THE WATCHMAN.

VOL. I. SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875. NO. 7.

New Advertisements.

THE COLDBROOK ROLLING MILLS COMP'Y
MOOSEPATH, N. B.,
Have in store and are manufacturing all the time—
MERCHANT BAR IRON,
both Common and Refined, comprising all sizes in ROUNDS, FLATS AND SQUARES,
RAILS FOR MINES,
CUT NAILS, CLINCH RINGS,
CUT SPIKES, WROUGHT SHIP SPIKES, RAILWAY SPIKES
Galvanized Nails and Spikes.
They also manufacture to order
Patent Tampered and Parallel Bars,
for Ship's Knees, with promptness and despatch.
All the above will be sold at lowest market rates, and qual ity guaranteed. For terms apply to
JAMES DOMVILLE & CO., Agents,
may 15 No. 9 North Wharf, St. John, N. B.

Oranges and Apples.

150 BOXES ORANGES; 40 brls. Apples; 1 bbl. Eggs; 5 bbls. Potatoes.
may 22 JOSHUA S. TURNER.

OYSTERS,
Malaga Grapes, Fresh Lobsters,
ICE CREAM.
AND
ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON!
SERVED EVERY DAY.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
GEO. SPARROW,
may 1 56 King Street.

COFFEE AND POTASH.
20 SACKS Choice Gonaives COFFEE; 35 cases Babbitt's POTASH, in balls and tins. For sale by
may 15 JARDINE & CO.

TO LEASE FOR ONE OR A TERM OF YEARS.
THE STORE or Office in the Brick Building on the corner of Prince Wm. street and Market Square, adjoining the Fire and Marine Insurance Offices of the undersigned; as well as Offices and Rooms in the upper part of the same building.
may 8 ROBERT MARSHALL.

HOMESPUN!
The subscribers have on hand a large stock of
HOMESPUNS!
AT PRICES RANGING FROM
40 to 70 cents per Yard.
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST GOODS IN THE MARKET.
Wholesale Only.
may 15 THOS. R. JONES & CO.

BOYS'
AND
YOUTHS' CLOTHING!
W. W. JORDAN
OPENED LAST NIGHT:
2 CASES BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS,
MADE TO HIS ORDER.
ALSO:
TWEED PANTS,
SHORT AND LONG.
No. 2 MARKET SQUARE.
may 22

BROOMS and PAILS.—75 doz. Brooms, assorted sizes 2 doz. Carpet Sweepers; 30 doz. Pails; 20 doz. Half Pails. For sale by
may 29 R. E. PUDDINGTON & CO.

KING'S SQUARE LIVERY STABLES.
HORSES, Carriages, &c., of every description, to let. Superior Coaches in attendance at all hours. Boarding Horses kept on reasonable terms. Horses bought and sold.
J. B. HAMM,
may 15 Proprietor.

RUBBER COATS
—AND—
OIL SUITS!
WE HAVE ON HAND—200 Suits SINGLE YELLOW OIL SHEETS, 100 Suits Double Yellow OIL SHIRTS.
200 Drab Cambric RUBBER COATS;
200 Heavy Lined RUBBER COATS;
108 COUCHINON'S RUBBER COATS;
144 New Check Twill RUBBER COATS;
100 pair Edinbro Rubber Leggings;
9 pair RUBBER SPONGE BAGS.
LOWEST PRICES.
EVERITT & BUTLER,
Wholesale Warehousemen,
55 & 57 KING STREET.
may 15

SEASONABLE GOODS.
A. & T. GILMOUR
have now completed by late Importations from
London, West of England and Canada
THEIR STOCK OF
CLOTHS, VESTINGS, &C.,
which upon inspection will be found second to no other establishment in the City as regards EITHER QUALITY OR PRICE.
may 8

F. S. SHARPE,
Public Accountant and Average Adjuster,
MERRITTS'S BUILDING,
Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.
Orders solicited for Opening, Posting, Balancing, or Auditing Books of Joint Stock Companies, Commission and General Merchants, Manufacturers, Insurance Companies and Agents, Ship Brokers, &c., &c.
Also for Rectifying Deranged Books, Changing from Single to Double Entry, Effecting Partnership Settlements, Settling Estates, Adjusting Interest Accounts, Fire and Marine Claims, &c.
☞ Business strictly confidential.

New Advertisements.

PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN
Warerooms,
64 GERMAIN STREET.
Sheet Music and Musical Instruments of every description.
CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
Terms,—2 cents per day.
LAURILLIARD'S FURNITURE POLISH always on hand.
THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has added to his Business Stock a supply of Authorised SCHOOL BOOKS, to which new works will be added as they are prescribed by the Board of Education.
Also,—a full stock of STATIONERY, including LETTER, INITIAL NOTE PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c., &c.
☞ A large supply of SHEET MUSIC SELLING AT HALF PRICE.
☞ Pianofortes Tuned and Repaired. ☜
A. T. BUSTIN,
may 8 Opposite Trinity Church.

NEW FIRM!
JUST OPENED:
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
LADIES' SILK SCARFS AND HANDK'FS,
ALSO:
Black and White Brussels Netts;
Black and Colored Turquoise Silk;
Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Smallwares.
A good assortment of
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
SCOTT & BINNING, 28 KING STREET,
may 8 A few doors from Foster's Corner.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
MR. ALEXANDER JARDINE retired from the Firm of JARDINE & CO. on the 31st day of January last, and Mr. ALEXANDER C. JARDINE was admitted a Partner at same date. The name and style of the Firm will be continued as heretofore.
JARDINE & CO.
In retiring, Mr. JARDINE begs to thank his friends and the public generally for the liberal patronage he has received during the past thirty-seven years he has been in business and solicits a continuance of the same to his successors.
may 8

CHILDREN'S PERAMBULATORS.
WE have just received direct from the Manufactory, another choice lot of
CANOPY-TOP PERAMBULATORS,
among which are some of a STYLE AND FINISH NOT BEFORE IMPORTED, and which
CANNOT BE EQUALLED IN THIS MARKET.
C. E. BURNHAM & CO.,
may 15 55 Germain street.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.
EDUCATION OFFICE, FREDERICTON, } May 28th, 1875.
UNDER the authority of the twenty-third Regulation of the Board of Education, a Teachers' Institute will be held, in the Temperance Hall, Fredericton, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 7th, 8th, and 9th of July next. The first Session will begin at 10 o'clock, a. m. There will be three Sessions each day.
The Teachers of the Public Schools in the COUNTIES OF YORK AND SUNBURY are requested to be present AT ALL THE Sessions of this Institute. In the event of any Teacher being unable to comply with the request (see Reg. 23), it is required that a written statement of the cause of absence from any Session be transmitted to this office.
THEODORE H. RAND,
Chief Superintendent.
T. H. R.
N. B.—The Institute will be open to all Teachers in the Province who may be able to attend. The Examinations of the Public Schools of Fredericton take place on July 2nd, 5th and 6th; and professional exercises are conducted daily, throughout the summer, in the Provincial Training School. The exercises of all these Schools are open to the observation of Teachers.
may 29 4i

Gentian Root, Whole and Crushed.
Senna Leaves, Alexandria,
" " E. S.,
" " Tinnivolli.
CHLORIDE OF LIME, in 1½lb. air tight packages.
TINCT. CHLORIDE OF IRON,
By R. Process.
AT LOWEST RATES TO THE TRADE.
J. CHALONER,
may 29 Cor. King and Germain streets.

CHALONER'S
ANILINE DYES!
CHALONER'S ANILINE DYES,
ROSINE PONCEAU (Rosy Crimson),
NICHOLSON'S SCARLET, MAGDALA PINK,
REGINA PURPLE (red shade),
ATLAS PURPLE (blue shade),
VIOLET, MAUVE, PHOSPHINE (orange).
ANILINE YELLOW (light),
NICHOLSON'S BLUE (light),
SOLUBLE BLUE (deep),
ATLAS GREEN,
BISMARCK BROWN,
IMPERIAL MAROON (shade of crimson).
The success of Chaloner's Aniline Dyes has excited the cupidity of certain covetous parties both at home and abroad to imitate them as far as lies in their power. The proprietor regrets having to caution the public against such parties, as their goods are liable to failure. Chaloner's Dyes are in colored packets, with simple directions. They work on Bone, Cotton, Feathers, Grass, Hemp, Paper, Silk, Wool, Wood, &c.
Nothing in the above is intended to apply to Messrs. Hannington Bros., Barker & Sons, or Geo. Stewart, Jr. H. L. Spencer is not guaranteed as formerly. These Dyes can be obtained of the Travellers for Messrs. Dearborn & Co. and Berton Bros., or at their establishments in St. John—also of all city druggists and merchants.
J. CHALONER,
may 22 Cor. King and Germain Streets.

W. C. MORRISBY,
Funeral and Furnisher Undertaker.
WAREHOUSE, 66 CHARLOTTE STREET; Residence 45 Charlotte street, opposite Horsefield street. Rosewood, Walnut and Covered Coffins, Grave Clothes, Coffin Mountings, &c., at lowest prices. Orders in town and country promptly executed by day and night. may 22

PATENT DETERGENT!
A SUBSTITUTE FOR SOAP.
FOR WASHING and CLEANING CLOTHS,
BLANKETS and Flannels, Windows and Looking Glasses, Greasy Dishes or Kitchen Utensils, Painted Woodwork and
POLISHING SILVER OR PLATED WARE.
For cleaning Printers' Types it is said to do its work well, and leaves no gumminess. For sale by
may 15 JARDINE & CO.

HAIR GOODS.
One of the Largest and most Complete Stock of
HUMAN HAIR GOODS
in the Dominion, is to be found at
CONROY'S HAIR STORE.
☞ The Stock of LADIES' SWITCHES now on hand cannot be surpassed.
RACK, SIDE AND FRAZEE CURLS, FRONTS AND PUFFS of every description. WIGS, TOP-PIECES, WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.
Razors, Brushes, Combs, Barber's Mugs, &c.
Orders from the Country attended to with despatch.
CONROY'S HAIR STORE,
Canterbury Street. - - St. John, N. B.

FIGS. FIGS.—Very Choice FIGS in small boxes. For sale by
may 29 R. E. PUDDINGTON & CO.

The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

WILL ROGERS BE HANGED?

On Saturday last the trial of Rogers was concluded. The Chief Justice delivered a very clear and able charge, which was reported most admirably for the *Telegraph* by Mr. James Hannay, this report being the fullest and most satisfactory effort of the kind we have seen for many a day. The jury after brief deliberation, found Rogers "Guilty of Wilful Murder, with a recommendation to mercy,"—a verdict which can only be understood by assuming that the jurors rejected utterly the evidence of Wm. Demill for the defence. On Monday morning the prisoner was taken into court to receive his sentence, and when asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he repeated what appeared to be the contents of a paper which he took from his coat pocket, and the substance of which was that he thanked the Judge, the Attorney General and the Jury for an impartial trial; that he admitted shooting Seely, but declared that when he fired it was in self-defence and he had no intention further than to wound him; that he hoped his difficulties would be a warning to other young men against carrying revolvers, etc., etc. He spoke in a moderately firm and very respectful tone, and won a certain amount of sympathy by his candor and general bearing. The Chief Justice, after stating that he would forward the recommendation to mercy to the proper quarter, and intimating that he had no authority to hold out any hope of reprieve, in a voice at times overcome by emotion sentenced the prisoner to be executed by hanging on the 31st of July. There was the usual crowding together of "the masses" in the outer court during the painful proceeding, but within the bar the space was only comfortably full. The prisoner, although he did not exhibit much of what passes for "feeling," seemed fully to realize the solemnity of his position. There was nothing of levity or bravado in his manner and he gave unstinted attention to the sentence which the Chief Justice read from a manuscript. When he was removed from the dock he walked away firmly but modestly with the constables, and the rough crowd that had rushed and tumbled in when the front door of the Court House was opened at 11, rushed and tumbled out now that the "scene" was over.

We have, therefore, in our Gaol a prisoner condemned to death, that death to be by hanging, on the 31st of next month, and it is now an interesting question, "Will he be hanged?" We have seen that he has had a patient and fair trial. With a single exception, no effort was made to influence public opinion through the Press, *pro or con*. He was left in the hands of the law, and the law has dealt fairly and fully by him. Now that the necessity for reserve on the part of the Press no longer exists, it can not be improper to discuss the probable fate of Archibald Rogers.

There is about the "Death Penalty,"—that cool, deliberate destruction of the life which the great Creator alone can give,—something which, to a majority of minds, is revolting and painful beyond any other experience to which the heart or mind can be subjected. It must have been that on the jury which convicted Rogers of "Wilful Murder" there were those who were opposed to the infliction of the Death Penalty, and who were instrumental in having added to the verdict the recommendation to mercy. On no other hypothesis can the verdict be understood. If the jury believed William Demill's evidence, their verdict would naturally be one of "Manslaughter;" if they did not believe Demill,—as seems probable,—their verdict would more probably have been one of "Wilful Murder," without qualification. If, however, we assume that certain of their number, believing that Rogers' crime came under the legal definition of Wilful Murder, were also honestly opposed to the infliction of the penalty which the law prescribes for this crime, we can easily understand the wording of the verdict. However this may be, there can be no doubt that a very large number of persons in this community will be opposed to the execution of Rogers on this ground alone. Another very large class of our citizens, while not taking strong ground against the death penalty on principle, are disposed to believe that in the absence of actual malice, premeditation, or any pre-arrangement for the killing of Seely, there are wanting those essential elements of the crime which seem to them necessary before resort is had to the extreme form of punishment. There are others who are moved by personal sympathy,—who cannot forget that this man whose life is threatened because of a difficulty which occurred when he was under the influence of intoxicating liquors, himself volunteered and helped to save the lives of wrecked seamen in our harbor; that, born and reared amid the most vicious surroundings, he had never before made himself amenable to violated law; that many respectable gentlemen went forward to testify to his general good character, and others to his good disposition when not under the influence of liquor; that his bearing since his arrest, during his trial, and when sentenced, shows him to be a man who, brought up under happier auspices, might have been something better than the curse which he has lately proved to be to himself and to society.

We are convinced that there is no popular call for the death of Rogers, and even if there were we are satisfied that the ends of justice would be better served by saving than by taking his life. We should reserve the extreme penalty for extreme crimes. As long as the death penalty remains the law of the land for premeditated murder, let it be visited on the men who are really murderers,—murderers at heart, who wait for their prey, who plan and plot to kill, whose hearts and hands are bloody, who are reckless of human life; but in this category Archibald Rogers does not appear. All who sit on juries and all who are likely to be summoned to this important duty are interested in seeing that the intent and expectation of the jurors who tried Rogers are carried out, for otherwise it will be impossible hereafter to obtain from a jury a verdict of Wilful Murder, except in the most desperate of cases.

We are well aware that this young man's life depends upon the report of His Honor the Chief Justice, and we should hope that the last act of His Honor in connexion with the trial of criminals will be associated with an act of mercy which will detract in no degree from that reputation for judicial uprightness and fearlessness which His Honor so worthily bears.

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.—This order appears to have made rapid strides in a few years. At a recent entertainment given to the Grand Lodge, in Toronto, the Chairman, in proposing the toast of "The Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Pythias," said that in these times secret societies were becoming very popular. "The Masonic order, the order of Oddfellows, and the Knights of Pythias had grown with amazing rapidity. Amongst these the youngest was the Knights of Pythias, to which he felt proud of belonging. When he looked back to the time of Pythagoras and recalled the friendship that Damon and Pythias, after whom the society was named, manifested towards each other, he could not but feel proud. He believed the order was instituted eleven years ago by Mr. Rathborne. Ten years ago there were only fifty-two Knights, but to-day there were 98,000. During the last five years the order had made unprecedented progress. There are in existence no less than thirty-five Grand Lodges, and calls were being made from Europe for the institution of Grand Lodges there, as well as from European residents in Africa for the same purpose. As to the principles of the Order the speaker said that they were those that were laid down in Holy Writ—friendship, charity and benevolence. The Bible was to be found in every lodge, and every member was guided by its principles in his duty to his fellow men. The only secrets which members were required to keep were those by which they could distinguish brothers in the Order from those who were not members."

[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

ON GENERAL SERVANTS.

Notwithstanding the large amounts annually expended in promoting immigration to this country, nothing has yet been accomplished worth speaking of in the way of introducing the right sample of the domestic servant, whom we read about and hear so much of in England.

Mrs. Ford's experiences in that line have been exceedingly varied and perplexing; mine also have been full of anxiety and disappointment. There may be good servants, but if there are I should much like to see one. It would be an interesting sight, and I dare say as an investment it would pay to go around exhibiting one. High wages and nothing to do but to spend them seem to be the only terms upon which a servant can be had, and even then considerable tact has to be exercised upon the part of the so-called "mistress" of the household to retain such a luxury. A hasty expression or an unguarded suggestion either from Mrs. Ford or myself would be sure to have a fatal result in being told that "we might suit ourselves that day week." Ours is not a large family—only ourselves and the baby,—but that baby seems to have been the unhappy cause of as many separations between our servants and us as there are on a single list of a Chicago Divorce Court.

We are not very hard to please, though Mrs. Ford has considerable of a will of her own. I haven't any. The baby, unfortunately, has more than either. It is a girl, and is said to take after her mother, with its father's nose. Like most babies it wants everything it sees, and a good many things it don't see. So, between Mrs. Ford's power of will, the baby's power of lungs, and the servant's power of tongue, we are oftimes a miniature Babel. Of myself I say nothing, having long since been an implicit believer in the proverb that "a still tongue makes a wise head." Such wisdom as I may be possessed of seems more of the observant than the demonstrative.

Long and anxious have been the many consultations we have held for the better government of the household. Finally we resolved unanimously to reduce our establishment. We sent the baby into the country to a maiden sister of my wife, whose experience it was said, in matters pertaining to the bringing up of infants, was one of those profound mysteries which I have, so far, been unable to solve. This relation, for whom I entertain the greatest respect, with that apparent inconsistency, typical of old maids, has made baby-training a specialty. She knows more about the management of infants than those who have had them. Her little library is full of books upon infant physiology, teething and the thousand and one ills to which baby-flesh is heir. Whether or not these studies were pursued with the view to the positive contingency of exercising them in her own right at some future day, I cannot say. Let it suffice for me to record the fact that according to her own statement (in which I place every reliance) that what she doesn't know about babies isn't worth knowing.

Having handed our baby over to the care of my sister-in-law, after many parting injunctions from Mrs. Ford, who was so full of advice that she nearly dislocated her ankle trying to catch the train which was just moving off, we started for town.

Next day we inserted an advertisement for a servant. It was the seventh we had inserted since January, and the clerk seemed to expect me and evidently looked upon me as a regular patron to his advertising columns. The wording of that advertisement had been a second trial of literary skill. Much labor had been expended upon it, and it was framed, to use the ordinary vocabulary of circus advertisements, so as "not to offend the taste of the most fastidious" of general servants. Here is a copy:—

WANTED.—A THOROUGH GENERAL SERVANT in a family of two persons. A middle aged woman preferred. To one who will condescend to do the washing and cooking the advertiser will be under obligations. Wages $10.00 per month. Hours of labor will terminate at seven p. m. A free use of the piano will be guaranteed, and, if not objected to by the applicant, references will be exchanged. Apply personally at No. 7, Valley Place, between 9 and 10 to-morrow morning.

No reasonable person could object to such a composition, framed with so much care. There was just enough in it to make it attractive, without having the appearance of promising too much. After mature deliberation we resolved to make every reasonable concession to the enemy.

Punctually at nine o'clock a double knock at the door was heard. I peeped cautiously through the window to get a view of the caller. With a palpitating heart but a calm exterior I opened the door.

"Ye's are wantin' a servant, I believe?"

"Will you walk in? What name, may I ask?"

"Me name it's yer wantin'? Well, me name's Miss Bridget Dennis, and I ain't ashamed of it."

I was heartily glad to hear it. Miss Dennis' "make up" had evidently cost her much time, and was a strange mixture of color and effect. I introduced her to Mrs. Ford, and the following conversation took place:—

"Is the washin' put out, marm?"

"No, the washing is *not* put out. The advertisement stated that we should expect the servant to do both the washing and cooking."

"Bedad, is that so? Mrs. Magrath read me the advertisement, bekase I don't read myself, and she never says a word about it. If ye's get somebody else to do the washin' p'raps we can fix the cookin' between us. I niver wash'd in the families I've bin in, and its meny the one that 'ud be glad to git me back, so they would."

Miss Dennis looked as if soap and water and she had been strangers many a long day.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Ford, "you would scarcely suit us. Our laundry work is small and could all be got through with in one day."

"Bad luck to ye's," retorted Miss Dennis, "and its the likes of ye's that's makin fools of honest gurrels like meself. Faith, ye's too mean to send yer dirty clothes to the Chinese, the heathens, who's only fit to do the like. I wouldn't sarve with sich for twenty dollars a month."

Miss Dennis finally left in high dudgeon. We looked at each other very helplessly. Shortly after Miss Dennis' departure another knock was heard. With a heavy sigh I opened the door, full of evil forebodings.

Much to my surprise a tall, angular, but respectable looking person presented a card, on which was inscribed,

Miss Phoebe Phillips.

I ushered Miss Phillips into the room, and requested to know the object of her call.

"Is the mistress of the house in?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ford, my wife," (emphasising the words "my wife") "is at home. May I inquire the nature of your visit?"

"It is to see *her* I called."

I felt overawed by her manner, and ushered her into Mrs. Ford's presence.

"Madam, I believe you need an assistant to superintend your domestic labours."

"I require a general servant. Are you an applicant for the situation?"

"Unfortunately, through force of circumstances, yes."

"With whom have you lived?"

"Madam, your words pain me. I have not yet worked as a menial in anyone's service, but from the tenor of your advertisement I thought that here I might find that seclusion I so much need." Here Miss Phillips burst into tears.

She required much persuasion ere she revived. The delicacy of her situation,—that apparently of extreme grief,—forbade any questions which might appear to be impertinent. After many enquiries, it was finally agreed that she should come to us on the following Wednesday. "I trust," she said, "I may find those home comforts to which I have for so long been a stranger."

On Wednesday morning Miss Phillips came, accompanied with a large Saratoga trunk and a number of small parcels. "Will you kindly pay the cabman, Mr. Ford?" I paid the cabman a dollar with the utmost satisfaction, feeling sure that we had at last secured the prize we had so often looked for in vain.

Miss Phillips proceeded to her room, where she remained until twelve o'clock. Mrs. Ford prepared lunch, as we did not dine until six. At four o'clock "Miss Phillips" (she objected to being called Phebe) began to prepare dinner. We sat down to the best cooked meal we had eaten for three months and I raised her wages on the spot. I was so overjoyed that my old cheerfulness returned. It is wonderful the effect a good dinner will have on a man's temper. If you want to ask a favor of a male friend you cannot choose a better time. True it is that we had to put up with some little inconveniences. Unfortunately, Miss Phillips *would* play the piano, after a fashion, and with a vengeance, too. She always managed to do so at a time when friends would be sure to call. So we received them in the nursery, while she practised in the parlor. Miss Phillips had, according to her own account, seen better days. As we could not regard her as a servant, we had to put up with many little inconveniences. For example: she had a cousin in a large wholesale house, and upon the strength of our passing interest in him—principally on her account—she would ask him to tea about three times a week. Her cold, calm exterior checked any attempt at remonstrance. She manifested an interest in religion. We approved. Upon the head of our approval she attended the "Dorcas meetings" in the parlor. A sister of her's was coming from the country, "would Mrs. Ford object to her staying at the house a few days?" Permission was given, and her sister came and stayed three weeks. Our butcher bills increased to an alarming extent. My wife's dresses went astray. Two of my best shirts disappeared, and I found her "cousin" wearing one extremely like one of them. Soon I began to venture a few enquiries as to their whereabouts.

Miss Phillips burst into tears, and asked me to search her trunk right away.

I apologised for hurting her feelings, but my explanations were coldly rejected. Matters, however, got to such a pitch that even her qualities as a servant failed to give satisfaction as a set-off against the many losses we sustained. But a climax was coming. Mrs. Ford and myself had occasion to go out of town to see baby, who was in one of its periodical fractious moods, and returned sooner than we expected. Imagine our astonishment at seeing the house lighted up and a large party assembled in the best drawing room.

Miss Phillips' sister occupied my easy chair. In the corner was the cousin, seated next a coarse looking girl. Two or three young men were cracking nuts at the table and "philopening" two or three young ladies opposite. Foremost in the group was Miss Phillips, attired in one of Mrs. Ford's best silk dresses.

Overcome with rage and astonishment, I could scarcely speak, but Miss Phillips presence of mind was equal to the occasion.

"My relations, Mr. Ford,—Mr. Ford, my relations." Mrs. Ford's presence Miss Phillips did not condescend to notice, and that lady's temper got the better of her judgment.

"Out of my house, you hussy," shrieked Mrs. F. "Go! Go at once, or I shall do you a mischief."

In the meantime I went for that cousin to the best of my ability, and came off with one of my left eyes closed and blackened.

The result was, I was summoned next day, and had to pay twenty dollars and costs for a "savage assault," besides Mrs. F. losing one of her best hundred dollar silk dresses, which Miss Phillips swore was a present.

We keep no servant now, and Mrs. Ford does her own cooking. I do not wish to be hard on general servants, but truth compels me to add that my experience of them, as a whole, is not satisfactory.

PAUL FORD.

—All good men should live in Archangel; all angry men in Ireland.

All murderers in Kildare; all circus-men in Somerset.

All brokers in Stockholm; all cold men in Chili.

All geometricians in Cuba; all fools in Folly Island.

All horticulturists in Botany Bay; all wags in the Bay of Fundy.

All perfumers in Muscat or Cologne; all brewers in Malta.

All gluttons in Turkey; all beggars in Hungary.

All laconic men in Laconia; all mourners in Siberia or Wales.

All confectioners in Candia; all children in the Crimea.

All fil speculators in Greece; all gamblers in the Faroe Isles.

All stumblers in Tripoli; all curious men in Pekin.

All shoe-makers in Bootan; all soldiers in Armenia or Warsaw.

—There are certain cynical old bachelors extant who speak apologetically of the late King Herod. What say they of the venerable Dr. Bullard, of New Haven, Connecticut, who has been a practicing physician for about fifty years, and been professionally present at the birth of 1000 children? Those children propose to hold a reunion and picnic at his residence next month, and talk over matters with the doctor. Some of the children may possibly be dead, but enough remain on the active list to give the affair a lively and jocular turn. The babe business is not yet ended.

—Mr. Samuel Mendel, an opulent Briton and spinner of cotton, weary of gazing upon the same fine pictures and fine furniture, committed them to the cacophonous efforts of the auctioneer. One of his pictures, by Frith, brought $24,000—the highest price ever paid in England at an auction for the production of an English artist. The total sale of all his household goods brought over $750,000, most of the pictures selling for more than cost.

HUMORS OF THE STAGE.

[From Macready's Reminiscences.]

A PERFORMANCE AND NO AUDIENCE.

Recalled to business, I went to Berwick. Here I acted some of my principal characters to very good audiences, and ended the season with very satisfactory results. It was in this season that a general illumination had been ordered for the triumph of the Allies over Napoleon. To my surprise my father gave directions for a performance on that evening. It was in vain that I reasoned with him, stating my conviction that there would not be one person present. He was pertinacious in his resolution; but I could not believe he would persist, until I saw the play-bills advertising "Laugh when you can" (the title a satire on the proceeding) and the "Poor Soldier." My father took the part of Gossamer; the players could hardly be persuaded that he was in earnest, but the night arrived and they were obliged to dress for their parts. At seven o'clock the prompter went to my father's dressing-room, knocked, and inquired, "Sir, shall I ring in the music? there is no one in the house!" "Certainly, sir; ring in the music," was his answer. The music was rung in—the musicians went into the orchestra and began to play. I went into my father's room, and informed him that "there were two boys in the gallery and one man in the pit, and I would go into the boxes, that there might be an appearance in all." Accordingly I took my place in the centre box, and, with difficulty preserving a demure countenance, saw my father very gravely and indeed sternly begin the part of the laughter-loving Gossamer, indignant with the performers, who had difficulty in restraining their disposition to make a joke of the whole affair. A scene or two was quite sufficient, and I left the remaining three-quarters of the audience to their amusement, preferring a walk round the walls of "our good town" on a lovely summer evening, until the inhabitants should begin to light up. About nine o'clock I thought I would look in again, to see whether the farce was really going on. The play had just concluded, and the pit audience went out. The two boys remained in the gallery, evidently tired out with the dullness of their evening; but when the musicians reappeared in the orchestra, and began the overture of the afterpiece, it seemed as if their powers of endurance were exhausted, and leaning over the gallery balustrade one of them, with a violent gesture of his arm, called out, "Oh, dang it; give over!" and both walked out, leaving the players to undress themselves and go out in their own clothes to see the illuminations.

HUMORS OF DUBLIN AUDIENCES.

The value of the principle that I had laid down as a primary duty in my art, viz: *always to be in earnest*, was enforced upon me still more strongly by my experience before a Dublin audience. Their attention arrested and their feelings once excited, the actor enjoyed in their glowing sympathy the full triumph of his art. The national character might be read with tolerable correctness in their theatre. Keenly sensitive to the commanding truth of the poet's or the player's passion, they would as often find resource in their own humor from their dullness or inefficiency. It would not unfrequently happen that the humor of the gallery would prove the ruler of the hour, disturbing the most sedate of the spectators and utterly disconposing the player; until, checked by perhaps some energetic declamation or sobered by some touch of nature, they would surrender themselves to the potent influence of the scene, and beneath its charm no assembly could watch more intently, with more discriminating taste, or more lavish applause, "the dream of passion" passing before them. The anecdotes are numerous that have been current of the Dublin galleries' waggeries. I remember on one occasion acting the character of Pierre in "Venice Preserved." My friend Jaffier displayed a rotundity of person that might have agreed with the simile to which he likened himself, of a "full ear of corn," but certainly showed no appearance of being "withered in the ripening." As if in accordance with this obesity, his delivery was drawling and his deportment heavy. In the scene prepared for the execution of Pierre, after he had struck me and himself with his dagger, and gasping out the few spirited words of the defiant conspirator, I had closed my part with the cordial plaudits of the audience, a long and rather drowsy dying speech of my poor friend Jaffier was "digging its slow length along," when one of the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly, "Ah! now, die at a-once" to which another from the other side immediately replied, "Be quiet, you blackguard," then turned with a patronizing tone to the lingering Jaffier, "Take your time!"

SO LIKE A FOOL.

Among those I have seen, the only amateurs with any pretension to theatrical talent were Charles Dickens, of world-wide fame, and the lovely representative of Mary Copp, in the "Merry Monarch," at the British Embassy at Paris, Miss MacTavish, the niece of Lady Wellesley, afterwards married to the Hon. H. Howard, and since died. One of the very worst, if not the worst, who owed his notoriety chiefly to his frequent exposure of himself in the character of Romeo, Lothario, Belcour, etc., was Coates, more generally known as "Romeo Coates." He drove a curricle with large gilt cocks emblazoning his harness, and on the stage wore diamond buttons on his coat and waist-coat. He displayed himself, diamonds and all, this winter at Bath, in the part of the West Indian, and it was currently believed on this occasion he was liberally paid by the theatre, which profited largely by his preposterous caricature. I was at the theatre on the morning of his rehearsal, and introduced to him. At night the house was too crowded to afford me a place in front; and seeing me behind the scenes, he asked me, knowing I acted Belcour, to prompt him, if he should be "out," which he very much feared. The audience were in convulsions at his absurdities, and in the scene with Miss Rusport, being really "out," I gave him a line which Belcour has to speak, "I never looked so like a fool in all my life;" which, as he delivered it, was greeted with a roar of laughter. He was "out" again, and I gave him again the same line, which, again repeated, was acquiesced in with a louder roar. Being "out" again I administered him the third time the same truth for him to utter, but he seemed alive to its application, rejoining, in some dudgeon, "I have said that twice already." His exhibition was a complete burlesque of the comedy, and a reflection on the character of a management that could profit by such discreditable expedients.

AN ECCENTRIC AMATEUR.

Before I left Dublin an announcement appeared in the play-bills of "Shakespeare's Historical Play of 'King Richard III.' The Duke of Gloster, by Mr. Plunkett, of this city, who comes before the public for the purpose of giving him a claim at a future period for a benefit in order to relieve the distressed poor of Dublin and its vicinity." The city was all alive with the promise of "fun" which this notification held out. Mr. Plunkett was a gentleman, a barrister of the Four Courts without practice, and nearly related to Lord Fingall; but was said to have—what the Scotch call—"a bee in his bonnet." Unlike his vulgar contemporary Coates, his motives were disinterested and amiable, and his sacrifices in behalf of charity would have been without parallel could he but have known how superlatively ridiculous were his efforts in its cause. The audience that crowded the theatre were in fits of laughter from the beginning to the end, the wags in pit and gallery taking part in the dialogue. When he said in Gloster's soliloquy, "Why, I can smile, and murder will I smile," the response from the pit was, "Oh! by the powers, you can!" To his question, "Am I then a man to be beloved?" voices answered, "Indeed, then, you are not!" At "Off with his head!" the encore was long continued, and at the death the shouts of laughter and ironical "bravos" drowned the remainder of the tragedy; but so satisfied was he of his triumphant success, that the next morning he called on the Lord Chief Justice Bushe to learn his opinion, and understanding that he had been unable to visit the theatre, Plunkett begged leave to act some of Richard's speeches before him, which, to the great annoyance of the Chief Justice, who feared the gathering of a mob about the windows, he did, and pressed the venerable judge for his verdict. The Chief Justice had no escape but in assuring him that "he had never seen anything like it in all the performances he had ever witnessed;" which sentence, as that of the Chief Justice, Plunkett sent to the papers next day. He was too estimable and kind-hearted a man not to excite regret in many that he should have been under such a delusion in respect to his theatrical powers.

AN AGED MOTHER'S FATE.

A month ago Sarah Smith returned to her old home in New Jersey from visiting one of her children in another State. For many years she and her husband had lived in the little village of Franklin. They were poor, not even owning the cottage they dwelt in, but they so lived that they earned the respect of their humble neighbors. A year ago the husband died, leaving little or no provision for the support of his widow, then seventy-three years of age; but she had several children married in different parts of New York and New Jersey, and with them in turn she passed much of her time. As often as she could, though, she came to visit the friends who had been her neighbors while her husband lived. She so came a month ago, and after a few days her son-in-law, Benjamin Robinson, of Raritan, arrived one Saturday to take her to his home. She started with him, and the two reached Newark, and there Robinson went into a saloon and got drunk. His feeble mother could do nothing to restrain him, and soon, in the midst of a street row he was arrested, and she was alone and penniless. She borrowed a little money from the man who sold her son the drink, and began a weary trudge back again toward Franklin. Her route has easily been traced, for she stopped frequently on the way to make enquiries, and her sad, old face impressed all to whom she spoke. At one time she was sitting by the roadside, when two young men approached her and asked whether she needed help. "Please raise me on my feet," said she, "for I am very weak, and tell me, if you can, by which way I can reach Franklin." They aided her as they could, but she slowly tramped on. She was then only a mile from her home, but she lost the road soon and kept getting further away. Later she met a party of workmen returning from their work in Vonacaw, and they pointed out to her the spires of her distant village and walked along by her side until their paths parted, and then giving her a word of cheer, they stood for a moment watching her as she wearily left them. Her gray hair, loosened by the wind, straggled from under her hood. Her shawl had fallen from one shoulder, and her short dress of dark stuff was covered with dust. One of the men offered his support for a bit of her journey, but she thanked him, saying that she had but a little distance to go and she would not trouble him. Soon she became too weak to continue, and turning aside from the highway she passed a rude foot bridge over a narrow stream to a heavily wooded island in Acquackanonk. Then she climbed to a summit of a knoll a few rods away from the beaten path, and folding her hood to make a pillow, straightening her dress, and covering herself with her shawl, she turned her face so that she could see, scarcely a mile distant, the home toward which she had been journeying, and laid herself down to rest or die. She did not move from that spot, and her friends did not miss her, for those in Franklin thought she was with her daughter in Raritan, and her son-in-law, Robinson, supposed she had safely returned to Franklin. On Sunday morning a laboring man strolling through the woods found her body. Immediately the Coroner and a jury were obtained, who found simply that "Sarah Smith died on Saturday, May 1, from cold and exposure." Her children gathered and quietly buried their mother yesterday, decorating her grave with flowers.

MAKING HIS SHIRTS.

There is trouble brewing—in fact, broken out—in a certain family in this city. Agreeable to the earnest solicitation of his wife, who knew she could make a shirt just exactly as well as any regular hand at the business, and being sadly in need of that necessary article of wearing apparel, the head of the household purchased a bolt of Wamsutta, and troubled with many misgivings, took it home, and told his wife to go ahead, specially charging her to make the band 14 1-2 inches around, and not one hair smaller or larger, and to be very careful with the bosoms. The good woman, anxious to economize, and sanguine of success, borrowed a pattern cut from a shirt worn by a consumptive neighbor, and slashing into the cloth, in a remarkably short space of time had the whole piece cut up, and basted ready for the machine. We will not detail the sufferings which the miserable husband was called upon to endure until the work was completed. Every man whose wife or mother has had the shirt-making fever, knows what it is to go home to dinner and be compelled to undress and try on a shirt basted together, jabbed full of pins and pulled and hauled all over the house, while your better-half is trying to fit the thing to your back. This is a subject we cannot dwell upon and keep out of the mad-house. In the course of time the cloth was all made up, the wife

NOTICE.

THE WATCHMAN is issued from the Office, Canterbury Street every Saturday afternoon.

Subscription, Two Dollars per annum, post-paid. Single copies, four cents.

Advertisements: Twenty Dollars per inch, per annum. Transient Advertising, One Dollar per inch for the first insertion; fifty cents each subsequent insertion.

THE WATCHMAN is for sale at all the City Bookstores, in all the principal Towns in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and on all the leading Railways and Steamboats.

JOHN LIVINGSTON,
Proprietor and Editor.

Office:—Canterbury Street, next door North of the Post Office.

The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

THE BURPEE INTEREST AGAIN!

Turning a Denominational Journal to Political Account.

In a letter in the *Wesleyan* of last week, dated from St. John and signed "Occasional," there appeared the following:—

Of course, the great fires are the engrossing topics of conversation among the people. There have, however, been some newspaper changes which should not be overlooked. The *Tribune*, a daily evening paper, has ceased to exist. It made its departing bow last Saturday, so that the *Globe* has the evening all to itself. Mr. John Livingston, well known in connection with the *Telegraph*, and who is yet understood to be on the editorial staff of that paper, has recently started a new weekly paper—*The Watchman*. The paper is violently opposed to the present Dominion Administration, and appears to have been originated with the especial object of vilifying and abusing the Hon. Isaac Burpee and his family. In its columns Mr. Burpee is represented as the head of a "Family Compact" whose sole aim is to filch money from the public chest for personal and private gain. The evidence adduced in support of this position, are that E. R. Burpee, C. E.—a brother of the Minister of Customs—is the contractor of the Prince Edward Island Government Railway, and probable contractor for the Elgin Branch so called. Mr. Isaac Burpee had not entered political life, and Prince Edward Island had not entered Confederation when Mr. E. R. Burpee became contractor on the railways of that Province. The same facilities of construction and other assistance promised to the Elgin Branch, have been offered to other branch railways in New Brunswick. If there have been any corrupt practices—which has yet to be shown—they cannot be laid to the charge of the Hon. Isaac Burpee. We do not wish to refer to this subject, so as to give any political coloring to our remarks. It is entirely in the interest of honest journalism. We should be sorry to see any restraint put upon the independence of the Press of this or any other country. It is one of our greatest safeguards. But we must also remember that a venal, unscrupulous and ogrrupt press is, if possible, a greater evil than tyrannical censorship. By all means let public men and their public actions be freely, fearlessly and frankly criticised; but in the name of honesty, morality, and respectable journalism, let us not tolerate the indecent spectacle of a party press attempting to gain a temporary advantage by attacking the private character of our public men. If there be vice, let it be held up to the glare of day; if there be dishonesty, let it be exposed. But we think there can be no palliation for a wanton attack upon the character of men whose very names have hitherto been a guarantee of honesty and fair dealing. In the May number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* the biographer of the Rev. Dr. Pickard says: "Whoever heard of the Burpees and Pickards, listened to names with which the attributes of virtue and honor were always connected." Mr. Burpee and his family have always enjoyed the reputation of being upright honorable gentlemen, and no man has done more to develope the railway enterprise of these Provinces than Mr. E. R. Burpee. We feel assured the Editor of the *Watchman* knows well enough that such charges are entirely groundless; and, even if they had any foundation, in fact, which they have not, gratitude should prompt him to deal with them tenderly. The character of a man or a public journal built upon the slandered reputation of others, enjoys indeed a questionable fame. And the attempt to bring a newspaper or an individual into prominence by such means is simply atrocious. We speak in general terms, for the habit, vicious though it be, is unfortunately too common among secular journals. We look to the religious press to supply the corrective and to brand with scathing terms all such attempts.

The *Evening Globe* copies this letter and heads it "A Wesleyan View." It might as properly be headed a "Mormon View" or a "Stockton View," or any other sort of view that pleased the editor's fancy for the moment. It is clearly the "view" of a party who wishes to stand well with the Burpee Interest,—for what reasons we need not enquire. We have good reason for believing it is not "A Wesleyan View," and that many Wesleyans are greatly surprised to find such use made of their denominational organ, which is supposed to give a wide berth to partisan politics and which ought to be equally careful to prevent its columns from being used for the propagation of open falsehoods, such as disfigure the letter we have quoted, and which the readers of THE WATCHMAN will be quick to detect. We copy the references to THE WATCHMAN in full, that those who have been in the habit of reading our columns may see for themselves how entirely untruthful and unfair the statements are. Every reader of THE WATCHMAN is aware that no attack has been made in these columns on "the Hon. Isaac Burpee and his family,"—in the sense in which this writer uses the term "family." Every reader knows we have made no reference whatever to the "private character" of Mr. Burpee or of any of the Burpee Interest. The *Telegraph* has, through pressure, corrected the statement that the editor of THE WATCHMAN is still on the *Telegraph* staff, a statement that could only have originated in the densest ignorance; and the assertion that THE WATCHMAN was started "with the especial object of villifying and abusing Hon. Isaac Burpee and his family," is as destitute of truth as the *Wesleyan's* correspondent, we fear, is destitute of saving grace. The writer's statement of THE WATCHMAN'S "evidences" of the misuse made by the Burpee Interest of their political position, is merely a burlesque of THE WATCHMAN'S argument and "evidences" only the writer's inability to grasp the points of our articles relative to the Family and Railroad Compact whose existence all disinterested legislators and electors deplore. But we need not take up *seriatim* the mistatements, unfounded insinuations and absurdities with which the letter is crammed and by means of which it is sought to make political capital for the Burpee Interest through the columns of the *Wesleyan*. We merely desire to call attention to the fact that the correspondence is "volunteer," that it is apparently written for a special purpose, and in no sense forms a part of the regular correspondence of the *Wesleyan*; and, we are glad to say, it in no manner reflects the views of the Wesleyan body, leading members of whom in this city are staunch friends of THE WATCHMAN.

A few reflections may not be out of place in this connexion. It is a safe assertion to make that, if THE WATCHMAN'S expositions of the workings of the Burpee Interest were not producing some effect throughout the country, such desperate efforts to divert attention from these facts would not be made. No man would risk his reputation for truth and candor on such statements as those we have quoted, were it not felt that "something must be done" to off-set the damaging summary of the operations of the Burpee Interest which we have been instrumental in presenting to the public. The fact is that the attempt to create sympathy by representing that "Hon. Isaac Burpee and his family" are being attacked in THE WATCHMAN, shows that the friends of the Burpee Interest find that public sentiment is not setting favorably to them; that very many persons are rather pleased than otherwise to find a public journal giving expression to opinions and convictions which they have long entertained; and that a determination is being formed in many breasts to rid the country of the Family Compact and all its ramifications. It is this state of things that creates alarm among members of the Interest and those who are profiting or expect to profit by the operations of the Interest, and which leads to such whining, sympathetic appeals as the one we have quoted. The friends of the Interest may rest assured that the electors of New Brunswick will pay but little attention to such appeals. The electors find as their rulers a set of men who have scarcely any qualifications for legislation and whose names appear in connexion with no measures before Parliament,—except some such scheme as that for building a railway bridge across St. John harbor at Navy Island, or some other railway scheme in which there is "money." They find that of twenty-seven New Brunswick members of both branches of Parliament, six, or nearly one fourth, are related members of one Family, the record of whose legislative performances shows absolutely nothing accomplished for the public good. They find, however, that while these gentlemen have done nothing for the public, by some extraordinary gifts or graces their friends outside of Parliament have managed to secure a number of contracts in which the public property and the public revenues are a good deal interested, while the members of Parliament connected with this compact are nearly all understood to be looking forward to the time when they will be safely bestowed in Government positions of one description or another. The electors, noting the shocking corruption which attended the Hon. Isaac Burpee's elections in Saint John, the easy style in which he became tranformed from a supporter of Sir John A. Macdonald's Government to a Minister in a "Reform" Cabinet, and those other "evidences" of the presence and qualifications of a supple politician, are freely discussing such subjects, with a result not particularly favorable to Mr. Burpee or the Burpee Interest, whose representative he is in the Government of Mr. Mackenzie. It is such topics as these THE WATCHMAN has been discussing and will continue to discuss, "without fear, favor, or affection." These are public and not "private" questions. They relate to the politics of the country and the public good. If they cannot be discussed in the public journals; if there are censors who would like to stamp out all criticism of the manner of conducting elections, or of politicians changing sides, or of our representatives denouncing in Ottawa the corruption they practice in New Brunswick, or of the manner in which public works are built or the public property parted with, why, then, let us understand fully what are public questions, if these are not. It may suit the Burpee Interest to silence discussion on such subjects, but it does not suit the public; and the probability is strong that as long as the Burpee Interest remains what it has been in the past, just so long will its public acts be subject to such criticism as their merits call for. As regards "private" matters, relating to the Interest, not the slightest attention has yet been made to them, and we hope that nothing will occur to render necessary anything but legitimate discussion of legitimate subjects of public moment. When it becomes necessary to turn to "private" matters, the public may be amused, if not edified, by learning the opinions which members of the Burpee Interest have at different times expressed in reference to each other and their acts; and other reasons may then be added to those already adduced in favor of securing a more independent representation in Parliament.

THE "TELEGRAPH" AND ITS GOVERNMENT COTEMPORARIES.

Supporters of the Government, suspecting that the editor of THE WATCHMAN was writing editorials for the *Telegraph*, set themselves to work to discover beyond all doubt whether this were the fact or not, and whether it could be possible that a journal supporting the Government was guilty of employing any one not in full sympathy with the Government. The *Freeman* opened the ball by charging that the editor of THE WATCHMAN was still on the *Telegraph* staff, but Mr. Elder took no notice of the shocking accusation. Later, the statement was repeated in a letter in the *Wesleyan*, and still the *Telegraph* paid no attention to it. Still later, the *Evening Globe* copied the *Wesleyan's* letter, and then the editor of the *Telegraph*, who seems to stand in mortal terror of the *Globe*, could no longer resist the pressure, and forthwith "disclosed," rebutted the dread charge and cleared his skirts of all suspicion of harboring an enemy of the Government! The conspirators were in great glee, having brought the *Telegraph* to its knees and given the world another example of the immense value to the country of "independent journalism." More than this: the *Telegraph*, to prove its sincerity, has undertaken to attack THE WATCHMAN, thus giving pledges for its good behavior in future,—which is all right enough, though its mode of action is peculiar. Thus, instead of coming regularly up to its work and setting itself to a defence of the Burpee Interest, it rebukes other papers for undertaking such defence and in doing so mixes in the fray and really supplies a defence!—And, then, in the next column it calls the editor of the *Globe* "a Jesuit!"

But the trouble is not over yet. We have the best of reasons for believing that there are persons in the *Telegraph* service who have not the slightest sympathy with the Government or the Burpee Interest. If we are not grossly mistaken, not one man in five of the electors in the *Telegraph* employ would vote the Government ticket if an election were held to-morrow: in fact, the *Telegraph* establishment, as a whole, is generally believed to be a regular Opposition nest. Here is a fine opportunity for the *Globe* and the *Freeman* and the volunteer correspondents of the *Wesleyan* to "smoke out" traitors to the Government and turn the *Telegraph* into a meek and supple follower. Our Government cotemporaries have only to follow up their recent advantage to make the *Telegraph* their most obedient servant in all things, and we advise them not to throw away their opportunity. In their efforts they will have the sympathy of that large body of persons who have become wearied with the sight of "the leading journal" astride the fence, with its (literary) legs touching the ground, first on one side and then on the other. Harry Leslie on the tight rope on a public holiday is quite enjoyable, but with Leslie and his feats of balancing constantly being performed before our eyes, the sight would become monotonous. The only use to the public which the recent relations between the *Telegraph* and the other Government papers served was to show the entire absence of harmony, the persistent wranglings, jealousies and hatreds which exist in the bosom of the "Reform" Party, and which act as a warning to the country as to the calibre of the guides who would lead the public in matters political. But of these unseemly and disgraceful exhibitions the country has had enough, and if the *Telegraph* will only take its place in peace and quietude by the side of the *Globe* and *Freeman* there will not be many tears shed. It is really fighting the same battles as its cotemporaries and it ought not to be ashamed of the company.

STRICTLY "PRIVATE."—THE WATCHMAN is denounced because it connected the Burpee Interest with the Government's sale of the Fredericton Orphanage Lands. This matter was referred to in Parliament and in the Press; an Order in Council was made on the subject; the Mayor of Fredericton went to Ottawa to oppose it; the Railway Company paid the money in to the Receiver General; Mr. Pickard flourished the receipt for the same in the Commons; the Order, under popular pressure, was subsequently cancelled and the property taken back by the Government. And yet friends of the Burpee Interest have the assurance to speak of this as a "private" matter. If the discussion over the Island Railway; if the connecting of Mr. Schreiber, a Government official, with contracts involving gifts of Government property; if the filling up of Senatorships; if the representation of the Province in the two Houses of Parliament, are "private" matters, and their discussion in a public journal is to be construed into "wanton attacks" on the "Hon. Isaac Burpee and his family," will the friends of the Burpee Interest be good enough to tell us what are *public* matters? Is the vote of Mr. Burpee in favor of the petition to the Queen to interfere with this Province in relation to its School system, also a strictly "private" matter? Is his treatment of the Bay Verte Canal project, also a "private" matter? The public do not so regard them, and it is not probable that a new rule for the treatment of political questions will be adopted for the special convenience of the men now in power or the Burpee Interest.

THE PASTILLE LOTTERY: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SCHEME.

In a former article dealing with this matter, we gave the General Manager the benefit of the assumption that he really meant what he said when in his advertisements he promised to return to each purchaser of a box of Pastilles, "*one half of his investment* without fail." The investment was one gold dollar, so that the amount to be returned was not less than fifty cents in gold. Assuming that the General Manager intended to carry out this pledge in good faith, we showed that after returning each of 49,600 purchasers one half of the amount collected from them, in addition to the individual gold and merchandize premiums indicated, there would remain of the $50,000 only $3,080, which would not be paid out for premiums, and that on a moderate calculation for expenses of management, printing, advertising, commissions, "a season of opera," etc., the loss to the General Manager and his associates would be in the vicinity of Twenty Thousand Dollars! This was putting the matter in the best possible light for the *integrity* of the Management. There are, however, other views that may be taken of the Scheme as developed in the advertisements and circulars issued.

While the General Manager has stated, in one part of his advertisement, that he will return to every purchaser "one half of his investment," in another place he states that "*positively one half our gross receipts will be given away.*"

Again, he says: "*50,000 presents to be given away. Every purchaser gets a premium.*"

In another place we find the assurance that "$20,000 *will be distributed in premiums*," etc.

We will assume, for the sake of argument, that of the $50,000 to be obtained by the sale of the Pastilles, the General Manager and his associates will really distribute as premiums the sum last named, say $20,000 in the aggregate. They are bound to distribute this amount among 50,000 persons. The cash premiums alone foot up $16,575. The merchandize premiums, as far as detailed in the advertisement, would retail at about $5,195; but supposing they cost the Lottery men only one half this sum, say $2,597, the premiums alone would absorb $19,172 gold, which would be divided among 391 persons,—leaving only $828 remaining of the $20,000. Now, this $828 is all there is to be divided among 49,609 holders of the Lottery bonds; so that supposing these persons to get premiums equal in value, the cash value of such premiums WOULD NOT EQUAL TWO CENTS EACH, whereas the General Manager has represented all good people to "*observe that we guarantee each "purchaser a premium not less than Fifty Cents and it "may be Five Thousand Dollars.* * * *" You "will therefore at once see that your Pastilles can "cost you but fifty cents a box, while you are liable "to draw on us for several thousands of dollars, in "premiums. Should a man purchase five hundred "boxes of us, the *very least we could return him "would be two hundred and fifty dollars.*" Again: "A "poor man would perhaps invest his last five dollars, or whatever it may be, in a worthless bit of "card-board, with one chance in five hundred of "realizing an equivalent for his cash invested. "*How different!*" There are no blanks with us. *You "can not realize less than fifty cents.*" We need scarcely comment on such a result,—less than two cents! after all these fine promises and warnings,—further than to say that the day of the drawing which would witness a large body of people put off with a two or three cent premium, in return for their gold dollar "investment," would probably not close without rioting and tar and feathers.

In one of the General Manager's advertisements, "the books, registers, etc., of the Company" are spoken of, and the Bank of New Brunswick is alluded to as "our financial agents." Nobody seems to know who compose "the Company," nor does there appear to be any Company in existence, while the Bank of New Brunswick distinctly repudiates any responsibility, and is in no sense the "Financial Agents" of the unknown "Company." The names of Messrs. T. R. Parker and Sons and Mr. H. L. Spencer have also been freely used. In a printed circular lying before us we find great prominence given to these firms, their names occupying the very heart of the advertisement being printed in type bolder than any other in use in the circular, and so used as to convey the impression that they have intimate connection with the concern. But Messrs. Barker have no special interest whatever in the affair, merely keeping the medicine for sale, by retail, the same as any other druggist, while Mr. Spencer, we understand, has been compelled to order his name withdrawn from a too intimate connexion in which he found it in certain advertisements. We understand that the advertisement is not as much in favor with the city newspapers as it was. The *Telegraph* had refused to insert it, and it has been withdrawn from all the other papers. The Lottery is clearly illegal, and the publication of the advertisement is equally so, but it is to be hoped the affair will come to an end without the intervention of the officers of the law.

CAVING IN.

After all the savage assaults of the *News* on all journals which presumed to differ from its view of the Government's Fishery Regulations; after all its "arguing," ranting and bullying; after lavishing on the ignorant fishermen, and not less ignorant editors, the vast and hitherto concealed stores of fishery information which it claims to possess, our bran new Government champion is forced to the following impotent conclusion:—

If it can be fairly shown that the tax is too heavy, and that any serious distress will be caused by its collection this season, we add our voice to that of the *Freeman*, (but not on his untenable grounds,) and hope the Minister will fairly consider the matter, and if necessary make such a reduction as will leave no just cause for complaint.

Ye gods, and fishes, big and little! Here is a falling off! And on the same morning the *Telegraph* gave expression to the same suggestion, in different form:—

It might not be amiss for the Department to let the duties, though sound in principle, stand over this season, especially as Nova Scotia is not included, and next year adjust the duties equally as regards all the provinces, and making the tax very moderate, and giving early notice of it.

And so, the bottom has really fallen out of the new Fishery Regulations, as far as they apply to taxing salmon and bass in the net! And this in spite of all the noisy demonstrations in the press which gave assurance that everything was right on the Miramichi and the North Shore generally, and that the battle of the Regulations would be fought out to the bitter end! The public will now begin to understand what reliance to place on the utterances of the Government papers; and they may also draw comfort from the fact that although all the Government journals combine to bolster up an obnoxious policy, the people, if true to themselves, can by agitation and persistent effort break down even the most carefully prepared plans for their oppression.

It will be remembered that, as regards the U. S. duty on tin cans enclosing Canadian preserved fish, the *Telegraph* took Mr. George Haddow to task for stating that this duty applied to Salmon cans, and held that it applied to Lobster cans only. The *News* backed the *Telegraph* up in pronouncing Mr. Haddow's statement untrue. Mr. Haddow, however, is not to be put down easily, as the following letter to the *Telegraph* shows:—

To the Editor of the Telegraph:—

SIR:—Your *intended* correction of my statement regarding duty on canned salmon in the United States surprised me very much, believing, as I do, that you would not resort to such a quibble, as to say it is only on the cans; and I wondered that you did not inform your readers of the removal of the duty at an earlier day, seeing that the subject is one which has commanded a good deal of public attention.

But, before making a shipment to the United States, I would like to ask you, if you can inform me, "when, and by what authority, that duty was removed from the little Tariff Bill passed by Congress?" so that I may feel assured that I will not require to pay duty on any one pound cans containing salmon which I may send there.

Your other remark that Pacific salmon have been in the United States for the past two years does not affect the point intended in my statement in that connection, as it still remains true that we, who had to face the markets, scarcely heard of Pacific salmon a year ago, and our prices were at that time quite unaffected by them.

I am, yours respectfully,
GEORGE HADDOW.

Dalhousie, June 2, 1875.

The *Telegraph's* reply is a surrender of its position, at the same time that it lets the public into the secret of the origin of the Fishery articles which have been appearing in some of the Government papers. It says:—

THE DUTY ON CANNED SALMON.—We publish another letter from Mr. Haddow. An officer of the Department of Marine and Fisheries requested us to state, as an undoubted fact, that no U. S. duty was collected on canned *salmon*, although such tax was levied on canned *lobster*. *Our own reading of the Act was that it applied to all kinds of canned fish*, but we have again and again been assured and requested to state that such was not the case. We trust it may prove so.

The meaning of this explanation is that the editor published, not what he conscientiously believed to be the fact, but the view that a Government official wished to have sent forth to the public, this view being in opposition to the editor's own! It is scarcely worth our while to talk further of an independent press after such unpleasant revelations.

BURYING A MAN ALIVE.

The heading of an article in the New Orleans *Bulletin* of the 29th ult. is sufficiently startling: "A Pauper apparently dies in the New Orleans Hospital! The supposed Corpse comes to life on the way to the Grave: Nevertheless it is carried on "and Buried!" From statements made at an enquiry held by a newspaper reporter we select one or two:—

"H. Beggs was in one of the cemeteries (which, he did not say,) and his attention was attracted to a funeral cortege made up of a wagon followed by three or four women. The driver of the wagon lifted out a coffin, and was about depositing it in the hole prepared for it, when the occupant of the coffin kicked off the lid and cried: 'For God's sake do not bury me alive!'

"The driver picked up a brick, and, crying 'You ——, I have a doctor's certificate that you are dead, and I am going to bury you,' struck the corpse, either stunned or killed him, and the burial went on."

The reporter found a number of other persons, who testified to seeing the man moving in his coffin. We quote again:—

"Melinda Smith states: I was in a neighbor's house on Locust street, between First and Second. The charity wagon No. 1 stopped, and I thought it had broken down. A friend called me out in the street to see. Went up close to the wagon, and where I saw two coffins—one for a baby, the other for a grown person. The coffin for the grown person was open, the lid being partly off. I saw distinctly the man on the inside of the coffin, moving his hand, trying to push off the lid. The driver took the cushion off his seat and put it on the man's face, and sat on his head. In this position he still sat on him while he was going a square, and between Second and Third streets he stopped again and took a hammer and tried to nail down the lid. Here the driver took the baby's coffin and put it on top of the man's feet, and then sat on him again.

"The driver, when I first went up to the wagon, in an angry tone, said: 'What do you want?' and I said, 'I want to see.' He answered, 'Get away from here before I slap you in the mouth.' I said, 'You are carrying a live man to the graveyard.' He then drove on. I followed the wagon to the graveyard, but we were not allowed to go in. The driver is a tall, white man, and wore a white hat; had a red face, and I have seen him often passing the door. I would know him if I saw him."

The reporter succeeded in working up a very plausible case, which he placed in the hands of a detective, who succeeded in finding the driver, a man named Connors, and arresting him. Connors, before being placed under arrest, acknowledged that he had driven wagon No. 1 to the Locust Grove cemetery, with the last remains of George Banks and a colored child that he had taken from the small-pox hospital, but denied in toto that the man was alive or that he had stopped on the way. He stated further that he thought that the people in that neighborhood did not like him, and intended stating that he had buried the man alive, but, strange to say, he could not cite an instance where he had ever had any trouble or even a misunderstanding with any person that resides in that locality or that was present when this heinous crime was perpetrated. The particulars of the affair are detailed in a couple of columns of the *Bulletin*.

THE REASON WHY.

The *News*, moralizing on the condition of things in the vicinity of Sheffield St., says:—

"Can nothing be done to effect a needful revolution? Pressed, crowded and driven beyond the city boundaries to find building space, why should not the people of St. John be enabled to utilize fully the South Eastern portion of their city? *Why should not the Barrack ground question be pushed to a satisfactory settlement?* Why should not the fine building sites between Pitt street and the Bay south of Duke street, be turned to good account? And above all, why should not a determined and successful effort be made to sweep Sheffield and Eastern Duke streets and some adjacent localities clean of their dens? Were this done, the city would be greatly the gainer in various respects. It surely can be done, and it surely ought to be done; and the sooner the good work is begun in downright earnest the better."

Most admirable sentiments. Most suggestive questions. But why has nothing been done "to push the Barrack ground question to a satisfactory settlement?" Simply because we have as our immediate representative in the Government of Canada a gentleman who is not capable of mastering the argument in support of the City's right to have these grounds returned to her; who dare not say Yes when Mr. Mackenzie says No; who will make no fight where there is nothing for the Burpee Interest to gain. How different it was when the Burpee Interest wished to lay hold of the Ordnance Lands in Fredericton! There was no difficulty *then* in securing an Order in Council at short notice, and in passing the lands over to the Fredericton Branch Railway! There was "money" in that speculation. When the time comes for a land or railway speculation in the vicinity of the Barrack ground to ripen, we shall probably hear of energetic action within the Government. Of course, Government action will have no connection with anything going on outside! O, no!

DOING IT UP BROWN.—The following, from the *Mail*, shows the meaning of "Reform" in Ontario:—"The latest rumor with regard to the shrievalty of Wentworth is, that Mr. McKellar [an unpopular member of the Ontario Government] is only debarred from the immediate fruition of $7,000 a year for life by the obstinate persistence of Mr. Gordon Brown, a younger brother of Senator George Brown, in urging his own claim to something good while the Grits are still in office. One more sign is this of that approaching dissolution of the Mowat Administration which everybody is predicting: and we are bound to admit that Mr. Brown's services to the Party deserve the recognition which we are given to understand he claims from the moribund local Administration. Those who think that the appointment of a brother-in-law's brother to an easy place at the Model Farm was enough for the family, are inclined, we think, to underrate the services of the younger Brown. The elder brother a Knight, and the younger a Sheriff, the Browns will have done well, and their advancement will be an honour to the printing business." There is a generous flavor to this *Mail* article which is highly creditable to Party journalism in Ontario. At the same time, our cotemporary's remarks help us to understand that Reform means the same in Ontario as in New Brunswick—it means position and offices and contracts for the Browns and the Burpees and their friends and hangers on; while, as regards Reform Government, in itself, it is about what Mr. Blake described it when, according to Mr. Brown's *Globe*, "he spoke "as if there was some Reform Party which did "not desire reform, and some Liberal Party "which did not desire to liberalize." Mr. Blake would seem to have been entirely correct. We have a Reform Party which represents corruption and intrigue and every form of political turpitude, and a Government which cannot govern and which can find no rational excuse for its existence.

THE HEALTH LIFT is a form of stimulating exercise now very generally commended by the medical men of the United States. It is claimed that ten minutes daily use of the Lift, for three months, will about double a person's strength. By this method of lifting, every portion of the body is subjected to a uniform pressure, the value of which is explained by Dr. Wooster, of San Francisco, who says: "The beneficial effect of the Health Lift is appreciated when it is understood that it is only by muscular contraction that arterial capillaries are emptied, and that, immediately after such contraction, these same capillaries must be refilled with arterial blood fresh from the lungs, through the left side of the heart,—that is, newly oxygenated blood. Constipation is cured by this process,—that is, by completely emptying the small arteries of the alimentary canal during muscular contraction, which, by a well known physiological law, is followed by increased peristaltic action. This explains how the 'Lift' cures functional diseases of the liver, spleen, pancreas, stomach, etc. It cures by causing a more complete renewal of arterial blood in the finest capillaries than can be secured by any other known method." Eminent professional gentlemen have testified to the great benefits derived from the use of the Lift, such as Oliver Wendell Holmes, George Ticknor Curtis, George S. Hilliard, Professor Hitchcock, Prof. Welch, of Yale College, Dr. George B. Winship, "the strong man," and many others; and the Lift has been attached to many judgment, a very valuable aid to health, and will probably find much favor in our city, where it has just been introduced. Mr. Hayden, who has taken rooms in Stewart's brick building, corner of Duke and Charlotte streets, has one of these Lifts, which a number of persons use daily and from which some have already derived benefit.

THE POST OFFICE CLOCK.—We presume the Post Office clock will be forthcoming, but it does not appear that anybody in this part of the world knows of an order having been given for its purchase. Obstacles of various kinds appear to have been thrown in the way of securing the clock, although other cities have had no such difficulties to contend with. The clock for the Toronto Post Office is all right, at any rate, whatever happens to St. John. The Toronto *Globe's* local news column contains the following:—

THE POST OFFICE CLOCK.—The new clock for the Post Office was yesterday put in position. It is a fine piece of workmanship, and was manufactured by Messrs. E. Howard & Co., of Boston. The striking apparatus, which acts upon a bell weighing one thousand pounds, was used for the first time at six o'clock last evening. The dial, which is over five feet in diameter, and is of cast iron with gilt figures, will be put up to-day. Eight other dials will be distributed throughout the building, and will be worked by electricity in connection with the clock, so as to secure the indication of correct time in all the departments.

What is wanted for the St. John Post Office is a clock similar to this of Toronto in respect to its connection by electricity with all parts of the building. The striking is not so important; that might be discarded for the sake of the illuminated faces, which are all important. It appears that the Clock, the Three Lamps at Reed's Point, and the Bell Buoy are in a direct line, so that vessels entering the harbor at night will be perfectly safe in making straight for the Post Office clock. The objection raised to the use of gas for illuminating purposes as dangerous to the building, amounts to nothing, the experience of similar works elsewhere officially disposing of it. Under these circumstances it is to be hoped that the efforts which appear to be made at Ottawa to prevent the withdrawal of our citizens from being realised, will prove abortive, and that the work will be carried out, in proper form, without unnecessary delay. To say the least, it is a little remarkable that we never hear of the people of the cities of the Upper Provinces being obliged almost to force from the Government the slightest favor of any description, but we suppose it is necessary that the people of New Brunswick, who are disposed not too follow too closely at the heels of the Government, should be made to feel that a change has taken place at Ottawa and that the friends of the Maritime Provinces are no longer in power.

NOT MUCH TO BOAST OF.—The holders of Post Office boxes have been a good deal annoyed this week by finding in their boxes the printed circulars of a Dr. E. H. Blackley, "the inventor and discoverer of Medico Magno-Electroid," whatever that may be, the said Dr. Blackley being an "Electropathist," and the circular professing to be a report of a case before the "City Civil Court" of Halifax, in the month of August of a year not named, the Medical Society of that city being plaintiff and the Doctor defendant. If the doctor's knowledge of electricity is not more profound than his estimate of the value of the decision given in his favor by the Courts, he will not astonish the world. It appears from the report of the case that the Doctor was arraigned for infringing the Medical Act by practicing medicine without a certificate, and the Doctor having been put on the witness stand swore that he "had never practiced as a physician in Halifax,"—"had not practiced as a physician for fourteen years, or since he had been in Canada." As the Doctor had not practiced medicine and "disapproved of medicine," it was clear he had not contravened the Act, and the case, of course, went in his favor when taken before a higher Court. This is about all there is in the circular, and it amounts to just nothing, unless to illustrate the shallowness of the attempt to make capital at the expense of the Medical Faculty of Halifax, or the absurdity of the statement that such a decision entitles him to say that the "Courts of Law have decided his legitimate standing." To the ordinary observer, such a circular is alone sufficient to fix the "standing" of this new claimant to the patronage of those among us who are suffering from disease; and as the Doctor is honoring St. John by the presence of himself and his "seven batteries," it is to be hoped that something more reliable than this circular will be offered in proof of the eminence of his qualifications. Dr. Blackley may be everything that an "electropathist" ought to be, but this his first appeal to the public does not impress one greatly in his favor.

THE LATEST FISHERY OFFICER.—Says a Nova Scotia exchange:—

"P. S. Hamilton, Esq., the new Commissioner of Inland Fisheries for Nova Scotia, has just returned from an extensive tour over this country. He reports that the laws and regulations are openly set at naught in many places; the streams are filled with sawdust, dams are built in many instances right across the rivers, and even where so-called fish-ladders are erected they are totally unsuited for the purpose. Mr. Hamilton will start on Monday next to make a circuit of the shores of the entire western portion of the Province. On returning from this trip he intends attending to the eastern section. All who are found violating the law will be notified, and if they do not comply with the regulation will be vigorously prosecuted."

If there is a gentleman in Nova Scotia capable of getting the Dominion Government into hot water, and keeping it there, it is probably Mr. Hamilton. Next to Mr. Brydges, we don't know of anybody better qualified to create enemies to the Government and retard improvements which, of themselves, may be desirable, but which can be brought about only by judicious management.

THE PRESS ON THE PASTILLES.—Says the *Religious Intelligencer*:—"A man calling himself 'Dr.' O. Preston Sweet has been advertising very extensively 'A Grand Presentation Sale of French Medicated Pastilles.' He offers his 'Pastilles' at $1.00 a box, and then he promises to distribute, in September next, among the purchasers fifty thousand presents. THE WATCHMAN has done good service by showing the absurdity of the 'Dr's.' promises, proving very clearly that the whole thing is a huge and very transparent swindle. Taking the man's own statements, our cotemporary shows that the promises could not be carried out without a loss of about $18,000 to Sweet himself. We do not know how far the sale of the 'pastilles' has gone; but it is presumable that no small amount of money has already been received. The names of reputable business men of the city have been used by Sweet in his advertisements as connected with the concern, and it is not improbable that many people have by this means been deceived."

REFORM RINGS.—"The Lachine Canal Job," which has created a large amount of discussion in the journals of the Upper Provinces, is the name, in brief, for a transaction by which a number of "Reformers" in Montreal expected to clear a mint of money. Having obtained through the assistance of their friends in the Government, certain information as to the lands likely to be taken for Canal works, they proceeded to buy them up, and in order to have claims for heavy land "damages" against the Government, they called a sale for the purpose of fixing a fancy price for the lots. The Government, however, did not take the lands whereupon the Ring undertook to make those who had bid in lots at their bogus sale pay up. The latter resisted and the matter went before the Courts. The London *Herald* says of the result:—

"Stopping long enough to enter libel suits against the journals that exposed the conspiracy, the ring reflected that if they could hold the bogus buyers to their bids, they would still make a pot of money by the transaction, and they accordingly commenced suits to compel their tools to stand by the bids which they had made. The defence was almost laughable in its simplicity. It was that the sale, with its attendant circumstances, was a swindle, pure and simple; and in proof of that they placed Mr. Mackenzie and several of his colleagues in the witness box. What evidence was given by these gentlemen can only be guessed at, as before Mr. Mackenzie was sworn the reporters were turned out of court. All that we know is, that admissions were rung from them in cross examination which justified the judge in cancelling the sale, and condemning the ring to pay all costs. The judgment in effect brands the transaction as a deliberate attempt at a swindle, and popular opinion connects the attempt with the name of more than one member of the Cabinet."

The whole transaction helps to an understanding of the real meaning of "Reform," and enables us to appreciate the merits of the gentlemen and their assistants who are engaged in "elevating the standard of public morality."

A FINE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.—Next to "food" comes "raiment" in the domestic economy, and the good offices of the man who supplies you with clothing are scarcely less important, as regards the body, than those of the grocer and the baker. Even though the latter may out-rank the clothier in actual importance, the gentleman who fashions your garments and makes you presentable to society has gradually come to be regarded as an indispensable aid to success and comfort in life. Many men are just what their tailors make them, owing to the latter their wives, their fortunes and all they are or hope to be. Under all the circumstances, the selection of one's tailor is a more serious matter than it appears on the surface and should not be underrated. A "good fit" is a most important consideration, and "perfect fits" are guaranteed at Mr. J. E. Whittaker's, corner of Germain and Princess streets,—the new brick building recently erected by Mr. D. J. McLaughlin. Mr. W. has on hand a full line of gentlemen's furnishing goods,—nothing wanting that is essential to a gentleman's wardrobe. Here are the finest and most fashionable cloths, fresh from the first houses of England and the United States, and suited to all ages. Here shirts are a specialty, the stock of ready-made including the latest and finest shapes, both American and English; while the number made to order is very large and constantly increasing. The Shirt Department, we should observe, is under the charge of Mr. Adair, a celebrated cutter who has been employed in first class New York establishments, and whose special duty is to cut and fit shirts, while keeping an oversight of the down stairs business of the establishment,—the general cutting being conducted under the supervision of Mr. Gorey. The ground flat of the finely lighted store is filled with cloths and gents' furnishing goods; the second is devoted to a large show and fitting room, off which is partitioned a cutting room for Mr. Gory and his assistants; the third, which extends over Mr. Savage's store the full size of the building, is filled with workmen and workwomen, sewing machines, etc. About thirty persons are employed in making up. This does not include the workers on shirts, for whom there is not room in the building, although it was supposed to be ample for all purposes; but Mr. Whittaker's business having doubled within the last twelve months, other rooms in the vicinity will be needed to accommodate all his work people. When you secure a good fit, good and fashionable material, at a moderate price for cash, you can ask nothing better of any tailor, or any other man.

HOW IT WORKS.—The Government papers announced, a few days ago, through their Ottawa telegrams, that "the estimated outlay upon the "Canada Pacific Railway up to June, 1876, is "placed at nearly $5,000,000, and that on Canals at "$4,200,000." That is to say, nine millions will be expended by the end of the next twelve months in the West, for public works; while in the Maritime Provinces, the Bay Verte Canal, on which the Government last winter "estimated" an expenditure of a million, is put off with—a "commission!" So matters move, and so they will continue to move until the Maritime representation in the Government is strengthened, or our Maritime Ministers come to entertain clearer views of their duty to their constituents, or a general election destroys the overwhelming preponderance of Grit influence in Parliament.

OPIUM EATING IN CANADA AND THE STATES.—The increasing use of opium in the cities of Canada, including St. John, is calculated to excite alarm, and it may be well to call attention, before it is too late, to the opium habit which has fastened its fangs in too many of our young men. The medical faculty and the druggists of Canada know only too well how rapid has been the growth of this pernicious habit, and it is to be hoped that something may be done to arrest the progress of this new destroyer of mind, body and soul. We notice that in the United States the growth of the number of opium eaters has been quite remarkable. In five years there has been an increase of from fifty to seventy-five per cent., until the victims of the habit are now understood to number one hundred thousand, a large proportion being females; and it is charged that in numberless cases the dreadful habit was contracted in consequence of opium having been prescribed, in the first instance, by the physicians. We find, also, that to meet the home demand in the United States, the poppy is now cultivated in Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, California and Arizona, and that there is imported annually into the United States two hundred tons of the prepared article! This is a very alarming state of affair

CONTRIBUTIONS.

[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

A HEART CRY.

Oh, what is love but anguish ?
And what is life but woe ?
And what is joy but blissful pain ?
Of heaven what do we know ?

Oh, hearts are false as falsehood,
And friendship's but a name ;
The peace in love we seek for
Comes not, but doubt and blame.

Oh, what are smiles but ripples
Upon a shallow sea ?
And what are tears but surges
Of grief and misery ?

Oh, where is Hope's sweet blossom
Of pure and perfect white ?
Oh, where is Faith's sure anchor ?
Oh, where my lost delight ?

Oh, God ! the way is lonely,
The ocean rough and wild,
And on its heaving bosom
Thy helpless, tired child.

Oh, comes there not one little word
To bid me calm my fears ?
Oh, shines there not one little star
To light the dreary years ?

Oh, cold and colder blowing
The night winds sweep the deck,
And my little bark goes drifting
On the rocks a stranded wreck !

Yet, Christ can guide the helmless bark
And calm the angry sea,
While in the twilight stillness
He speaketh peace to thee.

And Time will heal the broken heart,
And soothe its throbbing pain ;
And Death will give the peace we seek
And rest the weary brain.

For Heaven is bliss eternal
Where love is love indeed,
Where Hope bears sweet fruition,
And heart wounds cease to bleed.

CECIL.

FREDERICTON, 7TH JUNE.

"THE GREAT LONE LAND."

Letter from a New Brunswicker in the North West: How Matters Stand in the Mounted Police Force: The Mysteries of Government Management in the Prairie Region.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WATCHMAN.]

SWAN RIVER, NORTH WEST TERRITORY, April 9th, 1875.

As my time in this easterly corner of the "Great Lone Land" is rapidly drawing to a close, I propose to devote a few moments of that time to serving up a little news for your columns. Our winter weather has apparently gone by quite rapidly and left us with something like spring on our hands. Last week found the snow melting away very quickly,—much more so than I ever noticed it in the east, leaving bare ground to be seen all around us; but for the past three days, "Old Probabilities," fearing he might have more snow on his hands than other localities cared to stand under, has been sending us a good supply again, much to the satisfaction of the boss of the Public Works, who has to get out some 700 more of those logs, or "McDougall Settlement fence rails," as I used to call them. These are to be used as a stand-by, I presume, to finish up the Barracks, by the North West Mounted Police themselves. The saw mill has been again put in running order, and has been cutting about 5,000 feet per day of five-eighths and one and two inch stuff, besides scantling. The mill is one of the Waterous Works manufacture, and if properly handled, can be made to do an immense amount of work. The sawdust is carried down on a wooden railway and dumped into Snake Creek, and as a result the fish must clear out and hunt other waters. This has the Minister of Marine and Fisheries can make a note of! The finishing of the buildings has been pushed along quietly, so far. No. 3, a two-story building, is nearly finished. As to its fitness to stand the summer's rains, I cannot swear to that, but common sense must tell any one who knows anything about sawing shingles that if the blocks of wood from which that article is manufactured are at all cracked, and those cracks should expand to any extent, there certainly will be showers inside. The lumber, at the best, is fearful stuff to warp, twist and almost double up. This putting up block houses out of hewn log, and chinking them with mud and shavings I must say is a more business.

I find the gentlemen up here who run the two Government hacks are not pleased at my letting the public know the truth of matters. So much exertion was made on the part of two of them that the one gave "Old Yellowstone" "one week's notice to take to the prairie," and as yet has refused to pay for what labor he has done. The other had orders from his affectionate Colonel not to harbor me; and, furthermore, not to give me any assistance in any manner whatever. The letter in the *Ottawa Citizen*, of February 22nd, signed "D. W. L.," of course I was the author of, and as I could not back down, there followed a raging of the elements. I need scarcely remark that the official who would turn a man out of doors into the drifting snow without either blankets or provisions, and that on Canadian soil, is only fitted in my estimation to be ranked among the most desperate of men. As I came in here in December last I, with my partner, was taken charge of by "E." Troop and cared for by them also. I have time and again given expression through the press to the many favors extended to me by them. The Government have never been put to a dollar of expense on my account for any rations given to me, nor have I ever received any information from the Troop to transmit to the public press, although, to use Capt. Carvell's own words, it was for the public to find out the state of affairs as best they could. He (Capt. C.) not having seen my letter in the *Citizen*, came to the conclusion that what Oliver, representing the Public Works Department, had been pouring into his ears was all gospel truth, and accordingly I met with every curse imaginable to the mind of any *sane* man. But now there is a lull in the storm and both gents see they have "put their foot into it," but have not the manliness to make the proper "amende." Of course, I am wanted out of here, but I neither go nor scare worth a cent. I adhere to my former programme of going West the first of May, although no letters have reached here from New Brunswick since the 10th of October last, but I can trace one of my letters away out in *Montana!* Even what few papers do come here are actually stolen to a certain extent. I am not the only complainant in this quarter. But I can get my letters out of here in spite of them, and that does much to keep their minds uneasy.

If Boss Oliver would take as much pains in doing up his work in a workmanlike manner as he does in persecuting and turning out of doors a poor devil like myself, he might perhaps have a better job of work to show to the public. One nail in three shingles is the allowance, I notice. I have been paying considerable attention to those buildings since Monday last (the 5th). I have found number 4, where E. Troop is quartered (and which I have named Oshkosh) nearly floating in water on account of the snow drifting into it through both roof, sides, and windows. I have before me the Manitoba *Weekly Free Press*, August 16th, in which Mr. Hugh Sutherland, the contractor, states "that he feels confident he can have them (the quarters) so far advanced that the men of the police force can be quartered in them before the winter sets in." How far has this proved true? The men never entered the present quarters until either the 10th or 11th of February, and then they were driven by the Snake Creek freshet out of the log shanty they were existing in on the banks of said Snake Creek! That log shanty now contains 16,137½ ft. cubic measure of ice, all made since Feb. 8th last—"a very fine state of matters," I hear your readers remark. This same oliver last winter, in mid winter, undertook to drive a young Irish chap named Rooney out of the Government employ and turn him adrift on the prairie without either means for food or protection from cold,—a very fine man to have charge of men! Another young man, Boswell by name, a grandson of Judge Boswell, of Ontario, was six weeks under arrest, and F. Evans Cornish, Esq., Barrister, of Winnipeg City, has been corresponded with and the case not settled yet. Although time cannot be got to saw lumber to finish up the buildings, still time can be found to cut 25,000 feet for the Hudson's Bay Company. It's big W. and little I. Then there is the manner in which his men are fed, having neither sugar nor molasses, although plenty of both can be got from the Police, especially the former, for his own mess table.

Now as regards Col. French: I believe I have given this officer at all times more credit than I now feel he has been justly entitled to. He has to-day devised "ways and means" for the Nor' West Mounted Police Force, out of some $3,000, all through fines imposed on them personally and through his officers. In the mutiny case here, of which I wrote to the press last month, the fines amounts to $345.50,—14 men, 1 sergeant, a month's pay each. The force cost the Government many thousands last year, and $185,000 more has to be spent this year to show the people inside and out of the Dominion what a lot of ignoramuses we are to have men rule over us who give the lie to everything that does not suit their fancy or their interests. Mr. Premier Mackenzie, I notice, has worked himself down so low that the miseries which emigrants endured on the Dawson Route last year are imaginary only! Just let Mr. Mackenzie keep on the even tenor of his way. He and his assistants in the Grit style of Government are doing much to manufacture Conservative votes. Dawson Route made 10,000 for the Opposition last year,—Lepine's case a few thousand more—Mounted Police ditto—the Intercolonial, and no doubt the N. B. School Bill, will add many thousands to the lists; and by the time the next election takes place the re-action will have done its work and Mr. Mackenzie and the political demagogues, of which he is the head and front, will find themselves and their political nostrums among the things that were. Even British Columbia had to be insulted, and had it not been for the indomitable exertions of Opposition men from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia where would the Baie Verte Canal $1,000,000 grant have been? [The grant has since gone by the board.—Ed.] There is no doubt at all that the Government is bent on injuring the Lower Provinces all they can. But every dog has his day, and Mackenzie & Co, are having theirs, and it bids fair to be a short one. Even up here, when a man does a job for the Government he must wait five or six months for his pay, as in the case of Thos. Farrel, of Perth, Ont., who cut hay here last fall for the Police Force and has been kept here all winter waiting to receive his money, a mere pittance of $190! Can not the Government find some one nan with pluck enough to unravel these matters and give the proper Government officials an overhauling, so that those who have any further dealings may get their monies in proper shape and at a proper time. This Parrel is compelled to go to Fort Garry, nearly 400 miles, for his money,—a pleasant trip at this season of the year!

The Hudson Bay Co. are now building three flat boats, 40 feet long, 8½ feet beam and 3 feet deep, to enable them to convey their furs to Fort Garry. Thirty days is the time consumed in the trip.

Mr. Lucas, who succeeded Mr. Cunningham on the Canada Pacific survey, has been in here nearly a week. He goes to Fort Garry with his surveying staff, as he has completed his work to this point. Since Mr. Cuningham's departure East Mr. Lucas has made many cut-offs, but I am given to understand that there are many small swamps on the line which, of course, will require much corduroying.

I must draw to a close. "Old Prob." is still sending us more and more snow—no complaints of a lack of that article now, indoor or outside. The shanty, a log one, of which, with an Ontario gentleman, I am the only occupant, is free from the effects of storms, as it was built by men who knew how to build a shanty. My next letter may be from some point west of here.

I am, &c.,
YELLOWSTONE.

HOLY WEEK IN CHILI.

Processions of Devout Thousands—A Couple of Dozen Churches Visited in a Single Day.

Few greater contrasts are to be noticed than that between the observance of Easter in the Chilian capital and in an English metropolis. After midday on Thursday, in Santiago, traffic is suspended, and those who are not religiously and devoutly disposed slink off to the country to avoid the censorious gaze of the orthodox. The noise of vehicles is superseded by the strange patter of little boots on flagged pavements, and the streets are filled with crowds, women dressed in black and enveloped in the national manta—a voluminous shawl of light material. This garment serves as a hood, being drawn over the head and the pendant folds wrapped round the figure of the wearer. For 48 hours Santiago becomes a city of Jerusalem, whose congregations are in black raiment. A constant procession of nun-like forms, interspersed with priests, friars, and the religious of the male sex, visits church after church. Prominent among these mourning trains are the blue, brown and white dress and manta assumed by a few of the women in performance of a penance or a vow. The interior of the cathedral and churches is an impressive sight. Every shrine and altar is illuminated by a profusion of wax candles; all the relics the ecclesiastical body can boast are displayed on column and plinth or elsewhere in the edifice, where they can be conveniently placed for the adoration of the faithful. Amid this blaze of light and through the perfumed haze produced by a score of censor bearers are discernible the crouching forms of a thousand female worshippers, each on a small kneeling mat of fringed carpeting, which they spread out under them on the stone flooring of the church. Round the sides are a few fair penitents whispering at the confessionals. The peasants from the country round are gazing awe-stricken and open-mouthed at the gorgeous religuary display, and they move but slowly; the others, after a certain number of aves and paternosters, start anew on their peregrinations, and their places are quickly occupied by new comers, of whom there is a constant influx. Few are the ladies who cannot count a couple of dozen churches visited in the day. Long into the dusk and darkness continues the ceaseless pattering of feminine footsteps, until at midnight the lights at the altars are extinguished and Santiago sinks to rest. On Good Friday the peregrinations begin at daybreak. Frequent masses are said in the cathedral; but the interest centres in the Alameda, or promenade, as the day draws to a close. Opposite to the Church of San Francisco, and extending far down the spacious avenue, are gathered some 20,000 of the religious and curious of Santiago. From the court yard of an adjacent building issues forth at 6 o'clock the procession of the Holy Sepulchre. There are four platforms, on which are placed wooden figures. These platforms are each supported on the shoulders of some 40 or 50 men. Preceding the first rides a small escort of cavalry, which speedily opens a way through the serried masses of spectators filling the Alameda (at this point some four score yards across). Following them in single file, on each side of the way, come two rows of candle-bearers, bareheaded, and wearing the device of the Sacred Heart. The first platform contains a representation of the Mount of Olives. Some boughs of green foliage are interspersed with the figures of the Saviour and two of the apostles, and in front of the group is a small figure of the queen of heaven on a pyramid of white tulle, intended to represent a cloud of glory. A further line of candle-bearers proceeds, and then passes the second platform, containing the figure of the Saviour tied to a whipping-post, with two executioners engaged in his flagellation. After a similar interval comes a figure of Christ, bearing the cross, followed by Mary and a Roman soldier. The emissary of Cæsar is gorgeously accoutred in a breastplate and a pair of Hessian boots. The next platform bears a large crucifix, with the figures of a mounted soldier and one on foot facing the cross. Following is an imitation black marble sarcophagus, richly gilt, which is supposed to represent the rock-hewn sepulchre. It is preceded by two incense-bearers. Bringing up the rear is a coffer borne aloft, and containing a precious relic belonging to the Church of San Francisco, while a band of military music closes the procession. Every head is uncovered as the images pass, and many a pretty eye fills with tears. After the procession the devout continued their pilgrimages until nearly midnight. Next day is the transformation scene. Early on Saturday morning crowds hasten from church to church once more; but at 10 o'clock high mass is performed at the cathedral, and the guns from Santa Lucia thunder forth a salute announcing the resurrection, and immediately this city of mourners was restored to ordinary life.

FEMININE SNOBS.

It would seem that there have ever been class distinctions and that there ever must be; but there is no valid reason, says the *Liberal Review*, why a number of purely artificial barriers should be raised between the different sections of a community. The creation of these artificial barriers has, in England, done an immense amount of harm, inasmuch as it has excited a great deal of ill-feeling, prevented people from drawing together who would be benefitted by communion with each other, and rendered the condition of society absurdly anomalous. Now-a-days, society does not consist merely of three classes, but of a score or two, the members of which mutually hate and mistrust each other. Indeed, it is not going too far to say that society is divided into an immense number of contemptible cliques; the result being that when a hundred people are drawn promiscuously together the majority are so impressed with a sense of their importance and exalted condition that they proudly decline to condescend to have anything whatever to say to nine-tenths of those by whom they are surrounded. A man may have brains, he may have refined tastes, he may be hardworking and upright in all his doings, and he may be of presentable appearance; but he is not saved from receiving cruel rebuffs, as he journeys through life, from those who are vastly inferior to him and might be much improved by friendly intercourse with him, but who flatter themselves that they are his superiors in position. Now, men are largely responsible for this melancholy state of things; but we are inclined to think that the greater portion of the blame—for what is deplored—must rest upon feminine shoulders. No doubt there are many male snobs; but, as a rule, men are not inclined to be so particular as to whom they associate with as are women, and it is highly probable that if they were not exposed to female influences they might be led to act so that the lines of demarcation which separate the people of this country might become less broadly defined, and in many cases be entirely obliterated.—As it is, there are thousands of men who have hundreds of acquaintances whom they cannot—whom, indeed, they dare not—admit to their family circles, and these acquaintances frequently ripen into warm friends.—The people whom a man meets at the various places which he visits during his walks abroad please him, and he can freely mingle with them without his sense of self-respect being, in any way, hurt, for they are equal to him in point of ability, and their natures are as pure and elevated as his own. But he knows that if he were to introduce them to his feminine connections, things would be said which would please neither them nor him, so he keeps his knowledge of them, so to speak, to himself and gets his pleasures out of them in a stealthy manner. Perhaps he is wise to act in this fashion; but it may still be thought that it would be better if he pursued an independent course and selected his friends on the score of their intrinsic merits, rather than on that of their meretricious surroundings. It must not be forgotten, however, that he would then, in many instances, be subjected to a never-ending course of "nagging," and it may be remarked, that to the constant dropping of water will wear away a stone, so will a nagging woman, in the end, get pretty much what she wants.

It may be noted how it comes about that women are more snobbish than men. Probably this is because they have less real work to do, and so have more time to think about their neighbors and their surroundings than have men; because they have little actual contact with the world; and because they have, from their earliest days, the principles of snobbishness carefully instilled into them. The course of education to which school-girls are subjected is, of itself, calculated to make them snobs. Certainly, it would be well if means were taken to render women less snobbish than they are, for bad as a male snob is, a female snob is infinitely worse. For one thing, she is more spiteful. It is the wife of Grandee, and not Grandee himself, who has such a magnificent contempt for people engaged in retail trade that she would become pale with indignation and dismay if it transpired that a daughter of the house of Grandee was being educated alongside the daughter of Haberdasher, who, though he could buy Grandee up once or twice, has been unfortunate enough to make his money by selling tape by the yard and buttons by the dozen,, while Grandee has dealt in them in the bulk. As for Grandee, if he had only himself to please, he would as soon his daughter were educated with little Miss Haberdasher as with the child of Swindle, the merchant, who has failed once or twice, and very neatly diddled the chief bulk of his creditors; and he only takes action in order that he may have peace and quietness at his own fireside. Indeed, if he were left to his own devices, his gothic barbarity would carry him still further than we have indicated. He would hob-nob with Haberdasher himself, and he would not be at all annoyed if it came to his ears that his wife had been having a friendly gossip with Mrs. Haberdasher. But his good lady has too much sense to fall into such an indiscretion as this, and she makes it her business to see that his lax notions do not run away with him. Then, again, it is she, not he, who carefully weighs up all the qualifications and possessions of those persons who are introduced into the house of Grandee. It is she who can keep would-be upstarts down. It is she who can forsake old friends because they have "become so dreadfully low, you know," that it really would not do to associate with them. It is she who can quietly drop her poor relations because it does not suit her purpose to retain a hold of them, even though by so doing she might succeed in helping them up to her own level—she is so afraid of being dragged down to theirs. It is she who seems to imagine that those who are paid to serve her are of a race apart from herself, in the same, though a lesser degree, than are dogs, horses, and other animals. It is she who flaunts her riches and power in the face of the world. And, finally, it is she who sees a superiority and potentiality in herself which are not discerned by other people. Of course, the amount of harm she does is incalculable. It will be, then, for those who have charge of the education of woman to consider whether it is not time that their policy were revised, and that instead of the girls being taught to be snobs they should be taught not to be so.

THE NEW MARKET HOUSE.—The Council has authorized the advertising for tenders for the New Market House, and we hope there will be no unnecessary delay in urging on the work. The market is needed. The design and proposed arrangements seem to answer all requirements; and the building when completed, we have no doubt, will be found to be so necessary and creditable to the city that tax-payers generally will be fully satisfied with the expenditure. Our citizens look to our young Mayor to "push things."

COMMUTATION OF SENTENCE.—Petitions are in circulation and being very generally signed, asking Executive clemency for Archibald Rogers, to whose case we refer in another column. There appears to be a general feeling that Justice would be amply vindicated by the life incarceration of Rogers, and that the Death Penalty should be executed only in cases of deliberate murder. We trust this view may prevail.

IT IS INTIMATED that a suit is about to be instituted by Mr. H. L. Spencer against one of our city druggists for, as alleged, the unwarrantable use of his name in newspaper advertisements.

A FIRE,—the origin unknown,—occurred last night in the brick building on Prince William St. owned by Messrs I. & F. Burpee & Co., and occupied on the ground flat by Messrs. Kerr & Thorne, and in the upper stories by Messrs. Burpee. It was confined to the two lower stories and the cellar, but the damage from water and fire together has been very heavy. The loss falls principally on the young and enterprising retail firm and, we hope, is covered by insurance.

—The following singular advertisement appears in the London *Morning Post*:—A lady is anxious to find a home for a young lady, in whom she is deeply interested, as wife to a man, with or without children. She has good health, good temper, cultivated mind, quiet and homely tastes, deep religious principles, devoted to children. A Plymouth Brother would be preferred. Any one who gets her will bless God for such a life companion. Address, &c., &c.

WON'T SELL THEM.—A number of City druggists will not keep the French Medicated Pastilles for sale, not liking the appearance of the enterprise.

OUR CIVIC TAXATION article is necessarily held over, through want of room, this week.

Marriages.

At the residence of William Mills, Esq., Fairville, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. C. Wesley Dockrill, of Welsford, Henry M. Corbett, Esq., of Poterville, Q. C., to Isabella W. McKee, of the same place.

On Monday, 7th inst., at the residence of Alexander Jardine, Esq., Craigieburn, by the Rev. Dr. Waters, W. R. McKenzie, Esq., to Janet E., daughter of the late John M. Campbell.

At the Royal Hotel, 7th inst., by the Rev. George M. Grant, of Halifax, assisted by the Rev. William McMillan, of Saltsprings, Pictou, the Rev. John M. Sutherland, of Pugwash, N. S., to Maggie M. Fraser, of the same place.

On the 8th inst., by the Rev. Theodore Dowling, Mr. Thomas L. Earle, of Fairville, to Hughina M. Chute, second daughter of the late Captain William Chute.

At the residence of William A. Quinton, Esq., Manawagonish, on the evening of the 9th, by the Rev. Stephen T. Teed, Robert Robertson, Jr., of Saint John, to Amelia Boyd, daughter of the late James Quinton, Esq.

At the residence of the bride's father, in the city of Toronto, on Tuesday, 1st of June, 1875, by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, grand uncle to the bride, assisted by the Rev. W. H. Poole, Reuben G. Lunt Esq., of St. John, N. B., to Jane Helen Janet, daughter of the Hon. D. McDonald, Senator.

In this city, on the 10th inst., at the bride's residence, by the Rev. Mr. Carey, Edward Brown, of Quebec, to Mrs. E. Wragg, eldest daughter of Mr. C. Cotter, of Norfolk, Conn.

On the 9th inst., by the Rev. Canon Harrison, George W. Price, of Portland, St. John, to Laura A., second daughter of John Robert Earl, of Douglas Harbor.

On the 8th inst., at the residence of William Musgrove, by the Rev. John Todd, Mr. John E. Slipp, of St. John, to Miss Annie M. Sharp, of Apohaqui.

At the house of St. Paul's, in the city of Fredericton, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Brooke, Mr. William Scott, of Prince William, to Miss Julia Lawrence, of Dumfries, in the County of York.

At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. F. Hickson, M. A., E. B. Strange to Minnetta A. Cochrane, all of Carleton, St. John, N. B.

At the residence of Moses Cowan, Esq., Indiantown, by the Rev. H. Overy, on the 10th inst., John P. Case, Esq., of Saint John, to Alice M., fifth daughter of Charles Cowan, Esq., of the former place.

At the residence of the bride's father, Moncton, on Tuesday, 8th inst., by the Rev. Thomas Todd, Gordon Dickie, of Shediac, to Theonora, fifth daughter of Moses Jones, Esq.

At the Manse, Nashwaak, on the 5th inst., by the Rev. W. Fogo, William Ross, of St. Mary's, to Marianne, daughter of James Sutherland, of Upper Nashwaak.

At Amherst, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. D. A. Steel, Mr. Henry D. Harper, of St. John, to Cassie A., daughter of Chas. E. Knapp, Esq., Barrister, etc., of Dorchester, N. B.

Deaths.

In this city, on Sunday, 6th inst., of inflammation of the bowels, James S. Horton, aged 36 years, formerly of Cape Canso, N. S.

Suddenly on Sunday morning, 6th inst., Mr. Peter Sinclair, aged 75 years, a native of Perthshire, Scotland, and for the last 55 years a resident of this city, deeply regretted by his sorrowing family.

In Carleton, June 8th, George E., eldest son of Richard and M. A. Woods, aged 2 years. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

In Portland, on the 8th inst., after a lingering illness, Sarah McDermott, wife of John McDermott, and eldest daughter of Patrick and Margaret Bain, in the 47th year of her age.

At Hill-side Cottage, Mosspath, Sunday, 6th inst., Annie Topley, only daughter of William G. and Emily I. Morrison, aged 5 months and 16 days.

At Musquash, (Lancaster), on Monday, 7th inst., Charles H. DeForest, aged 36 years, leaving a widow and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss.

At the Parsonage, St. Andrews, on Tuesday morning the 8th inst., Annie Peters, relict of the late John Head, Esq., M. D., in the 75th year of her age.

In this city, on the 10th inst., after a lingering illness, Mr. Robert Coleman, aged 63 years.

☞ Funeral this day (Saturday,) at 3 p. m., from his late residence, corner of Coburg and Sewell streets.

On Friday morning, 11th inst., Annie, wife of William McDonald, aged 27 years, a native of Limerick, Ireland, leaving a husband and child to mourn their loss.

In this city, on Friday morning, after a short illness, Elizabeth, relict of the late Richard Farmer, in the 75th year of her age, a native of Reedness, Yorkshire, England.

☞ Funeral on Monday, at half-past 2 o'clock, from the residence of Mr. James Kane, No. 91 Duke street.

At her residence, March Road, on the 11th inst., after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian resignation, Catherine C., beloved wife of William Graham, aged 49 years, leaving a husband and nine children to mourn their loss.

☞ Funeral to take place from her late residence, on Monday, at half-past 2, p. m. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

Coaches will leave the Bell Tower at 2 o'clock, p. m., in order to afford accommodation.

Suddenly, at Chipman, Queen's County, on the 8th inst., the Rev. James Salmon, M. D., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, deeply regretted.

At Westfield, King's County, on the 10th inst., after a lingering illness, Amasa Herrington, aged 51 years.

New Advertisements.

W. TREMAINE CARD,
GOLDSMITH AND JEWELLER,
Sears' Building,
77 GERMAIN STREET, CORNER PRINCESS.

SOLID GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY made, and Precious Stones set to order.

Fine Gold Engagement and Wedding Rings, on short notice.

ELECTRO GILDING, ETRUSCAN COLOURING, ENAMELING, &c.

WATCHES and JEWELRY REPAIRED.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

A nice selection of FINE GOLD AND JET JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, PEARLS, and other PRECIOUS STONES in Stock, which are warranted just as represented.

june 12 W. T. C.

Gentlemen's Furnishing GOODS.

WE have had manufactured for our Retail Trade, a choice Stock of—

TIES, SCARFS and BOWS,

Also, LINEN COLLARS in the following new and fashionable styles, namely, the

Harvard, Victor, Paris, Shakespeare, Neptune, The King.

LINEN CUFFS of the most approved shapes, the Acme, Hub, London, Seaford, which are now open for inspection.

The large addition to our stock of Underwear, in Silk, Merino, Fine Shetland, Lambs-Wool and Cotton, all of which we have had made according to Fitzman's measurement and which guarantees the greatest ease and comfort to the wearer.

The Hosiery and Glove Department is one of the most complete and best in the Dominion.

MACKENZIE BROS.,
Hosiers, Gravers and Haberdashers.

NEW DRESS GOODS!

W. W. JORDAN

IS showing every novelty in CHECK, STRIPE and PLAIN **DRESS MATERIALS,** in newest fabrics, at very reasonable prices.

SUMMER SKIRTS, at $1.00 and upwards; White Skirts, at 60c. and upwards; BLACK SKIRTS, STRIPED SKIRTS, CHECKED SKIRTS, QUILTED SKIRTS, SATIN SKIRTS.

June 12 2 MARKET SQUARE.

NEW GOODS!

WE have received and are now showing a splendid assortment of the following Goods:—

Blk. Beaded GIMPS,
Blk. Beaded FRINGES,
Blk. BEADS, all sizes.

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY:
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUN HATS,
LADIES' SILK SUNSHADES,
LADIES' SILK SCARFS,
NECK FRILLINGS.

SCOTT & BINNING,
28 King Street.

June 12 A few doors below Hannington's Corner.

BEDROOM SUITS.

A LARGE assortment of Walnut, Ash and Imitation Suits of newest styles, tastefully finished, and of best material and workmanship, including

Dressing Case Suits and Marble Tops,

AT

C. E. BURNHAM & CO'S,

June 12 55 Germain street.

New Advertisements.

WORTHY
OF
ATTENTION

A FEW
SPECIAL LINES
AT THE
COMMERCIAL PALACE!

JAMES MANSON
IS
DETERMINED

to combat with the present HARD TIMES and hopes, by making

Sweeping Reductions

of every article in his immense Stock of

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, &c. &c.,

to meet the wants of the public.

Observe the

BONA-FIDE REDUCTIONS

made upon the following goods:—

10,000 yards Light and Dark PRINTS, for 12½ cents. Regular price, 16c. a yard;

5,000 yards Summer Dress HOMESPUN, for 20 cents. Regular price, 30c. a yard;

2,500 Children's DRESS STUFFS, for 12½ cents. Regular price, 20c. a yard;

1,500 yards Fancy Check DRESS CAMLETS, for 25 cents. Regular price, 35c. a yard;

500 White, Tucked, and Embroidered SKIRTS, assorted, price greatly reduced;

20,000 pairs White Ribbed STOCKINGS, for 10 cents a pair. Worth 15 cents.

EXTRA SPECIAL.

300 yards Royal Cord Gro Grain BLACK SILK, for $3 a yard. Really worth $5.

Splendid assortment of SILK FACED BLACK LUSTRES, from 25 up to 65c. a yard. Best and cheapest in town.

A large Stock of SUMMER SHAWLS, from $1.25. Worth 50c. to $1 more.

450 yards "Victoria Cord" BLACK SILK, for $1.40 a yard. Really worth $2.50.

J. M., in placing the above before the Public, feels confident that those who favor him with a call will be perfectly satisfied with their purchases.

☞ **A visit is respectfully solicited.**

JAMES MANSON,
COMMERCIAL PALACE.

June 12 4w

MARITIME
Warehousing and Dock Co.

CASH ADVANCES
MADE ON ALL
DESCRIPTIONS OF MERCHANDIZE.

APPLY TO
THOS. W. LEE.
June 12 3w Secretary.

CHALONER'S
ANILINE DYES!

I CLAIM to be the originator of Aniline Dyes in packets they never were put up by various parties in the Dominion, until they imitated mine and plagiarized my directions. I went to considerable expense and trouble to test the Dyes and bring them into proper form for domestic use, and even now I have expensive Dyes on hand which can be used only by Professional Dyers. As to the insinuations of imitators that my dyes are not reliable, or that theirs are giving better satisfaction, I leave such statements to be judged as coming from those whose principles are to build up their own business by pulling down their neighbor's.

Rosine, however, is put up of full weight and quality by the St. John firms of Hanington, Stewart and Barker, who are agents for my dyes of other colors. They may be obtained also from the Travellers for Messrs. Dearborn and Berton Bros., or at their establishments, St. John, and from nearly all city Merchants and Druggists.

J. CHALONER.
DRUGGIST,
June 12 Cor. King and Germain Streets.

Tenders for Debentures.

TENDERS for the sale of **SCHOOL DEBENTURES** to the amount of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, in sums of $500 and upwards, will be received at the Office of the Board of School Trustees, Maritime Block, up to noon, Saturday, 12th inst., the amount named being at once required to carry forward the School Buildings in course of erection on both sides of the harbor.

These Debentures payable in 25 years from date, bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and are secured upon the entire real estate and income of the City.

J. MARCH,
June 12 Secretary.

TO GENTLEMEN.

W. W. JORDAN
2 Market Square,

HAS a complete Stock of WHITE DRESS SHIRTS perfect fitting, from $1.25 and up.
COLORED OXFORD SHIRTS with Collars, at $1.25 and up.
UNDERCLOTHING, Merino, Cotton, L-Wool, Cashmere, Silk, all sizes and prices.
COLLARS, Waistbands, Fronts, Braces, Scarfs, Bows, Gloves, and Half Hose, in great variety. June 12

STOVE WAREROOMS,
Corner of Church and Canterbury Streets.

THE Subscriber has just received a large and well assorted Consignment of **COOKING STOVES AND RANGES, HALL STOVES AND FRANKLINS** in all the latest and most improved designs.

Also, a large supply of Kitchen Tinware, Coal Scuttles, Coal Shovels, and all kinds of Pantry Furniture of the most improved patterns, all of which he is prepared to sell at a very slight advance on cost.

A liberal discount to cash purchasers.

Housekeepers requiring outfits will receive prompt attention and a good article.

may 29 **JOHN ALLEN.**

M. N. POWERS,
UNDERTAKER,
No. 33 Princess Street, St John, N. B.,

KEEPS ON HAND:—Mahogany, Walnut and Covered COFFINS, HEARSES and PALLS furnished. GRAVE CLOTHES and COFFIN MOUNTING of all kinds, and every article in the line for sale at the Lowest Prices.

Orders in Town or Country executed with promptness by day or night.

Personal attention given to the Selection of Burial Lots.

☞ Funerals attended. All articles delivered in the City and vicinity without extra charge.

Residence—Over Warerooms. may 29—1y

New Advertisements.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC!

LESSEES AND MANAGERS - - - - LANERGAN & MANNERS.

Matinee, Saturday, at 2.30, P. M.,

SARATOGA!!

Saturday Evening, June 5, Shakespeare's Five Act Tragedy,

RELIEF OF LUCKNOW!

☞ PRICES AS USUAL. ☜

Box Office open from 10, A. M., to 2, P. M.

CITY OF FREDERICTON, SS.

To all whom it may concern:—

KNOW YE.—That the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of Fredericton did, in the year 1873, purchase from **R. FLAHERTY & CO.,** of Saint John, a double door **Fire-Proof Safe,** handsomely painted and well finished in every respect, which Safe was placed in the City Clerk's Office, City Hall, and in which were stored the principal part of the CITY RECORDS. That the said City Hall was destroyed by FIRE on the 26th January, 1875, and that the Safe above mentioned, fell in the ruins, from the City Clerk's Office to the basement, being a height of seventeen feet, **and remained in the ruins among the hot bricks, at a white heat for Forty-Four Hours,** when it was opened, and the papers and records therein contained, found **undamaged, undefaced, and in good order,** and the cabinet lining of the Safe with **even the varnish perfect.**

We, the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of Fredericton do therefore hereby certify, that the Safe purchased by us from **R. FLAHERTY & CO.,** of St. John, **has fully met every guarantee made to us by the Manufacturers** in regard to superior finish and painting, strength of workmanship, and fire resisting power, and we do most heartly accord to **MESSRS. R. FLAHERTY & CO.** this TESTIMONIAL of our esteem for this wonderful proof of the superiority of provincial manufactures in general, and of **MESSRS. R. FLAHERTY & CO. in particular.**

In testimony whereof the said Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of Fredericton have caused their [L.S.] common seal to be affixed thereto, and signed by the proper hand of the Mayor, of the said City, this Sixteenth day of February, A. D., 1875.

E. L. WETMORE,
CHAS. W. BECKWITH, Mayor,
City Clerk.

R. FLAHERTY & CO.,
No. 98 PRINCE WM. STREET,
June 5 Factory, City Road.

THOMAS H. KEOHAN,
GILDER,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
PORTRAIT, PICTURE AND OVAL FRAMES,
AND DEALER IN
ENGRAVINGS, PRINTS, LOOKING-GLASS PLATES AND CLOCKS.
21 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Old Frames Re-Gilt to Look as Good as New.
may 5

Lace Muslin, French Embroidered and Lace WINDOW CURTAINS.
ALSO.
NOTTINGHAM LACE!
BY THE YARD,
FOR CURTAINS,
in great variety.
JUST OPENED AT THE
LONDON HOUSE
RETAIL.
june 5

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

H. ROBERTSON has now in STOCK and to arrive the following goods.

CHINAWARE.

Breakfast and Tea Setts of splendid designs, Tea and Coffee Cups and Saucers (by the dozen,) Plates, Side Dishes, Butters, Sugars, Cream Pitchers, Muffin Dishes, Bowls, Cake Plates, Egg Cups, etc., etc.

GLASSWARE.

Glass Setts, Pitchers, Creams, Plates, High and Low Dishes, Cheese Baskets, Sweetmeats, Card Baskets, Water Bottles, Goblets, Cut Tumblers, Cruets, Decanters, Salts, etc.

EARTHENWARE.

Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Setts, in White Stone and Common Ware; Toilet Setts, Covered Dishes, Side Dishes, Plates, Spittoons, Pot and Common Pans, Milk Pans, Cream and Covered Crocks, Flowerpots, with a well selected Stock of other GOODS, to be sold cheap for CASH.

HENRY ROBERTSON.
June 5 3 KING SQUARE.

REFINED SUGARS.

We have in store, now landing, and to arrive:

4000 Bbls.
Crushed and Granulated SUGARS,

For sale low, by

JAMES DOMVILLE & CO.,
may 15 No. 9 North Wharf.

WHOLESALE
DRY GOODS.

The Subscribers have
NOW READY FOR INSPECTION,
THE LARGEST AND NEWEST
STOCK OF
DRY GOODS
To be found in the Provinces.
TO WHICH THEY
Invite the attention of the Trade.
ORDERS FILLED AT CLOSEST PRICES.
T. R. JONES & CO.,
may 1 **CANTERBURY ST.**

THE
MARITIME MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE CO.

A HOME INSTITUTION.

THE object of the Company is to secure to its Members

☞ **Insurance at Actual Cost.** ☜

Risks confined to isolated and non-hazardous property.

DIRECTORS AND BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

PRESIDENT:
C. N. SKINNER, Esq., Q. C., Judge of Probates, (President of St. John Building Society;

VICE-PRESIDENT:
THOMAS PARKS, Esq., St. John.

DIRECTORS:
JAMES CHRISTIE, Esq., M. D., Vice-President of the St. John Building Society;

FAME.

The Orator spoke and the crowd was hushed
Men held their breath as the quick words rushed;
Stern eyes grew tearful, cold hearts grew hot;
Though the hours sped by they heeded them not;
And they swore not their fault if they not lived to see
The tyrant dead and their country free.

The Orator ceases—the curtain falls,
The echoes die through the tenantless walls;
They fought in vain, for the orator's word
Stayed not the sweep of the tyrant's sword
And the riveted chain clank'd on as before,
And the orator's words are remembered no more.
Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame
He lives in story only a name.

II.

The Poet sang, and the earth grew still,
And he moulded men's hearts at his own sweet will;
And they asked his name that it might be enroll'd
With the names of earth's greatest in letters of gold—
And his pale cheek flush'd and his heart beat high,
And he said—"Nor my name nor my song shall die."

He pass'd and earth's voices, silent so long,
Grew sevenfold louder and drowned his song,
As the tide of time thro' the centuries roll'd
The rust ate in thro' the letters of gold!
And newer songs seem'd sweeter to men,
And the Poet's songs are not heard again,
Save by a few, with less heart than head,
Who grope for his thoughts in a tongue that is dead.
Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame;
He left in story scarce aught but a name.

III.

The thinker sat pale in his lonely cell,
And musi'd on the Thought he had shap'd so well;
And his keen eye look'd through the coming years,
And he saw thro' the haze of his happy tears
His shapely thought thro' the world expand
Till its impress was stamp'd on the sea and the land;
And he thought to himself, 'mid his vision of fame,—
"Surely the world will remember my name."

And the Thinker died, and his thought went forth
To the east and the west, to the south and the north;
But talent such changes on genius rang
That the world forgot from whose brain it sprang;
And the men deem'd that the fruit of the thought of the sage
Was the slow grown produce of many an age.
Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame,
He left in story not even a name!

By J. F., in the Irish Monthly.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

BY B. J. FARJEON.

SCENE THE SECOND.—IN BELGRAVIA.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. FANGLE TELLS THE LATEST NEWS.

Mr. Chappell took advantage of the conversation between his wife and Mr. Armstrong to draw Richard away. Lord Beaumorris chatted with Mr. Wakefield upon the deplorable spread of democracy, and Mr. Wakefield, who was in the Conservative interest, agreed with his lordship. He propounded a theory that the spread of democracy was due to the discovery of the gold-fields. It has made money more plentiful, and the working-man, reveling in high wages, sets himself up against his employer.

"It is a bad state of things," said Mr. Wakefield, "when Jack considers himself as good as his master."

Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle, being left to himself, took refuge before a mirror, wherein he contemplated without weariness the parting of his hair.

"This is scarcely a time to speak of business," said Mr. Chappell to Richard, "but I may as well remind you that the share list in the United Wheal closes at noon to-morrow. Have you decided how many shares you will take?"

"What do you advise?" asked Richard.

"My dear Mr. Barton," said Mr. Chappell, with a frank smile, "I must not directly advise in a matter in which, as you are aware, I am so intimately interested. I could not conscientiously do so. Where my own interest is not at stake, I am always ready to counsel a friend. But you can see for yourself; the shares this afternoon are quoted at one premium. I have investigated the affairs of the company, and the prospects are really wonderful. The assays give from twelve to eighteen per cent. That is all I can say, and I would not say as much to any person but yourself. I shall invest largely in it. Now, you have a considerable sum of money lying idle, and the United Wheal guarantees six per cent. for ten years."

"Upon your recommendation, then," said Richard; but Mr. Chappell interrupted him.

"No, no; not in this instance. I am Chairman of Directors, and am in a delicate position. I can only say that if I had a hundred thousand pounds lying idle, I would with perfect confidence invest it in the United Wheal. From present appearances, the shares will be at a high premium in a month, and were it otherwise, the investment is a good one."

"I should not put any money into it as an investment; I should sell out in a week or two."

"You have a famous head for business; but *I* should hold on. However, I'll not advise."

"The shares are at a hundred pounds."

"Yes; you might take a hundred or a hundred and fifty with safety. I will use my interest, and any number you apply for shall be allotted."

"Thank you; I will take a hundred."

"That's right. Come into another room, and I will fill the application paper. I am glad that you act on your own judgment in this matter."

They went into one of the small retiring-rooms, and Mr. Chappell wrote the application.

"Sign your name here. That's right. You can let me have the check in the morning. I see you are anxious to join the ladies. I will excuse you."

When Richard entered the room with Mr. Chappell, he caught sight of Mrs. Fangle, and observing in her manner a desire to speak to him, he now went in search of her. A few steps from the door he came upon Mr. Fangle.

"Do you know where Mrs. Fangle is?"

"Do you know where Mr. Chappell is?"

These questions crossed one another. Mr. Fangle answered in the negative. Richard pointed to the room in which he had left the banker, and passed on.

"What can he want with my wife?" thought Mr. Fangle, looking after Richard.

He was so much in the habit of neglecting his wife, that for any one to want her was a matter of surprise to him. But in the light of a more important matter, Mrs. Fangle faded from his mind. He had just had a few words with Mr. Magnum, a member of the Stock Exchange, who, finding no other person to talk with, talked with Mr. Fangle. Mr. Fangle was in his glory. Mr. Magnum had given him some information, which he was burning now to impart to Mr. Chappell, thinking it would be agreeable to him. Mr. Fangle was a worshiper of rich men, and liked to rub against rich men's coats. It was not as good as being rich himself, but it was almost next door to it. "Bankers and merchants," he said to himself, after his interview with Mr. Magnum, "are always eager to hear the latest news—especially about ships."

Mr. Chappell had at this period of his life arrived at a pass which compelled melancholy brooding whenever he was alone. He was continually engaged in some fresh venture, such as the United Wheal—desperate ventures many of them, as he too well knew. He could not escape from them; he snatched eagerly at every chance that presented itself, in the hope that one of them might turn up trumps, and that he might recover his losses. He shuddered as he contemplated the risks which had accumulated about him he scarcely knew how. Not one of them had as yet turned up trumps, and he saw the sword of ruin hanging over his head. Always, now, when he was alone, his skeleton made itself visible to him, and whispering warnings of discovery. He was a miserable, unhappy man. If he could have poured his troubles into a sympathizing ear, it would have been a rare comfort to him; but he dared not confide even his wife, and his torture was the more intense because he was compelled to wear a false face to the world. He envied many a man in his service who envied him, and thought how happy he would be if he could change places with this one and that one. In this very company of the United Wheal, in which he had induced Richard to take shares, he had no real confidence. He stood to win a great stake in it, but, as a principal, he would be compelled to hold on to his shares, and he knew that the venture was not sound at the bottom. The strain was becoming almost too terrible for his strength.

Mr. Fangle had to cough two or three times before he could attract Mr. Chappell's attention. Mr. Fangle's cough was an index to the relations between the two men—it was a cough deferential, which expressed, "Excuse me for doing it; I really feel it a great liberty." The expression of care in Mr. Chappell's face vanished instantly when the sound aroused him; he looked warily up, and his countenance cleared entirely when he saw who it was that had entered the room.

"Ah, Mr. Fangle. I am glad to see you. Mrs. Fangle's with you, I hope."

"She is here, sir," replied Mr. Fangle; "thanks to Mrs. Chappell's kindness and condescension. It is a great privilege to come among the great and noble." Mr. Chappell waved his hand with condescension. "My only desire is to live long enough to show my gratitude for all your generosity. When gentlemen in such a lofty position as yours, Mr. Chappell, stretch out the hand of friendship to struggling genius—"

Not knowing exactly how to complete the sentence, Mr. Fangle passed his hand across his eyes. It was unfortunate that it did not occur to him to borrow half a sovereign of Mr. Chappell, for this sort of homage was so agreeable to the banker, that he would have advanced the money without hesitation.

"It's a pleasure to us as well as to you," said Mr. Chappell. "Is your invention progressing?"

"It's getting along slowly, sir, but there is still something wanting."

"Capital, I should say. If your invention be practical, and likely to be valuable, I might induce some person to put a little money in it, subject, of course, to his approval of the idea."

Mr. Fangle did not jump at the offer; the proposition that he should part with any share in the invention seemed to make him nervous.

"I think we shall be able to manage as it is, sir; I have a partner who is very jealous. Nothing can move him. A little more time, a little more time." Then he changed the subject. "I came to find you, sir. I have been conversing with Mr. Magnum of the Stock Exchange, and thought you would like to hear the latest news."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Chappell, with an easy air. "Concerning stocks."

"Stocks! No—yes," cried Mr. Fangle, correcting himself. "Ships come off stocks."

Mr. Fangle considered this rather a good joke.

"Ships!" exclaimed Mr. Chappell. "What ships?"

"The *Golden Mariner*. Some few weeks ago, if you remember, there was a rumor concerning her, and now the rumor is revived—but it is not authenticated, Mr. Magnum, said."

"To what effect is this rumor?" asked Mr. Chappell, with difficulty repressing his agitation.

"They say the ship has foundered." Mr. Fangle did not see Mr. Chappell's haggard face, or he might not have proceeded so glibly. "Terrible news, is it not? It is reported that not a soul is sayed. Think of the widows and orphans—"

"Widows and orphans!" cried Mr. Chappell, unable now to restrain his passion. "Think of the money lost, and what its loss brings with it! The sacrifice of position, reputation—"

The startled look of amazement in Mr. Fangle's eye warned him that he was betraying himself, and by a great effort he controlled his agitation, and spoke in a more subdued tone. "Forgive me; you must be aware in what kind of groove the thoughts of bankers are always running. For a moment I was thinking only of those who might be ruined by the catastrophe. But what is their loss compared to the suffering of those who are gone, and the women and children who are left behind? Only a rumor, you say. Let us hope it is not true. Poor creatures! poor creatures."

And he left the room, with his handkerchief before his eyes.

"Singular!" mused Mr. Fangle. "Very singular! I could have sworn he was in earnest. I'll go and see if I can pick up any more information. The last edition of *The Moon* may contain some. I'll get it."

Richard was right in his conjecture that Mrs. Fangle wished to speak to him. She was deeply grateful for his kindness to her and her children, and she felt like a mother to him, notwithstanding that he was so rich, and she so humble. She had long ago discovered the secret of Richard's love for Laura, and knowing that Laura loved him, she settled it with herself that she ought to do something to hasten matters between them. So that when she and Richard came together on this night, she soon found a way to revert to the subject nearest his heart. She spoke only of Laura. How beautiful she was, how good, how kind, what an admirable daughter, what an unselfish friend. Richard would have been content to listen for hours to the theme upon which Mrs. Fangle strung her tender utterances, and he drew Mrs. Fangle on to speak of Laura's childhood. Mrs. Fangle had much to say and she performed her love task in a manner that would have made Laura blush had she heard.

"No woman ever had a truer friend than Laura has been to me. The children dote on her, and when they see her coming are wild with delight. Sometimes they say, 'Here comes mamma Laura!' or 'Here comes sunshine!'"

In this way did Mrs. Fangle debate upon Laura's virtues with perfect sincerity, believing every word she uttered. She spoke much of Laura's devotion to her father, and of her sympathy with him. Mrs. Fangle, as you know, was ignorant of the actual story of Rigby's life, but she had made one for herself out of a patchwork of guesses.

"They were always poor," said Mrs. Fangle; "but you don't mind that."

"Not I," replied Richard. "I esteem her the more because of that."

"What an angel of a man!" thought Mrs. Fangle, and continued aloud, "And for a good many years a great trouble has been hanging over her father. That is all over now. I should wonder" (this with a sly look at him) "if you knew something of the story."

"Yes," said Richard, with a little reserve, "I know something of it."

"Of course you do," rejoined Mrs. Fangle, with a knowing smile.

"But not of Laura's part in it. What induced her to go on the stage, Mrs. Fangle?"

"Love your soul! What else but to try and assist her father out of his difficulties? 'Mrs. Fangle,' she said to me, 'I want to earn some money'—dear, dear! money always is at the bottom of all these troubles—'I want to earn some money, and I am going to be an actress.' I went to the theatre with her every night, and used to encourage her, for she was dreadfully nervous, although she seldom showed it. But she was never in love with the stage, and when—through a friend who shall be nameless—her father got over his trouble, she left it."

Then the kind-hearted gossip went on to say how often she and Laura spoke of Richard.

"After she was dressed for the party this evening, she said to me, 'Mr. Barton will not know me when he sees me.' 'My dear,' I answered, 'Mr. Barton would know you anywhere, and in any dress.' And you would, wouldn't you? There, now! I think I have said enough—more than enough, perhaps. Laura would never forgive me if she knew—"

"One moment, Mrs. Fangle. I am sure you have spoken with a kind purpose, and I thank you heartily. You have given me hope and courage. If you are not deceived—"

"Deceived, my dear!" The familiar words slipped from her unawares, but she was not afraid they would be resented. "Shall I whisper something to you?" she asked, looking up at him with shrewd kindness.

He inclined his head, and she whispered a few words in his ear. When he raised his face it was radiant. The appearance of Mr. Armstrong put an end to the conversation, and Mrs. Fangle bustled away to find Laura.

"A good little woman that," observed Mr. Armstrong. "You are a great favorite of hers. You haven't seen Laura yet; she has been asking after you."

"There is another person I am surprised not to see—Frederick Chappell."

"He will come in later, I expect. I have no doubt, if he had known that Laura was invited, he would have put in an appearance before this."

"He will be surprised to see her. Was it not through you, Armstrong, she obtained the invitation?"

"Yes; I had more than one purpose to serve in obtaining it. It is in a certain sense a fine revenge for Frederick Chappell's behavior towards her; Then it is a great triumph for Laura's father. It would move you to pity to hear that old man's history. Laura is behaving bravely. In all this fine company of born ladies there is not one to compete with her. Mrs. Chappell has been most kind to her, and when Lord Beaumorris asked who that pretty girl was, and Mrs. Chappell presented her, I saw her father's face light up with joy. Lord Beaumorris talked with Laura for quite five minutes; you would have been amused to have heard what he said to me afterward about her. The old lord mumbled out that she was fresh and sweet, and hunting about for a simile, hit upon the original one of a flower, and called her a fresh-gathered rose. From that moment I forgave him his grand airs and pomposity, and I shall now forever look upon him as a fine and gallant old gentleman."

The American was very animated, and his face, usually so grave, was brighter than Richard had ever beheld it. With singular earnestness, he said to Richard, after a short pause:

"Richard, this night may mark a bright and happy era in my life."

"In mine, also," thought Richard, as he strolled through the rooms by the side of his friend. He had fully made up his mind to speak to Laura, and ask her to be his wife, if he could find the opportunity. Mrs. Fangle's words were not to be mistaken. Laura loved him. His pulses were charged with joy and happiness. "Laura loves me; Laura loves me," he thought. How sweet and beautiful life was to him!

CHAPTER VIII.

LAURA'S DREAM.

Mrs. Fangle's conversation with Laura, after her interview with Richard, was short and to the purpose. Indeed, it can scarcely be called a conversation, for the good little woman had all the talk to herself. The arrangements of Mrs. Chappell's rooms afforded ample opportunities for private conversation, and there were many convenient nooks and corners in which those who were disposed for flirtation could carry out their wishes. Mrs. Fangle drew Laura into a retired nook, where they were free from observation. They stood now by the side of a window which opened out into the garden, and a pair of heavy curtains concealed them from the eyes of the guests. The recess was a large one, and that part of it which was farthest from the window was in shade. At that end of the recess there was a private door, which led into private rooms in the house. Mrs. Fangle and Laura, standing by the window, could plainly see each other, for the night was clear and the moon was shining. Laura's face was bright with happiness. "Can it be true?" she asked herself. "Can it be true that he loves me?" She felt that she was unworthy of him; how could she make herself worthy of one so good and noble? She had thought of him, dreamed of him, from the first hour she saw him; his presence had always brought delight to her. Her father had not told her the name of the friend who, suddenly and unexpectedly, had so nobly assisted him and reinstated him in society. "I will tell you soon, my darling," he had said; "at present my lips are sealed." She did not need him to tell her; her heart told her very surely who was their benefactor. Still, the mystery which surrounded the affair had at first engendered doubts, but these were soon dispelled by Mrs. Fangle. "A man in love will do anything, my dear," Mrs. Fangle said, and in a hundred ways the little woman encouraged Laura in the belief to which she was only too willing to yield. And now, when Mrs. Fangle spoke out plainly, and told Laura all that had passed between her and Richard, the young girl felt that her happiness was almost too great to believe in.

"I can hardly believe it," she murmured. "Are you sure, Mrs. Fangle?"

"Pop sure, my dear, unless there are two Lauras and two Richards. I know the signs well enough, although it is a long time since Fangle and I courted. What a wonderful man I used to think him!—Fangle, I mean, my dear. Ah! courting is the happiest time!"

"You must not say that, Mrs. Fangle."

"Well, no, my dear; but it is for some of us. Not for you, Laura, for everything is bright before you; but if you were to ask for my advice whether you should marry a poor man, I should say No'. (Laura thought: "If *he* had not a penny in the world, and asked me to be his wife, I would gladly say Yes.") "Fangle and I might have been very happy if he had had only a little money; we can't live all our lives upon air, my dear. But, there! And your case is so different. It is a romance, my Why should I make you unhappy with my troubles? dear. Only think of his coming over the ocean such thousands and thousands of miles, and you two falling in love with each other! It is like a play."

"Hush! Mrs. Fangle," said Laura, placing her fingers on Mrs. Fangle's lips. "Some one is coming."

Mrs. Fangle peeped out of the curtains.

"It is only your father, my dear. I shall tell him you are here, and then I'll go and look for Fangle. Ah, what a different man he was before he was married! Quite handsome, my dear. But men do alter so after marriage, in more ways than one. Laura is here, Mr. Rigby." And Mrs. Fangle slipped away as the old man stepped into the recess. She did not go in search of her husband. She kept watch outside the curtains, so that those within the recess should not be disturbed; she kept watch, also, for Richard, to give him the opportunity she knew he was seeking for, of speaking to Laura when he was alone.

Rigby gazed with love and admiration upon his daughter, who, as she stood by the window, bathed in soft light, might have inspired a painter with a theme.

"I have been looking for you, my dear," he said.

"Mrs. Fangle and I have been talking here for quite ten minutes, I should say, papa. Is it not peaceful and beautiful here?" She drew him to her side, and he passed his arm around her "What do you think of me, papa, dressed as a grand lady?"

"You are a good girl, my darling—that's better."

"Every body wants to spoil me with flattery—even you, papa. I never though I should live to be flattered by a lord; you have no idea what compliments Lord Beaumorris has paid me to-night. But I am determined not to be spoiled, so I shall only believe just half what is said to me."

"You may believe every word I speak, my darling. Laura you have been a great blessing to me."

"I am glad you love me, papa."

The deep tenderness in her voice caused him to look at her more closely.

"Why, Laura, there are tears in your eyes!"

"They are tears of happiness, dear papa—for I am, oh, so happy! No, I cannot tell you why, except that every thing seems fairer than it used to be. I am not crying now. And so you are proud of me, papa?"

"Proud of you, my darling!" he said softly, kissing her.

"How different everything is with us now, papa! How different, and how much brighter. Think of our being invited here, and your being received upon an equality among all this gay company! And but a little while ago—"

She paused and in the sentence that folllowed mused upon the happy future which she saw before her. The current of lovers' musing is forever the same. As Richard had derived the most exquisite pleasure for them thought that Laura loved him, so she found the sweetest happiness and purest delight she had ever experienced in the whispering of her heart that she was loved by her hero. Her father's voice broke upon her dream, but did not disturb it.

"Do you know, my dear child, to whom we owe all this?"

"Ah," she thought, "do I not know?" but her words did not betray her. "You promised to tell me, papa."

"I have come to tell you, dear child. My lips are unsealed now, and I am authorized to speak. I can tell you to whom I owe it that I am able to raise my head, after all these years, and look honest men in the face once more. It has come to me very late in life, my darling, but I thank God that I have lived until this time. Laura, my child, it is but seldom that we have spoken on the theme that has weighed me down during all these years, but it is necessary that I should speak of it now. Even you, my child, who have been my only companion and solace, can scarcely know the daily agony I have suffered; even you can scarcely compass the depth of my gratitude to the noble friend who enabled me to pay the debt of shame and disgrace which blackened my name and stained my honor."

"Do not think of it, dear papa!" she entreated seeing how strongly he was moved.

"Not think of it, child!" he exclaimed, unable to stem the current of these bitter memories. "Before you were born, it poisoned my life. My hair has grown white in the one long thought of it which has filled my mind for more than a generation, to the exclusion of every other subject of human interest—"

She checked him gently here. "Dear papa, you thought of me."

"Forgive me, child; you have been my light. But for you I should not have been able to live through it. Although so many years have passed, all is as fresh to me as though it had occurred but yesterday. I see him now, my brother, standing in the dock, calm and cold, not oppressed by a sense of his guilt—Hush, child! he was guilty. Not a person in the court who did not pronounce him so. Everybody whispered it round about me, and commented upon the brazen effrontery, as they termed it, with which he bore himself. His own lawyer broke down in the defense! Defense! there was no defense. His bare word that he was innocent—of what avail was that?"

"If he were innocent, papa," pleaded Laura, pityingly, "that were enough."

"Dear child, while my head was bowed down by shame, and darkness encompassed me, I tried hard to believe him. I fought with my reason, with my sense of right and wrong, and said, 'He can not be guilty; his word is sufficient.' But the missing key was found in his office coat—the missing book at his lodgings; and when these proofs were brought forward, and I heard the damning testimony of a fellow-clerk, the comments of the people, the reluctant admission of his own counsel that he did not see how he could resist the evidence, and that all he could do was to plead the extenuating circumstances of youth and indiscretion—when I heard the summing up of the judge, and the rapid decision of the jury, 'Guilty'—hope died utterly away, and I could no longer in our heart. The days are not as fair, the flowers are not as beautiful, as they were. The world is changing for the worse. Our dream is shattered.

And as with love, so with friendship, so with faith in human nature, so with other hopes and fond anticipations that animate the shadow-land we conjure up around us.

But to Laura was not given a slow and merciful awakening from her dream. The presence of Mr. Armstrong in place of the man she loved, and whom she expected to see, awoke her suddenly and mercilessly. She comprehended it all in an instant, and in that instant she understood that the brightest chapter in her life was closed, never to be continued to the happy ending which her fond musing had written for her in her heart. The shock was very terrible, and it was well for her that she was so placed that she could turn her white and terror-stricken face from Mr. Armstrong, and hide from his sight the anguish depicted there. It faded soon, and left her sad, and in a measure resigned. The image of her father rose before her—her father whose life had been one long despair—rose, and strengthend her for what was to come. Could she plunge him back into the abyss from which he had been raised? It was through her, and for love of her, that his honor had been restored and his life brightened. By whom? By a man whom she had long esteemed and admired, and whom she knew to be good and just and noble. And this man came now to ask for his reward, and she had promised to give it to him. At this crisis in her life there came to Laura a courage of which no one who knew her would have believed her capable, but it is only on such occasions that the exercise of great qualities is called for. On one side stood Love; on the other Duty. It was for her to choose between them.

Mr. Armstrong, when he entered the recess, was not the bold outspeaking man we have hitherto seen. He had come to play his great stake, and his manner now displayed much tenderness and some timidity. His love for Laura had not been a sudden passion; it had grown out of his acquaintanceship with her, and it was based upon a sure foundation. When it suggested itself to him that he was growing to love her, it suggested itself also to him that he should either struggle against the feeling, of see Laura no more. Then he asked of himself, For what reason? Why should he shut the gates of happiness upon himself? Leading a business life, and surrounded by acquaintances, he was still a lonely man; and of a night when he entered his rooms, their silence pallied upon him. "If Laura were sitting in that chair!" he often thought, when he was alone. "If I could hear Laura's voice about the place!" His thoughts did not end there; he carried it farther on in years, and drew pictures which made his heart beat with new thrills of happiness. These sensations coming to him when the heyday of his youth was past, were all the more powerful because of that.

He was emphatically an earnest man; in every thing he undertook this great quality displayed itself; all his beliefs and opinions, all his impressions of men and manners, were founded upon a firm rock of earnestness, and this, in conjunction with a strong love for justice, in small things as well as great, formed the nucleus of a character which few admired, and the many disliked or did not understand. It was a notable feature in connection with his growing love for Laura that he found an interest in a certain kind of literature which he had hitherto disregarded. If he chanced to meet with a story in which children and good women were depicted with tenderness and effect, he read it more than once, and invariably some why associated Laura with it. Of this vein of newly developed sentiment he made no parade; he enjoyed it in secret, and wondered why he had not discovered it before. So he allowed things to take their regular course, not opposing them, and giving himself up to the pleasant beguilement. He could not fail to see that Laura derived pleasure from his society, and his hope grew with his love. He was curious to discover the reason of Laura's going on the stage, for he perceived in her none of that ambition which most actresses display in one way or another. By this time he had established himself as her father's friend as well as hers, and so considerate was he toward the old man that he won his confidence. He questioned Mr. Chappell concerning Rigby, and learned that the old man had been in the bank since he was a lad, but from the banker he learned nothing more. At length, however, he heard the story from Rigby himself, and then he saw a way to perform an act in perfect consistency with his character. All this occured before Richard Barton's appearance upon the scene.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IX.

A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

It is not often that the dream of a life is shattered in an instant of time. Generally, the conviction that we have been living in a shadow-land, made bright by hopes which are never to be realized, comes only by gradual stages, and in such a manner as to lessen the bitterness of the shock. We fight against our reason; we question and doubt; we find and invent excuses; we are so tenacious of our treasure, so unwilling to be robbed and disenchanted, that we obstinately close our eyes to fact. The woman we love is false. Who dares to say so? We look with anger on the person who first whispers the treason in our ears, and were it in our power to inflict a mortal injury upon him, we would do it without compunction, and find justification for the act in his baseness. He was our friend; he is no longer worthy of our confidence. Why, it was to this very man that we first confessed our love for the best and purest being the world contained; it was to him we poured out our grief when, ungrateful that we were, we fancied she was cold to us—to him we poured out our joy when she spoke the dear and precious words which made the days fairer and the flowers more beautiful, and which kindled in our heart a star of love, and faith, and truth, the light of which could never, never be dimmed. And now this false friend has played the traitor, and has muttered black treason to us. Out upon him! Never again shall our hands be clasped in friendship; the mask has dropped from his treacherous face. He goes from our presence with a sad countenance, and when next we meet we are strangers—as we should always have been but for our folly and trustfulness. Yet his words have left a sting, and we feel the smart. They recur to us during the sleepless night that follows his disclosure, and our brain is alive with uneasy doubts. But ever and anon through the restless hours they pale in the light of the star of love that shines in our heart. Her face, with a smile upon it, rises to our imagination, and gives him the lie. "Can you mistrust me?" it expresses. "Look in my eyes for truth." We look, and find it. But the doubts arise again. We throw the blame of our suffering upon the false friend, and it intensifies the wrong he has done us. When we see her again, her face seems to reproach us; but she smiles as she did yesterday, and her embrace is not less warm; her hand lies in ours, her lips are as soft and willing.

The doubts have fled; we have lost a friend, but love, and faith, and truth remain. The star shines brightly. Yet within a week we are conscious of a change in her; what change and how it came we know not, but it is there. (It is not only with the leaves of a flower that "He loves me—loves me not," is played; and men and women are seldom so single-hearted as Margaret as to play it but once in life.) The doubts revive, and the sting which we thought her constancy had plucked out, smarts again. And we hear other whispers. We fight and struggle against them; the fault is in ourselves, not in her. Yet we cannot avoid seeing that her manner is not the same. She is more beautiful than ever, but her lips smile less frequently. The grateful and kindly feelings toward our kind, which our love brought prominently into play, are weakening; a beggar who stands at the corner of the street in which she dwells suffers from this. We used to give alms to the beggar; to-day we pass him by without a thought. We study the history of our acquaintanceship and our love; we dwell on the memory of words, and looks, and kisses which we have treasured in our heart of hearts. Undoubtedly she is colder than she was; her enthusiasm in our ambitions is fainter; our conversation does not flow as in the old days—already and unconsciously we adopt the phrase, "The old days." And so, and so, gradually and surely, we learn the truth. The woman we loved is false, as all women are. Truth and constancy are things of air, delusions, mockeries—to be found only in the dictionaries. Fool that we were, to believe in them! Life is tasteless. "Frailty, thy name is woman. The star of love shines no longer in our heart. The days are not as fair, the flowers are not as beautiful, as they were. The world is changing for the worse. Our dream is shattered.

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