground, there has not been a single case of drunkennsss, nor has a man been put in the guard house for that offence during the last five years, which is a remarkable fact for an aggregate of about 2,000 men during that time.

The tents to the number of 45 are in two rows; between them

THE HORSES

are picketed under board sheds and spruce booths, making quite a picturesque appearance. The horses are generally good, and some of them are of a very superior kind, both in appearance and speed. They are carefully groomed by the men, under the immediate supervision of an officer.—When the men are all mounted, with their showy hussar uniform, dress cap, and gold slashed fronts, they form a lively and inspiriting sight.

CROWDS OF PEOPLE

from the country all around visit the camp every fine day, and the girls behold with pride their lovers decked out in their martial attire. And they live well, too. J. & W. Shaw, of St. John, supply 450 lbs. of bread every day, which the men say is very good. Capt. Currier, of Fredericton, supplies the forage, and Mr. Sinnott, of Apohaqui, the groceries and provisions. Each man is allowed per day, 1 lb. beef, 1½ lbs. bread, 1 lb. potatoes, 2 oz. cheese, ½ oz. coffee, ½ oz. tea, 2 oz. sugar, 1·36 oz. pepper, 1 oz. salt. The horses are supplied with 18 lbs. hay, and 10 lbs. oats per day. In addition to the Cavalry evolutions, the men have

TARGET PRACTICE

every day. They are supplied with the Enfield carbine this year, which they like very well. It is about half the length of the Enfield rifle, but carries 1,000 yards. It is slung to the pocket of the saddle, and is light and convenient. The men are allowed 40 rounds of cartridges a year; 35 to fire at home under an officer, and 15 in camp. There is a $10 prize given generally, and the officers are not allowed to compete. The men have heard with great pleasure that Mr. Domville has made them a present of a sixty dollar silver cup to fire for.

There is

A BAND

of 10 instruments with the camp. Adjutant Otty informed us that it is the only mounted band in the whole Dominion. They are all the time with the camp, practising together continually. They belong about the neighborhood of Hampton and Norton.

THE PAY OF THE MEN

this year is considered very good. A Captain receives for himself and horse $3.92 per day; Lieut. $3 32; Cornet $2.29; Sergt. $1.70; Corporal $1.60, and trooper $1.50, in addition to rations for themselves and forage for their horses. The men are all stalwart looking fellows, and very intelligent. As for

THE OFFICERS,

they are well known as the beau ideal of soldiers. Col. Otty and Lieut. Col. Saunders could ride down an ordinary company of troopers themselves, without much trouble; Adjutant Otty, though a quiet and genial officer, could carve his way out of a crowd easily, judging by a determined twinkle of his eye; Capt. Henderson survived the wreck of fifteen locomotives last winter in the great snow blockade on the Shediac road, and never went to bed for three weeks, but took a hurried snooze on a car seat; while Lieutenant the Honorable J. H. Crawford is known all around for his determined tenacity of purpose. Officers and men are all worth looking at and becoming acquainted with, and no better day's pleasure can be experienced by the tired, dust stained city resident than to take the train for Apohaqui any fine morning, jump off the cars at the Station and make for the British flag which waves triumphantly in the breeze over the white tents that dot the hill immediately back of the village. There will be a general field day on the Twelfth, when the Camp will break up.

The Wesleyan Conference.

STATIONS OF THE METHODIST MINISTERS.

We learn from the Halifax papers that the affairs of the Sackville Educational Institutions have been thoroughly discussed in the Conference, on Tuesday. The *Chronicle* states that the object contemplated is to raise an endowment fund in order to place the College on such an independent footing as will enable it to go on in the usual way, in case the grant which is at present allowed it, in common with kindred institutions, by the Government, is withdrawn. The Rev. Dr. Pickard, whose long connection with the College and intimate knowledge of its affairs, enabled him to speak on the subject with the greater authority, opened the discussion with an effective speech. He was followed by a number of other gentlemen, including the Rev. Dr. DeWolf, who, particularly, was very enthusiastic in his support of the proposed measure. The Rev. Dr. Punshon also addressed a few remarks to the meeting, chiefly of a monitory character, pointing out difficulties that had been encountered in the management of Victoria College, Upper Canada, in order that the Governors of the Sackville Institution might profit by their experience and avoid falling into similar mistakes. On Wednesday, the discussion was resumed, and "towards the Endowment Fund $9890 (?) were subscribed by some seventy clergymen, in sums varying from $10 to $100."

MR. PUNSHON'S DEPARTURE.

A resolution expressing the pleasure that was felt by his brothers in the ministry in welcoming Dr. Punshon to this country, the interest with which his progress through the Dominion had been watched, gratefulness for the hearty manner in which he had united with them in advancing the interests of various matters in connection with the church, regrets at parting with him, and fervent wishes for his future prosperity, was moved by the Rev. Henry Pope, jr., and eloquently conveyed to the rev. gentlemen by the President of the Conference, the Rev. Dr. Hennigar, Dr. Punshon, in reply, expressed his deep obligations for the sentiments contained in the resolution. There was nothing that he had ever coveted more than the sunny place in the hearts of the Methodist people. He would rather anytime be loved than admired. He trusted that nothing would ever weaken the soul cementing bond that existed between them, and that everywhere there might be found a spontaneous union with one another that would make the petitions that they sent up a symphony of love music for the King of Kings. In going home he felt that he went under the guidance of the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. He did not know exactly where his lot was to be cast, but his desire was to take some small charge and spend a time at least in quiet and seclusion, garnering in a few golden sheaves, and reaping some of the results of his labors. Whatever happened, he went forth in the true belief of the Christian that "whatever is, is best" A resolution, embodying sentiments of a somewhat similar character, were also tendered to the Rev. Dr. Evans.

Rev. Dr. Punshon left Halifax for Portland on Wednesday.

The following Ministers were appointed a delegation from the Eastern British American Conference to meet a delegation from the Canada Conference and arrange the details of an ecclesiastical federation.—Revs. Messrs. Pope, Pickard, Curry, McMurray, Stewart, Nicholson, Taylor and S. F. Huestis.

It was decided, on invitation, to hold the next session of the conference at Fredericton, N. B., on June 4th, 1873.

The great Methodist Camp Meeting at Berwick will attract thousands. The Windsor and Annapolis Railway Company will carry passengers to and from Berwick during the continuance of the Meeting, for single fares; and to enable parties from Halifax to spend their Sunday at the gathering without any unnecessary detention, will run a special train, leaving Halifax at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and leaving Berwick to return at 5 o'clock on Monday morning.

THE LONG BRANCH RACES.

"Longfellow's" Victory over "Harry Bassett"—Extraordinary conduct of the Favorite—Kentucky Sweeps the Field—Forty Thousand People Present—A Million of Dollars changes Hands!

Tuesday was a great day at Long Branch and in the Racing Calendar. People flocked to the watering place and race course from every quarter; all the sporting men were on hand; a million of dollars was lost and won, and the favorite of the "sports" was badly beaten. The blood of Kentucky is again in the ascendant. The excitement on John Chamberlain's Course has never been equalled in the history of the Turf in America. John Morrisey is said to be among the heaviest losers, but none save his nearest confidants will ever know to a certainty whether he lost or won.

The Horses before the Race.

HARRY BASSETT.

Just within the enclosure near the pond were a number of two-year olds, freshly arrived on Monday. The majority of them belong to the owner of Lochinvar, and all but one are very likely colts and fillies. A short distance further on was McDaniels's stable. Harry Bassett's stall was the centre one. It was surrounded at a safe distance by a stout rope to keep the crowd off. Two negroes kept guard on either side of the door seated on the icebox and a trough. The monarch's beautifully shaped head protruded through the bars. He looked sleepy, but his eye when he opened it was bright, and his body and eyes were fine enough to run for a kingdom. Two little negro boys came up with a pail of water and a horse nozzle attached to a force pump and wetted the under side of the roof of the shed immediately in front of him in order to cool the atmosphere for his highness and neutralize the effect of the sun's rays.

In the next stall to his darling—used as a feed room—lay Col. McDaniels on a cot bed. A red horse blanket was under him, and a white and yellow handkerchief was bound about his temples. A white boy was fanning him with a Japanese fan. He greeted the *Sun* reporter kindly and complained of a terrible headache, from excitement and over exertion. He scouted the idea that Bassett would not win. He said he would stake his life on his horses' prowess.

"I hear," added the Colonel, warning up, "that a party of loafers have come on from Philadelphia in the interest of Longfellow. The first man who interferes with my horse to day I'll shoot him dead. If I don't shoot him to-day I will to morrow."

He meant it.

LONGFELLOW.

The reporter, with the knowing ones of the crowd, walked on a few steps farther to Longfellow's stable. The whole front was roped in. In two of the central stalls adjoining each other were Longfellow and Littleton. They were tethered out of the sun with their heads to the rear wall. They both shone like satin, and looked as if stuffed with springs. Longfellow's thighs were magnificent. The muscles stood out in huge bunches on each side behind, and the legs tapered off as fine as those of an antelope. In front of either stall lay a fierce dog chained with a long chain. The two racers were further protected by three negro boys.

Old John Harper sat about forty feet in front of the stable, under the shade of a wide spreading apple tree. His seat was an old fashioned grass bottomed rocking chair, with wide board arms. He was clean shaven, and looked confident and smiling. He had on a threadbare and sun faded suit of brown cheviot, an old silk vest with a flowered pattern, a soft white hat, and army shoes.

On his left was a long wooden bench and clustered about it were about forty two stricken admirers gazing at him open mouthed and in silence. The old gentleman paid little heed to them. He was not in a talkative mood. In answer to the salutation of the reporter he said he felt "first rate." When questioned as to the probability of his horse winning he drawled out, "I guess she will. We'll see, we'll see."

With that he hobbled off to the stable leaning on his cane.

THE MONMOUTH CUP RACE.

The following account of the Race for the Monmouth Cup, valued at $1,500, is from the pen of Joseph Elliott, the veteran Turf Reporter:—

The great event of the day was the champion race for the Monmouth Cup. Much had been expected and a great time was anticipated. The fastest recorded time in this or any other country was beaten, but like most of the great champion affairs of the latter day the crowds who went to see were disappointed by Harry Bassett's conduct in the race. As soon as he was pinched by Longfellow, that moment he began to sulk, and when urged by the whip, he threw up his tail and acted just as we saw his grandfather Boston act thirty years ago, when he was running Mariner, four-mile heat, on Union Course, in May, 1842. He acted like the veriest rogue, and was beaten shamefully. When the bell rang for Harry Bassett and Longfellow to make their appearance, a yell was given by the crowd that might have been heard to the sea. Great impatience was manifested by the multitude till

THE HORSES WERE BROUGHT ON THE TRACK.

When they came they were hailed by louder shouts than before, and every person seemed wild with excitement. Longfellow was the first to make his appearance, and an immense crowd immediately hemmed him in on the quarter stretch. He was soon mounted, and as he cantered past the stand he received another Kentucky yell. Harry Bassett did not keep the people waiting long before he made his appearance, and then another burst of applause greeted him. Both of the champions looked to be in the finest possible condition. Longfellow took a preliminary canter down the home stretch and then came up ready for action. The Kentuckians seemed in ecstasies, but not more jubilant than the backers of Bassett when he galloped slowly up to the club house and around the upper turn to the half-mile pole, the places where the horses had to begin their journey. Longfellow went down the stretch and around that way to the starting point. Very little time was spent in getting ready, and in a few moments

THE FLAG FELL

with Harry Bassett about two lengths in front of Longfellow. The big horse soon took sides with him and they ran yoked to the three quarter pole. They entered the home stretch with their heads together, Bassett on the inside, he having won the pole before the start. The first quarter of a mile was run in 26¾ seconds. Coming up the home stretch Longfellow's jockey was pulling the horse with all his might, while Harry Bassett seemed to be running under free rein. They passed the stand with heads parallel, making the half mile in 51¼ seconds. The inside position gave a half length of advantage to Bassett, but when they were at the quarter pole there was no apparent difference between them. The time to this point was 1.18¼. Going down the back stretch they were yoked, running side by side to the half mile pole. This finished the full mile, and they had made the distance in 1.44. Leaving there the pace was kept up, and they rattled around the lower turn, head and head, Longfellow being pulled hard all the time. They reached the three quarter pole so evenly together that it was impossible to distinguish the slightest difference. The mile and a quarter had been run in 2.10¼, and the horses dashed up the home stretch. The pace seemed to be considerably accelerated when nearing the stand. At the finish of a mile and a half Longfellow was given his head, and in an instant he was in front of Bassett, and then

SUCH A SHOUT WENT UP

as was never heard before in Monmouth county. The time of the mile and a half was 2 37¾. Here Rowe, the jockey of Bassett, discovering that the roguish blood of Boston and all his descendants was beginning to show itself, applied the whip to force the horse along, when the villain sulked badly and fell behind. The race was now practically over. Longfellow opened a gap of half a dozen lengths on the upper turn, and as he passed the quarter pole the mile and three quarters was made in 3.07¼. Longfellow was then taken in hand, while Bassett was whipped sharply all the way along. At the half mile pole Longfellow was a dozen lengths ahead.—Time of the two miles, 3.36½. Kentucky's champion had nothing afterwards to do but gallop leisurely home, which he did to the great delight of all his backers and particularly to Kentuckians, who had followed Longfellow here and had bet their bottom dollars on his winning the race. The two and a quarter miles were made in 4.06¼ and Longfellow cantered home nearly two hundred yards ahead of Bassett, making the two miles and a half in 4.34. It does not seem to us that he is beatable. His owner, Mr. Harper, is so well pleased with him now that he declines selling him at all, and intends taking him to Kentucky, after his engagements from the North, and breed from him.

AFTER THE RACE.

A more thoroughly beaten horse than Harry Bassett we have seldom seen. He looked the very picture of distress, with distended nostrils, heaving flanks, and great gouts of blood on his sides, where the spurs had pricked him. Jimmy Roe, his jockey, said nothing, but his face showed only too plainly how deep was his mortification at having been beaten on his favorite for the first time. On Col. McDaniels, too, the blow fell heavily, and tears actually stood in the old man's eyes as he gave instructions to the boys who were attending Harry Bassett. It was certainly a crushing defeat, and it fell more heavily, from the fact of its having been so unexpected.

Longfellow, on the other hand, looked like a conqueror, With ears pricked and head erect he walked back to the judges' stand, seemingly none the worse for his race. He sweated but very little—a certain indication that he was in fine condition. Sample, the boy who rode him, was the picture of happiness, and he received no small amount of pecuniary reward for his skill. Old John Harper was perfectly overcome with excitement, and it was some time before he could muster up strength to walk back to his stable. There, seated under the shade of an apple tree, he received the congratulations of his friends, who came in crowds to give the old man their best wishes.

THE TIME OF THE RACE.

The first quarter was run in 26¾ seconds, but then the pace became terrific, and the horses reached the stand in 51¼ seconds, the second quarter having thus been run in 24½ seconds. After passing the stand, however, they slackened a little, and the mile was made in 1.44. The mile and a quarter was made in 2.10¼, and the mile and half in 2.37¾. To give an idea of what last time this was, it is only necessary to mention the fact that it equals the fastest on record, which was made by Glenelg, carrying eight pounds less. Longfellow got to the mile and three-quarters in 3.07¼, and as this is half a second faster than the fastest time on record, its excellence can be imagined, but as Harry Bassett was now hopelessly beaten, Longfellow took things easy, making the two miles in 3:36½, the two miles and a quarter in 4:06¼, and the whole distance in 4:34. This last is not extraordinary time, as Helmbold ran the same distance two years ago in 4:33¼, winning quite as easily as Longfellow did.

☞ The Halifax *Colonist* occasionally gets off a good thing. Here is its latest:—"Second only to Halifax in the Maritime Provinces, the commercial capital of New Brunswick will undoubtedly rank high amon the cities of the Dominion."g

☞ According to the Halifax *Colonist*, "through Hon. Mr. Mitchell's influence Chatham harbor is to be deepened and to be made by and by a port of call for European steamers."

☞ In reference to our strictures on the Postal arrangements of Rockland, Westmoreland County, we are requested to state that the Post Office Inspector intends to visit the locality at an early day and see for himself the wants of the place with a view of increasing the mail accommodation. The parties mainly interested had better meet and decide upon the best plan of mail supply, and urge it unitedly on the Inspector.

LOCALS.

Personal.

Rev. J. T. Parsons has returned from an excursion to the United States, and will attend to his usual services on Sunday.

Charles Melville, Advance Agent, and Tony Denier, the Pantomimist are in town.

Important Change.

After Monday, July 8th, passengers from St. Stephen will not have to wait the usual three hours at McAdam Junction for trains on Western Extension. The New Brunswick and Canada Railway and Western Extension have come to terms.

The "Brittomart's" Crew.

Six of the crew of this vessel "broke leave;" four were found to-day and taken on board again. The other two are being searched for. The captors get a pound sterling for each man returned to the ship.

The Church of England Synod.

The executive committee met for a couple of hours this morning, and discussed the printing of the reports, and about the disposal of various glebe lands. It was a sort of informal gathering, and though there was considerable talking not much business was done.

The Synod has concluded after a great deal of spirited, liberal, and useful discussion.

Last evening Bishop Neely, of Maine, preached a very fine sermon at the special services held in Trinity Church at eight o'clock.

Olive's Express.

Mr. W. H. Olive runs an Express to Halifax by the "Empress" in connection with "Barry's." Mr. Barry has the monopoly of the Annapolis and Windsor road. Packages of freight or monies forwarded by this Line will receive the fullest attention. OLIVE'S EXPRESS OFFICE, Barnes' Hotel Building, Prince William street.

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