VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — FREE FROM ALCOHOL — PURELY — DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA — VINEGAR BITTERS — EUREKA

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorat that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California, and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

Perfumerie des Trois Freres.

Paris, West End, White Rose, Frangipane, Ess. Bouquet, Jockey Club, Hille Fleurs,

THE finest perfumes made. If not sold by your druggist, may be obtained at retail of the Wholesale Agency,
H. L. SPENCER,
june 8 20 Nelson street.

PRESSED HOPS—One ton—crop of 1873—fresh and good. For sale by
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FINE TOILET SOAPS—Five cases Brown Windsor, Glycerine, Honey, Rose and Almond.
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CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and other preparations—A Stock received ex Caspian, by the Wholesale Agent.
H. L. SPENCER,
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TAYLOR'S CREAM YEAST.—If not sold by your grocer, may be obtained at Retail of the Wholesale Agent.
H. L. SPENCER,
june 8 20 Nelson street.

For the Berry Season!

37 HHDS. SUGAR, in V. Pan, Porto Rico, Scotch Refined, Cuba and Barbadoes.

ALSO:

Crushed, Granulated, Powdered, and Molasses SUGARS, wholesale only
GEO. ROBERTSON,
6 Water street.

N. B.—A lot of good PORTO RICO, in bbls., at cash prices.

AT AUCTION:

38 hhds. DEMERARA MOLASSES, good fair article, at 37 cents, with trade discount.

ALSO—IN STOCK:

CHOICE CIENFUEGOS, for sale at the very lowest market rates.
july 13 GEO. ROBERTSON.

TEA BISCUIT.

Tea Biscuit Hot Every Evening,

At GUT RIE & HEVENOR'S

may 16 64 Charlotte Street.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of Consumption, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy, it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing Coughs, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome Influenza and painful Bronchitis, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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Medical Warehouse,
20 Nelson street, St. John, N. B.
General Patent Medicine Agency for the Maritime Provinces. june 25 d w twice a w

COOPER BROS.,

MANUFACTURERS OF VARIOUS KIND OF

Patent Power Looms,

To Weave Plain Cloths, Twills, Drills, Checks, Ginghams, &c., &c.

MACHINES TO FOLD CLOTH!
Do. TO PRESS Do.

Thread and Yarn Polishers, &c.

BETHESDA STREET FOUNDRY,
Burnley, Lancashire,
sep 10 d w tf ENGLAND.

ALEX. ROBERTSON & CO.,
58 King Street,
Have just received per steamer from Boston:
1 CASK CHOICE STEWING PRUNES;
5 cases of Tumbler Jellies;
2 cases Dessicated Cocoanut;
15 dozen Finest Guava Jelly;
120 boxes Egg Maccaroni; 5 boxes Lemons;
5 sacks Pea Nuts; 1 bbl. Pecan Nuts.
For sale low by
ALEX. ROBERTSON & CO.,
july12 d w 58 King street.

Ontario Cheese.

20 BOXES of the Oak Grove Factory Superior CHEESE. Just received.
jly24 dw GEO. ROBERTSON.

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M. MLEOD,
may 19 dw 51 Prince William street.

FIRE! FIRE!

A Rare Chance for a Bargain

450 COOK STOVES

SAVED from the late fire in my premises on the night of the 26th March, will be sold at about

HALF PRICE!

Franklins, Hall Stoves, Shop Stoves,

And a general assortment of

TIN WARE

Will be disposed of at the same

Reduced Rates,

If purchased before I move into my new premises. Don't forget
Corner Church and Canterbury Streets.
These Sales will be conducted on strictly CASH PRINCIPLES.
ap 6 til 1st may JOHN ALLEN

NOTICE.

Tenders for Bridge over the Kennebecasis at Perry's Point.

SEALED TENDERS marked "Tender for Perry's Point Bridge," will be received at the Department of Public Works, Fredericton, until SATURDAY, the first day of August next; at noon, for the Building of a Bridge over the Kennebecassis River, at Perry's Point, (so called) according to plan and specification to be seen at Public Works Office, and at the Store of Samuel Foster, Esq., at Kingston, King's County.

The names of two responsible persons will be required for the faithful performance of the contract.

The Commissioner does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

WM. KELLY,
Chief Commissioner Public Works.
Department of Public Works, Fredericton, May 15th, 1874. may 23 t

Cheap Preserving Sugars

AT 58 KING STREET.

20 LBS. MELADO SUGAR, for $1.00;
12 lbs. Cuba do. for $1.00;
11 lbs. Porto Rico do. for $1.00;
10 lbs. Louisiana do. for $1.00.
Scotch Refined, V. Pan, Crushed, Granulated, Powdered and Maple Sugars, at
ALEX. ROBERTSON & CO'S.,
july 21 d w 58 King street.

BYRON'S LAST POEM.

Written at Missolonghi, on his 36th birthday, January 22, 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone.
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys,
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No touch is kindled at its blaze:—
A funeral pile.

The hopes, the fears, the jealous care
The exalted portion of the plain,
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul; not now—
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield—
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece!—she is awake!—
Awake my spirit!—think through whom
My life blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood—unto thee,
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth—why live?—
The land of honorable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath.

Seek out—less often sought than found,
A soldier's grave, for thee the best,
Then look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

CURRENT COIN.

Receipt for a hot breakfast—admire your landlady's new bonnet.

In London churches they are giving notice that "five minutes after the bells shall cease to ring all pews are free."

London has a large theatre completely under ground, and yet perfectly ventilated. It has proved a pecuniary grave for the manager.

A Buffalo editor never takes time by the back hair. He simply casts the eye of his mind across the chasm of centuries.

A Jersey man recently bit off the end of his wife's nose, and an eccentric magistrate held him in $500 ball to keep the piece for six months.

Striking, but not over complimentary, is the title given by the Fort Wayne *Sentinel* to one of its own party leaders in calling him "the tall blatherskite of the Wabash."

A boy at Lancaster, Wis., was building a fence recently, when a rattlesnake bit him in the finger. He immediately caught up an an axe and chopped the finger off, thus saving his life.

Another coincidence of nomenclature. His name was Leonard Jump, and he tried to jump on a moving excursion train at Napan, Pa. And now there is no more jump left in him.

Better late than never. Philadelphia has awakened to her disgrace, and the Mayor now offers a $20,000 reward for the capture of the child stealers and the restoration of little Charley Ross.

A Troy clergyman went a-fishing the other day, but had no luck. On his return he stood his pole and line up against the house and in a short time caught a hen.

When a "gentlemen" slanders a "lady" in Hamburg, N. J., the fair one welts him over the head with a board full of sharp nails, and that makes the gentlemen wish he'd held his tongue.

Wm. F. Gill & Co., Boston, having acquired the exclusive right to the publication of Collins' "The Frozen Deep," will bring it out in book form in October.

"Deserted by all except his aged bobtailed dog, his life went slowly out as the shadows of the setting sun crept over the front stoop of Darling's grocery," is the way they express themselves in Georgia.

Remember that appearances are often deceiving. Many a pale, thin young lady will eat more corned beef than a carpenter. Because you find her playing the piano in the parlor it is no sign that her mother is not at the corner grocery running in debt for a peck of potatoes.

The editor of a Kentucky paper has discovered an old man who for many years past has carried about with him, wherever he travelled, the bones of his dead child, to whom he was passionately attached. They are contained in a neat casket, and he never allows them out of his sight.

The astronomical editor of the Memphis *Avalanche* is of the opinion that the tail of the Coggia comet is made up of Alexander H. Stephens' old editorial paragraphs in the Atlanta *Sun*. If this theory be the correct one that comet has a much longer and denser tail than most astronomers suppose.

Elisha B. Spears killed Chas. Davis in West Sheffield, Connecticut, Friday night, by striking him with an axe, nearly severing his head from his body. Spears afterwards cut his own throat, but still lives. Spears was attempting to kill his wife when Davis interfered.

A telegram from London says that the Newmarket magistrates have dismissed the summons against Mr. Chaplain, steward of the Jockey Club, to answer for a violation of the act of Parliament in permitting betting on the Newmarket race-course. But leave has been granted to the prosecution to carry the case to a superior court.

A lady who allows her serving maids to receive the visits of male cousins, one evening recently overheard Patrick say to Biddy, "Yer darsn't go up an' git me one iv his cigars now, yer darsn't." The "his" referred to the lord of the household, and now Biddy receives callers at some other establishment.

A Frenchman having heard the word *press* made use of to signify persuasion—as "Press that gentleman to take something to eat"—took occasion one evening at a party to use a term which he thought synonymous, and begged a friend to *squeeze* a young lady to sing.

A clergyman, preaching on the "Ministry of Angels," suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone startled one of the deacons, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet he cried, "It is the boys in the gallery."

Jones, his wife's maiden name was Eliza, confided to his destined biographer the fact that he once and but once after wedlock indulged himself in an allusion to the devil as the "father of 'lize." Since then he has found it more conducive to mutuel confidence to call people by their right names.

An atlas of the Chinese Empire, in 33 volumes, embodying all the geographical details derivable from the Jesuit surveys of the last century, and also particulars yielded by purely native sources, has been published by a committee at Wuchang, in China, under the patronage of Kwan-wen, Governor General of Hukwang.

A bill is now before the Council of India to establish a uniform age of majority—eighteen years—throughout India. Hitherto the age of majority has been regulated by religious and physical considerations. This is one of the largest efforts that has yet been made to secularize the domestic customs of the country.

A canvass is going on in the principal towns of Michigan to ascertain whether a majority of the women want to vote. While the larger number think they would vote on temperance and other kindred topics if they had a chance, the result of the canvass thus far seems to show that they are not anxious for the ballot on general questions of political policy.

Near St. Albans, Vermont, Tuesday evening, a tramp on his way to Canada was attacked by two men who stabbed him three times, one wound entering the heart. The stabbing was done with a common pocket knife. The wounded man lay several hours, when he managed to reach a house, where aid was given him and the knife found still in the wound. He died Friday afternoon. The officers think they have a clue to the murderers, who fled into Canada.

A shrewd wife, who has got a forgetting husband, has adopted a method of jogging his memory, which is at once novel and effectual. When she desires him to bring her anything from the store she makes a cross on the back of his hand with a lead pencil. When he takes a drink at the saloon, in extending his hand for the glass he invariably sees that mark and remembers his errand. Being thus reminded 30 or 40 times a day, it would be singular, indeed, if he forgot what was required of him.

A special to the St. Louis *Democrat*, from Seneca, Kansas, says that Charles Cook, a merchant of Bulls City, Osborn county, who has been deranged for some time past, thrust a knife-blade through the brain of his infant child, last Friday, and then beat his own head with a hatchet, breaking his skull and inflicting mortal injury. Pecuniary trouble is the cause of his insanity.

Two Hibernians were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather-vane, when one addressed the other thus: "Pat, what's the reason they didn't put a hen up there instead of a rooster?" "An' sure," replied Pat, "that's aisy enough; don't ye see it would be inconvenient to go for the eggs?"

Venezuela dates to the 9th of July are received. The Church question was assuming an aspect similar to that presented in Italy, Switzerland, Prussia, and Brazil. As far as President Guzman Blanco is concerned, there is every probability that he will dispose of the question pending between the Holy See and the Government of Venezuela by breaking off all relations with the Vatican.

A few evenings since in Truro a love-sick swain went to see his lady-love at rather a late hour, and in order that he might not disturb the inmates of the house, pulled off his boots on the inside of the door after gaining admission. On returning his pedal appendages were *non est inventus* and he was forced to tramp home over the pebbly streets of Truro in his socks, and for ought we know the boots have not yet turned up.—*Truro Sun.*

Now, why won't some poet or romancist take up this case and spin out some fine writing thereanent? Agawam, Mass., is the *locale*, and a hen the heroine of the story. The hen mysteriously disappeared for more than a month and was mourned as lost. Then her owner and chief mourner happened to move a pile of boards when, behold, he saw his hen wedged in and unable to stir, having been a captive for a month without food or drink. She had a languishing away about her, of course, but a little careful nursing brought her to, and now she has been and laid an egg measuring seven inches one way and six the other, by way of making up for lost time.

The Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated for August must please all who read it, so excellent is the variety and treatment of the subjects which fills its pages. A glance at its contents shows the following as worthy special consideration: A Problem of the Kingdom; Hypnotism and Mesmerism; Glances at Faces; Irish Courtships and Weddings; What Women Can Do; Bending the Twig; Colorado for the Tourist and Health Seeker; Genesis and Inter-Relation of the Sciences; H. W. F. Bolekow, M. P., the English Ironmaker; Venice—illustrated; Preaching and Lecturing.

The *Provincial Wesleyan* says: "It is now well established,—indeed we have seen the papers affording ample testimony,—that a secret organization has been in existence for some time, whose aim is to establish within the Church of England everywhere doctrines and practices essentially Popish. To this 'Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament,' several clergymen in these Provinces, and others with whose names, though the individuals are now removed to other countries, churchmen are familiar, have attached themselves. Two or three in Halifax, one in Charlottetown, and several who held positions as military chaplains in these Provinces, are conspicuous among the number. A very animated discussion was caused in the Episcopal Synod which recently met in Halifax by a charge of this nature against one of its members. The indignation among Evangelical Clergymen is intense."

At Cincinnati, Monday morning, when the *Gazette* compositors who took the vacant places of the Union compositors went home, it was deemed necessary that they should be escorted by policemen. During the day threats had been made by Union men against the new compositors, and in one instance a letter was sent to the sister of a *Gazette* printer, saying that if her brother did not leave the composing room there would be bloodshed. Monday night, after the regular midnight lunch, a number of compositors were seized with severe vomiting and purging, accompanied by a burning sensation in the throat and stomach, and several of them were compelled to go home. It is supposed the coffee was poisoned.

A New England paper gives the following account of a curious church dispute and its termination. It says: "Connecticut people are proverbially smart, and the following incident is no exception to the rule: A religious society in one of the towns in that State was afflicted, as many other societies have been and are, inasmuch as the pew owners had a real estate right in the property. Some of them would not give up their right, nor sell it, nor consent to any action by the parish which could be legally resisted. Here was a case of tyranny. In a free republic an oligarchy ruled the majority. But invention is the offspring of necessity, and Connecticut is its home. At a parish meeting of the society it was voted to floor over the tops of the pews and build anew. The real estate remained peacefully intact below, and the unyielding owners found themselves literally *floored*."

The eastern Kentucky mails bring accounts of several terrible tragedies. In Montgomery county, Mrs. Stevens met a woman of easy virtue, named Eveline Hubbard, in the fields, and attacked her with a hatchet, splitting her skull and killing her instantly. Mrs. Stevens suspected Eveline of too great intimacy with her husband. In Breathitt county Jerry Little attacked two brothers named Jett, killing one and severely wounding the other. The difficulty arose from a family feud. In Morgan county, last Wednesday, Johnson Oakley shot and killed Wesley Richardson, and severely wounded a man named George with a stray bullet. In the row several others were badly beaten with clubs and stones.

A summary of Gold Coast news to June 12 says everything is quiet. King Coffee has on several occasions asked for permission to buy ammunition, but this has been refused. He suffers much from revolts of tribes previously subject to him, but he is determined to subdue the commotions. It is believed possible that he may succeed in obtaining ammunition from the coast. It is believed that there is not much probability of a further installment of the indemnity being paid at present. The King is still intriguing with the Kings of Adansi and Djuabin, and to the latter, who was only second to himself in Ashantee, he promises a higher dignity if he will return. Former tributaries have now refused paying their annual contributions. The King is endeavoring to punish them. He contemplates removing the site of his capital to somewhere in the vicinity of Bontorkoo, but has not yet come to any definite decision upon that point.

The washing away of the land opposite the opening of Chatham Harbor, Mass., has disclosed large bodies of peat filled with stumps of trees and other relics of woods and swamps, which at some remote period must have extended into what is now the harbor, and probably into the ocean. In a newly exposed bed of peat were found the footprints of cloven-footed animals of various sizes, from two to five or more inches in diameter. Around the stump where once stood a large tree the animals seemed to have found peculiar attractions, and imbedded in the hard mud are considerable quantities of coarse hair, in locks of considerable size, and in a good state of preservation—in appearance like that of the buffalo or moose. In another part of these beds of peat were the prints of human footsteps of various sizes, from that of a small child to a medium-sized lady's foot. They were all barefoot, and although the waves from the ocean at every flood break upon them, they are so perfectly preserved that the prints of the toes can be distinctly seen. The impressions are from two to three inches in depth and quite narrow, and were made when the peat was soft. The foot is wide and spreading at the toes.

Wonders of Ghostland—Spirits that Show Themselves Publicly in the Flesh.

The Spiritualists in London have recently produced a very effective manifestation in the form of a woman who first shows herself in the window of a cabinet, then opens the door, comes out and joins the company in the room. Her name is given as Katie King. She pretends to be a daughter of John King, otherwise Sir Henry Morgan, a celebrated English pirate who flourished about two hundred years ago. Her apparitions in London have been investigated by several scientific men, especially by Prof. Crookes, who believes that they are genuine, and he published a good deal upon the subject. She can not only be seen but touched like any person of common flesh and blood. She converses in a whisper, accepts bouquets and carries them away with her when she disappears. In London she had Miss Florence Cook as a medium; but in Philadelphia, where she is now to be seen, her mediums are a Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. A correspondent of the *Times* furnishes the subjoined account of one of her displays, to which it seems but few persons are admitted, and that on the payment of $1 each:

THE HOME OF THE SPIRITS.

The house is an old fashioned, three-story, brick, occupied as to its first floor by a music store, and as to the rest of it by the Holmes family and the spirits. The seances are held in the second story front room, an ordinary apartment, perhaps eighteen feet wide by sixteen deep, with two windows looking out on Ninth street, and with nothing uncanny about it except the "cabinet," which is made by stretching a dark partition across one corner, thus cutting off a triangular space. The partition reaches to the ceiling, and contains a small door, with a threshold about six inches high. Over the door and about seven feet from the floor is a small pentagonal opening, while another of similar shape, but larger size, is about a foot lower on the right. This is the aperture at which Katie usually appears. It is about a foot in greatest width and height. The cabinet is hung with loose, dark curtains, and a door at one side, leading to a back room, is boarded over in a manner apparently secure. The audience sit in semi circles facing the cabinet, the inner circle being composed of the most faithful Spiritualists. On one end of this row sits the principal medium, Mrs. Holmes, her husband sometimes taking a chair at the other end, sometimes entering the cabinet and going into a "mesmeric sleep." When your correspondent was present, both mediums remained in full view of the audience during the entire performance. They did not go into a trance, but sat fanning themselves, and laughed and joked like ordinary mortals. One window was closed and darkened and the other remained open. The door was locked and the room dimly illuminated by a coal-oil lamp, with a red shade, which threw upon the scene that roseate tinge so much affected in the spectacular drama. The company being seated, without joining hands, the spirits were rapping through the agency of a small music-box; and when this did not seem to "fetch em," the audience sang some familiar melody. It did not appear to matter much what the melody was—sacred or secular, it was all one to them, and they passed from one to the other with the greatest readiness. The only requisite seems to be that the melody should be in a minor key, and tolerably loud. "The better," said some skeptic, "to conceal the creaking of invisible machinery."

ENTER KATIE.

After a short overture conducted in this way, Katie appears at the little window above mentioned. She usually begins by thrusting out a white and shapely arm, speedily followed by a pretty face, framed in mass of black ringlets, and set off by a jaunty Spanish veil, which lies lightly on her head. There is profound silence until she says, in a ghostly whisper, "Good evening." The salutation is courteously returned, and then ensues a brisk dialouge of the smallest kind of small talk, interrupted by frequent disappearances and reappearances on the part of the young lady. The tenor of this important communication from the land of the hereafter is about as follows:

"Good evening, Katie."

"Good evening."

"Are you alone this evening?"

"No. Father is here, and Gen. Rawlings; but they can't materialize tonight."

"Katie, Mr. Owen (Robert Dale Owen) is here; don't you want to speak to him?"

"Why, of course, stoopid—Good evening, Father Owen.'

Mr. Owen bows and says: "Will you have this bouquet, Katie?"

"Of course I will," says Katie, and reaches her hand for it. It is given her, and she disappears with it, but presently returns and gives it to somebody to hold for her.

"Katie, can you come out for us tonight?"

"I'll try, but it's very warm and very hard to materialize."

THE SPIRIT'S PHYSIQUE.

Katie accordingly disappears, and the singing is resumed. Presently the door of the cabinet opens slowly. I sat directly opposite the opening, but could see nothing until it was well ajar; then a white figure seemed to grow out of the darkness within, and Katie stepped forward gracefully, took two or three steps into the room, and retired, closing the door after her by lifting her hand to the latch. She was dressed in a somewhat theatrical costume of pure white, which flowed to her feet and seemed to be of a fine kind of muslin. The sleeves were loose and flowing, and as she waved her hands in the stereotyped style of the stage sylph, the sleeves fell away to the shoulder, displaying a pair of perfect arms which might well arouse the envy of any earthly belle. Her figure was full and round, and her face was beautiful in outline and expression, with a complexion so clear and transparent that it either seemed to, or actually did, shine with a mild radiance. In her hand she held a fresh bouquet, and a dagger fan given her at some former *seance* was stuck in her girdle, while on her neck sparkled a silver cross, also a present, suspended from what was said to be a necklace of diamonds. She came and went several times, touching with her hand a number of the audience—among them your correspondent. It was the soft, gentle, magnetic touch of a woman; but the hand that gave it was cool and dry, notwithstanding the furnace like heat of that closed cabinet. She reclaimed her bouquet, kissed a young lady who was one of her dearest followers, and on one occasion seated herself, with much apparent difficulty, and remained for some moments in full view of the audience.

HER MOST ASTONISHING FEAT.

But the most wonderful part was still to come. "Katie," said Mrs. Holmes, "can you disappear with the door open to-night?" "I'll try," said Katie; and presently she came again, and while the door stood wide open she gradually faded away, seeming to retire slowly into the depths of a space only just large enough to hold her at the first. The bouquets and all other material substances about her, disappeared at the same time, and when nothing was left but the hem of her white dress shimmering on the floor, she came again, seeming to gather herself from thin air, and to grow, like a forming cloud, more and more distinct, until she again stood in mortal guise before a delighted audience.

Naturally, you will ask for the solution of the mystery. I have nothing to give. There are, or seem to be, a solid floor beneath, a solid ceiling above, a solid wall on one side, a solidly-closed door on the other. Skeptics have taken the cabinet to pieces; committees, including some of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, have investigated in every way; one would think that no mortal could disappear, even through an acknowledged opening, as readily as Katie King does, without being seen by some of the audience, gazing, as they do, point blank through the open door; both mediums are ignorant people, of low ideas, and seemingly of quite too little intelligence to play a trick as delicate as this, and yet this counterfeit presentment is a wonderfully accurate imitation of flesh and blood, and I'll vow that the bouquet of flowers and the brown paper wrapped round their stems came from no heavenly green-house and grocery, and in spite of the music and of Mrs. Holmes's sudden cough, we did hear what sounded very like the creaking of secret machinery on two occasions, and we did see last Saturday night the petals of flowers lying in the hall and on the third story stairs, and the petals were wonderfully like those which adorned a huge bouquet which was that evening handed to Katie King, and disappeared with her.

ANOTHER DESCRIPTION.

A private letter published in the St. Louis *Globe* also gives the following particulars:

Last Tuesday evening I attended a seance at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. The persons present were all acquaintances of mine—eight in all; four of each sex. We went for the purpose of having a social chat with "Katy King," the spirit which has so often materialized in the presence of Profs. Crookes, Wallace, and others in London during the past winter. Since the 21st of May she has been materializing herself at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. After a short dark seance Katie gave her signal, by a peculiar rap on the cabinet door. The cabinet is merely a corner of the room partitioned off with black walnut, making a dark closet having a door and two windows opening into the room. There is no other way of entrance to the closet or cabinet. The mediums, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, did not go into the cabinet at all, but sat with the rest of us in a circle in front of the cabinet. We were allowed to examine the inside of the cabinet, and see that no one was there. After Katie gave her signal we lighted the gas, having it burn low, and had some music. Then Katie drew aside the little curtain from the window, gave her name and bid us "good evening." The gas was then gradually turned on until it was quite light in the room. Katie would show herself about a minute at a time, and then disappear, for the light was very strong. We asked her if she could materialize her full form in the light. She said she could not have shown herself at all that evening in the light, owing to the unfavorable conditions (excessive heat), had it not been for the large number of mediums (five) present in the circle. We then improved the conditions by changing seats and singing. Katie appeared and talked for an hour at the aperture—took a little fan from one of the ladies, put it in its case, and said her father, when in earth-life, would have thought it a dagger, but they had no fans like those in his day (two hundred years ago).

FINAL DISAPPEARANCE.

Katie showed us a cross of pearl given her by Prof. Robert Dale Owen, at a former seance, and it vanished with her. She was not able to materialize so that pieces cut from her clothing would remain long, as she has on some former occasions.

After over an hour's pleasant conversation with Katie, she said she should have to leave, as the mediums were becoming exhausted. We then sat quietly, when the cabinet door was opened slowly by Katie, and she stepped out into the room, made some graceful gestures, spoke to us, and vanished for a minute; then returned again, bid us good night, and left us. I had seen a great many busts materialized, but never before a full form.

North Shore Notes—Scenes on the Restigouche—Wayside Inns.

From the letters of Rev. Joseph McLeod, in the *Religious Intelligencer*, we extract the following:

There are several tributaries to the Restigouche, some of them quite pretentious streams. Little Forks, Burton Brook, Kedgwick, Traceybrook, Patepedia, Two Brooks, Upsalquitch, Matepedia, &c. At the mouths of some of these streams there is more or less of flat land, fit for cultivation, but so far removed from civilization that much of it is likely to remain always as it is at present. At the mouth of the Kedgwick, 70 miles above Campbelton, we found the first human residence. A man named Leforgey, with his family, has been living there nine years. He has a fair farm, and is said to be making money by farming, hunting, fishing, lumbering, &c. His nearest neighbor is 25 miles down river, and they boast that one of their comforts is that they have no trouble with each other's cattle, and no annoyance from defective fences, &c. We had almost forgotten to mention that there is another dweller near the Kedgwick, but he can scarcely be called a neighbor of Leforgey's, for his chief business is to watch Le, and prevent him fishing if possible. Perhaps he succeeds in part, but it is a very small part, according to the accounts of both parties. This "Fish Guardian" is James Campbell. He lives in a little hut of his own making, and has no living creature near him, not even a dog or cat. He is over 70 years old, spends four months of the year there, and has not been "to town" for three years. When his four months' watching are ended he goes into the woods and hunts till the next fishing season. He is not very communicative, but ventured so far as to say that he had made plenty of money in his day, but unfortunately had spent it all in drink, and was now glad to be so far away from its temptation, and had no strong desire to return to the haunts of civilization.

The mouth of Patapedia is a lonely spot. A man named Thiers lives there; has been there eighteen years. He is Leforgey's nearest neighbor. He came formerly from Oromocto; and is a sturdy and rather intelligent fellow. A Mr. Whitby, an Englishman and a minister of the Episcopal Church, has a camp at Mouth Patapedia. His wife is with him and they have spent two years fishing and hunting on the Restigouche and tributaries. Some miles above Mouth Patepedia there are a few settlers, separated from each other by several miles. Dee-side is rather an attractive place on the left bank of the river, where is a group of settlers. Here we saw a fishing boat belonging to Messrs. C. J. Brydges and Sandford Flemming, who are the lessees of the river as far up as Kedgwick. Their craft is a large tow-boat, with a cabin the whole size, which is divided into several apartments for cooking, eating, sleeping, &c. The floors are carpeted, the windows curtained, and the other appointments in good style. The roof of the cabin is seated, and has rests for rods and other fishing appliances. They have small skiffs instead of canoes, in which they visit the different pools. Several weeks during each season are spent on the river by these gentlemen and their friends. They were expected up in a few days the time we passed. We judge that they pay pretty liberally for their sport. Reaching the Matapedia, from that to the mouth of the Restigouche, we had Quebec Province on our left, and New Brunswick on our right. The country in the immediate vicinity of the Matapedia mouth is very fine, as are the flat lands (so-called) a little below. Just here is being built the Intercolonial Railroad bridge across the Restigouche, connecting New Brunswick with Quebec. The work has been going on over three years, and yet it does not look to be very near completion. It is in section 19. The great difficulty is in getting a proper foundation for the piers. It is an immense structure, having four spans of 200 feet each. When finished it will probably be a first-class bridge, at least it ought to be considering the time and money expended on its construction. There are very heavy rock cuttings on either side of the river. The scenery on the Restigouche is of the grand, and while there is much of sameness there is also much of variety as the traveller goes from point to point.

From Dalhousie to this place (Bathurst) is through an exceedingly fine country. The land is level, and, apparently, richly productive. The buildings, for the most part, are neat, though many of the farms show evidence of neglect. The farmers here, as in other parts of the Province, are too much inclined to engage in other pursuits, such as lumbering, railroad making, fishing, etc., to the harm of their farms. The Intercolonial Railway runs along the shore here for the greater part of the way. There are very many small streams running into the bay and the number of bridges, of all sizes, on this section of the railroad, is something surprising, and must add greatly to the cost of making the road. We were astonished at the unusual postal conveyances the people on this road enjoy. About every two miles there is a way office. This is particularly the case on that part of the road lying in Restigouche. Asking for an explanation, the stage driver expressed it as his opinion, that the Postmaster General, previous to Confederation, who represented Restigouche County, always took care to secure all the conveniences possible for his constituents—hence the large number of way offices. If the people are thereby induced to take and read more publications of a sound character, the offices have been well placed.

We were particularly struck with the large number of small stores along the route. We learned that they were nearly all rum shops. Twenty-two groggeries are licensed along this road of fifty-two miles; and a great many are known to be selling without license. From what we have seen thus far, we are compelled to believe that there is a great amount of drinking in this section of the Province. Nearly everybody drinks more or less intoxicants. Of course, there are many ardent teetotalers, who are working earnestly for the promotion of their principles; but the great body of the people do not have that abhorrence of the drinking customs which is necessary to good society and the welfare of the community.

A Paris correspondent tells the following story: "There are in Paris many public places of resort in which ladies are not allowed to enter unless accompanied by some representative of the sterner sex. Among these places is the concert of the Champs Elysees, so favorably known by American travellers who go there to enjoy the fresh, cool air of the garden while listening to the strains of a very remarkable band of musicians. Quite recently a lady presented herself at the gate and was stopped by the *contrôleur* ticket receiver: 'Pardon, madam, ladies cannot go in alone.' The lady, with unfeigned candor, "But, sir, how am I going to do that? My poor husband has just died—the day before yesterday.'"

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