POOR COPY

Board of Works

The Union Advocate,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLOW, | Our Country, with its United Interests. | EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. X.—No. 10. | Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, January 3, 1877. | WHOLE No. 478.

CANADA HOUSE,

CHATHAM,.....NEW BRUNSWICK.

WM. JOHNSTON, - - Proprietor.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this ouse to make it a first class Hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of steamboat landing. The proprietor returns thanks to the public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

☞ Good Stabling on the Premises.

May 13th, 1873. 14 1y

WAVERLY HOTEL,

NEWCASTLE,.....MIRAMICHI, N. B.

THIS House has lately been refurnished, and very possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

☞ LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,

(Late of Waverly House, St. John.) Proprietor.

Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1873. 3

ROYAL HOTEL,

(Formerly Stubbs')

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

OPPOSITE CUSTOM HOUSE,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

Dec. 22nd, 1874. 24 1y

"Wilbur House,"

Bathurst, Gloucester County, N. B.

This House, which has been enlarged and thoroughly repaired, repainted and refurnished, will be open to the public on

Monday next, 12th June.

As regards situation, it is located in a very pleasant town, and being in close proximity to the Bale des Chaleurs, is one of the very best summer resorts for tourists and families who leave the heated cities to seek the invigorating air of the North. The County excels in beautiful scenery and excellent fishing grounds. The hotel is within easy reach of the Intercolonial Railway, and every effort will be made by the Proprietor to secure the comfort and pleasure of all who may patronize the establishment, which will be conducted in the very best style.

H. WILBUR, Proprietor.

Bathurst, June 6, 1876.

M. ADAMS,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.

CONVEYANCER, &c.,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

FIRE and LIFE INUSRANCE AGENT.

OFFICES,

Bathurst—two doors below store of K. F. Burns, Esq.

Newcastle—*Over Mr. Richard Davidson's Store, Castle Street,*

May 13, 1873.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &c.,

CHATHAM, - - - - - N. B.

OFFICE—Snowball's Building.

May 12, 1873. 13

WM. A. PARK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.

☞ Agent for "Royal Canadian" and "Provincial" Fire Insurance Companies.

OFFICE—Over the Store of William Park, Esq.

Castle Street, - NEWCASTLE, N. B.

May 4, 1875. 5

M. S. BENSON,

Attorney-at-Law Notary Public,

Conveyancer, &c.

Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.

OFFICE—OVER J. V. BENSON'S DRUG STORE.

WATER STREET, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.

Chatham, July 12, 1875. 21

WILLET & QUICLEY,

Solicitors, Barristers, Attorneys,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, CONVEYANCERS, &C.

OFFICES:

& 5 (2ND FLOOR,) RITCHIE'S BUILDING, PRINCESS STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

JOHN WILLET. RICH'D F. QUIGLEY, LL. B.

March 24, 1876. 2inc-29

JOHNSON & FRASER.

Attorneys-at-Law, Notaries Public,

Conveyancers,

Insurance Agents &c.

UNION BUILDING,

WATER ST., CHATHAM, N. B.

A. H. JOHNSON. G. B. FRASER.

July 24, 1876. 26

GEORGE NIXON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—DEALER IN—

PAPER HANGINGS,

In Gold, Silver, Plain Tints and Marbled.

ALSO,—AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

Glazed and Common Paper Hangings,

VARNISHES, all kinds,

BRUSHES,

WINDOW GLASS,

ORNAMENTAL GLASS,

Various Patterns and Sizes.

66 King Street, - - - ST. JOHN.

March 24, 1876. 9- nc

W. & R. BRODIE,

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

AND

DEALERS IN

Flour, Produce and Provisions,

No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,

Next the Bank of Montreal,

f27 1y QUEBEC.

S. F. SHUTE,

Direct Importer of

Fine Watches, Rich Jewelry, Electro-Plated Ware, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.

☞ Orders Solicited, and goods sent to responsible parties on approval.

WATCH REPAIRING, in all its branches promptly attended to.

AGENT for the "Florence" SEWING MACHINE, and "Lazarus & Morris & Co's PERFECTED SPECTACLES.

☞ *Remember the Place.*

S. F. SHUTE,

Queen St., Fredericton.

Dec, 22nd, 1873. 24 1y

HENRY WOLFE.

1875. TRUNKS. 1875.

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TRUNKS, &c., FOR SPRING TRADE.

Ladies' Saratoga Trunks,

In Zinc and Leather; Gent's Extra Bound do., do.; Solid Leather Overland Trunks and Valises; Canvas, Enamelled & Comp. Packing Trunks, and Trunks of every description made to order; Ladies' Reticules and Shopping Satchels; Gen'ts Pell Bags; Boy's School Satchels.

Will be sold at exceedingly low prices, for Cash.

W. H. KNOWLES,

Trunk Factory, 49 Germain st., St. John.

TRUNK FACTORY.

RUSSELL & MOORE,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN

Lubricating and Wool Oils,

Sperm, Whale, Elaine, Red, Black, Lard, Olive, and Belt Oils, Neatsfoot, Straits, Mecca and Sperm Luber Oils, and Coal Oil Grease.

No. 43 India St., - BOSTON, MASS.

April 25, 1876. 26-1y

CARD.

DR. FREEMAN wishes to intimate his having engaged the Office of Dr. Benson upon its becoming vacant, and that he may at present be found at the "Waverly House," prepared to attend to professional calls.

Newcastle, April 13, 1875. 14

J. J. CHRISTIE,

59 King Street - - - - - ST. JOHN.

Importer and Dealers in all kinds of **Leather and Shoe Findings**, Wholesale and Retail. Also all kinds of **Mens Fitted Tops**, to order.

J. J. C.

July 1, 1874. jl2yrly

H. CHUBB & Co.,

(CHUBB'S CORNER,)

PRINCE WILLIAM ST., - - NEAR NEW POST OFFICE,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

MERCANTILE and Legal Stationers and Account Book Manufacturers. Old Books Re-bound, Account Books ruled and bound to any pattern. All kinds of Legal and Mercantile Blank Forms.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Celebrated Taylor's Diamond Blue, Black, Writing and Copying

INK;

☞ THE BEST MANUFACTURED. ☜

ORDERS SOLICITED.

April 4, 1876. 5-3inc

GLASS! GLASS!

IN STOCK:

1000 BOXES GLASS,

Assorted Sizes.

JUST RECEIVED:

4 TONS W. LEAD, A 1;

40 barrels RAW and BOILED OIL; 6 bbls. TURPENTINE; 2 tons PUTTY.

☞ WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAP. ☜

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECT,

oct.6 22 Germain St., St. John. N.B.

JOHN U. CAMPBELL,

DALHOUSIE, N. B.,

AUCTIONEER

FOR COUNTIES OF

RESTIGOUCHE & BONAVENTURE

☞ All Business connected with Auction Sales in these Counties will receive prompt attention. Goods and produce sold on Commission.

Dalhousie, Oct. 30, 1875. 1y nov10

CARD.

☞ THE Subscriber respectfully announces that he has opened a new Shop near the Ferry Landing, CHATHAM, where he is prepared to execute, in the **very best style of workmanship**, all kinds of

MILL WORK AND GENERAL JOBBING,

having obtained improved machinery for that purpose.

Morticing Machines, & Hand Circular Sawing Machines,

for Joiners' use, made to order.

JOHN THORNTON.

Chatham, May 19, 1875. 1y 19

DENTISTRY.

DR. M. C. CLARK,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Can be found at his Office over Mr. J. Noonan's Store, Chatham, where he intends residing.

☞ Particular attention given to gold fillings and regulation of children's teeth.

ALEXANDER MURRAY,

Practical Architect,

CARPENTER, BUILDER, AND CONTRACTOR,

IS NOW PREPARED TO TAKE

Any Jobs in his line of Business.

PLANS & SPECIFICATIONS

can be prepared in a practical manner at SHORT NOTICE.

RESIDENCE—Newcastle, N. B.

December 6, '76. 6mos.

DR. ARNOLD,

(Late of Berlin, Prussia,)

Has taken up his permanent residence at rooms over E. Lee Street's Drug Store, Newcastle,

Where he can be consulted at any time for all kinds of Diseases.

Special attention given to diseases of the Eye & Ear.

☞ Consultations Free. ☜

Newcastle, Dec. 6, 1876. 6

BONDED WAREHOUSES.

NO. 1, 22 & 34.

DANIEL PATTON,

IMPORTER OF

FOREIGN WINES & SPIRITS,

TEAS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, &C.

14 DOCK STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

March 24, 1876. 2inc-29

One Horse Railway Power Threshing Machines

AND

FIRE WOOD SAW MILLS,

ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

☞ For particulars apply to

R. MILLER,

Oct. 30, 1876. 1y Dalhousie, N. B.

HOWIE'S

TAILORING and CLOTHING ESTABLISMENT,

MARBLE HALL,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Just received Fall Stock of

NEW GOODS!

OVERCOATINGS,

COATINGS,

TWEEDS, &c., &c.

the latest patterns, which will be made up to suit the times.

Orders punctually attended to, especially those from a distance.

A Good Fit Guaranteed

READY-MADE CLOTHING

AND

Gents Furnishing Goods,

of all Descriptions on hand.

Inspection respectfully invited.

JAMES R. HOWIE.

Fredericton, Oct. 25, 1876.

CARRIAGE FACTORY.

W. ROBINSON,

WATER STREET, - - NEWCASTLE.

Is now prepared to fill all orders for

SLEIGHS, PUNGS, &C.,

Which are got up in the Newest Style.

A large variety now on hand, comprising many Styles. An inspection solicited.

REPAIRING & PAINTING

Performed in the very best manner.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

HORSE SHOEING

AND EVERY BRANCH OF BLACKSMITH WORK.

Carriage Stock, Varnish, Iron, Carriage Bolts, &c., FOR SALE CHEAP FOR CASH.

W. R.

Dec. 1, 1876. 3inc-6

SLEIGHS AND PUNGS.

THE Subscriber is now making up a lot of

SLEIGHS AND PUNGS,

FANCY AND PLAIN, IN ALL THE MODERN STYLES.

PARTIES in want of a good winter vehicle will do well to consult with the Subscriber, as he feels confident that for style and price they cannot be better suited at any other establishment, either at home or abroad.

Repairing,

Painting and

Trimming

Performed in good Style.

☞ PRICES MODERATE.

A. C. ATKINSON.

Newcastle, November 21, 1876.

STEAM CARRIAGE FACTORY,

MAIN ST., - PORTLAND, ST. JOHN.

PRICE & SHAW, Proprietors.

A LARGE STOCK OF OPEN AND COVERED CARRIAGES ON HAND.

☞ **ORDERS SOLICITED.**

April 4, 1876. 5-1inc

FIRE BRANCH.

ROBERT MARSHALL'S

FIRE AND MARINE AGENCY.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Applications may be made to the following Representatives.

NEWCASTLE:—A. A. Davidson, M. Adams.
CHATHAM:—T. F. Gillespie, W. Wilkinson.
BATHURST:—Anthony Rainey.
DALHOUSIE:—George Haddow.
RICHIBUCTO:—H. Livingston, J. D. Phinney

Imperial Fire Insurance Com'y

OF LONDON, ESTABLISHED 1803.

Capital and Cash Assets exceed £2,000,000 stg.

The Ætna Insurance Com'y,

INCORPORATED 1819.

Cash Capital and Assets over $6,000,000.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Com'y.

INCORPORATED 1801.

Cash Capital and Assets over $2,500,000.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY,

ESTABLISHED 1833.

Capital and Assets $600,000. Its funds are invested in undoubted securities.

PHŒNIX COMPANY OF BROOKLYN.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Cash Capital & accumulated fund $2,000,000

Dwelling Houses, whether built or in course of construction, as well as Furniture, contained therein, insured for terms of one or three years, at lowest rates. Steam Saw Mills, Vessels on the stocks—or in port, Warehouse, Merchandize and Insurable property of every description covered on the lowest possible terms.

ROBERT MARSHALL,

GENERAL AGENT, NOTARY PUBLIC AND BROKER.

March 23, 1875. 30

ROYAL CANADIAN

INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - - $6,000,000
CASH ASSETS, - - 1,300,000

HEAD OFFICE:

160 ST. JAMES ST., - MONTREAL.

New Brunswick Branch:

OFFICE No. 8 PRINCESS ST., ST. JOHN, N.B.

DIRECTORS:

J. S. B. DEVEBER, M. P., CHAIRMAN.
SIMEON JONES. T. W. ANGLIN, M. P.
JOHN H. PARKS. THOMAS FURLONG.
G. SIDNEY SMITH, SOLICITOR.

☞ All descriptions of Property Insured against Fire at moderate rates.

M. & T. B. ROBINSON,

GENERAL AGENTS.

St. John, April 10, 1876. 12-3inc

A. D. SHIRREFF,

AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Life, Fire & Marine Insurance

AND

GENERAL AGENT,

Chatham, N. B.

August 29, 1876. 30-1y

ROBERT J. BENNET,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Conveyancer, &c.

OFFICE—At residence of David Sadler, Esq..

DALHOUSIE, N. B.

☞ Claims collected and promptly paid over.

October 16. 1876. 1y-18

CARD.

Z. KEMPTON, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

BATHURST, N. B.,

Office and Residence.—House formerly occupied by Mr. Romeril.

Dr. Kempton trusts from over ten years' experience in the profession, and from assiduity in its duties, to meet the requirements of the community.

November 13, 1876. 15

MITCHELL & CO.,

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

—AND—

SHIPPING AGENTS,

22 & 23.....COMMON STREET,

MONTREAL.

August 29, 1874. sep 9

Patronize Home Manufacture.

HARPER & WEBSTER,

SHEDIAC, N. B.,

MANUFACTURERS, & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

Men's Women's & Children's Boots Shoes and Slippers.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Hand Made Lumberers' Boots,

A Spendid Article. Every Pair Warranted.

☞ Prices Moderate—Terms Liberal.

April 4, 1876. 2inc-5

D. MACEE & CO.,

Manufacturers of

HATS, CAPS & FURS,

Wholesale,

51 KING ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. MAGEE. M. F. MANKS.

April 21st, 1874. 23 1y

Selected Literature.

The Old Deacon's Lament.

Yes, I've been deacon of our church
Nigh on to fifty year,
Walked in the way of dooty, too,
And kep' my conscience clear.
I've watched the children growin' up,
Seen brown locks turnin' gray,
But never saw sech doin's yet
As those I've seen to-day.

This church was built by godly men
To glorify the Lord,
In seventeen hundred eighty-eight:
Folks couldn't then afford
Carpets and cushings and sech like—
The seats were jest plain wood,
Too narrer for the sleepy ones;
In prayer we allus stood.

And when the hymns were given out,
I tell you it was grand
To hear our leader start the tunes,
With tunin'-fork in hand!
Then good old "China," "Mear" and all,
Were heard on Sabbath-days,
And men and women, boys and girls,
J'ined in the song of praise.

But that old pulpit was *my* pride—
Jest eight feet from the ground
They'd reared it up—on either side
A narrer stair went down;
The front and ends were fitly carved
With Scripter stories all—
Findin' of Moses, Jacob's dream,
And sinful Adam's fall.

Jest room inside to put a cheer,
The Bible on the ledge
(I'll o'wn I *did* get narvous when
He shoved it to the edge).
There, week by week, the parson stood,
The Scripter to expound;
There, man and boy, I've sot below,
And not a fault was found.

Of course I've seen great changes made,
And fought agenst 'em too;
But first a choir was interdooced,
Then cushings in each pew;
Next, boughten carpet for the floor;
And then, that very year,
We got our new melodeon,
And the big shandyleer.

Well, well! I tried to keep things straight—
I went to ev'ry meetin',
And voted "No" to all they said,
But found my influ'nce fleetin'.
At last the worst misfortin fell—
I *must* blame Deacon Brown:
He helped the young folks when they said
The pulpit should come down.

They laughed at all those pious scenes
I'd found so edifyin';
Said, "When the parson rose to preach,
He looked a'most like flyin';"
Said that "Elijah's chariot
Jest half way up had tarried;"
And Deacon Brown sot by and laughed,
And so the p'int was carried.

This was last week. The carpenters
Have nearly made an end—
Excoose my feelin's. Seems to me
As ef I'd lost a friend.
"It made their necks ache lookin' up,"
Was what the folks did say:
More lookin' up would help us all
In this degin'rate day.

The church won't never be the same
(I'm half afeared) to *me*,
Under the preachin' of the truth
I've been so used to be.
And now—to see our parson stand
Like any common man,
With jest a railin' round his desk—
I don't believe I can!

—MRS. E. T. CORBETT, in *Harper's Magazine for January.*

No. 289—A VISION.

I had resolved to place my picture in the Academy. If you should ask me why, I could not tell, but something determined me to ask for its admittance, and it was received. They even praised it, and ticketed it with a number.

'What name?' they asked.

'Ah! I do not know,' I replied.

The obliging gentlemen looked at it a while, then at me, wonderingly. 'Suppose we call it 'A Vision?'' said one of them.

'But does not a vision imply something seen?' I asked.

'Well, won't they see your painting?' he replied. 'At all events, it's a nice fanciful name, and I'm a judge of these things.'

He seemed, in a grandiloquent sort of way, good-natured enough, and I thanked him for his suggestion.

Presently I stood before my picture, and found it was called, 'No. 289—A Vision.' Beside it was a dreamy landscape, a bit of island scenery, all soft and glowing and beautiful, as befitted some region of the sun. I know not how it was, but I fancied my poor child enjoyed the nearness of that dream of an enchanted island.

I left her there, and went back to my old home. The store upon the ground-floor was closed, the shutters were up, and as I passed the door of the back-room I saw that it was empty. I went through into the store, and that also was empty. All the bundles and tickets were gone; but upon the counter lay my silver watch. I looked upon it in bewilderment. What did it all mean? If the old Frenchman had fled with the goods of his customers, why not take mine also? He has paid me its nominal value. What could be the meaning of this spasmodic honesty? What fearful mystery enveloped everything in this dreary old house? Why did he shrink from me with terror? and why was he wild with fear at the sight of a picture?

I went up to my garret, and found the desolation there insupportable.

Since the sweet phantom refused to come to me again—since all that remained to me of her rested in that great, warm, luxurious gallery—since that wretched man had fled, why should I cling to the old habitation? I felt that excitement and semi-starvation had already done enough for my brain, and determined to shake this dust and phantasy from me. I would go out in the clear, cold sunshine, and labor and hope and live like the human creatures about me. That day I left the house in West Broadway, and took a cheap lodging up town. For—shall I confess it?—I was unable to get to work in earnest until I had again with me all that I could have of my friend. Let me once have her picture, the very coinage of my love for her, as my daily companion, and I felt that I could do any thing. I haunted the Academy night and day, waiting anxiously for the time when I could carry away my prize. I parted with a valuable ring, and lived frugally again—in poverty, loneliness, almost in despair. For at times a bitter agony assailed me. How insatiable is man! I began to regret that she was dead. I felt a vague yearning when I thought of the sweet, cold face, the still hands. Bitter sobs rose in my throat. I felt my heart bursting within me. She was the only woman I had ever loved, and I did not even know her name. She could not tell me, for she was dead. Without doubt she was dead!

I knew I was losing flesh and spirits day by day. I knew that in the old village where I was born no one would recognize the gaunt, shabby, wild-eyed man for the joyous, hopeful youth that only a few years ago seemed filled with the ruddiness of life. I felt at times a desperate longing to rid myself of my reveries and dreams. This strife for gold seemed to me a manly thing then, full of vigor and common-sense and courage. I envied the waiter at the cheap eating-house, the negro that carried in coal; and going down upon the dock one day, I joined a body of men who trundled barrows to and from a great ship that lay near by, and shouted and strained my muscles with the rest. All in vain; my physical power was too weak, the tension upon my nerves too strong. All I gained by my day's labor were blistered hands, aching joints, a singular dizziness in my head, and a dollar and fifty cents!

When I entered my room that night I found this note upon my table:

"*Mr. Paul Wade:*

"DEAR SIR,—I have learned that your picture in the Academy, 'No. 289—A Vision,' is in the possession of the artist. I desire to purchase it. An early reply will much oblige,

Yours very truly,
ANTOINE GERVASE.

"BLANK HOTEL."

The idea of parting with my picture for gold was ludicrous enough to make me laugh, if I had not forgotten how. I immediately sent this reply:

"*M. Antoine Gervase:*

"DEAR SIR,—The picture 'No. 289—A Vision,' is not for sale.

Yours truly,
PAUL WADE.

Within an hour I received the following reply:

"*Mr. Paul Wade:*

"DEAR SIR,—Will you do me the kindness to grant me an early interview at my hotel? I would not ask this favor if my health permitted me the pleasure of calling upon you. As it is of the greatest importance to me to see you soon, I will take the liberty of asking you to come at the hour of four this evening, and shall await your coming with anxiety.

"Yours very sincerely,
ANTOINE GERVASE.

"BLANK HOTEL."

A lingering respect for the rules of civilization compelled me to comply with this last request, and punctually at four I went to the hotel. I asked for M. Gervase, and was shown into a private parlor. Almost immediately there entered, from an adjoining room, a tall, thin gentleman, with an air of subdued grief that relieved the otherwise haughty and severe expression of his face. There was something familiar to me in his large brown eyes. He wore a velvet dressing-robe, trimmed with fur, for which he apologized, stating that his health was delicate, and that he came from a warm climate.

'I am from the island of Martinique,' he said, 'and I hope soon to return, and, with your permission, take with me your picture.'

'That can not be,' I replied. 'I will not part with it.'

'Oh, pardon me,' he exclaimed, with emotion; 'I must have it. I could not leave it in the possession of another.'

'I can not part with it,' I repeated.

'Will you pardon me,' he said, 'and not deem me impertinent if I ask why?'

'Because it is dear to me,' I replied, frankly. 'It is, I may say, necessary to me.'

'As—as a thing of art?' he asked.

'Yes,' I answered; 'and as a thing of affection.'

He started, and looked at me earnestly.

'Will you do me the favor, the very great favor, to explain what you mean?' he said.

'No,' I replied; 'for the simple reason that you would not understand me, and would consider me a madman.'

'Ah, Sir,' he said, 'if I could induce you to give me your confidence! Tell me. Is—is the picture a portrait?'

'No—yes,' I said, scarcely knowing how to reply. 'It is, and yet it is not. I assure you, Sir,' I added, impatiently, 'the original of that picture can be nothing to any one but me—to me she is everything!'

'Ah, great Heaven!' he said, grasping a cane and leaning heavily upon it. 'You say 'she—' Tell me, then, who is she? What is her name? where did you first find her? and where is she now? Let me look upon her, in the name of God!'

'That would be impossible,' I said. 'I can not.'

'You can not!' he said, rising from his seat and approaching me. 'Are you, then determined that my life shall be the sacrifice to your obstinacy and cruelty? Since I have seen your picture I have neither tasted food nor slept, and you will not in pity answer these few simple questions!'

'Sir,' I replied, also rising from my seat and confronting him, 'I will do that which you desire of me; but I warn you it will only lead you to consider me a madman. I do not know who is the original of my picture. I do not know her name or her country. I found her first in the dead of night, in a dark, bare, gloomy garret, lying upon a few boards in the middle of the room, and covered with a heavy drapery of some kind. It seemed like cloth, but I cannot describe it accurately, for I could not see it—I could only feel. She lay quite still and motionless, for she was dead."

The old gentleman trembled, and fell back into his chair. He looked at me with horror that seemed tempered with pity.

'Did I not tell you,' I said, interpreting the expression of his face, 'that you would think me a madman?'

'Nay,' he replied, gently, 'we are all a little mad. Is it not so? You have a good and noble face, and will not refuse me your picture, when I tell you why I desire it. Listen, I beg of you, and you will see that you can not withhold it from me. My name is Antoine Gervase. I live at the Island of Martinique. Twenty years ago Heaven, in giving me a daughter, took from me a beloved wife. This little one was the only tie that bound me to life. We lived together in our beautiful home as the blessed are said to live in Paradise. But we may not be too happy here, lest we find life too sweet to resign it. My daughter fell into delicate health, and the air of our island was not found beneficial for her in summer. We determined to spend the hot months at the North. Four years ago we embarked for New York. The voyage was unusually long and tedious, and upon our arrival I was afraid to take my poor Athalie to a public hotel. A fellow-passenger directed me to a quiet place near the landing. It was kept by a Frenchman, and although his appearance was calculated to inspire distrust, he was afterward of great service to me. Although the place was a poor one, I was enabled, with plenty of money, to give my daughter every luxury and care that her health demanded. All in vain; she grew worse, and died.'

M. Gervase was silent for a time. Overcome with emotion, he leaned his head upon his cane. I looked upon him with unspeakable yearning.

'Tell me,' I said. 'Were you enabled to remain with your daughter during her illness? Was she under your immediate care?'

'I never left her for a moment,' said M. Gervase, 'until—until she left me. Then I became for a time utterly helpless, and was confined to my bed, while they prepared my child for her last sad journey—for I took her home with me to Martinique: her last words, her dying prayer was to sleep there under own sunny sky. She rests there now, in a strip of land by the sea that she loved well. But before she was shut away from my sight forever I was carried to see her, and I swear to you, Sir, as she lay there upon her velvet shawl, pure and beautiful as an angel, just so she lies in your picture. The dead girl created by a fantasy of your brain is the exact prototype of my daughter Athalie. Will you then refuse to me the portrait of my daughter?'

'No,' I said, slowly getting upon my feet and leaving the room; 'you shall have it.'

Then I stumbled out into the street. Staggering along like a drunkard or a madman, faint with hunger and excitement, I saw suddenly before me a little mean shrunken figure of a man. His parchment-like skin, his loose thin lips, his long, hooked nose, loomed upon me like a figure in a magic lantern. He moved like an automaton.

'I have been waiting for you,' he said, clutching my arm with his long bony fingers. 'If I tell you where you may find her, will you swear not to harm me? That is her father in there. Does he know I took away the body of his daughter? Has he come after me?'

'He knows nothing, Baptiste Peret.'

'But you are the devil,' he went on; 'you put her in a picture.'

'Tell me where I may find her,' I demanded.

'Yes,' he said eagerly; 'what harm did I do? Wasn't it a wicked thing to put away all those jewels? When folks were poor and starving—she was covered with gems, and the shawls were worth fortunes of money—what matters it after one is dead, so long as enough ground covered her? I sent the box and kept the body, but I buried it afterward decently in a cemetery. I'll tell you where, if you promise not to hurt me.'

A silence fell upon the library at Martinique. The face of Paul looked so cold and pale in the moonlight that I hastily poured out for him a goblet of wine. He put it aside with his hand.

'You see,' he said, calmly, 'she was stolen by this miserable man for the jewels she wore—stolen, and put away among strangers, while her father took the empty casket to the dear land she loved so well. It was more than she could bear. She came to me for help, and that is all, Antoine. I brought her to her father. He was good enough to call me his son, and beg of me not to leave him. When he died I placed him by her side—over there, where you hear the sea. There is room there for another—only me—and I have it for a certainty that I shall not wait long. This is why I have told you all this, so that you may hold sacred the resting-place of the dead.'

A fortnight later Paul died. Whether by some mysterious agency, or that he put it away quietly, I do not know, but when we found him dead upon his bed, the picture had disappeared from over the mantle, and could not be found. I confess I was not sorry.

Correspondence.

POSTAL ACCOMMODATION.

DEAR EDITORS:—From time immemorial you have always exercised a powerful influence in endeavoring to obtain for the frequently imposed North, those rights to which she is most justly entitled. But alas! though justice demands these rights, yet how frequently do we find a whole section of country suffering in the greatest degree, through the "thoughtlessness" of those who wield the sceptre. In this instance, I can assure our magnates that *Derby*, with her thriving population, and the villages on the South West branch of the noble Miramichi; are no exceptions to this rule.

Justice to all, and partiality towards none, should actuate our postal authorities, and incite within their souls a spirit more noble and true. Not only do we suffer in a financial point of view, but the intelligence of our country is retrograding instead of advancing. In this enlightened age it should not be so, but nevertheless it is. Papers, which should reach Derby the same day they arrive at Newcastle, are delayed at the latter place from Monday till Thursday. Weekly papers are the only ones of which we think, but with a tri-weekly mail our St. John papers would be more liberally patronized.

Now, in some instances the news is so "stale" we have no desire to read these Weeklies. Sirs, I ask the better thinking Editors throughout our Province and Dominion, if this is just or equitable. I feel confident that they will answer *no*; then I ask them to advocate our cause, and endeavor to obtain for a generous and intelligent people a redress of their oft meditated grievances.

Deprive a people of literature for a length of time and they will become despicable, degraded, and semi-barbarous. As learning was once confined to the nobility and monasteries alone, so at the present day are many debarred from obtaining political and general information, which alone can animate the minds of men to a proper sense of duty respecting their country, Queen, and fellow-beings.

Not only are the people isolated from the outer world in a literary sense, but our business men are suffering financially by running a "private stage" between Derby and Newcastle to post letters relative to business. This is actually done by our business men who feel the injustice most bitterly. J. C. Miller, Esq., of the well known firm of Miller & Co., has frequently to despatch letters by sending a "factory hand" or some other responsible person to Newcastle with his letters, in order that his business may not be neglected, thus incurring the expenses of a horse and daily wages of the man.

Two mails per week necessitate these gentlemen and others to transact their business at the Newcastle office, to do which a man, must be taken from his regular employment to do that which is devolving upon the Government, viz.—*Carry mail matter between Derby and Newcastle.*

Gentlemen, this is tyranny of the worst description, and our Post Office Inspector should be mindful in removing such an annoyance. Will he kindly give it his disinterested attention, and appease the minds of a wronged people by restoring the tri-weekly mail between Newcastle and Fredericton.

We ask no more at present, but when we consider the village of Kouchibouguac, having its daily mail, surely Derby, which surpasses it in wealth, commerce, political influence, and manufactures, should receive a tri-weekly at least. I would not ascribe this partiality to the Govt., but I do know Kent supported the present Dominion Govt., whereas Northumberland opposed it. In the former an autocrat (*Ecce Homo*) rules supremely, and as his business is partly done at Kouchibouguac, we rapidly see the necessity to accommodate this *individual at an expense of* $400 or more from the Dominion treasury, while a small sum cannot be granted to give Derby and vicinity equal postal facilities. The writer is not envious of their privileges, but if Kouchibouguac is entitled to a daily mail, most assuredly Derby can just demand it also, and with greater assurance that it should be granted. But we only ask the Postal authorities to resume the tri-weekly trips to which we have been accustomed. Comparing the mail matter of these two places we find Kouchibouguac with its *daily mail* receiving only "60 or 70 papers and no letters" per week and Derby with its bi-weekly stage—worse than Shippegan—receiving 120 or 130 papers per week and equally