

"The Maritime Farmer,"

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Maritime Farmer.

FREDERICTON, N. B., JANUARY 20, 1886.

Mr. Blake's Speech at London.

Mr. Blake the leader of the Opposition, made his first public address since his return from the old country, at London, Ontario, last Thursday evening. He was welcomed by his friends. We have diligently perused a verbatim report of the speech, and do not find anything particularly new. Mr. Blake of course makes a vigorous attack on the Government and its policy, but even in this his remarks are based on moderation. One striking and commendable feature of the speech, is its brevity. Mr. Blake only spoke an hour and a half. He sometimes speaks six hours.

Mr. Blake charged the Government with extravagance and jobbery, two things, which, coupled with incapacity, turned out of office the McKenzie Government, of which Mr. Blake was a member. He condemned the National Policy, and said the Grits when they got into power would re-adjust the tariff. That will not suit Judge Skinner and his Grit friends in St. John, who declare the N. P. a dead issue in Canadian politics.

Mr. Blake condemned the Government for loosing the bonds of Confederation. This is a point given him probably by our esteemed friend Mr. Ellis of the St. John Globe. Mr. Blake launched invectives against the franchise Act, the Gerrymander, and the C. P. Railway, and from this his transition to a discussion of the North-West Rebellion, the Riel Execution and the Quebec agitation, was easy. We give an abstract of his remarks on these latter matters, as the whole Grit community, and the Quebecers themselves, are awaited with breathless anxiety, to see what the Grit Chief would have to say on the Quebec's so recently agitating their minds.

Speaking of the Quebec agitation Mr. Blake said some Government supporters had made demands and used words and suggestions, and things have been done that did not commend themselves to his judgment. The attempt had been made in Ontario by the Government organs to create a war of races and creeds, a course which tended to imperil the future of our country. He was quite certain that this question was one to be debated in Parliament calmly, and in view of all the facts, rather than it should be made the subject of party cries. They could challenge the Government upon a definite issue. The question raised by the execution of Riel can only be disposed of by debate in Parliament. He had heard that both parties might be deeply guilty—the Government for neglect, and the insurgents for revolt, aggravated by inciting the Indians. Parliament should discuss the whole question, including the imprisonment, regarding which he would be willing to extend clemency. He deprecated the attempt made to mislead the warm expressions of the French Canadians and urged greater love and unity. Appeals should be founded on the great principle of justice to all alike, and no section should require special favor by reason of race or creed. When he had talked of Riel he had deprecated appeals to race or creed. He desired to give all a full measure of civil freedom. He hoped the present excitement would abate and discussion be more tranquil, calm and dignified. He said Parliament must have full enquiry with all papers before it. He said, with us, as with the Tories, there are differences which I will make no attempt to heat on these lines. I do not propose to construct a political platform out of the Regina scaffold or to create or cement party with the blood of the condemned. As I said lately, on another occasion, I will not attempt to open the portal with a blood-stained key. He then discussed the kind of evidence required to be placed before Parliament, such as the letters found at Batohé, and an authentic report of the trials. He sustained the Government, so far as the constitution of the court was concerned, while regretting that the court machinery of the North-West was not more perfect; but they must examine all the facts, so as to be certain that all was done that ought to be done to secure justice. He knew of no political compact or alliance—no one was to be partial; he had no communication direct or indirect with anyone outside his own party. He hoped, however, that some alliance could be formed, based on common patriotic principles, which would in due time lead to the Government's political death, as sure, as sure, as swift, as to any former had been meted out.

Mr. Blake failed in his speech to satisfy either the Ontario Grits who hoped he would make a bid for the support of the Quebecers, or the latter, who anticipated that he would present a view of the Riel execution, that would assist them in reconciling the foolish position they have taken in the formation of the so called National Party, an organization rapidly decaying. Mr. Blake could hold out no hope to his hungry friends, that the Government would be defeated this session. The best comfort he could present to them was his own hope that the Government would be weakened at the polls in a general election. That is poor satisfaction indeed. The majority of Mr. Blake's friends would rather he had held his peace, than to break in upon their happy dreams of the past few months. There is one other point in the great speech to which we must refer. Mr. Blake at the outset said he wanted to resign the leadership of his party. He

is evidently tired of non-success, and does not view the future of his party with confidence or pleasure. After Blake what then.

The Montreal Star is reviewing Mr. Blake's speech, and its effect in that city says—

"It is putting it extremely mild, indeed, to say that the utterance of Hon. Mr. Blake on the Riel question have been a general surprise to Liberals and Tories alike. A few of the latter attempt to pool their importance of the speech, and even go so far as to say it was the only course the leader of the party could have followed in Ontario, but those who are frank enough to say what they really think, express unbounded disappointment and chagrin."

One of the members, who pleaded guilty to the charge of attempting to procure money from the Prince of Wales by writing threatening letters, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

The Catholics have upwards of eight parishes in the new English Parliament. Scotland returns one for the first time since the Reformation. The last Parliament had sixty Catholics.

The examination papers for application for admission to the Bar at Quebec, were served last week, that of two candidates withdrew, and twelve out of twenty-five who did complete, were placed.

There were 36,696 deaths in New York city during the year 1885, against 35,044 in 1884. There were 30,033 births as against 30,627 in that year. The marriages reported number 11,716 against 11,806 in 1884.

No less than \$800,000,000 is invested in mining enterprises as productive capital in the United States. In January 3rd, the average price of gold was \$149.00 per ounce. The value of the Union for the year 1884 had a value of \$412,104,820.

The Farmer congratulates Mr. Benjamin A. Everett of Kingston, on his unanimous election to the Wardenship of York for the current year. Mr. Everett has sat in the Council for six years, and has always shown himself an astute, painstaking, and intelligent member of the Board.

The growth of the telephone is shown in the fact that in August, 1877, the number of instruments in use in the United States was only 780, while in February, 1880, there were 80,800; 240,700 in 1883, 307,010 in 1884, and in February, 1885, 326,874. There are about 18,000 in Canada and 15,000 in Great Britain.

The decree declaring the annexation of British Columbia to Great Britain, did not reach Mandalay, the Burmese capital, until the 4th inst. The announcement was well received. The natives desire to be entirely subject to the British Government, hoping that this will disengage the pretenses and prevent uprisings of the people.

It is said in Toronto, that Mayor-elect Howland cannot qualify. He gave notice that he would qualify on his wife's property, but it is now stated that the Married Women's Property Act does away with the clause in the Municipal Act permitting of a man qualifying on his wife's property, and it is said the matter will be tested in the courts.

It is rumored among upper province politicians that Sir John Macdonald will resign the full and unconditional pardon to all political prisoners now undergoing sentence in the North-West in connection with the recent trouble in that country. It is believed that if a policy of clemency is pursued, many of the members who are not in harmony with the Government on the Riel question, may be prevailed upon to support the ministry at the next session. *La Minerva*, the organ of Hon. Mr. Chapleau, strongly favors such a policy, and Hon. Mr. Royal is circulating petitions to that end in the North-West.

W. A. Leckie, the historian, has written a letter on the Irish question, in which he declares that any English statesman, who advocates handing over the prey of the Irish to the element in Ireland to the Fenianists, is either a traitor or a fool. To set up an Irish Parliament, he thinks, would be an act of fealty and wickedness unparalleled even in Irish history. What Ireland needs, he says, is the restoration of the liberty of the people to pursue their lawful business, and to secure their lawful contracts. Unless the law of the Empire be restored in Ireland, he says, industrial ruin is inevitable, and will be followed by anarchy, which can only be quelled by the sword.

The reported failure of the Bank of Jersey, Channel Islands, is of considerable interest to the lower provinces, as it is also reported that the famous firm of Robins & Co. are involved in the wreck. Robins & Co. are the largest firm of fish dealers in the world. They began business in Cape Breton over a century ago and have controlled the fish trade of that island ever since, and their establishments are at Arichat and Chatham, Cape Breton, Carleton Place, N. B., and Port and Paspébie, Que. They own the fishing boats and the fishing gear, and virtually own the fishermen and their families. They purchased large quantities of supplies in Halifax and did most of their Canadian business through Halifax banks.

A despatch, dated Jan. 18th, from Woodstock, Ont., says—"In the early part of last week the people of this place were shocked by the announcement of the sudden death of the great and good Collier, William Collins, one of the French Provinces annexed to Germany at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, that at the close of a marriage feast the bride gives one of her garters to the bridegroom's best man, who forthwith divides it into pieces, which are divided among the guests. The niece of the Burgomaster of Orschweiler, near Schlestadt, was lately married to a resident of Uttenheim. The chief public authorities of all three places were present at the festivities, and the traditional ceremony was observed. The garter happened to be of silk ribband, striped red, white and blue. Following the usual custom, the gentlemen wore their fragments of the garter pinned at the coat button-hole. One the guests, the proprietor of a hotel at Schlestadt, happening to be at the railway station of that town next morning, was upbraided by the guard of the train for his idleness in flaunting the French tricolor in a German town, and so endangering the public peace. The public prosecutor heard of the affair, and at once instituted criminal proceedings against all the male guests, including the three burgomasters, for publicly displaying fragments of the offending garter. He based his proceedings on an ordinance passed by the French Provisional Government in the revolutionary period of 1848, forbidding the display of emblems calculated to disturb the public peace; but the court acquitted the accused, on the ground that all the circumstances negatived the suggestion that they intended to make a political demonstration, or to irritate German feeling by displaying a French emblem.

The effect of the circumstance will likely be the adoption of garters of non-offensive colors at future events of the kind.

The latest despatches from the North-West state that there are no fears of an Indian uprising.

Sir John A. Macdonald was warmly welcomed at Ottawa yesterday, on his return from England.

CURRENT NOTES.

Two girls smothered to death at Brockville, Ontario, the other day, by gas escaping from a stove.

It is estimated that half a million boxes of oranges, worth a million dollars, were destroyed by the recent frosts in Florida.

Prince Blamarck is the first Protestant that has ever received the decoration of the Order of Christ. The badge is worth 2000.

A Hamilton, Ontario boy, earned a nice Bible by committing ten hundred verses to memory and then he traded his Bible for a shotgun and accidentally shot his aunt in the leg.

John Magee, who pleaded guilty to the charge of attempting to procure money from the Prince of Wales by writing threatening letters, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

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THE CAPTURE OF RIEL.

Two of His Captors make Affidavit that he did not voluntarily surrender.

The Toronto Mail furnishes proof, in the shape of an affidavit that Riel did not surrender to General Middleton at the latter's request, but, on the contrary, Riel kept on fighting to the last, and was preparing to fight when he was captured.

The affidavit was made by Wm. Diehl and Robert Armstrong, and sworn to before W. R. Gurn, notary public, at Prince Albert, on December 28. In the affidavit, Diehl and Armstrong assert that they were duly enrolled in the Prince Albert volunteers, and in company with one Thomas Hourie, took part in the search at Batohé for the rebel leader. The most important clause of the affidavit bearing upon Riel's surrender is as follows:—"We further distinctly state that we, together with the foreman, Thomas Hourie, were the three soldiers who captured the said Riel and handed him over to Gen. Middleton. At the time we captured him, he was looking for help, and we now affirm that Riel had no intention of surrendering himself, but was preparing to fight to the last."

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Home News from Abroad.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

Mr. L. O. Macdonald, editor of the Fredericton Farmer, is about to establish a private stock farm for the purpose of making practical experiments as to the best method of raising stock for the farmers of New Brunswick. [Although the editor of the Farmer takes a very warm interest in the success of agriculture in New Brunswick, the proposition to run a Stock Farm in opposition to Mr. Blair, has not yet suggested itself to him. If, however, the establishing of a successful stock farm would hasten the overthrow of the local Farmer, Mr. Macdonald is not, but that the editor of the Farmer would cheerfully undertake the task.—Ed. Farmer.]

Returned to Life.

A GATINEAU POINT YOUNG GIRL'S MIRACULOUS RECOVERY.

The little three year old girl named Hurbis of Gatineau Point, near Ottawa, reported the other day as having been choked to death by swallowing a pin, has miraculously come to life again. She apparently died after suffering for some time, and for twenty-four hours the parents were frantic with grief. Preparations were made for the funeral and everybody who had known her mourned the demise of the young sufferer. After watching the prostrate body for several hours, signs of animation were visible, and it was at once ascertained that she had been only in a comatose state. A physician was immediately summoned and announced that the spark of life was still in the young sufferer. The little girl was gradually brought around and the pin, after a series of attempts, was dislodged from the throat. She is now convalescent.

Nebraska's Sleeping Beauty.

SEVENTY DAYS IN A TRANCE.

Nebraska's sleeping beauty recovered consciousness on January 3rd, the seventy-ninth day of her hysterical-cataplectic trance. The girl fell into the trance from the effects of a cold, and was lying on the floor during the long interval she has lain in, to all appearances, a lifeless being, with the exception of her breathing, and the pulsation being apparent. When Miss Dismore awoke her mind was seemingly clear and unimpaired, her appetite and general feelings were good, but her arms and legs were paralyzed. She says she was conscious during the whole time of her protracted trance, but, though she knew what was taking place around her, she could not move a single muscle. She says she had no physical pain, but she was very lonely and sad, and at times it seemed as if her mind would wander away into the void. She now complains of terrible physical suffering in consequence of the shock to her system. The doctor in attendance says that she will recover in a short time and will regain the full use of her limbs.

Explosion in a Church.

A BOILER BURST, WRECKED THE BUILDING, AND KILLED TWO PERSONS.

At Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 18th inst., a boiler burst, and the explosion wrecked the church of St. Mary's Catholic Church. A moment later flames emerged from the debris of the wrecked church. The flames were quenched by the fire department. The church, one of the largest in the city, is a complete wreck. The loss will be about \$65,000. About 11:15 a. m. the explosion occurred. The boiler was of the type known as a "horizontal" boiler, and was used for heating the church. The explosion was caused by the boiler being over-pressed, and the result was a complete wreck of the church. The explosion was heard all over the city, and the people fled in all directions. The explosion was a terrible one, and the result was a complete wreck of the church. The explosion was a terrible one, and the result was a complete wreck of the church.

Under the Opera.

THE RENAISSANCE CREATED BY A NEW YORK LADY IN A THEATRE BOX.

(New York letter in Boston Saturday Gazette.)

Society is very much aroused over the appearance of a certain well-known lady at the box at the Metropolitan Opera House the other night. She wore her dress very low in the neck and with simple straps across the shoulders, and the color of her waist material was so dark as to be almost black. She was so close to the stage that she was almost touching it, and the result was a complete wreck of the church.

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Newspapers and Notions of Everything.

Of the 5,000 school teachers in Nebraska, 4,000 are women.

A sausage sixty-four feet long was made recently in a Philadelphia factory.

Holland sent to America during the past year 200,000 bushels of flouring bulw, giving there are firms in New York and Philadelphia who hire out clean cuffs and collars.

In Chicago, the other day, a landlady shot one of her boarders for joking about the butler.

The second colored man ever appointed on the Boston Police force has just been put on duty.

There are 150 newspapers and magazines in the United States published by colored men.

There are four towns in Colorado located at an altitude of

Story.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN.

Full often in our lives has come a day
When, passing through two paths divergent
We wondered, deep and long, which one
We chose, and then, when we had chosen,
We found that, either followed, we might lose
The prize of a happy hour,
Or gradual increase of a pleasant life,
Or glimpse of some fair land where shines
The sun,
Or glad groves and where the rivers run
Through dewy fields and through the
shadowy ranks
Of cypress trees that weep upon the banks.
We fear to lose so much; but knowing not
The chances of our future lot,
We seek out boldly on the chosen track,
And then to find the looking back,
The baffled strife our cherished goal to win,
The mournful, hopeless cry, "It might have been."

Sometimes the soul, when with great sorrow
wring,
Recalls a time, long fled, when lightly hung
The clouds of future years in Time's great
scale,
And sees how, all unwittingly, an influence
fell
As morning dew that on the grasses gleamed,
Destroyed the even balance of the beam,
Unknown to us the deep decision made,
And turned our path from sunshine into
shade.

A passing thought, a looking back,
A word unspoken in an hour of need,
Or spoken when 'twere better left unsaid,
Some written line that by its chance have
been
All these can shift the scene with subtle hand
All round our future draw an iron band.

We never think that such a little thing
Can ever such tremendous sequence bring.
Until too late, and then we backward turn
The page that we have filled, and dimly burn
The light of other days in vain regret
For opportunities gone by. The spirit fights
Against its destiny, and deep within
Our hearts we mourn for what we might have been.

Ah, look up, looking, trusting, 'tis the road,
And know there is no "might have been"
with God.

From Him, whenever loving we draw near,
We learn of Love that catcheth out all fear;
We find a faith that, in the children's eyes,
Whimsy every dream and doubt eternally;
A hope untroubled by its own distress;
A tender charity, as broad as Heaven;
A perfect peace, a calm, untroubled rest;
Through these, all other things seem right
and true,
We rise triumphant over death and sin,
All pain and sorrow in our joy forgot,
And looking backward on our "might have been"
Thank God that it was not.

Literature.

TEMPTATION:

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ESSIE UNMANAGEABLE.

When Mrs. Ashley and her young companion were seated in the carriage, she would have drawn the hand of Bessie to her bosom, and soothed her deep distress, as she had been accustomed to do in her childish days, but Bessie shrunk away from her with a shudder, and said:

"No, no, Miss Ashley, don't touch me, if you please. If anyone had told me that you could be guilty of the treachery by which you have this day broken more hearts than one, I would indignantly have repelled the possibility. But you accused yourself; you formed a league with that bad man in my most bitter misfortune to claim for a father; you betrayed to him the confidence I have reposed in you, and you have ruined the happiness of my life, as well as that of poor Evelyn."

Mrs. Ashley burst in tears, and wept so bitterly, that the heart which had so long loved and believed in her, loathed with remorse, and Bessie humbly said:

"Pardon me, Miss Ashley, if I have been unjust to you; but Mrs. Ashley explicitly said that something you had told her had put him in a fearful rage."

Mrs. Ashley dried her eyes, and faltered:

"My dear, I only showed him a copy of the codicil of your grandfather's will, which gives the estate to charity if you and Frank are not united within six months after his decease. That excited him very much, and if I could have stopped there I would have done so. Yet I felt compelled to inform him of your engagement, and suspicious that Frank and Evelyn were plotting to evade him. What else could I do, Bessie, when the interests of your whole life are at stake?"

"My interests! You have forever on that thing, Miss Ashley, and I am tired of it. My true interests are not bound up in a union with Frank, for we should soon learn to hate each other in a forced union, and I know that I should become more odious of all things, a domestic tyrant. It is in the blood, as we have had sufficient evidence to-day; and it may come out as strongly in a woman as in one of the opposite sex."

There was a degree of reckless hardness in her tones, which surprised Mrs. Ashley, that, if she really hoped, either by persuasion or force, to bend the resolute spirit of this young creature to her will, she had a very difficult task before her.

She sunk back discouraged, and said:

"You are too much excited just now to talk reasonably, Bessie. I will wait till you have had time to overcome your natural irritation at the position in which you find yourself placed."

"Do not fancy that my opposition to your cruel plans will subside with time, Miss Ashley. I declare to you, that the longer I reflect on the evil you have wrought to me, and those I love, the more I shall regret it. It is a cruel cruel act, to accuse my father's furious temper against one so defenceless, and so completely in his power, as Evelyn is."

Mrs. Ashley keenly felt the justice of this reproach, and she had no reply to make to it. She turned her face in her hand, and wept silently throughout the remainder of the drive.

When they reached Ashurst Frank was not there. In the belief that the two ladies had gone over to spend the day at Oaken Place, he had ridden over to the Oaks to consult with Rufus Welby, and make the preliminary arrangements for the proposed separation.

Bessie went at once to her own room, and looked herself up. She turned at once to every application for admittance till toward midnight, when she rang for Winny, and ordered a cup of tea to be brought up to her.

What the woman came with it she asked:

"Has my cousin returned yet?"

"No, Miss Bessie, he has not come yet, but I expect he won't stay till it's quite dark. I hope you won't pick out nothing that you don't eat any dinner to-day."

"Only sick at heart, Winny, but I can't explain why. Watch for Frank, and when he comes in, give him this note. It has a message on it from Arden Place, which I do not feel like delivering in person."

"Yes, my lady," responded the attendant, Winny, who would have performed any errand, given her by her young lady without a question as to its propriety.

In a few moments after she left the

room, Bessie heard the tramp of Frank's horse as he rode around the house, and she felt certain that her misdeed would soon be in his possession. She had written to him:

"All is lost. Miss Ashley has turned against me, and informed my father of everything concerning me. D. D. You may imagine how furious he was."

"He has locked Evelyn up in the tower with her sick nurse, and declares she shall remain there till you and I consent to make each other miserable. Meet me as you did last night as soon as the house is quiet, that we may consult on what is to be done."

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Struck with sudden dismay, Frank rushed into the room, in which he found the table set for himself alone, and by the light of the lamp he read the warning Bessie had sent him.

As he read all the faded out of his eager face, and he sunk down upon a chair utterly unnerved by this unexpected blow.

"Fate is against us," he muttered, "and Bessie and I may as well succumb at once, and end the wretched suspense in which we live by doing what they would have us do. My poor Evelyn—my precious darling, I must save you even at the sacrifice of myself."

He paced the floor in moody thought till supper was brought in. At first he thought it would be impossible for him to eat a morsel, but the scent of the broiled meat and fragrant tea caused him to turn to the humiliating conclusion that, unhappy as he was, the exercise of the day had given him a keen appetite, the cravings of which must be satisfied before he could be fit to decide on what was to be done in this miserable crisis of his destiny.

So he devoured his supper in gloomy silence, and as soon as the table was cleared, dismissed the servant for the night. Again he read the words written by Bessie, and with an irrefragable glance toward the window in the recess of which Mrs. Ashley had been concealed on the previous night, he muttered:

"Miss Ashley had told me, and I now with that I had followed my impulse to draw back the curtain when I heard that noise. If I had unmasked her then, she would have been so completely in our power that she would not have dared to betray us to my uncle. Oh, Evelyn—my precious sensitive plant, if I could only rescue you from the tyranny of your cruel father, I believe I could willingly sacrifice my own hopes—my own happiness."

Strong and hopeful man as he naturally was, Frank bowed his head upon his hands and wept such bitter tears as youth alone may shed; scalding, bitter drops that seethe the heart from which they are wrung!

The room became too close for him to breathe in, and starting up, he rushed out into the cold air, leaving the hall door partly unclosed behind him. His rapid steps, as he paced to and fro on the narrow strip of pavement in front of the house, were heard by two eager watchers, and a few moments after they commenced a dark figure, wrapped in a heavy black shawl, glided down the staircase, and entered the room he had left.

As the light fell on Mrs. Ashley's face, it revealed the effects of the bitter struggle through which she had that day passed. She was pallid as death, and her eyelids were swollen with weeping.

To weary to choose the same place of concealment, she turned toward a window on the opposite side of the room, in front of which an ottoman was placed. She crouched down behind this, and arranged the heavy curtain in the careless manner that even if Wentworth happened to glance toward it, he would never imagine that any one was concealed behind the folds.

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Frank submitted to sit down, and Bessie laid her hand on his to keep him in his place till she related the occurrences of the day. When she had finished, he said in a tone of bitter conviction:

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He paced the floor in moody thought till supper was brought in. At first he thought it would be impossible for him to eat a morsel, but the scent of the broiled meat and fragrant tea caused him to turn to the humiliating conclusion that, unhappy as he was, the exercise of the day had given him a keen appetite, the cravings of which must be satisfied before he could be fit to decide on what was to be done in this miserable crisis of his destiny.

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