

THE SACKVILLE POST.

Reserve Success and you shall Command it.
SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1879.
WHOLE NO. 467.

LITERATURE.

Her Blue-Eyed Boy.

From Harper's Weekly.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy,
For thee I sigh, for thee I weep,
When others tread the merry dance,
Or smile in happy dreams and sleep,
Torn from these loving arms away.
By those who reckon not their prayer,
Who would not speak thy mother's name,
My tiny bud, my babelet fair.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy,
Could I within thy bright eyes gaze,
Or have an hour to kiss thy cheek,
'T would light up many weary days,
But thou art far away from me.
Between us Ocean's billows beat,
And I can but thy picture kiss
My fairy rose, my babelet sweet."

As Miss Isabella Spooner finished reading these verses and proceeded to cut them out of the paper they had traced, with a pair of scissors, that in company with a bunch of keys hung from her generous girdle, merrily admiring and sympathizing with her audience. This audience consisted of Mrs. Spooner, Isabella's mother, a tall, thin, pale woman with a great deal of forehead—that in regard to height—and very white, well-shaped hands, which looked as though they had been moulded out of ivory; Mrs. Dusenberry, a lady who looked about fifty-and-forty but who, according to her own calculations, grew young as fast as she aged; and a young girl, who came to breakfast in diamond earrings, and talked a great deal about "style," and two or three elderly men and three or four young men, who, being mere nobodies, can, of course, only expect mere mention.

It was a lovely day in the last week of July, and these people were gathered together on the broad veranda of the Spooner household (Mrs. Spooner took a few summer boarders for company), and, truth to tell, they could not have been in a pleasanter place. The house, with its stately built of gray stone and draped with beautiful wisterias that climbed to the very roof, faced the Delaware River, and the gleam of the water through the branches of the caplaine trees that stood just outside the garden gate, looked with showy flowers, among which the bees were having rare sport, was a pleasant sight to see.

Miss Isabella Spooner, the real mistress of the household—her mother's extreme lassitude rendering her but the nominal one—was comfortable, sentimental old-maid, with an obtrusive figure (in which respect she formed a great contrast to her friend Mrs. Dusenberry), light, very light blue eyes, and a nose-peak. She wore her hair brushed back from her forehead—forehead much like her mamma's—and falling in a curly curl in the back of her neck. In evening dress these curls were always tied with a bit of bright ribbon, which imparted to them quite a juvenile appearance and charm.

Miss Isabella doted on poetry, and looked upon all rhymes as an "heaven-born." In fact, she had an intense respect for and admiration for all persons connected with literature, and was wont to say, "Could I have been pen-pitied, I would have asked no other boon."

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry, in a soft, too soft voice, as Miss Spooner, after reading the verses quoted above, took her seat in a hand. "They remind me of some lines I introduced in my first letter to Professor Ganz at the time I became so interested in the habits of the birds of North America. He said afterward, by-the-by, that the brightness of that letter absolutely dazzled him." Mrs. Dusenberry prided herself on her letter-writing, and, anxious that her talent should not be "hid under a bushel," wrote on the subject which she thought would be most interesting to him.

"With a hint as to the impression he had made on her with some of the verses in contact, as soon as possible after forming his acquaintance."

"And when do you expect her, Isabella?" asked Mrs. Spooner, lifting her hands, which she was prouder of, from her lap, to regard more closely, and then lifting her drooping toward evening.

"This afternoon, toward evening," answered Miss Spooner, faking a letter from her pocket and referring to it. "She writes: 'I hope to arrive just as the sun is beginning to drive in your beautiful river, and the evening star peeps forth as bright—as bright alas! as the eyes of my blue-eyed boy.'"

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry. "It reminds me of a note I received the other day from Dr. Drake, in answer to one I sent him begging him for a copy of his lecture on the 'Human Skeleton.'"

"Well, I should say she was right. 'Yes,'" said the young port-

merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the lard quotations and hog-market reports myself, but I know good poetry when I see it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do, yes."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write poems by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to 'cane her pen's rich. She only does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who is the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you none?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "poem" away in her pocket-book, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. "She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe."

"Babelet," corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest of Miss Spooner's story had neglected to fan the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captivated and dazzled for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella ("he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and her son away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms."

"But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd held on. Foreigners bear citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute, Miss Spooner went on, 'and she's a delicate little thing, and—'

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant. "Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possessed the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which are showered on her whenever she goes—she is such a favorite on the man's part, I met her at Mrs. Blough's party last winter, and we took such a fancy to each other right off, and she told me her story in the conservatory. Young Chandler was there, too, but she didn't see him; he was at the other end of the room, behind some tall plants—was very attentive to her afterward, and gave her a pearl bracelet on her birthday—and I cried till my nose looked like a—"

"Cherry," suggested Mrs. Dusenberry. Adding in a sprightly manner, "Captain, if you desert me for this enchantress, I'll never forgive you, to the great astonishment of the honest captain, who had not exchanged three sentences with her until this very July afternoon."

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, coquettishly curled on the back of her head. Her pale yellow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group on the veranda."

Miss Spooner, with astenishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet, sweet poem, 'A Mother's Will.' Welcome to the household!"

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hands, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. "That glimpse of the water! the grand old trees! the fragrance of the air! and—raising her beautiful eyes—the glorious sky, so like—'with a catch of her breath—'so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!"

In less than a week every man in that house was more or less in love with Mrs. Montgomery Montague—the captain, the pork-merchant, the old clerks, and the young clerks.

And the women—well, the women didn't like her as well as they did before she came.

"She's pretty enough and clever enough," said Mrs. Dusenberry, "but I for one am getting tired of her blue-eyed boy. As I said in a letter of mine to a distinguished literary gentleman—immediately upon reading it he enrolled himself among my band of admirers—I have lost children, lost them in the grave, but I never bring my shadows to cloud the sunshine of my friends." And, to do her justice, she never did. On the contrary, so uncomformably well did she bear her bereavements that one could scarcely believe she had ever been bereaved.

But to go back to the pretty poet's lovers. Captain Hottop was the most devoted of them all. He had never been in love before, and he was like a scorching fever, in a most serious complaint when contracted late in life. He followed Mrs. Montague around like a faithful, loving slave, carrying a heavy shawl to spread on the grass when she chose to sit beneath the trees, and a large sun umbrella to shield her from the sun when it was her pleasure to ramble along the road. He named his sail-boat Lillian after her, bought a pony and phaeton and placed them at her service, swam her for hours in the hammock which hung in the orchard, and listened, with patient, heartfelt sympathy to her longings for her blue-eyed boy.

"Blessed if it ain't too bad!" said he one day (they were sitting beneath the talpa-trees), as the little widow pressed her face handkerchief to her eyes to dry the tears that sprang to them just after she had remarked that the twittering of the dear little birds was so like a baby's voice—"darned if it ain't! Couldn't you get him away from them folks?"

"Fears to me I couldn't refuse on any thing when you clasp your hands and look at me with tears in your eyes."

"Oh, captain," sobbed the sorrowing mother, "there are very few people in the world like you—very few. You are one in a thousand—yes, a thousand. But I never had a chance to appeal to them personally. I was very ill when—when they took my darling away; and letters, with no matter how much feeling we write them, are so cold."

"Why don't you try 'personally,' then?" asked the captain, swinging her dainty parasol about, and although on the day after her wedding she was very pale, yet her appearance pleased everybody. But she would be satisfied if the bride-maidens were not so pretty; they ought to have been, on which extremely delicate point I will not venture to express an opinion.

There was one lady there whose fair face attracted a never falling attraction for a long time, the Princess of Wales, as beautiful as an angel when she stood at this same altar sixteen years ago. There were also some very handsome ladies present who were of noble though not of royal blood, and the brave display of a lady's jewels that day, but, money-wise, they made assuredly could not be eclipsed. If I had been allowed to select a little *cadeau* from among the countless gems which made the old chapel glitter, I would not have presumed to have touched the hem of a lady's gown, but I would have begged for the turban of the Maharajah Duple Singh, in which there was an emerald about the size of a William pear. I recollect seeing a still larger one in India on the robe of a boy Rajah, the said robe being so studded with jewels that if placed in the middle of the door it would have stood upright without anybody inside of it. A hole had been drilled through the middle of some of these jewels to allow of their being sown on the broadcloth robe. One of the young Rajah's followers gave me a stick, the head of which was cut into the shape of a tiger's head, with two rubies for eyes and an emerald by way of mouth. But, alas, these stones were apparently not intended to match those on the Rajah's robe, and I never saw them again.

"Blessed if you ain't right!" exclaimed the captain, looking at her indignantly. "Well, promise to marry me, you return. Dr. Lillian. No one could love you better than I."

"When I return?"

"Yes, for surely my promised wife can accept part of the fortune that will be all her's when she is really my wife, without any delay. Damn it! nobody need know. Will you, Lillian?"

"I will," she said.

"Will what, my precious?" he asked smilingly.

"Every thing," she answered; and turned and fled like a bashful girl, after he had clasped her in his arms and given her a kiss in true sailor fashion.

And by the very next steamer Mrs. Montgomery Montague started for England, with a valuable diamond engagement ring, and on her pretty hand, a check for five hundred dollars in her silver portmanteau, and many useful and ornamental farewell gifts from the ladies of the Spooner household.

The ladies felt all their old interests in her, now that she had been away indeed, as Mrs. Dusenberry informed the eighty-year-old grandfather of the youth who fanned her on the afternoon of Mrs. Montague's arrival.

"She was much too lovely, and made me quite jealous of you, you false man."

And Miss Isabella Spooner hung the picture of young Montgomery, "that babelet fair," in the parlor, and wreathed it with daisies.

"Heaven grant that we may see the darling himself soon!" she said, with pious emphasis.

But they never did. For a couple of weeks after the widow's departure, Wellington October burst in among them all as they were playing croquet on the lawn, scattering the balls in every direction.

"Sold, by gracious!" shouted he. "What?" asked Miss Spooner, dropping her mallet.

"A million times of lard and twice as many pigs, I suppose," murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, leaning in an unconscious manner against the shoulder of her partner.

"She's a fraud! Yes," continued the pork-merchant, "but she's a fraud!"

"Who?" she all cried this time. "The widow, Mrs. Montgomery Montague, that is, Mrs. Maria J. Montague. Yes."

"Maria J.—Jane, I suppose. A sweet name," said Mrs. Dusenberry.

"A fraud, Sir! What do you mean, Sir?—what do you mean?" bellowed Captain Hottop, as though through a speaking-trumpet, a flush overspreading his weather-beaten face.

"Just what I say, captain. Yes," answered the pork-merchant. "It ought to be the last of April—it ought!—for, by jingo, there never was such a sell! The only truth she told was when she said she was a widow. So she is. Yes—"

The widow of Jack Thompson, celebrated since and punkin pie maker in Chicago. I met his brother on the street to-day. He's a pork-merchant. And she never had any children."

"Not even a blue-eyed boy. Yes!" said Wellington October.

The Display of the Duke of Connaught's Wedding.

London Cor. New York World.

As to the impression which the chief ladies made on the spectators in the scene last Thursday, I am told that some little disappointment was created. The bride, indeed, has been more or less known, so all for weeks past by means of excellent photographs, and those show that she has a sweet winning face, and although on the day after her wedding she was very pale, yet her appearance pleased everybody.

But she will be satisfied if the bride-maidens were not so pretty; they ought to have been, on which extremely delicate point I will not venture to express an opinion.

There was one lady there whose fair face attracted a never falling attraction for a long time, the Princess of Wales, as beautiful as an angel when she stood at this same altar sixteen years ago. There were also some very handsome ladies present who were of noble though not of royal blood, and the brave display of a lady's jewels that day, but, money-wise, they made assuredly could not be eclipsed.

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Business Cards.
EMMERSON & READ,
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Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and Ear.
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MANUFACTURERS OF THE
Improved New Dominion
ORGANS.
ST. JOHN, - - - N. B.
This is the most popular Organ manufactured in Canada.
Sales have doubled in six months.
Manufacture first per week.
Send for Circular and Price List.

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Dorchester, N. B.

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HAVING purchased the entire Stock in Trade of Mr. Peter HAAS, and with his previously large Stock of
ITALIAN, SOUTHERN FALLS, and RUTLAND MARBLES,
the Subscriber has now one of the largest and best selected stock of **Monumental Marbles** to be found in the country. All Stock is guaranteed.
Prices twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province.

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-AND-
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AMHERST, N. S.
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Sole Agents for Nova Scotia:
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CUT NAILS AND SPIKES,
SHOE NAILS, TACKS, and Brads,
Horse Shoes, Horse Nails,
Cinch and Pressed Nails.

Business Cards.
Georges Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
NOTICE.

Business Cards.
THOMAS BAIRD & SONS,
Pursuant to the provision of his father's Will,
JOHN MILTON BAIRD,
Sackville, Oct. 22nd, 1877.

Business Cards.
CARD OF THANKS.

Business Cards.
Fresh Meats
of the BEST QUALITY and at the most reasonable prices.

Business Cards.
ANDRES' Marble Works,
Amherst and Wallace, N. S.

Business Cards.
NEW HARNES SHOP
I HAVE OPENED, in connection with the old stand, a
Retail and Repair Shop.
In CHIGNECTO HALL, Lower Sackville, where all my customers will be attended to promptly and at cheap rates.—Mr. O. B. Estabrook in charge.

Business Cards.
New Harness Shop.
THE Subscriber has opened a **Harness Shop** opposite the Lawrence House, where he intends to
Manufacture Harnesses
and do general repairing, at moderate rates.
NATHAN G. BULMER.
Sackville, Sept. 24, 1877.

Business Cards.
MILL SUPPLIES.
THE attention of Mill owners is directed to our Stock of
RUBBER BELTING, LEATHER BELTING, LUBRICATING OILS,
Dixon's Celebrated Gang and Circular Saw, Silk Bolting Cloth,
Files, Lacing Leather, Emery Wheels, Steam Packing and Steam Fittings,
Hoses & Yards Pumps—a specialty.
ESTES, ALLWOOD & CO.
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Business Cards.
NEW REMEDIES
AT THE
Sackville Drug Store.

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CHARBOLINE—the new Hair Restorer; Sandford's Radical Cure for Catarrh; Phosphogene—the new Nerve Tonic; Johnson's Fluid Beef; Hamilton's Quinine Wine and Iron; Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery and Empress Relief; Clarke Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup; Essence Jamaica Ginger; Gray's Specific Medicine; Green's August Flower.

Business Cards.
Our Usual Stock of Toilet Articles, &c.
Oranges, Lemons, Confectionery, &c.
Prescriptions carefully filled.
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Business Cards.
Despatch of Mails
At Post Office, Sackville.

Business Cards.
English Mail.
ENGLISH MAIL closes at this Office to-morrow (Friday) at 11.25 p.m.
JOS. DIXON, Post-Master.

<

Chignecto Post.

Sackville, N. B., April 24, 1879.

Philanthropy or Bribery?

The interest taken in Mr. TILLEY's welfare, just previous to the Elections, by Sir A. J. SMITH has not been equalled for disinterested generosity since the days of SENATOR DILWORTHY. The Senator and the Knight were evidently moulded on the same noble pattern. The Senator used to remark: "I never push a private interest if it is not justified and enabled by some larger public good. I doubt if a Christian would be justified in working for his own salvation if it was not to aid in the salvation of his fellow men." The Knight, judging from his letters to Mr. Tilley, is surcharged with the same generous emotions. Those who have read the Gilded Age remember that the Senator wanted to be renominated for the Senate, and he paid a State Assemblyman named Noble who had a vote that was wanted some \$7,000 for some mysterious purpose. When the Assembly was in session, next day, Noble threw the money on the Clerk's table, and revealed the whole transaction. Senator Smith—no, Dilworthy, at the investigation that ensued, in answer to the charge of bribery, stated that his heart bled as he had several times been on the point of trying to get some one to do something for him. The money was paid to assist him in his business. He never dreamed that the object of this evil-minded man in getting the money was to undermine the purity of a United States Senator. He never dreamt of duplicity or deception, and, but for the fact that public morality required an example for the warning of future "Til-Nobles, he would be in Christian charity, this man might be forgiven.

It is a delightful spectacle to note the affectionate interest that the benevolent Knight took in Mr. Tilley's movements, and we would be inclined to regard him as a very Howard in his philanthropy and say "here is one of Nature's purest and most high minded noblemen." If the Knight's interest in his dear friend's welfare had not suddenly ceased when that dear friend had declined to get out of his way. Where was his friendship then? Did he rejoice that in the change of Government, Mr. Tilley had at least secured a distinguished and honorable position? No! After slobbering him all over with false professions of friendship, his dagger was the first at Mr. Tilley's throat; with a tongue of envy and venom, he has since never lost an opportunity to malign and defame him!

Was it also friendship that dictated his interview with Hon. J. C. Pope, the leader of the Liberal Conservative party on the Island, and his question to that gentleman: "Will you accept the Government of New Brunswick?" Mr. Pope replied "no," and with all his private and disingenuous regard for these gentlemen, he was at particular pains to take the precaution in case of an extension of the Government, and in each case he afterwards stoutly maintained he made no offer. He indignantly denied he offered Mr. Pope the Governorship, and why? Because the words "will you accept, &c.," are different from "I offer, &c.," a defence that requires such quibbling is not worth discussing. But Sir A. J. Smith fore-seeing the misfortune awaiting his party in P. E. Island, that could only be averted by buying off the leader of the Opposition offered him a still greater prize. He offered him the department of Marine and Fisheries, and urged him to accept it, specifying the time when he would resign and when Mr. Pope could take charge. Mr. Pope declined. When Sir A. J. Smith continued to urge, said he, "In fact, Smith, I am not in the market. You cannot buy me."

Perhaps this was another case of the Knight's disinterested disposition, but if so, under a generous and lavish exterior, he concealed a keen desire for his own interest.

The voter who for a consideration sells his vote is deemed by the Legislature unworthy of the franchise. Those who attempt to buy votes and corrupt the electorate are also visited with penalties—penalties that no one can say are unjust, because the safety of free representative institutions rests on the honest independence of the body of the electors, it is important to preserve the people from vicious and corrupting influences. But there is no corresponding law, preventing corrupt inducements and influences being exerted between the rulers and legislators of the land, whereby slurring temptations are held out to needy public men to join hands with their opponents. When such tactics succeed, and a politician in the words of Dilworthy "gets slowed over," deserts his friends, betrays his principles, and plays Benedict Arnold with his party, the effect is most demoralizing, not only in destroying mutual confidence and respect among politicians concerned, but in familiarizing the electorate with political rascality and dirt which are the surest agents in sapping and mining that hallowed, public sentiment, so necessary to the existence of a free state.

If law cannot reach these high offenders against party fealty and truth, they ought to be visited with the deepest opprobrium that public opinion can inflict. No one doubts the hanging of Andrew was just; ought not public opinion to gibbet those who steal into their opponents' camp to make traitors, self-baiting to retain power by demoralizing the public conscience?

Our Ottawa Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, April 21.—The honorable members of this dignified body, assembled Tuesday afternoon, and languidly settled down to work. It took them a long time to get steam up, and the Government took advantage of the depression to push its measures forward. If the listlessness had only lasted two or three days the whole work of the session would have been got through, for it is a working—that is, talking—House that gets nothing done.

LEGISLATION. The census and statistics resolutions were passed after a little talk, in which several members thought the Government should not take powers in a census bill for the establishment of a bureau of statistics. The minister replied that nothing could be done without a vote of money, and if it were asked for, the matter could be fully discussed. The probability is that a regular system of collecting statistics—something like that in operation in England—will be established if it can be maintained without too much expense.

Dr. Tupper's bill in amendment of the Truro and Pictou Railway transfer act, which makes better provision for the working of the railway, was objected to by Mr. Mackenzie, because it provides for the forfeiture of the property in case the road is not worked. It passed.

The bill wiping out the Receiver Generalship, or rather amalgamating it with the Finance Department, and dividing the Public Works Department into two bureaus, was mildly criticized, the Opposition leaders regretting that the Justice Department had not been divided, as the Government proposed last session.

The Minister of Agriculture advanced his bill for the prevention of the spread of contagious diseases among cattle, although law student Mills pronounced it unconstitutional. The bill for the repeal of the Act respecting Atlantic Cables was also taken on it, it being carried by a vote of 28.

MINISTERIAL REPLIES. Wednesday being a private day, members were able to get at the ministers with questions of which they had given due notice. Sir John said in reply to Mr. Gillis, of all men to ask the question, that an arrangement had been entered into for subsidizing a monthly steamship line between Halifax and Brazil, with the prospect of extending to the River Platta. Mr. J. C. Pope said, in reply to Mr. King, that several members had urged upon the Government the necessity of establishing a fish breeding house on the St. John River, and that it was the intention of the Government to do so.

AMOR DE MUGGINS. By the way, did you ever hear the story about the narrow escape Mr. Amor DeCosmos had from becoming the victim of a humorous California legislator? When plain Bill Smith he applied to the legislature of California to transform him into Amor DeCosmos, a name for which the riches of three languages were drawn upon. After he had said his \$200 fees, and satisfied the demands of the lobbyists who oppose every bill unless they are bought off, and when the bill was going through satisfactorily, a member gravely moved, in amendment, that "all after the word De be struck out and Muggins inserted instead." The humor of the amendment was so taking that it was lost by only one vote.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM. Mr. Tilley, in mildly intimating to Mr. Casey that he had better withdraw his Civil Service bill, as it would be useless to press it on the House, announced his intention of the Government to consider the whole question during the recess, and prepare a bill for the reform of the service. Competitive examinations, for appointments and promotions, like the English system, will probably be embodied in the scheme Mr. Casey, who had been lately developing into a nuisance lately, said he was willing to withdraw the bill, but had hoped for some amendment of its principles. Mr. Tilley said he was willing that it should be discussed. Mr. Casey looked anxiously around, but as nobody showed the least inclination to discuss "my bill," he reluctantly withdrew it.

ANOTHER NEW BRUNSWICK STORY. Tuesday evening the Bluenoses again came to the front. Mr. Tilley, after replying convincingly to the arguments of the New Brunswick Grits, produced the famous correspondence with Sir Albert Smith,

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so much anxiety to have published, and read it, the House cheering and laughing as sentence after sentence tallied with Mr. Tilley's previous statements.

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New Advertisements.

(From our own Correspondent.)

FRERICTON, April 23.—The Legislature prorogued on Tuesday, and the assembled wisdom folded their stationary like the Arabs and silently stole it away. The House as a whole is made up of very ordinary material, such as takes to the parish meetings and that grace backwoods temperance gatherings. If it makes a better record than former Houses in point of economy, it is perhaps owing as much to the fact that other Houses have pretty well cleared the boards and swept the treasury, as to the innate honesty of the non-members themselves—there is nothing to steal!

Of the old faces in the House, Mr. Fraser's mill countenance and light hair is the only one that takes us back to pre-federation days, if we except Hon. Robert Young, whose sardonic face in important crises is always seen looking down from the Ladies Gallery, calculating his chances of retaining the premiership of the Executive, but his moral influence in the House is weakened by the suspicion that he is working for No. 1. Perhaps others are not above working for the same party, but Mr. Elder has the unfortunate trait of revealing what he wants. Mr. Black, of Westmorland, without any Parliamentary experience or special knowledge of public affairs, took a prominent position, owing perhaps solely to the keen power of analysis he possesses.

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