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THE MINISTER'S OATH.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER I. (*Continued.*)

Pelmore stood silent, with an unwholesome storm of wrath gathering within him. As yet, the suddenness of the affair paralyzed him; but these things always come suddenly, and are over, one way or another, while we draw our breath, although, as in a clap of thunder, the elements that produce it may have been long working in silence.

Ellen had done him scarcely less than justice. His soul was not large or commanding. Petulance, imperiousness, conceit, self-complacent good nature, formed about the complement of his traits, and were packed so closely together as not to afford much space for the working of any elements which might be accidentally introduced. Nevertheless, when a human being is brought to bay, something is pretty sure to come to the surface unexpected by those who thought they knew him best—unexpected even by himself.

Ellen moved to go past him into the hall. Her anger had been sufficiently aroused to make her enjoy the pain she had inflicted. Her triumph stimulated and excited her. Pelmore suddenly caught her by the arm and detained her, and their eyes met again. His were now full of animal rage—the vindictive rage of a beaten, insulted, disappointed creature.

"Look here!" he said, brutally; "I've got a word or two to say to you. Don't imagine I want to marry you—curse you! —I'd as lief marry a drab as you. But, though I won't marry you myself, I won't let you marry any one else—mind that!"

Here the man, by reason of his very weakness, had the woman at advantage. No weak man can be a thorough gentleman, and only with a gentleman is a lady always safe. By throwing aside all considerations of self-respect and honor, there is always some temporary power to be gained. Pelmore, when in a passion, would have sold his soul for such power. To him, any thing was better than to accept his defeat and disappointment in dignified silence. If he could not be respected, at any rate he would be noticed. He knew that Ellen had a refined and delicately constituted nature, and that he could shock and horrify it by forcing her to behold his unrestrained violence and self-degradation. It seemed, for the moment, as if he really had some ascendency over her. She blanched a little, as his coarse expressions met her ear, but answered, quietly:

"You can never control my slightest action, hereafter."

"Can't I? Oh, well, we'll see! I don't expect you to pay any attention to what I say—I hope you won't; but, let me tell you, if you marry that cursed divinity-student or anybody else, I'll have your life! Nothing shall save you. When the time comes that you feel safest and happiest, you'll hear from me. I'll have your life!" repeated Pelmore, bringing his clinched fist down upon the banister, and hissing the words into Ellen's pale, dark-eyed face.

Perhaps at the moment Pelmore meant what he said, and that gave a ring of reality to his utterance. A moment after he was frightened at the words himself had spoken, and it seemed to him they had been pronounced by some power outside of himself. But they could not be controlled then. There is a spirit in what we say which sometimes carries to a fatal issue what we deemed to have been but idle breath.

Ellen answered nothing to Pelmore's threat. A sudden weakness came over her, and for the first time she felt afraid. Was it Pelmore she feared, or was it the premonition of a fate to which his passionate ravings had chanced to give a voice? When, sometimes, we shudder, and know not why, it is said that some one steps across our grave.

But Ellen's fear may have rested on more real grounds. She knew there was wrong on her side, and the excitement with which she had warded off this knowledge at first soon failed her. She stood defenceless, both morally and physically, before the enraged animal she had injured. Looking at him, she saw murder in his eyes, and, even if she did not believe his unaided nature capable of accomplishing it, yet may have imagined that he was but the mouthpiece of a destiny which neither he nor she could control. Certain it is, at all events, that, at the moment Pelmore threatened to have her life, the horror of death descended upon her, and ever and anon returned, for a longer or shorter visit, until the end.

It is very probable that Pelmore, had he been allowed time, might have taken back all he had said, and begged pardon for it; for in such men an outburst of passion is generally succeeded by an unwonted docility and gentleness. But, ere the paroxysm could change, there was a pause in the music, and two or three other couples came through the door into the corridor. Ellen glided past him, and disappeared through a side entrance into the ladies' dressing-room. Her first intention was to return home at once: but presently pride came to the rescue, and she resolved to remain. Issuing forth into the ballroom, she immediately was accosted by Mr. Frank Morley, the young divinity-student.

"What have you been doing all this time, Miss Barret?" he asked, offering her his arm.

"Not much of any thing," she answered, with a bitter smile to herself at the delicate satire involved in the reply.

"The last I saw of you, you were with that Mr. P——, what is his name?"

"Oh, I know whom you mean. Yes, but we can't always choose whom we'll be with at parties, you know."

"Miss Barret, do you know I'm very glad to hear you say that?"

"Are you? Why?"

"Because it seems to show—well, it makes me think perhaps you don't like him much, after all."

"I hate him!" said Ellen, with great intensity of expression.

The divinity-student did not seem much horrified at Miss Barret's lack of Christian sentiment.

"To see the way he behaves to you, one would think you were his property."

"*I* belong to *him!*" exclaimed Ellen, in genuine wonder that such should ever have been the case—so soon does the past become unreal in our minds! "No, and you'll never see him behave as if I did again."

Mr. Morley ventured to press gently the soft round wrist which lay between his coat-sleeve and his left breast-pocket.

"Aren't we engaged for this dance?"

"Yes; it is my last engagement."

"Then, won't you be engaged to me for the rest?"

"Yes, for all the rest, if you wish."

It seems likely that Ellen might never have discovered the emptiness of her first attachment had she not first tasted inspiration from a source outside herself.

CHAPTER II.

Frank Morley was a very lovable person. He produced an effect of delicate refinement and spirituality which at once moved one to tenderness and admiration apart from any profounder sentiment which a nearer acquaintance might develop. He was an unworldly young man—perhaps more so than is best for a modern minister; yet his principles were neither bigoted nor timid. His morals were intuitive, and, taking his intellectual power into consideration, perhaps quite as apt to be correct as if they had been beaten into him by a sad and stern experience. Indeed, experience does not often benefit such men; a personal knowledge of evil, if it does not quite crush them down, coarsens and embitters them. They are born with the pure instincts of angels, but not with the adamantine strength which can struggle with Apollyon single-handed in darkness.

He possessed physical beauty in harmony with his character: high forehead, sensitive mouth, and large blue eyes. His voice was musical and pleasing, and his manner generally subdued. Yet there was a certain light in his eyes which sometimes kindled to a blaze, and never was wholly quenched: and in the higher tones of his voice one might occasionally trace the signs of a high-strung temper. The intimate union of his moral and physical nature, so far from preserving both from injury, probably rendered either more than usually dependent for well-being upon the immunity of the other. More especially might his soul be influenced through his senses to a degree inconceivable to himself, and impossible to a man of grosser constitution.

Taken altogether, he was a man well fitted to gain a woman's love, particularly if his own heart were involved. He had happened to meet Miss Barret in Cambridge the winter previous to the 19th of April ball, and they had mutually attracted one another; it was for her sake he had discovered a necessity for visiting Amasset; and after the occurrences there it will not be surprising to hear that they became engaged to be married. Several years elapsed between the pledge and the fulfilment, during which Morley graduated and obtained a situation as pastor of the small town of Northcote, near Boston. Soon after his establishment his wedding took place, and his married life began.

(*To be Continued.*)

A JEWISH SCANDAL.—The Jewish Church, press and public in New York, primarily, and wherever else the story has run, have been scandalized by a marriage between a German Jew of wealth and good connections and his brother's widow, a union which, according to the Hebrew interpretation of Mosaic law, is incestuous and an unpardonable sin. From a Christian standpoint the arrangement was a highly desirable one. The parties were both rich and very much in love with each other, but an obstacle fixed generations ago by an orthodox European Synod stood in the way and threatened excommunication if they consummated their vows in wedlock. Several Rabbis refused to unite them, and only when the bridegroom equivocated and told Dr. Huebsch that he was a cousin of the bride's first husband would he solemnize their marriage. The near relatives are well enough pleased, and only the organs and the priests and defenders of the old laws and traditions of Judaism are especially put out by it. The Jewish Times refers to it as an incestuous marriage, and severely criticises Dr. Huebsch as guilty of wilful complicity with the parties or criminal negligence.

The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 25, 1872.

Governor Archibald.

Lord Lisgar, at the Dinner given to him be the Montreal merchants, is reported to have said when reviewing Manitoba affairs:—

The troubles which ensued in Manitoba were due rather to misunderstanding and apprehension arising from ignorance than to any rooted hostility. They are overcome by steadiness, patient explanation, and the occasional display of an adequate armed force to sustain the civil authority. The form and frame of representative institutions have now been organized and set in motion, with every prospect of satisfactory working. Much praise is due the Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Archibald, for the legal attainments, the unwearied industry, and the fine temper which he brought to bear on the difficulties he had to encounter. (Hear, hear.) He literally encountered the wilderness, but he has cleared the forest and taken out the stumps. Whoever succeeds him, for I hear Mr. Archibald wishes to leave, with views and objects of his own, will have an easy task. He will enter upon the results of another man's intelligent labours, will not, probably, have more obstacles in his way than are found in the older settled provinces. To carry on the agricultural simile, he will only have to cultivate the cleared farm on ordinary known principles, and with a proper rotation of crops. (Hear, hear.)

This is a handsome compliment to an able administrator, and is not undeserved. Governor Archibald has been thoroughly abused by partizans, and his actions and motives scandalously misrepresented. The venom of his old opponents in Nova Scotia followed him to his new sphere of labor and distorted his every word and action. The Grits of Ontario have assailed him because, first, he accepted the Gubernatorial office from a Government which they opposed, and, second, because he could not be induced to ignore one large section of the Manitoba population and throw himself entirely into the arms of another section who were supposed at one time to be in alliance with the Grits. In Manitoba itself, where lawlessness has had full swing, he has been burnt in effigy, but will probably be feted on his departure from among a people who did not deserve to have so good a ruler. Throughout all this storm of undeserved obloquy and disgraceful partizanship, Governor Archibald has conducted himself in a manner that reflects the highest credit on his magnanimity, his courage, and his calm, impartial judgment. Manitobans will not for many a long year see his equal among them. Of fine personal presence, a spotless character, splendid mental accomplishments, and a temper that neither sneers nor assaults can disturb. Governor Archibald would seem to be admirably qualified to shine as the first Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the Dominion. Certainly, he is buried in Manitoba, and does well in bidding farewell to that settlement of paltry hunters, half-breeds, and rowdy politicians.

A Speech of Governor Wilmot.

At the Dinner to Lord Lisgar the health of the Lieutenant Governors of the Provinces were toasted. Ontario and Quebec were unable to attend; Nova Scotia was represented by Lt. Governor Doyle, who responded, and New Brunswick by Lt. Governor Wilmot, who spoke, briefly.

Hon. L. A. WILMOT, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, also responded. Although it was past the midnight hour he could not retire from this table without saying a few words in reply to the toast. New Brunswick had early wheeled into line. She was not attracted by the harmony in the upper provinces, but she surveyed the ground, she thought it over well, and she saw in the distance, growth and prosperity and wealth. (Cheers.) At the time the present confederation was suggested, they in the Maritime Provinces were in the act of forming a confederation of those Provinces. Canadians considered them too small to do anything in 1850, at which time he had had the pleasure of meeting their Baldwin and their Lafontaine. At that time he could not get any one to second his aspirations for union. They were not ignorant of the political history of Canada, and of the difficulties which made it hard to get across the bar; but when at a later date the Maritime Provinces were about forming a Maritime Confederation, they suspended operations to take the Canadians in. [Laughter and cheers.] In New Brunswick they were loyal, too, to that old country from which they were sprung. New Brunswick would always be true to the Confederation, while that Confederation was governed on British principles. (Cheers.) *They wanted no narrow principles, but British constitutional government in its purity.* (Cheers) He had enjoyed the pleasure of attending the great musical festival at Boston this week, and hearing the harmonies of the festival, but when he received an invitation to this banquet, he hastened to comply; no harmony could hold him away. He was very happy, indeed, to have been here their guest, to-night. He might add that although they would lose his lordship's services here, they would gain what they lose here on the other side, for his lordship would be able to tell them with what a bold step, with what an unfaltering step, we were moving onward to a grand future. [Cheers.] It was the duty of every one, publicly and privately, to instill into the hearts of their children a feeling of nationality for their own land as well as for the old country. (Cheers) We had before us a grand future, if the country was governed as well in the time to come as it had been in the past. [Loud cheers.]

P. E. ISLAND MATTERS.

Probable change of the location of the Island Railway.

The following are among the reasons given by the Government papers for the "re-investing" clause in the new Railway Bill:—

In the Bill providing for the construction of the Branch lines, a clause has been inserted authorizing the Government to revest lands taken but not required for railway purposes, in their former owners. Between this clause, and the investigation, there is a very intimate connexion. If, for example, the inspecting Engineers declare certain curves and windings dangerous, how, we ask, are they to be taken out unless the lands can be given back to their owners? To straighten the road, and make it safe will, it is possible, in many cases necessitate a change of route, which may lie at a considerable distance from the present track. In such a case what would be done, without the revesting powers conferred by the new Act? Would the abandoned route have to remain in the hands of the Government, a profitless and barren series of curves? Is it not much more in harmony with the dictates of right reason, that the Government should in such a case have power to revest these lands in the former proprietors, and pay them an indemnity for the damages sustained? Many farms have been so mercilessly cut up by the curves and windings of the road, that the proprietors would, we believe, consider it a boon to have a straight line run through their lands, instead of the devious courses of the present route, which destroys property with no visible result other than putting more money into the pocket of the contractors.

The papers add that the six acres purchased from Mr. Carvell for a Station at Summerside, and six acres from Hon. Mr. Howlan, M.P.P., for a Station at Alberton, was entirely too much land, and that the grounds selected for stations may be petitioned against by the people immediately interested. The arrival of a vessel owned by Captain Richards, M. P. P., with a cargo of railroad iron, leads the *Herald* to say that prominent shippers who wished to obtain information in regard to the shipment of the iron, could gain no information while a member of the Legislature was thoroughly posted. Altogether, their Railway matters are in a precious muddle over there, and "the end is not yet."

We notice that the *Patriot* continues to publish, from number to number, details of the telegraphic accounts paid by the late Government, the object being to establish the fact of the existence of a "Railway Ring."

Attorney General Palmer has been re-elected without opposition. Hon. Ben Davies, having accepted the office of Chairman of the Railway Board, has returned for re-election. He is opposed by Hon James Duncan, the Hon. Col. John H. Gray having refused to contest the constituency.

The Queen's County Election.

The Election in Queen's County has turned out more favorably for the School Act than many persons had anticipated. Mr. Butler, who is elected, served several years in a former House of Assembly. He is an intelligent gentleman of very decided opinions. He was an original Unionist, and held to the faith always. He was a free, non sectarian School man, and will not waver in his support. The Government that he believes in he will support through thick and thin, and the Party that he opposes he will fight to the death. He is a good deal of the style of Honest John McAdam in his way of standing by his friends and fighting his enemies,—Mr. McAdam, who is about to defeat Mr. Bolton for the Commons. The following is the vote for Queens:—

	Butler.	McMann.	Armstrong.
Gagetown,	64	67	0
Hampstead,	79	26	0
Petersville,	170	93	3
Wickham,	86	13	0
Johnston,	62	62	60
Cambridge,	123	54	5
Waterborough,	93	74	7
Chipman,	84	85	21
Canning,	34	50	34
Brunswick,	14	30	2
	808	555	132

[Mr. Wiggins received two votes in Waterborough and two in Chipman.]

As Queen's has a hard name for its intolerance of taxation, the election of Mr. Butler must be treated as satisfactory evidence of the people being in accord with the School Act. Mr. Butler will probably rank as a supporter, nor will it be necessary to buy him up at every Session of the House, as has been the usage in some cases.

A NEW ORLEANS SENSATION

Attempted Assassination in a Private Household—A Divorced Wife and her Revenge—The Parties Well Known.

[From the New Orleans Times, June 18.]

Between half-past 11 and 12 o'clock yesterday morning, while Mrs. A. M. Holbrook was engaged at her toilette in the second floor front room of her residence, No. 208 Constance street, between Orange and Richard, she became conscious that some one had entered her apartment, and, turning to observe the visitor, was instantly fired upon by a well dressed woman standing in the door.

Horror stricken at the evident attempt at assassination, Mrs. Holbrook faced her assailant, and after the discharge of a second shot, succeeded in clutching the weapon. The two women struggled in a death-like contest for some seconds, and the pistol at length dropped upon the floor. At this juncture the would-be murderess seized a quart bottle of bay rum, which was standing on the bureau, and began beating Mrs. Holbrook with it over the head. It was quickly shivered into a hundred pieces, and the infuriated woman, snatching a China vase from the mantel piece, continued the attack.

The report of the pistol attracted the attention of an aged colored cook, who gave the alarm, and a white servant, named Mary, rushed to the rescue. She seized the assailant (who proved to be Jennie Bronson, the divorced wife of Mr. Holbrook,) from behind, and the present Mrs Holbrook, succeeding in extricating herself, rushed out of the house.

The unfortunate lady, covered with blood, first went in next door to the residence of Mr. Rainey, where a servant furnished her with a basin of water and a change of clothing, and the family being absent, she then took refuge at the residence of Mrs. Martin, just opposite. The attack created the wildest excitement, the servants left in a body, and, in probably less than five minutes, Jennie Bronson held undisputed possession.

THE WORK OF DEMOLITION.

Flushed with triumph, the woman at once commenced a wholesale attack on the furniture. Mirrors, pictures and armoire glasses were shivered into atoms, and whatever articles of jewelry that could be found on the second floor were scattered about in the wildest confusion. Descending to the ground floor she procured an axe from the kitchen and resumed the work of destruction. A china closet, containing apparently two barrels full of dishes and cut glass ware was completely stripped of its contents, and the promiscuous heap was beaten into fragments upon the hall floor. A sideboard, containing castors, silver service and wine glasses, shared the same fate. The glazed doors of several bookcases were knocked into smithereens, and the dial plate of a handsome clock broken into fragments, the sounding board of a new piano smashed to pieces, and a portrait of Mr. Holbrook hurled from its place on the wall and cut to shreds.

An hour later, when our reporter reached the scene, he found the drawing room, parlor, dining room and hall heaped with the *debris*, and indeed, had the establishment been jarred by the explosion of nitro-glycerine, or shaken by a first class earthquake, the demolition could not have been more complete.

THE EXCITEMENT.

A curious crowd of ladies, children and servants still lingered in front of the house; but even at that time information concerning this most unfortunate *contretemps* was difficult to glean.

A lady, living in the immediate vicinity, and fearing, from the shots, that a murder was being perpetrated, sent her servants in all directions for the police. At least twenty minutes elapsed before an officer could be procured; but at length a little boy succeeded in finding officer Dorsey, of the Sixth precinct, who at once came to the house.

MEDICAL AID

In the meantime Dr. Thomas Nicholson, residing on Magazine street, near the scene, had been sent for, and he reached the house first. The doctor found Jenny Bronson in the parlor. She had ceased her work at that time, and was endeavoring to staunch the blood from a slight wound on her finger. The doctor extracted a piece of broken glass from the cut, and hearing that Mrs. Holbrook was across the street, immediately repaired to that domicil.

Mrs. Holbrook, whom the doctor found to be quite faint from loss of blood, presented a most deplorable picture. The unhappy lady had received a deep gash in front of the forehead, where the hair joins in, one an inch long on the left of the head, and a similar wound on the right of the head. The top is also badly bruised. Her hair was completely matted with blood, and at the first her garments fairly streamed with gore. He found no difficulty in checking the flow of blood, and believes that, although Mrs. Holbrook will suffer great pain for several days, she is not in any great danger.

THE PISTOL

is a small Smith & Wesson seven shooter. The chamber was taken off very shortly after the weapon fell, when it was found that four cartridges were missing.

THE ARREST.

Officer Dorsey, upon reaching the house, at once took Jennie Bronson into custody, but at her solicitation procured a cab, and drove with her to the Pecanier station. There she was conducted to a room adjoining the clerk's office, and placed in charge of the colored turnkey. Officer Dorsey, at her request, went to the hotel, procured from her room a travelling dress and skirt, and brought the garments to the station. She appeared much excited, but declined an interview with any one. Mr. Holbrook reached the station perhaps half an hour after the arrest, and preferred a charge of shooting and wounding Mrs. Holbrook with intent to kill.

THE ACCUSED.

At a second visit paid to the station house our reporter was admitted to the presence of the accused. She declined making any statement of the affair, saying she only desired justice. She did state, however, that coming to her own house, she had found it in the possession of another woman, and had conducted herself accordingly. This assertion was made with many tears.

At four o'clock Captain Boyd Robinson informed Jennie Bronson that he would be forced to place her in a cell. She strenuously objected, but at length was induced to enter cell No. 2, where chairs and a stretcher were placed for her accommodation.

She reached the city from New York yesterday morning, and at once secured a room at Wade's Upper City Hotel, at the corner of Magazine and Jackson streets. In a conversation with a well-known gentleman on board the train on Sunday, she is said to have remarked, in a wild way, "I do not expect to be alive twenty-four hours from this time."

PREVIOUS HISTORY OF THE CASE.

The handsome, and by no means uncultivated, cause of the above terrible misfortune, was met by Mr. Holbrook during the war, and being of a social disposition, and apparently ready to receive the attentions of gentlemen, his advances were encouraged. They travelled together, became intimate, and at length Jennie Bronson went North. Mr. Holbrook met her again at the New York Hotel during a summer tour, and the intimacy was resumed. She then represented herself as a widow, and the daughter of an eminent attorney. When Mr. Holbrook was about leaving New York she sent for him to her room and demanded that he should marry her. Upon his refusing, Jennie swallowed an immense dose of laudanum, and, lying down, calmly informed him that she had but two hours to live. A physician was sent for, but she refused utterly to permit a stomach pump to be applied, and so worked upon the feelings of a naturally credulous gentleman, that he at length consented. A priest, found conveniently near, was summoned, the ceremony was performed, a stomach pump was applied and the woman recovered. That day Mr. Holbrook, after making liberal appropriations for her support, left for New Orleans, it being agreed that she should remain in New York. He had not been long in the city when Mrs. Holbrook, selling her furniture, came South. She stopped at Havana, and finally, greatly to Mr. Holbrook's surprise, reached here, and, taking rooms at the St. Charles, summoned him to her presence. A series of violent quarrels, in which he was maltreated in the grossest manner, was very shortly afterward the result of their meeting, and Mr Holbrook was compelled to seek a private lodging. She ferreted him out, entered his apartment, cut up his clothes, and, in fact, acted so maliciously that proceedings for a divorce were instituted. A reconciliation followed; and, in another quarrel, she went to his house, on Hevia street, and broke the mirrors and furniture, and, when the man in charge of it attempted to eject her, she bit him so severely that to this day he bears the mark of her teeth.

There was another reconciliation, and then another quarrel in the editorial room of the *Picayune*, in which Mr. Holbrook was severely bitten. Proceedings for divorce were again instituted, but when the cause came to trial the litigants were off on a bridal tour and it was dismissed. So the matter went on for years, and finally, in consideration of certain emoluments, she left forever.

They met again at the North, where Mrs. Holbrook, conspicuous as the best dressed woman of the resort, again attracted her husband, and both returning to the city went to housekeeping. They lived peaceably together for some time, but the trouble again breaking out a few months ago, suit for divorce was instituted in the Eighth District Court. Upon being served with the process, she wrote a contemptuous reply to the plaintiff's attorney (Messrs. Mott and Semmes), which was filed, and then went North. Judgment was rendered in Mr. Holbrook's favor, and about a month ago he married.

Jennie Bronson is the daughter of an oysterman doing business near Harlem, New York. While separated from Mr. Holbrook she amused herself by writing squibs for the newspapers, and, we believe, at one time succeeded in entering the Hotel Dieu as a Sister of Charity. She is a handsome, stormy woman, with jaws like a tigress, a fine figure, and at times most attractive.

The present Mrs. Holbrook is not only an estimable lady, but one of Southland's sweetest poets, and under the *nomme de plume* Pearl Rivers is known the length and breadth of the land. A large circle of sincere friends truly sympathize with her in this trying hour, and will watch with no feigned anxiety for her convalescence.

☞ Strawberries by the quart or pint. Strawberries and Cream. Prince Edward Island Oysters. Ice Cream, Pastry &c. &c., may be found at Geo. Sparrow's.

The Labor Difficulties.

The Western despatch to the St. John Associated Press states that of 95,000 men who have struck during the past eight weeks in New York, 60,000 are working on the eight hours' system, 25,000 are still on a strike, and 10,000 have resumed work at 10 hours. But New York, says an exchange, is not alone in its labor troubles. The murmur of dissatisfaction comes across the ocean from the British Isles and the Continent, and London and Berlin resound with the loud demands of the workingmen. There is a marked difference in the methods of meeting the difficulty, here and there. While the New York employers are generally disposed to meet the employes half-way, and consent to an equitable compromise, the Berlin masters adopt the measure of peremptorily "locking out" all the operatives, refractory or not, thereby producing a large amount of causeless suffering, and engendering a still greater hatred and strife. With some modification, the same thing is being done at London, and at last accounts a general "lock-out" all over the kingdom was feared. In England the main struggle is between the carpenters and master builders. The carpenters now work 56½ hours, and demand a reduction of time to 51 hours, beside a slight increase of wages. This very material alteration the master builders are unwilling to grant, and the result is seen in the growing inclination of all classes to unite with the carpenters and engage in a long and bitter war. As yet no violence has been resorted to, although 20,000 journeymen have been thrown out of employment by a "lock out"; but it must be evident that there is much more danger of a calamitous issue under such conditions than in New York, where the general sentiment with both opposing parties is decidedly in favor of a peaceful settlement of the question.

The Russian Czar in the Kissing Season.

Of all Russians perhaps the only one who does not look forward to the prospect of an Easter morning with any degree of pleasure is the Emperor himself; for it must be remembered that this is the great kissing season. Among real unsophisticated Russians at Easter, the practice is universal between friends or between masters and servants. It still holds good at Court; and on Sunday from about half-past one till three, the Emperor might have been seen in the chapel of the Winter Palace going through an ordeal, which, in spite of his perseverance and good humour, must have sorely tried his patience. Think of the number of kisses he had bestowed during that hour and half! There were, first, all the officiating priests; then the members of the Council of State; next the Senators; then all the general officers in Petersburgh—whose name is legion; then the officers of the Imperial Guard above the rank of major. Of all the officers of lower rank only a certain number are sent by each regiment These are followed by those of the fleet, the same distinction being made between the superior and inferior ranks as in the army, while lastly come the officers of the Imperial household. To each individual of this multitude the Emperor gives two kisses, one on each cheek—three being the canonical number according to Russian etiquette—but that would take too much time in the present instance.

BEECHER ON BORROWING.—One thing I cannot and will not stand. There is a member of a great publishing house in New York who says and circulates that I borrowed that distinguished traveler and very clever fellow, Du Chaillu's umbrella, and did not return it on demand! It was alleged to be the umbrella that he had taken with him around the world; with which he had kept the Kopts of Egypt from tanning; had preserved salamanders from a sunstroke; had sheltered ducks and frogs in Africa from getting wet; and with which in Norway and Sweden he had played fast and loose with the winds. Now, this whole charge I deny. That I brought off my own umbrella safely from that establishment has always been a matter of grateful wonder to me. But that I begged the well-known and world renowned umbrella of the African traveler I do aver is not in accord with the truth of history. Not that I feel above taking a good umbrella—indeed, a score would not repay the number lent and not returned. I do not object to borrowing in the abstract. When a boy I frequently borrowed doughnuts and gingerbread, and bits of pie and sugar, with now and then a morsel of jelly, but it was all in the family—I never transcended the bonds of relationship.

BOSTON EDITORS ON NEW YORK CRITICS.—If there is anything in the world that tortures the souls of New York editors just at the present time more than the mutterings of the political tempest, it is the Boston Jubilee. As day by day goes by and the wonderful festival is more and more an assured success, then the envious sneers begin to increase in length and down the editorial columns of the *Times*, *World* and *Herald*, and they vie with one another as to which shall say the worst for it. All thus far have a claim to distinction in different particulars. The *Herald* excels in coarseness, and from the beginning has employed the man who writes up the swill-milk and gutter police news to do its Jubilee editorials also, as more likely to have the vocabulary convenient which the management wishes applied. The *Times* bears off the palm for stupidity and undertakes what must be a thankless task, to convince the world that masters of the art of music cease to be masters when they get before an audience of twenty or thirty thousand, and that an evening in Thomas's Garden is more entertaining than to hear the best musical talent from the most musical countries in the world. When New York can by any amount of puffing and straining, organize anything in "Our Rink" one half as good, we will extend our congratulations.—[Post.

LOCALS.

The Fourth of July Regatta.

As a good many four-oared crews have been practising in the harbor this season, probably St. John will be represented at the Annual Fourth of July Regatta on the Charles River at Boston. An opportunity will be afforded them to win honor for the Province, and fame and money for themselves, if they possess the back bone of the olden time.

Musical.

Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. James Whitney and Mr. Barnabee, under the direction of Mr. L. N. Torrens, of Bangor, will make a three weeks' tour in the Provinces, in August.

News.

A fine Opera House, designed by Mr. Washburn, of Boston, is being built at St. John, N. B. It will seat two thousand persons.—[Folio.

The stockholders don't know which to admire most, himself, or his beautiful creation.

Academy of Music.

A large and appreciative audience welcomed Miss Reignolds on her first appearance this season at the Academy. The old, familiar, and pleasing comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" was played and the cast of characters was generally effective. Miss Reignolds as "Kate Hardcastle" was very favorably received and frequently applauded. "Constance Neville" by Miss Georgie Reignolds sustained her character in a spirited manner. Mrs. Morse as "Mrs. Hardcastle" was very fair. Mr. Aldrich who is always excellent felt quite at home, and as "Young Marlowe" could not be better. Mr. Fuller played in his usual praiseworthy manner as "Mr Hardcastle;" Mr. Norris made an acceptable "Hastings," and Lennox as "Toney Lumpkin" and Owen as "Diggory" were highly amusing. To night "Mathilde" and "Slasher and Crasher" will be played, which ought to attract a good house.

Bishop's Opera House.

A very full house gathered at the Opera House last night. The programme was much the same as last week, with the exception that the La Verd Children, whose engagement has closed, were not on the bill. Pete Lee made his first appearance and his stump speech and burlesque tragedy appeared to please the audience very much. The dancing contest between Talbot and Hogan was lively, and was viewed with much favor. They are both first rate performers. The songs of Miss Selwyn are more calculated to please the male sex than the other side of the house. A good bill is offered for to-night.

The Raymond Sewing Machines

have just been introduced to the public of St. John through the establishment of an Agency by Mr. Fred. W. Watson, at No. 11 North side King's Square. The merits of the Raymond Machine are duly set forth in the adv't in to-day's TRIBUNE. These merits may, briefly stated, be said to comprise variety as well as excellence of work performed; simplicity of construction; cheapness of price. A Sewing Machine for $12 is indeed a marvel. Parties interested will do well to call and examine the machines at the Agency.

Handsome Mantle Pieces and Register Grates.

A very choice assortment of Marble and Marblized Mantel-pieces, fitted with Register Grates of the most modern designs, may be seen at the show rooms of Mr. John E. Hughes, Smith's Building. Most of these are very handsome and should find ready sale. Although so ornamental and desirable they are held at very moderate prices.

Madras School Examination.

The examination of this School on Duke street took place to-day, in presence of Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Beverley Robinson, Esq., and some ladies. The teachers are Miss S. J. Peters and Miss Elliott. There are about 90 pupils on the books, and 80 were present this morning. The studies embrace Lennie's Grammar, Manning's Catechisms of History and Geography, Sullivan's Spelling Book, and McLeod's Arithmetic. Besides these, religious instruction is given, and the pupils readily recited passages from the New Testament and Episcopal Catechism. The following is the list of scholars who took prizes:—

1st Class. Clara Nicholls (medal), Eliza Duffey, Anabel Melick, Maggie Willet, Eliza J. Hill.

2nd Class. Laura Anderson, Willie Morrison.

3rd Class. Mary Kennedy.

4th Class Mary Stone.

5th Class. Minnie McAllister, Maggie Johnson.

6th Class. Annie Willet.

7th Class. Annie Tingale.

8th Class. Willie Robson, George Wilson, Allan Mason.

Judgments in Liquor Cases.

A Fredericton telegram to THE TRIBUNE (received too late for yesterday's issue) said:—"There were three cases of the "Queen *vs* Simmons and others for selling "liquor without licence. The convictions "were all quashed *on the ground that the* "*Magistrates who presided were members of* "*the Temperance Society and subscribed to* "*the fund for carrying on the prosecution.*"

Gondola Point Ferry.

Parties desirous of visiting Kingston, and who want a pleasant drive out of the city along the Kennebeccasis, will find the steam ferry at Gondola Point a great convenience. Mr. John S. McMurray runs the ferry steamer, and parties at Clifton, Kingston and vicinity patronize him liberally. The drive from Rothesay to Gondola Point and through and beyond Kingston is one of the most beautiful in the Province.

Many Things.

General Warner is a member of the Jubilee Grand Ball Committee.—Lt. Col. Macshane has received "leave of absence for one month from the 10th inst. on private affairs."—Ross returned yesterday with a new boat for Fulton.—The funeral of Mrs. George Mills, of Petersville, yesterday, was one of the largest ever seen in that part of Queen's County. The deceased was a daughter of Mr. John Armstrong.—The St. George Masons had a procession and a dinner yesterday.—The child of Mr. John Secord, of White St., was run over yesterday by a sloven and narrowly escaped death.—The Carleton Chief of Police is making a raid on the goats, and ex Alderman Littlehale's cow has been reported as running at large. The St. John Chief is enjoying himself at the Jubilee.—Mr. R. L. H. Flaherty is the agent for the gentlemen who have purchased the patent right of Dr. Ring's condensing apparatus.—James Edgar, Esq., Barrister, formerly Editor of the Woodstock *Acadian* and more recently Inspector of Schools for Carleton County, died on Sunday at his residence in Woodstock.—The delegates to the Y. M. C. A. Convention at Lowell, will report at the meeting of the Association this evening.—Hon. Dr. Tupper is stopping at the Victoria. Rev. Mr. Punshon is at Mr. William A. Robertson's, Mount Pleasant.

The English Eleven of Cricketers

will positively leave Liverpool on or about the 1st August for America.

Exportation of Salmon, &c.

The steamer "New York" among other freight had on board this morning, for Boston, 191 boxes of salmon smoked and fresh, containing 2,442 fish at $1 each making the total value $2,442; and 97 barrels eggs the total value of which amounted to $775.86.