The Weekly Tribune.

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THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE,
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Weekly Tribune.
WITH SUPPLEMENT.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 29, 1874.

Mr. Geo. H. Miner of Westmorland Point is authorized to act as general agent for the TRIBUNE.

Unanimous Condemnation.

The Toronto *Mail* very justly remarks that "Mr. Brown's draft of Treaty is a marked exception" to the rule that "there are few public measures so thoroughly bad as not to find many defenders." The wonderful unanimity with which Brown's blunder has been condemned by every one interested in the prosperity of Canada is unprecedented.

Even England, many of whose manufactures would come into Canada free under the treaty, repudiates the Brown proposals. The Newcastle Board of Trade, having had the scheme under consideration, has condemned it, just as all the Boards of Trade of Canada have condemned it. Is it possible for Alex. Mackenzie to force a measure that is so unanimously condemned through Parliament by the power of his "sarvile majority"? We think that nothing less than the application of such a system of wholesale bribery as was practiced by Grit candidates at the last election will enable the Government to get the Parliament of Canada to sacrifice their convictions, brave public opinion and blight the industries of our country by endorsing the stupidity of Geo. Brown, Alex. Mackenzie and their associates. If our moral Ministers show as much skill in bribing Parliament as they have shown in corrupting constituencies they will carry the treaty, but not otherwise.

Another Bribery Dodge.

Mackenzie and his associates bribed Abbott's clerk to give them copies of his employer's private correspondence; they bribed McMullen to tell what he knew and lie by wholesale about the Canada Pacific Company; they bribed one of the *Mail's* editors to desert his paper and party and aid in Cartwright's canvass; they bribed several members of Parliament to desert their old friends; and then they bribed themselves into Parliament so as to have an overwhelming majority. Now that the Judges are turning them out they are inventing new bribery dodges for the purpose of keeping their places. Mr. M. C. Cameron, one of the Purity statesmen who feels sure of conviction on a charge of bribery, profiting by the Grit Secretary of State's plan of attempting to bribe a township, has resorted to the dodge of attempting to buy over a party association. These are the facts as published by an Ontario paper with the libel law before its eyes:

Mr. Cameron, either personally or through some agent, made a proposal to some of the Bayfield Conservatives that they should use their influence to have the protest withdrawn, and that, if successful, the Government grant to Bayfield harbor would be increased from $80,000 to $60,000. So soon as this became known, a meeting of the Liberal-Conservative Association was called, and the Bayfield gentlemen above referred to stated the facts to the Association, without even asking that such a barefaced and shameless attempt at bribery should be perpetrated for the benefit of Bayfield. The proposition of Mr. Cameron was scornfully rejected, and the Bayfield gentlemen were as sincere as any in their repudiation of such an outrageous principle as was involved in Mr. Cameron's overtures. They did *not* desire to have the protest withdrawn.

What next will come to light in illustration of the hypocrisy of the self-constituted elevators of the standard of political morality?

Bismarck keeps the European politicians lively, some new scheme for the aggrandisement of Germany or interference with other countries being attributed to him every week. The Vienna *New Free Press* says the expulsion of Danish sympathizers from Schleswig is attributed to the design of Prince Bismarck to force Denmark to enter the German Federation. "Prince Bismarck," says the *New Free Press*, "proposed to King Christian of Denmark that he should enter the Bund with his whole Kingdom, Germany then to cede the whole of Schleswig to Denmark, guarantee the integrity of the territory of Denmark, that the Danish fleet should become an integral part of the German fleet, and that German ports should be established in the Danish colonies; but King Christian declined to accept the proposal."

"Why doesn't God kill the devil?"—GERALD MASSEY.—Because He wants a greater hypocrite in existence than the leaders of the Grit party.

"What do Unitarians believe?" is a question often asked in St. John of late, and we give, in another column, the Rev. Mr. Wiggin's answer, stating the chief points of difference between them and other denominations of Christians. The article is as comprehensive in grasp as it is concise in statement, frank in tone, and clear in definition, and will give the reader more insight into the subject than he could get by listening to a dozen sermons. Questions as to how certain passages of Scripture are reconciled with these doctrines, and as to what some of these tenets are founded on, will arise in the mind of every reader, of course, but as such questions relate to matters of detail, as it were, they could not be anticipated in a statement of the kind we publish. Mr. Wiggin purposes holding a conversation meeting soon, in which he will answer questions instead of preaching, and our readers may then get his reply to any questions suggested to them by his article.

Mr Tilton is a gentleman with a noble ambition to be excelled by none. Mr. Moulton, the soul of honor, tells of having been the chief go-between in compounding the adultery of Beecher and Mrs. Tilton, and of having been the chosen confidant of Beecher's other amours, so Tilton sees him and goes several better, describing how Beecher, Mrs. Tilton and he held a consultation to decide the paternity of one of Mrs. Tilton's children. Mrs. Tilton's diary and Mr. Beecher's memory agreed on dates, and the little misunderstanding was dispelled. Now isn't this one or two better than Moulton? Doesn't Tilton prove by every statement he makes that he was sincere when he declared that he made these revelations so as to "avoid the contempt of mankind"? We are at a loss which to admire most, Moulton or Tilton, but are inclined to look on Tilton as the greatest fool and the most audacious liar of the two.

Considerable attention is being attracted, in the United States, to the unwarrantable refusals of hotel-keepers to give rooms to ladies who travel alone, and the prospect is that some of the prudish publicans will have to pay heavy damages for closing their doors, under the false plea of their houses being full, to female applicants for lodging. The assumption that the woman who travels alone is not respectable is totally unwarrantable, morally and legally, and should be punished, as women travel who are not able to pay the expenses of a companion.

Our Ottawa special intimates that Ross has been kicked out of the Cabinet, after refusing to take the Halifax Collectorship, which has so long been kept vacant for him as the price of his resignation, and that Coffin will share his fate. The defunct, of course, needs a coffin, and it is as little as Mackenzie can do to give him one. There will not be much sympathy excited for either of these tools of the Ontario clique. They deserted their old friends, just as Isaac Burpee did, for place, and now that they are no longer wanted by their purchasers it is fit and proper that they should be kicked out of offices where they have been mere figure-heads, automatons, signers of orders written by the Premier.

The calamity at Fall River, where many young girls were burned to death and several maimed for life, is another warning against the custom of packing human beings in buildings that are without sufficient means of exit. How many buildings are there from which escape would be possible for a number of frightened people in case of fire breaking out in the immediate vicinity of the principal stairway or entrance? Very few. With two places of exit in different parts of halls and factories, accessible from every part of the building, the danger would be much lessened.

Something is wrong in Kentucky, judging by the dispatches from Louisville. Outlaws in large numbers have taken possession of the Court House of Breathitt County and barricaded it, and two or three hundred State Militia, with two pieces of artillery, are marching against them. Is the atmosphere of the South conducive to outlawry, or what is the trouble down there? These things reconcile one to a cold climate, with all its discomforts.

The Bangor *Whig* of Monday reports a decision of the Supreme Court of Maine fully sustaining the *Whig's* previously expressed opinion, as quoted by us, that the Maine Liquor Law contains no flaw that invalidates it. The Judge, in reply to the argument that the clause under which convictions are obtained has been repealed by the amendment, says:

I have examined the question, and in my judgment the argument in support of the supposed repeal has not sufficient grounds to rest upon to give it plausibility.

The St. Lawrence Advance is to be the name of Mr. D. G. Smith's paper, to be published at Chatham.

Cowardice and Courage.

One of the most interesting phases of human nature is illustrated by the deeds of heroism that are done from motives of utter cowardice. Capt. Pointz, in "School," tells Naomi, when she is endeavoring to draw from him an account of his military career, that he did not run away from the enemy because he was too cowardly to do so, and there are many instances of men facing death, without the soldier's sense of honor and duty, because they lacked the moral or physical courage to face or endure some petty evil. Men have freely braved the unknown terrors of eternity because they feared that there would be no dinner for them the next day, and others have sacrificed their lives to escape the ridicule of the little world in which they lived and moved and had their being. What strange blendings of cowardice and courage are thus exhibited! Basely craven in little things: recklessly courageous in matters of greatest moment! There is Theodore Tilton, for instance, who, to escape the imputation of having given currency to unfounded reports about Henry Ward Beecher, and unable to endure life under Dr. Bacon's assertion that he was a dog, deliberately sacrifices his reputation, plants horns on his forehead, brands himself as the recipient of the bounty of the seducer of the wife whose fault he condones, in short, commits moral suicide from inability to endure the charge of having given currency to an unfounded rumor. The courage he showed by the statement he made before the Plymouth Church Investigating Committee is only to be compared to the cowardice that prompted him to make it.

The latest and one of the most notable of the instances that might be cited as illustrative of this subject recently occurred in France, was supposed to have ended fatally, and has come to a more favorable termination. Two æronauts, M. Duruof and wife, were advertised to make an ascension at Calais, France, at the close of a *fete* on Monday, August 31st, for a trip across the Channel. But when the hour arrived the sky was threatening and the wind was squally and blowing in the direction of Norway. M. Duruof, seeing that not only was a trip to England impossible, but any ascension almost certain death, postponed his aerial ascent to the next day, and the majority of the people departed for their homes. A few angry, drunken and disappointed people remained, however, and clamored for the show which they had come to see, taunting the æronauts with cowardice, and deluging them with jibes and ridicule. Stung by these reproaches on his prudence and imputations on his courage the rash man exclaimed to his wife, "Come, and we will show them that we can die," and his equally rash wife promptly responded to his summons. They entered the car of their little balloon, so small as to be utterly unfit for a long voyage, assuring the soldiers on guard that they intended making a captive ascent only, then ordered the rope to be let go and sailed away out over the waters. There were no vessels in sight and night was coming on. The toy balloon sank, every now and then, so that the rope touched the water, when ballast was thrown out with a sparing hand, for the purpose of prolonging the voyage as much as possible. Thus all night long the two adventurers drifted over the sea, in a north-easterly direction, and when morning dawned their eyes were gladdened by the sight of vessels below them on the angry ocean. They began to descend towards a fishing smack that had tacked so as to cross their path, struck the water near her and were swept past. Two of the gallant fishermen manned their boat and gave chase, and the æronaut opened the valve until the car was partially buried in the water, the speed of the balloon being thus greatly lessened. Still they drove on before the wind, the waves broke against the balloon with a force that threatened to burst it, and nothing could be seen by the drenched æronauts of the vessel or the boat that had attempted their rescue. This lasted an hour, and what an hour of agony it must have been to the half-frozen occupants of the car! Then they saw the smack in pursuit of them, evidently gaining steadily. This was a race in which those who had the lead were very desirous of being overtaken. The smack passed the balloon and her brave master and mate manned their boat grasped the drag rope, clung to it although the balloon threatened to sink them every moment, hauled up close to the car, and secured the almost inanimate adventurers. The ropes were dropped, and the balloon rose into the air and "rushed off with a mighty speed towards Norway." The foolishly craven and recklessly brave couple have been sent back to France, and it is to be hoped that they will now regard their courage as being so well established that they can afford to brave the ridicule of the next crowd that seeks to chaff them into a suicidal ascension.

St. John and the Hay Fever.

It would pay St. John hotel proprietors to obtain and publish certificates from as many as possible of those who have been cured of hay fever by visits to this city. We have recorded several instances of the kind, and certificates of cure might be obtained from hundreds. There is something in our moisture-laden atmosphere that banishes the fever almost immediately. The number of the sufferers from this distressing malady may be seen by the following from the New York *Tribune:*

The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker has each his harmonious and inexpensive Convention, but the Parliamentary idea does not stop here. The latest is a Hay-Fever Association, whose object, Mr. Beecher will be glad to learn, is the collection, comparison and distribution of recipes for the cure of this malady. Each member is bound to report to the secretary the discovery of any remedy or relief or place of treatment, and the Secretary is to disseminate the tidings as speedily as he can. Annual meetings are to be held in August at Bethleham in the White Mountains, where the Association was formed, and Judge Briscoe, of Hartford, is President, and the Hon. Frank B. Fay, of Boston, is Secretary.

Mr. Parkin's last London letter is one of the most interesting of the brilliant series with which he has favored our readers during his residence in Europe. His picture of gymnastic worship is especially entertaining, as showing what certain practices that are growing in favor here are when they arrive at maturity. Some St. John congregations see the bud every Sunday, while Mr. Parkin pictures the full-blown flower.

"Buck," the writer of the description of travel on the Dawson Route, in another column, is the Rothesay gentleman who used to write for a St. John daily over the signature of "Yellowstone." His graphic description gives a good idea of the manner in which this extravagant, hypocritical Government of ours allows this great road to become almost impassable. The bad tate of this route is favorable to the American railway partners of Ministers.

Near Hartland one Mr. Foster, whose pecuniary claims on the Riviere du Loup Railway Co. have not been recognized satisfactorily to himself, displaces rails and then stands guard with a danger signal. The train stops, Mr. Foster walks off with his flag, and damages are repaired. As this occurs every day the work of ballasting is not so rapid as it might be. Some engine driver will shoot this Mr. Foster shortly.

Politics in Digby County, N. S., are lively, and afford food for the gossiping public there. Oaks, the Grit member for the Dominion Parliament, is said to be about to resign in favor of Vail, the Provincial Secretary, who is now canvassing to ascertain what his chances may be. It is also said that Oaks was elected on these conditions. Savory, whom Oaks defeated, will probably oppose Vail if the new election takes place.

The Rev. Thos. Todd says that "God has a great deal of money owing to him in St. Martins." If Mr. Todd keeps the books, as one might suppose from his confident statement, he should make out the accounts and present them to the debtors at once, as they will become outlawed soon. But he should provide himself with credentials, as some might dispute his right to collect the debts. Mr. Todd's expression may not be profane, but it borders on profanity.

An Old Man Found Dead—Lawyers in Search of Finny Clients.

GRAND FALLS, Sept. 21.

On Saturday last, at Tobique village, a man by the name of Batchelor Vennin was found dead on the shore opposite B. Beveridge's store. It appears that, on Wednesday night, he booked his name on the stage books for Woodstock, and was not seen again. It is also supposed that he fell over the wharf; the wharf at the place he was found is 20 feet high. He has been on the river for years. He was here on business. His friends live near Lewiston, Me. He had on his person some $80 in money. Coroner Tibbits held an inquest—verdict, "Accidental death. His age was about 70.

There was a fishing party left Little Falls after court adjourned for a few days sport on the Madawaska river. The party were: His Honor Judge Allen, E. L. Wetmore, Esq., Sheriff Rice, Levite Theriault, Esq., M. P. P., A. R. Balloch, Clerk of the Peace, B. R. Plant, Esq., and others. Upon their return on Saturday night they reported a good time and fine fishing. Mr. Wetmore caught an 18 inch trout. The party also visited the model farm of N. Hickson of Quebec, and were shown a fine herd of Galloway cattle, and also a small steamer, Grace Derby, brought by Mr. Hickson from Port Larine to Riviere du Loup, and hauled from there to the head of Lake Tamasquita. The steamer is 52 feet long, side wheels, and has a 15 horse engine. This summer she made a trip down the Madawaska to Little Falls with 25 passengers; they expressed themselves much pleased with the trip. She made six miles an hour against the current.

Acrobatic Worship—Dullness—Snobs—The Abbey—Curiosities—The Premier's Heralds.

LONDON, Sept. 25th.

THE COMIC GOSPEL.

On Sunday last, for the first time during the course of my uneventful career, by way of variety, I visited a full-blown Ritualistic church. I was not a little surprised to find what a development there had been in what I may call dramatic religion. The church I was at was All Saints, Clifton, of which the Rev. Mr. Randall is the incumbent. This church, which has only recently been completed, is a magnificent edifice, in fact there are few finer parish churches in England. All Saints is a sort of typical church for a robust, manly English service. But alas! the service which one gets there is quite the reverse of that. It is trivial, childish, and ultra Roman to the last degree. There is no idea of rest or repose; all is perpetual shifting and shuffling about; a bow there, a courtesy here; the service books now placed at one part of the communion table, then removed to another; the clergy now standing in a line spread out before the table, three in a row, one behind each other; now two of them together; now three; now at the S. W. corner; now at the N. W.; little boys hovering about lighting candles, and then extinguishing them with a bow. But the funniest part of the whole performance was when the three clergy, attired in caterpillar colored robes, stood bent with heads and backs at right angles to their legs (like boys playing leap-frog), and in this attitude bobbed their heads to each other like donkeys. The effect was comic in the extreme, and in order to prevent unseasonable, though certainly, not causeless, mirth, I was fain to lift my eyes from these grotesque beings to the richly stained windows above, brilliant with the morning sunlight. A little of that sort of thing goes a long way; and I speedily beat a retreat, though I am given to understand that had I remained for the "post commission service" I should have seen stranger things than these. I left, musing on the perversity of human nature which could thus convert adoration of a Spiritual Being into mere gymnastics. Making every allowance for difference of minds, I find it impossible to believe that there can be any true devotion on the part of those who go through elaborate performances, compared with which the "Lancers" is simplicity itself.

NOTHING IN THE PAPERS.

In order to show how terribly dull the times are here, from the journalist's point of view, I would mention that one rather high class weekly paper has this week filled up half a column with Tennyson's "Ring out Wild Bells" from "In Memoriam." The next thing in order will be "To be or not to be" in the shape of a literary extract.

SNOBS IN PETTICOATS.

There is no snob like the British snob, especially if the creature happens to be of the feminine gender. Women who can kiss a chair upon which Royalty has sat, or who can fight with each other for the cherry stones that have been ejected from a princely mouth, are beings so grotesque that it is difficult to understand how they ever came into existence. It can only be supposed that they are relics of an old race, which used to inhabit the British islands, and which used to go on all-fours before its savage chiefs, just as the barbarous tribes of Central Africa do now. That grovelling flunkeyism is, however, less troublesome than such snobbery as was displayed in the High lands last Sunday. A few days ago the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went to Balmoral, and it was taken for granted that they would be at Crathie parish church. In expectation of obtaining a sight of the Duchess, the church was crowded to excess, and several ladies screamed and fainted so great was the pressure. When it became known that their Royal Highnesses were not to attend disappointment was openly expressed, and a great many had the bad taste to leave the building before the service had well begun. They wandered about in the neighborhood of the church and the entrance to the castle in the hope of seeing the Duchess, but were disappointed.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

is now provided against fire. The recent disastrous fire at Canterbury Cathedral has probably led the authorities to see the necessity of some such arrangement. A tank containing 6,000 gallons of water has been placed in the south-west tower, and it is estimated that the arrangements of hose and hydrants connected with this tank, would enable a fire in any part of the building to be played upon for half an hour. Moreover, one engine is kept in the building, which will keep the tank supplied, supposing no engine come to the rescue.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

bids fair to excel its brother of Bloomsbury in the richness of its possessions. The last prize of this popular Institution is £18,000 worth of enamels on metals. These are being exhibited along with loan specimens of the same kind of workmanship contributed to the exhibition by the Queen, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Warwick, Lord Wharncliffe, Sir Richard Wallace, Sir Digby Wyatt and others. Those lent by the Queen are curious of their kind. For instance, one represents the Prince Consort in armour. There are also the Prince of Wales when he was fifteen months old, and the Princess Royal at the age of two years and two months. These, however, are hardly the gems to which the lovers of enamels will turn. He will rather linger over the Limoges enamels of the sixteenth century, several beautiful specimens of which are exhibited. Italian workmanship is also well represented, and some French; even Chinese specimens are to be found.

MR. DISRAELI

ought to be a proud man this recess if to have a regular chronicler attending on one's movements be a source of pride to mortals. None of the Sovereigns who have lately been wandering about Europe have had their changes of place promulgated with more ostentatious fidelity. The public have been enabled to follow the *Prime Minister's* progress from one noble friend's house to another's, as if his autumnal recreation were like a procession of pilgrims from shrine to shrine. One day it is announced that he is going to make a tour of the northern English lakes, and the people are glad accordingly. A more refreshing and congenial way of passing well-earned holidays could hardly be found. But in a day or two the British public is requested to observe that the *Prime Minister* is not going to make a tour of the lake country for the mere purpose of looking at pools of water like other common and cheap excursionists, but to pay a dignified visit to a person of quality who happened to be living in the neighborhood. R. P.

Put a Thief to catch a Thief.

A very comical conclusion to a very ordinary theft took place in Paris recently. A sneak thief entered a gentleman's apartment one afternoon by means of false keys, and proceeded to ransack drawers and closets in search of valuables. To his disgust he found neither jewels, money nor any portable valuables, so he finally concluded to treat himself to a new suit of clothes. Accordingly he selected a nice outfit, including shirts, stocking, and underware, laid them out on the bed, and proposed to remove his own garments. Just as he had got to the critical point when his own clothes were off and the new ones were not on, he heard some one open the outer door of the apartment. He scrambled under bed in all haste, and while lying *perdu* there he heard the new-comer prowling round the room, opening drawers, etc., and finally heard him depart. He then crept out; but what was his horror to find that the second individual was a brother-thief, and that not only the clothes he had been about to put on were gone, but his own suit as well. Whilst he was in the midst of a search for some other garments, he was again disturbed by the opening of a door, and this time he popped into a closet. This last arrival proved to be the owner of the apartment, who, finding his furniture in disorder and his wearing apparel gone, proceeded to search for the malefactor, and soon discovered the poor, shivering criminal in the closet. He summoned the police and gave him into custody, and the unfortunate fellow was conveyed to the station-house, wrapped in a blanket, and piteously declaring that he had stolen nothing—that, on the contrary, he had been robbed, basely robbed, of all his clothing.

Nova Scotia News.

Passengers by the Empress last evening report a holiday in Digby, the occasion being the turning of the first sod of the Western Railway. The work was done by Miss Churchill, assisted by Miss Oakes, and speeches were made by a number of gentlemen.

The *Express* says that on Friday last, at Bridgewater, an Indian named Penaul was fired at by a white man with a gun. A large number of shot entered the Indian's body. The perpetrator of the deed was taken before a magistrate and remanded to await the result of the Indian's injuries.

A singular accident occurred at the Mount Hope Insane Asylum this week. One of the female patients swallowed a pair of scissors; in a fit of capriciousness she took up the article and put them down her throat. They lodged in the stomach, and remain there at present, but there are signs of their coming out through the side. A medical consultation has been held in the matter, and it is hoped the unfortunate woman's life may be saved. The case will form an interesting contribution to surgical matters.—*Recorder.*

New Lodge of Odd Fellows.

A new Lodge of Odd Fellows was instituted, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Germain street, Wednesday evg., by Grand Master Alex. Robertson, and other officers of the Grand Lodge. The members composing the new Lodge belong to the Town of Portland, and withdrew from Pioneer Lodge for the purpose of organizing this one. For the present the Lodge will meet in Odd Fellows' Hall, German street, until a suitable hall can be secured in their own town. The name selected is "Peerless." The Lodge starts under very favorable auspices, and will undoubtedly be as successfull as the other offshoots from Pioneer. The officers were elected and installed as follows:

Henry A. Austin, N. G; Wm. A. Moore, V. G.; Henry Hilyard, R. S.; H. A. Vradenburg, P. S.; Alex. Duff, Treas.; Robert Wisely, Warden; John Wilson, Con.; James T. Carpenter, I. G.; Benj. L. Logan, O. G.; A. N. Shaw, R. S. N.G.; James Price, L. S. N. G.; Robert Courtenay, R. S. V. G.; D. J. Purdy, L. S. V. G.; Joseph Court, R. S. S.; W. C. Black, L. S. S.; Dr. Wm. Christie, Physician.

Grand Lodge of Freemasons.

The Grand Lodge of New Brunswick opened in annual session Wednesday afternoon, in Ritchie's Building. The attendance of delegates is quite large. The Grand Lodge of Texas is represented by Mr. D. R. Munro, and that of Quebec by Hon. Edward Willis. The report of the Grand Master was lengthy. A number of other reports were presented from committees and Grand Officers. The report of the Grand Treasurer showed the receipts for the year to have been $1834.34; expenditure $788.07; leaving a balance, with that from last year, of $1046.27 to the credit of the Lodge. The entire number of members in the jurisdiction is 2148.

John Ferrel, an English sailor, went out boat sailing on Sunday, and has not been seen since. As the boat has been washed ashore the natural conclusion is that he is drowned.

Rev. Mr. Wiggin, who has suffered from hay fever every summer for many years, was attacked as usual a few weeks ago. He came to St. John, and every trace of the troublesome disease soon left him. Here is a valuable hint for Henry Ward Beecher, who suffers from the same complaint.

Shipping Notes.

Shipwrecks.—As anticipated, there are reports of damage to Nova Scotian vessels by the gale of the 5th and 7th inst. Messrs. A. G. Jones & Co's brigantine Florence, Capt. Wood, arrived to-day, from Demerara, bringing the captain and crew of the schr. Melita, who were taken off the latter vessel by the F. Captain Israel, of the Melita, reports in substance as follows: Left Annapolis on the 26th August, with a cargo of lumber, for Port au Prince. On the 5th Sept., at 7 a. m., lat. 33, lon. 67.10, met the hurricane, which lasted until the 7th, during which time the schr. was completely at the mercy of the sea—both masts were carried away by the deck; had decks swept, everything moveable washed off; boats lost, galley stove, and cabin filled with water. All provisions, papers, charts, &c., destroyed; saved chronometer by lashing it to weather side of the schooner; the crew also had to lash themselves to the side. The wind blew fearfully from E. N. E. to W. N. W. Were on the wreck 24 hours, with nothing to eat but ship's bread, saturated by the sea, when they were fallen in with by the Florence, who took them off, and supplied them with clothing, their own being wet. The Melita was about five years old; registered 130 tons; had a crew of 6 all told, built at Hillsboro, was purchased a few months ago by the captain, Holmes Israel, of St. John, N. B. (The captain and crew will be forwarded by the Marine and Fisheries Department to Digby.) Five days after taking off the crew of the Melita the Florence fell in with a wrecked brigantine on the northern edge of the Gulf Stream. The derelict was on its side, had foremast carried away, and was drifting alongside, stern and bow under water, had black sides and copper bottom; yard arms, iron work of masts, and bulwarks painted white; mast heads varnished, house gone; was lying so that name could not be ascertained. Probable that crew had perished. The Florence also met the hurricane, but only lost maintopmast. Capt. Israel, of the Melita, speaks very warmly of the conduct of Capt. Wood and crew, and of the kind treatment received at their hands.—*Halifax Express.*

Repairing.—The bark Kate Agnes is in Lovett's Slip receiving a thorough overhauling. The copper is to be taken off her bottom and probably replaced with new. A new mainmast is being put in.

Wrecked.—The schooner Martha A., from Pictou for this port, with a cargo of coal, went ashore at L'Etang on Saturday, 18th. Her back is probably broken, and she lies in a very bad place. The Port Wardens held a survey yesterday and ordered the cargo to be discharged and the vessel beached for further inspection. The accident happened by the captain allowing the vessel, during a dense fog, to get too near the shore before he dropped anchor. She is a vessel of 180 tons, and was built at St. George in 1871. Messrs. J. & S. Leonard, of this city, are the managing owners. The Martha A. was one of the many vessels blown ashore at Cape Breton in the great gale of August 23 1873. It cost fully half what she was worth to repair the damage done to her in that gale, and this trip would have wiped out the debt had she arrived here without accident. A letter from the captain states that she is probably past repairing, and that one-third of the cargo can be saved.

Deckload Lost.—The new ship Prince Rudolphe, hence for Liverpool, was spoken 7th ult., hove to repairing damages, having lost her deckload.

Schr. Bucco, hence for Barbadoes, put into St. Thomas 27th ult., with loss of sails. Her cargo of lumber was sold there and the vessel was loading, on the 13th, old iron for Boston.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting—Mr. Boyd gives $1000.

The Association Hall was well filled Monday evening to hear H. Thane Miller and other speakers. W. Welsh occupied the chair, and in a brief speech announced the object of the meeting to be to raise money to pay off the debt on the building. Mr. Miller addressed the meeting and was followed by John Boyd, Esq. The latter gentleman offered $1000 if 100 young men would raise $50 each. This generous offer was soon responded to, and $2500 was promised before the meeting closed. Mrs. T. G. Temple offered $100 if any four other ladies would give $25 each. This offer was at once taken up by four ladies in the audience whose names were not announced.

Accident.

On Saturday afternoon while young Swanson, a cartman, was passing through Waterloo street, on his way home, he was struck on the breast by a bat in the hands of a lad playing base ball. Swanson had a Hunting case watch in his pocket, which was completely demolished by the blow. Both the winding and centre posts were forced through the front and back cases of the watch, breaking the face into small pieces. The base-ballist is not known. Swanson fainted away and was carried into a shop near by, his wind-pipe having been interfered with. He is out again, however, and is all right. The watch, undoubtedly, saved him from a severe injury.

Fall of a Staging—A Man Injured.

Alonzo Mosher and Robert Green, who were working on the staging of Mr. Henneberry's house, at Indiantown, had a narrow escape Tuesday. They left one end of their staging unfastened and it fell, carrying them down with it, a distance of 25 feet. Green escaped without injury, while Mosher had his head cut, his finger broken, wrist dislocated, and his back considerably injured. He was taken to Dr. Earle's office, and was afterwards sent to the Hospital.

Mrs. Osborne dropped dead at her residence in Charles street, Portland, Tuesday, from heart disease.

PATIENTIA.

Toil on, O troubled brain,
With anxious thoughts and busy scenes oppressed;
Ere long, release shall reach thee. A brief pain!
Then—rest!

Watch still, O heavy eyes,
A little longer must ye vigil keep;
And lo! your lids shall close at morning's rise
In sleep.

Throb yet, O aching heart,
Still pulse the flagging current without cease;—
When you a few hours more have played your part,
Comes peace!

Bear up then, weary soul!
Short is the path remaining to be trod—
Lay down the fleshy shro d and touch the goal—
Then—God!

THINE ENEMY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"You see that house over there?" The speaker's voice quivered with excitement, and her cheeks were rosy red.

Yes. Mrs. Lee saw the house indicated, and thought the architecture very fine and imposing.

"Rum built that house, Mrs. Lee. To me there is nothing beautiful about it. I never look at it without I see the bloodshot eyes of his victim looking out of the windows at me. Ugh! it is horrible. Just think how he has murdered by the wholesale. Think of the families he has desolated. If ever a man in this world deserved the gallows that man does."

Mrs. Lee changed the subject. Singularly enough, her great heart took in the rum seller as well as the rum drinker. Her experience had shown her all sides. She knew that her enemy was as dear to the good Lord as her best friend. She was aware that a declaration of her principles would cause all future influence with her impulsive friend to be null and void; so she wisely kept quiet. The two friends walked on, Mrs. Lee's sympathies going out in a steady loving current to every class of sinners, and Mrs. Harrison wondering if it would be possible to pass a law which should put an end, not only to rum selling, but to rum-sellers.

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrison.

Mrs. Lee looked up into a pair of earnest grey eyes, smiled pleasantly, and with a kind "good morning," which was immediately and almost impulsively returned, passed on. Mrs. Harrison was furious.

"Do you mean to tell me, my dear, that in this quiet country place you pass your neighbors without speaking to them?" enquired Mrs. Lee, doing her best not to notice her friend's anger.

"Have I not told you what a monster he is? Speak to him?—No! I never have, and I never will."

"We differ a little, my friend, in your way of looking at things, but let us not quarrel over that. We are all God's children—all members of one great family. Your moral advantages have perhaps been greater than your neighbor's. He is not to be scorned for that. At least this is my argument, the way I feel, the way my conscience compels me to act. If your convictions are the other way, you must obey them; but let us choose for ourselves with perfect freedom. I can not pass that man in this quiet country neighborhood without speaking to him, and be true to myself. You can not speak to him and satisfy your conscience. I am to be your guest for a number of weeks, and do you not see that there will be no chance of harmony unless we can cherish and act out our own opinions?"

Mrs. Harrison confessed that she knew such was the case; but the sullenness of her answer showed that she could have no sympathy for her companion's views.

The rumseller must have mentioned this greeting of Mrs. Lee to his wife, for one day, returning from the depot with Mrs. Harrison, a very sweet-faced woman bent forward from her carriage, and bowed and smiled to Mrs. Lee.

"Who is that?" the lady enquired, in astonishment.

"Oh, that is the rum-seller's wife," Mrs. Harrison answered, with considerable disdain. "They find so few willing to recognize them that they are very quick to notice any attention."

Mrs. Lee's mind was made up. She would call upon this family. There was a longing in that woman's eyes that she could not resist. Silver and gold the rum-seller's wife had in plenty, but that sympathy which comes in contact with kindly human hearts she was a stranger to. It so happened that when Mrs. Lee put her resolve into execution she found the lady of the house away, and the rum-seller only at home.

"My wife will be very much disappointed," he said, his voice full of regret. "I wish you would wait a few moments for her."

Mrs. Lee expressed her willingness to wait, and the host conducted her to the library, a large, elegant room, and settled himself to entertain her. The man's face was eloquent with thanks. He seemed quite unfit for ordinary conversation, and once or twice gave grateful utterances to his feelings.

"I am so glad you have come to see my wife," he said,—"so glad."

Now Mrs. Lee was a straightforward little woman, and it seemed quite natural that she should ask him why he was so glad.

"Is your wife very much alone?" she enquired.

"We have occasional company from the city," he replied. Mrs. Lee was very sure that she saw the blood redden his temples, as he continued, "but we have lived here two whole years, and you are the first woman in the neighborhood who has stepped foot over our threshold. My wife's health is very delicate," he went on slowly, and with a quiver in his voice. "Sometimes I fear that I shall not have her much longer."

If there is anything in the world equal to a pure, deep-hearted woman's intuitions, let us know what it is. Mrs. Lee knew then, just as well as if she had been told, that his wife was dying of remorse and slight. She might never have another so good an opportunity for a conversation with this man, whom the neighbors despised; so she asked, her whole soul in her face,

"What is the matter with your wife?"

"There doesn't seem to be any disease that the doctors can discover. She is weak and tired, and low-spirited all the time. I have tried everything, and everybody, but she doesn't seem to mend under any treatment."

"I doubt very much if she needs any treatment, except perhaps that which you can give her."

The red blood mounted again to the temples of her companion.

"I give her, madam," he tried to say laughingly. "I am not a physician."

"I feel very certain that you are all the physician she needs. Your wife, I presume, needs, wants, must have, to save her life, just one thing. If a fever patient wanted water, you would think it very foolish to offer coffee and tea, and lemonade, would you not? In short, everything but the one the thirsty soul longed for."

"Certainly," he answered, glancing toward the door. "Have you ever talked with my wife?"

"Never, sir."

"Of course, you know what my business is?"

"I do."

"And you consider it infamous, and all that sort of thing?"

"I consider it the worst business that any man can be engaged in."

"Then what did you come here for?"

There was a mixture of sadness and fierceness in the tones that made her heart ache.

"Oh! I forgot; you came to pay your respects to my wife, my victim."

"And to see you, also," was the low, earnest answer. "Long ago, my dear sir, I learned to discriminate between the sinner and the sin. I loathe the sin, but I love you, and would help you in any way in my power."

"Your words sound very strange and sweet," he said, after a moment's pause. "My wife wants me to go into another kind of business, to give the money I have made in this to the amelioration of the condition—of—," the words were hard to utter.

"Of the families of drunkards," suggested Mrs. Lee, in the same sweet voice.

"Yes, that is it. How well you understand her! This is a hard thing for a man to do."

Just here the pale tender-eyed wife glided in, with a greeting which spoke volumes.

"I am so glad to see you, dear madam!" she said. "I told my husband that if you did not come to see us, I should send for you, didn't I, dear?" and the thin little hand caressed her husband's arm affectionately.

"And I told my wife that there wasn't the least hope of you coming; but her eyes sometimes sees farther than mine."

"Husband told me," she went on, "that he met a lady who bowed to him, and whom he thought would do me good. Oh! I was so glad. I had asked God so many times to send me a friend; and,—drawing close to Mrs. Lee,—if I could have picked out one myself, I could not have been better suited.

"Yes, and sometimes He doesn't seem to answer them at all. Oh, Mrs. Lee, I have prayed one prayer so long, so faithfully, so hard, without getting an answer that I am almost discouraged. It is about him," pointing to her husband. "You don't know, I never can tell how kind and how loving he has been to me ever since he married me. He thinks I am sick, because he sees me failing every day. I am not. Only for one thing I should be as healthy and happy as anybody. Won't you please kneel down here and ask God to answer my prayer?"

Mrs. Lee could hardly see the pleading woman for her tears, but she wiped them away, and looked up at the husband. His fine face was drawn with pain, and his whole manner that of one who suffers keenly.

"If you can do such things, Mrs. Lee, please oblige her," he said, with an effort at sternness.

Mrs. Lee's petition was earnest, touching, and to the point. Words could not have been more simple and eloquent. When she rose from her knees the rum-seller with his wife in his arms was sobbing like a child.

"God has heard! God has heard! Edward has promised! Oh, Mrs. Lee, he has promised to do the right. You know what Christ has said, 'When two or three are gathered together, I will be there!' You see I have had to pray alone all these years. Oh, my loved husband, I shall be well now, and strong enough to help you."

"Yes, wife; I believe you will," was the solemn answer. "And now, Mrs. Lee, I want you to hear me promise before God to do in this matter now, and in the future, just as my wife directs, even if the doing makes me a beggar."

"As much as my husband loves me, I should never have succeeded alone," the wife continued, after he had left the room. "A coarse or a threatening word would have settled the question forever. You came pitying and loving both of us, and the work was accomplished. Oh, Mrs. Lee, how many are suffering and dying for the right word."

"I hear," said Mrs. Harrison, a week afterward, "that Edward Lathrop has left the liquor business altogether. Some body said he gave two thousand dollars to the temperance missionaries yesterday. Do you believe it?"

"I think it is true," was Mrs. Lee's quiet answer.

"Well, wonders will never cease Let's go and call on his wife some time.'

Weekly Tribune.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 29, 1874.

Mr. Geo. H. Miner of Westmorland Point is authorized to act as general agent for the TRIBUNE.

The Rowing Craze.

The gladiatorial spirit seems to have been revived among men. Contests on the turf, in the cock-pit, etc., appear to have no charm like a death struggle between two men. Prize-fighting has been hunted down so that the contests of the ring can no longer be seen but by a few roughs, and of all the other methods for pitting one man's strength and endurance against another's rowing is the most popular. The strength of this craze must be great or the vexations that attend racing matches would have cured it long ago. A prize-fight, even though the police have to be dodged, may be expected to come off near the appointed time, and there is always an end even to the scoring for a trotting match; but match races between professional oarsmen can rarely be seen without the spending of two whole days. No wonder that so many of those who leave their work and waste their time waiting for a race that is to come off at some indefinite hour get so disgusted with themselves as to get drunk or so uneasy as to gamble. The folly of running after such races was fully shown last week, when thousands stood and lay around the Kennebeccasis two days waiting to see two men row. Even on the second day the representative of one of the rival oarsmen succeeded, by raising objections of various kinds, in having the race postponed until the middle of the afternoon, when, seeing that there was no prospect of an answer to his prayer for sufficient wind to render the match impossible, he reluctantly consented to the calling of the race. His reason, as he explained to a gentleman that evening, was that Morris had a cough which he hoped to be rid of by Monday. This shows how little the conductors of these races care for the people who rush to see them. Their doctrine is that they have nothing to do with the people, as it is not for the presentation of a spectacle but for the winning of the money at stake that they are working. People ought to let them humbug and quibble by themselves, and they would do so, probably, if it were not for the thought that one of the contestants might die in his boat.

It is surprising that Brown and Morris do not take advantage of the insanity of the public about rowing and make a match, to be rowed regardless of the weather, solely for the popular benefit. They could bargain for a share of the railway earnings, a royalty on the proceeds of the various games of chance, a commission on the liquor sales, etc., and thus make a thousand dollars or so very easily.

There is a good opening for enterprising men to make money out of rowing by buying or leasing the land along suitable rowing courses, fencing it in and getting up May, June, July, August and September "meetings," and charging a fee for admittance to the enclosure from which a view of the contest can be got. This might be done on the international course on the Kennebeccasis, and we expect to see our suggestion acted on immediately. But still there would be the danger of delay, on account of the ruffling of the water, to discourage some from going to the show, and the very best plan, after all, would be to make water parks by digging canals and enclosing them with high board fences. Then, unless some spectator should render the water temporarily unfit for rowing by tossing a pebble in, there would be no delay in starting the races. Fouling might be prevented by a line of stakes in the centre of the canal. The course need not be more than a half mile long, the oarsmen going over it four, six, eight or ten times until the required distance should be rowed. Then the Directors of the Victoria Aquatic Park could arrange matters between famous "rowing champions," having one or more "event" each day, and fully gratify the popular desire for this kind of gladiatorial amusement.

There is really more inducement for a muscular youth to devote himself to rowing as a profession than to go into law, medicine, politics, trade or literature. The laurels attending success are great, and even defeat is soothed with sympathy and lightened with applause. The desire for personal fame, the patriotic wish to win honor for one's country, and the longing for notoriety, can be gratified in no way so quickly as by engaging in a rowing race for large stakes with an oar-puller from another country. A man would have to preach, sing, publish, or argue legal causes many years before he could hope to have the pleasure of seeing his "photograph" in the St. John *News*, and then he might go down to the grave a disappointed man; but Brown and Morris attain this distinction, after a half dozen races, at a comparatively early age in the life of man. Henry Ward Beecher, with all his platform eloquence, pulpit power, and book-making genius, would not be so well known as George Brown if he had not become involved in the Tilton scandal. The movements of Brown and Morris have been daily chronicled by the press, even to the fact that Morris went to bed Saturday, and bonfires blazed in their honor Saturday night, while Mr. Wm. Elder, after many years of earnest and able labor in the interests of the public, has been allowed to travel through two Provinces with hardly a notice in the press and to return without a bonfire to welcome him. Should the death of the editor of the *News*, the Premier of England, or the President of the United States be announced thousands of people would ask, Who is Willis? who is Disraeli? who is Grant? but nobody would need to be told about George Brown or Sadler.

Contempt of Court.

Two or three Nova Scotia Judges had a row in open court the other day, on the question of precedence, the end of which was that one of them bounced out in a huff, and it is not to be wondered at that two lawyers have shown their contempt for the bench by giving the lie and a blow while arguing a case. It was in the presence of one of the temporary dispensers of election justice only, but the ridicule brought on the bench by the recent conduct of some of the Judges may have had something to do with the want of respect shown by the lawyers. The *Reporter* says:

The true account of the *fracas* in the *ad hoc* Court Sittings in Picton is that Weatherbe was, on the day it occurred, more than usually violent, and finally finished up by calling Mr. McDonald in open court a "liar." He was very properly dealt with in the only way such an offence could be punished, and received a couple of blows. The pity is that he did not get more. His attempt to manufacture sympathy for himself in the *Chronicle* this morning only shows what he really is. Any one having any knowledge of his way of conducting causes in court will wonder he has not been punished in the same manner long ago.

Governor Kellogg may not be the greatest coward in the world, but he is evidently the greatest one in New Orleans. It was his arbitrary seizure of arms belonging to private citizens that led to his being frightened out of the State House, and now, although he is protected by United States troops, he is shivering at the thought that the citizens have arms in their houses. A despatch says he has decided to search the houses for arms, and that the citizens have decided to resist such an act of tyranny with the arms he is in search of. Kellogg will provoke outbreaks as fast as the Government of the United States can put them down if a restraining influence is not brought to bear on him.

The degraded state of politics in some of the Southern States is shown by the following anecdote:

"You may retire," said Gov. Moses to a colored waiter who was standing behind his chair in a South Carolina restaurant. "'Scuse me, sah," said Sam, "but I'se 'sponsible for de spoons."

The worst of it is that the conduct of Gov. Moses has been such as to justify the alleged precaution of the waiter.

Reform Management on the I. C. Railway.

Three car loads of lumber remained for *three* days at the Sackville station before an engine could be got to remove them to the wharf, where they were to be shipped on board a vessel which was waiting to finish loading. At this season of the year the delay is most vexatious as well as expensive to the shipper, and should the vessel not finish loading by the 1st of October it is not improbable the shipper will bring an action for damages against the department of Public Works. The conductor of a coal train received orders to stop at Sackville and remove the cars of lumber; but he refused to obey orders, and a special engine had to be sent from Moncton to do the work. C. O. M.

Moosepath Races.

The attendance at the Park Thursday afternoon was not nearly so large as the programme deserved. The trains carried out a goodly number who filled many seats in the Grand Stand. Apart from the number who went out by train it was pleasing to see so many carriages, those of the most influential and best known citizens of the city. The judges were in their places some time before the train arrived, but waited until all who desired to see the race had entered the Park. At 3 o'clock the horses were called to their places, but of course some time was lost before the drivers could bring all their horses up. Meantime the judges quietly waited, and the spectators from their different positions looked on, not knowing what the judges were doing in their little house across the way. Before this the Directors had appointed the judges. No better judges have occupied the stand at any of the meetings of the Moosepath Association—a fact which was proved by the way in which all their decisions were accepted by the drivers and owners of horses. In the trotting races the judges were D. Tapley, Esq., Police Magistrate of Portland, James Tibbitts, Esq., of Fredericton and E. L. Jewett, Esq., of this city. When the running race was called Mr. Jewett retired and Dr. Bunting took his place—the retiring gentleman candidly saying that he did not pretend to understand the laws of a running race sufficiently well to be a judge. Mr. John Baird, of Moncton, was distance judge, and satisfied all by his promptness in the discharge of his duties.

The first race called was of the 3-minute class, and eight horses came forward. A protest was offered against Joe, entered by G. C. Bailey, and quite a discussion ensued, but the protesters being informed that, according to the rules, they must prove their protest or forfeit a hundred dollars, or be ruled off the track, they withdrew, and the race commenced.

At the second score the horses were sent off—the judges being determined to do the thing up promptly. This heat, after a pretty trot, was won by Kitty Clyde, entered by J. E. Burnham, of Houlton, Honest Farmer being second and Annie De Montford third. The next three heats, which alternated with the running race, were easily won by Honest Farmer. Several protests were entered during the race, all of which were decided most satisfactorily by the Judges. In fact, there was not, at the conclusion of the race, when Honest Farmer was given first place, Kitty Clyde second, and Lady Landoff third, a word against the decisions by any of the drivers. Time—2.50.

The running race alternated with the three minute one, and was certainly the most exciting of the afternoon. Five horses came forward—Galavantress, Islander, Rectifier, Sussex Lass and Wanderer. Two straight heats were won by Galavantress, which gave her the race. The second money was given to Islander, as he won second place in the last heat. The best time announced for this race was 1.52—mile heats.

The stallion race was called about half-past 5, and two horses came up—Aroostook Boy, driven by —— Record, and Fred Olliver, by J. B. P. Wheelden, the prettiest driver ever seen on the Moosepath track. The first heat was won by Fred Olliver in 2.50½. In the second heat Fred Olliver broke badly at first, but on the last half-mile came down to his work, and, though the Boy had a long lead, passed the wire less than a length behind. The heat, which was won by the Boy, concluded the racing for the afternoon. The closing heat will be the first race for this afternoon.

Throughout the entire afternoon the best order prevailed, and the policeman had nothing at all to do. It was the most orderly and best conducted meeting ever held in the Park.

The races were largely attended Friday afternoon, and everything passed off satisfactorily. The first called was the unfinished stallion race, and Aroostook Boy and Fred Olliver came promptly up. The Boy won two straight heats—best time 2.50—which decided the race. The 2.50 class was next on the list—Dolly Varden, Country Lass, Baker Boy and Honest Farmer coming on call. Joe was scratched. Dolly won the two first heats, the trot between her and Farmer being very pretty. The next three heats were won by Honest Farmer, which gave him first money, Dolly getting second and Baker Boy third.

The extra running race was very pretty, and the spectators were much excited over it. Wanderer, ridden by Church, won the first heat, with Galavantress second. The next heat was won by Islander, after a beautiful contest with Wanderer. The boy who rode Islander was loudly cheered when the heat was won, as it appeared as if the other jockeys were all determined to beat him if possible. The third heat was waited for anxiously, and a splendid start was made. Islander took the lead, maintained it throughout, and won the heat and race. The spectators lustily cheered the boy and horse at the conclusion. This boy is about as cute a young jockey as can be found. Good order prevailed, and the meeting was pronounced to be the most satisfactory ever held in the Park.

Larceny Trial.

Charles B. Oxley, of Cumberland County, N. S., was brought from jail this forenoon to answer a charge of stealing a $5 note from George Long in the Continental Hotel. The charge being read to him, in a long harangue he pleaded not guilty, spoke of his well known family at River Philip, said his brother was Italian and Prussian Consul in Halifax, that hitherto he had led an unblemished life, and had never been charged with any crime or misdemeanor. William Pugsley, Esq., defended the prisoner. The first witness was George Long, who gave evidence as to his acquaintance with the prisoner at the hotel. They were put into the parlor to sleep, the house being full, and there Oxley introduced the subject of counterfeit money, and they began to compare two bank notes. After a while the prisoner took both and put them in his pocket. He refused to give the note up, and raised a row. Long then informed the police, who arrested Oxley. The complainant told a very straight story, which a severe cross-examination did not shake. Sergt. Rider and Officer McLaren testified to arresting Oxley and finding the note in his possession. He had told them that he had $12 in his pocket book, but they had found $17. One $5 note was in a separate place from the rest of the money. The clerk of the hotel said long at once accused Oxley of the theft, and that the latter had been noisy and troublesome before that. For the defence two witnesses were called, whose testimony was not important. The prisoner made a long speech in his own defence after Mr. Pugsley had finished. He positively denied the theft, and appealed to his "Lordship" for a release from custody. He accounted for the money being in his possession in several ingenious ways, and claimed that "the unbridled ambition" of Long had caused him to make the charge. Again he referred to his long line of ancestors, great and good men. His Maker was appealed to, but the Magistrate here stopped him. After one or two objections by Mr. Pugsley, the Magistrate sentenced the prisoner to the penitentiary for three months with hard labor. The prisoner threw his leg over the railing of the dock to show that he could not do hard work, as he had lost the use of his leg, but this did not have the effect of altering the verdict.

Shipping Notes.

New Vessel.—The ship Mary Stewart, built at Nappan, by Captain F. W. Fullerton, will be launched on Saturday next. She is a handsome vessel, and carefully constructed of the very best materials. The Mary Stewart is 170 ft. keel, 22 ft. hold, 36 ft. beam, registers 1,054 tons; carpenters' measure 1,120 tons. She will be commanded by the builder, Capt. F. W. Fullerton, and is chartered for England to load deals at Grindstone Island. Her shares are allocated as follows: Capt. F. W. Fullerton, 8 shares; J. T. Smith, 8; F. W. Dent, 8; J. R. Lamy, 4; Capt. R. Lowerison, 4; Hon. R. B. Dickie, 4; Col. C. J. Stewart, 4; Lockhart & Chipman, 4; Hon. Dr. Tupper 4; John Bragg, 2; A. McLeod & Co., 2; David McElman, 2; Jesse Harding 2; R. F. Black, 2; R. B. Boggs, 2; Wm. Holmes, 2.—*Amherst Sentinel.*

The bark Belle Stewart sailed from Shediac Thursday for Queenstown, for orders. She was loaded with deals by J. L. Black. Her cargo is 277 standard.

The following Yarmouth vessels have been chartered during the past week for Guano: Ships J. C. Robertson, Jos. Milbury, N. W. Blethen, Winnifred, Aneroid, Bolivia; barks Geo. R. Doane, Peru, H. A. Parr. Also, ship Acadian, for Rice.

Quick Voyage.—A telegram to Mr. Luke Stewart announces the arrival of the bark Lottie Stewart at Sydney, C. B., from Limerick, in 19 days.

New Vessel.—The Albuera was launched from the yard of the Bridgetown Shipbuilding Co. (of which W. Warwick, Esq., of this city, is President) on Friday last, and towed over to this port the same evening by the tug Xanthus in nine hours, which is unusually fast towing and speaks well for the sailing qualities of the vessel. She measures 135 feet keel, 32 ft. 3 in. breadth of beam, 19 feet depth of hold, and registers 655 tons. Capt. Banks will command her, and she will be loaded by A. Gibson for Barrow. The Albuera was to have been launched ten days ago, but while the attempt was being made a portion of the ways settled and the launch had to be postponed till the next high tide. She is now lying at Robinson's wharf being fitted out for sea.

The bark Glacier is on Quinn's blocks, Lower Cove, receiving a spar deck five feet above the clear and extending from the stern post to the foremast. It is the intention of her owners to put her into the Mediterranean trade.

The Brown-Morris Race.

Some people are fooling themselves with the fancy that Brown played with Morris in the scull race between them, when the truth is that he had to do his very best to win. Morris led him slightly at the turn, and Brown made the quickest turn and gained a length. This lead he maintained only by a desperate struggle, spurting every time Morris spurted, and won by only three-quarters of a boat's length, about 22 feet, instead of a length and a half, as it appeared to those on shore. He says Morris is the coming man, and he would rather make a match with Sadler than another with Morris.

Mr. E. H. Duval, Inspector of Schools for St. John County, on Saturday evening fell in his own house and broke his arm, between the shoulder and elbow. The bone was set by Dr. Harding.

"Hot Coffee and Eating" was one of the booth signs at Riverside.

CITY POLICE COURT.

Sept. 22.

John Brooks, a sailor and stranger, was charged with drunkenness in Charlotte street, and was fined $4.

John O'Brien is a young man, but evidently a pretty hard case. He is known as a "Duke street boy" among the police. Last evening he was drunk and disorderly in Germain street, and it became Policeman McLaren's duty to arrest him. In doing so he had considerable trouble, as O'Brien resisted and assaulted him. Now it happened that the Police Magistrate himself was near at hand, and saw the whole affair. It gave him a text for his morning's discourse, and he lectured the prisoner and all others in attendance. He said he was surprised to hear respectable people say that the policeman used too much force in taking such a drunken rough to the station. Only 15 men are on duty in this city, and when one made an arrest he was surrounded with a crowd of a hundred or more, who sympathized with, and, if possible, assisted the prisoner. The idea that a rough, who made every resistance in his power, was to be treated as carefully as a sucking babe was absurd. He had heard the cry—"Get together, boys; save Johnny," &c., and was enabled to judge for himself as to how the policeman did his duty. All right thinking people, instead of growling about the police force, should be ready at any and all times to assist the men in the discharge of their unpleasant duty. The Magistrate was terribly in earnest, and O'Brien quailed under the words. He pleaded guilty to drunkenness, for which a fine of $6, or two months in the Penitentiary, was imposed, and also to resisting the police, which cost him $20 more, or four months—in all $26, or 6 months.

George Yeomans was then called to answer a charge of drunkenness in Market street. He pleaded guilty, and the Magistrate informed him that he had also been spotted as one of the crowd that tried to prevent the arrest of O'Brien. "I saw you full of rum, myself, and will fine you $8, letting the disorderly conduct merge into the drunkenness."

Patrick Dollard, about 10 o'clock last night, when so drunk that he could hardly tell whether his name was Datsy Polliver, Patsy Dolliver or Pat Dollard, complained that the newspapers had sent him two months to the penitentiary, when he only got ten days at the crusher, for his last spree. The idea still haunted him, and when he was fined $6 for drunkenness in a barn off Duke street, he inquired: "Did your honor sentence me to two months in the penitentiary?" "Yes." "All right; only I don't want any mistake made by the papers."

James Burke was fined $6 for drunkenness in Sheffield street.

Peter Flavin was charged with assaulting Anna Egan in Patrick street, last Sunday. He positively denied the charge, and his wife tendered the costs with the information that Mrs. Egan did not wish to prosecute. To spoil her story Mrs. Egan at that moment appeared to prosecute the charge. Her evidence was conclusive, and Flavin, having no defence, was fined $10.

The prayer meeting case was next on the list, and Josiah Williams told how he was called from a Temperance Lodge to settle the dispute, and he thought that Robert Mackenzie was most to blame. His opinion was not taken in opposition to the other testimony, and Isaac McKenzie was sent to jail for two months with hard labor.

The captain of the schooner G. V. Richards was charged with assaulting his steward on the high seas. Both parties wanted witnesses, and the case was adjourned until to-morrow.

Sept. 23

The Police Magistrate was absent this morning, and Justice McAvity presided. Ten prisoners sat in the dock, all charged with drunkenness.

Herbert Perry, drunk on Peters wharf; Michael Welsh, in Water street; and George Cunningham, in Charlotte street, candidly confessed the charge, and, not having appeared in Court before, were let off with a fine of $4 each.

John Havilan, an old offender, was fined $6 for drunkenness in Sydney st.

Anthony Hanson denied being drunk in Waterloo st., but the evidence of the policeman proved it, and he was fined $6.

Michael Murphy and James Gordon, arrested in Princess street, also denied being drunk. The offence and denial cost them $6 each.

Hamilton Allingham insisted that he was sober when arrested. He had no house to go to, which was the cause of his being found lying on the Victoria Hotel steps. The policeman said he was so drunk that he couldn't tell whether it was Nova Scotia or New Brunswick he was in. This was conclusive, and a fine of $6 was imposed.

Joseph O'Brien was a little drunk in St. James street, but fully able to get home. As he refused to go home he was arrested, and must pay $6 to get his liberty.

Catherine McVey, a Sheffield street maiden, was fined $6 or two months in Jail, for drunkenness.

Bridget Kirby was charged with abusive language to Mary Daley. She confessed the charge and was fined $4. In a short time the complainant again appeared with a long story of Mrs. Daley's ruining a washing of hers, to spite her for the fine, and the charge will be investigated.

Charles Robinson, Captain of the schr. G. V. Richards, was charged with assaulting his steward, Patrick Duhan. The captain denied the assault, and said the charge was only made to annoy him. It certainly appeared so, as the steward did not appear to prosecute, and the case was dismissed.

A colored woman appeared in court with her face covered with blood, from a deep cut in her cheek. She wanted a warrant for Mrs. Jackson. Mr. Chandler sent her to the doctor to have the wound dressed, and afterwards the information was laid. She seemed to have fared pretty badly.

Sept. 24.

James Murphy was charged with drunkenness in St. John street and pleaded guilty. A fine of $4 was imposed.

Richard Broderick, the other simple drunk, was arrested in Pond street, and fined the same amount.

Charles Mirey had several charges against him.—1st, being drunk and disorderly in Duke street, 2nd, violently resisting and assaulting policeman John Simpson while in the discharge of his duty, and lastly of assaulting Mr. Edward Muldoon. The arrest was made at the lower end of Duke street, near where Muldoon keeps his tavern. If the man got drunk at the disgraceful groggeries that are found there, and where the vilest poison is sold, it is no wonder that he was completely crazed by his potations. On the charges being read, to the first he pleaded guilty and was fined $6; the second he also admitted, though he knew nothing of the resistance or assault, and was fined $20; the third he denied, and Muldoon made information and gave evidence. Witnesses were wanted and the case was adjourned until to-morrow.

Sept. 25.

The docket was not large this morning, and Justice McAvity, in a very few minutes, settled the cases before him.

William Gibbon, charged with being drunk in the Old Burying Ground, confessed, and was fined $6.

Another William—Donogan, surname—was fined $4 for being drunk and reclining on Union street.

William Gallagher, a man who had passed many years without ever been seen in the Police Court, was charged with drunkenness in the Old Burying Ground. He was fined $6, but the fine was allowed to stand.

Richard Lawrence was let go without a fine, though charged with drunkenness in King's Square.

George H. Roseman deliberately got drunk and lay down in King street, for which offence he was fined $4.

James Frail, a Yankee, went to the Station for protection and was let go.

The charge made by E. Muldoon against Charles Miery was withdrawn on payment of costs.

Sept. 26.

Mrs. Hannah Thompson brought a charge against Luke Whalley for abusive and insulting language towards her in her house in Drury Lane. According to the facts elicited Mr. Whalley went to her house for the purpose of getting a picture left there by him some time ago. Mrs. T. told him she had no picture belonging to him, whereupon Whalley became indignant and commenced to abuse her, with his loose tongue. "Though," said he, "I would not abuse a woman, I will take the value of the picture off your husband." Whalley denied these charges, but, having no witnesses to rebut her testimony, he was compelled to pay a fine of $6.

There was a case of money grabbing before the court this morning, though only for a small amount. The complainant is Geo. Long, from some part of King's county, who came into town yesterday to witness the boat race and carry the news of the great affair back to his fellow countrymen who were not so fortunate as to have a chance to see it for themselves. The prisoner is Charles B. Oxley, from Oxford, Cumberland county and the prosecutor, Long, charged Oxley with snatching a $5 Bank of New Brunswick bill from him in the Continental Hotel last night. Both parties were comparing Bank notes, one of which Oxley said was a counterfeit. They were both pretty drunk. Long acknowledged having had six drinks, but still thought himself quite sober. Oxley denies having snatched the bill, and says he would sacrifice his right hand before doing such a thing. The case, which is postponed until two o'clock, looks black against the prisoner, as both of the bills are in his pocket book now in possession of the police.

Sept. 28.

The number of prisoners was not large considering the excitement of the boat race. Fourteen were called upon to answer for breaking the law, and a pretty rough looking crowd they were. The "goals" assembled, completely filling the limited space reserved for them. "Mind you, the jail is full," was a consoling remark made to the prisoners, as the trials were proceeding.

William Gallagher was charged with being drunk and disorderly in Germain st., with resisting the police, and with having a set of brass knuckles in his possession. To the first charge he pleaded guilty and was fined $8, the resistance to police being merged into the fine. The knuckles, he said, he found out at the boat race and kept in his possession. No doubt they were at the race with the youth, as he wore a "rowdy cap." He was fined $10 more for having them, and if the money is not forthcoming he will spend two months in the penitentiary.

Wright Morgan and Alexander Mitchell, for drunkenness in Prince William street, were fined $8 each.

Thomas Cregan, a fiery headed youth, was given in charge by John Fish and Thomas Finn for assaulting them in Charlotte street. For some trivial reason he commenced fighting with the two, and was only stopped when placed under arrest. He was fined $10 in each case.

Robert Pearson is a quiet man except when he drinks, and then he becomes insane, at least that is the character his employer gives him. Saturday night he was arrested drunk and shouting in Union street. To get him to the Station was no easy job, but it was at length effected, when he was locked up. After remaining a short time he tried to escape by getting out of the window, feet first. This he did not succeed in doing, but came near hanging himself. He got his feet out, then fell backwards, his feet caught in the bars, and there he hung by the heels. His groans reached the policeman on duty in the Station, who relieved him. A fine of $8 was imposed for the drunkenness.

Frank Clark, in answer to a query of the Magistrate, said he came on from the States to see the boat race, and, like many others who came for the same purpose, went down to Sheffield street to see the race there. He was found drunk and fined $8.

William Appleby, a young man of 21, arrested drunk in the same street, was fined $8.

Patrick Donnelly, for drunkenness in the King's Square, was fined $8.

D. C. Curry, who had passed 52 years of this life, was charged with drunkenness in Carmarthen st. In answer to the charge he said he never was drunk before, and did not know whether he was or not. He drank something for the first time. "You'll remember it in future, and pay $8 for the offence," was his sentence.

Joseph Kimpson, arrested in Duke st.; James McGuire, in Union st.; and William Sime in Carmarthen street, were fined $8 each for drunkenness.

Ellen Callihan was the only female. She kept her head and face completely enveloped in an apron, which she indignantly refused to have taken off. To a charge of drunkenness in Pitt street she pleaded guilty and was fined $8.

LIBERALITY OF PHYSICIANS.—It has always been said that physicians would disparage any remedy, however valuable, which they did not originate themselves. This has been disproved by their liberal course towards Dr. J. C. Ayer's preparations. They have adopted them into general use in their practice, which shows a willingness to countenance articles that have intrinsic merits which deserve their attention. This does the learned profession great credit, and effectually contradicts the prevalent erroneous notion that their opposition to proprietary remedies is based in their interest to discard them. We have always had confidence in the honorable motives of our medical men, and are glad to find it sustained by the liberal welcome they accord to such remedies as Ayer & Co.'s inimitable remedies, even though they are not ordered in the books, but are made known to the people through the newspapers.—*New Orleans Delta.*

A grave mystery is now exercising the minds of the Portland Police force. On McCoskery Road is a new-made grave, and no one can tell what is buried beneath. Capt. Jones intends visiting the place and opening the grave to see what has been buried there. It is probably a large sized rat, or something else that has been put there by some fool specially to hoax the police.

Robert Swinley of Lower Cove got hurt yesterday, but it was his own fault. He asked an able-bodied sailor if he was Evan Morris, the oarsman, saying that he recognized him by the "photograph" in the *News*.

By Telegraph.

Canadian, British and Foreign.

(Special Telegrams to the Tribune.)

OTTAWA, Sept. 21.

Ross, Minister of Militia, is here, but he won't take a house, and he is in a bad way. Mackenzie is trying to crowd him into the Halifax Collectorship. Ross does not want to be shelved. but he has either to take that or nothing.

Lower Province Representatives, with exception of Smith, are nonentities in the Premier's hands.

Malcolm Cameron, the Grit representative of South Huron, whose seat is contested, has offered a direct bribe to the Conservatives of Bay Field that if the protest was withdrawn, the Government grant to Halifax harbor would be increased from $80,000 to $60,000.

Peter Mitchell is here, and receives a hearty greeting wherever he goes.

Sir John Macdonald has not been so strong and healthy for ten years as at present. He will reside at Ottawa until next spring.

Conservative Convention in Toronto will be a grand affair; proceedings commence on Wednesday.

Kerr of Coburg, who defeated Speaker Cockburn, has sent a communication to Liberal Conservative Association that he will resign the seat if they cease hostilities. Conservatives indignantly spurned the proposal, and startling developments are looked for everywhere.

The hypocricy of the Grits is being unmasked, and their sands will soon be run out.

Alas for W. Ross!

OTTAWA, Sept. 22.

Ross has quarrelled with Mackenzie, declined the Halifax Collectorship, and will retire from the Cabinet. He has been badly treated, and Coffin is likely to share the same fate.

OTTAWA, Sept. 22.

Ross sent in his resignation as Minister of Militia to-day, at the same time declining the Collectorship.

Vail is to come in as a representative of Nova Scotia; but he will be Secretary of State, R. W. Scott taking Ross's place.

It is conceded on all sides that Ross has been badly treated by Mackenzie, used as a tool and then cast aside.

Oakes is to be made Collector of Customs, to make way for Vail in Digby.

QUEBEC, Sept. 22.

The following is the official list of DeBoucherville's Cabinet: Premier, Hon. Mr. DeBoucherville; Attorney General, Hon. Mr. Church; Solicitor General, Hon. Mr. Augers; Commissioner of Crown Lands, Hon. Mr. Malhoit; Minister of Public Works, Hon. Mr. Garneau; Treasurer, Hon. Mr. Robertson; President of the Council, Hon Mr. Lemair.

FORT GARRY, Sept. 22.

Urquhart, Clerk of the North West Council, is dead. He was formerly editor of the Ottawa *Times*.

TORONTO, Sept. 22.

The exhibition will be a great success. There is an immense concourse of people here.

Proton Nixon has been appointed by the Dominion Government to buy rations for the Manitoba Mounted Police. This will give him a chance to recoup himself for services rendered in the Proton Scandal affair.

OTTAWA, Sept. 24.

Compton's dismissal from the position of Dominion Arbitrator has been decided on, and Elliot is to be appointed in his stead.

In Toronto, to-day, the Liberal-Conservative Convention adopted a platform, embracing: Economy in Crown Timber; Public competition for Government contracts; opposing the policy of an Attorney General advising the Lieut. Governor to reserve judgment on bills passed by legislature; opposing the granting of special privileges to creeds or nationality; condemning the independence or separation policy, and advocating British connection; condemning the Reciprocity Treaty. Over five hundred delegates were present. Hon. Jos. Skead, of Ottawa, was elected President.

In Montreal, a rumor is afloat that a brother of a Minister in the Dominion Cabinet has been awarded a large contract for dredging without tenders being called, and that the scows of the Harbor Commission have been placed at his disposal.

Jodoin, member for Chambly, "Grit," has been unseated. He will be tried on personal charges.

Hon. Alex. Mackenzie has gone to Toronto to consult with Blake and Brown on a most important despatch from the Colonial Secretary, to the effect that England will support British Columbia in the demand for the fulfillment of the terms so far as practicable.

Official Appointments.

OTTAWA, Sept. 26.

The following appointments appear in the Official *Gazette*:

W. A. Ross, of Ottawa, County Judge; Capt. James Wiley, of Windsor, N. S., Harbor Master;

Mr. E. Hennigar, of Bear River, County Digby, Harbor Master.

Joseph Ewen, Gaspe, Harbor Master.

Louis Riel is gazetted a member for Provencher.

Militia General Orders—63rd Halifax Battalion of Rifles—the resignation of Surgeon Geo. Law Sinclair is hereby accepted; 75th Lunenburg Battalion Infantry—to be Assistant Surgeon, James Staunage Jacobs, Esq., M. D.

[To the Associated Press.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 21, p. m.

The Dominion Parliament has been further prorogued by official proclamation till October 30th.

Dominion Rifle Association closed Saturday, New Brunswick Association winning Affiliating Association match by a score of 180; Quebec Association second, making a score of 93.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

NO CABLE NEWS

has been received to-day.

A FIGHT

occurred between soldiers and laborers at Aspinwall on the 12th instant, resulting in the mortal injury of one man and the wounding of another. The soldiers fired a volley, endangering the lives of a multitude on the Pacific Mail Steamship wharf.

ADVICES FROM BRAZIL

say that the house of Mauer, the fanatical priest, was attacked by 800 national troops. His followers made a stubborn resistance. Among the killed were nine men, four women and two children. Six soldiers were killed and thirty wounded.

The Brazilian forces at Ascunsion are to be withdrawn at once, on the 4th instant.

As reported by the British steamer Fenedos, at Panama, on the 12th, the Guatemalan government saluted the English flag with due solemnity, and a full indemnity was paid Mr. Magee.

It is reported that 100,000 cattle have perished from the effects of drouth in two districts alone of the Argentine Republic—San Pedro and Barabredo.

Serious disorder prevails in the Argentine Republic, and the city of Buenos Ayres is beleaguered.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

A special from Fort Garry, Manitoba, says there is considerable rejoicing there over the news that the Hudson Bay Company's new steamer had successfully arrived at Fort Carlton, on the Saskatchewan. This is the first steamboat that ever navigated these waters. She was built last June above Grand Rapids.

Three shots were fired at Captain General Concha, of Cuba, last week, but he was unharmed.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.

A RAILWAY COLLISION

occurred in New Jersey yesterday, by which one person was killed and ten injured.

SERIOUS REVOLTS

of Federal soldiery in the State of Guerrero have occurred lately, involving considerable loss of life.

[Guerrero is a State of Mexico, on the Pacific slope, and contains a population of 270,000.]

FIRES.

A fire at Windsor, Ont., yesterday, caused a loss of $40,000; another at Campbellford, $10,000; and the steam barge Carleton was burned at Montreal, loss $110,000.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23—p. m.

The New York Republican State Convention to-day nominated Gov. Dix for re-election.

A despatch from Gov. Kellogg to-day reports New Orleans quiet; also the interior country so far as heard from.

Outbreaks by the white league are threatened in Alabama, and troops are to be sent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.

SUFFOCATED IN A CISTERN.

Three men were suffocated by foul air in a cistern at Vicksburg, Miss., yesterday.

LOUISIANA

continues quiet, but there are reports of impending trouble in Alabama.

KENTUCKY.

A detachment of State troops has been sent from Louisville to protect the Court in Owenton, Owen County.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The excitement in Edgefield, S. C., has subsided, and there are no immediate apprehensions of further disturbances between the races. Accounts from the scene of trouble report all quiet.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.

New Orleans despatches of to-day say it is generally understood that the leaders of the late riots will be indicted, and leading business men assert that if such a course be carried out they will be unable to restrain younger men from violence.

It is stated that the White Leagues last night voted not to submit to any such persecutions.

Kellogg last night telegraphed the Attorney General that if the troops were withdrawn then they might be rioting at any moment, and not end till Kellogg and all his people were either killed or driven from the State.

Three war vessels arrived below New Orleans last night.

The White League is said to be spreading through other States.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.

RAILWAY DISASTERS—KILLED AND WOUNDED.

By a collision of trains, Wednesday night, on the Parkersburg branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 10 persons were injured. A mail agent was burned to death in a postal car, the contents of which, together with a baggage car, were destroyed, and the trains nearly demolished.

A south bound train of six cars, on the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, went through a bridge, falling sixty feet. The engineer, fireman and several others were killed. Nearly all the passengers were wounded, many dangerously. Among the killed is Wm. Boyd, ex-Judge of the State Supreme Court of Alabama.

LOUISIANA.

There is nothing new from Louisiana.

CIVIC DIGNITARIES ENTERTAINED.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Lady Mayoress and Alderman Manning and daughter, who accompany the Irish rifle team, were entertained by the city authorities of New York yesterday.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.

Gold and exchange steady.

A Washington special says the story that Mr. Kellogg intends to prosecute the leaders in the recent outbreak for treason is not credited in official circles

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.

Five persons were killed and several wounded by a boiler explosion in Franklin, Wright Co., Minn., on Thursday.

FAILURE FOR $3,000,000.

The banking firm of Townsend & Co., New Haven, failed yesterday with liabilities of nearly $3,000,000, and its affairs are in the hands of a receiver. The cause of the failure is the depreciation of Southern State and Railroad bonds in which the Bank had invested heavily. Rumor says that the depositors will realize about 40 per cent.

A GREAT RACE

for $50,000, between Occident, Sam Purdy and Blackbird, took place yesterday at Sacramento, Cal., and was won by Sam Purdy. Twenty thousand people were present, and over $150,000 changed hands on the result.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26, p. m.

The International Rifle Match at Creedmoor, L. I., took place to-day. The Americans won the first event of 500 yards by 326 to 317.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28th.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN RIFLE MATCH.

The International Rifle-shooting Match at Creedmoor, Saturday, resulted in the success of the American team by a total score of 984 to 981. Taken in detail the Americans won by nine points at 800 yards, and the Irish by two and four points at 900 and 100 yards respectively.

FIRES

are reported at New Orleans, loss $40,000; at Kingston, Ont., loss $40,000; at Picton, Ont., loss $17,000; and at St. Catherines, Canada, loss $16,000.

LONDON, Sept. 21, p. m.

Frederick Dockray, the American who was arrested in Cuba by the Spanish authorities, and after detention there some time, sent to Spain, has reached Santander. He has been landed, and, it is said, cruelly incarcerated.

The Government of Denmark has directed its Envoy to ask explanations from the German Government in regard to the expulsion of Danish subjects from Schleswig.

Victor Le Jour, the French dramatic critic, is dead.

Steamship Tagus, which sailed from New York for Constantinople and Taganroy, was reported by steamship Braunsweig as being spoken, in damaged condition, has arrived at Queenstown. Her decks were swept and otherwise injured

LONDON, Sept. 22.

Work has been resumed in the mills at Bolton, pending the result of arbitration. A settlement is expected about the end of October.

At a meeting of the Co-operative Board at Manchester it was resolved to invite Wendell Phillips to the co-operative congress in London.

COPENHAGEN, Sept. 23.

The *Post* positively denies that the Danes have been ejected from Schleswig-Holstein.

The Russian Government, on account of the extensive emigration of the Mennonites, has undertaken to exempt members of that sect from actual military service, but still holds them liable to duty as hospital attendants. The Mennonites of the Volga district will probably consent to remain on these conditions.

LONDON, Sept. 23.

BROWN'S BLUNDER CONDEMNED.

The Newcastle Chamber of Commerce has adopted resolutions condemning the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty as prejudicial to British interests.

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.

Holland, Conservative, is returned to Parliament from Midhurst.

Arnold, proprietor of the *London Echo*, will contest Northampton in the Liberal interest.

THE CROPS.

The European potato and wheat crops are very promising, and prices in Germany, Russia and France have declined rapidly.

GERMANY, DENMARK AND RUSSIA.

The French newspapers publish St. Petersburg advices confirming the report of Bismarck's overtures to the King of Denmark looking to the incorporation of that country with Germany, and say that Russia is greatly irritated at the attempt, and will never permit Germany to hold the key of the Baltic Sea, and that the opposition of Russia to the German policy in Spain is due to this cause.

LONDON, Sept. 23—p. m.

English markets quiet.

The Empress of Russia is expected to arrive in England, Oct. 15th, on a visit to her daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh.

Elections to fill vacancies in the French National Assembly will take place on the 18th of October.

LONDON, Sept. 24.

DECLINED TO BE A CANDIDATE.

Mr. Arnold has declined to run for Parliament in Northampton.

CHARLES SWAIN,

the poet, died to-day, aged 46.

THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA,

of Germany, has called a meeting of delegates from all the Women's Associations of Germany, to be held in Berlin in October.

A CARLIST DISPATCH

reports that Brig.-Gen. Perula has captured the village of Bitcaran by storm, totally defeating 10 battalions under Gen. Moriones, with heavy loss to the latter.

LONDON, Sept. 25.

Members of the Austrian polar expedition declare explorations in the direction of the North Pole hopeless of satisfactory results, and that reports of the existence of an open Polar Sea are untrue.

The Carlists have suffered a serious defeat in Province of Biscay.

LONDON, Sept. 25th.

FENIAN AMNESTY.

It is reported that Disraeli, on the occasion of the approaching Royal visit to Ireland, will recommend that a general amnesty be granted to political prisoners.

LONDON, Sept. 25.

The *Times* announces that Disraeli's visit to Ireland has been postponed on account of a severe attack of bronchitis.

Hepworth Dixon sailed for America yesterday.

CALCUTTA, Sept. 25.

Heavy rains continue in India, and prospects for crops continue most satisfactory.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 25, p. m.

Breadstuffs dull; wheat 8s. a 9s. 4d. for Western; spring 8s. 10d. a 9s. 6d. for red winter; corn 37s. 6d.; flour 23s. 6d. and 14s. 6d. for western; canal pork 78s. for new mess; tallow 41s.

LONDON, Sept. 26.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

has accepted the Grand Mastership of the Free Masons.

THIERS,

in a speech yesterday, expressed his conviction that the Republic would ultimately be founded.

LAIRD,

the English shipbuilder, has had a relapse of his recent illness, and his relatives are summoned to his bedside.

HOME FROM THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The members of the Austrian Arctic Polar Expedition arrived at Vienna yesterday. They were escorted through the city in triumph.

CHINAMEN REBEL.

Ninety Chinamen, employed in the gas works at Havana, mutinied yesterday. Nine were wounded, one seriously, before the revolt was suppressed.

THE CZAR AND DON CARLOS.

The existence of a cordial and sympathetic letter from the Czar to Don Carlos, and which has hitherto been denied at Berlin and elsewhere, is now acknowledged.

LONDON, Sept. 26, p. m.

The *Volksblatt*, semi-official journal of Berlin, accuses the Danish agitators with intriguing for the annexation of Schleswig to Denmark, and declares that the North Schleswig question should long ago have ceased to exist.

The Spaniards claim to have defeated the Insurgents in Cincas Villa district, Cuba.

Colonel Staffel published a pamphlet vindicating himself on the famous suppressed dispatch from Bazaine to MacMahon. He charges that MacMahon's retreat to Sedan was caused by Orleans intrigues.

MADRID, Sept. 26.

River Segre, running through the Province of Lerida, overflowed, causing great damage to property and serious loss of life. In the town of Tarrega, 25 miles northeast of the town of Lerida, 200 houses were swept away and many persons drowned.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Ont., Sept. 26.

McAfee's planing mill and three residences were burned this morning. Loss $10,000.

KINGSTON, Ont., Sept. 26.

Ford's tannery was burned this morning. Loss about $40,000.

TORONTO, Sept. 26.

Goldsmith's Hall was robbed of $6000 worth of jewelry last night.

LONDON, Sept. 28.

PREPARING FOR FIGHT.

The Republicans are preparing to dislodge the Carlists from Saguardie.

CONVICTS TO MOVE.

All the Communist prisoners will be removed from New Caledonia and the Isle of Pines to the Island of Billeps.

THE GERMAN FLEET.

Advices from Santander say that seven more German men-of-war are expected to arrive off the coast within a week.

SETTLING NEW ZEALAND.

Two thousand five hundred emigrants arrived in the last three months in the Province of Canterbury, New Zealand.

THE COMMAND OF THE SPANISH ARMY.

President Serrano will soon take command of the Central Spanish army, and meanwhile Gen. Jovellar will replace Gen. Pavia.

IRRECONCILABLE.

Mount Etna is still in a state of agitation, and Saturday an earthquake shook the mountain to its base and destroyed several houses in Randozza.

A CORVETTE WRECKED.

The French corvette Le Hermite was wrecked on Wallace Island, Aug. 29th., and two of her crew drowned.

Prof. Goldwin Smith will not lecture in St. John this season. He has written the Corresponding Secretary of the Mechanics' Institute regretting his inability to do so, owing to his numerous engagements.

Fire in Sheffield Street.

A fire broke out about 5 o'clock Sunday morning in a barn at the rear of Mrs. S. McCracken's house, in Sheffield street. It spread rapidly and consumed the barn, with a cow, two sleighs, and a quantity of hay. A house adjoining, owned by Robert Conliff, and occupied by a dusky woman called Victoria, was also burned. Two girls who were in the street about 3 o'clock looking for shelter were supposed to have been burned, but no trace was found of them. It is thought they might have accidentally set the barn on fire after going in to rest themselves.

Personal.

Mr Murray of the Halifax *Express*, and Mr. Fielding of the *Chronicle*, left for home Saturday evening, their Sunday engagements rendering it impossible for them to remain longer.

Mr. Edwards, manager of the Victoria Hotel, left on a visit to Bangor this morning.

Daniel Holland died at his residence, Saturday evening, from the effect of injuries received on board the Kate Agnes a few days ago.

The train which brought the people from the race on Saturday was one third of a mile long, including the two engines.

William Mahoney, of Drury Lane, fell off the railing at the head of the North Wharf into the slip, Saturday, and was seriously injured. He was badly bruised about the head, a portion of his scalp being torn off.

A cow was killed near Moosepath on Saturday by the train. She was lying across the track and her head was cut completely off. As the engine was running backwards at a rapid rate it is a wonder that the train was not thrown off the track.

Bonfires blazed in the city Saturday evening in honor of the victor on the Kennebeccasis.

George Brown has won a libel suit against one of the papers that accused him of boarding his illegitimate son at a public institution. George Brown is about to sue the *News* for publishing a caricature of him.

"The prisoner kept her head covered with an apron, and stoutly objected to have it taken off."—*Exchange.* A very reasonable objection on the part of the owner of the head.

Nova Scotia News.

About 8 o'clock on Friday morning last, a child of Mr. S. S. Poole, residing on Collins street, set fire to its bed with matches which had been left within its reach.—*Yarmouth Herald.*

Yorke Ainsley Barrington, of Barrington Park, Sydney Mines, is about to assume the Baronetcy that for hundreds of years has been in the Barrington family. We congratulate Sir Yorke and Lady Barrington and long may they be spared to enjoy their great honor.—*North Sydney Herald.*

The Calais *Times* says F. B. Fellows of St. John, and E. H. Taylor are matched for a walk on the 3d of October. Avery, the New England amateur pedestrian, is anxious to make a match with some down easter for a distance of 80 or 100 miles.

A number of young gentlemen in town have formed themselves into a committee, and are making arrangements for a Bonnet Hop in the Exhibition Building on the evening of Friday, 2d October, the opening day of the forthcoming races.—*Head Quarters.*

One of Boston's well-established physicians, who scarely finds rest night or day, had occasion recently to engage an office boy to open and shut the door, run errands, and hold his horse. The boy was from the country, and evidently possessed an energetic disposition, with a keen eye to business. In order to give information to his patients, the doctor recently had some cards printed bearing his name and stating his office hours, as many callers his spare time while waiting. These cards disappeared with wonderful rapidity, so much so that the doctor had his suspicions aroused that his new boy was using them up in a clandestine manner. "Jo," said the doctor one morning, "what has become of those cards which I placed on the table in the outer office?" "Cards, Sir?" repeated the boy. "Yes, cards," reiterated the doctor. "I took 'em," replied the boy proudly. "What have you done with them?" demanded the doctor. "Well, my mother told me before I left home that I must make myself useful to my employer, and so most every day when I haven't anything else to do I just threw them into the horse cars as they pass the corner."

Markets.

[Corrected weekly for THE TRIBUNE.]

Sept. 28th 1874.

Hay, per ton	$10.00	@	$12.00
Beans, per bushel	1.00	@	1.60
Buckwheat, "	0.00	@	0.00
" Yellow	0.00	@	0.00
Flour, Am. Extra State	6.00	@	6.25
" " Canada Superfine	6.00	@	6.25
" " Choice	6.40	@	6.65
" " Extra	6.75	@	7.00
Cornmeal	4.50	@	0.00
Oatmeal		@	7.00
Potatoes	50	@	0.70
Butter, Rolls per lb	26	@	28
Butter, Packed "	24	@	26
Lard	14	@	15
Eggs, per dozen	19	@	20
Oats, (Prov.) per bush	50	@	55
Oats, (P.E.I.)	55	@	60
Cheese, Dairy, per lb	11	@	12
Beef, "	7	@	9
Mutton, "	6	@	8
Pork, "	6	@	9
Lamb, "			
Chickens, per pair	50	@	70
Turkeys, per lb	16	@	20
Geese "	50	@	60
Partridges, per pair	35	@	40
Duck, per bush	80	@	90
Turnips, "	40	@	50
Carrots, "	50	@	00
Hams and Shoulders, Green per lb	10	@	11
Hams and Shoulders, smoked, per lb	6½	@	15
Hides, per lb	75	@	7
Lambskins	5	@	90
Tallow, per lb Rough	9	@	6
" Cakes, per lb	09	@	10
Yarn, per lb	25	@	70
Socks, per pair		@	30

WHOLESALE JOBBING PRICES.

Pork, Am. Mess per bbl	$26.50	@	$00.00
" Prime "	00.00	@	20.00
" P. E. I. Mess	00.00	@	00.00
" " Prime Mess		@	00.00
Beef, Mess	12.00	@	14.00
Beef, Extra	14.00	@	17.00
Codfish, per quintal	3.75	@	4.50
Pollock "	2.50		
Ling "	4.00		
Haddock "	2.00		
Herring, Bay, per bbl	3.00	@	3.25
" Shelburne "	5.00	@	5.50
" Split "	3.75	@	4.00
Shad No. 1 per hf-bbl	5.00	@	6.00
Digby, per box	80		
" No. 2 "	25		40
Grand Manan, Sealed per box	23	@	25
Grand Manan, No. 1, per box	14	@	16
Cordwood, Maple, per cord	7.50	@	8.00
Cordwood, Mixed, p. cord	6.25	@	6.50
" White Birch	6.00		
" Dry Spruce	5.00		
Kerosene, Can, per gal	24	@	26
" Am. "	31	@	34
Apples, Dried, per lb	10	@	13
" Ans per bbl	2.75	@	3.50
Corn, per bushel			1.00
Molasses, Porto Rico, per gal	48	@	55
Molasses, Cienfuegos, per gal	43	@	45
Sugar, per lb	8½	@	9½
Teas "	30	@	54

Cargoes of Fish, Produce, &c., in Slip will average 8 to 10 per cent. lower prices.

MARRIED.

At St. John's Church, on Thursday, 24th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Schofield, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Geo. M. Armstrong, and the Rev. Canon Scovil, Ph. D., S. SCHOFIELD, Esq., of St. John, N. B., to EMMA LOUISA, e'dest daughter of T. W. Daniel, Esq., of Rockwood.

At the Cathedral on Wednesday morning, the 23rd instant, by the Rev. Joseph F. X. Michaud, FRANK MCAVINN to KATE E., eldest daughter of the late FRANCIS MALONEY.

DIED.

On Tuesday morning at his father's residence, Sand Point, Carleton, JOHN NANNARY, aged 21 years.

At his residence, Studholm, K. C., on the 24th inst, after a protracted illness, WILLIAM SINNOTT in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

SHIPPING NEWS.

PORT OF SAINT JOHN.

ARRIVED.

MONDAY, Sep 21—Schr Freddy C Ebbett, 259, Veal, Sydney, Luke Stewart, coal, cargo to T McCarthy.

Schr A C Watson, Starkey, Halifax, John Beck, gen cargo.

TUESDAY, 22nd—Brigt Halcyon, 247, Dunham, Glace Bay, 380 tons coal.

Schr J K Howard, 89, O'Rourke, Philadelphia, D J Seely, coal.

Schr Meeking Bird, 121, Ralston, Eastport, bal. Scammell Bros.

Schr Ancona, 160, Munson; Hamilton, Bermuda, bal, D V Roberts.

Schr Lois, 66, Outhouse, Yarmouth, E H & G C Israel.

TUESDAY, Sept 2 th—Stmr New York, 1,110 Winchester, Boston, H W Chisholm, mdse and pass

WEDNESDAY, Sept 23—Schr Susie Prescott, 84, Douglass, St George, bal.

Schr Aden, Joggins.

Schr Emilia, Digby.

Schr Rose, Annapolis.

THURSDAY, 24th—Ship Crown Prince, 987, Cochrane, Sydney, CB, Geo Thomas, bal.

THURSDAY, Sept 24—Stmr City of Portland, 1025, Pike, Boston, H W Chisholm, mdse and pass.

Bark Dreadnought, 380, ——, from New York, Wm Thomson & Co, bal.

Sch Village Belle, Joggins.

Sch Automaton, Joggins.

Schr Temperance Belle, 78, Watters, Boston, Masters.

Schr Emma J Shanks, 134, Munroe, Portland.

Schr Mount Whatley, 38, Downey, Joggins.

Schr Emma Clifton, 103, Kimball, Portland, E Jewett & Co.

Schr G F Baird, 94, Starkey, Portland, Goddard & Elkin.

FRIDAY, 25th—Stmr Linda, 390, Yarmouth, C Lauchlin & Son.

Schr Alma, Annapolis.

Schr Orilla, Digby.

FRIDAY, 25th—Schr Bessie Black, 207, Ludlow, Little Glace Bay, J & S Leonard, coal.

Brig Guide, 222, Gregg, Port Grandee, St Vincent, Wm Thomson & Co, bal.

Schr Active, Weymouth.

Schr Diamond, Margarettville.

25th inst—Schr Bagadoce, 133, Cox, Castine, Me, Goddard & Elkin, bal.

SATURDAY, Sept 26th—Stmr New York, 1110, Winchester, Boston, H W Chisholm, mdse and passengers

Bark Albucra, 655, (new) Banks, Bridgetown, Wm Warwick, bal.

27th inst—Schr Emma, 120, Dunham, New York, D J Seely.

Schr Comrade, 66, Urquhart, Boston, master, ballast.

28th inst—Schr Ira, Port George.

Schr Digby, Yarmouth.

CLEARED.

Sep 21—Steamship Tyrian, 657, Lawson, Liverpool, A Gilson, 1,434,704 ft deals, 12,955 ft ends, 233 ft boards.

Schr Pampero, 130, Locke, New York, S T King & Son, 107,576 ft deals.

22nd inst—Stmr Arbitrator, 813, Wallace, Savannah, bal.

Stmr Glendon, 175, Sulis, Boston, Jewett Bros., 238 432 ft boards, 26,607 ft plank, 31,000 laths.

Schr Rambler, 95, Bissett, Walden, Mass., Jewett Bros., 113,763 ft boards, 4,900 ft plank.

Schr Digby, 55, Durkin, Digby.

23rd—Stmr New York, 1110, Winchester, Boston H W Chisholm.

Brigt Cygnet, 198, Owens, Dolgelly, Wales, A Gibson, 138,711 ft deals and battens; 7,730 ends.

Schr Earnest, 79, Quinn, Boston, C Hamilton & Co, 46,516 ft plank, 60,472 ft boards.

Schr Alice S, 69, Farris, Boston, A Gibson, 88,486 ft boards.

Schr S K F James, 99, Bissett, Boston, E Sutton & Co, 637,000 laths; 10,000 pickets.

Schr Justice, Economy.

Schr Susan M, Windsor.

Schr Ivica, Bridgetown.

25th—Ship Fair Wind, 1193, Rawle, for Bristol, H W Wilson, 666,842 ft deals, 35,581 ft ends, 56,281 ft boards; 300 tons birch timber, 30,000 pickets.

Schr Laura, 124, Foster, New York, S T King & Son, 154,911 ft deals.

Schr Arcilia, 94, Colwell, New York, A Barnhill, 612,000 lts bs.

Schr Castalia, 111, Rogers, New York, D J Seely, 640,000 laths.

Sept 24th—Bark Anna, 222, Johansen, Cœn, Guy, Stewart & Co, 208,056 ft deals, 14,681 ends.

Sch Unexpected, 124, Kerrigan, New York, S T King & Son, 135,938 ft deals.

Sch L B Sargent, 88, Sargent, New York, S T King & Son, 105,741 ft deals, 10,000 laths.

24th—Stmr City of Portland, 1025, Pike, Eastport, mdse and pass.

Schr Ada, Advocate Harbor.

Schr Mizpah, Port William.

Schr Island Belle, Windsor.

25th—Schr Bessie Black, 207, Ludlow, Little Glace Bay; J & S Leonard, coal, to L H Waterhouse.

25th—Stmr Linda, 570, Sulis, Yarmouth and Boston.

26th—Bark Jane Doull, 379, Sherry, Ayr, Guy, Stewart & Co, 240,422 ft deals and battens, 7 tns birch timber.

Brig Maggie Wood, 214, New York, Chas Hamilton & Co, 239,082 ft lumber, 4,000 laths.

Schr Martha Brown, Westport.

Sept 26th—Bark Antwerp, 583, Atki son, Barrow, A Gibson, 504,334 ft deal, 30,800 ft ends.

Schr Howard Holder, 93, Holder, Boston, J Collins, 3227 sleepers.

26th inst—S S Columbia, 1367, Higgins, Liverpool, A Gibson, 69,406 ft deals and battens, 33,989 ft ends, 22,492 ft deal, 22,476 ft scantling, 2,866 ft boards; Logan, Lindsay & Co, 300 cases lobsters; A D Hartt, 200 do; J D Turner, 130 do; Scammell Bros, 124 do; Jardine & Co, 4600 kegs Herring; John Sealey, 518 do; J J Merritt & Co, 100 do; Andrew Malcom, 362 do; S R Foster & Son, 7 cases nails.

Ship Illinoisian, 1547, Gregory, Liverpool, A Gibson, 1249,139 ft deals and ends, 24,638 ft scantling, 47,690 ft ends, 21,672 ft boards.

Brigt Julia Linzley, 324, Jones, Dundalk, Guy, Stewart & Co, 316 220 ft deals and ends.

Schr Marysville, 69, Cossman, Boston, King & Son, 87,589 ft boards.

Schr Don Pedro, 97, Spragg, Boston, M & J Scammell, 43,818 ft boards, 325,000 laths, 6,000 pickets.

Schr Prospect, Annapolis.

Schr Lois, Yarmouth.

Schr Caronella, Weymouth.

Schr Rose, Bear River.

Schr Bear River, Bear River.

Schr Orilla, Digby.

British Ports.

ARRIVED.

At Warrenpoint, 17th inst, bark Francis Bourneuf, Durkee, from Quebec.

At Dublin, (no date) bark Exile, Pearce, from Quebec; 18th inst, bark Tancook, Durkee, frm Philadelphia.

At Liverpool, 19th inst, brigt Lulu, Smith, from Richibucto.

At a port in United Kingdom, 20th ult, brk John Black, from Sackville, NB.

At Liverpool, 18th inst, bark Matilda, Hilyard Lovitt, from Montreal.

At Barbadoes, 5th inst, brig Caroline, Dexeber, hence, schr J L Cotter, Nutter, from Annapolis (and sld).

At Hull, 7th inst, brig Condor, hence.

At North Sydney, 9th inst, brigt Pathfinder, Cousins, from Liverpool; 11th, brig Sarah Walton, for a Montreal.

At Gelsons, 14th inst, brigt Agnes Raymond, Rand, fl, from Port Acadia.

At Dea, 21st inst, bark E H Duval, Rogers, from Philadelphia for Rotterdam.

At Gibraltar, 15th inst, brig Winogene, Lofuering, from Philadelphia for Leghorn.

At West Hartlepool, 7th inst, bark Caroline, hence.

At North Sydney, 16th inst, brig Magdala, Rouse, from Wexford.

At Singapore 1st inst, ship Prince Charlie, Linskill, from Aden.

At Liverpool, yesterday (Wednesday) SS Asyria, from this port. [Tel to Scammell Bros.]

At Bowling, 9th inst, G H Jenkins, Hilton, from Miramichi.

At Shields, 14th inst, bark J Walter Scammell, Hickenstron, from London.

At Gloucester, 10th inst, ship Kate Troop, Crocker, hence.

At Bombay, 20th ult, ship Albania, Seely, from Liverpool.

At Halifax, 25th inst, bark Edina, Robinson, fm Hull, and ordered to St Helena; 24th inst, brig Oyster Bed Lass, Brooks, from Pictou.

At Liverpool, 21st inst, ship Joe Milbury, Corning, hence.

At Dublin, 21st inst, brig Willie, Holmes, hence.

At North Sidney, 19th inst, brigt Alice Woods, Griffin, from Exeter.

At Sidney, CB, ——, bark Lottie Stewart, Anderson, from Limerick, 19 days.

At Vineyard Haven, 25th inst, schr D W Clark, hence for New York.

At New York, 25th inst, schr White Star, hence.

CLEARED.

At Liverpool, 9th inst, sch Jessie Hoyt, McDonald, for Sidney, CB.

At Sydney, 14th inst, sch W Starrat, Dexter, for this port.

At Port Caledonia, C B, 19th inst, sch Addie & Nellie, Cameron, for this port.

At London, 8th inst, B D Metcalf, Rundsen, for St John's

At Liverpool, 10th inst, Amelia Burgess, for New York; Chas F Elwell, Utley, for Charleston; Genil, Purvis, for this port; M C Corning, for Sandy Hook.

At Sidney, C B, 24th inst, sch Thetis, Lindergreen, for Demerara.

At North Sidney, 16th inst, brig William and bark Camelia, for this port.

At Glace Bay, 4th instant, b igt Wm Cocur, Fitchett, for New York.

At North Sidney, 19th inst, brigt S B Hume, Higgins, for Buctouche.

At Halifax, 25th inst, bark Edina, Robinson, for St George, NB.

At Boston, 26th inst, schr Spring Bird, for this port via Portland.

LOADING.

At Quebec, 17th inst, ship Athenais, for Liverpool.

At London, 8th inst, Truant, for this port—was expected to sail 18th.

SAILED.

From Gloucester, E, 5th inst, brsg M J Wilbur, Brundage, for Cape Breton.

From Glasgow, 18th inst, bark Mary R Campbell, Amero, for Halifax.

From Galle, 7th ult, Peacemaker, Classon, for Carlingapatam.

From Greenock, 9th inst, Champion, Webster, for this port.

From Londonderry, 5th inst, Minnehaha, Cassiday, for this port.

From Limerick, 8th inst, bark Lottie Stewart, Anderson, for Sydney, CB.

From Liverpool, 6th inst, steamship Trent, for this port.

From London, 20th inst, ship John Mann, for United States.

From Newport, 11th inst, brig Wanderer, Payson, for Matanzas.

From Liverpool, 11th inst, bark Restrel, Faulkner, for Cardenas.

From Liverpool, 11th inst, bark Jas Kenway, McDonald, for Valparaiso.

From Liverpool, 23d inst, bark Wentwort, Robbins, for United States; 25th instant, steamer Caspian, for Halifax and Baltimore.

From Londonderry, 26th inst, brigt Mina, Aide, for Sidney, CB.

From Portsmouth, 23d inst, bark Kate Cann, Smith, for United States.

Foreign Ports.

ARRIVED.

At New York, 18th inst, sch Speculator, Jorgensen, from San Blas, 23 days.

At Tybee, 13th inst, bark M A McNeil, Jordan, from Liverpool.

At Vineyard, 19th inst, schs Maud, Bessie, hence.

At Gloucester, 16th inst, sch Julia Clinch, from Musquash for New York.

At Bremerhaven, 17th inst, bark Impero, Fulton, from Philadelphia.

At Vineyard Haven, 20th ult, Ocean Belle, from Providence for this port.

At New York, 19th inst, ship British Queen Masters, from Antwerp, via Sydney, CB; bark Ella Moore, Masters, from Limerick; brig Somerset, Haley, from Cow Bay; schs Florence May, Green, from Windsor; Annie W. Bradley, hence; 20th inst, bark Palermo, Mills, from Hamburg; brig Purcelle, Bingay, from St Martins.

At San Francisco, 21st inst, ship Adriatic, Taylor, from Aden, 90 days.

At B ston, 21st inst, schs Evergreen, Wallace, hence; Wild Hunter, do.

In lower harbor Portsmouth, 19th inst, schr Temperance Belle, from Boston for this port

GRAND SUBSCRIPTION SALE

—OF—

$100,000 WORTH

—OF—

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

Such as are constantly used in every family at from

Fifty to One Hundred Per Cent. Cheaper

than the same goods can be bought for at the Retail Stores.

ALL GOODS SENT COLLECT ON DELIVERY!!

SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION BEFORE PAYMENT FOR THEM.

ALL ARTICLES on THE LIST

SOLD FOR

ONE DOLLAR EACH!

And not to be paid for until you see the Goods and are perfectly satisfied with them.

—x—

THE PLAN

IS IMMENSELY POPULAR, ALWAYS GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

—x—

☞ Send for List of Goods which are Furnished Free of Charge.

—x—

AGENTS WANTED in every Town, Village, and County for the Sale of our Goods, old or young of either sex can take orders and make good wages.

Outfits with Samples sent Free on Application to

CLEREMONT, DANIELS & CO.,

235 Notre Dame Street,

MONTREAL, P. Q.

aug18—2m

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Ulcers, Eruptions, and eruptive disorders of the skin, Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, and internal Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver. It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility, and Leucorrhœa, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

H. L. SPENCER,

Medical Warehouse,

20 Nelson street, St. John, N. B.

General Patent Medicine Agency for the Maritime Provinces.

Public Challenge!

WE, the undersigned, do hereby challenge the world to prove that our

Washable Paper Hangings

are not just as represented by us in our advertisements.

We respectfully invite the Public, and more especially those in the trade, to call, and will prove to them that we have not misrepresented our goods.

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECT,

22 Germain street.

The only house in the city where the genuine Washable Tints can be procured. sep9

GOLD!!

Just Received:

SUMMERS & SON'S DEEP GOLD LEAF;
Gold Bronze;
Gilders' Knives;
" Tips;
" Cushions;
Goldsize;
Winsor & Fenton's Oil Colors;
" Brushes, (Sable, Hog and Camel Hair);

Also—a lot of Pure White Wax, suitable for making Wax Frames, etc.

For sale low by

LAWTON BROTHERS,

2 KING SQUARE.

☞ The Finest HAVANA CIGARS always on hand. aug27 dw

NEAT'S FOOT OIL!

Sewing Machine Oil!

1 BBL Neats Foot Oil, Pale and Sweet. Warranted first quality. For sale by the bottle or on draught.

Also, one barrel Sewing Machine Oil, cheap and good. Drugs, Dyes, etc.

J. CHALONER,

sep5 Cor King and Germain sts.

The Jumping!!! TOOTHACHE

Cured after one application of the celebrated

STEWART'S TOOTHACHE ANODYNE!

GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SUFFERER'S FRIEND!!

Another Bottle Sold!
A Hundred Sufferers Sold!!
Still They Come!!!

IT IS A PREVENTIVE.—James Gosling, of Gandereville, Nova Scotia, writes:

"DEAR SIR.—We always keep a bottle of your Wonderful Anodyne on the dresser, and we have not had a rat or mouse in the house since. I don't think they like it. My family suffered for years from the ear-ache; have you anything good for it?"

Thousands of testimonials are constantly coming in from the various Lunatic Asylums and Penitentiaries throughout the Dominion. All testify as to the unrivalled excellence of this bottled cure-all.

HOW IT SAVED A MISSIONARY'S LIFE

Jed Bangs, of Honolulu, says, in a letter to a New York paper:—

"On my arrival at this station I was seized by one of Kamehameha's Myrmidons and tied to the stake. My life was threatened. Instantly I produced a bottle of Stewart's Toothache Anodyne, which has never been known to fail, and threw it with such force and energy that the Platonic heathen's eye flew from its socket. You see, therefore, the Anodyne is good for something. I have ordered a fresh supply, with elastic strings attached. You have perfect liberty to make use of this."

To Gum chewers and Tobacco inflators this Anodyne is an especial boon, as it sharpens the molars and stiffens the bicuspids.

Don't fail to try it, before the law steps in and prohibits its sale! To be had of

GEO. STEWART, Jr.,

Tooth Healer and Family Parmacist,

sep14 24 King street.

STOVE WAREROOMS

Corner Canterbury & Church Sts.

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.

JOHN ALLEN

aug21

Pears Peaches, Grapes, etc.

1 BBL Bartlett Pears; 5 crates fine large Peaches; 18 boxes Deleware Grapes 5 boxes Tomatoes; 25 bbls Apples, sweet and sour. All choice fruits for family trade. Just received by steamer by

ALEX. ROBERTSON & CO.

aug29 dw 58 King street.

FINNEN HADDIES have come again, and will be regularly received at

ALEX. ROBERTSON & CO'S.,

aug29 dw 58 King street.

NEW YORK CHOCOLATE AND COCOAS—1 case Japan Cocoa; 1 case Chocolate Creams. Very choice Goods. Just received.

ALEX. ROBERTSON & CO.,

aug29 dw 58 King street.

N. B.—YOU can buy Sugars of all kinds very low at ALEX. ROBERTSON & CO'S.,

aug 29 d w 58 King street

Perfumerie des Trois Freres.

Paris, West End, White Rose, Frangipane, Ess. Bouquet, Jockey Club, Hille Fleurs,

THE finest perfumes made. If not sold by your druggist, may be obtained at retail of the Wholesale Agency,

H. L. SPENCER,

June 8 20 Nelson street.

PRESSED HOPS—One ton—crop of 187—fresh and good. For sale by

H. L. SPENCER,

June 8 20 Nelson street.

FINE TOILET SOAPS—Five cases Brown Windsor, Glycerine, Honey Rose and Almond.

H. L. SPENCER,

June 8 20 Nelson street.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and other preparations—A Stock received ex Caspian, by the Wholesale Agent,

H. L. SPENCER,

June 8 20 Nelson street.

TAYLOR'S CREAM YEAST.—If not sold by your grocer, may be obtained at Retail the Wholesale Agent.

H. L. SPENCER,

June 8 20 Nelson street.

Unitarians—Why are They so Called and What Do They Believe?

BY REV. J. H. WIGGIN.

To answer these questions completely would require at least a course of sermons, and a lifetime would hardly suffice for perfect justice to the subject; because, first of all, Unitarians believe in three fundamentals, Character, Reason, Progress, "and these three agree in one" and are eternal. Nevertheless I gladly embrace the opportunity to make a statement which, if hastily prepared and not conclusive or profound, may be easily understood; and to facilitate its comprehension, let it be divided into topics.

DENIALS; OR WHAT UNITARIANS DISBELIEVE.

Negatively—1. We do *not* believe in a Godhead divided into Three Persons, "Father, Son and Holy Spirit," who are, in the creed language, "not one but three, and nevertheless not three but one."

2. We do *not* believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the Almighty God; though differing among ourselves about his precise nature and rank.

3. We do *not* believe in the Vicarious or substituted atonement made by Christ in his death, as commonly set forth; or that faith in such a scheme is essential to salvation.

4. We do *not* believe in the Total Depravity of human nature, in any plain sense of those words.

5. We do *not* believe that, for the sins of this life, God will consign any soul to endless hell torments; or, conversely, that for the deeds or faith of this earthly life, God will reward any soul endlessly in heaven.

6. We do *not* believe that souls will sleep from death to a distant judgment, or that the Resurrection will dissever the future life from the present.

7. We do *not* believe in the common notion of the infallibility of the Bible, though we fully believe in its inspiration.

8. We do *not* believe in a predestination that vitiates human responsibility.

9. We do *not* believe that sin is infinite, but finite, and that, therefore, it will not last forever.

10. We do *not* believe that God's punishments, present or future, can be evaded either through Christ's merits or otherwise.

11. We do *not* believe in one great day of Dramatic Judgment, as frequently pictured.

12. We do *not* believe in the resurrection of *this* body from the grave; but that as Paul says: "We sow *not* that body that shall be."

13. We do *not* believe in any possible final happiness without righteousness, since "without holiness no man can see God."

AFFIRMATIONS: OR WHAT UNITARIANS BELIEVE.

Positively we believe in certain *unities*. From the first of these we derive our name, Unitarian: but we hold the other unities equally dear.

Unity of God. God is One. Do not all Christians so believe? Yes; but many add thereto an idea of Tri-unity, whereas it would be as reasonable to say that God is Ten as that he is Three. He is One in *Person*; One in *Power* and *Government*, not dividing his everlasting kingdom with a Satan ruling in a sphere of his own; One in *Character* and *Disposition*, unchangeable, in both time and eternity, towards men; One in his *Teachings*, which are the same in Nature, History, Humanity and the Bible.

Unity of Jesus the Christ.—He is One in Nature, not Two, save in the sense that everybody has a twofold nature. He is not the God-Man, but, as Paul says: "There is one Mediator between God and Man, the man Christ Jesus;" not the God Christ Jesus. Jesus is One in Character and will feel towards all men in the future life as he felt towards them when on earth. His office is One in God's appointment. "God was in Christ reconciling the *world* unto himself." Others share the work, but he is the divinely crowned head of his body, the Church. This is what "Christos" means. He was One with God, as he said: "I and the Father are One."

In the Greek this word One is not the masculine "Eis" or the feminine "Mia," but the neuter adjective "En," *one thing*, and is used in the same sense as Jesus, in kindred chapters of the same book, applies it when he prays, John 17: 20—23, that all disciples "may be One; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be One in Us; that *they* may be One, even as *we* are One. I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in One, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved me."

Jesus was as truly distinct from God in personality as men are from each other, yet one in affection and spirit and sympathy, as men are sometimes and might be oftener.

Unity of Man.—Man is so united in Body and Soul in this world that these influence each other,—but his inner nature is the true entity. Men are One in being "made of one blood," whatever their differences of mental or moral or physical complexion, and they are One because they are all the children of a common Father.

Unity of Faith.—"There is one faith," and that is not merely belief, but loving confidence in God and the truth, however obtained; and is therefore essentially the same in all times and religions.

Unity of Religion.—Religion is such an apprehension of God and love towards him, as leads to rightness and order in our relations to our fellow men; and thus true religion is always the same, whether it be called Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Universalist, Swedenborgian, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Egyptian, or by any other name; yet religionists may greatly vary as to their forms and dogmas, while they possess "the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace and in righteousness of life."

Unity of the Church.—The Church was originally the "Ecclesia," or assembly, and the word had much the same meaning as "synagogue," which signified first a *meeting*, and afterwards a *meeting-house*. *Church* now means the body of believers. Divided into many sects, of which the Roman Catholic is the largest, and the Unitarian, perhaps, *one* of the smallest, the Church of Christ is yet One in *history*, and in time will be one in the mutual respect and sympathy of its members, who will less and less unite under one organization, but more and more under one master and spirit.

Unity of Judgment.—God's judgment is the judgment of His law and truth in persons, in society, both in this and in the other world, working out crises or separations between right and wrong. The Greek word for Judgment in the new Testament is "*crisis*." There can be neither subterfuge nor substitute for man in this constant divine judgment. Only character will avail.

Unity of Salvation.—Salvation is one, and that is from wrong. This also is in the character. *A man is what he is.* He is saved by Christ in proportion as Christ influences his character.

Whatever or whoever helps a man to be good, helps him to be saved, because Salvation is identical with goodness.

Salvation in the New Testament is never called Salvation from Punishment but always from Sin. Jesus was so called because "he shall save his people from their sins."

Christ saves men, or rather helps them "to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling," by inspiring them to be righteous. This is his use and his mission. When we lose our way we need a guide to show it to us. Such a guide is a Mediator and Saviour. Men lose their way to God. As Jesus leads perfectly to his Father all who are "saved by his life," his is "the only name, under heaven, given among men whereby we must be saved," as Peter said; or as Paul says: "What the law could not do, because it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own son in the likeness of sinful flesh, for sin condemned sin in the flesh, *that the righteousness of God might be fulfilled in us* who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit."

Unity of Life.—Life is One. The present and the future are parts of its continuity. They are inseparable. As in adult age we are the same persons we were when children, although changed in many ways, so after death we shall be the same persons we are here, although "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." "His mercy endureth forever," and death will not change the benignity of God towards us, and through the endless ages the Almighty Father will continue to desire, and open the way for the repentance and spiritual improvement of all the souls he has created. Nobody can be saved from sin or made holy and happy without repentance, and the Spiritual birth "from above," as Jesus told Nicodemus; but

"While the lamp holds out to burn
"The vilest sinner may return;"

and the lamp of life will burn forever, since the soul is immortal and will never die, and God will always be God, and never stay his discipline of his children till all shall be subdued, by loving sacrifice, unto the "law of life in Christ Jesus." How many ages this may require, God alone knows; but to Christ he has "given power over all flesh," and "neither life nor death shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Jesus was the "word made flesh," and being lifted up, will finally, as he said, "draw all men unto him," because he was "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," and at last, at his name "*every* knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord [or Master] to the glory of God the Father." The only *confession* which avails is the confession of *life*, and to *that* shall all flesh come. As long as Sin continues, here or hereafter, retribution will continue, but it is written that "He shall reign till he hath put *all enemies* under his feet." Sin is THE arch-enemy, and "the last enemy that shall be *destroyed* is death," spiritual death which follows sin.

Unity of Appeal.—There is One final Tribunal before which each person must bring every question for decision: Reason and Conscience. It may be said, "The Bible is the ground of faith." Why? Because it is the word of God! And how do you know it is the word of God? Simply because it claims to be? No! but because you have brought your reason to bear upon its claims and have decided that they are valid, and therefore rightly take it as your rule of faith and practice. Mohammedans build upon the Koran; others upon the Vedas or the Zend Avesta. Christians take the Bible because they are trained in it and decide that it is right. If heathens accept the Bible, in whose precepts they have not been trained, it is because they reason about it and find it deservedly worthy of credence. So it must be with every question. Said Jesus: "Why not of *yourselves* judge ye what is right?"

Unity of Ordinances.—All ceremonies, rites and feasts, including Sunday observance, are valuable for the help they afford religious life. This is their One purpose. If they hinder the life or hide the truth they become stumbling blocks, whether they are Romish or Protestant.

Final Considerations.—Unitarians hold to the right and duty of private, free and unbiased opinion, held modestly, since God and the Universe are great, but man,—"what is man that thou art mindful of him?" Therefore they differ greatly in opinion among themselves, though perhaps not more than the members of other sects. However strong the creeds may be, yet among Baptists, Methodists, in the Church of England, everywhere, are diversities of interpretation quite as radical as those which separate Unitarians.

There is no Unitarian denominational statement of belief, but there are many individual statements published, to whose number this adds one more which many Unitarians may differ from somewhat—but not essentially. Creeds we believe in, so long as they are simply expressions of belief: *Credo* means "I believe." We oppose creeds only so far as they are made tests of fellowship or character.

We believe that our opinions are in accordance with Reason, with Nature, with the enlightened and sanctified human heart, and with the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. "God is never far from every one of us." "Are we not all also his offspring?" His Spirit is ever nigh to those who call upon him in truth. Into all truth the Comforter guides us, as Jesus promised. "It this be of men it will come to naught: if from God you cannot overthrow it." So said old Gamaliel. In *this* is our confidence. As yet, so far from being overthrown the Unitarian ideas permeate every sect and all literature.

To-day, in hundreds of so-called Evangelical pulpits, the same views are preached, which 50 years ago our forefathers were excommunicated for daring to believe and utter. The word of God has free course, and is glorified; and will be glorified till all shall come to the knowledge of the blessed "truth as it is in Jesus," which we hold, not by any merit of our own, but because God has, in his grace, elected us to this privilege. Having this gospel, "good news," committed to our trust, we desire to proclaim it to all men everywhere—since in the words of Paul, "God will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth;" "and hath committed this reconciliation unto us."

"God's truth and will do not stand or fall by any *man's* or church's opinion, but we try to learn the mind of God—and we *have* the mind of Christ."

UNITARIAN AXIOMS.

Life is more important than opinion.

The mind must not be bound, since to our own master we stand or fall.

Present duties are first to be done.

Personal integrity, rather than ecclesiastical standing, is to be regarded.

Toleration is a mark of true Christianity, and bigotry of Heathenism.

The mind that has once known Christ cannot exclude him from its experience, as one generation cannot wipe out its predecessors.

"There is One Body and One Spirit, even as ye also are called in One hope of your calling; One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism, One God and Father of all, who is above all and in all and through you all."

If any persons would honestly learn more, or wish to ask questions about Unitarianism I shall be happy to meet them.

Sights and Scenes on the Dawson Route.

ST. FRANCES, DAWSON ROUTE, Sept. 4th., 1874.

Your correspondent left Thunder Bay, Thursday, Aug. 27th., by Carpenter & Co.'s stage line for this point, and after travelling some 45 miles reached the village of Shebandowan, situated on a lake of the same name. The country through which we passed this far is poor in soil as well as timber. The streams we crossed, viz., the Matawan and Kaministiqua are fine bodies of water; the latter stream has one fall on it said to be a beautiful sight, being not less than 160 feet in height and of wonderful grandeur. Staging this short distance occupied some 12 hours, and we had fresh teams every 15 miles. This spot contains an emigrants' house, one freight house and small wharf, one Hudson Bay Company's store, besides several smaller buildings. Here your correspondent was kindly treated by the station agent, Mr. Darby, to a comfortable bed and refreshments, and Friday at 6 a. m. found us on board a barge facing Garry-ward, across Lake Shebandowan, 25 miles in length, time 2 hours and 10 minutes. We now reach Kashaboure where we cross a half-mile portage, and then cross Kasaboine Lake in another barge—distance across the lake but 9 miles. This brings us to Height of Land Station at 10.30, where we dine, and but a poor affair of a dinner it is. This portage is one mile in length and the buildings are but a poor concern, the original one having been burnt down at a loss of less than $1,000 to the Government, and it was said to be the best building on the road between here and the Bay. At 1.10 we leave here for Baul crossing, Lac Mi Lacs, distance 25 miles, and it being windy we take a Quebec boat in place of a stout, strong barge, and make very fair time—two hours and 35 minutes. We now have another short portage of nearly half a mile to bring us to the Baule tug, where we leave at 4.20 for our night station, distant only eight miles, and time occupied (as we have head-winds and a large barge in tow) 1 hour and 40 minutes. We have made 68 miles to-day, and are glad of a rest to prepare for an early start on the morrow. Baule has three buildings,—one being for men, one for a cook-house, and one for immigrants. The station itself has a hard name, and probably not unjustly, especially if any of Paddy's eye-water happens to be scented.

Saturday finds us on the move at 6.50 a. m., and we cross Windigoostigan Lake, 18 miles to French Portage. At this Portage we arrive at 9 o'clock, and it being 2 miles across we are slow in getting off. French boasts of quite a number of shanties and a Government emigrant house not yet finished, and also one new barge nearly finished. The station master here is a very gentlemanly man, named Harris. At 10.50 we put out for Pine Portage crossing, Kaagassacock Lake, and the wind blowing lively, but having a Hudson Bay Co.'s barge and light freight, we make fair time, arriving at Pine Portage, distance 18 miles, at 1.40. We now satisfy the cravings of the inner man, and have a look at the stalwart pines, and on ascending the hill, obtain a fine view of the lake. Our detention here is short, and we cross the lake in a small boat, propelled by a rotary engine and well laudled by two half breeds. This lake, which is named after the Portage, is but 1 3 4 miles across. In June the Station Master put 790 immigrants across this lake without the expenditure of scarcely a dollar to the company, for boat men. Two boats lashed together were used for the purpose.

Deux Reviere dock is now reached and another portage of one half a mile has to be crossed to bring us to the lower dock where we take another H. B. barge and pole and row out three miles to the Tug, passing through the Deux Reviere its whole length. Steam being got up we now cross Sturgeon Lake, 19 miles, and Billy Dodd, the engineer, in good shape pulls us through to Maligne where we arrived at 7 o'clock, prepared to spend the Sunday in quietness if possible. We have made good time thus far, coming this day 62½ miles.

Maligne is a cluster of shanties on a rocky hill and its Station Master, Bellhouse, seems to have no control over his men. A dam has been built across this river close to where we are landed and is now rapidly wearing away. Sunday after partaking of a good dinner we are informed by the Station Agent we can if we wish it reach Island Portage. Only too glad to be on the move we started on and after running the rapids one mile we exchanged boats and then rowed down stream 3 miles more where we found a tug which took us in tow and ran to Rock Portage, 3 miles, where we were allowed to pass through with our boat first, the tug following us, and being lifted along with hand-spikes and "pries" to keep her from getting jammed by the rocks which bound her midships. We again hitched on and 5 miles more we come to Island Portage at 6.30, in time for supper. Mr. Nelson, Station Agent, received us and treated us with every courtesy. So we now rest ourselves, and have a look around, and indulge in a long chat with our friend, "Blackstone," the Chief of one of the bands of Indians who roam along the P. R. R.

Island has but a small tramway made of poles and over this everything is pushed down to the lower dock. Another dam has been built here across the Maligan river, and it, also, will be rendered useless in a short time unless taken care of at once. Monday finds us at 9 o'clock under way and going down the river and out into Lac Lacroix, progressing at a good rate for Nequaouow Portage, distant 32 miles, where we are received in good style by Mr. George Gordeaun, a perfect gentleman in manner and conduct. After a splendid dinner was served up we make a portage of 4 miles over a most outrageous "corduroy," which brings us to Lake Nemicon, and heading for Kettle Falls, a distance of 35 miles, where we arrive at 7 o'clock, after a pleasant day's work of 71 miles. Here we find the Rainy Lake steamer Louisa Thompson, a fine boat, 150 feet long and about 400 tons burthen, built at this fort at a cost of $150,000, and now commanded by Capt. Cameron, the finest officer on the whole route. In fact I have not met his equal for kindness and courtesy to travellers. Kettle Falls is well named. It has any amount of kettle holes as well as falls, and being a night station it has good buildings and plenty of tents. Indeed the whole line has plenty of the latter articles. We remain all day Tuesday, as the boat leaves on alternate days. Being a good fishing spot, we are contented to indulge ourselves with trying our luck, after which we spend the night watching the antics of some 15 of our able-bodied soldiers (invalids!!) returning home — sick! That such things can be is more than I, as a British subject, ever counted on. One young man sent from Halifax, N. S., I noticed had an escort of five to attend to his wants and see he did not break the bracelets which encircled his wrists. Their behavior and conversation did not betoken their being so very sick. The people and the Government seem to be humbugged in sending such brats to our frontier to play at what Bismarck calls "soldier."

Wednesday morning we leave Kettle Falls and its Portage at 6 sharp, and passing through the river enter Rainy Lake. The morning is cold, some slight bluster of snow is seen, soon the sun appears, but a strong wind prevails. Noon brings us 52 miles to our anchorage near the Rapids, 3 miles from the Fort, and bidding a hasty adieu to our courteous captain and his attentive officers, we pass into boats and are taken down the Rapids to St. Frances, where we find many pleasant faces to meet us. Here we purpose to spend a day viewing the charming interior scenery and to study the people. The town proper is situated on a level plateau of ground, around which, on the left, the waters of Rainy River rush along with great force, causing here and there some few miniature falls, while on the opposite bank is Minnesota, U. S. Casting my eye along the bluff, on the Canada side, I find a saw mill cutting up lumber at a lively rate. It is owned by S. H. Fowler, well known in New Brunswick. Mr. F. has cut some 150 to 180 M of lumber this year, and came here late this season. He has put up a planing mill as well as an apartment for drying his lumber. Besides this he has erected a fine building for the Government, as an immigrant house. He has also built two fine residences, one being for Mr. Pither, Indian Agent here, and one for Mr. Crowe, H. B. Co.'s agent, besides several others, and upon the whole Fowler has built Fort Frances to what it is. The power he uses to drive his mill is the waters of Rainy Lake where it empties into the Falls. The site is itself impreguable. When he wants a raft of logs he merely goes out and cuts them, and brings them at once from Rainy Lake. Thus he is enabled to obtain the material in the log at a cheap rate, and he can sell cheaply. The town is on the right hand side coming towards the H. B. Co.'s Fort, and every building is in a line. The fort itself is 600 yards from the landing and is the usual enclosure of low-roofed houses, excepting one, which has been put up this year; it alone does much to give the place a pleasant dinge. Between Fowler's mill and the town is a cluster of wigwams and Carpenter & Co.'s tents, all one conglomerated mass. Traders are busy selling articles to Indians at fabulous figures in exchange for either money or furs. Six pounds of flour for $1.00 may be taken as a sample of the prices obtained. A clergyman, a Mr. Young, from Fort Garry, now dispenses the gospel every Sunday.

I have been thinking what an absurdity of the Government not to attend to the wishes of the people of Canada more than they have done, and have proper transportation for our immigrants across the route. Here is a splendid chance to do away with dams and such fooleries, and expend the money in canals, thus avoiding transshipments and portages, delaying passengers, destroying their property with no remedy for their losses.

Ere I close, I must say a word for Mr. Courtsure, the Station Agent here, who, for kindness and courtesy, cannot be excelled on the whole route. BUCK.

NOTES AND NEWS.

When a poor young lady hems handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she is evidently sewing that she may reap.

A New Hampshire woman when dying made her husband swear on the Bible that he would never marry a women with a sharp nose.

Another man in New York has turned dress-maker. He was doubtless aware that the professions are all crowded, and that in dress-making there is always room at the top.

The Newburyport *Herald* tells of a potato that has a Chinese face, the almond eyes, flat nose and pointed teeth as unmistakable as if it had been copied from Nature. Better run it for Congress against Butler.

The Methodist Episcopal conference for the Des Moines, Iowa, district has adopted a series of resolutions declaring "that in the judgment of this conference it is right that women should have the privilege of the elective franchise."

A politician was pinioned, hand and foot, and laid in the grass on the line of march of the Northwestern army of grasshoppers; but they never touched him. And thus do our fondest hopes decay.

"Do you know your good pastor's chief end and aim?" asked a New York Sunday school teacher of her favorite pupil. "Yes," replied the sagacious child, "to get his sermon printed in the *Herald*."

The gauge of the Grand Trunk line of railway, eastward from Montreal to Portland, is to be altered in the same manner as was done with the western section last fall, operations to begin on the 26th inst.

The Montreal *Witness* has got another libel suit. It will soon be able to set up a second-hand clothing store and sell "old suits."

It is rumored that the French Government is endeavoring to induce the Bey of Tunis to rectify the boundary line on the Algerian frontier, and is already erecting forts on the coveted territory. England and Germany, it is also said, will protest against any change.

The jumping match in Calais, Tuesday, between Harmon of St. Stephen and Russell of Fredericton, for $300 a side, resulted in a victory for the St. Stephen champion, who jumped 35 feet 9 inches and one-half in three jumps.

A delicately organized Boston paper complains that "the eternal fitness of things is destroyed in an amusing style in Barnum's Congress of Nations, when the Pope of Rome indulges in a comfortable cud of fine cut tobacco, and Napoleon the First, in a fit of abstraction, wipes his nose with the back of his hand."

Advices from Rio Janeiro state that the Emperor, in his speech closing the Chambers on the 12th inst., congratulated the country on its satisfactory relations with foreign powers, and declared his Government would endeavor to promote agriculture by the extension of the railway system. Most important measures would be presented next session, looking to electoral and educational reform, and in aid of the agricultural interests.

A Cincinnati barber got drunk and threw a lighted coal oil lamp at his wife. In an instant she was in the midst of flames, as the lamp broke and scattered the burning oil all over her. Her light summer clothes burned rapidly, and the flames leaped a foot over her head. The room also took fire, and the smoke aroused the neighbors, who rushed in and rescued the dying woman, who, at last accounts, was not expected to survive.

The cattle in a portion of Colorado county, Tex., are affected by something resembling hydrophobia. They go lowing and bellowing about the prairies, attacking horses, footmen, and in some instances, parties on horseback. They will assault stumps, old bones, and anything in their way. It is not known whether they got the disease from mad dogs in that vicinity in July last, or whether the heat and scarcity of water causes the malady.

The unsuccessful candidate for Addington, Mr. D. J. Waggoner, seems to have more than his due share of woe. While going home the other night he was fired at by a cowardly concealed enemy, but did not receive the shot. It is supposed the assault was made with the intention of intimidating him from pressing his protest against the sitting Grit member. This is the latest mode of retaining a seat that has presented itself to the mind of the Party of Undue Zeal, but we can scarcely hope it may become popular. Doubtless Mr. Waggoner is of the same opinion.—*Toronto Sun.*

What he said: "Soph'a, believe me when I say (confound the musquitoes) that you (they're biting right through my handkerchief) my future will be a bright (and I shall be all over lumps in the morning)." What she said: "Angelo, I can only say (gracious, how I'm suffering!) that I have always thought well of you, and that (I'm bitten nearly to death) if you were willing to take me with all my faults (there must be a million of 'em), the words you have uttered (they're going right through my shoes) make me yours until death."

The other day as a Detroiter was riding on the Pontiac road, says the Detroit *Free Press*, he came across an old lady seated in a buggy which had been halted within a few yards of the Grand Trunk Railroad track. She seemed to be uneasy about something, and as he drove up she asked: "Say, mister, hain't that engine going to come along pretty soon?" He asked her to explain, and she pointed to the sign, which reads, "Look out for the engine," and added: "I've waited more'n two hours for the ole engine to go by, but I'm getting tired, and if it don't come pretty soon I'll drive right over the track and go hum."

On Thursday last a case of poisoning happened on board the steamship Hadji, which would have resulted seriously only that skilful medical aid was called in promptly. It seems that a mixture composed partly of carbolic acid had been used in a bucket for disinfectant purposes. Water was subsequently put in the bucket from which two of the seamen drank, not knowing that a poisonous substance had been in it. They were seized with cramps and violent pains, but fortunately Dr. Creamer was sent for, and he administered relief to the sufferers. The Hadji steamed for Pictou on Thursday night. The poisoned men were out of danger at the time she cleared.—*The New Era, P. E. I.*

Miss Kellogg has made an immense hit in New York in Mark Twain's new drama, "The Gilded Age." The New York *Commercial Advertiser*, of the 17th Sept., says: "Gertrude Kellogg surprised the audience with the completeness of her rendering of a part which requires exceptionally good acting to enable it to hold its own amid its surroundings of fun and caricature. She quite controls the stage while she is present, her modes of dramatic expression are natural and full of vitality, and her enunciation is so clear and distinct that each word is as defined as a cameo. Miss Kellogg is a most able and worthy representative of the new American school of acting, of which Miss Ethel and Miss Morris may be said to have been the originators."

In Japan they say the theatres are very much patronized; the play commences at 6 in the morning and terminates at 8 or 9 in the evening; often the same piece occupies two and three days in the representation. Gentlemen are not particular about the question of full dress, but the ladies are; the latter, to cover their swarthy looks, have the face and shoulders whitewashed with almond milk; a black lead pencil marks the eyebrows, and the lips are coated thinly with gold, which, after a while, takes a red hue; the head-dress is a veritable piece of engineering; it is a scaffold n; that has to be commenced the evening previously: but the beauty reclines dressed till the theatre opens, and once there, she forgets all fatigue; the robe appears to be swathed in ribbon sashes, forming an immense knot at the back. The scene-changing on the stage is simply on the plan of the turn-table for locomotives; at a given signal the table whirls for the space of a half-circle, taking away actors in the midst of their dialogue, and bringing others on the scene in the act of continuing the conversation, or representing something new. Every actor has his "shadow," an individual dressed in black, who never quits him, handing everything he may stand in need of. And when the shades of evening fall he holds a candle on the end of a stick under the actor's nose, to allow the spectators to judge of the actor's gestures and expressions of the passions.

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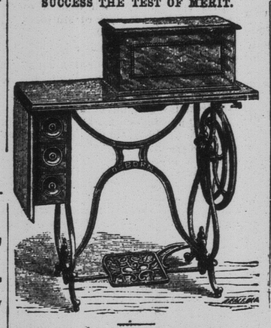

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Weekly Tribune.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 29, 1874.

Fostering Crime—The Remedy.

The Philadelphia Grand Jury, while visiting the prison and penitentiary, were so astonished at the proportion of youths from 17 to 21 among the criminals that they made the matter the subject of special inquiry, and learned that these young men, in nearly every case, had no trade, that it was impossible for them to learn any on account of the limited number of apprentices that employers are permitted to take, and that want of employment had led them into crime. The Grand Jury, in their report, bring the charge of thus fostering crime home to the Trades Unions. The plea on which the arbitrary restriction of the number of apprentices is enforced—that there would be an overplus of skilled labor if all boys who wished were to be allowed to learn trades—is shown to be false by the fact that three-fourths of the mechanics in the country have been imported. And yet the Trades Unions shut the doors of industry on the native youth, and thus fill the prisons with those who should be and might be engaged in learning trades. This has attracted renewed attention towards the tyrannical rules of these associations. "Whenever the Unions are strong enough to accomplish their purposes," says the Boston *Journal*, "the result of these regulations is to make a close monopoly of the different branches of skilled labor, and to shut out from these avenues of industry young men who would gladly seek them for a livelihood. It is a kind of a 'corner' in labor which is sought to be maintained; and the means taken to this end are much more reckless and unscrupulous than any speculators would think of adopting in their manipulations of market transactions." There is about as much sound policy in permitting this tyranny to exist, for the sole purpose of keeping wages up to a certain figure, as there would be in allowing associations of farmers to prescribe the area to be placed under cultivation and the number of boys to be trained to agricultural pursuits, for the purpose of keeping up the price of farm products. "It is not only natural, it is simply inevitable," says the *Journal*, "that this selfish and unjust policy should increase crime. Young men who can find no outlet for their activities, and no opportunity for industry in honest employments, are sure to drift from an aimless life on street corners and about low slums, into vicious and criminal courses. They soon find their way into our jails and prisons, and even before they have reached the age of maturity, become the most dangerous enemies of society." The Philadelphia Grand Jury propose industrial schools, in which the various trades may be taught, as a partial remedy for the evil, pointing to the success of European schools of this kind, and the *Journal* thinks that "the full and final remedy of the great evil in question can be secured only when the sturdy common sense and right feeling of the better class of workingmen compel the Trades Unions to abandon their absurd, arbitrary and unjust requirements, and to leave all avenues of employment open for those who choose to seek them." But the industrial school remedy would only be partial, even where wealthy persons of sufficient benevolence were found to establish and maintain them; as a large percentage of the boys for whose idle hands "Satan finds some mischief still" are too respectably connected to become the pupils of charity schools. The children of the very poor, as a rule, learn to work at an early age, and thus grow up as industrious laborers of some kind, while those of the well-to-do, who have no head for learning and no taste or genius for the shop or the counting room, hang around for an "opening" of some kind, and, not being able to learn a trade, on account of the Trade Union regulations that prevent employers taking more than a certain number of their workmen's boys as apprentices, their energy finds an outlet in rowdyism and crime. The *Journal's* remedy would be full and final, but there is absolutely no hope in that direction. Individual tyrants have granted liberty to their subjects, but associated tyranny was never known to relax its grasp on a victim. It is of no use to appeal to the Unions. There are but two remedies, and the nations will have to choose between them soon for enfranchisement from the tyranny that checks the expansion of their industries and fosters crime among their youth. One of these is the repression of Trades Unions by severe penal laws, and this is the remedy to which English legislation is tending. The other remedy is the teaching of the professions and trades in public schools, supported by the State and free to all on equal terms, just as arithmetic and grammar are now taught in many countries. This, it appears to us, will be the remedy which the United States will be forced to adopt. Agricultural Colleges, State Universities, free Schools of Design, the introduction of much technical teaching in the common schools, are all paving the way for a system of State industrial, professional and classical schools. This will be the full and final remedy for the evil.

Bare Feet in School.

The *Courier* in reply to our strictures on the action of the St. Stephen School Trustees, says:

His [THE TRIBUNE'S] utter ignorance of the point in dispute is evidenced, among many other inaccuracies, by his speaking of the teacher in the masculine gender.

Now this is richness! What has the sex of the teacher or pupil to do with the point in dispute? We preferred to speak of the teacher in the masculine gender, as we did not want to give the opponents of lady teachers an argument against them, and we are surprised at the want of consideration for the sex displayed by the *Courier's* revelation.

The *Courier* makes another point:

There are a lot of barefoot boys attending the public schools of St. Stephen, and there is not a word of objection raised against them. The editor of THE TRIBUNE has taught school himself, and he knows well that there are two principles which lie at the basis of all good government in school—1st, that the teacher must be the judge in all matters of discipline; and, 2nd, that the teacher's authority must be absolute.

There are lots of barefooted boys at the schools and yet the Trustees sustain a teacher who turns one particular boy out of school because he is barefooted! And the *Courier* expects us to justify the now-interference of the Trustees because the teacher must be the judge in all matters of discipline, and his authority must be absolute! The *Courier* expects too much of us. We know of no reason for upholding the wrong against the right. The teacher who does wrong, who exercises authority that he should not exercise, should be made to suffer. A teacher might enforce any whim and claim exemption from interference on the *Courier's* doctrine that his authority is absolute. How long would the common school system last if the teachers were to have absolute authority in the schools? Teachers of private schools are impelled to do their duty, to be impartial, and to resist the temptation to meddle unnecessarily with pupils, by the desire to have a large number attend; and the teachers of public schools must be compelled to do likewise by those who employ them in the interests of the public.

The case is just this: A teacher turns a boy out of school for being barefooted, there being nothing in the law, regulations, or custom of the locality to justify this exercise of authority, and the Trustees refuse to interfere on the ground that it is a private quarrel between the teacher and the parents. And yet, according to the *Courier's* logic, "the Trustees have refused to recognize this private quarrel"! If they did not recognize the quarrel, why did they not recognize the teacher's abuse of authority and see that justice was done? If the *Courier* can tell us, without indulging in personalities, or insinuating that we "are anxious to have a fling at the School Trustees of St. Stephen" (not one of whose names is known to us, as we did not ascertain their names before condemning their official conduct), we shall receive the information gratefully.

The Quebec Government.

The organs of the Hypocrisy have been very anxious that a Government of the Toronto and Ottawa kind should be inflicted on Quebec. The excellent financial status of Quebec, under Conservative rule, is a constant rebuke to the diminishing treasury, increasing debt and lessened credit seen wherever the Grit politicians have sway, and there is an intense desire to have M. Joly and other followers of Mackenzie get the Quebec treasury into their keeping. Even their organs in this city have shown an interest in this thing, and accounted for their feeling by hypocritical cant on a par with Blake's elevating-the-standard speech. Now that the formation of a new Conservative Government has been completed the disappointed are unable to conceal their vexation, and sneer at the Ministry in every issue. The Montreal *Witness*, "the only religious daily," a paper that professes to be independent of party, displays the hypocrisy of its professions by its treatment of the untried Ministry, whose members, although new to office, are gentlemen of unblemished character and acknowledged ability. These organs evidently regarded the land-swap scandal as an unfailing lever for hoisting a treasury-depleting, tax-increasing, debt-accumulating, credit-destroying clique of hungry Grits into office, and all their joy at the fall of Ouimet has been turned to sadness by the formation of a Conservative Government to succeed him. The *Gazette* showed more honor, boldness, independence and patriotism by its prompt denunciation of the Ouimet Government, and its energetic efforts to force them out of office, than any blatant "Reformer" we know of has the power of appreciating.

At the last Marine Board examination Benj. H. Hatfield, Yarmouth, received a master's certificate, and George Lyons, Orkney Islands, and Benj. K. Clements, Yarmouth, that of mate.

The Brown-Morris Race.

The Fog Interferes With the Oarsmen - Five Thousand People at Riverside—Postponement.

The difficulty about the stakes was settled Thursday, Mr. Frank Queen coming to his senses, at last, after several telegrams had been sent to him, and promising to transfer the money to-day to Dr. Walker, referee and stakeholder. Then the pool-selling proceeded briskly and all the sports were happy.

The first train left for Riverside about 5.30 a. m., Friday, and carried a large number of passengers. The second train, which left at 6 o'clock, just arrived at 7 o'clock. An hour from St. John to Riverside—seven miles—is not bad time. Another train left at 7, full of people. A fog hung over the city, and it seemed to be even denser at the race course. The spectators who went by rail, and in carriages, not less than 5,000, wandered round the banks of the river, and walked from Torryburn to Riverside, *smiling* at each place. Around Riverside were a great many booths for the sale of refreshments, said refreshments being principally liquor. Bar-keepers from St. John and Portland had located there, and, without license, sold rum as if they had a perfect right to do so. The sober folks amused themselves for an hour or so walking round and watching the movements of those who were too freely imbibing. Many fights occurred, the effects of which were seen in bloody noses, black eyes and bruised faces. The fights, rowdyism and disorder were just what every one expected, what always does happen at a boat race, or anywhere else where liberty is given to thousands of people to do as they please. Betting was not indulged in to any extent, pools selling slowly at 20 on Brown to 7 on Morris. The train which arrived at Riverside about half-past 6 brought a large detachment of Halifax men, whose pockets were crammed with money. They could get takers, in small amounts, at 3 to 1; but they only cared to bet large sums. It was, without doubt, the flattest day ever seen on the Kennebeccasis. There was no sport, except Chinese Pool and other gambling arrangements, with rum-drinking and fights. The referee—Dr. Walker—consultee with Morris and Brown, and, about 9 o'clock, decided to postpone the race until to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock. The decision was announced from the Grand View and Claimont Houses.

The oarsmen were hardly seen at all by the crowd. Brown once showed himself on the verandah of his hotel, and was loudly cheered. Morris was also very reserved, but was visited by a number of gentlemen. When the postponement of the race was announced from Brown's quarters the crowd insisted on seeing the Halifax champion. He presented himself at the window, and was most enthusiastically cheered. The train was not on hand when the postponement was announced, and a lengthened wait was enjoyed by the crowd. Many walked into the city, and others invited themselves to a ride with their friends. Many amusing scenes occurred on the drive home, and several fights, but no one sustained any serious damage.

A Fizzle and a Drizzle—Shivering at the Scene—Mr. Shea delays the Start with Numerous Objections—A Stroke of Newspaper Enterprise—The Referee Over the Course.

DULLNESS.

The trains for Riverside, Saturday, were only partially full, about one-half as many going as went Friday. The fog was so thick that many thought the trip would be in vain, and many had become disgusted with the affair altogether. The information was received by telegraph that the water was smooth and the fog thin, and many went out in the regular trains and in carriages later in the day. Those who went to Riverside stood around in the fog watching the water, gathered around the hotels and watched for a sight of one of the rival oarsmen, followed the referee and the representatives of the oarsmen around for information, and killed time in various ways. The fighting men, having learned the day before that getting the face skinned is not funny, were in a most peaceful mood, and so much money had been bet on the race and spent for "hot coffee and eating" and other refreshments the previous day, that not much liquor was drunk. It was a dull, damp morning and a dull, dry crowd. Nothing could have been so well calculated to teach one the foolishness of running after boat races then the scene on the bank of the Kennebeccasis this forenoon.

SMOOTH WATER.

At 7 o'clock, the hour appointed for the race, the water was smooth, except for a very slight ripple, and the fog was so thin that two miles of the course could be distinctly seen from either end. There seemed nothing to prevent the immediate starting of the race. Luther, one of Morris's trainers, went over part of the course in a shell, and many mistook him for Morris.

DISCUSSING THE SITUATION.

At half-past seven Dr. Walker, referee, and Mr. Shea and Mr. Muir, the representatives of Morris and Brown, met near the starting point and discussed the situation. The Doctor said he was ready and all things were ready for the oarsmen. Mr. Muir said Brown would be on hand whenever wanted. Mr. Shea said Morris would be at hand when the preliminaries had been arranged.

MR. SHEA BECOMES ANXIOUS.

After a season of waiting, it occurred to Mr. Shea that the turning buoys might have been moved during the night, and he insisted that the referee must see for himself that they required no adjustment and that the judges were in position. "Then," said he, "we must send a messenger to them after the toss for position, and inform them which is Morris's buoy and which is Brown's, and wait until he returns so as to be sure that the message has been delivered." He was told that it would make no difference whether the judges were informed of the result of the toss or not, as their duty was simply to report which buoy each turned, but Mr. Shea could not be convinced. He evidently thinks he knows all about boat racing, and exhibits the petty precaution of one who knows nothing about the business and desires to give beholders the impression that he is a particularly shrewd and farseeing man. This difficulty was got over by an agreement to toss for position beforehand, so that the judges could be fully instructed when they were placed in position.

THE TOSS.

The toss was won by Shea and the inside position was chosen for Morris, whom his representative sarcastically spoke of as "the losing man" in the race.

ADJUSTING THE BUOYS.

The referee and the representatives of the men went to the upper end of the course, sighted the buoys with a compass, adjusted a variation of one-sixteenth of an inch that was discovered by Mr. Shea, and returned to the starting point.

SHEA MAKES OTHER DIFFICULTIES.

Then Mr. Shea expressed the fear that the starting boats might be out of position to the detriment of his man, and the referee was called upon to determine the point. So the compass was planted on a rock, a straight edge was placed above it, and the sharp eyes of Shea discovered that the inside boat was three inches and a quarter nearer the shore than the outside boat.

Men were sent to the boats, signals were given with a handkerchief on a pole and the boats were got exactly even in the course of a half hour.

All seemed settled so far when Mr. Shea took a farewell sight over the straight-edge and exclaimed: "The inside boat has drifted in a foot." Mr. Muir sighted and admitted that it had got an inch or two back. Then more signals were given and the boat was advanced a little. Then Mr. Muir sighted and declared that it had been advanced too far. The referee confirmed this opinion, Mr. Shea assented to it, and fresh signals were given. When all had been arranged Mr. Shea discovered that the boats had swung a little and asked if they were secured by stern lines. He was told that they were not, and declared that this must be done. The referee said he had given instructions to this effect, and argued with Mr. Shea that the boats must be secured in this manner.

THE WATER AGAIN.

"Now will the race be started, Doctor?" asked eager voices. "If the water is fit it will be started at once," diplomatically replied the referee, although, as he was looking at the water, and had just been over the course, he might have been supposed to know whether the water suited or not. "It's as smooth as glass," said a chorus of voices. "It's rough off Appleby's wharf," said Mr. Shea; "a man who just came down says so." I think it smooth enough," said Mr. Muir. "We must know whether it is smooth or not," replied Mr. Shea.

MORRIS IN HIS LITTLE BED.

And then the referee went down to the water and looked at it with a grave face and penetrating eye, and the announcement was almost immediately made by a Halifax journalist that Morris had gone to bed and had been distinctly heard to snore by a listener at the keyhole. "Morris sleeps! Morris snores!" was the message that passed along through the ranks of the expectant multitude, and there was an immediate rush to his headquarters. "Have you counted the number a minute?" eagerly asked the foremost of the throng of a man they met coming from the house. "Counted what?" he asked. The snores, Morris's snores. Forty? Thirty-eight? How many?"

BROWN WARNED.

Some of the Halifax people looked upon this as an attempt to to get the advantage of Brown, and hurried to his headquarters to apprize his attendants of the fact that Morris was strengthening himself with sleep while Brown was exhausting his energies by watching and waiting for the signal to take the water.

JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

With an enterprise that is beyond all praise, of which the people of New Brunswick should be proud, and which must entitle certain journalists to the profound and lasting gratitude of the people of St. John and Halifax, the representatives of the press rushed madly to the telegraph station, writing as they ran, and sent Morris's snores, or, rather, the fact that he snored, flashing over the wires with the speed of the lightning's fearful leap from the storm-charged cloud to the quaking earth. In so short a time that it takes one's breath away to endeavor to realize it, the *Telegraph* had an extra edition in the streets, and the newsboys were starting the people with the news that Morris was in bed. The enthusiasm excited by the contemplation of this great journalistic feat—this marvellous stroke of enterprise—has carried us away from the banks of the Kennebeccasis. Our readers may think the feat was easy, but they are mistaken. It required six representatives of the journal to be on the ground, a reckless expenditure of money for telegraphing, a vast amount of trouble to keep the forms standing, and no little diplomacy in keeping compositors waiting.

THE REFEREE OVER THE COURSE.

As the result of the consultations that followed the securing of the starting boats with stern lines the referee, soon after eleven o'clock, the work we have described having occupied four hours, started to go over the course for the purpose of seeing whether Mr. Shea's declaration that the water was rough should be accepted or not. It was quite evident that Mr. Shea wanted the race postponed, as it was he who started all the objections that prevented the smooth water of the morning from being taken advantage of.

THE MEN ORDERED TO BE READY.

Our telegraphic advices say that, on the return of the referee, he consented not to order the race immediately, and ordered the men to be kept in readiness.

CALLED TO THE CONTEST.

A despatch, dated at 2.30, says: "The men have just been called to com out to the starting boats."

RIVERSIDE, Sept. 26—3.30 P. M.

THE RESULT.

Morris and Brown arrived at the Judges' boat at 3 o'clock sharp. On leaving the wharf Brown was loudly cheered.

Both men were stripped to the buff.

The word was given and Brown took the first water and led for one hundred yards. Morris, by a spurt, caught up at the quarter and took the lead.

Brown was rowing 36 and Morris 33 strokes. They held the same position at the Grand View House, Morris leading half a length.

Both rowers kept the same position up the course, and both turned at the same time, in 18 minutes 10 seconds.

Brown leads on the return, at the wharf, about a half length.

Both spurted, Brown keeping the lead at 33 strokes to Morris's 32.

Brown won; time 37, by a length and a half very easily.

Serious Fire.

A fire broke out at 12 p.m., Thursday, in P. Connolly's barn, near the corner of Golding and Waterloo streets, rapidly spread to surrounding buildings, and was not extinguished until much damage had been done. The residence of Hon. T. W. Anglin, Speaker of the House of Commons, was badly burned and completely gutted, most of the furniture, etc., being lost. Mr. Anglin is in Ottawa and Mrs. Anglin in St. Stephen, the servants being in charge. The loss is estimated at $15,000, said to be fully covered by insurance. Mr. Colwell, who occupied Connolly's barn, saved his horses and coaches, the barn and all the rest of its contents being destroyed. Mr. Alexander Christie's barn was burned and his house considerably scorched. Fully insured. Mr. M. Maher's barn was destroyed. Not insured. The ell of Mr. Thos. Miller's house was burned. The property is insured. Mr. Patrick Connolly's house, occupied by Chas. H. Jones, Geo. Freeze and Henry Daly, was burned. The buildings were insured for $2000, about all they were worth. Much of the furniture of the occupants was damaged or lost, only Mr. Freeze having any insurance. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Another Haunted House.

A gentleman whose word is good for any amount, in matters of business, has given us the details of some ghostly operations. It has always been an undoubted fact that ghosts and ghostesses can creep through key-holes, and this has been frequently verified during several months past in a large house in Germain street, a few doors from the Stone Church. The apartments occupied by a gentleman who is now on a piscatory expedition to the lakes, were, although securely locked, found open no less than three times yesterday. How the opening is effected is a mystery. The occupants of the house, being of a pious turn of mind, cannot be suspected of trying to perpetrate a joke on Colonel——. Last night two gentlemen agreed to keep watch and watch about. One is a very heavy man, who, no doubt, was dreaming of going, going, gone, while his youthful companion was thinking of the best plan to hang the Caraquet murderers, and the door was again opened before daylight, though a piece of paper had been pasted over the keyhole. The piece of paper was left hanging on one side of the keyhole, and looked as though nothing had ever disturbed it. The key of the room is kept by the Colonel, and the other inmates of the house assert that they positively never interfere with the room, and also that they have no key.

Masonic Grand Lodge.

The election for officers, Thursday evening, resulted as follows:

M. W. Bro. J. V. Ellis, Grand Master; R. W. Bro. Robert Marshall, Deputy Grand Master; R. W. Bro. David Brown, Senior Grand Warden; R. W. Bro. A. F. Street, Junior Grand Warden; V. W. Bro. Rev. Francis Partridge, Grand Chaplain; V. W. Bro. W. H. A. Keans, Grand Treasurer; W. Bro. Dingee Scribner, Grand Tyler.

NOTHING TO DO.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

A strip of snowiest linen
Half-broidered and stamped in blue,
And the gleam of a threadless needle
Piercing the pattern through:
The needle is ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

Heaped on the table beside her
Blossoms of every hue:
Delicate, odorous roses—
The rarest that ever grew:
The vase stands ready, while the sweet little lady
Sits wishing for something to do.

Half-hid under flowers a volume
In daintiest gold and blue,
Just parted, as it would open
At "The Miller's Daughter" for you:
The book lies ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

A silent harp in the corner,
And melodies old and new
Scattered in pretty disorder—
Songs of the false and the true:
The harp stands ready, still the sweet little lady
Sits longing for something to do.

A sudden wind-sweep and flutter—
The door wide-open flew;
A step in the hall, and swiftly,
Like a bird, to the threshold she flew:
Blushing, already the sweet little lady
Forgets she has nothing to do!

IN THE CITY OF THE SEA.

O high set lion of sweet Saint Mark,
There are seas to the left and seas to the right,
Front and aback there is nothing but flood,
Nothing but billows and nothing but night,
And white-blown caps that are tossed and curled,
City afloat, thou art surely an ark,
And here about us are beasts in stud—
Creatures and beasts that come and go
Enough, and wicked enough, I know,
To populate and devour the world.

Sphinx-like lion, art prophet or what?
Nay, Noah nor prophet art thou, St. Mark;
But King of the desert or slave of the sea,
Whatever thou art now or what art not,
In a city at sea, in ark or bark,
Lead us and land us on some sweet shore,
Some new-washed summit, where olives are green,
And never the visage of sorrow is seen
For ever and ever and evermore.

Lead us and land us, oh! that were best,
To the Isles of the Blest, by the Isles of Greece,
And on and beyond, where the great moon's face
Bends low and large to the golden grain
The whole year through; and death nor pain
Nor any hard thought his name or place—
To the land of olives, the land of peace,
To the land of love, the land of rest.

Lead us and land us, for that were best,
A home on the seas where never a home
Floated in floods of salt sea foam
And seeking for what? For the Golden Fleece,
For the land of Giants, the sea-lost moon,
Gates of Hell, or Hercules,
Or the land of eternal afternoon?
O, wrinkled old lion that tops St. Mark,
Lo! here are the doves, this is the ark,
But where is the olive and where is the peace,
Where is the land and where is the rest?

VENICE, Italy. 1874. JOAQUIN MILLER.

A FAREWELL TO SORROW.

From Advance Sheets of the Maritime Monthly for October.

Thou hast wrought for me more than bliss could do,
O my friend Sorrow. In thy coming, thou,
An unbidden guest, wast welcomed not,
Nor thought I to regret our parting now.

Choosing the darkest chamber in my heart,
Thine own dark self hast made it strangely bright;
Dark chamber! scarce I think that entering joy
Shall drown its shadows in such restful light.

Thou hast wrought for me, Sorrow, all these years,
Sitting within thy sometime darkened room,
Often at night, when Love and Duty slept,
Thou sattest, working patient, at thy loom.

No task so mean but had thy tend'rest aid,
No effort that thy rare smile did not cheer;
Thy dark cup tasted, fired the soul like wine,
And in its dregs were neither doubt nor fear.

It was thine altar sanctified my gifts
Of ill-done work, faint prayer and poor, poor love;
Thy wisdom rued the giving. In thy strength
I plead with Him who sent thee from above.

Thou hast a place among His angels there,
Thou, with the low-toned harp and dark, bright brow;
I thank Him that He sent thee down to earth,
And murmur not that He recalls thee now.

And yet, O Sorrow! *can* I part with thee?
Friend tried and trusted! It is not for long:
Only, when melting, I shall welcome thee,
Sorrow, He shall have changed thee into song.

St. John, N. B. T.

POND LILIES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In early morning, when the air
Is full of tender prophecy,
And rose-hue faint and pearl-mist fair
Are hints of splendor yet to be,

The lilies open. Gleaming white,
Their fluted cups like onyx shine,
And golden-hearted in the light,
They hold the summer's rarest wine.

Ah, love, what mornings thou and I
Once idly drifted through, afloat
Among the lilies, with the sky
Cloud-curtained o'er our tiny boat!

Noon climbed apace with ardent feet;
The goblets shut whose honey-dew
Was overbrimmed with subtle sweet
While yet the silver dawn was new.

The pomp of royal crowning lay
On daisied field and dimpling dell,
And on the blue hills far away
In dazzling waves the glory fell.

And flashing to our measured stroke,
The waters seemed a path of gems,
Beneath whose prismatic refraction broke
A grove with mirrored fronds and stems.

In music on the sparkling shore
The plashing ripples fell asleep:
We laid aside the dripping oar,
For one delight we could not keep.

In all the splendor farther on
We missed the morning's maiden blush;
The soft expectancy was gone,
The brooding haze, the trembling flush.

—*Harper's Magazine for October.*

[From Maritime Monthly for October].

A Visit to Clevedon, with Thoughts on S. T. Coleridge, A. H. Hallam and Tennyson.

BY REV. G. M. W. CAREY, A. M.

It was a day of cloudless sunshine when I visited Clevedon. The visit was made under the happiest auspices, for I was accompanied by a friend well acquainted with the vicinity and having such information and taste as readily to appreciate the literary associations of the place as well as the beauty of the landscape. Clevedon is in Co. Somerset, about thirteen miles from Bristol, and contains some three thousand inhabitants. It takes its name from the cliff or cleve here ceasing, and a dun or valley intervening and declining to the Bristol Channel. The view is very fine from the top of the cliff, out upon the waters crossed by lines of sunshine like threads of silver, and full of ships from all parts of the world, over to the long range of Welsh hills on the opposite shore, thus forming a fine framework for a lovely picture. The manor is mentioned in Domesday Book as being held under William the Conqueror by Mathew de Moretania or Mortaine, having been previously held by John the Dane under Edward the Confessor. The lordship was a valuable one, and contained an extensive tract of arable and meadow, beside pasture and woodland of nearly two miles square. After the Norman Conquest the possessors of this manor took the name of Clevedon. It remained in this family until 1409, when it came by marriage to Edmund Hogshaw, and passed from him to his sister's husband, John Bluet, who conveyed all his right to Sir Thomas Lovel, whose heiress married Sir Thomas Wake, gentleman of the privy chamber to Edward IV. Clevedon passed from the family of the Wakes about the reign of Charles I. to John Digby, Earl of Bristol, and from that family it was purchased by Sir Abraham Elton, created a baronet in 1717, one of whose descendants is the present proprietor.

Persons tired of the noise and heat of the city can find coolness and quiet here and variety in the many pleasant drives about the neighborhood. The fields and gardens, beautiful houses and churches, the vast and verdant valley dotted with trees, divided by hedgerows, gemmed with villages and towers, and bounded in the distance by the long drawn heights of the Mendip Hills, form, indeed, a goodly landscape, pleasing to the eye, refreshing to the heart, and not easily forgotten. One need not wonder at the number of lodgings for the summer to be found here, for Clevedon is a most desirable place for families to spend the summer, or for any one to enjoy a holiday.

But the literary and poetical associations give the place an additional charm, and crown natural beauty with mental and spiritual grandeur, for the memory of genius gives a presence and a power even to a rude and uncultivated spot, and makes that which is beautiful a thousand times more attractive. "The banks and braes of Bonnie Doon" are invested with new beauty since Robert Burns immortalized them, and the shaded walk by the Cherwell at Oxford bears Addison's name, and has the music of his poetry and prose floating around it. In Clevedon may be seen "Myrtle Cottage," a poor dwelling, yet here lived S. T. Coleridge whose productions have had and still have a wonderful influence. Over the door is this inscription "Coleridge's Cottage" while dangling from a tree in front is a rude signboard signifying that "eggs and butter are sold here." Singular blending of poetry and prose, of the spiritual and the sensuous. So, it was with Coleridge, so it is with us all. In the year 1795 the celebrated man settled here after his marriage to Miss Fricker, sister to Mr Southey, wife of the Laureate. In Cottle's early recollections of S. T. Coleridge the following may be found.

"Two days after his marriage I received a letter from Mr. Coleridge, requesting the kindness of me to send him down, with all despatch, the following little articles:

"A riddle slice, a candle box, two ventilators, two glasses for the wash stand, one tin dust pan, one pair of candlesticks, one carpet brush, one flour dredge, three tin extinguishers, two mats, a pair of slippers, a cheese toaster, two large tin spoons, a Bible, a keg of porter, coffee, raisins, currants, catsup, nutmegs, allspice, cinnamon, rice, ginger and mace."

Coleridge has made that rude poor cottage famous by his description of it in his "Sibylline Leaves."

'Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings: for he paused and look'd
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all round.
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed place,
And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless or happy for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whispered tones
I've said to my beloved, 'Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only hear
When the soul seeks to hear: when all is hush'd,
And the heart listens!'

But the time, when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony mount
I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled with the sheep;
Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
The channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills and shoreless ocean—
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a temple: the whole world
Seemed imaged in its vast circumference.
No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.
Blest hour! it was a luxury,—to be!"

Gazing at the cottage, we could not help exclaiming in the words of Charles Lamb, in his delightful essay in Christ's Hospital, London, where he and Coleridge went to school.

"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula,) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus, (for even in those years thou waxed'st not pale at such philosophic draughts,) or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Gray Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy!"

The cottage remains, but the man has gone, not only from Clevedon and the Lake District, in which he spent his later years, but from life—gone to him who gave the wonderful power of thought and speech by which the eloquent man drew eager listeners around him, and, Orpheus like, held them in a trance of delight. He is like his own "Ancient Mariner" detaining the Wedding Guest.

"He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three year's child:
The Mariner hath his will.

"The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner."

Here also is a quaint old church, built in the form of a cross with the tower in centre and dedicated to St. Andrew, though as early as in 1292 it was appropriated to the Abbey of St. Augustine, in Bristol. The building has undergone from time to time considerable repairs, still the strong and low clumsy oak seating in the body of the church evidences its own great antiquity. Parts of the pulpit, reading desk, and Sir Abraham Elton's family seat are of panelled oak richly carved. From east to west the building is one hundred and four feet, and including the porch fifty six feet in breadth from north to south. It stands at the western extremity of the village on Clevedon Point, at a small distance from the edge of the steep and precipitous cliffs, whose height secures it from the waves, which sometimes beat with terrific violence below, when the wind sets in strong from the west. Arthur Henry Hallam, eldest son of Henry Hallam, historian, philosopher and critic, and subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is buried here. This place was chosen by the father of the deceased for the sake of kindred, being the resting place of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, also on account of the situation and the view, the hill and the outlook on the British Channel. In the transept of this old church Henry Hallam, his wife, two sons and a daughter lie side by side in their last sleep, "lovely in their lives, in death they are not divided."

The "In Memoriam," sacred to "That friend of mine who lives in God," has given prominence and tender interest to the tomb of A. H. Hallam, on which is the following inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF
ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, B. A.,
ELDEST SON OF HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.,
AND OF JULIA MARIA HIS WIFE,
DAUGHTER OF SIR ABRAHAM ELTON, BART.
OF CLEVEDON COURT,
WHO WAS SNATCHED AWAY BY SUDDEN
DEATH AT VIENNA ON SEPT. 15, 1833,
IN THE 23RD YEAR OF HIS AGE.

And now in this obscure and solitary church repose the mortal remains of one too early lost for public fame, but already conspicuous among his contemporaries for the brightness of his genius, the depth of his understanding, the nobleness of his disposition, the fervor of his piety and the purity of his life.

Vale dulcissime vale dilectissime desideratissime Recquiescas in pace.

Pater ac Mater hic post hac recquiescamus tecum usque ad tubam.

The ship that bears the dear dead body to its narrow bed is thus addressed:

"Thou comest, much wept for; such a breeze
Compelled thy canvas, and my prayer
Was the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move
Through clear coves of the bounding sky;
Week after week: the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou mayst roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home."

The Burial place is beautifully and correctly described in these sad and musical verses:

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed nor moved along;
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When, filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land."

Coming out of the church and standing on the cliff looking down at the "gray stones," the "crags," and the sea with its "stately ships," one could readily recognize the scene of Tennyson's touching lines so closely allied to the "In Memoriam" as almost to form part of it:

"Break, break, break,
On the cold gray stones, oh Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, oh Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

In these lines the springs of tenderness and the sources of tears are reached. Here we have otto of roses, precious essence, distilled from the flowers of affection—heart's blood, the very soul as it were, going forth in the exclamation:

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand!"

The In Memoriam is a wonderful production, demanding and richly repaying thought and study and frequent reading. One is not fit to say much about it until he has read it a score of times. In it elegy and eulogy, philosophy and poetry, faith and feeling, spirit and sense, sadness and sweetness are combined. "Our little systems are but broken lights"—"the Lord, Strong Son of God, Immortal Love" is more than they and the roots of faith can anchor in the rifled rock. The poet's "prime passion is in the grave" for "God's finger touched his friend in Vienna and he slept," but

"The circle round the blessed gate
Received and gave him welcome there."

And the dead shall rise again. Jesus raised Lazarus from the grave. Mary's cart was too full for utterance. Language was too weak. Heart-throbs and tears and looks of tenderest and purest love were more expressive than mere sounds. Mary's eyes became in very deed the windows of her soul and her spirit looked out to Him whose word was spirit and life, bringing her dead brother up from the grasp of the grave. And touching this the poet says

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
No other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

All subtle thought, all curious fears
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet,
With costly spikenard and with tears."

The darkness of death becomes beautiful in the hope of the future, the blessed compensation, the resurrection of the just, the restitution of all things. "Voiceless lips" shall open and speak. "Tender eyes in dark eclipse" shall beam with the light of eternal life and beauty, and "pulseless hearts" shall beat to the songs and gladness of Paradise.

But the space of a brief article will not admit of all that might be said on the "In Memoriam." It should be read in connection with Gray's elegy and David's lament over Jonathan. Clevedon is the place to read the poem, the one illustrates the other. How vivid it became, and how new, as though written on the spot. Many passages came to my lips as I mused in the church, walked out on the cliff, looked on the "cold gray stones," out upon the waters, and across on the grand sweep of the hills on the opposite shore.

But the pleasant day soon passed, twilight was setting in, night, with its solemn stars, was approaching, as the shadows of life steal upon its sunshine. My friend and I hastened to the city, and talked by the way of Clevedon, Coleridge, Hallam and Tennyson.

The late Dr. Macadam used to tell of a tipsy Scotchman making his way home upon a bright Sunday morning, when the good people were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled the ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran away from her, she appealed to the first passer-by, asking him to whistle for her poodle. "Woman," he retorted, with a solemnity of visage which only a drunken man can assume, "woman, this is not a day for whistlin'!"

English newspapers express discredit of the story published in the *Sun* concerning the fate of Jonathan Newhouse, who was frozen to death on a hot day in a Nevada desert through the evaporation of moisture in solar armor of his own construction. The *Enterprise* of Virginia City, Nevada, to which the *Sun* credited the narrative, brings forward additional proof, including the statement of Coroner Baxter, who held an inquest on the body at the northern end of Death Valley. The verdict rendered was that Newhouse came to his death "by being frozen in a sort of coat of sponge, called a 'solor armor,' of which he was the inventor, and in which he was tightly laced at his own request, said armor being moistened with some frigorific mixture." The carpet sack found with Newhouse contained various chemicals, with which he was supposed to have mixed the water which was injected into his armor. The remarkable fact is added that the men who went with the Indian to find the remains of Newhouse had their hands nearly frozen in handling the body, and one of them suffered from gangrene of the hand, caused by its being frostbitten. There seems to be no doubt that Newhouse fell a victim to a rash experiment.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Somebody defines flirtation to be attention without intention.

A man may love wisely, but he cannot love two very well.

Three newspaper men have left Cleveland in a balloon. Was that the only way they could escape importunate creditors?

Mrs. Austin, of Alexandria, Va., has lived in one neighborhood 38 years and never borrowed her neighbor's flat-irons or a cup of sugar.

Now is the season when men are seen at depots when late trains come in, to make sure their wives do not return unexpectedly.

A man who is really kind hearted, and fears his neighbor's children may get sick eating green fruit, will keep a lively dog in his orchard.

There seems to be a prospect that American base ball will become popular in England. If it does the Alabama business will indeed be avenged.

"Husband," said the wife of a young clergyman, "read me one of your sermons; I feel dreadfully wakeful to-night, and I wish to sleep."

The London Metropolitan Railway, since its opening in 1863, has carried 305,000,000 persons without killing or injuring a single one of them.

"Of course, we couldn't have him roaming around here and putting on Congressional airs," says a Nevada paper in explaining how a horse-thief came to his end.

A Delaware father, whose son had become nominated for a country office, gave him his choice between withdrawing his name and taking a dose of buckshot. The father said he didn't propose to be disgraced in his old age.

Civility is reported to be dying in the United States from a rapid decline. That's because it costs nothing. Nothing is valuable there that doesn't cost a heap of money. It is the same everywhere else.

Some man in Boston publishes a paper called the *Kingdom of Heaven* for 75 cents a year. Of course, it is a bogus affair. The genuine Kingdom of Heaven can be had without money and without price.

The *Evening Mail* having mentioned, the other day, that a New York bride had received among her wedding presents a $10,000 policy on the life of the bridegroom, a heartless exchange remarks: "We shall watch the obituary notices." What a wretch.

Always acknowledge all courtesies in a kindly spirit. Throw a bouquet and a card of thanks to a serenading party, if not prepared to invite them in. If you haven't a bouquet or a card at hand, throw a boot-jack, or a brick, or anything of that sort, just to show your appreciation of the kindness intended.

The average Burlington, Iowa, saloon-keeper must be bad indeed! A learned divine in that city recently addressed one of them as follows: "Wretched man! If the bed of that river was bank-high with the suds of salvation, and a June rise of piety coming down from the mountains, there wouldn't be enough to wash your feet."

A sentimental exchange remarks that there is nothing half so sweet as love's young dream, excepting the luscious watermelon. But justice to the unosten tations watermelon demands the statement that while a good watermelon costs only twenty-five cents, love's young dream often costs the infatuated young man thousands of dollars. See back numbers of the *News*.

We met on the cars the other day several men from New Kincardine going away to seek work in Montreal. We regretted to learn from one of the party, who seemed intelligent and truthful, that a good deal of dissatisfaction prevails in the new settlement, the Government not having, they state, fulfilled their engagements to compensate certain of the settlers.—*Carleton Sentinel.*

M. Durnof and his wife started for England from Calais in a balloon on the 31st of August. The wind was in the wrong direction, but the crowd taunted them with timidity, which so enraged them that they rushed from the table, got into the basket, and were seen mounting into space with a good prospect of being blown over the North Sea. Nothing has since been heard of them, and as the balloon was too small to keep afloat during a long voyage it is not likely that anything more ever will be heard.

We suppose that the proverb that beggars shouldn't be choosers, owes its origin to the impudent fastidiousness of that class. An old lady whose fence in Durham, Conn., had become rather dilapidated, so excited the sympathy of a benevolent citizen that he determined to build a new one. So he gave a load of fence-poles, and others volunteered to haul and put them up. When the load and the volunteers stopped at the widow's door, she ordered both away, volubly and sharply declaring that "if she had any fence it should be made of slats." She was poor, but a pole fence was what she hadn't come to yet.

Here are old and young, men, matrons and maidens, from almost every State in the Union, writes Mr. Beecher from the White Mountains to Bonner's *Ledger*. The waiters are young women gathered from all the regions, far and near, mostly farmers' daughters, of good education, and to a large extent school teachers. They come for two months here, not only to increase their slender funds, but that they may see something of life. No person of note comes here without being an object of interest to every waiter. They are lady-like, devoid of any false shame, as if in a menial occupation, and bring to their work a quiet dignity which redeems it from the savor of servility. Nothing is more common than for families that have spent many weeks here to part from their waiter as if she were a member of their household.

A curious document has just come to light, tending to prove that Freemasons and the Roman Catholic Church were not always at such open enmity, as one would believe from the fierce anathemas hurled against its members by the Sovereign Pontiff and his followers. It is a list of the brethren composing the original Scotch Lodge of John of Scotland, holding its warrant and constitution from the Orient of Paris, in 1778. Amongst the officers and members of the lodge, who belonged to all classes of society, may be seen that of the Abbe Bartollo, Worshipful Master, and a Rosicrucian; Abbe Robinson, Rosicrucian; Abbe Durand, prior of Entraignes; Master Don Chabriet, Benedictine Friar attached to the Monastery of Cluny, Rosicrucian; and many others. It may also be remembered that his Holiness the Pope, and many of his cardinals, notably Antonelli, are not only Masons, but have worked their way up to the degrees of Rosicrucians.

There are now 39 women preachers in the United States.

Goldsmith Maid is in Rhode Island. Doble thinks she can trot across the State inside of two minutes.

Register clerk—"Your name?" "So and so." Your profession?" "Lawyer." "Can you read and write?"

The Charing Cross Hotel, London, well known to St. John merchants, is to be merged into a freight depot.

A Buffalo father has persuaded his bad boy to stay in o' nights. The chain cost $4.80 and the padlock 75 cents.

A Pennsylvania fumigator smoked a cartridge in his meerschaum, and now he hasn't got a meerschaum.

"Wud Yurd & Kinlins" is the orthographical phœnix of signs in Springfield, Mass.

It is suggested that aeronauts would make good police officers, as they are accustomed to taking people up.

Mrs. Wyncoop, an extensive real estate broker in Chicago, has kindly taken her husband into partnership in the business.

Prof. Gabb has for some time past been engaged in surveying Costa Rica. That's what occasioned all the talk about that country, is it?

Gabriel Schmidt in Iowa, has just killed his wife for sewing a wrong button on his coat. If it had been on his shirt—but never mind.

Milk punch is recommended for diphtheria. There will be much of this sickness among teetotalers as soon as this remedy is known.

When a member of the Boston Common Council talks too long the bored hand him a card, inscribed: "Hire a hall."

They are looking for a man in London to regild the ball on the tip of St. Paul's. Twenty pounds in money and a life insurance will be given for the job.

A law-suit with ninety-three parties to it, is raging in Pittsylvania, Va. George Fowikes, sr., bequeathed his property to his former slaves, and his heirs-at-law contest the testament.

The trees along the Thames embankment are beginning to grow handsomely. Five years from now the roadway will be one of the finest in all Europe.

"Married, at 23 minutes past 1 o'clock yesterday morning," is the particular way in which a bridal announcement begins in a Goldsboro', N. C., newspaper.

A singer that had managed to wade through the notes of a melody composed by the Duke of Saxe Coburg, was given a set of brilliants by the Duke for the feat.

Hark, from the gas works comes a sound
Sinners, incinerate!
Ye mortals come and view the flue
Where you must soon cremate.

Good friend, for heaven's sake, do not
Blow on the ashes in this pot.
Blest be the hand that leaves them hid
And curst be he who lifts the lid.

One pint of whiskey cost a jury in Sullivan, Ill., about $300 the other day, 11 jurors having been fined by a ferocious judge $25 each for drinking in the jury room.

Mr. Hall, having married Miss Hasson in Indianapolis, of course the alliterative reporter did not miss the opportunity of saying that they had been Hymeneally Hitched.

An eccentric character, Robert McCauley, who died of old age at Farmington, Ill., on the 10th, was remarkable for never cutting his toe nails, which attained an enormous length.

A Cairo man dropped dead last week immediately after drinking a glass of ginger ale. But then it wasn't the ginger ale that hurt him—it was a bullet fired from the other side of the street.

Ruskin advises the Oxford students to get up their muscle by building public highways, instead of wasting their strength on cricket, boating, etc. Good advice.

At the latest accounts the young man who says "Septembah" was asking his physician if it was safe to eat oysters in months which have no "r" in their names.

Now the declamatory voice of the male graduate is heard in the land, and the breezes of the evening are burdened with the exuberant rhetoric of the last essay of the school girl.

The Grand Jury of Terrebonne parish, La., reports that they have examined certain books, and find the accounts correct. Twelve out of sixteen jurors, being unable to write, make their mark to this certificate.

"Say, Pomp, you nigger, wha you git that new hat?" "Why, at de shop, of course." "What is de price of such an articles as dat?" "I don't know, nigger—I don't know—de shop-keeper wasn't dar."

Webster's Dictionary contains over 50,000 words. Jones says that when he came home late the other night, in the space of 15 minutes his wife applied them all to him, including some extra ones, and the fire shovel. Good for Mrs. Jones!

The British Association does not seem to have endorsed Prof. Tyndall's recent address. They have chosen in his place as President an obscure man, Sir John Hawkshaw, who is not likely to vent any advanced ideas of so startling a nature as those of his predecessors in the office.

A guardian of the poor. Old Mr. Grummles—"Green peas and new 'taters! Does your mother know that them sort o' things leads to the workus?" Boy—"Know? Course she does! That's why she has 'em now; 'cos she knows she won't get 'em there."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* goes for a Mrs. Merriam, who, in making a crusade speech, remarked, "My heart is deeply affected when I meet a young man." The horrid editor asks: "Is Mrs. Merriam a widow? If not, what does Mr. Merriam think about it?"

A little child, while attempting to leap into his mother's lap, in Tennessee, a day or two ago, received a stab from a pair of scissors, and, as the local paper expresses it, "Ere the sun had filled its course again, that flower that had bloomed so beautiful in the morning had faded in death."

Sometimes in hot weather everybody about a daily newspaper office wishes that he was a beloved pastor of a rich congregation, that he might have two or three months' vacation with salary running along all the same. But services can be dispensed with, and the daily paper can't.—*Dayton Journal.*

Gilmore, the indomitable, is now laying plans for a mammoth concert hall in New York, beautifully decorated, to be open every evening during the year, with a splendid concert, both instrumental and vocal, every night, and ample facilities for visitors to procure refreshments and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. Ample capital is provided for the scheme.

An Omaha printer named Shorrock has fallen heir to a fortune of $200,000.

There is to be a tonsorial contest for the championship and $200 a side between two barbers at Indianapolis.

A pawnbroker was found hanging to a tree in Nebraska the other day. It is supposed that the Pawnees did it.

In the United States there are 26 counties and 245 towns named after the great and good father of his country.

Pullman palace cars are a great success in England. "They are just the sort of thing, you know; so awfully easy and jolly, you know, and all that sort of thing, you know."

The latest case of conscience has occurred in Augusta, Me., where a heart-stricken penitent has forwarded $5.50 to pay for a coffin which he stole a year ago—of course not for his own personal use.

The first photographer has opened his saloon in Truckee, Nevada, and has been shot at by a miner who insisted on having his picture taken by lamp-light, as he was going away early in the morning.

Three colored men who bought a farm of 200 acres in Tennessee, three years ago, for $3,800, have just finished paying for it. Their only capital was five mules, and they did all the work themselves.

Scott County, Minn., has the most extensive manufactory of Limburger cheese in the country. This kind of cheese is said to be "ripe" when a piece the size of a walnut will drive a dog out of a tan-yard.

They have a Cremation Club at Glenwood, Iowa, the object of which is to educate the public sentiment to a preference for the pyre. The President of the club has named his last baby "Cinderella."

Of stories about hens there is no end, and to the talents of those delightful birds no limits. The last celebrity of the sort is a hen in Moore County, Tenn. She not only catches and kills mice, but she eats them.

The ladies of Rankin, Ill., lately had "a bee" to clean the church, and after it was over, they expended their remaining energies in completing the sidewalk which the men had begun last Fall and were too lazy to finish.

The Valparaiso Bank has been robbed of $150,000 by forged drafts presented by a New York sharper. A German swindler was arrested on landing at New York on a charge of defrauding a London bank of $75,000 by the same means.

The Government of England seems about to consummate the project which the Professors have been so long staring off, to make Oxford a military centre. Not even Dean Stanley will be able to call it a Paradise any more.

M. Henri de Trassac Briennes, the owner of one of the noblest names in France, was found in a miserable garret in Paris asphyxiated with charcoal recently. He left a note in his pocket saying it took five great battles to ennoble his name and only five sous worth of charcoal to extinguish it.

A snip of a girl in Clinton, Conn., only twelve years old, has just fallen a victim to puppy love. Because her knee-high masculine affinity backed out of the game she undertook to starve herself to death. But a couple of days' fasting fetched her, and now she goes in for square meals and is waiting for a partner.

Mr. Thos. Cook, of London, the celebrated organizer of European tours, expresses the indignation of an honest Briton at the "blarsted extortion" of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. "Why," says Mr. Cook, "I can take a party from New York, through Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy to Naples for less money than I can convey the same party from New York to the Yosemite Valley in California."

"Hi, Swipsey, have yer had any of that er strawbully shirt cake at McGulligan's yet?" shouted a bootblack to a newsboy on Clark street on yesterday afternoon. The youngster shook his head and said: "But, I'm goin' to clam-chowder myself to-night on a quarter what an old rooster gave me for holdin' his hoss, while he went into Jake's. Strawberries ain't nothin' to k-lems; they ain't."—*Chicago Times.*

Those were not silken chains, but chains of horrid brass which Simon Herman got rid of among the Boston jewelers. He would ask to look at gold chains and then would meanly substitute brass ones when handing the chains back. And sad to say, he did this thing until he had gobbled $1,000 worth of the finest kind of article. No Simple Simon or Simon Pure about him, evidently.

A young boy in Athol, Mass., is exciting no little interest and speculation among the physicians by displaying an irresistible propensity to eat himself up. He has pursued this habit with such fatal persistency during the four years of his life as to reduce all the fingers of both hands to raw and bleeding stumps, while of the thumb of the left hand nothing whatever remains.

The teachers of Essex County, N. J., in convention assembled, have solemnly resolved that corporal punishment is of Divine institution, and that no school in which flogging is dispensed with can be properly kept. One teacher alone was of a different mind, while forty-five registered themselves as flagellants. Now the Jersey youth will suffer when the law against fustigation is repealed!

A set of Dresden china manufactured to order for a banker of New York arrived from Europe last week, and was christened at a dinner party on Monday evening. It is a dinner set, and numbers eleven hundred pieces in all. Fifty different shades and colors are introduced, and the plates and dishes for each course are of a different shape and pattern. In the centre of each plate is an enamelled landscape, and on each dish a copy of some celebrated piece of statuary. The set cost exactly $4,959.

It isn't every day, says Mr. Halstead, that you can see a King at a picnic, and shake hands with him, and chat with him, and sympathize with him in his little troubles and adventures, and so he asks to be excused for mentioning Christian IX. again. He did not affect any of the pomps of Royalty at the Geysers. He wore a blue military fatigue cap, and there was no show of gold lace with the exception of three bands about his coat cuffs. He was well fixed as to cigars and the means to light them in a high wind, and swung a plain walking stick, which seemed simply to give one of his hands employment. On the morning after his arrival he sought, with a towel on his arm and a piece of soap in his fist, a place to wash, along one of the main rivulets running from the Geysers, but there were so many of his followers, who had clearly not anticipated such a disposition on his part to help himself, engaged in performing their ablutions and arranging their toilettes by the stream that he was discouraged and retired unwashed to his tent; and, in the absence of other game, he tried both barrels of his central-fire breechloader on a flappy old raven that flew, squawking like a malignant idiot, over his tent, and did not knock a feather out of the uncouth beast of a bird.

In the Ohio Legislature, when the name of John Smith is called, five of him answers one way and three the other. No member of the body dares to utter anything disrespectful of the name. It is too multitudinous to be treated lightly.

We may all eat oysters in the month of May, for there is an "R" in it. A veteran observer finds that May is only a pet name for Mary, and as there is an R in Mary, it's all right. June and July are now the only proscribed months, August having been brought into line by improving the orthography and spelling it "Orgust."

The Denton (Texas) *Review* indulges in the following fruitful illustration: Double peaches are remarkably common in our orchards this season. We have noticed several orchards wherein at least one-fifth of the fruit is thus joined. Bachelors who have long been crusty and maids who have long been sour should take notice and govern themselves accordingly. Peach trees never lie nor designedly present uncertain omens.

A conductor on the Chicago and Alton road is reported as having forbidden honeymoon "billing and cooing." Observing a bridegroom's arm out of place he forbade further demonstrations. "But I have a right to hug her." said John. "Not on railroads," said the conductor; "there is a law against all unjust discriminations on railroads, and as I haven't a woman for each man on the train to hug, your action is in violation of the law, and must be stopped."

A story told by Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, is seasonable. A negro in a religious gathering prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethern might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got the hang of dat word. It's 'besettin', not 'upsettin'.'" "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, an' if dat ain't upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

Several negroes broke into a house in Lexington, Ky., last week, and with drawn pistols demanded of the landlady all the valuables in the house. She was compelled to obey, and after taking all she had the robbers were invited to lunch. They accepted the polite invitation and the lady went about preparing supper, and seasoned it heavily with poison she happened to have about the house. The thieves ate heartily, and were found dead on the premises the next morning.

A private letter from Paris, received this morning, expresses some apprehensions as to what is to be the outcome of the existing political muddle in France. We extract a single paragraph: "If it were only in my power to describe to you the present state of French politics—each party striving for the reins of the government, while no one is willing to sacrifice even an opinion—I should depict the comedy now being played, but which may become very dramatic ere long." Very dramatic, indeed, no doubt; and sooner, too, than some people imagine.

The White League's Plea.

A special from New Orleans contains a long address of the Committee of Seventy of that city in defence of the late action against Kellogg, claiming justification in consequence of the misrule to which they allege the people have been subjected. In explanation of the formation of what is known as the White League, the address states: "It will be remembered that the white militia of New Orleans have been disbanded, their arms taken from them, and an exclusive militia organized in their stead, by an infamous by-law. The Metropolitan Police, for whose support an enormous tax is levied upon the city exclusively, has been taken from under the control of the Mayor, and made subject to the orders of the Governor alone. This body was used to intimidate and overawe citizens, to guard the residences and persons of timorous officials, and to dragoon parishes whenever any political scheme required it.

"The white people of the State, who, stripped of every means of defence, were threatened moreover by an oath-bound league of the blacks, which under the command of cunning and unscrupulous negroes might at any moment plunge them into what they were most anxious to avoid, a war of races; the incessant demands of offices from the City, State and General Government, for which they proffered no other title than that of color, the development in their conventions of a spirit of proscription against the white radicals, and even against honorable Republicans, who had fought for their liberation, their increasing arrogance, which knew no bounds, their increasing dishonesty, which they