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Vol 42

Poetry.

CHARMS OF SOLITUDE.

BY HARRY BURTON.

Where the dark and shady willows,
Lowly bending to the breeze,
Seem like angry, swelling billows,
On the troubled Western seas—

Where the birds in joyous chorus,
Chant the praise of coming spring,
And their voices soaring o'er us,
Sensations fond and pleasing bring—

Where in bloom, the fragrant flowers,
Scent the groves with odours sweet;
Where to spend the fleeting hours,
Youthful loves often meet—

Where the sunbeams falling lightly
On the sparkling morning dew;
Flood o'er fields and meadows brightly,
Each reflecting every hue—

Where the lake in peaceful slumbers,
Lies a calm and tranquil sheet;
While the drowsing deer in numbers,
Gain its banks with willing feet—

Where kind Nature ever seeming,
More and more rejoiced and gay,
Often sets her lovers dreaming,
Many a weary hour away—

There I'll place my modest dwelling,
Covered o'er with mossy screen;
And with joy my bosom swelling,
In solitude alone be seen.

There I'll pass my years remaining,
Safe, secure from worldly crime;
Intercourse with man disdaining,
Nature shall engross my time.

There, when life has ceased its beating,
In this poor and humble clay,
Till the grand and awful meeting,
In solitude my form shall lay.

The Demon of the Cup.

I had been reading an oriental tale of the fanciful order. It was a story of the genii, and I had been deeply interested in it. I was very comfortably situated in my room, and on the table was a glass containing the remains of a sherry cobbler I had imbibed. It never occurred to me that these same sherry cobbler were dangerous companions for a young man, and I was in the habit of taking from three to a dozen of them *per diem*—three when I was going to see Lucy Sheldon, a particular friend of mine, and a dozen on the off days.

I turned the leaves of the magazine, but I could find no other story that looked inviting; so I threw it down, and sunk back in the rocking chair. Things had begun to look rather dim, and my own consciousness very indistinct, when my attention was attracted by a strange commotion in the glass from which I had partly consumed my cobbler.

Glanced at it, and presently a long wreath of smoke or vapor rose from the glass, and stretched itself over toward the further corner of the room, just exactly as the clouds had preceded the appearance of the genii in the story I had been reading.

The vapor slowly, and apparently with malice aforethought, began to assume a tangible shape, finally resolving itself into the form of a ugly looking demon as I ever read about. He was monstrous in size, would probably have been twenty feet in height, if the room had been lofty enough.

"Who are you?" I inquired, displeased with my visitor.

"I am the demon of the cup," he replied, in a voice which seemed to shake the whole house.

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance," I continued.

"Yes, you have. You are one of my best friends."

"I believe we never met before."

"A dozen times a day."

"Then you did not look as ugly as you do now, if you will excuse my boldness."

"No; I wear a pleasant face when I make the acquaintance of a young gentleman; but I thought it was about time we should be better acquainted. You don't know me yet. We will have a social time if you like."

"No, thank you; I cannot say that I am much pleased with your society."

"At any rate, I will introduce you to some of my friends," he continued, as he waved his hand over the cup.

Instantly another cloud of smoke proceeded from the cup, which presently assumed the form of a decrepit, ragged, filthy old man.

"O! all that I had ever seen of wretchedness, squalor and misery, the figure before me was the most fitting representative, only the degree of wretchedness seemed a hundred fold intensified."

"Who are you?" I demanded, as the old man

moved towards me.

"My name is Poverty,"

"I should think it might be. What do you want here?"

"I just dropped in to be introduced to you, for you and I are likely to be friends."

"Indeed, old fellow, you are reckoning too fast. I keep only respectable company."

"Just now you do, but you will change your habits by-and-by."

"Don't be too familiar, if you please," I suggested, as the old chap drew a chair to my side and seated himself.

"We are bound to be friends, young man. Did you ever read Emerson's works?"

"Of course I have."

"Well, sir, I am a respectable man."

"You had better take yourself off or I shall be under the necessity of kicking you down stairs."

"I do not mind that, for I am used to it."

"Be civil to him," interposed the demon, "he is one of us and a good fellow in his way. He often brings men to their senses when nothing else will. But you have another friend, and again he waved his hand over the cup."

Again the vapor rose from the glass, and another form more hideous than either of the other appeared before me. I was alarmed at first by his savage expression and glaring eyes.

"Who are you?" I inquired, shrinking back from the loathsome monster.

"My name is Crime."

"Then you have been well named."

"I have worked for you to do."

"I am too much engaged to assist you," I replied.

"Come, come, don't be stiff about it. I suppose you are not quite ready to help me yet, but I can bite my time, for I have a mortgage on you which in due season you must pay up."

"How do you like my friends?" asked the demon.

"I don't like them."

"No."

"The old fellow is an inconvenient companion, and I don't like the morals of the other chap. His notions of mine and thine are too indefinite to suit my ideas."

"Indeed; you seemed so much inclined to make their acquaintance I supposed you were anxious to number them among your friends."

"I?" "Certainly, they belong in the cup; but there is more yet you must know."

As he spoke the smoke infernal curled up and resolved into the form of a woman. She was pale, haggard, and almost a skeleton.

She was clothed in rags, and was a perfect picture of wretchedness and despair. There was nothing really hideous in her aspect, except the marks of poverty and want, which she bore. She turned and fixed a glance of reproach upon me—a glance which thrilled to the soul. I pitied the poor wretch, and turned away.

I looked again, those features were familiar to me. I was shocked, horrified, as I recognized Lucy Sheldon in the dreadful figure before me.

"Lucy!" I exclaimed, with a start of terror.

"Oh, Robert!" she cried, in agony, as she threw herself on her knees before me, "pity me! Pity our poor children! They are hungry, they are perishing with cold. I am hungry, I am freezing, but I care nothing for myself. Pity them, save them!"

"My God, Lucy?"

"Drink no more, Robert. You have reduced me to the most abject misery. Drink no more, as you pity me, if you do not love me!"

"Oh, Lucy! Does she too belong to the cup?" I asked, appealing to the demon.

"She does; but for the present we keep her down in the mint and sugar. She will be one of us by-and-by," he replied, with a grin.

"Robert, Robert!" groaned Lucy, "promise me you will drink no more."

"As God is my judge, I will not," I cried, springing from my chair.

But there I stood in my chamber alone, and there on the table stood the glass from which my dreaming fancy had conjured up the Demon of the Cup and his friends.

I reflected for a time and threw the balance of the sherry cobbler in the grate. If the cup was the abode of such a wretched crew (my readers all know that it is), I determined not to meddle with it again. And I have not.

ONE OF NATURE'S POETS.—It is said that on one occasion, as Miss Wordsworth, sister of the poet, was passing through a soft music, she fell in with a countrywoman, who exclaimed, "I am so fond of stock-doves!" "Oh," thought Miss Wordsworth, "at last I have come on one of Nature's poets, with a soul to appreciate the beautiful music of the birds!" Very rudely was the dream dissipated by an explanatory remark of the woman's: "Some like them in

pies, and some like them roasted; but for my part, I think there's nothing like them stewed with onions."

THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

The Presbyterians of Canada have been holding a series of the most important meetings at Montreal, during the past few days, for the purpose of forming a Union of the Four sections of Presbyterians in the Dominion, into one Church. Clergymen of the denomination from all parts of British America are present. We copy the following interesting information on the rise and progress of the Church in the Dominion, from the "Canadian Presbyterian Year Book for 1875."

The Huguenots were the first Presbyterians that entered Canada, then called *La Nouvelle France*. There remain to-day very few traces of their existence. The Presbyterianism that now exists is of Irish and Scotch origin. It entered British America from different directions, at different times, and in varied circumstances. There were, however, four chief centres, whence arose, like springs in our forest primaval, the Presbyterian streams that are now on the eve of uniting into one great river, to gladden and bless large portions of our Dominion.

I lack yet eleven years of being one century since the Rev. Messrs Smith, Cook and (in name, ministers of the Burger Synod, organized in Truro the first Presbytery of British North America. That very year, 1780, the Rev. James McGregor, sent out by Anti-Burgher Synod, arrived in Halifax, sat, it would seem, with the new Presbytery, and pushed on to his destination, Pictou, then consisting of one or two houses. After eight years of hard work, Mr. McGregor was joined by two ministers of his own communion, who, along with him, constituted in Robert Marshall's name, in 1794, the Associate Presbytery of Nova Scotia. For twenty years the two Presbyteries stood apart, at length in 1817 they met, on common ground, and after much consultation and prayer, formed a union (the first colonial union of which there is any record) of all the Presbyteries of Nova Scotia, save one congregation. The divisions of Old Scotland, however, broke again the unity of New Scotland, for we find in 1844 again three Presbyterian churches in Nova Scotia. By the union of the Free Church of Nova Scotia and the Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia in 1860, the three became two. These two, now at the eve of union, constitute all the Presbyterians of Nova Scotia, save four ministers of the Reformed Church.

Four years before the Burgher brethren, David Smith and Daniel Cook landed in Halifax, and six years after the taking of Quebec, the Rev. George Henry, military chaplain at the time of the Conquest, organized in 1785, a Presbyterian congregation in the City of Quebec.

"That fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key," Having resigned his chaplaincy, he continued for 28 years to minister to the little congregation of Presbyterians that met for worship on the shoulder of Cape Diamond and under the shadow of the old Cathedral church of Canada—except last year into a Basilica. His successor, the Rev. Mr. Spark, entered on his official duties with all the formalities that circumstances would permit, for as yet there was no Presbytery in the land.

Seven years before Mr. Henry's death (1793) there arrived in Canada the Rev. J. Bethune, a native of the island of Skye. Soon after his ordination he had been appointed to the charge of a congregation of Scotch Highlanders in South Carolina. During the American War he was appointed chaplain to the 84th regiment. On the return of peace he accompanied those of his people who had joined the Royal Standard to Canada, and held his first Presbyterian service in Montreal on the 12th of March 1793. In the following year he took up his residence at Williamstown, Glengarry, where he lived for some years, the first and only minister of the Scotch Church in Upper Canada. He organized the congregation of Cornwall, Lancaster, Martintown, Williamstown and Charlottetown.

It is almost certain, though there are no written records of the fact, that Mr. Bethune, Mr. Spark of Quebec, who at first assisted and then succeeded Mr. Henry in that city, and Mr. Young of Montreal, constituted in 1793 the Presbytery of Montreal, just one year before the meeting already referred to in Robert Marshall's barn. This Presbytery perished "by unfortunate circumstances," leaving no written record, but out its ashes arose in 1803 another Presbytery of Montreal, consisting of two ministers, Rev. John Bethune, Glengarry, and Rev. Alexander Spark, Quebec, with

three elders, which held its first meeting on the 17th September of that year. In 1808 arrived the Rev. William Smith, and commenced labors in Brockville in 1811, carrying to-day the honorable distinction of having formed in 1817 the first Bible Society in Canada, in 1818 the first Missionary Society, and in 1820 the first Religious Tract Society.

Five years after formation of Presbytery in Montreal, Rev. R. McDowell came to Upper Canada from Albany, and he laboured with zeal and effect in that then sparsely settled country. In a very interesting paper, descriptive of his experience in Canada, which Mr. McDowell read by request before the Presbytery of Kingston in 1839, he says:—

"There are now ten ministers of the Church of Scotland, and seven other Presbyterian ministers within the 282 miles in which I labored 40 years ago. The extension of new settlements has uncovered the moral desolations. These are now so numerous in id comparison with the number of ministers that some of them have Presbyterian preaching no oftener than once or twice a year."

New settlements have generally the disadvantage of a scattered population and the newness and badness of the roads which prevent them from going as far as they might otherwise do to hear the words of eternal life. Blessed be God who has inspired the hearts of a few approved shepherds who have removed to our moral wilderness to gather the scattered sheep into the fold of Jesus. But this band is too small to accomplish the necessary labor in collecting them, and death will soon end their labors. A larger supply we must have or religion will decline. God will be with those who come with apostolic disposition to do them good. I have found it so. When I came to this country the settlements were small and far apart. The inhabitants were poor, merchantize high priced, and farm produce low, and consequently they were greatly involved in debt, and could do but little to support the gospel. But God who multiplied the widow's oil and fed the prophet by ravens, has in ways more mysterious to me, abundantly supplied all my wants. His land is not short of anything. They who by faith put their trust in Him, shall not lack any good thing."

The Presbyterian church in the Dominion, while it passed through many vicissitudes, progressed rapidly, both in numbers and influence. The following is the basis on which the four churches have agreed to unite:—

PREAMBLE TO BASIS.

The Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Canada Presbyterian Church, the Church of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, holding the same doctrine, government, and discipline, believing that it would be for the glory of God, and the advancement of the cause of Christ that they should unite and thus form one Presbyterian Church in the Dominion, independent of all other Churches in its jurisdiction, and under authority to Christ alone, the head of His Church, agree to unite on the following Basis, to be subscribed by the moderators of the respective Churches on their behalf:

1. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, being the Word of God, are the only infallible rule of faith and manners.
2. The Westminster Confession of Faith shall form the subordinate standard of this Church; the Larger & Shorter Catechisms shall be adopted by the Church and appointed to be used for the instruction of the people;—it being distinctly understood that nothing contained in the aforesaid Confession or Catechisms, regarding the power and duty of the Civil Magistrate, shall be held to sanction any principles or views inconsistent with full liberty of conscience in matters of religion.
3. The government and worship of this Church shall be in accordance with the recognized principles and practice of Presbyterian Churches, as laid down generally in the "Form of the Presbyterian Church Government," and in "The Directory for the Public Worship of God."

Jones gave a lawyer a bill to be collected to the amount of \$30. Calling for it, after awhile, he enquired if it had been to be settled. "Oh, yes," said the lawyer, "I have it for you." What charge for collecting? "Oh, said the lawyer laughing, I'm not going to charge you—why I have known you ever since you were a baby, and your father before you; \$20 will be about right," handing over \$10. "Well," said Jones as he meditated upon the transaction, "it's darned lucky he didn't know my grandfather, or I shouldn't have got anything!"

A HEARTY APPETITE.—"Be careful what you eat," say our health advisers. This is all right enough, for the animal diet in warm weather heats the blood, tends to headaches, and is generally unwholesome, unless sparingly used. On the other hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit and bread, are cooling, corrective, and what the palate most craves. Do not be afraid to go without meat for a month or so, and, if you like, live on a purely vegetable regimen. You will lose no more strength than is common to the time, and you will not suffer from protracted heat, as when dining on the regulation roast. Many persons regard a hearty desire for food as something undefined, indelicate, and to be constantly discouraged. But this is all nonsense. It is just as necessary for the man who works only with his brain, to eat beef and mutton, as for the man who labors solely with his hands. The stomach and the brain are twins; the former being the elder, and having prior right to care. Let that be well provided for, and it will sustain its brother. The people who strive to check a wholesome and natural appetite are the people who regard dinner merely as a feed, and not the centre of an agreeable social custom, and as the domestic event of the day. We are sorry for them, as they must regard eating as a prosaic duty, obligatory on them because they have a him in favor of living. We all know that we must eat to live; but by no means live to eat, simply because we enjoy what we eat. We are not gourmands because we relish chop, nor are we invalids because we want strawberries. A good appetite is a good thing, but not if it is to be worried by urging or neglect.

LAST WORDS.—Contrary to Pope's idea that "to the latest breath" one shall feel "the ruling passion strong in death," it is a remarkable fact that the last words of noted persons rarely ever indicate the characteristics which controlled their lives. Pope's own farewell words were "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue." Sir Walter Scott's last thoughts were for his family, who surrounded his bed, and to whom he said "God bless you all." As the final darkness gathered about him, Goethe, with his expiring breath, asked for "More light." Madame de Staël's last words are familiar to all, "I have loved God, my father, and liberty," equally well known are those of Madame Roland, addressed to a statue of Liberty, at her execution. "O! Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

The inconsistencies in our orthography are something fearful to contemplate. Tongue spells "tongue," and the man who first spelled it should have been tongue. A-c-h-e spells "ache," and that's all you can make out of it. E-i-g-h-t spells "eight," no matter how you deprecate the idea; and that a-c-o-l-d should spell "ale," and f-e-i-g-n "feign" is enough to make anybody smile, if the effort were not too painful. This is rather too rough "rough" on our spelling.

A compositor on a New York daily is setting up a French word inserted in a When the proof-reader sent out his proof the compositor remonstrated, saying he followed copy. The proof-reader informed the gentleman that it was not used in the French language, whereupon the compositor enquired of the learned artist "how he would spell wheelbarrow without a w." The roar of laughter from his fellow compositors can be imagined.

A Providence lady was recently overheard at an evening assembly speaking in high praise of a pretty girl just passing. "Why she is a perfect paragon of a young lady!" "I think you mean parallelogram, do you not?" suggested the waggish gentleman addressed. "I said parallelogram, M." exclaimed the lady, with a combination of dignity and indignation impossible to describe.

SEEING THE FOLLY OF IT.—A youth asked permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and my father go to balls when you were young?" "Yes; but we have seen the folly of it," said the mother. "Well, mother, exclaimed the son, "I want to see the folly of it too."

A San Antonio (Texas) newspaper says: "A gentleman who came several thousand miles to view the land, with the purpose of purchasing land, got a large-sized ant on him a few days ago, and, strange as he was, he took about and used as appropriate language as if he had lived here all his life and moved in the best society."

Telegraphic News.

Ottawa, June 12.

An Act of the United States is published, as supplementary to Acts on Immigration, prohibiting importation of Coolies or of women for immoral purposes by any ship or vessel.

The inhabitants of Glengarry, without distinction of party, intend to offer a banquet to Lieut. Governor Macdonald as an expression of their gratification at his promotion.

Montreal, June 11.

It is considered doubtful whether the proposed union of Presbyterian Churches can be accomplished without recourse to the Law Courts, owing to the opposition of the Rev. Gavin Lang and others.

London, June 12.

It is reported that a crisis is imminent in Athens which may result in the abdication of the king. Five Turkish men-of-war were ordered to cruise in the Greek waters. The Russian minister advised the King not to abdicate without securing the rights of heir to the throne.

Havana, June 11.

The news is received via St. Thomas, of an earthquake in New Grenada. The destruction is greatest in the valley of Cacuata on Venezuelan frontier. It is reported that 6000 lives were lost by the calamity.

New York, June 12.

It has been decided by the Assessment Commission, that grain in storehouses at Toronto is not subject to taxation.

The Small Pox is raging with violence in Ponce, Porto Rico. Vessels from there are quarantined in all West Indian ports. Gold 117½ @ 110½.

Point Du Chene, June 14.

By the upsetting of a boat, about seven o'clock this morning, in Summerside Harbor, four men were drowned;—John Bent, the light keeper at Cape Tormentine; Th. Barnes and H. Rayworth, of Port Elgin; and one Trenholm, of Botsford.

New York, June 14.

The call of the Finance Minister upon Canadian Banks, to hold themselves in readiness for calls on account of Government deposits, is creating a stir in Dominion financial circles.

London, June 14.

Some American war vessels, attached to a European squadron, arrived in German waters, and met with a warm reception.

A Ministerial crisis is impending in Italy on account of Public Safety Bill for the suppression of brigandage, which is opposed by the Left.

New York, June 14.

The Island of Jamaica is suffering severely from the effects of the hurricane of November. Gold 110½ @ 110½.

The Megantic Railway.

The benefits which this road will bring are substantial and numerous. We have already referred to some of them. A correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* shows the effect which its completion will have upon the shipment of Canadian lumber:—

The lumber movement over the Megantic railroad will be much larger than is commonly supposed. This arises from the fact that lumber is so much more valuable delivered at shipping points on the coast of Maine, than if delivered at shipping points on the river or gulf of St. Lawrence. We know familiarly that from the great Mills at Brompton on the Portland and Montreal railroad, two hundred and three miles from Portland and only ninety-four miles from Montreal, the entire product is sent to Portland in bond for foreign shipment. The exact cost of getting it to Portland is more than made up by its greater value in Portland, compared with Montreal. It is a similar fact which will give great lumber freights to the Megantic Railroad, and as connected with it, to the Piscataquis railroad. It is two hundred and three miles from Portland to Brompton, while it will only be one hundred and fifty miles by the Megantic road from Bangor to the Canada line.

When the Canada line is reached it will be a question of the comparative advantages of sending the sawed product one hundred and fifty miles by rail to Bangor, or of moving the logs or their sawed products by stream or rail to markets on the St. Lawrence, where lumber is very much less valuable than it is at Bangor. The forests are very heavy and substantially virgin in Canada where the Megantic railroad will cross the boundary, and it is from that region that the most profitable lumber freights of the Megantic railroad are to be looked for. If all the lumber manufactured at Brompton is brought two hundred and three miles to Portland, (and a large amount is, in fact, brought from points beyond Brompton,) we may be sure that all the lumber in Canada within the same distance of Bangor will come this way, adding thereby to our commerce and shipping, and paying freights to the Piscataquis railroad, the prosperity of which is, in so many ways, important to us.—*Times*.

Siam at the Centennial.

His Majesty the King of Siam, having accepted the invitation of the United States Government to take part in the International Exhibition at Philadelphia next year, has appointed J. H. Chandler, Esq., as Royal Commissioner. Mr. Chandler is a native of Pomfret, Conn. He has resided in Siam about thirty-two years past, and is well acquainted with the productions and resources of the country. His early labors in that country were devoted to type founding, printing, bookmaking, and the introduction of various improvements. He

has the honor of introducing steamboats, and also steam machinery for manufacturing purposes, besides numerous labor saving machines to facilitate and improve the mechanic arts. Nearly all the early improvements which have done so much for the country were introduced by him. For the last twelve years or so, he has devoted himself mainly to the language, teaching, etc., and has for a long time held the position of chief government translator in the foreign office. He was tutor to His Majesty before his first coronation. With Mr. Chandler for Commissioner, and the readiness with which the King and his ministers have entered upon the work of preparing and forwarding the productions of the country, it may be expected that the kingdom of Siam will make a good display at the International Exhibition.—*Scientific American*.

REMOVAL.

The STANDARD OFFICE has been removed to Mr. John Bailey's Building, Water Street, opposite Mr. Wm. Bradley's store. Entrance from side door.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, JUNE 16, 1875.

POSTAGE PREPAID.

The Postal Law which will come into operation on the 1st July next, compels Publishers to prepay postage on newspapers sent by mail. While this will relieve persons from paying postage on their newspapers, it causes an additional outlay to the publisher. Subscribers will therefore please pay in advance, as we do not intend to pay postage and give credit on the STANDARD at the same time. As we will furnish the paper at the present price, payment must be made strictly in advance. Those in arrears for past years, will please liquidate their accounts prior to the 1st July.

A St. Andrews Boy in the Arctic Expedition.

Our old town may well feel proud of its sons, who hold prominent positions in all quarters of the globe—their integrity, talent, energy and qualifications fitting them for any office. In far off India, China, Australia, Africa, Europe, California, the United States, and the great North West, our good old town has its representatives in the Army, Navy, the learned Professions, and the Mechanic Art. We could name, if necessary, natives of St. Andrews on the Bench, at the Bar, in the Pulpit, in the Editorial Sanctum, in leading Manufacturing establishments, and Mercantile firms, but content ourselves for the present, by stating that Dr. C. MACLEAN, was appointed Surgeon to one of the ships belonging to the Arctic Expedition, which sailed from Portsmouth, England, on the 29th ult. Surgeon Maclean is a son of the late Rev. Alex. Maclean, D.D., formerly Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this Town, who was beloved by all denominations, and particularly by those among whom he ministered so acceptably for many years. Many of the old residents will remember that the Doctor was married here, and that he returned to Scotland in 1844, whither his family followed him. Three of his sons are Physicians, two of them Surgeons in the Navy, and one a Clergyman. Dr. Geo. Maclean, of H. M. S. *Pantolon*, was at one time on the North American station, but had not the privilege of visiting his native town.

THE SCHOOLS.—During the past week, the Trustees placed the remainder of the new furniture in the large new School building, which is now complete in all its arrangements,—a credit to the Town, and a monument of the energy and devotion of our zealous Trustees, to the interests of the rising generation. The play grounds are in excellent order, nicely levelled and gravelled, and the elms planted around the building are thrifty. To use the words of a friend who is a Trustee elsewhere, and who visited the school a few days ago, "The Building, its surroundings and management are highly creditable to the Trustees, whom the ratepayers were so fortunate as to select, and who have devoted so much time and labor to the cause of education without fee or reward."

BAY OF FUNDY GRANITE COMPANY.—We are pleased to learn that the business of the Bay of Fundy Red Granite Company is increasing rapidly, and that the Company purpose augmenting their force of workmen to double the number at present employed. It is satisfactory also to state that the Stock is at par value, and that the business of the Association is prosperous. They have shown that they can compete with the Aberdeen Companies, and that in pillars, large monuments, etc., they have a decided advantage, as they can obtain blocks of any length without either defect or blemish. There are nearly fifty Granite Companies in Scotland all doing a good business in quarrying Red Granite. The demand is so great in the country that the buildings are to be enlarged. Orders are now being filled for eighteen polished lamp posts with engraved bases, for the White House grounds, Washington, and other orders are being daily received. It is pleasing to us to record the excellent prospects of our St. George friends who have invested so much means in the undertaking.

PINES in St. John appear to have no end. Messrs. Willis & Law's Cloth Factory in Gilbert's lane, took fire on Saturday last, and the building with a large lot of goods, and machin-

ery was destroyed. Insured for \$10,000, on building and stock. On Saturday night a policeman in the City, discovered three suspicious characters lurking in the vicinity of Brussels street, and shortly after a fire was set in an alley off Richmond Street. The policemen arrested one of them a young lad named Murphy, who was taken to jail.

THE STREETS.—We are pleased to record that Street Commissioner Hipwell, has made great improvements in the Streets by filling up the ruts, clearing out the water tables, and graveling. He has men at work on Carleton Street spreading gravel; the street has been neglected for several years, and it is gratifying to know that the Commissioner, who knows no favoritism, is performing his duty in a manner to entitle him to commendation.

The Bishop of Fredericton administered the Episcopal rite of Confirmation to forty-seven persons, on Sabbath last, and ably addressed them on their duties. In the evening he preached an eloquent and impressive sermon to a large and attentive audience.

Some gold bearing quartz has been discovered on the farm of Mr. James Love, near Moore's Mills, in this county, and that two returned Californians are operating upon it. In various parts of the County gold bearing quartz is known to exist—but an old miner informed us that "they are not rich enough to pay for working."

Some of our contemporaries are troubled with *riparian* on the brain; and are discussing it in all its rights, moods, tenses, and applications. One of them must feel humiliated, and a little cheap, when his self-importance was taken down, and his learned articles on the subject scattered to the winds, by an able co-worker; which has shown that "a little learning" will not answer now-a-days. His conceit is an illustration of one of Pope's character's who had "grown ten times penter than before."

Warren Hatheway, Esq., one of the prominent men of Eastport, was in town this week, and looks, as usual, uncommonly well. Mr. Hatheway is the same genial, whole souled man he ever was.

We are pleased to learn that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who was very ill, has nearly recovered, and that he was able to visit St. John, this week.

A number of persons left here on the Excursion trip to Boston to witness the Bunker Hill celebration. The International Steamers now make three trips a week.

The Orangemen of St. Stephen and vicinity have invited their Brethren in York, Carleton, and St. John, to join them in celebrating the 12th July; and it is said they intend doing so.

OBITUARY.

The following melancholy intelligence of the death of the senior members of a worthy family well known here, was handed us for publication.

At Digby, N.S., on April 25th, Mrs. Eleanor Flynn, aged 59, and her husband Mr. Joshua Flynn, on June 1st, aged 63. They began a Christian career early in life, and continued to be steadfast to the end.

Also, at the same place on June 12th, Mr. William Flynn, (his brother) aged 68, of whose Christian path, all who knew him, will unhesitatingly declare, was "as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." His unflinching faith and composure during the time of his departure from this to the other world was somewhat remarkable. About twenty minutes before his death, he quietly got up from his bed, unlocked his trunk, took out his grave clothes, which he had kept in readiness for a number of years, then washed and dressed himself for burial. When the last enemy approached to close a long career of intense suffering, he exclaimed in ecstasies of delight, "Welcome death, I have long waited for thee!"

RAIL TRANSIT IN LONDON.—Recently, during one day, Whit Monday, 246,547 passengers were carried on the Metropolitan Underground Railway, London, being at the rate of ninety millions of passengers per annum. The stations are half a mile apart. The trains run every two minutes; they consist of twelve cars each, and are drawn by locomotives weighing forty-five tons each. They discharge and take up a load of passengers, run to the next station, and stop, all within the space of two minutes.

THE SEA-SERPENT.—Professor Verrill, the leading authority on the subject of fish in the United States, believes in the sea-serpent. He says, "May there not also be huge marine saurians still living in the North Atlantic, in company with the giant squids, but not yet known to naturalists? Such a belief seems quite reasonable, when we consider how many species of great marine animals, both among cephalopods and octopods, are still known only from single specimens, or even mere fragments, generally obtained only by chance." It will be seen from this extract that the learned professor is a believer in the possible existence of the great

"sea-serpent," about which so many contests have arisen. He considers that these gigantic cephalopods and the sea-serpents may exist in the same locality in the depths of the North Atlantic. Who knows but one of these big squids may one day twine its long arms around our sea serpent, and locked in each other's embrace, they may, by some lucky chance, be drifted ashore.

Lightning.

There are indications that we may anticipate severe electrical disturbances during the coming summer. The winter has been unusually long and severe. Abnormal weather has occurred over most parts of the globe. Reports of severe thunderstorms reach us from the Cape and the antipodes. Exceptional conditions of this kind abroad usually presage similar conditions in England. "Coming events cast their shadows before." But whether the coming summer be above or below the average, we are bound to call attention to the fearful apathy and gross carelessness evinced in not protecting buildings from atmospheric electrical discharges.

During two severe storms in England, in June 1872, there were ten deaths and fifteen cases of injury to human beings; sixteen houses struck, and fifteen burnt down; and twenty-three horses and cattle, and ninety-nine sheep killed. These accidents that are not recorded are innumerable. In large towns damage to property is more frequent than destruction of human life; but in the open country, destruction of life is perhaps more frequent than destruction of property, unless we except trees, which are ruined in thousands every year, and unfortunately—from their size and growth—the finest suffer.

Lightning protection is therefore not only a necessity, but it is a source of satisfaction and comfort. It is difficult to comprehend the reasons why it is not more largely adopted. It is not its utility—for the beneficial effect of lightning conductors among our buildings and our shipping is incontestable. It is not its expense—for a house can be protected for a less sum of money than is required to bed out a parterre. It is not its difficulty—for any skilled workman or energetic landlord can do it with ease.

Dr. Mann, the President of the Meteorological Society, has done good service in reading an exhaustive and able paper on the subject before the Society of Arts, and an admirable notice of it was given in the *London Times*. Dr. Mann has supplemented this notice with an excellent letter to the leading journal on the precautions to be taken, especially with the tall zinc tubes now so largely used for chimney tops. Mr. Pease had previously called attention, in the *Times*, to the danger of chimneys, lined as they are with soot, filled with ascending currents of heated air and smoke, and terminated in grates, acting as lightning conductors. If all such chimney pots be connected with the water pipes by galvanized iron ropes, and if all these pipes make good earth (that is to say, have a large metallic surface in contact with the earth), a house is as safe from lightning as a collier in a mine.

THE ALDINE for June (No. 18 of the current series) has come to hand, and it may be called one of the most substantial numbers of the publication which has yet appeared, appealing, throughout, to the most refined and elevated sentiments. The fact is especially notable in several of the illustrations. "Mother's Darling," the first, being a perfect apotheosis of that noblest and most self-sacrificing of affections conveyed by the name; while in two companion pictures, "The Helping Hand," and "Saved and Lost," the story of man's spiritual peril and his only abiding refuge is told most strikingly. Three fine pictures open the promised series of "Picturesque Europe," in "A Waterfall in the Pyrenees," a gem of Albert Rieger, the original of which formed one of the leading art-attractions at Vienna in 1873—and two charming ovals, "Sunset on the Boze," and "The Heron's Rock," both from picturesque Auvergne. The other full-page picture of the number is a graphic "Battle of Bunker Hill," following out the patriotic Centennial series commenced three months ago; and a handsome illustration of Scott, the "Drinking Stag," three noble views of Durham Cathedral, and a portrait of Hon. Luther B. Wyman, of Brooklyn, make up the art-contents of the number.

In letter-press, no story of the secession war has been so plainly and yet so sweetly told, as is "A Virginia Girl's Experience at the Fall of Richmond," of which a part is given in this number. The novel of the Revolution, "The Spur of Monmouth," broadens and deepens in interest, and introduces new characters freely enough to indicate a wide field before the conclusion. Besides these, of prose, there are a charming little domestic story, "The Bellenden Difficulty," by Florence Allen, understood to be the promising daughter of the lady who taught the world the sweet words of "Rock me to sleep, mother;" a pleasant paper on "German towns," by Chas. Fulton; the first of a scrappy series by John Thompson, Jr., on "Odd Personal Resemblances;" careful papers on "Bunker Hill," on Music, Art and Literature. Then, and to conclude, we have the following poems—all worthy of their place: "The Mother's Darling," (illustrated) by John Hay Furness; "The Best to Come," by a pen of much past honor, that of Mrs. Susan Archer Talley Weiss; "June Roses," by Alice Williams; "One Maiden's Way," by C. Woodward Hutton; and "The Brook of Kildare," by Sarah D. Clark, making up a whole of quite the average ALDINE

excellence, which is all that need be said. The Aldine Company publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, New York City.

PILLOW LIFE-PRESERVERS.—The Scotsman prints the following:

An ingenious and useful life-preserver for passengers and crews was on Friday exhibited in Glasgow to a few gentlemen interested in shipping and emigration.—The preserver consists of two pillows of prepared corkwood, with an upper padding of hair, covered with mattress-ticks. The pillows are attached to each other in such a manner that when about to be used they can be placed one on the back and the other on the chest and tied, the head and shoulders being thus kept above water.—They have been tested, and the two have been found capable of supporting a man of twenty stone breast-high. The pillows can be made useful as articles of bedding during the passage, and every passenger can in a few minutes notice of danger, put them to use as life-preservers. Messrs. Allan of the Glasgow and Montreal emigration steamers, are having the pillows introduced into all their ocean going steamers.

Russian Aggression.

Not long ago the Russian bear laid his paw upon the Island of Sighalieu, on the coast of Chinese Tartary, and acquired a large slice of that territory. The importance of this absorption of a new soil is that it gives Russia a still more commanding position in the North Pacific Ocean. More recently there comes intelligence by way of San Francisco, that Russia has an eye upon Korea. By the acquisition of this territory the Pacific front of Russia would run to thirty-five degrees. Korea is six hundred miles long by one hundred miles wide, has more than a thousand miles of water front, is half-way between China and Japan, is highly productive, and would make a strong strategic naval station. The Koreans are in the habit of committing outrages of a very cruel character upon seamen cast on their shore, and hence the movements of Russia will be looked upon with more solicitude than efforts of this aggressive character: usually are in this age.

The *London Spectator*, a journal whose opinion is generally considered to be worth something, takes occasion in an elaborate article upon the future judicial system of England, to pay a fine compliment to a distinguished body in America. "The Supreme Court in the United States," it says, "is probably as ably manned as any bench in the world, but to its appointments are made substantially as they are made among ourselves; that is, the judges are 'raffed off' from among the veterans of the Bar, the victors in a struggle in which, though merit may fail, no man succeeds without it,—men sharpened by years of severe competition in which, day by day, they have had to do their very best; whose experience has usually made them knowing in human nature; in whom observation of, criticism of, antagonism with the bench have developed a high ideal of judicial propriety."

STRAIGHTENING A TALL CHIMNEY.—A high factory chimney in Havre, which during the process of building had, owing to the sinking of one side of its foundation, been thrown out of perpendicular, was recently straightened in the following manner: The earth on the side opposite to that toward which the chimney inclined was dug away to the foundation bed, and for a width of six feet. On the wide lower course, pillars of masonry were erected, which supported a heavy staging, on which some 30,000 paving stones were piled. The effect of this immense load was to cause a sinking of the structure beneath, which, in six weeks, resulted in the straightening of the chimney, the top having passed through an arc of 31 inches.

The people of Greece have raised by private subscription a considerable sum for the erection of a monument in honor of Lord Byron, as a recognition of his services in the cause of Greek liberation. It will be placed at Missolonghi, where Byron died, and where, out of his own means, he almost wholly fed, clothed and armed the garrison during the siege which made them famous.

A BRAVE WOMAN.—A young lady arrived in this city from Halifax on Saturday stopped at the Preble House over Sunday, and left for San Francisco Monday, where she will take passage for Australia. She is entirely alone, but is a refined, highly educated woman, who believes that a lady does not require a male escort even in going a voyage of so many thousand miles.—*Portland Ad.*

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.
June 9, Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen, mdze.
14, Emerald, Harvall, Chalais, plaster, Goodnow & Co.
16, Franklin, Langmaid, Boston, ballast.

DEPARTED.
12, H. V. Crandall, Maloney, St. John, blat.
14, Harold, Hanson, St. John, ballast.
15, Mary Ellen, Britt, Sydney, ballast.

New York, June 12, arrd. Christian, Andrews, from Rio Janeiro, 45 days out.
Philadelphia, June 12, nld. Nellie Clark, Clark, coal, for St. John.

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