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The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 22, 1872.

The Railway Troubles.

Yesterday we quoted what the Fredericton *Reporter* had to say in reference to the trouble in prospect in connexion with the River du Loup Railway grants, the lumbermen in Victoria claiming that the Company's appropriation and management of the Public Lands will seriously interfere with their private interests and great lumbering operations. The Fredericton *Express* has something on the same subject. It says:—

Quite a large party of surveyors are at present busily engaged in surveying lands for the Riviere du Loup Railway Company, chiefly in the County of Victoria. We are credibly informed that the up-river people are much excited through fear that the survey of the timber lands implies the almost total suspension of lumber operations until the road is completed. No difficulty on this score need be apprehended. The facts of the case are as follows: The Company have given assurance to the Government that on the first of December they will have in running order thirty-four miles of road, when, by the terms of their charter, they will be entitled to receive 340,000 acres of land. The surveys now in progress are preparatory to the issuing of the grant of this land; and we are able to say upon the highest authority that the Government do not intend that any grant or reservation of lands shall be made beyond what the company shall actually be entitled to receive this season. In the meantime arrangements will probably be made whereby the lumber chances will be open to the public at a certain stumpage, so that the business of the country will not be in any way retarded.

That is all very well from the Company's point of view. But whether the grant to the Company be right or wrong—whether defensible on public grounds, or not, the result is now seen to be that it places the most important lumbering district of the Province and the interests of a host of people who live by lumbering, at the mercy of a half dozen gentlemen of a Railway Company. These gentlemen are in a position either to ruin or to make the fortunes of other enterprising men who have contributed largely to advance the industries of the country. Under the circumstances we may look for a large amount of opposition to the Company's projects as the work of appropriating the land advances.

THE GERMANS IN THE JUBILEE.

[From the Boston Journal.]

WEDNESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS — THE GERMAN BAND.

* * * Strauss had been gone but a few minutes, and the echoes of the entrancing "Morgenblatter," that sweet, voluptuous, spiritual waltz of contrasts—that great breath from the dawn of a soul-morning, with all its wonderful cries and rhythms, its reveries, its passionate abandons, were still hovering in the air. Was it the influence of the waltz-music of the Viennese, which had created the enthusiasm, or was it the *maestro* Gilmore hurrying down the long aisle, waving his white gloved hand? While the horrible suspicion was gradually dawning on the reportorial mind that the enthusiasm might be due to the lager fountain below the stage, it was dispelled by the appearance of a long line of red flashing across the stage, cutting the chorus in twain; and as it flowed down toward the audience, cheers and yells broke out in grand profusion. The Prussians were coming, erect and military in the immense concert hall as when they marched, on the flank of their regiment, into the deadly fire of the French batteries at Gravelotte, while the dead fell around them thickly as leaves in Vallambrosa. Two by two they stepped down to the music stands allotted them at the front. A sturdy, valiant, square-motioned set of men, fit to worthily represent the warriors who gave up their lives willingly and unquestioningly at Worth, at Mars-le-Tour, at Sedan, at Buzenval, and Champigny. The novel helmet, with the great sprawling Prussian eagle at its front, and "God With Us" written under it; the towering red shako of the musician, the tightly fitting blue and red coats, the intensely pipe-clayed belts, the brown trousers, were all noted by the large audience in a moment, and ere the first round of cheers had subsided, a huge figure, which might well serve for a typical Brandenburger of the olden time, strode into the ring, and made a stiff military bow. Heinrich Saro, with his seven medals glittering on his breast, and the unostentatious iron cross, which many a Prussian noble would give his right arm for, was a goodly sight to look upon as he stood unabashed under the gaze of the immense throng. He was every inch a man, and a stately and imposing one, and a gleam of enthusiasm ran over his brown face as he took off his helmet and lifted his baton. In a moment, by one sweeping movement, every Prussian had laid his helmet aside, and the whole band bowed as one man, just as you, my dear traveller, have seen them do it an hundred times in camp, in palace yard and in summer garden. Another moment, and they were deep in the Fantasia from Meyerbeer's noble opera of "The Prophet," and the cheering, which had continued enthusiastically, accompanied by the World's Jubilee pocket handkerchief tempest, died away while the superb band intoned the master's music.

[From the Post.]

When the tumult had subsided, the Fantasie on "Le Prophete" was performed in a most artistic and inspiriting manner, and an encore was, of course, inevitable. The band responded with Weber's overture to "Oberon," rendering it with consummate skill and power, and fairly dividing the honors thereby with the Grenadier Guards' Band in their performance of the "Freischutz" overture, the day before. This effort only provoked greater applause, of a frantic description, culminating in a second encore, which was responded to gracefully by the urbane leader; and the third selection, which served to introduce several individual excellences of the band, proved finally sufficient for the excited listeners, and the redoubtable Germans were allowed to rest in peace until the advent of Mr. Keller, who directed his "German Union Hymn" in person, during the performance of which the Kaiser Band remained in its position. The Hymn, which is a very good composition, indeed, was not very well performed, and, in fact, the chorus seems to be particularly unfortunate in the national psalms, this time. At the conclusion of the Hymn the Germans struck up "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," which created a "fanaticism" even superior to the similar one of Tuesday. The effect was indescribable. Every three or four measures the music would be interrupted by turbulent cheers, and at the end the hubbub was deafening. Hands and feet united with throats in the tribute of enthusiasm, and hats and handkerchiefs were thrown about with equal recklessness. A return to headquarters, under these circumstances, was impossible, and Mr. Saro, and his fifty able assistants were obliged to give the "Watch on the Rhine" before they were allowed to vacate the premises. This noble air was also applauded frantically, and when the red plumes tossed to and fro as their wearers receded in the distance, one vast cheer filled the house, and was supplemented by an indefinite number of other cheers from various points in the hall. After this crisis it was impossible to get up any great amount of interest in the proceedings, and consequently the Cornet Quartette of the Emperor William did not receive the full recognition from the tired spectators that they would otherwise have received. They peformed a pot-pourri very finely, and were encored, after the abiding custom of the Jubilee audiences. Their execution is admirable and they possess instruments which might be the envy of all cornetists. In the mean time the critical began to institute comparisons between the German and English Bands, with variable results. Some preferred one, and others the other. If any definite opinion can be given it would seem to be that the two are about equal in execution, but the English possess the finer instruments.

PESCHKA LEUTNER.

[From the Journal.]

A glorious welcome awaited the charming prima donna, Madame Peschka Leutner, upon her appearance on the stage. No sooner was she seen by the choristers at the head of the stairs than there was a general clapping of hands and a waving of handkerchiefs. Soon the audience caught sight of her as she descended the long aisle leading to the front, and the demonstration gained new vigor. It was a most enthusiastic tribute. Carl Zerrahn conducted, and after the fair singer warbled forth the same beautiful song which she gave on the occasion of her first appearance, an aria with variations by Proch. The round full tones of her magnificent voice again filled the spacious building, even to the remotest recesses, with the finest possible effect, and her marvellous high notes and faultless execution, as before, challenged the fullest admiration. The audience could not restrain their enthusiasm, and even at the risk of interrupting the performance, burst into the song with wild applause after every lofty vocal effort. At the close of the song there was a still more enthusiastic outburst, which continued until she came forward to repeat the latter portion, which included some of its most brilliant variations. Madame Leutner has won one of the most complete successes any vocalist has ever achieved in this country, and her future appearances will be looked for with exceedingly great interest as contributing one of the greatest attractions of the great festival.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

The Boston *Journal* says "some thoughtless country correspondent left a portion of his account on a Press table, which can be had on application to *The Journal* office." The removal of a "press table" from the Jubilee premises to *The Journal* office would seem to be an improper proceeding. The following is the "country correspondent's notice." The spelling is somewhat defective, but the criticism itself is about on a par with three fourths of the notices that have appeared in the Press:—

"The Worlds Nationel Jubilee opened und vey favorable circumstances. the weather was delightful—and evy enjoyment was partaken off by the vast crowds that thronged the streets and avenues of the city—at an early hour the booming of Cannon and rinning of bells ushered in an America holidy—sacred to the memoy of evry patriot as the anniversay of the battle of Bunker Hill—Evey train that arrived was burdened with human frate—evay one anxious to join in the celebrate. The Coliseum—the name of the monster musical building is a wnder of architecture it has an extreme length of 550 feet and a width of 350 feet and has a seating capacity of 75,000—and when filled as it nearly was on the second day the 18th presented a wonderful appearance. A Coras of 20,000 voices ad 5000 orchestra—broke into melodous sounds—ad as the Conducter—the wnderful Gilmre—stepped upon the stand—the vast stillness was broken by that glorious old Hundred—language cn convay but a feeble idea of ones feelings in listing to such music—angels alone could equal it. the vast audience joining in the chorus."

MYSTIC PARK SPRING MEETING

The Great Racing "Event."—"Goldsmith Maid" Queen of the Turf!

THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.

It was dusty and hot in Boston city, but over in Mystic Park was a cooling air stirring, sufficient to make comfortable the largest attendance of the meeting there present. Among the throng in the grand stand and in the balcony of the house were numbers of fair ones, and the hundreds of carriages lining the outer and inner side enclosures of the course were also freighted with gaily dressed ladies and their escorts. The interest of the day centered, of course, in the promised appearance of Goldsmith Maid and Lucy for the special purse of $3500, best three in five, to harness, $2000 to first and $1500 to second.

THE GREAT RACE.

A better afternoon to exhibit two of the finest specimens of equine breeding—Goldsmith Maid and Lucy—than yesterday upon the turf cannot be imagined, and the track chosen—heretofore called a little slow—was never better. The result of the day's meeting bears out the statement. The horses are too well known to turfmen and those interested to call for any comments upon them further than of their condition. They stood their trip here splendidly, and from the stables they were led forth looking remarkably well even for them. The first to appear was the Maid, and as her garceful movements were observed upon entering a burst of applause was given her. Lucy received the same compliment when started down the track to be admired. The crowd around the pool stand, where Messrs. Dan Clark and George Bailey were holding forth, were watching their chances, and several pools were registered against time on Goldsmith Maid—that she would not beat 1.19 in any heat. But to

THE RACE.

First Heat. The graceful, busy creatures came down once for the word, but Lucy was off her feet just before the stand, and they did not get the word, although she was at work as the wire covered her. Down they came again, Lucy a bold front, but was held back so that they got off pretty even. Away they sped to the turn, Lucy retaining vantage, but holding out a glove to the Maid who was coming a half length away. On to the quarter they trotted, when the Maid lapped Lucy making it in 36. Then the Maid was settled to quick work, and drew to the front, soon showing a head, then a neck and shoulder, and finally going from a whole body to a whole length to place three and four lengths of the white line of the back stretch between her wheel and Lucy's nose. It was a magnificient dash that carried her to the half in 1.10, with four lengths clear opening, all her own, for she held it to the upper turn and away. There she made a second, but slight break, and fell off a pace or so, but was urged to the home and entering came down adding a length to what she had before—making five clear ones under the wire in 2 21.

Second Heat. The *best time on record.* The betting was still on time, and the wagers were thick that the Maid could not beat 2.19 The disappointment to hundreds was in store and the pride of the owner was to be doubly justified. Maid was a good half length at the word and both were flying away for the turn, Lucy still holding the vantage, but off to the quarter the Maid was sent to do her very prettiest, closing, then passing and opening a good two lengths in that short distance; time 34¼. It was handsome indeed. On the back the Maid increased the lead to a half length, but skipped and left a half of the last increase to Lucy, who was hotly pursuing. On the back side the Maid was sent to take a clear half, and on the third turn she had four open lengths. Another slight skip was made by the queen of the turf, but she was moving like a streak in the next breath and kept her opening round the turn into the home. Here she was again called upon by her skilled driver, W. H. Doble, and fairly flew down the home, wiring herself in 2.16¼ on a full mile track, and beating the best time ever made and recorded, Lucy five lengths behind, as her noble opponent came in amid tremendous applauee and excitement among the spectators It was almost impossible to keep the people where they belonged in the Park when it was announcek from the stand that the Maid would trot any horse in the world to wagon for a stake of $5000 or $10,000. No further remarks were necessary, and the horses were led off by their grooms to prepare for the closing heat.

Third Heat. The Maid was half a length behind at word and was not urged better before the turn. Round this they seemed to slip along, and for a few seconds were side and side and trotting for a quick quarter. When this was taken, in 35, the Maid had showed to the front and a length. The next feature was a skip by the Maid, but she was still going and opening her lead. On the back it was exciting; Lucy closed to two lengths as they passed the half in 1.10, but held it only a short distance up the back, when, at the upper turn, the Maid responded to a call, opened to three lengths. Into the home she came down the stretch like mad, Lucy closing up two lengths as the Maid pulled under the scoring in 2.19¾.

It was a rare day, and the slate holding the time of the last race is a memento. It will be remembered that the Maid's best public time heretofore was at Milwaukee, where her 2.17 time was disputed, and the mile track was called short. No one challenges the Mystic.

LOLA THE SECOND.

THE YOUNG KING OF BAVARIA CAPTURED BY A CINCINNATI ADVENTURESS.

All Munich is at the present time full of rumors about a strange love affair between the young King of Bavaria and an American confidence woman. The following particulars of this interesting affair, which has caused a great deal of merriment among the Bavarian democrats, but has deeply disgusted the members of the royal family have been ascertained from trustworthy sources. In January, 1872, there arrived at Munich an American lady of about twenty-eight and thirty, of very prepossessing appearance, elegant manners and richly dressed. She registered her name at the Oberpollinger Hotel, where she stopped, as Mrs. Fanny Jordan, from Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Jordan was accompanied by a *femme de chambre*, had plenty of baggage with her, and, to all appearance, was in easy circumstance. She had letters of introduction to the American Consul, and had little difficulty in gaining access to the best circles of society. Even her wish to be presented at court was gratified, and she was introduced to the Queen Dowager at a soiree at the Palace.

It appears that Mrs. Jordan conceived, some time after her presentation at Court, the idea of

ENTRAPPING THE YOUNG KING,

who rarely appeared in his capital, but most of the time led almost the life of a hermit at his country-seat of Hohenschwangau. Mrs. Jordan resolved to see the King, and on the 12th of February set out for the village of Bergen, near Hohenschwangau, and engaged two rooms at the Golden Bear Hotel. She was not long in ascertaining the places where the King, who is fond of walking out alone for hours in the neighborhood, might be met, and the first fine day Mrs. Jordon walked out with her *femme de chambre*, in order to meet King Louis, and, if possible, to make his acquaintance. About two o'clock in the afternoons he saw a tall young man dressed in a suit of iron-grey, his head covered with a broad-brimmed, low crowned hat, and carrying a small riding whip in his hand, approaching, Mrs. Jordan, who recognized the well known features of the King, at once hastened to make preparations for attracting his attention. She took from the hands of her maid a telescope and a travellers hand book, and seemed lost in admiration of the beautiful scenery. A few minutes afterward the King was close to her. The prepossessing appearance of the American lady, her evident admiration of the landscape, of which Louis the Second is very proud, made at once an impression upon him, and he stood still, lifting his hat. Mrs. Jordan returned his salutation, and, approaching the King, asked him the name of a village which was to be seen in the distance. The King politely gave the information and then entered into a conversation with her. They conversed in French, walking slowly along the highway toward the village, and, on separating, Mrs. Jordan, who expressed a great desire to visit Hohenschwangau, was overjoyed to receive from the King, who told her with unaffected frankness who he was, an invitation to inspect his country seat and delightful gardens, which are among the finest in Europe. It may be imagined that

SHE IMPROVED THE OPPORTUNITY,

and on the following afternoon called on the King. He escorted her through the palace, showed her the picture gallery, the theatre, the conservatory, and the fountains in the gardens. Her well calculated efforts to make an impression on him, her skill as a conversationalist, her lively temperament, did not remain without effect on the King, who is little versed in worldly affairs, and by no means insensible to the blandishments of a pretty and accomplished woman. When Mrs. Jordan finally bade him adieu he shook her warmly by the hand, and asked her to visit him again, and even promised to return her call.

He was as good as his word, and next day he paid her a visit at the Golden Bear. The King had often been there, and so his interview excited but little attention.—Mrs. Jordan's road to success was now an easy one. She met the King frequently at Hohenschwangau, or in the environs. The two made long excursions on horseback, or walked for hours in the wooded hills of the neighborhood. The siren seemed to exercise an irresistible charm upon the Prince. His attendants noticed that he became thoughtful and melancholy; but, knowing that remonstrances would be of no avail, did not interfere with his intimacy with the American lady. Mrs. Jordan soon received substantial marks of the royal favor. Being a very good horsewoman, she was presented with a very fine white mare by the King. A valuable diamond bracelet, a miniature portrait of the King, set with emeralds, and other presents of value were pressed upon her by her royal lover.—Finally, she managed to obtain loans of quite large sums of money from him. Everything went on swimmingly, and Mrs. Jordan was in a fair way of becoming to speak, [illegible] Lola Montez had been to his grandfather, King Louis the First, when an untoward event put an end to the whole intimacy, and compelled the American adventuress to leave her field of operations precipitately. Prince Leopold, the King's uncle, heard of his royal nephew's *liaison*, and determined at once to break it up. For this purpose he engaged the services of two Munich detectives, who in the first place tried to discover

WHO SHE REALLY WAS.

On application at the office of the United States Consul, they were shown the letters of introduction which she had presented to that functionary, and which were from reputable people in Cincinnati and New York. At the Oberpollinger Hotel, where she had stopped for nearly a month, nothing could be said against her. She had always conducted herself with the strictest propriety, and had promptly paid her bills. But she had left three large trunks at the hotel, and the detectives, with that disregard of personal rights so peculiar to the police of Germany, broke the trunks open. They found in them numerous letters, which left no doubt of the real character of Mrs Jordan. It appeared from these letters that she had passed the last three years in several European capitals under various *aliases*. It was true that she was from Cincinnati, but her real name, as appeared from several letters written to her by her father, was Chumley. She had at least one hundred letters from lovers, not a few of which contained valuable inclosures. She had last been at Berlin, where she had had a *liason* with a Prussian colonel, who committed forgery to gratify her incessant demands for money, and who, in consequence, had been cashiered. She herself had esceped arrest only by precipitate flight from Berlin. In short, the detectives discovered that she was a dangerous confidence woman of the worst sort, and they went thereupon to the village where she was stopping, and told her that they would arrest her unless she consented to leave Bavaria at once.

The baffled adventuress at first tried to put on a bold front, and showed a disposition to bid defiance to the officers; but when told her true character was thoroughly known, she deemed discretion the better part of valor, and, after writing a tearful letter to the King, set out for Switzerland. It is believed that she took, in money and valuables, about $10,000 with her.

Sale of Horses at Jerome Park.

A few days ago thirty head of thoroughbred horses were offered for sale at Jerome Park, but owing to the scarcity of buyers the bidding was spiritless and the prices realized small. The following are the lots that were sold: Imported brown filly by Sauuterer, out of Moula by Touchstone, sold to Mr. John Hunter for $350; bay filly by Kentucky, out of Satinsone, Mr. Purdy, $125; bay filly by Kentucky, out of Blue Ribben, Maj. Doswell, $160; chestnut colt by Kentucky, out of Zaidee by Belshazzar, Mr. Holland, $205; Athlone, chestnut horse by Lexington, out of Alabama, Mr. McKee, $50; Puck, bay gelding by imp. Scythian out of Little Peggy, Mr. Lawrence, $310; Salute, chestnut gelding by Lexington, out of Sally Polk, $170, to James Irving; White Hose, chestnut gelding by King Lear, out of Earring, Mr. Robert Centre, $175; Jerseyman, chestnut horse by Vandal, out of Emma, bought by Mr. McKee for $260; Keep Dark, brown filly by Eclipse, out of Maroon by Glencoe, Mr. McKee, $140; chestnut colt by Censor, out of Jennie Rose by Glencoe, Mr. Rogers, $100; and chestnut colt by Eclipse, out of Fanny Fern by Glencoe, Eph. Snediker, $75. A number of other horses were offered, but they were all bought in.

A COMPLETE INVENTORY of Gen. Grant's stable has been taken by the correspondent of the New York *World* with the result that therein were contained seven horses; two carriage horses, three trotters, and two ordinaries, and one barouche, one dog cart, one trotting wagon, and one phæton, with harnesses, saddles, clothing, etc., making a total expense of about $10,900. The story that the President brought with him eleven horses seems thereby to be a malicious slander. The "get up" of the President when he takes the air in his dog-cart is the most imposing spectacle on the beach. Children leave their play and nursemaids pause in their rambles to admire. The horses are large, well matched bays, adorned in massive harness, gold-trimmed, and strictly in keeping with the remaining magnificence. The driver, too, is an important adjunct to the general effect, as he is tall and pure sable, clad in white corduroy and white flannel, trimmed with silver, white top boots and glossy black hat. A shorter companion, dressed in the same manner and with the same imperturbable countenance, sits by his side, not that he is of any particular use, but he fills up an unsettled blank, and so, of course, acts as an ornament. The carriage is not so imposing, being of black body with aristocratic yellow running part, and is less popular with the President than the trotting wagon.

— The Bombay *Gazette* of May 6 learns that on the railway journey up to Jubbulpore Lord Northbrook could hardly bear up against the effects of the terrible heat of the weather in the dusty plains of the table land above the ghauts. The thermometer stood at 102 deg. in the Viceregal carriage; and, to obtain some temporary relief, his lordship changed carriages and travelled in one of those fitted with Mr. Sanders's cooling apparatus, which reduces the heat by at least ten degrees. It is a pity that the Viceroy had not some one to advise him that a railway journey across to Calcutta and up again to Simla at this season of the year is one of the most fearful trials to which even an acclimatized Englishman can be exposed in this country. There is nothing to be gained by running risks of this kind, and Lord Northbrook might very well have gone round by sea.

THE LAY OF CHAPPAQUA.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I dream of a beautiful time
When the world shall happy be;
When elephants and hyenas
Shall blossom on every tree.
When tamarinds and potatoes
Shall cease their dreadful roar,
When turnip trees shall blossom
In the garden forevermore.

I dream of a great republic,
Whose people shall all go west,
Sow plums and reap tomatoes
In the land they love the best;
Where pig-iron and molasses
Shall bloom on every hill,
And chickens low in the barnyard,
While gooseberries toil at the mill,

I'm weary of seeing the cabbage
Handle the rake and hoe;
I'm weary of watching and waiting
For the grasshopper bush to grow.
I long for the time when spinach
Shall cope with bread and milk;
When hens shall lay potatoes,
And horses spin raw silk.

Oh, sweet were the vanished hours
When I wandered down the glen,
[illegible] wreathed my brow with tomatoes
And [illegible]
Or plucked the ripened hen.
When the donkey twined up the trellis,
And the cucumber chirped in the grass,
And the sweet white [illegible] turnip whistled
To its mate in the mountain pass.

But gone are the days of childhood,
And manhood's dreams are mine,
Yet I long for the bygone hours
As I sit 'neath this turkey vine.
Oh, wreathe your blossoms about me,
And soothe my aching breast,
While the gooseberry plaintively warbles
And lulls me into rest.

☞ 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 SOUL OF CANDOR.—We do not blame the President for overreaching Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville, as overreaching is perfectly legitimate in high politics and diplomacy. We have had it sanctioned to any amount during the last few years. Bismarck and Napoleon have been colossally befooling and betraying each other, and England has, in the matter of Belgium, been the plaything medium of their untruthfulness. The action of Prussia towards Austria was of about the same candid and highsouled character. In transactions in every day life between two gentlemen their word to each other must be unimpeachable, and of the severest form of honesty; one tithe of the trickery or treachery which is permitted between nations and great statesmen would assign an honest man in private life to the ban of lasting social disgrace. America has, therefore, done her best quite legitimately, and we hope that General Grant will get duly relected upon the strength of his champion ship of the Alabama Claims, as it was the most impudent, wrongful, and unjust attempt of one nation to get the better of another which, perhaps, has ever been known.—[Court Journal.

— They are growing their own poets out in Colorado, or seem at least to have ventured upon this field of cultivation. As yet the product seems imperfect imagination largely developed, with some deficiency in the sphere of accuracy, or perhaps we should say sobriety, of statement. Here is a specimen from a local paper. The tendency to exaggerate the fertility of those great and often desert-like plains of the better parts of the West is well hit off here:—

"Is it where the cabbages grow so fast,
That they burst with a noise like the thunder's blast?
Is it where through the rich, deep mellow soil
The beets grow down as if boring for oil?
Is it where the turnips are hard to beat,
And the cattle grow fat on nothing to eat?
Is it where each irrigating sluice
Is fed by water-melon juice?
Is it where everything grows to such monstrous size,
That the biggest stories appear like lies?
Tell me, in short, I would like to know,
Is this wondrous land called Colorado?
You're right, old boy, it is!"

LOCALS.

Steamers.

The "Lady Josyan" sails this evening for Liverpool.

The Scud.

The iron steamer "Scud" is having a saloon built on her main deck, aft, for the better accommodation of passenger traffic.

The Custom House building.

A flight of winding stairs is being built in the Custom House connecting with the roof. This probably is the first step preparatory to the erection of the Observatory which at some future time will grace the top of the building.

Auction Sales.

Mr. Hubbard offered at Auction, at noon to day, at Chubb's Corner, the freehold property 83, Germain Street, 100 x 29 feet. The property rents for $400. The highest bid being $2,500 it was withdrawn.

Personal.

Hon. Peter Mitchell, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, is expected in town this evening.

Miss Kate Reignolds, the popular actress, will commence an engagement at the Academy of Music next week.

Sir Hastings Doyle administers the Government of the Dominion till the arrival of Lord Dufferin.

Pictures of Hon. G. E. King, John Boyd and Gilbert Murdoch, Esqrs., adorn the photograph and book store windows of the City.

Mr. B. C. Kenway, C. E., left by this morning's boat for St. George in consequence of a telegram calling for him on business connected with laying out roads in that vicinity. He expects to be away for a week or 10 days, during which time his office will be closed.

Religious.

The Rev. C. B. Pitblado, of St. Andrews, will preach in the Mechanics' Institute to-morrow evening at 6 o'clock.

Rev. N. McKay will preach in the Carleton Presbyterian Church to-morrow at 3 p. m.

Rev. R. J. Cameron will preach in St. Andrew's Church to-morrow morning; Rev. Dr. Thompson, of New York, at 3 o'clock p. m., and again at 6 p. m.

Doctor Magee will preach in St. John Presbyterian Church to morrow at 3 p. m.

St. John's Church Services.

The Rev. G. M. Armstrong, Rector of St. Mark's Parish, announced that while St. John's Church, is closed, undergoing alterations and repairs. Divine service is held in the School Room adjoining the Church on Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock; and on Sunday afternoons, at 3 o'clock, he is permitted to hold service in Trinity Church, Germain Street, at which service he proposes delivering a course of short sermons on some of the offices of our Lord Jesus Christ, that for to morrow being, "The One Moderator."

"The Men of the Mayflower."

The Rev. W. Morley Punshon will lecture at the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday evening next, on the above entertaining subject. The proceeds will be for the Endowment Fund of the Mount Allison Institutions. The price of tickets will be one dollar, and as it's the last time, probably, the distinguished lecturer will appear in St. John, the opportunity to hear him should not be missed.

Merchants' Exchange.

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

Montreal, June 21st.—Flour at Liverpool 28s.; Red Wheat 11s. 10d a 12s. 2d.—Market quiet.

New York Flour Market quiet, heavy. Common to good Extra State $6.70 a $7 70.

Pork dull, $13 30 new.

Grain freights 7¾ a 8¼d.

Montreal flour market dull. Western State and Welland Canal $6.25.

No Gold despatch received at 1 p. m.

Twelfth of July.

We understand it is the intention of "Johnston" Loyal Orange Lodge No. 24 to have an Excursion up the St. John River on the Twelfth of July. A steamboat has been secured for the occasion, and a good time is expected.

Academy of Music.

The great merit of the play selected for M'lle Ravel's Benefit last night. "Jartine," had the effect of drawing a large audience in all parts of the theatre. The fair actress appeared last night in two speaking acts and two of pantomime, M'lle Ravel speaks in a clear musical tone, with enough of the French accent to give a charming piquancy to her speech. Any one having even but a slight knowledge of drill, could appreciate the rare excellence and brilliancy of the rifle drill, which was frequently applauded. In the second act there was an exciting sword combat between M'lle Ravel and Capt. St. Hilaire (W. C. Pope.) In the third act the escape of "Jartine," who walked on a rope from a window of the Mexican fortress, was one of the most effective and beautiful scenes presented this season. The last act witnessed another broad sword combat between M'lle Ravel and the Brigand Chief (J. W. Norris.) The play is full of interesting scenes, plots, and situations, and is about the most attractive in M'lle Ravel's repertoire. Louis Aldrich as "Col. Roul La Tour" in the second act rendered an exciting piece of acting in his interview with Capt. St. Hilaire, and when he discovers the treachery of the latter. He was frequently applauded. Mr. Lennox was very funny, and the other parts were as well filled as could be expected, considering the length and difficulty of the piece. The play will be repeated to-night and it is the last night of M'lle Ravel's engagement. It should draw a full house.

Bishop's Opera House.

A matinee for ladies and children will be given this afternoon, commencing at half-past two, and this evening the amusing and interesting La Verd children will take a benefit. All who have witnessed the highly entertaining performances of these children will have the last opportunity to see them to-night. The full strength of the Company will assist. This evening Miss Blanche Selwyn will appear in her lightning changes and her remarkable performances which are about the best of the kind ever given here, even exceeding Grace Egerton in male characters. Prof. Pellage and orchestra, Mr. and Mrs. McEvoy, Hogan and Mudge, the four La Verds, Roome and Talbot, Jeffreys and Hope will give a monster bill to-night.

Stone & Murray's Circus

will give two performances at the Ballast Wharf, next Saturday, at half-past two in the afternoon, and eight o'clock in the evening.

More complaints about the Gas—How it can be remedied.

It is becoming a general cause of complaint throughout the city that the gas furnished by the Company for the past week or more is so offensively smoky as to make it very unpleasant to consumers. Numerous complaints have been made at the Office of the Works, and, although Mr. Britain has in every case explained the cause and stated the remedy to the complainants, yet the majority are inclined to believe that the fault lies in the poor quality of gas furnished, one lady remarking that the Company kept the best gas for themselves and gave the poor quality to the City. Such is not the case, however:—indeed, the opposite is the fact. Owing to the non arrival of a second quality coal ordered from England months ago, to mix with the cannel at present being used, the gas is too rich and consequently is very offensive when burnt through a large burner. The use of a number two or three burner will conquer this disagreeable enemy to white ceilings.

Destruction of a Woollen Mill.

We regret to learn that yesterday forenoon, about 11 o'clock, the Mill at Golden Grove, owned by Bela R. Lawrence, Esq., (recently Robinson, Lawrence & Co.,) was destroyed through the roof catching fire from sparks from the chimney. A number of persons will be thrown out of employment and a commendable enterprise interrupted by this untoward accident. We understand the Factory was insured in The Queen office (Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis) for $1,000 and in The Royal (Mr. Kaye) for $4,000.

Selling the Marsh Road.

The repairs on the Marsh Road will be put up at Public Auction on Monday, the sale to commence near the Cemetery. It might be well for parties who are largely interested in having this road put in good shape, to attend the sale and see that the contracts are not let at too high a figure, as no doubt persons can be found who, for the sake of procuring the much needed improvements, will undertake to lay out the money without regard to much profit from the job.

The Supreme Court.

The case of *ex porte* McDonald came up before the Supreme Court at Fredericton this morning. This was an application for *certiorari* to set aside an assessment for school purposes in Queen's County on several grounds, one of which was that the School Act was unconstitutional. The Attorney General appeared to show cause, but the Court said that as there were sufficient grounds to grant *certiorari* they would not express any opinion as to whether the School Act was *ultra vires* or not. They may deliver judgments on Tuesday.

Fine Binding.

Messrs. Barnes & Co. are now turning out very superior specimens of Binding. They are giving more than ordinary attention to this department. A son of a member of the firm recently spent a considerable time in leading Binderies in the Upper Provinces, and was enabled to master important secrets of this branch of industry. Some samples of marbling and gilt-edging that we have seen from his hands reflect credit on his taste and talent. Orders entrusted to the establishment receive prompt attention.

The Directors of the St. John Industrial School

beg to acknowledge the receipt of $20.20, being amount of collection made in the Rev. Mr. Swabey's Church, (Carleton,) after the delivery of his farewell sermon to his congregation. The Directors cannot let Mr. Swabey leave the Province without a special acknowledgment of the deep interest which he has always taken in the School, and of the many favors for which they are indebted to him and his congregation.