The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 31, 1872.

Temperance and Sentiment.

Among the difficulties which meet and oppose the advocates of temperance, none are more formidable from the fact of being wide-spread and ancient, than the romance and genial and witty sentiments which hover round the wine cup and garnish the goblet with a splendor not its own. The world, it is true, is fast becoming practical, but it will probably be a long time before men of culture cease to know of the Bacchantes, to admire the odes of Anacreon and Horace, and listen with pleasure to the many drinking choruses in our standard operas. Since our old friend Flaccus exalted in many a line "Sweet Venus and Old Bacchus, fair maids and mellow wine," more than one Ben Johnson and more than one Robert Burns have helped to sustain the offspring of the old symposia in their elevated position; and in our quietest social circles we hear of last stirrup cups, bright Rhine wine, sparkling glasses, and hundreds of other bibulous subjects, thro' the attractive medium of really good vocal music.

The stock subjects for poets and singers, from the earliest period of published literary and musical efforts, have been women and wine; and indeed in the classic period the gentleman pledged the ladies *con spirito*, and the ladies, in place of coldly assenting like our own, to "a glass of port if *we* please," as if, sweet creatures, *they* had a stoic indifference to it themselves, answered the challenge with "a hearty good health to you, sir," and indulged so very freely in the cheering bowl that it is not marvellous that the sex has been frequently associated with the vine. One ancient poet who, by the bye, is represented to have died on seeing wine leak from a hogshead, says that no verse written by water drinkers is good for anything; and although the motto of another, "water is best," seems to dissent from this, there is nothing in the context to show that he does not refer to its use for purposes of washing and cooking.

Then, again, the system of drinking toasts so largely prevails in society that it requires a pretty large amount of moral courage to absolutely refuse to drink when a toast is proposed; but if refusal is disagreeable, acceptance is dangerous, for, at many entertainments, the mere mention of a friend's name at table,—and this becomes one way of never forgetting one's friends,—leads to another glass, until like Hood's victim,—

> One pint, perhaps, he might have ta'en;
> Nor been much out of sorts;
> The rock, in geologic phrase,
> He split upon, was—quartz!

In calling the ancients to account, however, for the part that they have taken in establishing the wine cup among the social lares, we are not by any means prepared to lay the burthen of blame at their door, nor do we wish to disturb the ghosts of the tuneful praisers and quaffers of Canary, Burgundy and Sheris sack of the middle ages. No, we have a worse set of culprits in our own time and in our midst; for while the polished poets of Greece, Rome and England praised their more sparkling though less intoxicating fluids, in scholarly but not heartwinning phrases, the poets and the people of Scotland have invented a set of phrases at once genial and homelike, abounding in human sympathy, and rich in poetry with reference to their own all powerful Whiskey. Mark, then, a few of the things which you require of a Scotchman when you ask him to sign the pledge. If his neighbor press him to "tak' a cup o'kindness," "a digester," "a cheerer," "a refresher," or "a deoch an doras," he must turn a deaf ear; while he must learn to consider "the real thing" as a delusion, to treat "a bosom friend" as a serpent, and to despise the sparkling "mountain dew," "the simon pure," "the drappie," "the cappie," and all the other pretty and social forms of words with which old John Barley-corn assails our ears.

We could extend our remarks to much greater length but we remember the thistle and its motto, and although an editor has the certain advantage of the last word, yet he rarely cares to battle with a class, much less a nationality. We have been rather induced to comment upon this matter, however, on account of the attacks which have been made upon the classic bordering of the bill of fare at the great temperance dinner at the "Victoria," and we think, in fairness to Messrs. McMillan and the ancient Greeks and Romans, we should hunt up a few more scape goats. We have, however, larger objects in view, upon which we may take occasion to amplify at some future time; for the present we have to express the strongest desire that the ladies will endeavor to disassociate themselves in all respects from wine; that future poets will seek to throw around sparkling water the radiant halo that now encircles wine; and that Scotchmen will expunge from their dictionaries those tempting convivial expressions which have led so many good men to perdition. Perhaps the Presses of the Curling Club and the Alderman for Queen's might bring this matter before their compatriots in this City.

A Romance of Real Life,

A MAN OF SEVENTY-FIVE CLAIMS MILLIONS OF PROPERTY, AND GEORGE WASHINGTON FOR HIS FATHER.

GRAPHIC SKETCH OF HIS MOTHER'S CAREER.

A suit possessing a considerable amount of interest for the people of all America is occupying the United States Circuit Court of New York. It involves the heirship to the estate of the late Madame Jumel. The contest is for the possession of two tracts of land, one of ninety-four and the other of thirty-two acres, with the Harlem Heights residence; also certain property on Broadway and Liberty streets, New York City. The value of the estate, says a writer, must be enormous. The party in possession is one Nelson Chase, who claims that his wife was the daughter of Madame Jumel when simple Betsey Bowen. In the later years of Madame Jumel's life they resided with her as companions, and were tolerated, though it is denied that she ever admitted the relationship. The claimant, George Washington Bowen, announces himself to be the son of Madame Jumel, though not born in wedlock, and declares that his father is no other than the great and good George Washington himself. He is described as an old, venerable, white haired gentleman of Rhode Island. The most eminent members of the New York bar are retained in the cause,—for the claimant such gentlemen of high professional repute as William A. Beach, Gideon J. Tucker, Chauncey Shaffer and several others,—for the defence Charles O'Connor, James C. Carter and others. The Court room is filled daily with ladies and gentlemen of the highest social standing, attracted by the millions at stake, the extraordinary career of the deceased Madame Jumel, and the romance which attaches to the claimant as an alleged veritable son of the Father of his Country. Several aged witnesses, including two or three colored women, have sworn that Madame Jumel admitted having a son living, and that he was alive and in good health when she died, though he had never been publicly acknowledged. Other witnesses have stated that they remembered playing with George Washington Bowen, when a youth, and have spoken to various circumstances tending to show that his claim is honestly put forth,—at least, that he honestly believes himself entitled to the property left by Madame Jumel, who left a will which, however, has been set aside by the Courts. From New York correspondence of the Boston *Post* we take the following well-written history of this remarkable woman whose property is being fought for in the law Courts:—

THE YOUTH OF MADAME JUMEL.

A calm and dispassionate study of history ought to convince any one that the manners and morals of our national ancestry were not in reality any better than those of these "degenerate days," and certainly no better than they should have been. Human nature, with all its weaknesses and foibles, does not develop with the development of the ages, but has remained pretty much the same since the time when Samson returned from his morning "constitutional" with the gates of Gaza only to make a fool of himself with Delilah, and entrust his precious strength to the tender mercies of that fickle barberess. So there are sundry unpleasant stories and legends regarding the private affairs of many of the Revolutionary heroes and early statesmen of the United States which sound very like the stories told of celebrities now in the prime of life, and thereby to the reflective mind impel the exercise of charity and a broad philosophy. But, to conclude this moral disquisition, it is sufficient for the present purpose to say that the life of Madame Jumel, without being positively and continuously immoral, was, to say the least, peculiar, involved the happiness and misery of a number of

HISTORICAL AMERICANS,

and was of the most varied description. As related by Mr. Shaffer, Eliza, or, as she was generally called, "Betsey" Bowen, was the daughter of John and Phœbe Bowen, of Providence, R. I. Her parents were of the lowest and poorest class, John being a seafaring man and Phœbe a waif from childhood, whose history cannot be traced. Betsey had two sisters, one older than herself, named Polly, and one younger, named Lavinia. The youth of the girls was passed under the most unfavorable conditions. Their father was away at sea most of the time, and their mother did not pass the intervals of absence in mournful seclusion. The residence of the Bowens was continually the scene of violent disorders, participated in by the most degraded specimens of white and black humanity. Twice was the house torn down by a mob, and at last Phœbe was arrested and incarcerated, and Polly and Betsey were

SENT TO THE TOWN WORKHOUSE.

They were then only ten or twelve years old, and the effect of these early associations upon their youthful minds may be imagined. In 1786 John Bowen was drowned at sea, and the widow married a Boston shoemaker named Jonathan Clark, four years later, by whom she subsequently had six children, two of whom were also named Polly and Betsey. This circumstance is stated to explain one of the complications of the case now before the court. Of the Bowen children, Polly and Betsey left their mother in 1789. Lavinia had been confided in infancy to the care of a relative of Phœbe, living in Providence, namely, the wife of Major Reuben Ballou, a Revolutionary soldier; and now Betsy Bowen sought and obtained a home in the same family. Her circumstances do not appear to have been improved, however, by this change, for the mansion of the Ballous was of the same turbulent character as that of the defunct Bowen and his wife. Here Polly died, but Betsey grew to be a young woman, and in 1794, at the age of 19, became the

MOTHER OF THE PRESENT PLAINTIFF,

George Washington Bowen. The identity of the father is somewhat obscure, but it is supposed he was none other than that redoubtable Revolutionary hero, Major Reuben Ballou, himself. Inasmuch, however, as Betsy had before that time made a pilgrimage to New York, and in later life hinted very strongly of an intimate acquaintance with a distinguished American, there are those who suppose that the youngster's appellation was not given without good reason. This is immaterial though, as the present action is brought under the New York State statute, allowing children to inherit from their mother's property, both real and personal.

Soon after this, Betsey shook the dust of Providence from her feet, and went to New York city, bidding a final farewell to her hopeful son, whom she left in the tender charge of Mrs. Ballou, a woman afflicted with no absurd jealousies. In 1801 Betsey appears to have become domesticated in New York, and then and there began that extraordinary career which has only just now come to an end, and which led her to the

HIGHEST PINNACLE OF WORDLY PROSPERITY

At this time she was about 25 years of age, of great beauty, and—what is marvellous in view of her education—possessed of a mental ability and tact which charmed and enthralled all beholders. She soon became very celebrated, and assumed the "belleship" which she only abdicated at death. Among her undoubted or suspected admirers, at different periods in her life, were Gen. Washington, Louis XVIII, Joseph Bonaparte, Mr. Jumel and Aaron Burr. In 1804 she became acquainted with Jumel, and persuaded him to marry her. This was the commencement of her financial and social good-fortune. Jumel, as is well known, was a French gentleman of ability and wealth, who, after various vicissitudes in his native country and elsewhere, embarked early in the century for New York, with about a dozen ships, arrived safely, became one of the earliest of our "merchant princes," and retired from business in 1812 with a large fortune.

MADAME JUMEL'S LATER LIFE.

M. and Mme. Jumel went to Paris after Napoleon's downfall and resided there in great splendor for many years, she being one of the "bright particular stars" in the French court society. In 1822 she returned to New York, bringing with her a gorgeous lot of furniture and art treasures, with which she fitted up a magnificent seat in the upper part of Manhattan Island, which she possessed in her own right. Six years later M. Jumel also returned to the city, and in 1832 was killed by being thrown from a wagon. It was some months after this sad event that the widow, desiring to take legal advice upon some real estate matters, consulted Col. Aaron Burr, with whom she had formerly been well acquainted. He seems to have instantly resolved to marry her, and so skilfully did he exert his celebrated and wonderful powers of fascination that, although the Madame made a gallant defence and twice or thrice refused his hand, she was soon obliged to capitulate, and became Mrs. Burr in short order.

At this time, wonderful as it may seem, Burr was 78 years of age, and yet agile, active, handsome and captivating in his manner. He disowned the advance of age, and his proud spirit could hardly bear to yield to the death which soon afterward called him from the world. Having once obtained control of the widow Jumel's affairs, he conducted them in that dominant, independent way which was peculiarly his own. Quarrels and jealousies soon arose, which led to alternate estrangements and reconciliations, and finally a dissolution of the union was accomplished. After the death of Burr, which occurred in 1836, Madame Jumel retired to her mansion, and never afterward contracted a matrimonial alliance. And vibrating between her New York mansion and Saratoga cottage, counting her millions and brooding over her former triumphs, endeavoring to arrange her affairs to her mind, being helpless, friendless, troubled and weary, the old woman who had been the pretty Betsey Bowen and the magnificent Madame Jumel breathed her last, at the extremely advanced age of 90.

SOME REFLECTIVE CONSIDERATIONS.

Those who did not already know the story of Madame Jumel can deduce from the foregoing some idea of its strangeness. The life of Betsey Bowen has indeed been seldom, if ever, parallelled, and must remain a perpetual wonder through succeeding ages. Born amid the very dregs of poverty, ignorance and vice, the daughter of a rough sailor and an illiterate and brawling woman, nursed in infamy and educated in turpitude, accustomed to no comfort, never even dreaming of luxury, without home, hope, honor or friends, Betsey advanced step by step, by dint of sheer tact and ambition, until she became the belle of the American metropolis, the favorite of America's greatest sons, the wife of one of America's richest merchants, the cynosure of a Parisian court, the possessor of vast wealth, endowed with beauty, rich in accomplishments, the brightest star in her constellation, the idol of the opposite sex, the envy of her own; and finally the poor fisherman's child, who first saw light in a dingy hovel, died at a good old age in a palace. Surely this is a tale which would seem incredible even were its truth vouched for by Plato himself; it would be scoffed at as unnatural and preposterous, though it proceeded from the pen of a Shakespeare; nor could it well be reproduced even by the imagination of a Poe.

Nova Scotia Matters.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The news from Nova Scotia is exciting. "A Passenger" writes to the Yarmouth *Herald* to say that as late as the 19th inst., while the stage coach was descending a hill near Digby, *en route* for Yarmouth, the vehicle was upset and all the passengers pitched into the ditch. There were nine insides and six on-tops; the latter were strapped down under the boot, which rendered them quite as helpless as the insides. Although there were four ladies in the party, there wasn't a scream!!

The Kentville *Star* reports that two ladies and a child were passing over a bridge at Harborville the other day, when the horses took fright and ran. One lady, Mrs. West, jumped out with her child in her arms, and by some means the little one fell off the bridge striking on the beach below, a distance of about fifteen feet, and was so injured that it died about an hour afterwards. The other lady, Mrs. Brown, had an arm broken in two places. Mrs West was but slightly injured.

A BEAR GONE.

Another accident happened,—this time to a bear, which got shot. The Bridgetown *Free Press* devotes the best part of its issue to instituting comparisons between the late Fisk and the present Tupper, and describing the killing of this bear, which had committed numerous depredations in that neighbourhood. It was killed on the 16th inst., by Mr. Samuel Saunders and his son Wallace. "The bear's weight was about 500 lbs; and after he was skinned, behe aded, and his 'insides' removed, his carcase weighed 307lbs. On his haunches the fat was three inches thick, and the loose fat stripped from his intestines nearly filled a bushel basket." The *Free Press* pathetically remarks that the animal "has left no living thing to mourn its fate."

STATISTICS AND TRADE FACTS.

The Plaster trade was brisk in Hants Co last year. Windsor exported 48,928 tons, Cheveric, 24,585, Walton, 3,378, Hantsport, 4,140, Maitland 72; total 81,103 tons.

The General Mining Association have opened and will shortly have in active working order, an Iron mine, at Springville, East River, Pictou, about eight miles from that portion of their works known as the Albion Mines.

The sales and shipments of Coal from the Albion Mines, last year, were as follows:—to the United States 53,881 tons; to neigboring Colonies, 12,903 tons; home consumption, 10,374 tons.—a decrease of 2,107 tons compared with the previous year. By the way, the *Citizen* pitches into "the deplorable want of enterprise" of Halifax, where not a single general coal or wood yard is to be found—where the truckman or house-holder must himself go to the vessel and dicker for his fuel. Coal is scarce and prices high. The article closes with an attack on Confederation.

The expenditure for School purposes in Halifax this year will be $57,178. Of this amount $7,105 is provided for by Legislative grant, etc.; the amount to be assessed on the citizens will therefore be $50,073.

Steamboat Companies are more in favor in Halifax than formerly. Nearly all the stock of the company organizing to run a steamer between Antigonish and Sydney *via* St. Peter's Canal, has been subscribed

INHUMAN AND INHUMANE.

The Bridgetown *Press* is responsible for the statement that it was the intention of the inhuman Coroner at St. Croix Cove to thrust the corpses of the four seamen of the wrecked schooner "Rival" into the commonest box coffin, without even stripping the boots from their feet. The people of the locality, however, headed by Captain Travis Brinton, one of the Jury, humanely interfered and had the bodies properly shrouded, placed in neat coffins and forwarded to their bereaved families on this side the Bay. All honor to the honest, manly Nova Scotians.

A DANGEROUS VISITOR.

Attention is directed by the *Citizen* to the fact that the schr. "Ada" is expected at this port in a few days with a cargo of Gasoline. "We understand that the city Insurance Agents are considerably exercised over the matter. They say that on account of its inflammable nature its landing should not be permitted. It is deemed important that Gasoline should be excluded from insured buildings. We certainly think that if there is any real danger connected with it, the owners of the cargo should have it stored in some building without the limits of the city."

GRIEVANCE TO BE REDRESSED.

The Halifax *Chronicle* has at last discovered a grievance in no way connected with Confederation. It takes the lawyers to task for the low social tone that prevails among them, as especially exemplified in their conduct in open Court. The lecture is *apropos* of the recent case of fisticuffs between Messrs. Weatherbe and Lynch. It declares that "the altercation was an illustration, very little exaggerated, of scenes that occur, with disgraceful regularity, at every sitting and term of the Supreme Court. The Bench has been uniformly too lax in enforcing a proper observance of professional ettiquette and courtesy. Members of the Bar, who are well known but whom it is not necessary to name here, are in the habit of continually violating every rule of professional decorum in addressing each other, without rebuke, or with the very mildest rebuke, from their Lordships." The Bar, however, is otherwise "low," according to the *Chronicle*, which alleges:—

It is not long since, we are informed, that one of our most respectable judges undertook to deliver from the full Bench a lecture, more or less well-founded, on the degeneracy of the Bar. It arose, we understand, upon a question of special pleading; and the learned Judge, apropos of the discussion, declared his belief not only that there were few or no members of the profession competent to undertake the work of special pleaders, but that men had been admitted to practise of late years who were deficient even in the most essential preliminary qualifications.

If any outside authority had originated such reflections on Nova Scotia as the *Chronicle* thus sends forth all over the world, we should not be obliged to wait any length of time for another frantic screech over a fresh "insult to Nova Scotia." If the *Chronicle's* statements are correct, the sooner the work of improvement is commenced the better. We shall hope, however, that the *Chronicle* has been misinformed, and that the Bar of Nova Scotia is scarcely as demoralized as has been described.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG DURING A TRIP TO CLAREMONT.

Jingle! jingle! jingle! jingle!
Jingle, sleigh-bells, jingle! jingle!
As we swiftly, smoothly glide,
Seated snugly side by side,
Maud and I.
In the sky
Moonbeams clear and bright
Sparkling glow
On the snow;
By their crystal light,
Peeping from a heap of fur,
Two bright, lovely eyes I see,
Like twin diamonds they appear,
Shining, twinkling merrilly;
While the silvery sleigh-bells jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle.

Round her waist I put my arm—
Am I doing any harm?
She don't show the least alarm,
For—I only keep her warm!
And the bright
Calm moonlight
Has such charms, you know,
As we glide
Side by side
Swiftly o'er the snow.
When her eyes upturn to mine,
Archly glancing, tempting sweet,
Can I help it then, I pray,
If our lips together meet,
And the sounds of kisses mingle
With the sleigh-bells' merry jingle?

Can I help it if each kiss
Wakens thoughts of future bliss?
Can I help my new-born love
When I ask if she will ride
Side by side
Down the tide
Of this stormy life?
If she'll be
Unto me
My own cherished wife?
"Yes," she whispers, sweet and low,
Closer nestling to my side.
There's no harm in kissing now,
Maud, my darling, promised bride.
Jingle! jingle! jingle! jingle!
Merry sleigh-bells, jingle! jingle!

The Flora Myers Troupe in Halifax.

The *Colonist* says:—"The playing, under all the circumstances, was very good, the acting of Mr. Meldrum being especially admired. It was evident that all the members of the company did their best to please the audience, and continuations of such efforts will ensure their popularity with the public." The other papers say the patrons of the Theatre have been well pleased with the Troupe's performances.

CHUBB'S CORNER AND ITS PATRONS.

SCENES DOWN TOWN.

What Wall Street is to New York, with its ever changing crowd of curiosity seekers and its permanent throng of money makers, Chubb's Corner is to St. John. Though it has no "corners in gold," it has its variable crowd of "lumber princes," its speculative ship builders, its note shavers, its real estate dealers, its lawyers, and its loafers. The fleeting years that overspread with numerous changes the face of nature, bring many changes in the condition of the men who make this corner their abiding place. Here is the centre of the planning that sends the ships of St. John to all parts of the globe, and the spot where but a few yards distant is the Ferry boat that takes the natives of New Brunswick across the harbor to the Western Extension Railway and thence by the iron rail direct to the Pacific Coast. As the benefits attendant on Confederation have enlarged the spheres and ideas of our politicians, so is it necessary to enlarge that great political engine the Post Office; and the Dominion Government immediately prior to the next general election will commence vigorously to build the

NEW ST. JOHN POST OFFICE.

Then when the magnificent marble fronted and porticoed building is completed, the clerks of the numerous shipping houses, the newspaper boys and the young ladies posting their letters of "love's young dream," will crowd off the side-walk the old fossils who now encumber the vicinity of the corner, with their grim looks, their love of news, and their heavy walking sticks. With the City Hall on one corner, the Post Office on another, a palatial Bank where Chubb's modest printing house now stands, and an opposition bank, broker's or insurance house or probably a TRIBUNE building, on Gabel's Corner, their surroundings will be more massive, bank clerks will wear shorter tailed coats and more stiffly starched collars, and post office clerks move more briskly, and probably a goodly number of the present incumbents will be superanuated.

THE STOCK BROKERS' BOARD

will probably have a richly furnished room over one of the banks; and shares in the Grand Lake Coal Company, the Charlotte County Silver Mining Company, the People's Street Railway, the Victoria Hotel Company, the Academy of Music, the Dominion Homestead Society, or the Carleton Branch Railway Company will be offered for sale at a premium. Before all these changes take place and the oldest inhabitant shuffles off this mortal coil, a glance at the past and present of

THE CORNER AND ITS HABITUES

may not be uninteresting. In the early hour of the morning the young adventurer, as he turns up his cont collar to protect himself from the chilling blasts that always whistle around the corner in the morning, buys his ticket for the Red River Country in search of fame and fortune, and takes his last look behind him ere he sets his foot in the roomy saloons of the "Ouangondy," will see perhaps one or two of the Exchange Brokers who do business in that vicinity, hurrying down for their morning victims who pass that way on their route to the railways or steamers. The bustle does not commence thus early, but the same ferry boat that takes the passenger to the cars on the Western side of the harbor, will bring back a crowd of workmen and sewing girls hurrying to their work in the City, and these representatives of the fair sex always have a clear, fresh complexion, the result of their short sea trip every day.

THE SCENE ON CHANGE

exhibits less of liveliness now till the hour of twelve, when a voluble auctioneer will gather the loose fish together to a real estate sale, and deliver an extempore lecture on the advantages of Confederation. About this hour, too, a couple of lively merchants will start down the hill and disappear mysteriously in the little church round the corner. A tall bank official may be seen flitting around and sideling up to some unconscious individual. Quietly and easily he does his work, like the angel of midnight. The lumber merchants from the River St. John quarter are particularly visible between two and three o'clock. Heavy notes have to be renewed, and the means obtained to procure the success of the "drive and the jam" on the way to market in the spring. These are bushy bearded men, savoring more of the representatives of the prairie region than our own hilly country. A few minutes before three o'clock a knot of Shylocky looking individuals, with hooked noses and avaricious countenances, will be seen holding an animated conversation, while a few steps off a trembling grocer may be noticed waiting to know whether it will be at the rate of twenty or twenty-five per cent, with commission. These are

THE CURB STONE BROKERS.

They dress well, even jauntily, and adjourn occasionally to drown the wôes of their victims with "a little hot Scotch." The real estate men, and the lumber merchants, having had the early part of the day on the corner, in the afternoon the

LAWYERS, BROKERS, AND MILITARY MEN

hold council. After four o'clock two or three prim looking legal gents, with a natural or acquired suspicious look, part of the profession, will turn down to the common centre of attraction and emerge therefrom in a few moments apparently more at ease with the world than before they went in. The vexed military questions of the day are likewise peaceably settled in this locality.

And now a different character appears on the scene. The

CARLETON FERRY BOAT

is heaving in sight; the tremendous walking beam is shoving her along at the rate of two miles an hour; and a fairy form may be seen on the deck, with tastefully arranged garments floating to the breeze There is the inevitable young man standing at the head of the floats, as he has been for years,—for distance lends enchantment to the view; and the inevitable young man waits till the inevitable young woman comes along, and they walk off together, his appetite invigorated by his rapid walk to keep himself warm, and her spirits enkindled with pleasant day dreams. Occasionally a long legged lawyer or a short editor will dash down the hill, as if for life, but its only to "catch the boat." Sometimes they succeed,—more times they don't.

In the sunniest part of the day

MANY A PLEASANT GROUP

is gathered around Chubb's corner, or encircles the elegant hydrant at Gabel's. Here may be seen Justice Keans, Chairman of the local School Board, the most methodical and painstaking of our officials, and the best dressed gentleman in the City. Here Mr. Willis mingles with his constituents, to receive that inspiration which nerves him for legislative deeds. Here Mr. Nowlin criticises the acts of Corporation and Sessions, and denounces the extravagance and villainy which *he* finds prevailing on all sides Occasionally Mr. Reed, Mayor seated, and Mr. Golding, Mayor in prospective, float along with airy grace and nod. The massive form of Mr. J. S. Verner, agent for Glasier's tug boats, is a prominent feature of the corner, and Senator Glasier himself is frequently here to exchange information on politics and lumber. The "Bard of War," the minstrel of Theodore, has a great attachment to the spot. Alderman Forbes, overflowing with animal spirits, may frequently be met in the locality, laughing with his friends or expounding the principles on which Corporation improvements, especially in the Street Department, are being carried on. Alderman Glasgow is seldom far away from the Corner when there is anything exciting on the carpet. Mr. Lanergan, when in the City, Mr. Venning, Inspector of Fisheries, Mr. Chubb, himself, when business permits—and a host of others,—all have a liking for the Corner. It is a singular fact that

THE CLERGY

are rarely seen in this vicinity, though the Big Bible over Chubb's door looks down all the year round on the varying throng But its hallowing influences seem to have no more effect than the sacred character of the Temple at Jerusalem had on the Jewish money changers. After dark the scene is bare and uninviting; the old citizens are home, near their firesides, reading the evening papers, for night air don't agree with them. Till nine o'clock a faint glare of light from the News Room illumines the neighborhood. Then

ALL IS DARK AND QUIET

except, mayhap, before the hour of morning a victim of intemperance will be carried along by a policeman, who after his job is done will return to his corner, lean against a lamp-post and wonder how expansive must have been the minds of the Common Council to build such a magnificent cupola on the summit of the City Hall, and ponder the question whether the City will ever have a Mayor who will take the Chair at a temperance dinner.

LOCALS.

Hon. Mr. Tilley.

Mr. Tilley expects to leave for Ottawa on Saturday morning.

Personal.

Mr. S. Jennings, of Johnson & Co., Bangor, proprietors of the world renowned "Johnson's Liniment," is in the City.

Quarantine Abandoned.

Telegrams have been received in Halifax announcing that vessels sailing thence after January 12th will not be subjected to quarantine at Porto Rico.

The Temperance Meeting

last evening was very successful. Mr. Tilley's effort of over an hour was very able and met with great applause. Temperance Hall was filled, and the meeting was a great success. There will be another similar meeting on next Tuesday evening.

Grand Sleighing Party.

There will be a great turn out of the youth, beauty and fashion of the city this evening. The Sleigh Ride of the Season will then come off. It is understood that from fifty to sixty couples will go out to Claremont House, leaving the city at 7 or 7.30 p. m. The teams will consist of omnibus sleighs, double sleighs, single sleighs, and, in fact, all varieties of sleighs; and the affair will prove one of the most enjoyable of the kind ever set on foot. Mr. Chris. Robertson furnishes many of the teams, but the probability is that the Livery Stables will be denuded of their most stylish turn-outs for the occasion.

Another Runaway.

This morning a little before eight o'clock, while the horse of Otis Small, Esq., of Small and Hatheway, was being driven by a boy, the animal took fright, and at the corner of Union and Charlotte sts. started and ran down King st. Opposite the Waverly the lad was thrown from the sleigh, injuring his back somewhat. The animal dashed through the Market Square, —down Water st. to Reed's Point—turned the corner in fine style,—and rushed up Prince William st. Opposite Barnes's Hotel he knocked a man down, and near Chubb's corner he was stopped by another man. The sleigh was badly broken, the horse traversing Prince William st. with only one shaft dangling at his side. One of his hind legs was cut.

New Building.

We understand that J. R. Ruel, Esq., in the interest of the heirs of the Johnston Estate, is arranging for the erection of a new building on the lot lately occupied by Messrs. A. & T. Gilmour and W. C. Gibson. The building will be about forty by one hundred feet, four stories high, and fitted for two first class shops. The plans are now being prepared by Mr. Stead; the work of excavation is going on under Mr. McGourty, and Mr. Brass will have the general superintendence of construction. The new shops, it is said, will be in every respect equal to Mr. Ruel's building now occupied by Messrs. C. & E. Everett.

Band at the Rink.

An advertisement in the TRIBUNE states that the Band will not play at the Rink to-morrow, Thursday, evening. The arrangement is made in the interest of the Choral Society's Concert on that evening.

The Steamer "Soud"

sailed from Liverpool for this port on the 22d inst. She is expected to arrive on or about the 10th of February.

The Circuit Court.

Last evening, the Jury in the Firth-McLeod case brought in a verdict, as follows. We quote the *News*:—

The questions given by the Chief Justice were to the effect of—1st. What constituted the two wharf lots and premises spoken of at the date of and in the will of the late John Walker, as being derived from Hendricks. On this point the jury found that the plaintiff was entitled to the wharf and extension to the right of Walker's slip and that the devise took in the roadway of Peter's wharf on the left of the slip and the lots upon which no buildings have been erected. The second question was as to what the property was at the date of Mr. Walker's death. This, the jury decided took in the extension of Peters' wharf but did not include the Hammond wharf on the left hand side, and its extension to the westward. By this, Captain Firth does not get the property to the southward, but is allowed all of the Peters wharf and extension. The third question was whether the extension and addition to Peter's wharf were intended by the will to be treated as part of the original property, and the jury found they were. On the fourth question, as to the extension being distinct, it was found that they were not. The case decided leaves Captain Firth the wharf on the right of the slip and that on the left, with the exception of the Hammond front facing to the southward. The jury found on the facts; points of law will be left to the Court above.

The court then adjourned *sine die*.

Choral Society Concerts.

The first of the two concerts by the St. John Choral Society will take place this evening, and with the assistance of the eminent singers from Boston, the programe, which is one of sterling merit, ought to furnish one of the best musical entertainments ever given here. The cultivation of classical music of a high order has reached its highest perfection in Boston of all American cities, and it is in order to give to the concerts here all the prominence possible, that Mr. Ernest Peiler, the talented conductor of the Choral Society, has procured the assistance of Mrs. West, Soprano, Mr. Packard Tenor, and Mr. Sprague, Basso, all of whom are highly spoken off, not only by Boston critics but those of other cities. The second part of Haydn's Oratorio, "The Creation," will be rendered as the first part of the programme. The second part will be:—

1. Glee, Hark the Lark, Bishop.
2. Solo, Let me Like a Soldier Fall, Wallace.
   Mr. Packard.
3. Solo, Peacefully Slumber, Randigger.
   Mrs. West.
4. Glee, Here in Cool Grot, Mornington.
5. Evening brings My Heart to Thee, Tucker.
   Mr. Sprague.
6. Trio, I Navayardi, Randigger.
   Mrs. West, Mr. Packard, Mr. Sprague.

Professor Theodore Martens will preside at the piano and Mr. Ernest Peiler will be conductor.

As tickets are only fifty cents the hall should be crowded.

Sale of House Property.

The three story brick building on Mill Street, with first flat occupied as a shop and the second and third flats as a dwelling, was sold to-day to J. N. Clarke, cigar manufacturer, for $2925. The building was owned by John Lloyd, Esq. The price obtained was very low.

At Chubb's corner, at noon, Messrs. Stewart & White sold building lot 762, situate on the North side of Duke street, Capt. Firth was the purchaser for $850. Lots 763x764 were withdrawn, the bids being too low. The property is owned in England. They also sold Mr. S. Mc Kinlay's interest in the lease of a shop on Charlotte street, under the St. John Hotel, and in the shop adjoining. The purchaser was Mr. McNally for $450.50. The lease has but fifteen months to run.

Merchants' Exchange.

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

Montreal, Jan. 31st.—Flour at Liverpool 26s. a 27s. Red Wheat 11s. a 11s. 6d.

New York flour market dull, in buyers favor. Common to Choice Extra State, $6, 45 a $7.25.

Pork steady, $14 62, new; $13.50, old.

Grain freights, 6½d a 7d.

Montreal flour market quiet—Western State and Welland Canal Superfine $5.80 a $5 90.

New York, Jan. 31st.—Gold opened at 9¾.

City Police Court.

Ellen Paddock, 40, Ireland, assaulting Mary Ann Marr, fined $6.

James Mitchell, 22, N. B. assaulting Nathaniel Ward, fined $4.

John Murphy, 45, Ireland, drunk on Mill st., fined $4.

Hugh Finley, 21, Scotland, drunk on St. James st., fined $4.

No Business

in the Portland Police Court this morning.

BIRTH.

In Halifax, on 22d January, at No. 7 South street, the wife of Stephen Tobin, Esq., of a son.

MARRIED.

At St. Luke's Church, Hemmingford, Quebec, on the 24th inst., by the Rev. John Davidson Mr. JOSEPH WILLIAMS, of Newcastle, Miramichi, New Brunswick, to CECILIA MARY ELIZABETH, youngest daughter of ADDINGTON D. PARKER, of Hemmingford.

At Grimross Farm, the residence of the bride, on Wednesday, 24th January, by the Rev. James Neales, Rector, assisted by Rev. B. Shaw, R. C. WALTHAM, Esq., Cantab, England, to ANNIE T. JOHNSTON, of Gagetown, Queen's County.

DIED.

On the 30th inst., in the 71st year of his age, after a long illness, which he bore with Christian resignation, Mr. ROBERT KEDEY, a resident of this Province for fifty years, and universally respected.

☞ Funeral from his late residence in Duke street, on Friday next, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

On Tuesday, 30th inst., at Beach Hill, King's County, Parish of Rothesay, MARY FERGUSON, in the 66th year of her age.

☞ Funeral on Friday, at Gondola Point, at 12 o'clock, when friends and acquaintances are requested to attend.

At Campobello, on the 19th inst., of consumption, Mr. ELEAZOR TAYLOR, in the 67th year of his age. His end was peace.

SPICES, PICKLES AND SAUCES.—Spices Pickles and Sauces of every kind. For sale (dec 21) R. E. PUDDINGTON.