THE WATCHMAN.

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The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

OUR POLICE FORCE AND ITS SHORTCOMINGS.

There has always been in this community a strong desire to extend to our Chief of Police and his Force the most lenient criticism, and the fullest measure of fair play. Rowdies may occasionally attack the men, and one or two journals,—one in particular,—may indulge in small "hits" at the expense of the Chief; nevertheless, the great body of sound thinking, tax-paying citizens, whose voice is potential in making or unmaking public officials, have shown every disposition to extend to the Chief and his Force, on all proper occasions, the full benefit of their moral support. On the part of the Police Force, therefore, there can be no complaint that the people have been indifferent to their interests or sought in any way to interfere with the *morale* of the men or the independence of their head. And still we take the liberty to say, there is at this moment the most profound dissatisfaction with the management of the Force, as well as with the character of the Force itself.

It is at once admitted that of the personal character of the Chief or his men there is no open complaint, or, as far as we know, either private complaint or suspicion. It is generally understood that the men, like their Chief, are steady, temperate, orderly officers. No crime or wrong-doing of any description (with the exception of one recent occurrence) has been laid at their door. As citizens they are above reproach, so far as the public are given to understand. Their weakness is not personal but official. Like many other persons, they may be excellent citizens while very inferior Police officers, and it is only in the latter character that the public take any interest in them. The city taxes are voted to pay efficient *policemen*, and in return for moderately good wages, and all the advantages incident to a position of authority, the tax-paying, property-owning citizens ask for proper Police duty,—proper protection both to life and property,—proper watching and pursuit of wrong-doers,—proper investigation into crimes, their causes and their actors.

It requires no special statement from us to satisfy the public that the Police Establishment, as at present constituted and handled, is everything else but an agency for detecting, suppressing or punishing crime, the fact being that it is the general clamant demand of an aggrieved public that leads to this present expression of opinion on our part. The public feel that they are not protected; that crime is not suppressed; that wrong-doers are getting the upper hand of the orderly, honest, respectable portion of society. Last summer it was notorious that youthful rowdies held possession of most of the street corners; that "gangs" of all kinds formed and maintained some sort of organization under the noses of the Police Force; that thefts and burglaries and assaults were committed almost with impunity, the arrests being as one in ten compared with the crimes, and that a general feeling of insecurity prevailed in the community, which was simply disgraceful to the authorities. The present season is opening in much the same fashion.

A day or two ago, conversing with an acquaintance, on this subject, he said: "On last Sunday "evening, when I was at church, my mother-in-"law and a child being alone in the house, some "rowdies amused themselves by throwing stones "through my window, and kept it up for some "time. Only a few days before, a friend of mine, "—a block or two off—was treated in the same way "without the slightest provocation; and but a short "time before that, while I was going up town, I "was advised by a number of boys not to walk on "the other side of the street, 'for,' said they, 'those "fellows are pelting us with rotten eggs, and we're "pelting them with stones, and you might get hurt.'" This experience of one citizen, for a few days, is, we believe the not unusual experience of many citizens who reside even in localities where the population is considered respectable, but localities where loafers take possession of private stoops and the street corners, and where the vilest language is used by gatherings of embryo roughs. This description of offence is certainly annoying enough, and seems to go uncorrected, the Police apparently being unable to offer the smallest amount of protection to those who suffer. But what has startled the public, of late, and created no small amount of alarm, has been the fact that offenders have, apparently, been able to elude the police and walk leisurely away from under the very eyes of the Force, after committing the gravest offences known to the law. Within the limit of a few days we have had a woman guilty of child-murder walking away from the custody of a Policeman, stationed at her room door. We have had a leading merchant murderously assaulted at his office door, but a few feet from lighted windows, about ten o'clock in the evening,—and nothing yet discovered of the author of the outrage. We have had a well known character deliberately fire a revolver, in the public street and in open day, into the body of another desperado, causing mortal wounds, and the villain move off, deliberately through the principal streets, unmolested, and get off into the country. To cite no further instances of publicly committed, undetected crime, we seem to have in these facts alone enough to satisfy the public mind that a Police Force in whose history such incidents and accidents find a place, is a Force in every way unworthy of existence. We have here so much of blundering, incapacity, indifference, want of detective ability, want, in fact, of the most ordinary Police ability, that the citizens, while startled and greatly alarmed, have also reason for entertaining feelings of downright shame and mortification.

Now, it becomes the public to understand at this crisis how this state of things has been brought about, and whether it is to continue.

It seems to us that the Chief is not altogether the right man in the right place. We have given him credit for certain personal merits, and we have not the slightest desire to detract in any way from the good points in his character and conduct; but if by either the citizen or the journalist is asked to pronounce upon Mr. Marshall's merits as a Chief of Police, he must look to the fruits of his management. We have seen what some of these fruits are. They are not wholly or to any appreciable extent due to the smallness of the Force at his disposal, as we find the Force is numerically strong enough to admit of Policeman Briggs being sent off into Westmoreland or Albert County, for several days, on a mission in no wise connected with City Police duty. The trouble consists, in the first place, we believe, in Mr. Marshall being unsuited by nature for the peculiar duties of the office, more particularly for detective duty. Secondly, in his declining to employ persons whose abilities give some assurance of their being valuable additions to the Force. Thirdly, in employing persons who are unqualified, through want of local knowledge and want of detective skill, for the position. Fourthly, in unwise manipulation of the men of the force, resulting in indifference on the part of some, undue care of themselves on the part of others, with a general tendency to avoid the more serious duties of their office, and to give attention mainly to minor crimes. These statements are not incompatible with the "best intentions" on the part of the Chief, and the fact that on the Force there are some really serviceable men, who might be made very useful if they were properly handled.

We are aware that there are certain drawbacks which the present Chief, if retained in office, can remedy. We refer more particularly to his habit of appointing to the Force persons from the country, who have not the necessary local knowledge for the position. We refer, also, to the practice of sending his men on duty at night in pairs, as if the policeman, armed with the law's authority as well as the weapons of his office, was in greater danger than the life or person of the private citizen, unarmed, whose occupation causes him to use the public streets at a late hour at night. There are, too, ways in which the Common Council can aid in the protection of life and property in the City, as by adding to the strength of the Police Force, providing better pay for efficient service, and occasionally supplementing the ordinary service by a professional detective. But all these additions and improvements will avail nothing if the head of the Force cannot be induced, or is not able, to put forth greater detective skill, or more energy than in the past few years. If Captain Marshall can not inspire his officers with a more thorough comprehension of their duties, or with more enlightened zeal in the execution of these duties; if he can not lift the Police Establishment from the rut into which it has fallen; if he can not present more fruitful evidences of the value of Police protection than we have recently been witnessing, then we say,—and we say it with deep regret,—that the time has come when the Provincial Government, with whom the appointment to the office lies, will be compelled by the duty it owes to the citizens of St. John to make a change in the head of the Establishment, and make it without unnecessary delay.

HOW TO RAISE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN DULL TIMES.

It is a complaint that "the times are dull." A number of persons, doubtless, have heard the remark made. Several distinguished drummers have informed us, in not the most musical of notes, that such is the fact; and having their confirmation of the rumor we believe it to be true. We have no doubt that others, also, are convinced that there is foundation for the report. We have heard some persons,—even dry goods men,—say "the times are exceptionally dull—they didn't know what the country was coming to,"—and when the dry goods men complain, there is evidently mischief in the air. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that there is a scarcity of money, even in the Banks; and consequently at such a time it becomes everybody to learn "how to raise fifty thousand dollars." It is this problem we propose to solve; and the very fact that THE WATCHMAN has thus come to the relief of the financial world, ought to ensure an "unprecedented sale" of this journal at the highest prices. However, being philanthropic, we do not propose to advance the figure above four cents a copy,—with the usual discount to book-stores and news-boys.

A man of nerve is needed, and in times of financial tightness we have many such; otherwise, the commercial world would go by the board at the first symptom of a panic. He should open an office, and assiduously set himself to the preparation of a medicated lozenge, which can do nobody any earthly harm, and may do some costive persons a little good. He should advertise the merits of this invention widely, allowing his name to drop upon the newspapers gently as the dew of Hermon. The nature of the specific becoming gradually apparent, like a mild aperient among bilious editors and reporters, he should set himself to organize a grand lottery scheme, the main object being the sale of Fifty Thousand boxes or bottles of medicine at a dollar each! He should interest as many people as possible—wholesale druggists, through acting as General Agents; enterprising Medical Warehouse-men, by means of a Superintendency of Agencies; Musical Instrument-men, Jewelers, Furniture men, Tailors, Dress Makers, Boot and Shoe men, Grocers, Hatters, and Harness Makers, Butchers, Bakers and Candle-stick Makers, by offering their goods as Grand Prizes to be given to the fortunate ones who draw high numbers. But that Tom, Dick and Harry may one and all be drawn into the net, that the thousands may risk their bottom dollar,—day laborers, discharged seamstresses and factory girls who have a bottom dollar left,—the assurance must be held out that *every* box of these medicated lozenges, for which a dollar should be charged, will contain just half that sum of money, though the uninitiated will not be able to perceive the propriety of taking the servant girl's dollar, enclosing half of it in a pill-box and handing it back to her, when she might have deposited her half-dollar "and risked it." The newspaper men must then be "seen." Their columns are the basis of the whole enterprise, and without the publicity and endorsement which the newspapers can give, the whole fabric must tumble. To all intents and purposes the lottery must be a joint enterprise as between the newspapers and the enterprising promoter,—they ensuring Publicity, he supplying Dash and Work. Their columns must blaze with Gold! Gold!! or Diamonds! Diamonds!! If the word BONANZA is thrown in, in very large type,—type of startling blackness, reminding one of the Plague of London,—so much the better. The fact that Fifty Thousand Presents are to be

GIVEN AWAY—GIVEN AWAY—GIVEN AWAY!

and that there are

NO BLANKS—NO BLANKS!

must be brought out prominently; and these should be the grand features of the enterprise—the ribbons—prizes for everybody! Of course, allusion must be made to the "committee of sagacious, most respectable, high-toned gentlemen, composed of our first citizens," who will preside at the drawing and see everything done in first-class style and with the utmost regard to honesty, integrity, and all the commercial virtues; as without this fashionable appendage and certificate of character there might be doubts of the genuineness of the affair, such doubts having occasionally risen in other and less Christian countries. Fill the city papers with these advertisements,—religious papers included, if possible. Do the same with the country papers, which are always models of high morality and oracles of rural wisdom, the unsuspecting reader of the country paper generally believing everything his editor tells him. Crowd the editorial and news columns with "local notices" expressive of the deep gratification which the reporter experiences at being able to state, of his personal knowledge and after minute investigation, that the tickets for this benevolent, charitable and altogether praiseworthy enterprise are selling at an unprecedented rate. (The fact that the tickets have not yet been printed need not come in to mar the beauty of the paragraph). When sales slacken, and people are found to be less gullible than they seem, consult the editors-in-chief and secure a half columnof the "puff oblique," in which wonder is expressed that in these hard times "so many are hastening to invest in these lozenges, which certainly seem common-place enough but must possess some extraordinary medicinal properties, or the public would not be rushing for them in such eager haste and the most eminent physicians would not testify to the great value of all the ingredients of which the medicated wonder is composed." Having taken all these precautions success is certain. Fifty thousand dollars can be raised as readily as fifty thousand cents. "The times" may be dull, but there are still some mechanics, some laborers, some servant girls, seamstresses and others of the industrial classes who haven't spent their last dollar, and may be induced to invest it in these moving lozenges. It will go hard, too, if some of those clerks who on a salary of two hundred dollars a year spend about one half that sum yearly in the livery stables, cannot raise a dollar or two to gamble with on this occasion. Fifty thousand dollars in the hands of business men, and invested in legitimate trade, would be productive of some benefit; or if spent on a block of buildings might prove of permanent utility; but what is that compared with fifty thousand dollars invested in compound cathartic pills, or never failing blisters, or painless lozenges? By all means the odds are entirely in favor of the medicated goods. The city is unusually sick. Fifty thousand boxes or bottles of medicine will do wonders here this year, and, if they do not turn out to be a great financial healer, they will at least drive out bile, remove dyspepsia, costiveness, rheumatism, ticdoloreux, giddiness in the head, and lumbago,—sweeten the breath, clean the teeth, cover a bald head and expand the chest,—promote temperance, and who knows but they may cure lying? Under all the circumstances, we see no better way of raising fifty thousand dollars; and as the thing may be followed up indefinitely, say every month, and in every town in the Provinces, it will be readily seen that we have shown the road to fortune to any adventurous person possessed of the necessary confidence in himself and the necessary confidence in the gullibility of the unsuspicious Bluenose.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

REMINISCENSES OF A FIRST TRIP OVER THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD AND THE GREAT AMERICAN SAHARA.

The Terminii and their Grievances.—Prairie Dogs, Buffaloes and other Curiosities.—Scenery of the Interior.—The Land of the Bonanzas.—The Rush down the Pacific Slope.

BY A TRAVELLED BLUENOSE.

Suppose yourself either at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the East side of the "Big Muddy,"—Missouri river,—or Omaha, Nebraska, on the West side, which is now said to be the eastern terminii of the road—for be it known that a wide difference—a river's width—of opinion, pertinaciously adhered to, exists between the two rivals for the honor, as well as the more substantial advantages, that would accrue from being chosen as the terminus; and visions of palatial caravansaries—as the westerners are not averse to calling their hotels—splendid depots and eating houses, vast warehouses, long rows of marts and places of trade, all flanked by mile upon mile of cottage, hall and mansion, causing vasty increased trade and much real estate speculation, resulting in a plethora of Uncle Sam's promises to pay, and a balance on the right side at their bankers consisting of many units,—float through the imaginations of the citizens of the rival twin cities, as the mythological or corporeal gods that preside over and direct the future of railroads appear to lean to this side or that—of the river,—while I have no doubt that, with affectionate generosity, they each implore said directors, praying: Let me get all the—what a Boston man would call—betterments, as sister don't need them as much as I do. From the appearance of the towns and what they each say of the other, we presume that they both need them much. In the interim, the bridge company—which is an offshoot of the railroad company—charges each passenger who crosses fifty cents, and for each car of freight five dollars, and no *verdict*, is with them their most pressing need. All of which is duly rehearsed in detail, though probably with variations, to the innocent but unlucky stranger who entrusts himself to their hospitality for a day. Should he visit but one of the towns and listen to but one side, he would know all about it; but should he risk a visit to the sister city, he would have varied recollections, and as a penalty for his temerity he must not be surprised should he suffer what we may term mental intoxication, and ever in the future see two elusive dancing doorways to the Union Pacific depot.

The through traveller takes his seat in their cars with great expectations and a much more lively interest in the fellow-men who are to compose his social world for some days than he would on shorter routes, where a newspaper or a book may do as companions, but for five days on the Union Pacific, is unbearable. If you have no party, you construct or are constructed into one, and whether your neighbors come from illimitable prairie, from a land of hill or dale, the mountain's slope or a land of wildest scenic grandeur and majestic peaks, all soon begin to look for something that they can appreciate, if not declare splendid, in the scenery. And as we are drawn away from the loamy, high and disfigured bluffs of the "Big Muddy," we come to mile upon mile of "boundless prairie," without a tree, except a few that have been planted; and only when skirting the Platte river do we find hill or vale, with here and there the cabin of the settler. In the latter part of Spring and in Summer the prairies are covered with luxuriant grasses, a wonderous wealth of wild flowers and the growing crops, making a prospect beauteous to behold, though the eye would appreciate a change before a day has passed; and after a night's rest in one of Pullman's palaces we awake to find a change,—and such a change! Sand and gravel, gravel and sand, entirely without vegetation, except a sparse grass that is dry, wiry and brown from July to April, and the traveller realizes that he is crossing "the great American Desert."

The uninviting yet unvarying scene becomes most irksome, and while being whirled along a sharp outlook is kept, hoping that something, anything, interesting may present itself. Fortunately, we are in the land of the prairie dog, and as a divertisement we watch for them and their burrows. A notice that we are passing through a "dog town" ensures the attention of all. We are amused at their awkward playfulness, admire the fidelity with which they guard their homes, speculate on the cause of their gravity of countenance, wondering if some weighty gravel stone lies undigested on their stomachs, and fancy we can hear their little bark. They are quite social, living in towns, burrowing within easy calling distance, and frequently many of them occupying some social hole. They are caught by pouring water in their burrows, when they float to the surface and are easily secured; they soon become tamed, are very amusing pets, and the ladies all wish for one of the sweet little dears. Another cause for amusing, if not exciting, interest is the announcement that wolves or antelopes are in sight. Of the latter we generally see a good many small herds. Sometimes they do not condescend to stop feeding to notice us, or they may survey us with indifferent interest. They frequently run with us, when they appear to go as fast as we, or, if frightened, they turn tail and leave us as rapidly as possible, when their "targets" are fully presented to the sportsman, but they generally know enough to keep well out of range. They are objects of much interest; for the time being they are "the observed of all observers and the admiration of the fair sex;" but the grand excitement occurs when a herd of buffalo is announced, which is now very seldom on the U. P. Every movement is canvassed. How far are they away? How large is the herd? Where did they come from? Where are they going? Will they come nearer? Is there any danger? They are more frequently seen on the more southern road—the Kansas Pacific,—by thousands upon thousands of them are shot every season merely for their skins, and the herds are now few and small.

The further interesting events of the day are breakfast, dinner and supper, and we are surprised on our first trip to find the meals as good, if not better than the average of railroad meals supplied much farther east. On the second day we dine at Cheyenne. We have been gradually ascending. But so level is the country bordering on the road that we have not noticed it. Upon leaving Cheyenne the all-engrossing topic is that we are approaching Sherman, said to be about 8,300 feet above the sea's level, and the highest railroad point in the world, but we do not realize that we are at any unusual height. The train stops and we all "go ashore" to hunt for moss agates, and are accosted with, "Stranger, do not stop and hunt too long; there have been lots of killers hunting there afore you,"—which some considerate employe will announce in warning that we may not go too far or let the train move on and leave us. We shortly after sup at Laramie, and as we file out the landlord (or "ramrod," as the train men call him) mechanically says, "dollar, sir," which we proceed to pay as we have done before, and the day's events have most probably transpired. The next day we pass on and on and on, incidents much the same as heretofore, though we have a little variety in the scenery. We have left the Rocky Mountains and now approach the Wasatch range. We dine at Evanston and have the cosmopolitan character of the country impressed on us at the depot dining-room. The proprietor is an "American citizen, of African descent," his better half is of Celtic extraction, his chief of staff or clerk is a "Johnny Bull," his cook is a "Dutchman," while his waiters, "chambermaids" and most of his other help are Chinese, "the coming man,"—the first time we come in contact with "John," though we have noticed him in the east as "laundress," etc., and as trackman on the R. R. Shortly after we leave Evanston we come to some grandly wild and rugged scenery. One peculiar formation is the "Devil's Slide," being two parallel rocks running up the mountain's side and standing high above the ground. Some convulsion having rifted it from base to summit, and the earth having sunken around it, we can readily imagine it a slide. The legend is, that having become incensed at the noble red man, his Satanic Majesty in this way displayed his power, and being pleased with the work of his might in the hour of his wrath, at the dread hour of midnight he always appears and swiftly descends his mountain slide. That he has or has not a toboggin, I have not learned. We soon after arrive at Ogden, Utah, the end of the road, being the junction of the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific and the Utah Central, the latter running about forty miles to Salt Lake City, lying on the River Jordan, which connects Great Salt Lake and Little Salt Lake or Lake Utah, the land that we have read so much about as from a desert having been made "to blossom like the rose." Perseverance and irrigation have done much for the country, but when it was necessary to apply perseverance and irrigation, it is easy to imagine that the general features of the country are not attractive.

At Ogden we all change cars, taking the Central Pacific, which is a distinct corporation, and they cannot arrive at a sufficiently good understanding to consent to run a single Pullman car through; they run their sleepers, and the general character and make-up of their trains is inferior to that of the U. P. If the days are long we get a good view of the great Salt Lake, as we go North by West around the head of it to Corinne, which is the last Mormon town of any note we get a view of—and shabby, unprepossessing towns they are. When we awake the next morning we have sped well on our way into Nevada and are in the famous sage brush country. It appears as though the road is built in what had been the bed of a large river. On each side are high bluffs which we sometimes run quite close to, while at others we are a long distance off. The only addition to or change in the vegetation is the wild sage with which the country is covered: it has very much the appearance of the sage plant of civilization, though sometimes it grows as high as five feet, and can be used for fuel, it and the "buffalo chips" being all that emigrants in the days of "overland trains" could get to cook with when they halted for the night after the day's march. Some of them, if unfortunate, were over a year in going over, while thousands never reached their destination.

When we retire on the fourth night we are still among the sage brush. During the night we pass Reno, which is the junction of the road running to Carson City, the capital of Nevada, and on to Gold Hill and Virginia City, the location of the great silver mining excitement last fall and the land of Bonanzas. When we rise we have reached California, passed Truckee, gone through about fifteen miles of snow sheds, climbed the mountains and reached the summit of the Sierra Nevadas, where the train stops for breakfast, or where passengers can do as we did, stop over night and see the snow drifts nearly forty feet high and play with the bear at the door, and the chipmunks will take you to his disconsolate bosom as a dear friend or a long lost brother, lavishing on you attentions and hospitality. When we came away we did not envy him. He has the passengers of the West bound train for breakfast. It is the excitement of the day, and for the subsequent twenty-three and a half hours he has hardly occupation or companion excepting his help and the track hands. After breakfast we start down grade, and on the "home stretch" the grade is about 116 feet to the mile. We go through about fifteen miles more of snow shed, which is a house with a heavy timber frame built over the track, to prevent it drifting full of snow and blocking the road. After we get through we have a fine view of the mountains from peak to peak, over ravine and valley. We go on and on, and down and down, and in two hours have passed pretty well out of the snow and soon we come to Cape Horn,—glorious Cape Horn,—gratefully remembered Cape Horn,—a very fairy land. The train stops: we all "step down and out," and such a view! Away down about 1,500 feet is a beautiful little valley, with a tiny silver stream, apparently miniature bridge and toy house, all beautifully set in emerald, and the inhabitants appear of lilliputian proportions. The scene was charming, and who could blame us if, after five days of sand and gravel, gravel and sand, we went into ecstacies and all hands or mouths gleefully aided to make the sonorous hills resound again? In another hour we had reached the valley, with its bloom and summer verdure. In four hours we had been transplanted from mid-winter to the full glory of summer; in another we reach Sacramento for dinner, and then on down the Sacramento Valley,—then to the San Joaquin Valley,—then through a pass in the Sierra del Monte Diabio or coast range of mountains, and we reach Oakland at 8 p.m. on the fifth day, when we are not sorry to leave the train and take the ferry for Sanfrancisco, if not disappointed with the ride, at least tired and glad it is over.

The fare from Omaha through is just a $100 greenback, making, with meals and berth, about $130. The price is high but we would not object to the price or to adding an extra $10 to it, if they would take us through in three days and four nights, as could easily be done, instead of taking five days and four nights,—just as if days were not worth dollars. After the first trip no one is much disappointed, for they do not expect much, and we soon get constructed into parties for mutual amusement. The returning trains generally have one or more empty emigrant cars attached, being returned for a fresh load, and as a celebrated Nevadian, whose company we enjoyed on a return trip, expressed it, "the jamborees that are held in them cars are of a previous if not of a sooner character." The patriotic Dominionite would not fail to note that the Union Pacific is about 1200 miles in length, and the Central Pacific about 800 miles; and being two distinct corporations, neither road is as long as our Grand Trunk of Canada. When we arrive at Omaha and intend disseminating ourselves over the several roads that reach there from the East, there is a hearty shaking of hands, a farewell not always untinged with sadness, and the invitation of, "Well, old Pard, come see us when you come to the mountains." "Say, old boy, call on us when out to the coast again." "Look in on a fellow when you come to Nevada." "We would be pleased to have you call on us when in Chicago," and kindred expressions, coupled with regrets at parting. And now, Mr. Editor, we will leave you in Omaha, which is one of the great towns—but it is in the future—where you can have the Bridge story rehearsed for your edification, in every variety of form and every day of the year.

Conclusively, yours,

R. H. D.

[Published by Request.]

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the "Sons of God" unturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Upon their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wonderous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drums
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals that minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the hard as honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave;

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wonderous thought—
Before the judgment day.
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor hill!
Speak of these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
And hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

BE GOOD-NATURED, if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A fact that is full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powder; cosmetics are superfluous; rouge cannot improve the cheeks, nor lily-white mend its complexion. It is not the beauty that is but skin deep; for when you gaze into the face of a noble-hearted man or woman, it is not the shape of the features you really see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the hue of the lip, or the brilliance of the eye. You see the nameless something which animates all these, and leaves for your instinct a graceful fascination; you see an indescribable embodiment of the heartfelt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of external rules of the æsthetic. Cultivate good nature, therefore. It is better than "apples of gold set in pitchers of silver," for gold will take to itself wings and fly away, silver will tarnish in time, and both, when abundant, lose their comparative value; but good nature never, never loses its worth; never abandons its possessor to the mental poverty of the malicious—never loses its hold on the esteem of the world. It is always in fashion and always in season; everybody admires it; it never grows stale. It costs little to acquire and nothing to keep. Yet it is beyond diamonds in its worth to its owner, and can neither be stolen nor lost, however neglected. Surely this is a jewel that merits protection. Possess yourselves of it, young women; no talisman will find you so bewitching in the judgment of the sensible of the other sex.

FASHIONABLE GAMBLING.—When last year, says the *Leeds Mercury*, the present owner of a great historic name had to sell off something like £50,000 worth of his estates to pay the gambling debts of his wife, it was thought that lady would take warning and abandon the position that had been awarded her of being the leader of the fashionable feminine folly. These anticipations have not been realized, and it is understood that her husband, despairing of otherwise removing her from the influence of that too numerous band of noble ladies who have got into a habit of playing for as high stakes as are heard of, even at the fastest gambling clubs, means to sell his town house and withdraw altogether from London society. It is said that a Russian princess, who has now been some years in England, was the introducer of this practice, which has now become about as great a scandal as the ugly stories of cheating at cards on the part of "gentlemen," which have been somewhat too numerous of late.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

THE ORTON DEMONSTRATIONS.

[From the London Economist.]

These demonstrations show that the aberrations of the popular mind about the rights of the Claimant and the wrongs of Dr. Kenealy are much more deeply rooted and widely diffused than had been supposed. The revelation is not encouraging. We see that the electors of Stoke-upon-Trent are not alone in their madness, and though, no doubt, the partisans of Orton and his counsel constitute only a minority even of the least intelligent class of voters, they are numerous enough to do mischief. The feeling on the subject of these people is very curiously composed. Perhaps the strongest, certainly the most dangerous, element is the bitter antipathy to Roman Catholicism which is found to be concealed under the stolidity of the English lower classes. We are afraid that there is very little that is creditable in their hostility; it takes no account of the moral and intellectual objections to the Romanist system, but is a mere bigoted prejudice, which would find an issue, if it could, or dared, in violence as fierce and unreasoning as that of the George Gordon riots. But interfused with this bigotry there is another prejudice almost as perilous—the secret, unformed but potent conviction of many among the lower classes that the well-placed and well-to-do are in an eternal conspiracy against the poor, the weak, and the humble. And this suspicion transfers itself from persons to things, till at the bottom of many minds among the artisans and laboring classes is to be found a settled habit of regarding the law, the Legislature, the Executive Government and the Church as so many instruments for keeping them down in the world and fencing in the successful from all risks. Side by side with these antipathies are to be found sympathies equally removed from our ordinary experience. The interest of adventure, of romance, gathers around the concession of the obscure and feeble man encompassed by an array of hostile persons or institutions, all plotting his ruin. The Parisian artisans devoured Sue's "Juif Errant" with something of the passion which animates the more sluggish natures of the English workmen when they make themselves partisans of the Claimant. The danger, it may be remarked, of this bias is not confined to English society. In the United States, one of the most powerful and mischievous of political cries is what is known as the "poor boy" appeal—the way of putting a political question, whether it be concerned with the resumption of cash payments, or legislative interference with railway rates, or soldiers' bounties, or the tariff, that brings vividly before the eyes of the masses the fact or assumption that the measure in question will be for the advantage of the poor as opposed to the rich. In America the masses are really masters; here, though they have been admitted to power, they have not yet begun generally to use it. The dangers in both countries are the same, and all the statesmanship of the English raise on the two continents will be taxed to keep them within the bounds of even moderate safety.

The mania for identifying a man pronounced by an intelligent jury, after long and careful consideration, to be an impostor, as the individual whose personality he assumed, although those who so identified him have no coherent conception of the scope of inquiry which they pronounce to be futile, demonstrates to us that political and historical writers have gone very far wrong in some of their most ordinary and less sputdied assumptions. Thus, when the admission of the workmen to the franchise was under discussion, the main point of objection taken was the ignorance of the unenfranchised. An equally cogent objection was overlooked in their sentimentality. The stolidity of the lower classes in England was assumed, as if they were precluded by mere ignorance and dullness from taking up with questions that appealed to the feelings. But, as a matter of fact, they are, and always have been, most accessible to sentiment, and give anything that fastens on their emotions an altogether disproportionate significance. The fact that Lady Tichborne recognized the Claimant as her son is the one piece of testimony in the Orton case that the lower orders are capable of appreciating, and this they consider conclusive. It is the sort of consideration that they regard as moral, and it moves them much more than any political or social calculations of expediency. Again, it has been almost universally assumed by historians that whenever there has been a widespread contemporary popular belief there must be some foundation for it. If a historical writer, some centuries hence, should take as much trouble to unravel, perhaps with imperfect documentary evidence, the case against the claimant, as Mr. Froude has taken with the case against Anne Boleyn or the Queen of Scots, he will find it difficult to resist the conviction—supposing him to adhere to the notion stated above—that the crowds who protested their belief in the rightful pretensions of the Claimant had "something to go upon." Yet the history of this delusion shows that extensive contemporary belief may exist, may be a passion with hundreds of thousands of persons, not only without any foundation in reason, but in spite of the most complete, and, to any trained intellect, the most convincing refutation.

ASTROLOGY IN POLITICS.

[From the Toronto Mail.]

Mr. D. D. Hay, lately of Mr. McKellar's retinue in the Emigration Bureau, and now by grace of an accident Local member for North Perth, is the leader of a band of Millerites who have pitched their tents on the riparian swamps of the Maitland river hard by Listowel. We may be sure it was not without due consideration that Mr. Hay undertook the responsibilities of a Millerite Moses in addition to the burdens which he has to bear as a supporter of the Mowat Administration. Whether his followers met in convention or received instructions direct from the head office, as another sect does, we know not; suffice it that the quondam emigration agent has kindly consented to pilot this planet through a swarm of angry and vicious comets by which, he says, it is at this moment beset. So thunderstruck was Mr. Hay on the night of the 18th January by the favorable counting of the ballots, that he boldly announced that the Earth would arrive at Omega at twelve o'clock sharp, local time, on the night of the 3rd February. The faithful dressed themselves in white for the occasion and kept dreary vigil, but at two o'clock in the morning it was supposed that "the train had missed its crossings," and as the taverns were closed in accordance with the provisions of Vic. 35, Ont., everybody went home accompanied by the influenza. But the star-gazing and monthly prognosticating "Reformer" held to the faith that was in him like a Chaldean, and changed the time-table, making us due at Omega on the 6th March, "the manager not being responsible for delays caused by any default of connecting lines." Mr. Hay came within an ace of being absolutely correct in every particular, for on that very day the *Globe* wrote: "There are some men in the Reform party who apparently believe that because the Country in 1874, by an enormous majority condemned Sir John A. Macdonald and sustained Mr. Mackenzie, they have the country at their feet, and are able to do very much as they please. They could not make a greater mistake." Mr. Hay felt encouraged. He said he had been a little "out" in his reckoning, and moved the day to the 6th April; and, *mirabile dictu*, though the seer had drawn a horoscope over Bundorah, on that day Mr. Robert Wilkes was unseated for corruption and bribery by agents! This was very flattering, and, taking heart, Mr. Hay advanced the peg to the 19th inst., but that day was numbered with the past without any convulsion of nature being noted, although Algoma is yet to be heard from. And now let Mr. Hay, if it seem to him good in the interests of his party, to which the enlightenment of mankind is a secondary consideration, tell us when Mr. Crooks shall be able to conform to the constitution; when Mr. McKellar shall cease to do evil and learn to do well; and when the sugar duties shall be adjusted to the satisfaction of the mercantile community by the Dominion Finance Minister.

WOMEN AS SOLDIERS.

[From the Revue Illustre des Deux Mondes.]

The present number of the *Revue Illustre des Deux Mondes* contains some curious biographies of the women who have served in the French armies as soldiers. The most curious history of all is that of Therese Sutter, who died at Paris in 1861 at the age of 84. In 1793 she enlisted in the Legion Allobrogienne, employed at the siege of Toulon, and there distinguished herself for bravery. Her excessive freedom of speech gave her the sobriquet of Sans-gene. The First Consul remembered an attack that woman made upon him with her tongue when he was a Colonel of artillery. After the capture of Toulon, Therese entered the Fifteenth Dragoons and took part in the campaign in Catalogne. At that time appeared the decree of the Committee of Public Safety, banishing women from the armies of the Republic; but this female dragoon had distinguished herself by so many daring exploits that an exception was made in her favor. She was in the Italian campaign; and in 1800, after five years service, received a pension of 200 francs, with which she returned to Montelimar. But the monotony of a country village soon wearied our heroine, and she took service again in the Ninth Dragoons. At that time the Empress Josephine expressed a desire to see her, and Therese rode out to St. Cloud in uniform. Napoleon at once recognized Sangene, who had so apostrophized him at Toulon. The Empress offered her a place at St. Cloud; and Therese soon tired of it, and longed to resume her adventurous life. She went through the campaigns of 1805, 1806 and 1810 in Spain, where she was captured by guerillas. She was sent to Lisbon, and thence made her way back to France by way of England. She arrived in 1815, and entered the service immediately. It was not until after Waterloo that she decided to retire. In the course of her exploits she had been once wounded by fire-arms and four times with the sabre; she had five horses killed under her; and, singlehanded, she attacked a patrol of cavalry which had captured Gen. Roguey, and released her commander. After Waterloo, Therese, who had married a M. Sutter, entered the Hospital of Enghien, where she lived on her modest pension until it was largely augmented by Napoleon III.

THE MAN WHO WANTED INFORMATION.

[From the Detroit Free Press.

Yesterday noon, while the people around the office except the "head reporter" were at dinner, the smell of smoke suddenly became apparent, and a fat man, smoking a big pipe, came toiling up stairs. When he had recovered his breath and taken a seat he inquired:

"Is der editor what knows everydings in?"

"No—gone to dinner," was the reply.

"Und he shall come back purty soon?"

"In about two hours."

"I can't wait so quick as dat; I haf to go to a funeral."

"Did you want anything."

"Yes, I wants to know some dings about dat Peecher scandal. You see, one day about dree months ago a fellow comes mit my saloon and he says: 'Did you hear noddings about Mr. Peecher?' and I say nix, und he say Mr. Peecher shole corn."

"Yes."

"Und der next day when I went home my wife says: 'Did you hear noddings about Mr. Peecher?' Und she said Mr. Peecher shole a dog."

"Yes."

"Und when I was in a street gar a man says: 'Hello, Mr. Ritterman, what do you dinks about Mr. Peecher?' Und I says no man can be a goos man who vhill steal a dog. Und den everybody laughs und winks, and I don't know about it."

"Und when I was in der Zitty Hall a man strikes me on der pack, and says: 'Hello, old frent, is Mr. Peecher guilty?' Und I said I dunno, und he said Mr. Peecher hiret a man to blow up a schurch mit a barrel of bowder."

"Yes."

"Und den when I was in Dearborn a man looks bretty sharp at me und says: 'You lif in Dadroit,

NOTICE.

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

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JOHN LIVINGSTON,
Proprietor and Editor.

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

The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

MR. HUNTINGDON AND HIS PERSECUTORS.

The Hon. Lucius Seth Huntingdon, according to "Morgan," is a product of the fertile soil of the Eastern Townships of Quebec, where he waxed fat and grew unto the stature of a truly good and benevolent public man. He was a terrible hater of frauds, and hence the Pacific Railway Scandal became in his eyes an utter abomination, its authors and abettors men to be exterminated and remorselessly wiped from the face of the political world. Lucius Seth was also truly eloquent; his periods were beautifully rounded, every "i" being dotted, every "t" crossed, every point of punctuation being in its proper place. A man so very good, so terribly in earnest, so laden with the rich gift of eloquent speech, needed only to devote a twelve-month of his time to battering the corrupt citadel of his political foes, to cause their walls to tumble and prepare the way for the entrance into power of a Party above corruption, above intrigue, above the suspicion of helping their friends to such vulgar rewards as contracts, railway supplies, mail routes, etc. Having accomplished this great work for his country, the modern Cincinnatus relapsed into silence. The eloquence which moved listening Senates when the fate of Canada hung trembling in the balance, was heard no more in her legislative halls. For two full sessions the gallant, chivalrous Huntingdon has sat in the Commons without once opening his eloquent lips. The man who had played so important a part in ousting his opponents from office, who had worked up the Pacific Scandal, who held the high position of President of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, who naturally took a deep interest in all questions affecting his Government, has not spoken in Parliament for now about two years. No motion stands opposite his name. He has introduced no bill, moved or seconded no resolution. In brief, his Parliamentary life for all that time is a perfect blank, the only instance, as far as we can remember, in which his name has appeared in the public prints in connection with any political movement, being as a subscriber to a fund made up by some benevolent Grits for the purchase of an Eastern Townships constituency, which, otherwise, might have passed into the corrupt hands of the Opposition.

The cause of this silence is not far to seek. The eloquent Huntingdon has been the innocent victim of godless persecution. Some fortunate English capitalists, of a Copper Pyrites Company, whose property is located in the Eastern townships, had invested very largely in the stock of the Company, believing they would receive handsome dividends almost immediately, but finding the returns not coming in as they expected, they have turned upon the two or three "promoters" of the enterprise, Mr. Huntingdon being one of them, and are really accusing them of unfair dealing. The stock holders, though truly fortunate in having the property, in having their money turned to such good account, are both angry and impatient, not understanding the customs of America and not willing to give time for their investment to mature. They have published statements which, on reflection, they will probably withdraw as baseless and unjust; but in the meantime these statements are hanging over the heads of Mr. Huntingdon and his partners,—over the heads of the President of the Privy Council and his colleagues in the Government. The Premier, very properly, discredited them; and to show that members of the Government gave no heed to such fables, they unanimously concurred in inviting Mr. Huntingdon to take a seat in the Government and accept a position unattended with work but to which an excellent salary was attached. The latest statement telegraphed to Government papers in the Maritime Provinces is that Mr. Huntingdon, in consequence of these irate and unreasonable stockholders following up their charges, leaves the Government, retaining the affection and esteem of his estimable colleagues. The Copper Scandal, however, has had the effect of sealing Mr. Huntingdon's lips in Parliament, as it was important that nothing should be said or done to prejudice certain cases in the Law Courts which turn upon the Scandal. Mr. Huntingdon has, undoubtedly, made a great sacrifice in maintaining silence, as nothing comes easier to him than to talk by the hour, yes, even by the mile. Doubtless, also, he will be recompensed for all that he has suffered. Two others of the workers up of the Pacific Scandal have already gone to their reward. Mr. Brydges has received a large salary for so crushing the traffic on the Intercolonial Railway that the Government have not dared to publish the usual monthly statement of receipts, for the last six months, and has had the awarding of contracts for the supplies for the road, "with all that that implies." Mr. Senator Foster has received the contract for building what is called the Georgian Bay "Branch of the Pacific Railway," a four million dollar affair. Mr. Huntingdon, the other most useful man in stirring up and originating scandals, will be well cared for by a paternal Government, there having probably been a corner kept for him in some snug railway contract on the Canada Pacific, the undertaking "which he loved so well." A man so persecuted is certainly deserving of all the good things obtainable in a world of sin and wickedness, a world that would certainly be annihilated were it not for the few righteous Huntingdons, Fosters and Brydges whose presence saves it from the fearful fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

THE BAY VERTE CANAL AND HON. MR. SMITH.

When Mr. Fred. Mackenzie was contesting his seat in Montreal, in January last, he had every assistance that could possibly be rendered him by Premier Mackenzie and the Dominion Government. The Premier visited Montreal and spoke in his interest, and there can be little doubt that the candidate was authorized by the Government to make promises on certain public questions as an aid to winning the seat. As evidence of the probability that Mr. Fred. Mckenzie knew the mind of the Government on important affairs at this juncture, we may instance the fact that in his election addresses he foreshadowed the settlement of the Northwest Amnesty difficulty, and gave pledges on that question which the Government's policy enabled him subsequently to redeem. There is no question in the minds of politicians that the two Mackenzies ha' compared notes on the Government's policy at this time, a circumstance which gives significance to the following statement then made by Mr. Fred. Mackenzie in reference to the Bay Verte Canal as a Government work:—

"I think you will agree with me that we never had a minister so wise and energetic, so reckless of toil, so unselfish, so persistent in his efforts, as Mr. MacKenzie—the head of that important department. [Cheers.] Railways are being prosecuted; under his administration the existing canals are being enlarged and improved, and we know that recently the contract has been given out for *the construction of a canal in the Lower Provinces of the greatest importance to the trade of this Country.*"

If we are correct in surmising that Mr. F. Mackenzie made this statement only after consultation with the Premier in regard to public questions and the public works connected with Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's Department, — and circumstances warrant us in so assuming,—we are driven to one of two conclusions. 1. That the Government had at this time come to the decision to place the Bay Verte Canal immediately under contract; and, hence, the sum asked for at the late session to defray the expense of procuring "further information" was not needed, and Premier Mackenzie's non-committal speech did not reflect his real sentiments; or, 2, that the Premier was humbugging the other Mackenzie and through him the electors and the public at large, being insincere in his assurances and seeking to lull the New Brunswick members of the Government, and especially Mr. Smith, into a false security in regard to the prosecution of a work which Mr. F. Mackenzie was induced to pronounce "of the greatest importance to the trade of this country." If the statement reflected, even in an exaggerated form, the decision of the Government at that time in regard to the canal, then we must charge the Government as a whole with a gross breach of faith towards their New Brunswick colleagues. It was, doubtless, reasonable for Messrs. Smith and Burpee to infer that this special pet of the Government, standing for the leading commercial constituency of Canada, authorized to pledge his Party to definite action on critical questions, after conference with the Premier, even though he blundered in stating that matters were more forward than they could possibly have been, was defining the Government's intentions towards the Bay Verte Canal Scheme. To Mr. Smith the announcement must have been most satisfactory, and still more so the proposition of the Government to place a million dollars in the Estimates towards the construction of the work. We can imagine then, that his disappointment at being betrayed by his influential colleagues,—"gone back upon"—in the most shameless manner, simply because a little sectional difficulty rose in Nova Scotia, whose members had sanctioned the $500,000 vote in 1874, was something hard to be borne. We know the feeling in Westmorland and Cumberland, where Mr. Smith was regarded as the hope of the scheme, is very bitter indeed, and that Mr. Smith is naturally held accountable for the failure, though really having done all in his power to avert the doom that has been pronounced against the work. He will probably be still further chagrined at the rumoured entrance into the Cabinet of Mr. Holton, another enemy of the canal, another non-believer in anything calculated to benefit the Lower Provinces, another hearty and zealous opponent of the Confederation of the Provinces. The change from Mr. Fred. Mackenzie's exaggerated statement,—so favorable to the canal and so well calculated to soothe those who were contending for the construction of this great work, "one of the greatest importance to the trade of the country,"—to the abandonment of the work and the strengthening of the hands of the opponents of the Canal in the Cabinet, will probably lead Mr. Smith to the conclusion that he has remained long enough with colleagues who have wounded him in a vital part, and decide him to quit a ship whose officers are apparently doing their utmost to wreck the craft.

RAILWAY SUPPLIES AGAIN.—Inter-Colonial Railway affairs—if the statements of the friends of the Government are to be credited—have escaped Scylla to be overwhelmed in Charybdis. Supplies have been saved from the clutches of Fraser, Reynolds & Co., apparently to pass into the grasp of men who give promise of coming alongside the celebrated Halifax firm at no distant date. The friends of the Government are understood to be making some complaint over a matter of three-quarters of a cent per lb. on the cost of a large order for axles. They claim that while Mr. Norris Best tendered for the supplying of axles at three and one-half cents per pound, and Mr. James Harris offered them at four cents, the contract was awarded by Mr. Brydges to his friend Mr. Molson, President of the Moisic Iron Works, of Montreal, at four and a quarter cents. This, as just explained, is the story that is travelling in Government circles, and it is added that there is indignation therein,—indignation which has led to a correspondence between Mr. DeWeber, M. P., and Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, Minister of Public Works. Mr. Mackenzie and his friends were wont to hold the members of the late Government to a guilty knowledge of all the transactions of the Railway Department, and we do not, therefore, expect to find Mr. Mackenzie declaring that he knew nothing of this bit of favoritism and is not responsible for it. If the credit awarded to Mr. Mackenzie for thorough familiarity with all the details of his Department, is justly his due, he is, of course, aware of what is going on and prepared to justify the act of his Department in paying so much higher than the market price to Mr. Brydges' friends for the very large stock of axles which the opening of a large piece of new railway and the change of gauge of several hundreds of miles of the old road will call into use.

When Mr. Brydges paid twenty-five or thirty cents more per ton for ten thousand tons of coal for the railway than the figure at which the article was offered to him; when railway springs are bought in England at a much higher price than they can be offered by local tenderers; when, in brief, the whole patronage of the railway is made to centre in one man, of whose acts the Government appears to have no supervision, it seems to be time that a little more attention was given to Mr. Brydges' gigantic operations. We do not expect the Government of its own motion to interfere with Mr. Brydges or Mr. Brydges' friends, or with the profitable business which favorite contractors have now facilities for carrying on, but we are of opinion that the more independent members of the Government Press and those members of Parliament who are not bound by ties of self-interest to Mr. Brydges, might devote a little of their time to the public interest in this connexion.

THE BURPEE INTEREST.—An article from the Toronto *Mail*, which appears in another column, scarcely does justice to the Hon. Isaac Burpee, Minister of Customs. The danger to the country does not arise so much from any transactions in which Mr. Burpee or Mr. Burpee's St. John firm is personally interested, nor is it just to charge him with any connexion with such contracts as that for the Elgin Branch Railway. The real danger lies in the fact that Mr. Burpee is—as the *Mail* more correctly states in the same article—"the head of a clique," which is partly "family" but largely railroad,—a clique with very extensive ramifications, some of them not being identical with the good of the country. The "Burpee Interest" is a brief, and better, description of an institution which seems thoroughly organized, is utterly unprincipled, and has grown to dimensions that must soon render its destruction imperative, in the public interests. It was an offshoot of the Burpee Interest that recently seized on the Ordnance Lands in Fredericton, a transaction so strongly condemned by the St. John *Globe*, a government paper. It was the Burpee Interest that slighted the railway contract with the P. E. Island Government, the deviations (as shown by an official report published in the *Freeman*, another government paper), representing a very large sum in the pockets of the contractors. It was to aid the Burpee Interest that legislation was secured by which the Fictou Branch Railway, owned by the people of Canada, and worth several millions, is to be given as a bonus to the parties who wish to build a railway east from New Glasgow,—the parties, of course, being Burpee & Schrieber. It is for the profit of the Burpee Interest that Mr. Schrieber, a salaried railway official of the Government of Canada, became virtually a contractor under the Government and constructed works to be owned and operated by the Government, holding at the time the power of ruining any contractor on the Inter-Colonial who might have the temerity to interfere by act or suggestion with anything which Mr. Schrieber might do or dare. It is for the Burpee Interest that the proposal to hand over the St. John and Shediac Railway to private speculators has been agitated at various times; and it is clearly for the great gain of the Burpee Interest that Parliament is stocked with members of the clique, both in the Senate and the Commons, until the country is sick and tired of the most thorough, unscrupulous and pertinacious Family Compact it has ever seen. There can be little doubt that the end of this hydra-headed political, railroading arrangement, of which the Minister of Customs is the fitting representative in the Government of Canada, is rapidly approaching. When there are no more Dominion railroads to be appropriated by Burpee and Schrieber, and Mr. Isaac Burpee gets installed in Government House, Fredericton, and Mr. Charles Burpee is shelved for the remainder of his days in the dignities of the Senate Chamber, and River du Loup Railway stockholders have been induced to provide salaried sinecures for one or two other members of the Burpee Interest, and Mr. Pickard is appointed Postmaster of Fredericton, there will probably be a collapse of the combination which now rides the country like the night-mare. It is better the country should pay even such a price, if only the end may come quickly.

LOCAL NOTES.

THE MUTE WHO BOWS.—Robert Crawford, a briskly moving, intelligent young man of about 21 or 22 years of age,—a Deaf Mute,—is selling in our city "The Adventures of a Deaf Mute," a small, neatly printed pamphlet, filled with stirring narrative. The proceeds of the sale of the little work go into the funds of the Boston Deaf Mute Mission. It is worth the quarter to witness Mr. Crawford's salutation on entering and leaving your office or residence.

MR. GEORGE R. BENT has removed his Piano and Organ ware-rooms to the Hazen-Bostwick building, corner of King's Square (south side) and Charlotte St., where he has a spacious store, everything about it being entirely new. The store is one of three which Mr. Bostwick has created in the building. Mr. Bent keeps here a fine assortment of Pianos, besides the usual stock of his own make of Cabinet Organs—an article in the building of which he has kept some ten to thirteen workmen constantly employed for several years past. The stand ought to be a good one for the business. Mr. Bent is rather proud of the handsome lettering of his signs, which reflects great credit on Mr. Blakslee's establishment.

MR. BOSTWICK has worked a marvellous change and improvement in the Hazen property, above referred to. In the main brick building he has opened three fine stores, which must yield a handsome return in rents. The upper flats are occupied by Mrs. Allen as a hotel for permanent boarders; and a more delightful home for those who do not desire to take the responsibity of house-keeping, or who can't get married, it would be difficult to find. The comfort and pleasure of the guests of the house would, however, be enhanced by the substitution of windows for the "blinds" which at present disfigure the north side of the building. On the same lot, along King's square, new shops have been opened, and there still remains a good deal of land to be built upon. The property is one of the most centrally situated in the city, and we apprehend it is likely to prove a good investment.

ST. ANDREWSMEN have been met with quite frequently on our streets this week,—and representative men, too. Thus we have had with us Mr. Robert Robinson, M. P. P. for York, who resides in St. Andrews; Mr. John S. Magee, just recovered from a very dangerous and exhausting attack of pleurisy; Mr. Adam Smith, editor of the St. Andrews *Standard*, the father of the Press of New Brunswick, a gentleman who, though over sixty years of age, is as active as a lad of thirty; besides other gentlemen less known to fame.

"DOBSON" is an admirable preserver of order on Queen's Square, where the Police Magistrate has kindly placed him. Last summer it was matter of complaint among the residents on the Square that the grounds, which should have been kept clear of "loafers" and parties of bad habits, were not as well looked after as they might have been, and it was a frequent sight to find grass plats which might have been devoted to the play of children, occupied by lazy, hulking fellows, who lay and sunned themselves from morning until night, indulging in loud conversation anything but for ears polite. Since "Dobson's" appearance on the scene this spring there have been no such sights, and it is hoped that this officer will be continued there through the season. Sergeant Dobson has given the best part of his life to Police duty, and grown gray in the service of our citizens. With some peculiarities, he has proved an efficient officer, and the recent action of the Common Council in relieving him from night duty was only a fitting acknowledgment of his value to the city.

THE LABORERS' DIFFICULTY has been all the talk this week, but we have not seen special attention directed to a possible consequence of the complication. Have the friends of the Society considered the possible results, to the men themselves, of a summer of idleness? Have they considered how seven hundred men and the families dependent on them are to be provided for, next fall and winter, when no employment, at any price, will be obtainable? This is a question which the proprietors of the Union Store on Union street may well ask themselves. It is estimated that the funds remaining to the credit of the Society amount to some six thousand dollars. How long will this last, when each laborer is entitled to draw four dollars per week when idle or on strike, and there will be seven hundred men to draw? Suppose the relief allowance reduced to three dollars per week, it only extends the date of exhaustion by a few weeks. After that, will the Society's Store feed the men? With the best intentions in the world, will the managers be able to do it? It seems to us that while work is to be had and before the gaps are all filled, the Society would do well to disband its forces and then its members could go in with the general crowd of laborers and take their chances in getting work;—otherwise, there will this summer, fall and winter, be no money for food, for clothing, heat, light, etc. The Society has risked great deal in the recent movement, and has lost. The best course for its members to take, individually, is to get what they can while there is a chance for anything, and their leaders will do well to advise them to this moderate course. A word from their Bishop at this crisis in their lives might have a good effect, and we shall not be surprised to find, before many days, that His Lordship has counselled them for their best interests. All our citizens will be rejoiced at such a just settlement of the difficulty, as will prevent this large body of men and their families from being thrown upon the charity of the City when work is no longer within their reach; and the true road out of the dilemma is for each man to do the best for himself.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—The convenience and value of a good circulating Library are but feebly represented by the orthodox "two cents" per diem charge for the use of the book. Mr. A. T. Bustin, 64 Germain street, who purchased the "Phœnix" Library formerly owned by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, has in his catalogue nearly two thousand volumes, which are constantly "circulating," with mutual profit to lender and reader. The Library is principally made up of works of Fiction and Biography, by all the famous authors, there being for these classes of literature the greatest demand. Mr. Bustin keeps on hand all descriptions of musical instruments as well as book and sheet music.

FOSTER'S CORNER AND THERMAMETER.—Next below Hanington Bros'. Drug Store, Mr. W. K. Crawford has established his book store, having removed from his old stand, a door above Mr. Hall's bookstore, on May 1st. Mr. Crawford has held his old quarters for very many years, and now instead of being a door east of the corner shop on King-st., he is just one door west. Two doors below him Messrs. Scott & Binning have opened a snug store, where they exhibit a very nice assortment of ladies' wear—silks, hosiery, ribbons, laces, etc., as well as a varied stock of gent's furnishing goods. Mr. Scott was formerly in Messrs. Beard & Venning's and Mr. Binning is recently from the establishment of Mr. James Manson. They have many friends and deserve extended patronage.

THE CORRECT LING.—In Morgan's Parliamentary Companion, Hon. Mr. Seely, of St. John, is referred to as "the Alexander McLeod Seely," and there is a popular belief that this is really Mr. Seely's name. Bob Morgan and the public, however, are in error. The "McLeod" should be "McLaughlan."

CHANGES IN A LEADING COMMERCIAL HOUSE.—The recent changes in the members of the firm of Jardine & Co., mark an era in the history of that old established house. Mr. Alexander Jardine retiring, Mr. Robert Omikihank becomes the senior member of the firm, the other partners being Mr. Thomas McClelland and Mr. Alexander C. Jardine. The house, for the life time of a generation, has borne a fine reputation for straightforward dealing and mercantile sagacity, and we not imagine that in the future either of these important aids to commercial success will be found wanting.

THE PUBLIC CLOCK.—It is stated that the official order for placing the clock over the new Post Office had not arrived a day or two ago, and that even if the order were now here, the clock could not be purchased and put in place within the next three months. It would be well if the clock were in position by the time the building is occupied by the officials, say the end of July.

THE TALK ON OUR STREETS about reconstruction of the Dominion Government and changes in the Bench of New Brunswick, is "very various." Some believe that Hon. A. J. Smith wishes to retire from the Government and is willing to take a seat in the Court of Appeal, the seat which public opinion and the Bar had assigned to our most distinguished jurist, Chief Justice Ritchie. Others maintain that if Mr. Smith were to leave the Government he would prefer the position of Governor of Nova Scotia, and that to pave the way for such an appointment Governor Archibald would be appointed to the Court of Appeal. The general belief, however, remains that whatever Mr. Smith's course may be, our Chief Justice will be the New Brunswick Judge on Appeals, and then the question arises, who will fill Judge Ritchie's seat on the New Brunswick Bench? It is understood that Judge Allen will be made Chief Justice, but the appointment to the vacant Judgeship will be a more knotty point. By some it is claimed that Mr. Duff will be appointed, Hon. A. J. Smith favoring him, while many others think Judge Watters, of the County Court, ought to be preferred. On behalf of Mr. Duff it is alleged that he possesses all the necessary qualifications, being a sound lawyer, having enjoyed a lengthy practice of the highest character and possessing a judicial cast of mind. On the other hand, it is held that Mr. Duff is easily disconcerted by professional bluster and is not possessed of the necessary firmness for the presiding officer of a Circuit Court. In Judge Watters' favor it is urged that he has done credit to himself and to the Bench, since his appointment to a County Court Judgeship; that his judgments have been very generally sustained; that his knowledge of law and the rules and practice of Courts has become very valuable; that he has been courteous, fair and high minded in all his judicial transactions, and that it is wise public policy to promote from the County to the Supreme Court those who have proved themselves really worthy of promotion. The Bar is divided on the question, and as regards public sentiment it seems to favor the elevation of Judge Watters, whose old political friends have always borne for him a very large degree of affection.

THOSE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY CONTRACTORS who had not the happiness to be born in Ontario or Quebec, and who consequently have no rights which a Reform Government is bound to respect, are probably not worse off in having the settlement of their claims frequently postponed, than are the contractors on the railway now building between Yarmouth and Digby, of whom the following facts are stated:—The contractors being dissatisfied with the measurements recently made by the Local Government's Engineer, Mr. James Chandler, called upon a disinterested professional gentleman, Mr. Kinnear, C. E., to goover and measure their work, a duty which Mr. Kinnear performed with much care, and submitted a statement showing that the contractors were entitled to $14,000 more subsidy than the Government engineer was willing to admit. The contractors, with these facts in hand, appealed to the Government, but the Government was deaf to all entreaty, resting their decision upon the report of their engineer. It is probable that a third engineer will be called in, when, if a preponderance of professional authority be thrown for the contractors, as is not improbable, the Government will be placed in an awkward position.

"A TRAVELLED BLUENOSE," whose sketch appears on our first page, is our and the public's good friend, Mr. R. H. Dockerill, whose letters in the *Telegraph* were so racy, so life-like, and, as descriptions of the exact state of things "Out West," so full of information. We hope to hear again from Mr. Dockerill, who is now in our city, but will probably soon leave us for distant parts of the Continent. Mr. Dockerill is one of the best newspaper correspondents of whom we have any knowledge.

COMPLIMENTS AND REMINISCENCES.

Our thanks are due to the members of the Press of the Maritime Provinces who have made kind mention of our enterprise. It is especially gratifying to us to notice that in commenting on the appearance of THE WATCHMAN, they have done justice to the taste and skill of our publishers, Messrs. McKillop & Johnston. From private correspondents we have received many congratulations, not merely in reference to the typographical excellence of THE WATCHMAN but also to its attitude on political questions.

A letter from New York in reference to our first issue recalls some "old time" reminiscences, which will bear publishing and personally interest not a few of the readers of THE WATCHMAN:—

DEAR WATCHMAN:—I received your first copy to-day, and the sight of it called up so vividly to my mind the time when I, too, occupied the lofty position of a would-be "former of public opinion" in connection with the Press of St. John, that I could not resist the impulse to "snatch a few moments from other and weightier labors"—if you will allow me to borrow a word from your salutatory—to greet your appearance and add my feeble congratulations to the volume of those which will no doubt cheer you in your progress. In general appearance you are above the average and would do no discredit to journals of much greater pretensions. McKillop and Johnston can do this kind of thing, and they are good fellows. Mc. and I have "burned the midnight oil," and for the matter of that, the midnight *pipe*, often enough in the days that are gone, and what he don't know about "making up" a newspaper is scarcely worth knowing or relating. Twelve years ago! Only think of it! What experiences and what changes! How little do we retain of anything of the past—good or bad—except memories, and when these are pleasant they become treasures which we cherish long after the facts which produce them have passed into oblivion; when sad we have no other need, even of divine revelation, to prove the existence of a state which receives the name of "hell."

I try to think of the names of some of the boys who used to crowd around me in the gray of the morning and clamor for their fifty or hundred "*Telegraphs*," and were ready to bet their bottom cent, each with the other, that sales would that day reach an aggregate which would create universal bewilderment. Twelve years ago! If some of these salesmen had made New York the scene of their operations, civic wreaths would no doubt crown their uncombed craniums. Even after twelve years, the echo of George Day's old press sounds in my ears, and the "high C." of the "man at the wheel" has lost none of its music. And don't I remember how often I ascended and descended those rickety old stairs, going for and returning without—oftener than with—"local items," which were absolutely as scarce as small change at a Church fair! Perhaps neither you nor your readers "care a continental" for reminiscences of this character, but "give the old man a chance" and he wont do it again.

However, I suppose things have changed. Poor old Mike's occupation's gone; even a "high C" could hardly be heard above the whizz and click of the steam press; and what with a Stock Exchange, Merchants' Exchange, Board of Trade, and all the etceters of a thriving city, locals bught to be as plenty as blackberries, and subject matter for editorials be subjected to the most rigid demands of choice.

Look well, I pray you, to the spelling of this letter, for I haven't been to a "spelling match" yet, and my orthography is as rusty as my pen.

If you will allow me, I will, next week, give you a letter with some news in it. I cannot do this very well now, as I have no more time, and besides, don't feel *newsy*. I will refrain from making any observations, in these Centennial times, as to the fact that we, about one hundred years ago, "everlastingly licked" your forefathers, or, indeed, any number of your fathers. This would not be in good taste. If I said anything about the "Beecher trial" you would "turn up your nose" and go to Barker's for some "jockey club." In fact, I'm done, and all I ask is that if you are glad of it, you will not have the bad taste to tell me so.

With the best wishes for your prosperity and usefulness, which latter ranks in importance, I am,

OLD TIMES.

POLITICAL MISCELLANY.

A DARK CHAPTER.

The Canadian Copper Pyrites Company and Mr. Huntingdon.

[From the Montreal Gazette.]

We publish this morning a report, printed in the *North British Mail* of the 3rd inst., of a committee appointed at a general meeting of the shareholders of the Canadian Copper Pyrites and Chemical Company, held on the 29th January last. The instructions to this committee were "to inquire into the "company's affairs from its start, and to confer "with the directors as to the position of the company, and in particular (1) to advise with them "as to what steps should be taken to secure not only "the efficient management of the mines and works, "but the proper representation of the Company's "interests in Canada; (2) to report the result of the "Company's operations to the end of February; and "(3) to advise with the Directors and report as to "the future constitution of the Board." The report is an elaborate one, and although the investigation has not been concluded, the effect which it produced may be gathered from the words "strange and painful disclosures," with which the *Mail* introduces it to the public. For reasons which will be apparent to our readers, we avoid all comment upon the statements of the report, contenting ourselves with simply summarizing its contents.

The Committee, after referring to the manner in which they proceeded to fulfil the duties remitted to them, state that they have found the duty "both a "difficult and a painful one," and were strongly disposed to do nothing more than recommend the continuance of the investigation for three months longer; and they in fact make this recommendation. But believing that the shareholders would want some reasons for their having adopted this course, they enter into some details as to the discoveries made by them in the course of their investigations. The report enters into particulars as to the present management of the Company, and then proceeds to deal with that part of the remit which required them to report upon the Company's affairs from its start, and upon which they say, "the result "of these investigations has been seriously unsatis-"factory." Referring to the first recorded meeting, at which the prospectus and articles of association were submitted, the Committee say that a reference occurs in the minutes to a clause in the articles by which Mr. James Taylor, F.C.S., was to become managing Director for the Company at a salary of £3,000 per annum, the engagement being for a definite period of five years. The report then proceeds to give particulars of subsequent meetings, of the preparation of the prospectus, and of the names of persons who appeared as provisional directors, the only Canadian name being that of Mr. L. S. Hundington, one of the vendors, who had "one "hundred shares allotted to him, which still stand "in his name, with £6 paid thereon, Mr. Hundington being a debtor to the company for arrears of "calls on £1 per share." Referring to the summaries of reports upon properties drawn up by Mr. Charles Robb, "the committee found that these detailed reports—sufficient in bulk and number to "form a book—partly in print and partly in manu-"script, were in some cases reports made years previously to companies then working the mines, but "which companies had then ceased to exist, and "that in no case do the reports appear to be such "distinct and properly authenticated documents as "should have regulated the purchase of properties, "for which about £170,000 were to be paid, with "bonus additions of £50,000 more." It was understood, according to the statement of the directors, that Mr. Taylor was to examine the properties when he came to Canada, but it is said that that gentleman considered himself quite above taking "instructions from the directors, he reporting only "such matters and touch an extent as he pleased." The Committee proceed to say, with some warmth, "the formation of the Company evidently originated in a confidence in the vendors, which very "soon proved to be altogether misplaced, and the "consequence has been the most utter disappointment. The money of the shareholders was not "long parted with when the directors say that they "discovered that the statement in the prospectus as "to the prices to be paid to the original owners of "the property was untrue, and it has been alleged "by them that a portion of the moneys so paid "found its way into the pockets of the vendors, it "being ascertained, as they state, that in the case "of purchases standing in the schedule of prices "published in the prospectus, at $639,000, or about "£132,000 sterling, there had been retained by the "vendors to the company, or repaid to them by the "original owners of the property, and not accounted "for, as much as $234,500, or about £47,000 sterling." And the committee further state that the Directors, who recently visited Canada, reported the properties, which had been sold to them as mineral lands, were "in most cases worthless, and in none equal "to the representations, on which the Directors had "relied. Reference is made to the law suits pending in Great Britain and Canada against the vendors, Messrs. Huntingdon and McEwan, and also to cross suits of Taylor against the Company, and the Company against Taylor, and as it was understood that Mr. Breen, in his visit to Canada, might be called upon to consider proposals for the compromise of some of the law suits, the Committee thought it proper to request the directors to limit Mr. Breen's power, "so that any proposal of compromise "should be subject to confirmation from this (Scotland) side, and this also the directors at once "assented to."

Some statements are made in the report as to the prospects of the company as a manufacturing concern. Without offering any final opinion, the results of the investigations made are anything but encouraging, the Committee stating that "in their "opinion the representations made by the directors "in the prospectus as to the prospects of the company in this direction were altogether unwar-"ranted." The points of the prospectus are taken up severally, and in each it is pointed out that the result has been the most cruel disappointment. "The prospectus," say the Committee, "contains "reference to calculations and details as to antici-"pated profits which naturally led the Committee "to enquire whether such calculations and details "still existed, and could be produced, but in this "also they regret to say that the directors appear "to have been the victims of over-confidence in "those who prompted the formation of the Com-"pany. No such calculations or details seem ever "to have existed, except to the extent of a state-"ment printed in a proof copy of the prospectus "promising shareholders on some *pro forma* esti-"mate an ultimate annual profit of £666,000, but "this seems to have been considered so extravagant "that the statement was expunged from the proof, "and the more modest, but what has as yet proved "equally fallacious term of 'ample,' as regards anticipated profits, was substituted." It is certainly satisfactory to find that there was one point from which modesty deterred the concoctors from what, taking the statements of this committee, must certainly be pronounced a magnificent swindle. As bearing upon the statement which the committee make, that Mr. Taylor failed to do what it was understood he would do, viz: make a report upon the lands purchased by the Company, the particulars Mr. McEwan, one of the vendors, and Mr. Taylor, of fully paid-up shares, has peculiar interest. Further particulars are given of arrangements between the directors, or some of them, and the vendors, and the Committee indulge in the following reflections upon this feature of their discoveries: "They cannot withhold the reflection that where "the vendors and the parties who furnished the "first directors of the company with the summary "of the properties on which the estimate of their "value was based—introduced the law agents "abroad who were to conduct the transfer of these "properties—had a private arrangement with Mr. "Taylor, who was to act as managing director of "the company in Canada, and that they also furnished the information on which statements as to "profits in the undertaking were published—it is to "be regretted that any of the directors were interested with the vendors in the arrangements for "the formation of this company."

These are the leading points in this report, which we commend to the attentive perusal of our readers. As we have said, for reasons which do not require to be stated, but which will be understood, we offer no opinion upon this report. It is not the work of political partizans, but of business men dealing with a business concern. It is far more severe in its statements than any Canadian newspaper has ever been, although statements by the latter have been attributed simply to political malice. The report has a painful interest for Canadians, who have the good name and fame of their country at heart. And the reflection which will occur to most people on reading it is, that it is most unfortunate, especially at a time like this, when Canadian enterprise and Canadian credit are being so severely attacked in England, that a gentleman concerning whose transactions it is possible that such a report could be written, should be occupying the exalted position of President of Her Majesty's Privy Council of Canada. We should think it hardly possible that this reflection can fail to occur to the Premier and to his colleagues in the Government.

SUPPORTING SUPPORTERS.

[From the Ottawa Citizen.]

The Oshawa *Vindicator* announces that "Mr. "Farewell is a partner in the firm of Sifton, Ward "& Co., who have received the contract for grading "the Pacific Railway Branch from Thunder Bay to "Winnipeg. Mr. Farewell will be likely to reside "at Winnipeg. We hope he will make money." It is surely time that the race of Farewells, Glasses, Siftons, Olivers, Davidsons and a score of others, as Government contractors, should cease to barnacle itself upon the Public Works Department. The telegraph and railway contracts awarded to some of these gentlemen were unfairly obtained—and if Ministerial organs feel inclined to doubt this, let them call upon the *Citizen* to establish its assertion. The country has tolerated long enough the gross favoritism of the Administration towards a certain ring of speculative adventurers. The people witnessed in 1873 the fall of a Government through the machinations of certain members of Parliament and their outside surroundings; they read with satisfaction the proclamation issued by the new Prime Minister in January, 1874, in which he declared:—"We will strive to elevate the standard "of public morality, which our opponents have "done so much to debase; and to conduct public "affairs upon principles which honest men can approve, and by practices which will beat the light "of day." The Premier inaugurated this reign of Purity by dissolving Parliament, and appealing to the country: not because he desired to strengthen himself—for he had already declared that he had a majority at his back from every province but one, and possibly that one—but in order that no man corruptly elected should sit in Parliament. The Premier appealed to the electors and was in every sense of the word triumphantly sustained. His own conscience must tell him whether it was honest for a man who had a few weeks before issued a *pronunciamento* couched in language above quoted, to contribute or countenance contribution towards a corruption election in South Ontario. His own conscience, or if that is exhausted in the South Ontario process—the Courts of law—will tell him how his supporters proceeded to elevate a standard that their opponents had "done so much to debase." Besides nearly $100,000 expended by Government upon the general election, nearly every contested election cost the Radical candidates an average from $2,000 to $5,000 and even $10,000. Such men as Herman H. Cook, Malcolm C. Cameron, Jodoin, John Walker, McGregor, McDougall, and two or three others, expended fully $100,000 of a corruption fund. But more; we even found men setting in Parliament for two sessions, and upon the trials being ordered, vacating their seats and confessing that money had been corruptly expended. Added to this those who were recreant to their leader, or were implicated in the purloining of documents, and other nefarious schemes, having for their object the defeat of the Government in 1873, all received rewards. Mr. Huntington was made President of the Privy Council, Mr. Young became Harbor Commissioner, Mr. Penny was called to the Senate, Mr. Ross was made Minister of Militia, Mr. R. W. Scott was called to the Cabinet, Mr. Coffin was awarded a portfolio, Mr. D. A. Smith ultimately received a soothing award for certain claims, Mr. Burpee secured a portfolio. Mr. Laird did not wait long—in fact all who aided in placing in Mr. Mackenzie in power, are gradually being rewarded; it may be with a view to the elevation of the standard of public morality, but certainly not with a view to elevating the efficiency of the public service. Then came the contracts—Mr. David Glass, ex-M. P. for East Middlesex forsook his briefs and what might have been made a very lucrative legal practice, accepting a contract for planting telegraph poles and stringing wires upon them—and we now unhesitatingly say that while Mr. Glass may have been honestly entitled to his contract, certain other parties have secured their contracts by machinations which, when developed, will bring disgrace upon the department countenancing the transactions.

THE COMPACT AGAIN.

(From the Toronto Mail.)

While Mr. Mackenzie has under consideration the reconstruction of his Cabinet, he would do well to reflect if the interests of the Ministry, of the country generally, and of public morality, would not be subserved by requesting Mr. Isaac Burpee, who is so largely interested in commercial matters and in divers speculations with which the Government have more or less connection, to withdraw himself from the Ministry. Mr. Burpee's present position is an exceedingly anomalous one, entirely at variance with constitutional principle and practice. Minister of Customs, he is at the same time a member of a large trading firm in the city of St. John. It was denied some time ago, that he was a member of the firm, but when we showed that he had never advertised himself out of it—the only way by which, under the law of New Brunswick, he could get out of it—and was in fact interested in some thirty thousand dollars' worth of sales made to the Governments of which he was himself a member—one of his chief newspaper apologists admitted that we were right, but by way of palliation and excuse, said the Government would purchase no more goods from I. & F. Burpee! Are we to be forced into the unpleasant position of having to keep perpetual watch over the doings of Cabinet Ministers zealous only to put money into their own pockets? The public can have no assurance, and will certainly have no confidence so long as he remains in the Cabinet, that Mr. Burpee, himself in active business and the head of a family clique which has a finger in every pie in New Brunswick, is disinterestedly working in their interest. From a letter published in the St. John *Telegraph*, the chief Ministerial paper of

towns in England. The second order is that of Lay Brothers, corresponding to that of Augustinian Friars. Those who are qualified train for Holy Orders. There are also Serving Brothers, in the work of the house, garden, farm, buildings, &c. The chapel, refectory, cloister, library, and dormitories have been built on the monastic model. A third order consists of clergy and laymen living in the world and following their several callings. The old Priory of Southwick was Augustinian, and the parishes of Wymering and Widley were a part of its domain."

The Cowley Fathers disavow the revival of monasticism as being as foreign to their purpose as the promotion of party interests. They say that they are desirous only to cultivate solid piety, to avoid party controversies, to suffer the ephemeral phases of religious sentiment to pass away, and to combine with these principles the evangelical spirit and doctrines especially advocated by the leaders of "the Oxford movement." Roman Catholic tendencies or sympathies they expressly disavow. They have organized simply to promote the work they have in hand, as ministers of the gospel, in the best manner possible. They preach, cultivate personal piety, and are always glad to receive clergymen and laymen for a short stay in their houses for the purpose of making retreats or religious retirement. These simple rules are binding on them wherever they go. They do not work for salaries, having

ALL THINGS IN COMMON,

and taking only what is necessary for their support in the most economical way. The rules of the house at Cowley require all to rise at 5½ A. M. For every hour there is an allotted duty. Frequent devotional exercises break up the day. The morning is given to study. The hours of recreation in the latter part of the day are spent in cultivating the garden. During the meals, which are eaten in silence, some brother reads from the Scriptures. At a fixed hour all retire."

The "Society of St. Joseph of Nazareth," an offshoot of the "Society of the Blessed Sacrament," was founded on the feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1864. A priest, the Rev. Father Arthur, S. S. J., was, with the sanction of the Superior General of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament, appointed its Rector. The objects, as stated in the Church Calendar, are:—

"The adoration of the Blessed Sacrament by works of mercy. First, to outcast and friendless children, especially foundlings, in honor of the adorable Majesty of the Sacred Manger of Bethlehem. Second, to the homeless in honor of His outcast life and holy poverty. Third, to the fallen, in honor of His mercy in visiting us sinners in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. The members must use every endeavor to establish communities, found hospitals, refuges, homes, and penitentiaries; and when possible to restore ancient monasteries, and recover them for the use of the S. S. J.; also to recover the full observances of the ancient Holy Day of the Anglican Church, together with her beauty of holiness in Catholic Ritual."

"This society extends aid to all applicants of whatever country or creed they are, and in its institutions, ministers of any denomination are permitted to attend the inmates of their persuasion."

CONFRATERNITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

of the Body and Blood of Christ" is the largest and most significant organization, as showing the development of religious sentiment in the English Church within the last thirteen years. This Confraternity, founded in 1862, and amalgamated with the Society of the Blessed Sacrament in 1867, was instituted to consist of bishops, priests, and deacons; the members of brotherhoods and sisterhoods, and communicants of both sexes being in communion with the Church of England. Its aim and purpose, as set forth in its manual, are:—

"First, The honor due to the person of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood. Second, mutual and special intercession at the time of and in union with the Eucharistic sacrifice. Third, to promote the observance of the Catholic and primitive practice of communicating fasting."

"*Rules.*—First, to communicate, or at least to be present on Sundays and the greater Festivals and other Holy days when the Holy Eucharist is celebrated, unless prevented by sickness or other urgent cause. To promote by all legitimate means frequent and reverent celebrations of the Holy Eucharist as the chief act of Divine Service."

"*Recommendations.*—First, to give careful attention to preparation before and thanksgiving after every Communion. To Communicate at an early celebration."

The Superior-General, the superiors of wards of branch associations, and certain priests-associate annually elected, form the Council. The annual council, open to all associates of the confraternity, is preceded by the celebration of the Holy Eucharist and a sermon. There are 614 priests-associate and several thousand lay-associates belonging to this confraternity.

The cultivation of personal piety in connection with associated prayer is the primary object held in view. Associates of the confraternity may send to a priest-associate a request for the prayers of the confraternity for any object. If approved by the Superior-General it becomes a subject of intercession throughout the confraternity for the time appointed by him, at all the celebrations of the Holy Eucharist and at such other times as the members may themselves choose.

To any one familiar with the usages of Roman Catholic Confraternities the resemblance in many respects between them and this organization in the Church of England will be at once perceived.

Two other associations in the English Church merit an account in an article of this kind. First,

THE CATHOLIC UNION FOR PRAYER,

with the celebrated Rev. Dr. Edward Bouverie Pusey, Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, for its warden, and a council composed of the Rev. T. T. Carter, the Rev. Preb. Gresley, the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, the Rev. M. W. Mayow, the Rev. T. W. Perry, the Rev. W. A. Richards, the Rev. G. Williams, R. Brett, Esq., Lord Richard Cavendish, Earl of Glasgow, H. T. Parker, Esq., the Hon. H. Walpole, the Hon. C. Lindley Wood, and Sir Charles Young, Bart.

This society, the creation of Dr. Pusey, was formed for the purpose of "combining all English Catholics into a union of prayer; (1) for the re-union of Christendom; (2) for the Stability of the Churches of God; and (3) for the Defence and Maintenance of the Faith in the Church, especially the Church of England."

The second is "The Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom." Lord Eliot is its President; the Rev. J. E. Vaux its General Secretary. This Association consists of more than 13,000 members, and includes Patriarchs, Bishops, Papal Prelates, Archimandrites, Deans, Archdeacons, diocesan officials, members of religious orders and communities, Greek, Roman, and Anglican, as well as priests, deacons, and lay people of both sexes. Its object is "to unite in a band of intercessory prayer, members of both clergy and laity of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Anglican communions, for the healing of the divisions of Christendom. The means undertaken to obtain unity is prayer, the rule for which is, the daily use of a short form of prayer, together with one, "Our Father," for the intention of the Association; to which", added, in the case of priests, the offering, at least once in three months, of the Holy Sacrifice, for the same intention."

In addition to those mentioned above there are 155 guilds, confraternities, brotherhoods, sisterhoods, orders, and societies, given in the Guild Roll of the English Church. All these, with one or two exceptions, have been founded within the last quarter of a century, and as yet are in the infancy of their development.

THE GUILD OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR,

founded in 1851, heads the list of the guild roll. It consists of lay communicants of the Church of England, and comprises two grades of membership—"Fellows" and "Brethren"—together with an order of "Sisters of the Poor." Clergymen who desire to be connected with it are admitted as Clerical Associates. Laymen and women who may similarly desire to be connected with it, without incurring the obligations of actual membership, are admitted lay associates on condition of their subscribing annually to the Guild funds, and using a collect daily on its behalf. Its objects are mainly to assist the clergy, to oppose latitudinarianism, to revive and maintain the religious observance of all the offices of the church, to promote unity, &c. The works carried on are schools of various kinds, particularly night and Sunday Schools, clubs and institutes for the young, sponsorship of the poor, visiting the sick and distressed, choir training, special services in church, the support of missions, and Christian burial of the dead. St. Alban's Guild divides England into six provinces, governed by six provincials, namely, the London, Northern, Northwestern, East Midland, West Midland, and Western provinces. It has two community houses—one for Brethren, St. Dunstan's House, Paddington, and one for Sisters, St. Agnes Home, Highgate, Birmingham. They have sixteen branch houses for Brothers, in sixteen different towns. These branch brotherhoods are presided over by as many guild masters. The sisterhoods, eight in number, in eight different parochial towns, have their Mother Superiors, Sister Superiors, and Assistant Superiors. Beside these branches, the Guild has local guilds and similar bodies enrolled as "associated societies," and publishes a monthly paper called *Church Work*.

THE BIG TREES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

[From a Lecture by Rev. H. Johnston, in Hamilton, Ont.]

I am now going to tell you what you can hardly believe. It is almost worth one's reputation for veracity to record some of the marvels of the Pacific coast, especially as they relate to plants, fruits and trees. Our ladies who take such pains to cultivate the rare and lovely fuschia will be surprised to hear that they climb to the house-top and have trunks as large as one's arm. On the Fraser river beets are grown some of which weigh over 100 pounds each; the fruits are the largest and most luscious. But the biggest of all big things, in the way of botany, are the famous Big Trees. We felt that all the forests we had seen in this country were but *underbrush*. When in British Columbia we saw monarchs of the forests, the fir tree, rising to the height of 300 feet, and the cedar measuring a circumference of 40 feet. But now the pride of glory was forgotten in the presence of the mammoth trees of California. Fancy a tree which required five men 25 days to fell it, boring it off with pump augers, and then taking three days to make the proud thing fall. After it had been severed from the trunk, such was the breadth of its base, Bishop Kingsley computed that, on the stump of that tree a house could be built for a newly-married couple, giving them a good sized parlor, dining room, kitchen, bed-rooms, a pantry, two clothes presses and a little room to spare. Think of the hollow trunk of another tree through which you could gallop on horseback for 200 feet, without endangering your silk hat, and then come out at a knot hole! Or, of another so large that a stage coach, filled with passengers outside and inside, could be driven for 200 feet through its hollow trunk. Imagine, if you can, the size of one of these fathers of the forest, when it contains more than one-half a million feet of sound inch lumber, or of another which would make 1,000 cords of four-foot wood, with 100 cords of bark, which, burning at the rate of a cord a month, would last a frugal household just 91 years. There are several groves of these mammoth trees. We visited the Tuolumne; they stand in the midst of other trees, that would be considered giants if set down among the trees of our forest. What a new idea of the magnificence of nature one gets as he glances at one of these immense trunks, and then looks up to try to comprehend their height. Sublime sights! Each tree fills you with wonder as you gaze. These trees measure from 70 to 100 feet in circumference; the largest tree is 40 feet in diameter. The wood is soft, elastic, straight-grained, light when dry, and of a bright cinnamon-brown color, which gives a gaiety to the forest, making sunshine in the shady place; the cones are very small, not larger than a hen's egg. The seeds are tiny, not more than a quarter of an inch long and one-sixth of an inch wide, and thin as writing paper. An apple seed would weigh down a dozen of them, and yet these little germs have in them wrapped such magnificent structures!

What a lesson! The smallest of all seeds producing the greatest of all trees! Thus God proceeds from the least to the greatest! The age of these *Sequori Gigantica* is something amazing. Many of them are not less than 3000 years old. Twenty-six centuries have passed since Rome was founded, yet before Romulus was heard of "some monarch, father of this grove, sets forth his tiny shoots." When Plato opened his academy in the groves of Athens, when the beautiful Esther was Queen of Persia, and Mordecai prime minister, nay, when Solomon was in all his glory, they were springing up. They were waving in proud majesty when the shepherds of the Judean Hills heard the song of the Angels, and the glad tidings that Christ was born in Bethlehem. They stood the giant cedars of God when the Christian Church was founded. What tides of history have rolled away since they first thrust their spires from the ground; what mighty sermons in those trees! Thirty centuries seem looking down upon us from these lofty tops. How dwarfed and puny ourselves, as we leaned against the sides and looked up. As long as they remain they will be the wonder of the world, and long generations coming after us will gaze upon them as among the most marvellous works of God.

WEBSTER AND BEECHER.

[From the Chicago Times.]

The memory of Webster is the very last that should be "emblamed in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen." It can be of service only as a shameful warning. Webster was the worst man that ever lived in America. He had greater ability and capacity than any other man wholly given over to depravity, and it is fair to assume that his accomplishments were proportionately greater. His life was an absolute and disgraceful failure so far as its issue in good and useful deeds is concerned. From early manhood to the day of his death he was in the public service, but no public work stands now to honor him. A mature and experienced statesman, he evolved no idea of political economy; a life-long industry leader, he led no party to the accomplishment of any reform in our government. He lived to see the country pass through many changes, none of which were brought about by him. In many ways it had advanced, but none of its progress was the result of his work. His long and active political life left no impress on our institutions, and he died leaving no community or person the better because he had lived. He was splendid, but a splendid failure. He defied purity. He was never a whited sepulchre; he despised the very appearance of virtue. He was a magnificently robed wanton, but wanton like, every fold of his dress betrayed his depravity. As a patriot he distinguished himself by making a speech at the Bunker Hill monument celebration, and in voting against supplies for our troops in two wars. On tariff and financial questions he voted as he was paid to vote. His record up to 1824 was against a tariff, and afterward, when it became profitable to Boston to buy his vote for the other side, it was bought and cast accordingly. He was always under the pay of persons whose private interests could be advanced by his vote. Immense sums were raised at different junctures by the merchants of Boston and given to him to pay for services in their interests. The first gift was $10,000, but he never afterward stooped so low, and his total income by political trafficking of this kind is estimated at upward of $1,000,000.

In public and in private life he was the same shameless debauchee. He never was a worker. His habits of sensual indulgence were suspended on rare occasions, in order to prepare for some splendid feat of oratory, after which the "God-like" relegated himself to his wines and women. He knew nothing of industry or self-denial. His whole private life was as destitute of example to young men as his political life was barren of encouragement to public virtue. Like the majestic ruins of Baalbec, evoking the wonder and admiration of the traveler who journeys over arid sands and through ruins and death merely to look at them, but moving none to stay; so the triumphs of Webster surprise the imagination, but fail to warm the heart or inspire the soul.

It was natural that Beecher should look at Webster's life with abhorrence. His own life had been very different. From early manhood to the present time he has been a tremendous worker. Seldom, if ever, has an equal amount of continuous labor been done by one man. The story was told by him during his direct examination. He took charge of Plymouth church when it had about a score of members, and for many years it has been one of the largest church societies in the country. With the exception of one period of sickness, he has not lost five Sundays in twenty-seven years. During that time he has "preached morning and "afternoon, conducted for a series of years a "Wednesday evening lecture and a Friday evening "prayer-meeting," besides other meetings of the society. In addition, he has been a constant writer for the press, and for a large part of the time editor of a great journal. For the past twenty-five years he has been a regular lecturer, being engaged in this work every week during three seasons of the year; and finally, without including the precarious "Life of Christ," there are about thirty-five volumes of his writings now published in book form.

The influence of this enormous labor has been even greater than a mere description of its character would imply. Webster was a nullity on the greatest question of his day, but Beecher has always thrown his weight clear and full upon the side he believed in. His influence in politics during the last quarter of a century has been as great as that of any other man, yet politics was not his field. In religion his influence has been greater than that of any other man. His services in liberalizing the Puritan element in New England, and advancing free thought everywhere, can never be estimated. His public work in the two provinces of politics and religion is enough to mark his life as the most useful of the century; yet its chiefest glory will be sung in the praises of the thousands of men and women who have listened to his words, and listening have resolved upon better lives.

GENERAL GRANT AS A SOCIETY MAN.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

I found this at the *Tribune* of the 29th April:—

A lady travelling from New York to Boston, a short time ago, took her seat in a drawing room car, the only occupants of which were two gentlemen. One was smoking; the other held a fresh and unlighted cigar just ready to apply the match. The fair traveller did not like the odor of smoke, and calmly remarked aloud that this was the drawing room car, and they would please find the smoking car forward, for the smoke was very offensive to her. The gentlemen removed the obnoxious weeds, but looked extremely serious about it, and had a word or two with the conductor when that functionary entered. He mildly requested the lady to step into another car, but she was comfortably seated and declined to move. By and by other gentlemen appeared and addressed the would-be smoker as "Mr. President," and when at last some one let drop the mystic word "Grant," the obtuse but well-meaning dame recognized her company, and summoning the conductor, sought another car.

It affords a prominent illustration of the common fact that self-indulgence, of whatever kind, tends directly to bad manners—I may add often to bad morals. A few days after Gen. Grant was inaugurated as President the first time, I went into the Executive Chamber with the Republican members of the Pennsylvania delegation in the two houses of Congress. Soon the President came in with a cigar in his mouth, nodded at some of the persons present, shook hands with others, and while they resumed seats, took his stand near a table on which was a pile of books. Leaning his left elbow on the topmost book, he puffed away the tobacco smoke. The oldest member of the delegation, seated on a sofa at my side, could hardly restrain his indignation. He whispered in my ear: "I have been about the Capitol for many years, and under different Administrations, but have seen nothing to compare with this." The President had patronage; the Senators and Representatives wanted the dispensation of portions of it as means for sustaining themselves at home; and they held in check the natural disgust they felt.

I remember a story I heard forty or fifty years ago. A stage coach was going along an Arkansas road. On the back seat were three women; on the middle one, two men, tall and muscular; while the forward seat held only a small man, wrapped up completely in a blanket. After a time one of the powerful men on the middle seat lit a cigar and smoked. The smoke went full in the face of one of the women, who was both young and timid. She sickened, and then requested the man to stop smoking. This aroused the ruffian in him, and he roughly declared, "I have paid my fare; it is customary to smoke, and I will smoke as much as I have a mind to." Accordingly he took out a fresh cigar, and started the smoke cloud again. The woman could only add that "Smokers ought not to forget to be gentlemen." This suggestion excited the man's rage to white heat. At this point the small man on the front seat laid aside his blanket, put his left hand on the knee of the enraged ruffian, in order to withdraw his attention from the woman and to himself, while with his right hand he drew a bowie knife from its case between his shoulder-blades. Pointing the weapon at the heart of the brute, and looking him square in the eyes, the little man quietly said: "I am Col. James Bowie, and unless you throw that cigar away in one minute, I will put this knife into your heart, as true as you exist." The ruffian comprehended in an instant with whom he had to deal, and threw the cigar out of the window without adding a word. Col. Bowie replaced his weapon, drew his blanket about him, and relapsed into a condition of apparent indifference.

PROVINCIAL PENITENTIARY.

[From the Amherst Gazette.]

A correspondent throws out some very sensible ideas in reference to the location of the proposed penitentiary. Upon this subject we are guided by the same principles as you laid down in connection with the route of the Bay Verte Canal, that the question of site should be determined upon general considerations and not with reference to sectional interests. Viewing it from this standpoint there is a great deal of force in the suggestion that the unoccupied ground at Fort Cumberland should be utilized for this purpose. It is understood that the late administration had agreed upon Fort Lawrence Ridge as a suitable site, and as it would be equally available with the Ridge on the opposite side of the Misiquash, we trust these considerations will have their weight with the Government in selecting a site. As to the doubt raised by our correspondent, we leave that to be settled between the Minister of Marine and his constituents in the eastern end of Westmorland; at the same time we deeply sympathize with them as to the manner in which their interests and ours in the matter of the Bay Verte Canal have been sacrificed by the government of which Mr. Smith is still a member.

THE MARITIME MONTHLY for May presents great variety of reading, several of the contributions displaying no small degree of talent. The principal prose papers are, Livingstone (Part 2), by Rev. Moses Harvey; the Valley of the Platte, by Mr. George J. Forbes; A Story of a Lost Bracelet, by Corinne; Truth versus Sectarianism, by Rev. James Bennet; University Consolidation, by A. A. Stockton; A Visit to Longfellow, by W. Albert Lockhart; Origin of the Acadians (a translation), by P. S. Porrier; Current Events and Scrapins, by the editor. The latter includes some of the best contributions to the number, notably some verses by H. L. S. and a practical paper by Cecil, of Fredericton. The poetry to which most prominence is given by the editor includes "A Troubadour Story," by Hunter Duvar, a piece of some merit; some simple verses entitled "New Brunswick;" and a sonnet by James Young, against whose attacks of rhyme there seems to be no protection in the public prints and no remedy in the Courts. The magazine, typographically, does great credit to the printers, Messrs. McMillan.

MASONRY IN MAINE.—A Portland letter of the 5th says: The grand chapter of Masons granted charters for new chapters at Auburn and Cherryfield, and closed its session at 11 o'clock, at which hour the grand lodge again assembled, and transacted routine business until recess. At the afternoon session the grand lodge granted charters to Palestine lodge of Biddeford and Pownal lodge of Stockton, and continued dispensation to the Baskahegan lodge at Danforth. The grand council, Royal and Select Masters, elected Sumner H. Boynton, of Rockland, grand master; Fessenden I. Day, of Lewiston, deputy grand master; Wm. Tucker, of Skowhegan, G. P. C. W.; Charles Forbes, of Portland, grand treasurer; Ira Berry, of Portland, grand secretary. The grand commandery, Knights Templars of Maine, met this evening and elected Dr. Seth C. Gordon, of Portland, grand commander; A. B. Farnham, of Bangor, grand generalissimo; C. M. Rice, of Portland, grand captain-general; Wm. E. Gibbs, of Portland, grand prelate; Ira Berry, of Portland, grand recorder. A charter was granted to the Blanquefort commandery at Portland.

SOME OF THE CLERGYMEN who have left St. John are doing very well. We learn from to-day's *Telegraph* that Rev. James Baird, D.D., formerly of Carleton, is the soul of a great revival in Patterson, New Jersey, and that the Rev. George J. Caie, formerly of New St. Stephen's Church, has been elected assistant and successor of the Rev. Dr. Stevenson of Forfar, Scotland,—one of the six largest and best parishes in Scotland, having respect to emoluments, and having 2,772 communicants, the largest roll in Scotland.

SALES AGENTS FOR THE WATCHMAN.

THE WATCHMAN is for sale at the following places:—

THE CITY.

The Office, - Canterbury street, next door to Post Office
The Bookstores of H. Chubb & Co., J. & A. McMillan and Barnes & Co., } Prince Wm. st
The Bookstores of H. R. Smith, W. K. Crawford and T. H. Hall, } King street
A. T. Bustin, Circulating Library, - - - - - - Germain st
J. D. McAvity's Grocery, - - cor. Princess and Charlotte sts
John King's Grocery, - - - cor. Princess and Sydney sts
Bent Bro.'s Grocery, - - - - cor. Duke and Charlotte sts
Emery & Sons' Grocery, - - - cor. Union and Waterloo sts
John Steadman's Grocery, - - - - - - - Cobourg st
G. E. Fenety's Drug Store, - - - - - - - Brussells st
T. E. James, - - - - - - - - - - Foot of Brussells st
W. HawFer's Drug Store, - - - - - - - Reed's Point
J. B. Lorimer's Grocery, - - cor. Orange and Carmarthen sts
Mrs. Picket's, - - - - cor. Carmarthen and St. James sts
Mrs. Williams', - - - - Princess st., near Carmarthen
R. R. Patchell's, - - - - - cor. Sydney and Britain sts
James McKinney's, - - - - Main st., near Carmarthen
Mrs. Peskins', - - cor. Carmarthen and Meckleburg sts
L. Currie's, - - - - - cor. Carmarthen and St. James sts
G. F. Burns', - - - - cor. Main and Wentworth sts

PORTLAND.

Z. B. Roberts', - - - - - cor. Main st and Douglas Road

INDIANTOWN.

W. G. Brown's store, - - - - - - - - Post Office Building

CARLETON.

At the Post Office.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

UMBRELLA LOST - - - - - - - - J. LIVINGSTON
SITUATION WANTED - - - - - - - - C. W. S.
OFFICE TO LET - - - - - - - - - C. E. W. S.
VESUVIAN LINIMENT - - - - - - - ROBT. MARSHALL
PIANO WAREROOMS, ETC - - - - - - H. L. SPENCER
TOBACCOS, WHOLESALE - - - - - - A. T. BUSTIN
FURNITURE - - - - - - - - - - J. D. ROBERTSON & CO.
CLOTHS, VESTINGS, ETC - - - - - - C. E. BURNHAM & CO.
DRY GOODS, LADIES WEAR, ETC - - - A. & T. GILMOUR
MOOSEPATH RACES - - - - - - - SCOTT & BINNING
CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE - - - - - G. E. PUGSLEY
WHITE SEED OATS - - - - - - - JARDINE & CO
OATMEAL - - - - - - - - - - DO.
DO.

Births.

At St. Andrews, on the 4th inst., the wife of John S. Magee, of a son.

Marriages.

At St. Paul's Church, Wilmot, N. S., April 28th, by the father of the bride, George W. James, Esq., of the Atlantic Staff, St. Pierre, Miquelon, to Maria, only daughter of the Rev. James Robertson, LL.D., Rector of Wilmot.

On Wednesday evening, 5th inst., at the residence of Mr. H. J. Chettick, by the Rev. J. T. Parsons, Mr. Charles White, of Charlottetown, P. E. Island, to Miss Matilda Chapman, of this city.

At Moncton, on Tuesday, May 4th, by the Rev. J. C. Burgess, John Armstrong to Drusilla Blair, both of St. John.

On Thursday, 6th inst., by the Rev. Isaac S. Simpson, Mr. John Dalzell to Miss Emily Jane Lahey, both of Lancaster.

Deaths.

In this City, on Sunday, the second inst., of Bronchitis, Charles Parker, aged eight months, second son of Charles W. and Susan F. Bell.

In this city, on the 4th inst., after a long and tedious illness, Caroline R., daughter of the late James G. Lester, Esq., leaving a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

☞ Funeral from her mother's residence, 68 Charlotte street, this day, (Saturday,) at 3 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

On Wednesday, 5th inst., after a long and tedious illness, Margaret, daughter of John and Margaret Walsh, in the 15th year of her age.

On Wednesday, 5th inst., Frank T., aged 4 years and 8 months, only son of the late Thomas Ferguson, Jr., of this city.

In Portland, on Thursday morning, 6th inst., Mr. John Cotter, in the 46th year of his age, leaving a widow and four children to mourn their loss.

☞ Funeral to-morrow, (Sunday,) at 2 o'clock, from his late residence, Douglas Road, Portland. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.

Suddenly at Maugerville, on Saturday morning, May 1st, Isabella, widow of the late George B. Covert, in the 83d year of her age. The deceased was mother of John S. Covert, Esq., M. P. P.

At St. Andrews, on Tuesday, 4th inst., Jacob Henry, eldest son of Alexander T. Paul, Esq., Sheriff of Charlotte, in the 19th year of his age.

At Fredericton, on the 30th ult., Elizabeth Margaret, infant daughter of the Rev. W. Stuart, aged 6 months and 23 days.

At Fredericton, on Sunday, 2d inst., after a short illness, Mrs. Mary Ann Cumming, widow of the late Alexander Cumming, Esq., aged 84 years.

New Advertisements.

SPENCER'S
VESUVIAN
LINIMENT!!
FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Warranted to be the Best Liniment for outward application ever introduced in the Maritime Provinces.

IT CURES Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Swelled Joints, Lameness, &c. &c. Apply freely and rub with the hand fifteen or twenty minutes at each application.

IT CURES Spavin, Ringbone, Wind Galls, Bruises, Strains, Scratches, Sweeny, Saddl; and Harness Galls, &c. &c. Wash wounds with Castile soap. In all cases apply the Liniment freely.

25c, 50 and 40c., and $1 and $2 per bottle.

Spencer's Aniline Dyes.

Rosine, Puncess, Scarlet, Napoleon Blue, Peacock Green, Bismark Brown, Orange, Purple.

Spencer's I. X. L. Inks.

Violet, Green, Scarlet, in 1, 2, 4, 8, 16 and 32 oz. bottles. The best Inks in the market.

SPENCER'S I. X. L. INK POWDERS.

Violet, Green, Scarlet. Each packet makes a pint of superior Ink instantaneously. One packet for 25 cents, three for 50 cents, mailed post-free.

☞ Dyes and Ink Powders *will be mailed to Dealers postfree at lowest prices, without charge for postage.*

H. L. SPENCER,
Medical Warehouse, 20 Nelson Street, St. John, N. B.

LOST!

A BLACK SILK UMBRELLA, the Subscriber's name engraved on the handle. A reward will be paid for its return to JOHN LIVINGSTON,
may 8 WATCHMAN OFFICE, Canterbury street.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

MR. ALEXANDER JARDINE retired from the Firm of JARDINE & CO. on the 31st day of January last, and Mr. ALEXANDER C. JARDINE was admitted a Partner at same date. The name and style of the Firm will be continued as heretofore.

JARDINE & CO.

In retiring, Mr. JARDINE begs to thank his friends and the public generally for the liberal patronage he has received during the past thirty-seven years he has been in business, and solicits a continuance of the same to his successors.
may 8

WHITE SEED OATS.

200 Bushels HEAVY WHITE SEED OATS.
For sale by
may 8 JARDINE & CO.

OATMEAL.

100 BARRELS Fresh Ground Puslinch OATMEAL, just landed.
For sale by
may 8 JARDINE & CO.

New Advertisements.

PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN
Warerooms,
64 GERMAIN STREET.
Sheet Music and Musical Instruments of every description.
CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
Terms,—2 cents per day.
LAFRILLIARD'S FURNITURE POLISH always on hand.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has added to his Business Stock a supply of Authorized SCHOOL BOOKS, to which new works will be added as they are prescribed by the Board of Education.

Also,—a full stock of STATIONARY, including LETTER, INITIAL NOTE PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c. &c.

☞ A large supply of SHEET MUSIC SELLING AT HALF PRICE.

☞ Pianofortes Tuned and Repaired.☜
A. T. BUSTIN,
may 8 Opposite Trinity Church.

TOBACCOS.

WHOLESALE.

DOMESTIC, MONTREAL AND VIRGINIA
TOBACCOS,
of every description, always in stock and for sale at the lowest market rates, in Bond or Duty Paid.

JOHN D. ROBERTSON & CO.,
21 WATER STREET,
may 8 ST. JOHN, N. B

FURNITURE. FURNITURE.

BEDROOM SUITS, every assortment, embracing newest styles;
DRAWING ROOM SUITS, New Patterns, in Hair Cloth and Reps;
DINING ROOM FURNITURE, in Oak and Walnut;
WARDROBES, Cane-Seat CHAIRS and Rocking do.;
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, New Styles and best manufacture;
A general assortment of every description of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

C. E. BURNHAM & CO.,
may 8 55 Germain Street.

SEASONABLE GOODS.

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

NEW FIRM!

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

TO LEASE FOR ONE OR A TERM OF YEARS.

THE STORE or Office in the Brick Building on the corner of Prince Wm. street and Market Square, adjoining the Fire and Marine Insurance Offices of the undersigned; as well as Offices and Room in the upper part of the same building.
may 8 ROBERT MARSHALL.

Situation Wanted.

A YOUNG MAN, who is willing to turn his hand to anything—a fair penman; would undertake collecting, etc.; wants a SITUATION. Will be content with a moderate salary. Address, C. W. S.,
may 8 21 AT THE WATCHMAN Office.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

MOOSEPATH DRIVING PARK,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE 24th May being a Public Holiday, the Directors of the Moosepath Park offer the following Premiums to be competed for:—

PROGRAMME.

No. 1.—Race for a Purse of $100—For Horses that have never beaten 2.50. $60 to the first, $30 to the second, $10 to the third.

No. 2.—Sweepstakes—Purse $150—Open to all Trotting Horses. $90 to first, $40 to second, $20 to third.

In addition to the above there will be a MATCH RACE which has been made, in which eight horses are expected to start.

All the above races to be mile heats, best three in five to harness.

A horse distancing the field will be allowed first money only. In all races there must be three to enter and two to start.

Entries by mail to be addressed to the Secretary, St. John, N. B, and the same will close on Thursday, the 20th inst., at 8 o'clock, p. m. Entrance fee ten per cent. of Purse, and must in all cases accompany the nomination.

The Association has joined the National Association, the Rules of which will govern the above races.

St. John, N. B., May 4th, 1875.

J. B. HAMM, President.
GEO. A. BARKER,
DAVID McLELLAN,
C. H. WRIGHT,
A. N. SHAW, } Directors.
G. R. PUGSLEY, Secretary.

NOTE.—Season Tickets are now ready and may be had on application to the Secretary. may 8

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NOW READY FOR INSPECTION,
THE LARGEST AND NEWEST
STOCK OF
DRY GOODS
To be found in the Provinces,
TO WHICH THEY
Invite

MOTHER-SIGHT.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Under the apple bough she sits,
The sunshine in her flying hair,
Dimpling and laughing through the snow
Of rosy flakes about her there.

And as I gaze I picture me,
Beside this darling of our souls,
Two innocents with softer locks,
Half ringlets and half aureoles.

They frolic with her in the grass;
They listen to the bird, the bee;
They catch the petals as they fall;
They babble music in their glee.

They teach the little earthling how
The cherubs play in heaven's courts,
With some great gracious angel near,
And smiling on them at their sports.

Oh, do I really look upon
Those lost delights of vanished years,
Or, do I only dream them there
Because I see her through my tears?

REUBGAM.

(From "Chambers' Journal.")

The bones of winter whiten on the hills,
A warm south blows the pink-tipped coppice bills,
The trout leaps shyly 'neath the bank, and—hark!
Melodious, as of old, trills yonder lark:
Fast spike responsive sing; while round their dams
On sidey hill, for gladness face the lambs;
A gentle shower drops down from heaven's deep blue,
A softer murmur steals the hazels through;
The first pale primrose glimmers 'neath the thorn,
From half-hid violets faintly scents are borne;
The unwelting term from's last strong letter breaks,—
From her long sleep the bright-eyed spring awakes.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

BY B. J. FASHION.

SCENE THE FIRST.—IN THE BANKING HOUSE.

CHAPTER V.

RICHARD BARTON BEGINS TO MAKE FRIENDS.

"Welcome to London, my dear sir, welcome to London!" continued Mr. Chappell, before his visitor had time to utter another word. "I am ashamed to have given you so much trouble."

"Don't mention it," said Richard Barton, seemingly at a loss to know what trouble was referred to. "No trouble, I assure you."

"Pray, sit down. A thousand welcomes. Mrs. Chappell will be charmed to know you—charmed."

He gazed at his visitor with such an expression as might come to one whose cup of happiness was filled to the brim. Richard Barton was delighted with his reception, and shook the banker's hand cordially again and again. The entrance of this young man into the room was like a puff of fresh country air in a place which had been pent up for years. There was nothing of City life about him—neither craft, nor despondency, nor care. His sunbrowned, handsome face sparkled with pleasurable excitement; his clear, outspoken, brown eyes beamed with honesty—nature dwelt in them. His features were emphatically laughing features. He had a trick of looking pleasant which was natural to him. His was a face which women and children would trust instinctively.

"Well, now," he said, "this is hearty of you; I like you."

"That is right, my dear sir," rejoined Mr. Chappell," with a frank smile; we want you to like us. We'll make you like us more before we've done with you."

"Why," exclaimed Richard Barton, "until this morning I was beginning to think that I had traveled sixteen thousand miles over the sea to be frozen into an icicle of conventional politeness, and to have every drop of cordiality squeezed clean out of me. Tell me—do you see anything strange in my manner?"

"On the contrary, my dear sir, on the contrary."

"Then what on earth makes people stare at me so? I go into a shop to purchase something, and directly I make a remark to the shop-man, the other persons in the shop turn and stare at me. If I smile at them, they shrug their shoulders, and turn away again. I look pleasantly at a man in the crowd with an idea that he would like me to do so, and he scowls ferociously at me in return. I tread upon a gentleman's toe by accident, and when I apologize to him he swears at me. The uncivilized bears! And I was led to expect something so different; I was told that the people here were most polished, and that it was I who would be found rough and uncultivated. 'You must be on your best behaviour,' said a friend to me over the water; 'you must mind your p's and q's.' I have had one or two pleasant experiences, though, for I have delayed rather in delivering my letter of introduction to you. I have been in London a week. I wanted to taste the sensation of being in a great city where there were hundreds of thousands of people, and where your very name was not known. Would you like to hear one of my pleasant experiences?"

"I shall be delighted."

"Well— Ha, ha! I can't help laughing, for the life of me, when I think of it. I've had my pocket picked."

Mr. Chappell could not exactly understand what pleasure there could be in this reminiscence; but as he was anxious to please and conciliate his visitor, he smiled, as if he really saw a joke in it.

"The cleverest trick!" continued Richard Barton. "I was walking along the Strand quite comfortably, when a gentleman tapped me on the shoulder. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'but this is your handkerchief, I believe.' It was mine, and I took it from him somewhat abruptly. 'A young rascal,' he said, not noticing my rudeness, 'was picking it from your pocket when I snatched it from his hand. He made off at once. These common pickpockets know how to make good use of their heels.' He raised his hat, and almost before I had time to thank him and apologize he turned down a by-street, and I lost sight of him. I was sorry for it, for I felt that I had behaved uncivilly. Then comes a policeman— By-the-way, did you ever see a London policeman smile?"

"I have never remarked it."

"They do smile sometimes, I suppose, when nobody's looking. Well, then comes a policeman, and points to my watch-chain. It was hanging loose. I clapped my hand to my waistcoat pocket, to find that my watch was gone. The clever rascal, quite a gentleman, I assure you—had first taken my handkerchief from my pocket, and while he handed it back to me, stole my watch. Sharp trick, wasn't it? Upon my word, I've almost made up my mind if I meet him again, to make him a present of the chain."

"Certainly!" thought Mr. Chappell, when he heard the adventure related as a pleasant experience, "this young gentleman is an oddity, and requires a friend."

"You have had other pleasant adventures, you say," he observed, with a slight cough.

"Not adventures—experiences." But here Richard Barton blushed, and said, "Ah, well, perhaps I had better not tell you. You will only laugh at me. You won't? It's only a face."

"A face!"

"There! I ought not to have spoken of it. Why not, though? There is no harm in it. It was a face that I saw in a theatre."

"A girl's face, of course," observed Mr. Chappell, with an indulgent smile.

"Yes, a girl's face, fair and beautiful."

"Dangerous places the theatres—filled with sirens. Beware of them."

"This one is no siren," said Richard Barton, in a soft tone, "in the sense that you mean. She is as good as she is beautiful; I am sure of it. You will understand me better when I tell you that I lost my mother when I was very young, and that I have but a dim, sweet remembrance of her face. This girl's face resembles it. That is all. I hope you will not think me foolish for mentioning so trivial a circumstance."

"Think you foolish, my dear sir!" exclaimed Mr. Chappell, with ready sympathy, pressing his visitor's hand warmly. "Your sentiments do you honor. As a father, I am proud to hear them from the lips of a young man."

"Thank you," said Richard Barton, simply and quietly; "I am glad you did not laugh at me."

Mr. Chappell changed the subject. "Then you begin to like London, after all?"

"I am not quite sure. There are a great many people in it, but they are all strangers. Do you ever find it lonely?"

"Lonely! Why, the streets are crowded! Where you come from—"

"Ay, where I come from, the streets, compared to your London streets, are deserted. Yet here I walk among the crowd, and feel lonely, devilish lonely. Where I come from it is, 'How are you, Dick?' 'Good-day, Barton!' 'Fine morning, old boy!' and I receive the grip of a friend's hand every hundred yards—hands with hearts in them, mind you. But here, nobody gives anybody a pleasant look; every body looks upon every other body as an interloper, as something to be hustled about and pushed aside; every body is in every other body's way. Why, to me the very houses seem to be jealous of their neighbors, and to be poking their elbows into each other's ribs. I am glad to be here, though. I wanted to look with my own eyes upon St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, and Hampton Court, and the Crystal Palace, and all the other wonders, so that I might be able to talk of them by-and-by. I wanted to see the theatres and the great actors I've read so much about. I would give much for the privilege of shaking by the hand some great authors whom I could name, and for the opportunity of thanking them for the many hours they have made pleasant for me. I want to see if they are like their works—but they must be, they must be; they could not write else. Do you know any of them, sir?"

"Yes, and so will you when you mix in society." (Mr. Chappell had it on his lips to say, "You will find them very ordinary persons, after all;" but he thought it wiser not to attempt to dispel the young man's illusions. He had a feeling of both admiration and contempt for his visitor's freshness.)

"Mrs. Chappell will be most happy to study your wishes in this respect. You will come to my house to-morrow evening to dinner—a few friends after—a little music—quite a simple affair. My wife will be delighted; she has a passion for celebrities, and I dare say one or two lions will drop in in the course of the evening. Then my son Frederick will show you about; he knows every inch of London. I shall not wonder to hear you say, after a little while, that it is the only city in the world worth living in."

"I am sure I am quite ready to think so; it has brightened considerably since I have been in this room. Now, what do you think I came to London for?"

Somewhat surprised at the question, after the young man's enthusiastic outburst, Mr. Chappell replied, "To see its wonders, and to enjoy life as a young man of means should do."

"No," said Richard Barton, with a different kind of earnestness; there were both sorrow and sternness in his tones now. "Notwithstanding what I have said, it is doubtful whether I should have crossed the seas, but for one other settled and specific purpose. Born in the colonies, and living the free life many men lead there, I think I should have been content there to live and die. It is only Englishmen who yearn for England, and it is right they should. Four-fifths of those who are now in the colonies speak of the Old Country as home, simply for the reason that they were born here, and thousands look forward to the time when they will be able to return. This feeling is growing weaker, certainly, every year, and it is not shared in at all by us who were born in the fair South. We taste pleasures that you in crowded cities do not dream of. No; I have come to England to perform a task in which justice made a slight mistake; but a mistake which blighted the hopes of a life. When I send in my card to the person I am in search of, it will not be embellished with the figures of Venus and Bacchus. In the performance of my task I may ask for your assistance."

"You may depend upon it, my dear sir," said Mr. Chappell, cheerfully; "you may depend upon it."

"Thank you. In the mean time, as I do not wish my money to lie idle, I shall be glad to take your advice in the matter of investments."

"I shall be most happy to give it," replied Mr. Chappell, rubbing his hands.

While these last words were being exchanged, a short dialogue was taking place outside the door. Frederick Chappell, Mr. Chappell's eldest son, had sauntered into the hall, and, before entering the room, paused to exchange a few words with Trail. Mr. Frederick justified the confidence which the young clerks of the bank placed in him in the matter of dress. He was the very pink of fashion, a model of ease and elegance. A handsome young gentleman also, with fair hair scrupulously arranged, and a skin as white and smooth as a lady's. Somewhat of a contrast to the young gentleman now closeted with his father; Richard Barton had brown hair and an embrowned skin, and was nothing of a dandy.

"My father in, Trail?" asked the young exquisite.

"Yes, sir."

A shadow expressive of disappointment passed into the young man's face.

"There's a gentleman with him, sir," proceeded Trail; "a singular gentleman—very singular. From foreign parts, I believe."

This being a matter of small importance to Frederick Chappell, he made no comment on it. With his hand upon the handle of the door, he was about to enter the room, but paused to say carelessly,

"You delivered my letter?"

"To the young lady, Miss Laura, sir— Oh, yes."

"Did you see the young lady herself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there any answer to the letter?"

"The young lady seemed surprised, sir, but said she would come."

"Very good. Seemed surprised? What else did she say, then?"

"Nothing else, sir. I meant she looked surprised."

Frederick Chappell nodded, and again was on the point of entering the room; but although he made a show of turning the handle, it remained motionless within his hand.

"Oh, by-the-way, Trail," said Frederick Chappell, as though about to say something of little importance which had accidentally escaped him, "if she happens to call when my father is in, you will say that he is busy. If I am in, you will admit her. You understand?"

Trail's understanding being strengthened through his palm by contact with a piece of silver, he replied that he understood, and added that the young lady had said she might be a few minutes late, as she had a long rehearsal to go through. Then Frederick Chappell turned the handle of the door and entered the room.

"Ah, here is my son," said the banker. Let me introduce you to each other. Frederick, this is Mr. Richard Barton, just arrived from the colonies, with a pocketful of money, and in sad need of a friend to pioneer him through the mysterious labyrinths of London life. I want you youngsters to be friends."

The young men shook hands.

"With such an introduction," said Frederick with a light laugh, "I shall be very happy to be Mr. Barton's guide, philosopher, and friend."

"That's right, that's right," said the banker, briskly. "Mr. Barton is quite a stranger in London, unused to London ways and manners, which are somewhat strange to him. You must show him about, Fred."

"I shall be very happy to do so," replied Frederick, airily. "What do you say? Shall I be your courier? A kind of index, to which you shall refer in all your difficulties? You must provide me with a proper uniform."

"No, no," cried Richard Barton, laughing; "a friend in real, right-down earnest. That's what I want, and shall be glad of."

"It's a bargain, then. If I am to be your mentor, I should dub you Telemachus."

"Let me see," observed Richard Barton, with a certain air of thoughtfulness upon him, "Telemachus was advised to go to Sparta for information of his father. Well, I shall want assistance. We are friends, then." This with a cordial look toward Frederick Chappell. "It is a bargain."

"Though," observed Frederick, "you have no need to desire friends while your pockets are lined with gold. That guarantees you a welcome everywhere. Friends will fly to you like iron to a magnet, and will stick to you as close while the attraction lasts."

"That is true in many senses," said Richard Barton, somewhat sententiously; "it is the way of the world, I know.

"There's no danger of Mr. Barton losing his attraction," said the banker, entering into the humor of the conversation; "he has too much of it."

"Can't have, dad. I wish I were in his place. Look!" With an air of comical distress, he pulled out the lining of an empty pocket, and extended it for observation between two fingers. "For the credit of my name you might give me some money, dad. If I were to be searched, it would be a lasting disgrace to the House, for I haven't a shilling."

"You forgot," interposed Richard Barton, with impulsive generosity, "that I have a pocketful."

"No, I don't. I'll borrow of you by-and-by."

At which all the gentlemen laughed in concert. Mr. Chappell senior sat down and wrote a check, and gave it to his son, saying good-humoredly,"

"Here, you extravagant scamp."

"Thank you, dad. Now my mind is easy. If all fathers were like you, and all sons like me, what a happy world this would be!"

"For the sons," replied the banker, dryly. "You lads can amuse yourselves, I have no doubt. I have business elsewhere. Help me on with my coat, Fred. Good-day, Mr. Barton. You will excuse me. Do not forget to come to-morrow evening. Make my house your home while you are here. We dine at six, and you will always find a knife and fork ready."

And with these and other woods as cordial, Mr. Chappell senior, shaking hands with Richard Barton, and bestowing upon him many a kindly look, took his departure, and hailing a cab, was whirled in the direction of the Stock Exchange.

CHAPTER VI.

FREDERICK CHAPPELL AIRS HIS VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT OF "WOMAN."

Frederick Chappell was by no means inclined to disregard an introduction, under such favorable circumstances, to a wealthy, inexperienced, and impulsively generous young gentleman. Some two or three years older than Richard Barton, he was immeasurably older in experience in the world's ways and wiles, in all that savored of life's wisdom. He had matriculated in the crooked paths, and was learned in them. When he said he would borrow of Richard Barton by-and-by, he made the statement in all sincerity. He was not averse to borrowing, being nearly always in need, notwithstanding the handsome allowance his father made him. To be in debt did not trouble him; it was fashionable. He owed with an easy mind—the very reverse of Richard Barton, with whom to owe what he had no present expectancy of paying would have been torture. But I need not proceed with my analysis; the characters of these young men and of others in this story will be developed by themselves, through their words and actions. Having an hour to spare, Frederick Chappell was quite willing to devote it to his new friend.

The first thing he did when his father left them was to examine the outside of Richard Barton with a critical eye.

"What tailor is responsible?" he asked.

"For my clothes?" replied Richard Barton, who noticed the observance, and was amused by it. "They were made in the colonies."

"I thought so; they are vile, outlandish."

"Don't abuse my native land," said Richard, with a smile; "I am much attached to it."

"I am ready to believe that it is the happiest spot under the sun; but they can't cut trowsers and coats there. Abuse your native land I will not; abuse your tailor I must."

"Are they so bad?" asked Richard, looking at his despised garments.

"My dear fellow, you must not go into society with such surroundings. You have a position to maintain. I shall take you to my tailor, who will make a man of you. Where are you stopping?"

"At a hotel."

"Bad form. You intend to stay in London?"

"For some time at least. Twelve months, say."

"Probability is, if you stay twelve, you will stay twelve twelves. I make an appointment with you. To-morrow at twelve we go to my tailor—"

"Can I exist till that time?"

"Try. It's a bore, I know. Any special grief on your mind?"

"A terrible one—just fledged." Richard struck his breast dramatically. "Have been hatching it all by life, and it has only now popped its head out. A grief full-feathered."

"Confide in me, Telemachus."

"I ask you," said Richard, with a sly smile, "can I exist until twelve to-morrow to be made a man of?"

"I will help you—with my society."

"Do. Heaven knows what will occur to me if I am thrown upon the burden of myself, with this new grief to weigh me down."

Richard Barton was evidently devoid neither of animal spirits nor a certain kind of humor; and Frederick Chappell was disposed to be tolerant of any eccentricity id one so well accredited.

"Be consoled," he said, as he lolled in his father's arm-chair; "I will come to you this afternoon, we dine together, and go to the theatre afterward. Agreed to?"

"With pleasure."

"Ever been behind the scenes?"

"Never," replied Richard, eagerly.

"I will take you," said Frederick, calmly. "We will go and see the mysteries and the glories of the new burlesque, 'Mythology in a Stew.' I'll introduce you to the author, with whom you will be disappointed, and to the actress who plays the leading part, with whom you will be enchanted. I promise—what with grandees in paste, and milkmaids, and feathers and silk tights and high-heeled boots, and other modern pleasantries, to say nothing of a deficiency of drapery—to show you a very pretty congregation of sinners. I will tell them you are worth a million a year, and they will all worship you. They will prostrate themselves before your Moneyed Highness, and lick the dust from your feet."

Richard Barton, delighted at the programme prepared for him, laughed heartily at his companion's vivacious song, which, it must be stated, was displayed only in the matter, and not at all in the manner, of his words. On occasions such as this, Frederick Chappell affected a slight drawl, though he could be earnest enough when occasion demanded.

"You have been to the theatre, of course?" he asked.

"Oh yes, but not to see the burlesque you speak of. I have been to two or three. On the first night I was in London I went to see a new modern comedy, and I must confess to being somewhat surprised at its tone. Every body said sharp and unkind things of every body else. It was as though an assembly of cynics were speaking, who had no belief in goodness. All that was best in human nature was set up as a target, at which every actor in the play shot arrows of ridicule and derision. The people in the theatre seemed amused, certainly, for they laughed and applauded; and a lady near to me observed more than once to her companion, 'How splendidly epigrammatic!' It did not strike me in that way, I must confess. As for the drawing-room conversation, I expect if such were indulged in in society off the stage, the speakers would be shown to the door with very scant ceremony."

"My dear fellow, in society we are never rude. We do unkind things occasionally, but they are always done politely. You have made me almost forget our to-morrow's appointment. At twelve, then, to the tailor, to be made a man of; afterward to look at some chambers I know of. They are in Pall Mall, and will suit you exactly. They are very close to my own set."

"You don't live at home, then?"

"Occasionally; not as a rule. Can't be bored. We will drop in upon a friend of mine on the way—one Armstrong, an American. Eccentric fellow, Armstrong. Americans go in for eccentricity, it seems to me—especially rich ones. Look at Peabody. But money covereth a multitude of sins, social and other, and Armstrong is as rich as Croesus."

"A common mistake that, I take it. Croesus was not a rich man."

"Nonsense."

"Not nonsense. Come, now; a syllogism. What man is rich?"

"That man who has enough money."

"Has a man enough who is not contented? Fair play, now."

"Of course he hasn't," replied Frederick, a little surlily, seeing the trap.

"Croesus was not content. Therefore Croesus was not a rich man. A man with fifty pounds a year and content is richer than Croesus was with all his millions."

"A colonial philosopher, by Jove!" cried Frederick, with just a shade of sarcasm in his tone. "You will be a success—when you are properly dressed. I prophesy that in a month from this day you will be one of the chief lions in London. All the girls will be running after you."

"What for? my philosophy?"

"No," said Frederick, with a laugh. "Your money."

"All the girls?"

"Every man Jack—I beg their pardon, every woman Jill of them."

Richard Barton did not reply immediately. Some cynical chord in his companion's manner jarred upon his nerves. When he spoke it was slowly, and in a soft tone.

"I don't believe in flippant expressions toward women. That talk is too common nowadays, unfortunately."

"Verdant youth!" thought Frederick; but he did not utter his thought aloud.

"You will not mind my saying this, I hope," proceeded Richard, earnestly. "Put it down to my having lived out of the great world, or to my being old-fashioned."

"All right, old fellow," said Frederick, with easy condescension. "You will know better after you have been in London a few weeks."

"I sincerely hope not. I think I should regret my trip to England all my life if this kind of knowledge were to come to me, and I grew to believe in it."

"Upon my soul," exclaimed Frederick, "you talk like a married man, with a family of virtuous daughters. Are you?"

"No," replied Richard, with a smile.

"In love, perhaps! I have heard it attacks some men in the way you have been speaking. You caught me just now with a syllogism. Answer me. In love?"

Richard Barton parried skilfully. "A delicate question. Confess yourself first."

"My dear fellow," said the young exquisite of twenty-eight, "I commenced to love so long ago that I can not remember the date. I have been in love a thousand times."

"Then if you had married all your lovers you would have more wives than Solomon—ought to have had."

"What an awful reflection! And what a collection they would make! Dark and fair, tall and short, thin and otherwise. Even Salt Lake would be too hot for me, with such a mixture.

"For my part," said Richard, reflectively, "I think it a pity men don't marry younger."

"The woman's champion!" cried Frederick, with a loud laugh. "Keep on your programme, and my prophecy will come true in the letter. By Jove! the woman will be mad about you—especially the single girls. You will be held up as an example for all Good Young Men, with capital letters. Your photograph will be hung in every maid's bedroom; there will be reams of letters written about you. Mothers will take you into their confidence—while you are single. Daughters will dress for you, and smile upon you. How they will adore you! They will vote you a statue; and every single daughter of Eve and every match-making mamma shall throw in their contributions. They will festoon the statue with plaits and chignons, and work, in yellow hair, the device, 'Behold the Maiden's Friend!' All this shall happen to you—while you are single. Long may you live so, and may your shadow never grow less!" Frederick laughed heartily at his description, and said presently, in a more sober tone: "But of course, my virtuous friend, you would not have those men marry who can't afford it."

"Certainly not," said Richard, scarcely knowing whether to feel amused or offended at this kind of badinage.

"Then comes the question," continued Frederick, "the all-momentous question, the question of questions. Who can afford to marry? A wife is an expensive luxury; and we can't go in for expensive luxuries without serious consideration. Then divorce is so dear. If you lived in the United States, where I have read you can get a divorce for a few dollars, the affair would wear a different complexion. But here it is no laughing matter. Besides, my dear fellow, when you marry you must marry a woman, and woman is a deception. She is made up to please the eye; she is all paint and powder and stuffing; she is like the cheap cotton prints which are warranted to wash—at the very first trial, all the color comes out of them."

Richard Barton had now almost made up his mind as to his new friend's opinions, supposing his words to be a faithful reflex of them. He contented himself, however, by saying,

"You surprise me."

"Fact, upon my word," said Frederick Chappell, who, it may be stated, was thoroughly in earnest, "every word of it. You will soon find it out for yourself. A modern woman has another peculiarity. She is like a puzzle—can be taken to pieces, and put together again."

"Well," said Richard, "some day I hope to meet with a—"

"Paragon?" questioned Frederick, interrupting him.

"With a woman," replied Richard, in an earnest tone, "who will not need to be warranted to wash, and who can not be taken to pieces, and put together again."

"What all of us hope for, my dear fellow, and none of us get. With money, of course?"

"Not with money of course, although I should not object to it."

"Well," said Frederick, who, having aired his views upon woman, now gave her the benefit of a finishing touch, "when I marry I must marry money. It would be too infernally inconvenient to marry a poor woman."

"And love, virtue, goodness—"

"Can all be bought with money, my dear fellow."

"Then the want of money must indeed be an inconvenience," said Richard Barton, somewhat sternly. "But there is something worse than that."

"Can't imagine it. What is it?"

"Want of heart."

CHAPTER VII.

A BATTLE OF WORDS.

The turn which the conversation between the two young men had taken did not promise well for future friendship. As in chemistry there are bodies which fly violently from each other when attempts are made to bring them together, so among men there are natures which it is impossible to bring into union. Even a new acquaintanceship notwithstanding that their inclinations urge them to regard each other with aversion, they strive, for one reason or another, to overcome their antipathy, the attempt is invariably a failure. No power can make their opposing natures harmonize. The mere presence of one grates upon the other, and it might almost be said that, with their eyes closed, they could detect the baleful influence. It is often a singular feature in this instinctive repulsion, that the parties know no ill of each other. As in the present instance. Here were two men of equal fortune, presumably of equal standing in society, who but a quarter of an hour since were absolute strangers to each other's existence; and although they met on friendly grounds, with no known motive for any thing but friendliness, and with every outward circumstance favorable for the cementing of cordial relations, they were, within those few minutes, very nearly on the brink of a quarrel.

Perhaps it is necessary to be precise. If they had quarreled, Richard Barton would have been the open aggressor. He was the more impulsive and hot-blooded of the two—the more sincere and outspoken, the more inexperienced. Frederick Chappell was too well versed in the usages of polite society to commit a breach of good manners when his passions were not strongly excited; and as, in consequence of a decided laxity in his moral nature, he was not so quick as Richard Barton to take offence in such a matter as this, his cue for aversion was somewhat uncertain.

The situation may be thus briefly described. Richard Barton, hurt and indignant at the flippancy and apparent heartlessness of his companion, was yet angry with himself for showing temper; and being in a new world, of whose social laws he considered himself ignorant, was not sure that he himself was not in the wrong. Then, his innate love and sense of justice whispered to him that he was ungenerous and uncharitable. This overnice sense of the moral affections is a great torment to a man. It is like wearing a porcupine's skin, with the points turned inward. A kind of accusing conscience is forever on the alert to prick the soul with doubts and to make every nerve quiver. Frederick Chappell was not thus afflicted. Over the velvet skin of his moral affections all questions of morality and its opposite glided smoothly, no notch being in the way to discompose him. He was, if any thing, amused at Richard Barton's "innocence," as he would have termed it, and was but slightly ruffled by either his companion's tone or words. He had decidedly the best of the situation.

The danger was averted by a timely diversion. A visitor was announced in the person of Mr. Armstrong.

"The very man I was speaking of," said Frederick Chappell to Richard Barton; "Mr. Armstrong, the American. I can introduce you here; you will like him."

Mr. Armstrong entered; a tall, spare man, with clear, sharp-cut features, slightly furrowed by thought, blue eyes, large, shapely hands, and with no hair on his face. I mention his hands because they were eloquently expressive, and were in some sense an index to his character. Every thing about him was indicative of power and self-possession.

"Mr. Chappell not in?" he asked, as he entered, looking around for the banker.

"No," replied Frederick; "I am left in possession."

Mr. Armstrong nodded carelessly, and his eyes rested upon Richard Barton, who was regarding him with some curiosity.

"I regard this meeting as a very interesting one," said Frederick, in his drawling manner. "Here we are, representatives of three great constituencies, accidentally brought together, all speaking the same language, and having at least something in common. I represent England, which I place first, as the most important constituency of the three."

"England has cause to be proud of its representative," observed Mr. Armstrong, caustically.

"I ought to have warned you," said Frederick, addressing himself to Richard, "that Mr. Armstrong is a wit, and is privileged to say smart things. Next to England, I place America, represented by Mr. Armstrong; you stand for Australia."

"And I venture to state" said Mr. Armstrong, "that the representative of England is the only one of the three who would need prompting on the score of good manners."

Frederick Chappell laughed good-humoredly, and took the hint.

"Mr. Richard Barton, Mr. Armstrong."

"We really have something in common," said Mr. Armstrong, shaking hands cordially with Richard—the young fellow's bright face had an attraction for him—"as we hail from new worlds. Have you been long in London?"

"Only a few days."

"You two will suit each other capitally," said Frederick, in a bantering tone. "I have already discovered that young Australia will believe any thing."

Richard gently corrected him; he had almost got over his sore feeling. "No, no; not anything."

"I like a man who believes," said Mr. Armstrong. "I would send all skeptics and sneerers to a land of their own, where they could snarl each other to death."

Frederick held up his hand, as though to protect himself from the words. His manner throughout the conversation was the manner of a man who was indolently conscious of his own superiority.

"Don't be vindictive," he said. "Before you come in, I was sounding your praises. Tell us some news."

"I went to Cut-and-Come-Again last night. I didn't see you there."

"The Cut-and-Come-Again," said Frederick, in explanation, "is one of our high-class theatres; Mr. Armstrong is an enthusiast on the subject of the drama. What did you see?"

"It was the first night of an original drama written by Mr. Clip."

Frederick again played the part of Chorus. "Clip is one of our best authors. An original drama! That is news indeed. Really original?"

"Without a shadow of doubt. Clip took it from the French, who took it from the Spanish. The French had no right to it, so Clip attached it. It is Clip's clearly. Clever fellow, Clip—a genius. He has produced one hundred and ninety original plays. Long live paste and scissors!"

"We were speaking of the theatres," said Richard. "Mr. Chappell has promised to take me behind the scenes to-night."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Armstrong, with a keen look at Frederick, who, in this instance at least, did not seem quite at his ease; "what theatre?"

"I don't know," replied Richard; "where a new burlesque is being played, and where he promises to show me a very pretty congregation of sinners."

"By which he means female sinners. Mr. Chappell, I believe, has peculiar views with respect to actresses. Yet why should I say peculiar? He holds them in common with many other young gentlemen."

"Spare me! spare me!" cried Frederick, in a tone of mock appeal.

Mr. Armstrong paid no attention to the sarcasm. "I never neglect an opportunity to speak in defence of the maligned. As Mr. Chappell says, I take great interest in the drama. I love theatres, and I am acquainted with a number of good women on the stage. I know more than one who, in the illness or incapacity of their husbands, work hard and cheerfully for food for their children, for the warm clothing which protects them from the cold, for the little boots which cover their tender feet. Shall I be silent, then, when I hear them spoken of in a body as a pretty congregation of sinners? The words themselves convey a reproach which would not be lessened by the tone in which Mr. Chappell is capable of uttering them."

Frederick laughed; nothing that Mr. Armstrong could say seemed to discompose him. Mr. Armstrong continued, and now addressed himself specially to Richard Barton:

"I am an older man than you by many years, and, I doubt not, older in experience by a lifetime, and something in your face emboldens me to take a liberty with you. In the world you are about to enter you will soon learn, if you have not learned it already, how common it is to value women only for those qualities which are least creditable to them; you will soon learn how common it is to hold up their small follies and magnify them into great vices, and to utterly ignore their sweet and noble virtues. Do not fall into the fashion. Pay no heed to the utterances of sour cynics and shallow-pated butterflies, for the world is full of good women."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Frederick. "It's enough to take one's breath away. What a capital moral exordium! Mr. Barton, beware of the example of the Bad Boy of this little comedy, if you wish to make a friend of Mr. Armstreng. Be virtuous, my son, and you shall be happy. And now, if our school-master has finished his sermon, perhaps he will tell us some more news. You will never find our school-master at a loss, Mr. Barton; he has always something ready. I shall begin soon to think that he is ubiquitous, for he is everywhere and sees everything. A month ago I had occasion to visit Bow street police court, as a witness in an assault case—deuced hard lines it was, for I was not mixed up with it in any way—and there was our school-master sitting on a bench, watching the poor wretches who were before the magistrate for being drunk and disorderly, with as much interest as he would watch the performance of the last opera bouffe."

"I went into a police court last week."

"There, Mr. Barton! did I not tell you? Now listen to his experiences."

"It was in the country, and one of your beautiful administrators of justice, in the shape of a justice of the peace, who knows as much of law as my little finger, was on the bench."

"Understand," interposed Frederick, "that, as an American, Mr. Armstrong has a profound contempt for our English institutions, and indeed for all institutions that are not American."

"Understand," rejoined Mr. Armstrong, with a slight frown, "that I have a profound contempt for injustice, wherever it be practiced. Country makes no difference to me; I judge by men and manners. Some of your justices of the peace would be a disgrace to any civilized country."

"You have not been to America, Mr. Barton?" asked Frederick.

"No," replied Richard, who followed with interest this battle of words between his new acquaintances. "I hope to go one day."

"There," said Frederick, ironically, "you will find justice administered by immaculate men—men above reproach, beyond corruption. Unhappy me! Why was I born an Englishman?"

"We have deep blots upon our systems," said Mr. Armstrong, "but we have the excuse, at all events, that we are comparatively a new country; and you must bear in mind that we have an enormous number of men of mixed nationalities, and an enormous territory to govern. Why, sir, we could play dice with three Great Britains in a corner of America, and never miss the space?"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Frederick.

"You have no such excuse for misgovernment in this country," continued Mr. Armstrong, "as those I have adduced. You have had time, ripe experience, great intellects, a settled population, to perfect your institutions, which yet do not compare too favorably with ours. But I must pick up the thread of my story. As I said, I went into a country police court last week, where a justice of the peace was dispensing justice. The first case I heard was that of a gentleman who appeared to answer a charge of assault upon a woman. He denied the charge, and said that the woman accosted him in the street—it seems there had been a previous acquaintance between them of not the most reputable kind—that he simply pushed her aside, and that she chose to fall into the road, so that she might bring him, a gentleman, before a magistrate. However, the woman had witnesses, who swore to a different version of the affair, and who said that the man brutally struck her. He was convicted, and sent to prison for a month without the option of a fine. The next case was that of a miserable looking man in rags, who was charged with stealing a turnip from a field. The man was munching the turnip when the policeman pounced upon him, and he was taken red-handed to the station. In his defense the man pleaded he was starving, and from his appearance this was probably true. To my mind his statement carried conviction with it. He pleaded, moreover, that the turnip was not in the field, that it had tilted over—as naughty turnips will sometimes unwisely do—into the common road, and that it was damaged. Anyway, he was starving, and the temptation was not to be resisted. The stomach is a stern tyrant. He was convicted, and the justice fined him sixpence for the offense."

"Which you paid!" exclaimed Richard, eagerly.

"I did not say so," replied Mr. Armstrong, gravely.

"Well," said Richard, "these examples do not prove that this justice of the peace was unworthy of his position. The sentences were just ones."

"You believe that I have spoken the truth?"

"Certainly."

"Then you *will* believe anything. You are a living miracle. I made a slight mistake, and transposed the sentences. The gentleman was fined five shillings for the brutal assault on the woman, and he paid the money with a smile, and walked out of the court with his friends. And the starving man was sent to prison for three months for the brutal assault on the turnip. Long live that justice of the peace, and long may he reign! And now I should like to ask what subject you young gentlemen were discussing when I entered. You appeared to me to have arrived at an awkward phase of it."

Richard Barton turned red at the remembrance of his irritability.

"A great subject, a wonderful subject," replied Frederick; "two, indeed—money and woman."

"You place them in the order of merit?" observed Mr. Armstrong.

"Undoubtedly. The first is the most stupendous theme that I am acquainted with."

"I am greatly disposed to agree with you. The theme is stupendous. Honesty, virtue, charity, and all the vices lie beneath it. Truly, such an argument is illimitable. If you commenced it on a day that would last for five thousand years, and talked till the sun was wrinkled and the moon came out on crutches, you could not do it justice."

Frederick Chappell yawned lazily and said,

"It is a good job for some of us that we don't live in the times when the devil used to tempt men with money-bags."

"You would have made a bargain with him."

"No doubt of it," said Frederick, very readily. "For twenty thousand a year, and another twenty thousand to bolster it up, I would sacrifice much."

"Principles, even?"

"Yes; and every other virtue I may happen to possess."

"Strange," said Mr. Armstrong, who for a reason of his own took Frederick at his word, and appeared to be not disinclined to wrangle with him—"strange that men live who are not subscribers to your faith! Here is a case within my own experience. A firm (say in India), established for half a century—honored, respected, reputed to be wealthy—suddenly stops payment. Johnson, head of the firm, has grown old in honorable commerce. His partner, who has the direction of affairs, has for years been playing Old Harry with them to support his extravagance. Crisis comes; the defaulter flies, and is not heard of again. Johnson, the white-headed, sells every bit of property he possesses, and, with his wife's consent, gives up a handsome settlement which the law could not have touched, pays every liability of the firm, and is left, seventy years of age, a beggar without a shilling, but not dishonored. What is your opinion of him?"

Frederick (shrugging his shoulders): "He is a stupid old sap. He might have stuck to his wife's settlement. No one would have thought the worse of him."

Richard (enthusiastically): "He is a noble fellow. I should like to know him."

Mr. Armstrong turned his back upon Frederick, and held out his hand to Richard, saying,

"Your verdict's a good one, sir, and I like you for it."

Frederick glanced at the clock, and wished that his visitors would go. Mr. Armstrong, however, showed no disposition to leave.

"You two fellows," said Frederick, "owe me eternal gratitude for making you known to each other. You run capitally together. But it's rather good, Mr. Armstrong, to hear you speak in that way of money—you who have the advantage over us poor Englishmen. You Americans are the smartest people in the world for making money."

"I understand you. It is the fashion to say of my countrymen that they are smart—that is, that they will do any mean thing to make money, but do it in such a way that the law cannot get hold of them. That is your interpretation of the word 'smart,' as it is applied to us. It is the fashion to say of Americans, 'They're cute, they are!' 'They're smart men, *they* are!' 'They know how many beans make five, *they* do!' And we all know what sort of praise that is—such as might make a man feel as mean as a peacock in a thunder-shower."

"Or a donkey sitting on a rainbow," added Frederick, who, in his calm imperturbability, proved himself very nearly a match for Mr. Armstrong. "But you don't mean to say that you are not fond of money?"

"No, sir, I don't mean to say that. I am so fond of money that I believe the sun, moon and stars are all cut of the wrong pattern."

"Why, what pattern would you have them?" asked Richard.

"The pattern in which it was originally intended they should be shaped—that of the almighty dollar."

"That would do for the States," said Frederick. "What would you do for England?"

"I would have the sun and the moon each fashioned to the shape of a £, and all the stars should be cut into little s's and d's to represent the shillings and the pence."

Both the young men laughed at the extravagant absurdity of the notion, and Frederick said that, as the Americans were strong on patents, Mr. Armstrong ought to take out a patent for his new scheme of the planets and constellations. In the midst of their laughter, Trail appeared at the door and announced a new visitor.

"Mr. Fangle, sir!"

Mr. Fangle, upon entering, looked fussily around. He was a short, spare man, not too well dressed, wh