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.

sept5

The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 6, 1872.

Mark Tapleyism.

The Toronto *Globe* hits off very happily some of the inconsistencies of the Toronto *Mail*, the leading Ministerial journal of the Dominion, the Halifax *Reporter* only excepted. The *Mail* before the Ontario elections put the best face possible on the state of affairs, in behalf of the Government, and it predicted somewhat wildly. *After* the elections, the *Mail*, as in duty bound, still continued to put a good face on matters, and, as a matter of course, differed somewhat from its former estimates. The *Globe* remarks on this as follows:—

Sir John's organist in Toronto is, if one might take his own account of the matter, the happiest man alive, ready for every eventuality, and prepared to affirm on his oath that he fully "anticipated" the most crushing defeats; nay, that these defeats were the very things in which he most strongly rejoiced. It is not worth while going over his utterances for the last month or so, but if ever Mark Tapley had a sworn brother, he is to be found in Sir John's "Man of all work" of this city.

Before election A. N Richards was a "Grit," "who has taken the iron clad oath;" but on the 24th of August it is found that Mr. R. will not oppose a Government who appointed him Attorney-General of Manitoba.

On the 8th August Mr. Jette's candidature for Montreal "was little else than a broad farce." After the election, Sir G. Cartier's defeat, while to be regretted, would turn out for the advantage of the Ministry!

In Addington Lapum was declared the Government candidate, but when Shibly was elected, it was "all right."

Lambton could be redeemed by a "reasonable effort," and not one of Mr. Mackenzie's friends "expected more than 200 of a majority." It was afterwards a matter of great satisfaction that the majority had been "reduced to 634."

Sir Francis Hincks' election for South Brant was "sure," but afterwards his defeat was "not unanticipated."

On the 22nd, in the ten contests of to-day "we shall far more than hold our own," said the organ, and when all were lost but one, there was as much done as had been "anticipated."

stand thus: The *Globe* is thoroughly satisfied with the result and glorifies itself and its Party accordingly. The *Mail* is satisfied, and, as the *Globe* avers, is "the happiest man alive." Then why can't they live in peace, and await the developments of the next Parliamentary Session? It won't do for the *Globe* to press this point too strongly, as there is room for a keen retort by the *Mail* if it chooses to follow the subject up. The *Globe's* predictions in many instances were nearly as far astray, and its apologies for non-success in certain constituencies quite as absurd, as anything that appeared in the *Mail*.

The readers of the two leading journals ought to be congratulated upon the close of the elections. It is Mr. Parton, we believe, who has written that once in every four years the Press of the United States is wholly surrendered to lying,—or words to that effect. We have seen a display of the same vice on almost as grand a scale in the case of the more important journals of the Upper Provinces; and the readers, no doubt, having felt the baneful influence of the pernicious habit, feel relieved when journals, in which otherwise they would feel a large amount of pride, return once more to their senses and resume the even tenor of their way. If the *Globe* and *Mail* will but let the dead bury their dead, and not fight over again the battles of "Reformers" and "Conservatives," the country will be better pleased. Able, enterprising and courageous, in ordinary times they reflect credit on the Press of Canada, and we regard with deep regret anything that seems to dim their lustre or diminish their influence.

☞ The letter of our special correspondent, just returned from St. Pierre, Miquelon, will be read with interest. It is newsy, sketchy and generally pleasing. It omits, however, any reference to one of the institutions of St. Pierre, the Factory which turns out ship's clearances, enabling any kind of a vessel and all sorts of cargoes to show that they duly cleared from St. Pierre, although vessel or cargo may never have seen St. Pierre. Our correspondent not having entertained any improper intentions in regard to the Customs revenues of other countries, does not appear to have stumbled on this Factory; or if he heard of or saw it, has slyly withheld any notice of it from his sparkling correspondence.

☞ The *Globe* informs us that "six of our best men have pledged themselves to have nothing to do in any way with the Pacific Railway contracts." This has reference to our newly elected members of the House of Commons. The decision is highly praiseworthy, and the names of the "six best men" should be given to the public.

The Dollar Weekly.

The most interesting Weekly Newspaper that issues from the Press of New Brunswick is the WEEKLY TRIBUNE. It contains twenty-seven columns of reading matter and only one column of Advertisements,—the popular prejudice against cramming the weekly visitor to the household with Advertisements being respected in this instance. The type used is large, clear and handsome. The general "make-up" of the WEEKLY is very attractive, reflecting credit on our publisher, Mr. George W. Day. The contents are varied and interesting, the choicest selections being made from some forty columns of reading matter in the Daily, and only such articles and news matter being taken as in our judgment will be most acceptable to the ladies and gentlemen whom we expect to become readers of the WEEKLY. Some idea of the variety and range of contents may be obtained from a perusal of the following list of articles, selections and news in this week's issue:—

Of *Editorials* there are three articles challenging the acts of the River du Loup Railway Company,—one in reply to Mr. Fairweather, another in reply to the *Telegraph*, and a third presenting the views of other New Brunswick journals. Several are devoted to the Dominion Elections, such as "The Defeat in Montreal," "One Element satisfied," "Lessons of the Elections," "Wanted—Purity of Elections," "The Revelations of the Kent Election;" besides a dozen shorter Editorials on "the Dominion Army," "The Archbishop in the Fight," "Foreigners as controllers of New Brunswick Railways," and other subjects.

In *General Reading* there are such selections as "How to Manufacture Votes," "Iron Ship-building and Freights in England," "Stanley and Livingstone—the *Herald* vindicates its Ambassador," "Mansfield's Furniture under the Hammer," "Uproar among the Politicians," in Melbourne," "Ought to be Kicked," and other articles.

In the line of *Correspondence*, there are a Special Letter from our clever Boston Correspondent, a very interesting "Special" from Manitoba, a graphic description of the Perils of Presbyterian Ministers on the St. John River, a description of the Campobello Prize Fight by "one of themselves," and an interesting criticism of the River du Loup Railway Company's operations by "Broad Guagé."

Add to these, full Local News, a carefully prepared Shipping Record, the Latest Telegrams from all parts of the World, the Marriages, Deaths, etc., of the week, and the whole is seen to make up a journal which, for instruction and information and an independent tone on all questions, we make bold to say, is not equalled by any other New Brunswick journal outside of THE TRIBUNE Office.

The subscription price of this paper is only ONE DOLLAR a year, and for $1.20 it can be sent postpaid from the Publishing Office to any part of this wide Dominion. Specimen copies will be given *gratis* when applied for.

☞ We shall publish from time to time such sale advertisements in the *Royal Gazette* as apply to public lands in the Counties to be traversed by the River du Loup Railway. The following will be sold at the Crown Land Office, Fredericton, on the first Tuesday in October:—

YORK.

100 acres, rear part lot 13, New Maryland, S. Lounder.
50 acres, west half of lot surveyed for John Moffatt, block 30, Manners-Sutton, Walter Messer.
45 acres, lot 10, S. E. side Mill Road, Manners-Sutton, R. Pollock.
50 acres, lot 159, block 34, Prince William, Thos. Lockhart.

VICTORIA.

Town lots 7 and 8, Grand Falls, Rev. F. J. Hanford; Town Lot 6, Grand Falls, A. H. Hartt; upset price $50 each.

☞ The Halifax *Chronicle*, in reply to our call for the proof that "fifteen of the twenty-one Commoners elect for Nova Scotia are anti-Unionists," says:

The "TRIBUNE" has—unintentionally we hope—suppressed the essential element of our answer. It was not merely that fifteen out of the twenty one are Anti-Unionists, but that the majority of those who are now claimed as Unionist members are the very Anti-Unionists who were returned in 1867, and however some of them may express themselves in regard to the rival parties in Canada, *they all profess to be as good Antis as ever*.

"This single and undisputed fact," the *Chronicle* goes on to say, renders the production of "evidence" altogether unnecessary. Now, it is *the fact* we question, and that we are justified in challenging it we proceed to show by the *Chronicle's* own words:—

At the late elections *no candidate declared himself "for the Union" or "in opposition to the Union."* If the editor of the "TRIBUNE" is so dull of comprehension that he does not understand the fact that *the question of "Union and Anti Union" is dead* it is not worth our while to argue with him.

How is this? No candidate, of all those who appeared at the hustings, professed to be against the Union. "No candidate declared in opposition to the Union!" "The question of Union and Anti-Union is dead." And still fifteen Anti-Unionists are elected!! The *Chronicle* might as well give these fifteen honorable gentlemen any other nickname.

☞ Coal of the General Mining Association of Pictou is now selling in Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, the demand for Pictou coal being caused by the advance in the English article which heretofore monopolized the South American market. Several vessels have been chartered at $9 per ton to carry coal to those ports. There can be little doubt that coal property in Nova Scotia will grow more valuable daily.

TO CAPE BRETON AND FRENCH ST. PETERS.

Notes by the Way—Yankees on the Wing—Dirty Pictou and its Surroundings—The Blind Horses of the Albion Mines—Port Hawkesbury and its Saint John Coachmen—A Hungry Yankee on Bras D'or Lake—Fishermen in Possession of Louisburg—Ox Teams and French Sundays in St. Pierre—Wooden Shoes and Cheap Claret—Trade, Public Buildings and the Telegraph Cable.

(FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

I have just returned after spending a couple of months in Cape Breton and the French Island of Saint Pierre, Miquelon. As my trip through C. B. was a very pleasant one, and very little is known of Saint Pierre except the name, I thought a letter on the subject would be news to some of your readers.

I left St. John a few days before the great boat race at Digby, for Charlottetown. This route is too well known to need comment. With the exception of the few comical bushmen and long headed, shrewd Yankees you occasionally fall in with, nothing of special interest presents itself. At Charlotte-town

SEVERAL AMERICAN TOURISTS

came on board, bound for Pictou and Halifax. They were as jolly as Englishmen and kept us all lively down to Pictou. Their opinion of Prince Edward Island was very favorable, and altogether they had been rather impressed with the enterprise and resources of the Lower Provinces. They spoke very highly of St. John and considered it a regular American city, with very little old fogyism about it. "All you want," they said, "is Annexation, and why not be quick and get it?" It became necessary to explain to them our patriotism and love of country, &c., &c, but they

[illegible] large tonnage can approach the wharves, the harbor being mysteriously and rattled the copper in his pocket in a significant manner. It was too shallow. Standing on the wharf, the impossible to convince them, so I made up mouth of the harbor appears completely my mind, then, that it was no use talking blocked by a whole fleet of ships, the most sentiment to an American.

Pictou is a very busy, lively place; but

VERY DIRTY.

conspicuous among them being the French It looks doubly dismal since the fire, and Admiral's ship, which lies off the island a doubly dirty. Outside the town there are great part of the year. St. Pierre is only some very fair residences, and the prospect valuable to France as a fishing station. A looks brighter from the distance. The great number of fishermen live here and coal mines are the only thing of interest send yearly to France large quantities of here, and I took a few days to examine fish. The business is quite profitable on them. They are all in brisk operation and account of the 10 franc a quintal bounty export a large amount of coal. I went which the French Government gives to encourage the fishing. There are three or down the shaft of the old Albion mine with four English firms in St. Pierre doing a one of the over-seers. It is sunk over 900 large fish business. They import largely feet and the velocity of descent takes one's from Halifax and Boston and supply the breath away. Below all is Egyptian darkfishermen, and sell wholesale dry goods ness, and at first your safety lamp appears and groceries to the French stores. Engto give no more light than a match. We lish is understood by some of the French entered a nicely built brick chamber, where people, but one must brush up his French we remained until our eyes got used to the to get along well.

darkness. Then we ventured out to explore. The seam is very long and ten or The day after we got there was Sunwelve feet wide in some places, and nearly day. Among the French it is

200 men and boys are working in and about

THE BUSIEST DAY OF THE WEEK.

it. It is kept very dry, and the ventilation is perfect. The miners have

LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE GAS,

and when I was down I could perceive none at all. They use a lamp which goes out when it comes into gas and is very safe and sure. Quite a number of horses are employed down in the mine. They have a capital stable, quite as airy as some above ground. The horses never see the light of the sun and become blind in a few years. On coming up again, everything had an unnatural colour,—my clothes were ruined, and my pocket lightened of all its silver by the oft repeated and customary request, "A treat, sir!"

Leather is also, I believe, exported from Pictou, and trade is brisk. The harbour, which is a very good one, is continually filled in summer with shipping, taking cargoes of coal. From Pictou I went to

PORT HAWKESBURY

on the Gut of Canso by the steamer "St. Lawrence," one of the P. E. I. Company's boats. She is a very fine steamer and the accommodations are very good. She will compare favorably with our Boston boats.

We got in late at night and were met by a boisterous crowd of stage drivers who appeared very anxious about our welfare. They take charge of one very uncermoniously, assuring you that their's is the right carriage, and they had been looking for you especially. It's always better to give in on such occasions and save trouble. We had three good fellows in the coach who sang uproarious songs all the way across to West Bay; and the driver favored us with some Gaelic selections.

Next morning at five the Bras D'or boat started.

THE SCENERY OF THE LAKE

has been so often praised that I will only say it exceeded my expectations. But as there was no way to get anything to eat on board the scenery suffered. Fine natural effects never appear to advantage when a man's hungry. On board I met Mr. Macintosh, of the Bank of N. S., a family from Buffalo and an interesting, cadaverous looking, Boston man, who grumbled through his nose that "he didn't see no preparations for breakfast"—before it was six o'clock. At one of the villages on the lake, where the boat calls, with the assistance of Mr, Macintosh we succeeded in getting a breakfast spread for ourselves and some ladies. Our hungry friend entered unperceived and demolished the best part of everything and left us hungry. It's astonishing the quantity that small man absorbed. Immediately after, he went on board and slept the remainder of the way to Sydney like a well filled boa constrictor.

SYDNEY

is in the vicinity of nearly a dozen coal mines. It's a regular coal city. All the mines around are being worked, except the "International." Everything is life and bustle around the Bar, but the old town is somewhat dead. Still, it is quite a pretty place and may be a large city some day, if they ever get a railroad through Cape Breton. Twenty miles out of the city are the ruins of old Louisburg, which I drove to see with my friend Macintosh. The fortifications may still be traced, and the wooden piers of an old bridge across a pond, made for military purposes, are still to be seen. A few fishermen are now the sole possessors of these shores.

At Sydney I waited a week for a chance to St Pierre. The steamship "Hawk" sometimes calls there on her way to St. John's, N. F. Fortunately, she was to deliver a mail there on her next trip; so I waited and went up in her.

Going up

FROM SYDNEY TO ST. PIERRE

in the "Hawk" we had it quite rough, so that all on board had a touch of *mal de mer* When we got up to the Island I was surprised to find what a large amount of shipping was lying off the town. The harbour being shallow and dangerous, the passengers were put ashore in a boat. When I got on the wharf I found everything bustle and confusion. A Government sale was just over and men were standing around in groups, gesticulating loudly in French The street was

CROWDED WITH OX TEAMS,

which I then learned was the only conveyance they have. My trunks and those of a gentleman who came up with me in the "Hawk" were put into one of these carts, as if they were a ton weight, and brought to an hotel kept by an English woman. As we walked through the town the streets and the appearance of everything had a remarkably foreign air. The town was really larger than it at first appeared, and from the stir we saw at every corner it was evident the place was a very lively, busy one.

We went first to

A GOVERNMENT BATH

and having enjoyed the hot and cold water, we were prepared to see the town. The street we found very narrow but clean, and the houses are mostly of wood. Some of the stores are brick, and on account of frequent fires no building can now go up unless of brick or stone. The wharves are all first class and some two or three are of

[illegible]

mysteriously and rattled the copper in his pocket in a significant manner. It was impossible to convince them, so I made up my mind, then, that it was no use talking sentiment to an American.

Pictou is a very busy, lively place; but

VERY DIRTY.

It looks doubly dismal since the fire, and doubly dirty. Outside the town there are some very fair residences, and the prospect looks brighter from the distance. The coal mines are the only thing of interest here, and I took a few days to examine them. They are all in brisk operation and export a large amount of coal. I went down the shaft of the old Albion mine with one of the over-seers. It is sunk over 900 feet and the velocity of descent takes one's breath away. Below all is Egyptian darkness, and at first your safety lamp appears to give no more light than a match. We entered a nicely built brick chamber, where we remained until our eyes got used to the darkness. Then we ventured out to explore. The seam is very long and ten or twelve feet wide in some places, and nearly 200 men and boys are working in and about it. It is kept very dry, and the ventilation is perfect. The miners have

LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE GAS,

and when I was down I could perceive none at all. They use a lamp which goes out when it comes into gas and is very safe and sure. Quite a number of horses are employed down in the mine. They have a capital stable, quite as airy as some above ground. The horses never see the light of the sun and become blind in a few years. On coming up again, everything had an unnatural colour,—my clothes were ruined, and my pocket lightened of all its silver by the oft repeated and customary request, "A treat, sir!"

Leather is also, I believe, exported from Pictou, and trade is brisk. The harbour, which is a very good one, is continually filled in summer with shipping, taking cargoes of coal. From Pictou I went to

PORT HAWKESBURY

on the Gut of Canso by the steamer "St. Lawrence," one of the P. E. I. Company's boats. She is a very fine steamer and the accommodations are very good. She will compare favorably with our Boston boats.

We got in late at night and were met by a boisterous crowd of stage drivers who appeared very anxious about our welfare. They take charge of one very uncermoniously, assuring you that their's is the right carriage, and they had been looking for you especially. It's always better to give in on such occasions and save trouble. We had three good fellows in the coach who sang uproarious songs all the way across to West Bay; and the driver favored us with some Gaelic selections.

Next morning at five the Bras D'or boat started.

THE SCENERY OF THE LAKE

has been so often praised that I will only say it exceeded my expectations. But as there was no way to get anything to eat on board the scenery suffered. Fine natural effects never appear to advantage when a man's hungry. On board I met Mr. Macintosh, of the Bank of N. S., a family from Buffalo and an interesting, cadaverous looking, Boston man, who grumbled through his nose that "he didn't see no preparations for breakfast"—before it was six o'clock. At one of the villages on the lake, where the boat calls, with the assistance of Mr, Macintosh we succeeded in getting a breakfast spread for ourselves and some ladies. Our hungry friend entered unperceived and demolished the best part of everything and left us hungry. It's astonishing the quantity that small man absorbed. Immediately after, he went on board and slept the remainder of the way to Sydney like a well filled boa constrictor.

SYDNEY

is in the vicinity of nearly a dozen coal mines. It's a regular coal city. All the mines around are being worked, except the "International." Everything is life and bustle around the Bar, but the old town is somewhat dead. Still, it is quite a pretty place and may be a large city some day, if they ever get a railroad through Cape Breton. Twenty miles out of the city are the ruins of old Louisburg, which I drove to see with my friend Macintosh. The fortifications may still be traced, and the wooden piers of an old bridge across a pond, made for military purposes, are still to be seen. A few fishermen are now the sole possessors of these shores.

At Sydney I waited a week for a chance to St Pierre. The steamship "Hawk" sometimes calls there on her way to St. John's, N. F. Fortunately, she was to deliver a mail there on her next trip; so I waited and went up in her.

Going up

FROM SYDNEY TO ST. PIERRE

in the "Hawk" we had it quite rough, so that all on board had a touch of *mal de mer* When we got up to the Island I was surprised to find what a large amount of shipping was lying off the town. The harbour being shallow and dangerous, the passengers were put ashore in a boat. When I got on the wharf I found everything bustle and confusion. A Government sale was just over and men were standing around in groups, gesticulating loudly in French The street was

CROWDED WITH OX TEAMS,

which I then learned was the only conveyance they have. My trunks and those of a gentleman who came up with me in the "Hawk" were put into one of these carts, as if they were a ton weight, and brought to an hotel kept by an English woman. As we walked through the town the streets and the appearance of everything had a remarkably foreign air. The town was really larger than it at first appeared, and from the stir we saw at every corner it was evident the place was a very lively, busy one.

We went first to

A GOVERNMENT BATH

and having enjoyed the hot and cold water, we were prepared to see the town. The street we found very narrow but clean, and the houses are mostly of wood. Some of the stores are brick, and on account of frequent fires no building can now go up unless of brick or stone. The wharves are all first class and some two or three are of

[illegible]

can be got very low. Good claret retails at a franc and a half a bottle, and that which is kept for the French Government officers didn't cost six pence. The brandy is cheap but not very good, and the rum is manufactured. Everyone

DRINKS WINE OR BEER,

as the water got on the island is pronounced injurious. Claret is the common drink. There are a few good buildings on the island—the Hospital for the navy, the Governor's residence, the American and Mexican Consulate, the Gendarmerie, and the Chapel. The city is a good Catholic one, and the processions are very imposing. I saw a very fine affair on Lady Day. The French Cable Office is a very good one, but the English office is not. There is a large number of operators on the staff, and English and French Cable telegrams pass through St. Pierre.

The weather on the island is very severe in winter and somewhat foggy in summer. While I was there it was foggy half the time, just as in St. John.

The River du Loup Railway and our Timber Lands.

[From the Newcastle Advocate.]

We refer our readers to an article which we copy from the St. John TRIBUNE. It needs but very little comment. The "railway ring" in York is preparing to monopolize the best of our public lands, and it remains with the Government to determine whether the Shylockian demands of this second "Tammany" shall be complied with. The Press must rise to do battle for the rights of the people—it must descend upon the hungry locust which, open-mouthed, is trying to devour all before it, and crush it with the iron heel of its power—it must bring its influence to bear upon the Local Administration—and then, if the Government are determined to play "second fiddle" to this Provincial Tammany, and to sacrifice the dearest rights of the people in order to advance their own individual interests, there is only one alternative—to show by our votes at the next election, that "we will not have these men to reign over us." The timber lands of our Province are of immense value, and they must not, neither shall they, be locked up in the embrace of a few monopolists, who, to satisfy their greed, would unhesitatingly take from the youth of our land the heir loom left to them by their ancestors. We warn the Government not to trifle in this matter, or they will be made to feel the power of an offended and injured people.

[From the Fredericton Reporter.]

The entire Press of New Brunswick, or such portion as have remarked upon the subject, with the single exception of the *Express* in an article inserted during Mr. Lugrin's absence, regard our explanation of the difficulty between the Government and the River du Loup Railway Company as candid, impartial and reliable, and as such have quoted the article in their respective journals. The article in the *Express* has not, therefore, subserved the case of the claimants in the estimation of the public.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A Wife Shoots her Husband for Faithlessness and is Acquitted by a Corsican Jury!

THE WOMAN'S EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

The Paris *Figaro* reports a remarkable trial held at the Court of Assize at Bastia, in Corsica, on the 6th inst. The accused was a young and exceedingly pretty woman, allied to several of the best families in the country, well educated, of irreproachable morals, known to possess a dreamy and tender nature, and yet this scarcely more than a girl killed her husband, in an excess of jealousy, with a ferocity perfectly savage. It appears that she was married at eighteen years of age to Carlo Bonavente, and before three years had elapsed she discovered that her husband was carrying on a *liaison* with Maria Fanti, a young governess to her infant child. Having discovered the guilty pair at midnight, Lucia Bonavente shot her husband dead. In the course of the trial the accused made the following statement:

"A very few days after the arrival of Maria at Castelmore I was left in doubt of the relations between my husband and that girl; I was not speaking of her, but of him; it is him that I reproached—at first tenderly and tearfully; asking him what I had done that he should cease to love me, and he put me off with a smile and a jest. It was then that I thought of poisoning myself, but I remembered my little daughter, and had not the courage to abandon her. Indeed, I decided to suffer without speaking; I still hoped that my husband would leave Maria and return to me. I should have pardoned him for all, but he did nothing. I discovered that the scandal was well known, not merely to my own servants, but to all the country round Some pitied me. Others mocked at me, I could confide my troubles to no friend; even my mother had been very unhappy in her domestic life, and I did not wish to reawaken bitter reminiscences. That state of things lasted for a month; then I made one more endeavour. I pleaded with my husband again to send Maria away. Not only did he reiterate his refusal, but he declared that if the girl went he would follow her. I humiliated myself upon my knees to him. Oh, I am certain he could not have done so, but at the moment I believed in it. All was useless. I went on to threaten; he replied by bursts of laughter; and from that day he made no concealment of his love for Maria, who stayed at Castlemore doing nothing, for I had taken from her, of course, the charge of my child. On the 6th of March, at seven o'clock in the evening, I saw them together in the pleasure-ground, and losing my senses, I went into my husband's study, whence I took a revolver, decided upon avenging myself, not on her only, but also upon him. I went downstairs, but they had come in by a back way, and I found my husband at table, playing with his child. I tore her from his arms, indignant that his polluted lips should sully the forehead of that infant. He began joking with me, and I do not know how I resisted the impulse to kill him on the spot, for I had the pistol in my bosom. God willed it otherwise, however. The next day, mad, desperate, feeling that I was being carried down some deadly descent, I took Maria on one side. I implored her to go away: I offered her all the money and every jewel I possessed. I went. Nothing availed. The girl met me with the hypocrisy that she did not understand what I was referring to: that she would only leave the house on the orders of her master; and that she was about to become the mother of his child, as she had long been his mistress.

Finally I left, to seek one last explanation from my husband. He had gone to Ajaccio, and did not return until dinner time next day. During the meal we did not exchange ten words, and I retired to my apartments, with the intention of going back to the dining-room as soon as my child was asleep. What did he do upon the first syllables addressed to him? He answered me insolently and quitted my presence, refusing to listen further. I returned to my chamber and thence through the window I saw Maria conversing with him in the park. I had not the slightest doubt that this dialogue signified a rendezvous for the night. I put out my light and waited. I waited, hoping that I was self-deceived, calling upon heaven to help me, I declare. I was determined no longer to bear this humiliation or this grief. But about half an hour after midnight I recognized the step of my husband on the landing and on the stair-case leading to the second-floor, where Maria's bedroom was situated. What time afterward elapsed I cannot tell, because my head was on fire. It may have been ten minutes or it may have been an hour. All I remember is that, hearing no sound, I went up stairs. With one hand I held the candle I had lighted, with the other a key which opened Maria's door, not a key which I had made myself, but a duplicate one, such as is used in most houses, to open the doors of the servant's rooms. The revolver was all the while in my breast. I opened the door noiselessly, and when I saw my husband asleep in the arms of this girl, I thought I had the right to vindicate my own honour as an outraged wife and mother. I fired once, perhaps twice, nothing else. I know no more. I loved him so!"

Evidence was taken, and, after an eloquent speech for the prisoner, the President summed up; the jury retired; ten minutes later, they returned, with an unanimous verdict of acquittal. Lucia Medelli (Bonavente) was instantly ordered to be set free; an immense crowd shouted its joy over the decision; the exonerated murderess dropped swooning into her mother's arms, and the social critics cry *Tue la!*

LOCALS.

Personal.

Mr. Anglin, M. P., has been on a visit to Halifax.

Not Fifteen, but Fifty.

The printers made us speak yesterday of Rev. Mr. Kennedy making "a fifteen minutes speech" instead of a *fifty* minutes speech.

A Large Audience.

The Concert at the Horticulturl Gardens in Halifax, by the Italian Opera Troupe, under the auspices of the Young Men's Early Closing Association, was the most successful Musical affair of the season. The Gardens were crowded with people of all classes, there being no less than 3,000 persons present.

Mr. Torrens's Concerts

in Halifax were meanly attended the first night, a good deal better the second, and overflowing the third. The music loving of that city are anxious for the return of the Troupe at some future time, but, doubtless, this cannot be arranged this year at least.

The Benefit in our Academy of Music to-night will be patronized by as fine an audience as St. John has ever seen assembled under one roof. Most of the sittings have been disposed of, but a few remain. We hope to see few vacant seats to-night.

Youthful Depravity.

Says the Halifax *Express*:—"A lad, 17 years of age, was captured yesterday in a liquor store, Upper Water street, where he had been in the habit for several days. The boy had taken from his father's house a quantity of groceries, potatoes, &c. These, with goods got at stores in his father's name, he gave to his friends (?), to whom he seemed much attached. The father makes a mistake in declining to prosecute the people for harboring his boy."

Gunning Accident.

We understand that on Wednesday, Mr. George Miller, of Kingston, King's County, while out gunning in the Midlands, accidentally shot himself in the right arm. He is under the skilful treatment of Dr. Baxter, of our City, and hopes are entertained that the arm, though seriously wounded, will be saved.

Father Mathew Association.

At the Semi-Annual Meeting of the Father Mathew Association, held in St. Malachi's Hall, last (Thursday) evening, the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing term:—

Rev. Jos. Michaud, *Chaplain*;
Mr. John O'Brien, *President*;
" C. Hennessy, *Senior Vice President*:
" T. Collins, *Junior do. do.*;
" J. J. Ryan, *Secretary*;
" D. McLaughlin, *Assistant do.*;
" C. McGaurty, *Treasurer*.

Carriages from the States.

The schooner "Nashwaak," which arrived yesterday from Haverhill, Mass., brought thirteen carriages, manufactured by Clark of Salisbury, Mass., near Newburyport. All but two are single horse carriages, beautifully furnished and mounted. They average in price from $140 to $160 U. S. currency; one extra finished cost $200. These were made to order and are intended for parties in Fredericton and Woodstock.

Merchants' Exchange.

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

Liverpool—Breadstuffs, market quiet,—flour 30s; Red Wheat 12s. 4d a 12s. 8d.; Corn 28s. 6d. a 28s. 9.; Cotton 10½d a 10¼d.

Consols London 92⅝ a 92¾.

New York—Flour market quiet, firm; No. 2, Spring Wheat; $1.60 a $1 63; Western mixed Corn 64 a 65 cts.

Mess Pork quiet, $14.10 a $14 20.

Grain freights 10d. a 10½d.

Receipts of flour 12,000 bbls.; sales 12,000.

Receipts of wheat 89,000 bushels; sales 21,000 bushels

Receipts of Corn 360,000 bushels: sales 81,000 bushels.

Montreal.—Flour market dull, in buyers' favor.

Canada Superfine and Welland Canal $6. 40; Fancy $7.25 a $7.30; Extra $7.50 a $7 60.

Receipts of flour 500 bbls; sales 800.

Chicago.—No 2 Spring Wheat $1.31; market dull—heavy; receipts of Wheat 55,000 bushels; sales 66,000.

New York, Sept. 6—Gold opened at 113¾

Mr. Stockton's House,

on Princess street, was offered at auction by Mr. Lockhart at noon to-day. The highest bid was $2,900, but as the lot and buildings are worth at least $3,200 to $3,400, the property was withdrawn.

Bishop's Opera Hall

was crowded last night with as fine an audience as the Major could possibly have desired. The reserved seats were in great demand. In the comedy of "Toodles," Mr. McAvoy's acting was as fine as anything that has been witnessed in our City and gave unalloyed pleasure. Mrs. McAvoy as Mrs Toodles played her part admirably, and Lee, Hunter and Talbot, in their several characters, showed a good made up and careful reading. The Freeman Sisters in their "Flirtations" pleased the audience mightily and were called out repeatedly, always cheerfully responding to the exacting demands of their many admirers. Pete Lee's "Demosthenic spouting" gave great pleasure to "ye gods;" while the acting of Miss Kimball and Mr. Hunter in "Peter White and his Pretty Jemima" gratified everyone, and demonstrated that this lady was an accomplished actress. Miss Gordon's character dancing (the Highland Lassie) was chaste and graceful. The "mirth provoking Pantomime," Scampini, was "as good as they make 'em," the honors of authorship being due to Mr. Zeltner, who took a part in it. Mr. Sanford's "farmer's boy" was admirably taken, and the fun of the affair was maintained to the end.

We know of no more cheerful place to spend an evening than in the Opera Hall, where the best of order is maintained and everything is conducted in a manner to inspire confidence in the management. There is a capital bill for to-night, new stars will be engaged and fresh novelties are already in preparation.

Overcome!

It appears to be rather difficult for some of our young gentlemen to act soldier while in Camp. On Wednesday night, a young man very well known in the city, and a member of Capt. Likely's Company, was placed on guard, and while ruminating on events in general he thought his mind would have more active play if his legs were at rest, and accordingly proceeded to sit himself down to give his thoughts full vent, and while in this position was approached by the drowsy god and coyed to sleep. Later in the night he was found by some of his companions in arms with his serene countenance turned heavenward while he himself was in the arms of Morpheus. Consequence—"Guard House."

The Bazar at the Rink

was well patronized last evening, visitors purchasing a great many of the articles offered for sale. The singing of the Rev. Antonio Arrighi was quite an attraction but he cannot sing to advantage on account of the vast extent of the building. To-night the Hand Threshing Machine will be in operation; the 62nd Band will also be present during the evening, discoursing some of their choice music. This will probably be the most attractive night of the week.

In the Provincial Rifle Competition,

the sixth match resulted in the St. John Ladies' Cup being won by Corporal Hay, of Northumberland. The Martini-Henri Rifle was won, in the third match, by Private Blacktin, of St. Stephen. In the ninth match, Major Stickney, Charlotte, won the Silver Medal of National Rifle Association of England. It was expected that all the matches, including the competitions for the Prince of Wales Cup and Hon. Mr. Jones's Prize, will be concluded to-day. The weather yesterday and to-day has been very satisfactory.

The Fish Market.

There was a fair supply of Fish at the Fish Market this morning. Salmon ranged from $2 to $3.00; Shad 12, 15 and 20 cents each; a few Haddock at 8 cents each; Mackerel 6 cents each.

The "Ouangondy"

went down the Harbor this forenoon,—a first trial trip after having had repairs put on her.

☞ The Toronto *Mail* is directing attention to the extent and value of the Nova Scotia coal fields.

Sheriff's Court—Riley vs. Price and Keith.

"John Riley *vs.* Benjamin W. Price and Murray B. Keith" is now being heard before the Sheriff's Court. It is an action of replevin for five hundred and seventy-nine spruce logs. The plaintiff claims that those logs were cut and carried away from his land in Queen's County, by the above named defendants, without his authority. It is a question of boundary, each party contending for different lines. A general claim was put in by defendants, and a special claim by H. Parker, who cut the logs under a permit for defendants. Two Surveyors were examined yesterday, one on behalf of the plaintiff, the other for defendant. Whatever the result may be before the Sheriff's jury, the matter will be brought before the Circuit Court, as the question as to land forms the issue between the parties. The case will probably be finished to-morrow. Somebody will have to pay the piper, looking at the number of legal gentlemen engaged in the matter—no less than five.

Messrs Duff and Travis appear for plaintiff; Mr. C. W. Weldon for the general claimant (the defendants), and Messrs. C. N. Skinner and Silas Alward for the special claimant, H. Parker.

City Police Court.

William Fesko, 26, charged by Captain Fleming of the ship "Childe," with using abusive language to him; discharged.

Samuel Ewing, 19, abusive language to John Ganter; charge withdrawn.

Andrew Halliday, 24, arrested on Prince Wm. Street with a sheath knife on his person, being drunk at the time. He was fined $20 or 10 days gaol.

Thomas Booth, 26, drunk on King St., also having a sheath knife on his person; fined $10 or 20 days gaol.

HARD COAL.

Now landing at Lovitt's Wharf, ex schr "E. F. Williams":

203 TONS SCRANTON COAL, consisting of Grate, Egg, Stove and Chestnut, which will be sold low from the vessel.
T. McCARTHY & SON,
sept3 Water street.

Sugar and Molasses.

300 PUNS Cienfuegos MOLASSES,
120 hhds Porto Rico SUGAR,
100 do Cuba do, in Warehouse,
and for sale low to close consignment.
GEO. S. DeFOREST,
aug30 11 South Wharf.

JUST RECEIVED ex sch. "Kathleen," 190 boxes No. 1 Digby Herrings. For sale by
MASTERS & PATTERSON,
sept4 19 South Market Wharf.