

WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE.

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Wolleston Gazette.

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N. B.—All persons who have not paid the amount of their subscriptions will please do so as soon as possible. The amounts can be sent to Post Office Box 578, or paid to D. R. Jack, Pugsley Building.

In order to afford a little amusement combined with instruction, to the boys of the Grammar School, during the holidays, the Editors have decided to offer a handsome prize for the best translation of the following poem. Competitors must hand in their papers to one of the Editors on or before August 1st, 1883.

A Monsievr de Povtrincovrt, Grand Sagamos en la
Nouvelle-France.

ODE.

Qvoy que tu n'aïlles cherchant
(Povtrincovrt) cette louange
Qui va mêmes allechant
Ceux qui gisent en la fange.

Ton merite tontefois,
Ta piete, ton courage,
Forcent ma lyre et ma voix
A les chanter sur l'herbage.

Que l'Equille* de ses eaux,
Ou plustot Neptune, arrose,
Tandis qu' au bruit des nuisseaux
A l'écart je me repose.

Après avoir longuement
Comme vn athlete Gregeois
Luite courageusement
Parmi les champs des François.

Saoul d'alarmes et combats,
Et des assaux de Bellone,
Ores tu prens tes ébats
Avec Cerés et Pomone.

Et deça dela portés,
Suivans Neptune à la danse,
Tu nous fais voir les beautés
De cette Nouvelle-France.

Qui est celui qui t'a veu
Onques saisi de paresse?
Qui est cil qui t'a conu
Semblable à cette Noblesse,

Qui met le point de l'honneur
A commander sans prudence,
Et n'avoir par son labeur
D'aucun art l'experience?

Mais l'vu et l'autre tu sçais,
Et ta main infatigable
Fait tous les jours des essais
De chose à nous incroyable.

Car de tout art manuel
T'est come la pratique,
Et se plaît ton naturel
Es ars de Mathematique.

Mêmes encore ce Dieu
Qui fredonnant sur la lyre
Tient des Muses le milieu,
Par toy bien souvent respire.

Les secrets de son sçavoir
Si que tout compris ensemble
Au monde on ne sçauroit voir
Rien que toy qui te ressemble.

C'est toy qu'il falloit ici
Afin de bien reconoitre
Ce que cette terre ici
Rendrait vn jour a son maitre.

Tu l'as experimente
Taut que ton ame est contente,
Et de sa fidelité
Tu as vne riche attente.

*Equille, riviere dus Port Royal.

EXCHANGES.

The *University Monthly* for May contains a full account of the sports of the University Athletic Club. There is also a sketch of the Club since its foundation.

Nearly sixteen pages of the *Queen's College Journal* are taken up with an account of the closing exercises of the College. The prize poem is also printed in full.

The chief attractions in the *Sunbeam* for April are "Turning Points" and "Reading." The former is well worthy of perusal but the latter is the better written.

The *Philomathean Review* for May contains, in addition to the usual amount of local news, an article on Parliamentary law and the continuation of the "Silver Locket."

H. Pop, Esq., has begun in the *King's College Record* for May a series of "Observations." The first article is written in the style for which Mark Twain is supposed to have a patent.

Mr. McLean, the Principal of the Grammar School, left for England on the 29th of June.

Messrs. Jack and Ellis have offered another prize to the boys of the Grammar School for the best essay on "A day's trip to the country." The essays are to be handed in on the 1st of June, 1884.

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SEE OUR STOCK AND TEST OUR PRICES.

The closing examinations of the Grammar School which took place on the 29th ult. were attended by a large number of the friends of the masters and pupils. Among the visitors were His Worship Mayor Jones, Rev. Dr. Macrae and Messrs. John March, I. Allen Jack, Henry W. Frith, J. V. Ellis.

The room was very tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags and flowers.

After the examinations in Literature, Arithmetic, Trigonometry etc., His Worship the Mayor presented the following prizes:—

- Class A—J. Gallivan, Classics, Dux, gold medal.
 A. Richardson, Mathematics, silver medal.
 W. C. Cross, English, Lorne medal.
 A. Prince, Classics.
 T. Cushing, Mathematics and French.
 W. D. Matthew, English.
 W. J. Myles, jr., Greek and Caesar.
 George Sinclair, Virgil.
 John Sinclair, Caesar.
 G. G. Ruel, Trigonometry.
- Class B—T. Dienaide, Jr., Caesar.
 J. V. Lane, Mathem's Eng. Lit. and Gram.
 G. Raven, History and Geography.
 H. R. Sturdee, 2nd French.
 R. Aitken, Eng. Comp.
 H. Robertson, Home-work and Dilligence.
 O. Watson, Mathematics.
- Class C—Lee Read, jr., Reading.
 Luc. Haley, jr., French.
 George Drake, Eng. Lit. and Grammar.
 F. Annette, History and Geography.
 Roy Beman, Mathematics.

The two prizes of five dollars each offered by Messrs. Jack and Ellis for the best Essay on the History of the City and County of St. John were awarded as follows:—

- 1st. Gerard G. Ruel.
- 2nd. divided between Wesley J. Myles and John Henry.

"Mr. J. V. Ellis, in presenting his prize regretted that only three boys had competed, out of such a number in the school. He thought there should be a stronger civic pride, a pride which has, as many of them were aware, been of such advantage to the old Italian cities. He spoke very favorably of the essays sent in. He would back up Mr. Jack again and would give a second prize next year for competition. He strongly urged on the boys the necessity of application. He wished the prize to be divided between the authors of the two second best essays, and presented Wesley J. Myles with a \$5 gold piece, with the understanding that he should share it with his mate, J. Henry."

The examiners of the Essays were Messrs. George J. Chubb, G. Herbert Lee and W. H. Venning.

THE SAINT JOHN GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

No doubt many of our readers will remember the old Grammar School which stood on the south-east corner of Germain and Horsefield street; this old building, which was rather low with a decidedly squat appearance, was built in 1805 on two lots of land having an eighty feet front and extending back 200 feet. The lots on which it stood were purchased from Thomas Horsefield, Esq., (from whom Horsefield Street got its name), for the sum of £100. Land was slightly cheaper then than it is now.

The school was established by law on the 5th of March, 1805, and the members of the first Board, nine in number, can be found by consulting the January number of this paper.

The first master was Roger Viets, and after him came James Brimmer, Dr. James Patterson, Mr. Hutchison, Mr. Manning (who now teaches a private school in St. John,) the Rev. Mr. Schofield, and Dr. Coster, who had charge at the time of the great fire of 1877. These were all gentlemen of great ability and under them the school has been successful from the first.

The school hours were different from those we have at present, and somewhat longer, for instance, in May, June, July, and August, the hours were from 6 to 8, 10 to 12, and from 3 to 5; in March, April, September, and October, they were from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 5, and in November, December, January, and February, from 9.30 to 1, and from 2 to 4; these hours must have been disadvantageous to the pupils, for they divided the day into small portions, leaving only short spaces for play, but at any rate they had one advantage over the present generation, they had plenty of time to eat their dinners and did not have to wait an useless hour, from 12 to 1, for their dinner to be served and then go off in hot haste; they had also school on Saturdays.

In the early days of the school too, young ladies were admitted. I am unfortunately not able to state the time the Board discovered their mistake in this matter and banished the gentle sex from the school.

For many years the Corporation have annually presented a gold medal to the institution, and to this many other medals have been added to encourage the boys in their studies, as the Parker, Boyd, Dufferin, and Lorne medals. I suppose next year it will be the Lansdowne medal, if our coming Governor so wills it.

In looking over some papers I found a list of prizes awarded in the Grammar School in the year 1821, which would not be out of place here:—

- For the Superior Class, John M. Robinson.
 1st Class, Robert Peters.
 2nd Class, William Black.
 3rd Class, James Betts and Robert Duncan Wilmot.
 4th Class, John M. Wilmot and James Gale.
 5th Class, George P. Sancton.

I am afraid that my short sketch of our Grammar School will be rather distasteful to the boys, who, during the holiday time generally dislike anything that reminds them of school, at all events there is no fear that our older readers will be troubled with the same feeling.

When a dog enters the class-room, and complacently takes his seat beside a Soph., it is naughty of the boys to whisper, "co-education."—*Ex.*

Professor to sleepy student—"If you wish I will send out for a bed." Sleepy student, with great *sang froid*—"Don't go to that trouble, sir, I have a *crib* with me."—*Ex.*

Drunken student to a gentleman just coming up—"Beg pardon, sir, but could—hie—you tell me which is the opposite side of the street?" Gentleman—"Why, that side, sir," (pointing across). Student—"Mosh oblish. I was sover there jus' now, and asked 'noither gen'l'n which was oppos' side, an' he said this was, blame fool."—*Ex.*

A statue of Robert Burns is to be erected on the Victoria embankment, in London, by Mr. Crawford, a retired Glasgow merchant. The work will be entrusted to Sir John Steel, the sculptor of the Burns statues recently erected in Dundee and New York. The London effigy of the Scottish poet will be of bronze, the pedestal being of polished granite. The entire monument will stand sixteen feet high.—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

A FIVE MONTHS TRIP TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

[CONTINUED.]

As soon as I had secured my rooms I went back for the rest of my baggage. When I got back to the steamer I found the passengers just landing, so expeditious were the steamer hands in getting out the gangway.

The Americans say they can always tell an Englishman or a Canadian by the number of pieces of baggage he carries with him, and I certainly think we deserved the accusation. We only had three trunks, a gun case, a packing case, two monstrous bundles, a basket, two hand-bags, an overcoat, a parcel containing three hats, a shawl, an umbrella, and two canes.

As soon as I had got comfortably settled I went down to the steamer again, and saw all the baggage brought ashore and put in the warehouse, because as the steamer sailed early next morning I did not want to run the risk of losing my baggage again. It was well I did so, for several of the passengers who did not take that trouble had their baggage carried on to New York. One man, Sir George Nares, put his baggage in his stateroom, his valise, containing every cent of his money, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and going up to the hotel slept soundly until long after the vessel had left.

We stayed in Fernandina nearly a week, the weather was very pleasant, and the hotel was as comfortable as any in Florida. We left Fernandina on Friday evening, April 21st, at half-past six, in the steamer "City of Bridgetown." The advertised time of sailing was 5 o'clock p. m., but as eight passengers were expected on the train from Cedar Keys and had engaged their staterooms, that train being an hour and a half late we had to pass the time the best way we could. It was nearly dark when we left the wharf, so we could see very little of the scenery that night. As the night was very warm and the cabin very small most of the passengers sat out on deck until a late hour. The entire interior upper deck was lighted by four stable lanterns, one in the forward cabin, one in the after cabin, and one in each passageway. Reading was impossible on account of the gloom, so no one tried it. Some of the most fortunate of the passengers found on retiring to their staterooms an old rat-eaten tallow candle-end in a battered tin-candle-stick. I was not one of the lucky ones, and so had to turn in in the dark. After the steamer left the wharf all went well for about three-quarters of an hour until it began to get dark, then the fun began. Several of us were sitting on the forward deck, and the first thing we noticed out of the way was that the sparks from the smoke funnel, which had all along been blowing over the stern of the vessel, now began to come over us, lighting on our hands, faces and clothes, and making it generally warm for us. Then we heard the signal given to stop her, and the engines were reversed; after about a minute she backed off and we tried another passage, so softly had we run on the mud that none of the passengers had felt or noticed anything until the sparks began to trouble them. As there was no moon this kind of thing occurred at intervals of from ten to twenty minutes all through the night. We were on what is called the inside route, that is instead of going out to sea we ran inside the low islands of mud and marsh land which extend from Fernandina to Savannah. As the wind began to blow pretty hard about 11 o'clock, I and a friend from Montreal, whom I

had picked up at Fernandina, retreated to the forward cabin where a single lantern alone "made darkness visible." We amused ourselves for about another hour watching the gambols of a couple of rats, which, as the cabin was almost deserted, had scraped up courage enough to come out of their hiding places, and then turned in for the night. The next morning about half-past five I was awakened by hearing a man's voice just outside my state-room door: "Me-l-i-a, I gu-ess you'd bet-ter ge-et up a-and br-ing the ch-i-i-ld out o-o-on de-ck, its a love-e-ely da-a-ay."

"All right, Paw, are we near in?"

"I dun-no de-c-ar, I rec-e-on we-e ca-a-ant be fa-a-ar from tha-a-ar."

That style of conversation was kept up about half an hour longer, so at length finding all further sleep impossible I got up, but there was neither soap, water or towels to be seen anywhere, so I had to wait until I reached the hotel. On consulting with some of my fellow-travellers I found that they "were all in the same box." As the sun was shining brightly the sticking in the mud was not so frequent. The steamer drew on ordinary occasions four feet of water, but as she had a very large freight and a good deal of baggage she drew seven feet on this trip, which perhaps accounted for some of her numerous stops. The meals were provided and were charged for in the ticket, but the fare was the vilest I ever came across, and I think the steamer was the dirtiest, rottenest, darkest and vilest old hulk it has ever been my misfortune to travel on. About eight miles from the city we passed a great number of piles which had been driven in to block up the channel and prevent all communication during the late rebellion; these continued nearly all the way to the city. A few miles further on we saw the cemetery Bonaventure with its long avenues of live oaks hung with Spanish moss. It is one of the sights of Savannah and takes its name from the original tract of which it formed a part. It was settled about 1670 by Col. John Mulryne. By the marriage of his daughter in 1761 to Josiah Tuttnall of Charleston, it came in possession of the latter family. This marriage is said to have been the occasion of the planting of the trees which adorn the place. It is said that they were planted in the forms of the letters M and F, the initials of the bride's and groom's respective family names.

At last we came in sight of the city of Savannah, and now we thought we must be near our journey's end, but we were doomed to disappointment. As most of our passengers were for New York we ran alongside the New York steamer which was lying in the stream. Here we were detained over half an hour transferring about seventy trunks and fifty barrels of cabbage from our steamer to the New York steamship. After we had got clear of this vessel the same operation had to be gone through with the Philadelphia steamer. By the time we again headed for Savannah only seven of our fifty or sixty passengers remained. We reached the wharf about 11 o'clock, and as we intended to stay a couple of days in Savannah, put up at the Scriven House on the corner of Bull and Congress streets and fronting on Johnson Square. In the centre of the square stands a monument which has no inscription on it to tell who it was erected for or anything about it. After dinner I began to "do" the city. My first visit was to the Cotton Exchange, which is situated at the north end of Bull street. I at first mistook it for a church as it is a brick building with a gable roof having a

tower, steeple and clock, but on enquiring I soon found my mistake. I next went to the water reservoir. It is a very massive tower of stone, circular in form. On top of the stone and of the same diameter as the tower is a large iron tank or reservoir for supplying the city with water. The combined height of tower and tank is, I should think, something over a hundred feet.

Savannah derives its principal beauty from its wide streets, bordered with magnificent trees. The oak, the magnolia, and the Pride of India shade the way to pedestrians, making walking agreeable. Every two blocks, north, south, east, or west, you come to a square of green, some of them with a fountain playing in the centre and some filled with all sorts of beautiful flowers and shrubs. We left Savannah at four o'clock on Monday afternoon, and as we had quite a heavy thunder-shower on Sunday night the weather was very cool and pleasant.

It is quite a long journey from Savannah to Charleston by rail; it was ten o'clock before we reached the Charleston Hotel. About fifty miles from Charleston a dining-room car was put on and we were able to have a comfortable tea without leaving the train. We were the last of the whole ship's company from Nassau, all the others had gone on before us, so we found it a little dull in comparison for the first few days in Charleston, but we soon settled down again into our old way and habits of passing the time. As our first visit to Charleston was a very hurried one there was still a great deal to visit and inspect. The more I saw of Charleston the better I liked it. At almost every turn you come across something new, some old mansion, some church weather-stained and battered by shot and shell during the blockade. Some of the buildings are quite picturesque. The military hall, where the "Irish Volunteer Brigade" drill, is a curious structure, it is built in imitation of a medieval castle, in front are two octagonal towers pierced for riflemen. The top of the walls are battlemented, and altogether it is quite a handsome building. Inside is a large hall about 100 feet by 65 where all the large military balls and affairs of that kind are held; underneath the halls are armories, ladies and gentlemen's parlour, etc.

In one of my rambles I came across an old second-hand book store, everything was covered with dust half an inch deep, but I was able to fish out one or two books of interest. There must have been fully six or eight thousand volumes, nearly every one of which was at least fifty years old, all kinds—Shakespeares, family Bibles, old school books, novels written in the year One, reports of various surveys, French and classical books of all kinds, and songs long out of date.

(To be continued.)

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed a young lady entering a public hall the other evening. "What a dreadful odor of carbureted hydrogen!" "Mum?" said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance. "The smell of the carbureted hydrogen," she explained. "That's no kind o' gin, mum," replied the janitor; "that's garse: the pipes are leakin', mum."—*The Queen*.

There is a Tennessee law which forbids the sale of liquor within four miles of a church. It is now proposed to repeal this law, the Tennesseans not having agreed as to which corner of the State they would set apart for their churches.—*Ec.*

HINTS TO BEGINNERS ON SAILING.

In general there are three ways of learning how to sail boats. First, from the lights of nature, which is a very poor way; second, from books which is better; and third, from another fellow who knows how, which is best of all. I will try to make this article as much like the other fellow and as little bookish as possible.

The general principles of sailing are as simple as "fallin' off a log." That is to say, if the wind always blew moderately and steadily it would be as easy and as safe to sail a boat as it is to drive a steady old family horse of good and regular habits. The fact, however, is that winds and currents are variable in their moods and as capable of unexpected freaks as the most fiery of unbroken colts, but when properly watched and humored they are tractable and fascinating play-mates and servants.

Make your first practical experiment with a small sail and the wind blowing toward the shore. Row out a little way and then sail in any direction in which you can, make the boat go straight back to shore if you can, with the sail out nearly at right angles with the boat. Then try running along shore with the sheets hauled in a little and the sail on the shore side. You will soon learn what your craft can do, and will probably find that she will make very little, if any headway to windward. This is partly because she slides sideways over the water. To prevent this, lee-boards, false keels, and centre-boards are used; a lee-board answers very well as a makeshift, and is simply a broad board hung over the side of a boat on the lee side, a little forward of the middle of the boat, it must be fastened securely for the strain on it is very heavy. In small boats it is sometimes desirable to sit amidships, because sitting in the stern raises the bow too high out of water; steering may be done with an oar, or paddle, over the lee side, but with a rudder it is much easier. When the handle of the oar, or tiller, is pushed to the right the boat will turn to the left, or *vice versa*. The science of steering consists in knowing when to push and how much to push.

Remember that if the wind freshens or a squall strikes you the position of safety is with the boat's head to the wind. When in doubt what to do, push the helm down (toward the sail) and haul in the slack of the sheet as the boat comes up to the wind. If she is moving astern, or will not mind her helm—and of course she will not if she is not moving—pull her head around to the wind with an oar, and experiment cautiously until you find which way you can make her go.

In making a landing always calculate to have the boat's head as near the wind as possible when she ceases to move. This, whether you lower your sail or not.

If you have no one to tell you what to do, you will have to feel your way slowly and learn by experience, but if you have nautical instincts you will soon make your boat do what you wish her to do as far as she is able. *But first learn to swim before you try to sail a boat.*

D. C. BEARD.

"That's what beat me," said a befuddled man, as he glanced at the broomstick.

Thurlow Weed's earliest employment was blowing a blacksmiths bellows, at the age of eight, for six cents a day, when he stood upon a box to reach the handle of the bellows.

FROM HAMBURG TO GOTTENBURG BY SEA.

(CONCLUDED.)

Just before the tide had reached its highest point the ship gave three heavy rolls and swung off into deep water, the carpenter standing by the hawsers with a sharp axe to cut it, if the keel showed any signs of bringing the ship to a standstill, which it did not do, and having hauled the yards round we shaped a course for Gottenburg, where we were bound.

As soon as we got a short distance up the coast of Denmark the sea was quite rough and the ship began to leak, and the fine sand with which she was ballasted choked the pumps, but this having been cleared out and the water reduced by continuous pumping, together with the sea running down as we proceeded, enabled us to get our regular watches again. After three days we reached the Skaw, which is the most northerly Cape in Denmark, and taking a tug-boat we were towed to Gottenburg where we found that there were no dry docks and the vessel would have to be "hove down" to repair the injuries she had received while on the rocks.

It may not be out of place here to give the outlines of heaving a ship down, which are briefly these: the yards and masts are sent down, with the exception of the lower masts, and heavy tackles are put from their tops and also to capstans on the wharf; about 100 men then put long spars through these capstans and wind round till the ship is brought on her side and the keel just out of the water; floating stages are then put round her and she can be repaired as well as if she were on a dry dock. Gottenburg is a city of 35,000 inhabitants, situated on the river Gotha-elf in the south-west of Sweden. It is built partly on a low marshy plain and partly on an elevated plateau, the whole surrounded by high and naked rocks with cultivated valleys between, the cliffs at the back of the upper town ranging from 100 to 300 feet high. There are some fine public buildings in the upper town, and one magnificent church built since 1812 with stone brought from Scotland. The city has been devastated several times by fires, but such is the enterprising character of the people it has been rebuilt, each time more expensively than before. One thing strikes a stranger forcibly on landing in Gottenburg, and that is the remarkably clean and neat appearance of the streets, no dust or dirt being observed lying in the corners or gutters; this is owing to a municipal act compelling every property holder to sweep the street in front of his land every morning, and the city scavengers clean it all away daily.

While we were here the celebrated Saxby gale swept over the city, and the ship had to be let up owing to the violence of the gale and the rising of the water, which flooded the lower town to the depth of ten feet, compelling the people to leave and causing a complete cessation of business. As the wind and sea increased it was found necessary to get out extra cables from the ship to the shore and some heavy buoys near her. With all these precautions she floated on top of a wharf and was only stopped by her keel from landing on it bodily, and had the water risen two feet more the good old vessel would in all probability have found a resting place forever in Gottenburg harbour, as the water fell as quickly as it had risen, and there were no steamers to be had, and the vessel must have grounded on the wharf and broken her back. During the storm, the boats and the spars, which we had sent down and put on shore to lighten the ship, floated up the streets of the city, and had to be looked for next day

and hauled back to the ship on wheels; fortunately everything was at last found and restored to its place and work went on as before, but it was not so with the poor people living in the lower town whose houses were flooded, although the government, aided by private subscriptions, did all in their power to relieve their distress. On the 8th December we had finished repairing, and having taken in cargo we sailed for Boston on the succeeding day.

BARNACLE.

ART CORNER.

The first copy of James Russell Lowell's poems that reached England was received by Mr. Mudie, who had them printed for private circulation.

The Princess Louise has promised some of her own water-colours for the World's Exhibition in Boston, where she enjoyed herself so much.

A first prize has been taken at the Kansas University, Lawrence, by Blanche X. Bruce, nephew and namesake of the colored ex-Senator.

The handsome Princess Pignatelli, the sister of the lovely Countess Potocka, is about to become a public singer, chiefly in order to torment her relations.

The Swedish composer Hallstrom has been invited by the Queen of Roumania to compose the music for the new opera she has just written, the action of which is laid in Roumania.

A plaster cast of the celebrated inscription in Greek and Latin, known as the will of Augustus, made for the British Museum, has been brought from Anezra by Dr. Tomaszewski of Vienna.

The sculptor of the bronze equestrian statue of General Burnside to be erected at Providence, Rhode Island, will be Launt Thompson who worked nine years in the studio of the sculptor Palmer.

Miss Rosalind, a young lady of Pitcairn Island, who is the organist of the place, is about twenty-six, weighs two hundred pounds, never had a shoe on her foot, and can swim like a fish, writes a dainty hand, and is assistant teacher in her father's school; her father is pastor as well as pedagogue.

Mr. John Jones, who died last year, bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum what is called the noblest donation ever made by a private individual to any country in the world's history. Its chief wealth is in Sevres furniture and ormolu-work of the Louis Quatorze and Quinze. Mr. Jones was originally a tailor. *—The 9th Earl of Devonshire.*

A boy writing a composition on "Extremes" remarked that "we should endeavour to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."—*Ec.*

A very good joke was recently made at an election in Scotland by one of the defeated candidates. A gentleman approached him with, "Well, Mr. —, how do you feel?" "Well," said he, "I feel I suppose, pretty much as Lazarus did." "As Lazarus did?" said the first speaker; "how is that?" "Why" said he, "Lazarus was licked by dogs and so was I."—*Ec.*

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