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Vol 42

Poetry.

THE FISHERMAN'S WIDOW.

Down on the sands when the tide is low,
I sit and dream of the "long ago";
The children play at their mother's feet,
And the chime of the waves is hushed and sweet;

But a voice drifts over the quiet shore,
And whispers, "The sea shall be no more."

Down on the sands when the red light pales,
I sit and watch for the fishers' sails;
And my heart throbs still with the old, old pain,

For the boat that will never come back again;
But a new world waits for my loved and me,
A world of peace—where is no more sea.

For God is good, and the gift He gave
Is held as close by that silver wave;
Not lost, but hidden—I may not weep,
While he is at rest in the solemn deep,
And the voice of an angel speaks to me
Of the fair new home where is no more sea.

Lines by a German Soldier,
COMP. IN THE HOSPITAL AT CORBIELE, NOV. 1870.

When softly chime the evening bells,
My heart within my bosom swells,
As in a dream away I roam,
And see again my own dear home.

The lowly church once more I see,
The village, known so well to me—
In evening sunshine, fair and bright,
There lies my home before my sight.

Towards my own small house I tread,
The bells ring sweetly o'er my head.
It is the mother's voice I hear!
She softly soothes my babe so dear.

With tender heart I hear her pray
For me, her husband, far away,
And my sweet infant's lisping cry
Goes up to God beyond the sky.

Alas! 'tis but a dream. I roam
In foreign land, far from my home,
Oh, wife most dear! what joy 'twould be
To kiss once more my child and thee!

THE CRUISE OF THE ARIADNE.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

A long low line of ragged coast lay half-enveloped in fog, one May morning, years ago. The mists were rolling off the green hills above the sea, and the air was full of the rich scent of apple blossoms from the orchards beyond. A light breeze stole up softly from the west—too softly, as yet, to fill the sails of the trim little brig that stood outward bound. At intervals, the fog was pierced, for a moment, with a bright ray from the sun; but its filmy curtains closed again, as if to warn the commander not to trust the deceitful ray. The sails loosely flapping, seemed to answer the appeal, and to declare that some time must yet elapse before the brig would "walk the waters."

On the deck of the brig a young man was standing in the half-careless, half-commanding position that denoted his authority. This was Captain St. Maur, the commander of the little brig, and half-owner of the same. Low in stature and somewhat broad-shouldered, the figure of Capt. St. Maur was yet one that generally pleased a lady's eye; not few could look twice upon the thoughtful and intelligent face, with its calm smile, the firm lips enclosing teeth white as ivory, the wide eyes, with its wealth of glossy brown hair, and the pleasant blue eyes, that lighted up the whole, without feeling that he was no common man, even if his form were not of the Apollo build.

The thoughtful face, however, wore, upon the morning we speak of, a graver look than was its wont. Something was busy beneath those white eyelids, besides the care for the brig. The fog lifted and cleared away—but not so did the captain's face. It was still half-clouded, as if there was some memory that disturbed, or some anticipation that knocked unpleasantly at the door of his mind.

"You are grave to-day, Arthur," said his cousin, Stephen Millwood, who had come on board to bid him farewell. "Are you ill? or has the parting from Leila proved too much for you?" "Don't jest with me to-day, Steve; I cannot bear it. I have unpleasant thoughts which I cannot conquer. I will make a clean breast of it to you; for a trouble shared is half cured, they say. And yet, it is foolish to disturb myself with an idle dream, or to repeat it to you either."

"Say on, my dear fellow, perhaps I can comfort you, somehow."

"Listen, then. You know Edgerton, who sailed a fortnight since. He was my particular friend. We have been in port together often, and were constant companions. We were hoping to meet again, as I was to sail soon after him. But last night and the two preceding nights, I was tormented by ugly dreams about Edgerton, which have left an impression on my mind that I cannot rid myself of. There were strange confused scenes, in which his was the prominent figure. Strife, and bloodshed, and death were all there; and in each, Edgerton had his part. I know not what it betokens, but I feel that wherever he is, he is not safe. I would give worlds to be sure that nothing evil had befallen him; but the presentiment is strong, and will not be controlled."

"But it was only a dream, my dear fellow, and like a thousand others, has no foundation for alarm. You will laugh over this with Edgerton, when you arrive in port and find him there, unharmed, before you."

"Pray God I may, Steve! If your prediction proves true, I will never trust to dreams again. I never thought myself superstitious, but this has really almost unmanned me. I dwell upon it constantly. Even through the foggy atmosphere of this morning, I have had glimpses of horror that made me shudder; and in every one of them, I have seen Edgerton's face."

"But see, Arthur, the fog has cleared away, and even so will the mists that have temporarily obscured your mind. Promise me that you will try to exorcise your demon, and fill his place with some more agreeable object—Madeira, or Leila, or any other that pleases you."

St. Maur tried to catch a ray of consolation from Stephen Millwood's sunny temper, but in vain. On board Captain Edgerton's bark, the jaunty little Ariadne, named after Edgerton's wife, St. Maur had noticed, on the very morning of sailing, a countenance which had sent a thrill of mingled disgust and horror to his nervous system. He had even spoken to Captain Edgerton, calling his attention to the almost demonic face; but had failed in obtaining any other answer than the laughing one of, "No, Priest is no beauty, I know; but he is not a bad fellow, I think. At any rate, he will not show up the wrong side of his temper but once. I am not such a tender-hearted chicken as you, St. Maur, and I should make nothing of stringing him as high as Haman, if I discovered any attempt to molest any one on board."

Hence were engendered the distressing visions that had so tormented St. Maur in regard to his friend; and, after dreaming of the bark of Edgerton and the ugly-looking sailor, for three successive nights, St. Maur had become almost a victim to the unbidden thoughts which, until now, he had kept in his own breast.

St. Maur sailed on that day, notwithstanding his convictions that a storm was at hand; and the consequence was that the brig was driven back again. A storm, such as seldom arises in the balmy month of May, came on, and the only safety lay in returning. There was a tempest—a dark rainy sea, dense gloomy clouds overhead, and the Ariadne came back.

Again all a sailor's superstition seized Captain St. Maur. It was an unlucky voyage that did not keep on its unbroken route. If St. Maur did not nurse himself to soar above this weakness, let us remember that greater men than he have also proved themselves weaker than he.

But on the last day of May the brig sailed anew. The sky was propitious, its blue dome reflected in the sea below. The winds were fair, and the Ariadne danced upon the waves, amidst the glitter and glow of their shining surface. The eyes that watched her until she disappeared from sight, were those of maiden, mother, wife. The lips that had kissed the beloved at parting sent up prayers to Heaven for their safe return. They were gone—but every wave that rolled upon the shore would bring back their memories—every storm would wake new fear and dread in loving hearts for the dwellers on the sea.

It was near the sunset hour of the fourth day of Captain St. Maur's outward passage, that the man at the lookout called his attention to a bark, the wakening and unsteady course of which had awakened his curiosity for some minutes. Sometimes approaching, sometimes putting about, as if to sail away altogether, she attracted the eyes of all on board. The captain raised his glass to his eye, but dropped it almost instantly.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "it is Edgerton's bark!"

At the same moment, two or three voices repeated the name of the bark. One man had made two voyages with Captain Edgerton, and declared that it was the Ariadne; and Clark-son, the mate, was equally sure.

The bark was now making signals of distress.

St. Maur ordered the men to stand out for her, and when near enough, to hail her. They did so, and the brave captain, who was never known to show signs of fear, actually stumbled, and was near fainting when the answer came to his ear:

"Captain Edgerton has been murdered! What brig is that?"

The mate caught up the speaking-trumpet, which his captain had dropped, and answered: "The Ariadne—St. Maur master."

"For God's sake, come on board the bark!" Stunned and shocked as he was, St. Maur managed to leap into the boat and gain the deck of the Ariadne. What a sight met his eyes! There lay his friend, the lifeblood poured out like water on the deck; and around the body stood several of the crew, with faces blanched to the hue of death. It was horrible, indeed.

"Why has done this frightful deed?" he asked, in a voice that strove to be firm, but trembled with emotion which could not be controlled.

The men pointed to two of the crew who were in had to one of the masts, and were heavily ironed. One of these men was a negro. He was weeping violently, and shuddered whenever the scene on deck met his eye.

In the dim twilight that soon came on, it was fearful enough, indeed, for any beholder. What must it be for one who had committed the deed, and was compelled to look upon the terrible evidences of his crime?

St. Maur felt himself nearly unmanned. He had known a brave Captain Edgerton for a long time. And now to find him thus—O how could he bear up against it? Never had he felt so completely overcome with grief and indignation. But he felt called upon to make an effort, and he tried to be brave, and to look this dreadful matter in the face.

The mate, who had received several heavy blows in defence of his captain, and who was suffering greatly in consequence, called him aside, to confer with him privately. He informed him that he did not feel secure as to the character of another whom they had on board. This man, with the white man now lashed to the mast, was taken from a wreck a week before. They had also saved from the wreck a lady, who he hoped was in ignorance of the dreadful affair on deck. She was in the cabin, and he trusted she was sleeping, and would not come on deck until all vestige of the deed was removed.

"And, for Heaven's sake, Captain St. Maur, transfer the lady to your brig; for there is everything here to terrify her imagination, and I am too weak to offer her such protection as she needs."

St. Maur promised to convey her to the brig as soon as the darkness should hide the deck from her sight; also to put on board the bark two strong able men, capable of standing by him, in case of further mutiny. He decided to send the bark to the port from which she had sailed, in order that the prisoners might be secured in jail at once.

The mate, or rather, captain, as he now was, agreed with him as to the necessity of so doing.

"But I frankly confess to you," he said, "that in my present state, I dread to encounter the passage home, with such desperate men on board; and yet, I fear you will be seriously inconvenienced by losing two men from your crew, and I feel that I ought not to take them from you."

"No," answered St. Maur. "My brig is only on a cruise, and we shall soon be in a port where I can supply their places. Do not distress yourself on that account."

"Thank you, sir; and thank you, too, for taking the lady. I should have suffered on her account, more than I can express. But let me introduce you to her. She must be awake now."

They descended to the cabin. The lady was awake, and was about to ascend to the deck. She started at sight of the mate's bruised head, but he hastened to reassure her that it was nothing serious. He then told her, gently, that the captain was dead, and that Captain St. Maur's vessel being better adapted for passengers, he had thought it would be pleasant for her to take passage with him.

She was shocked at his news, but professed herself willing to do what her preserver thought best. He then introduced St. Maur, who asked her if she would go on board immediately.

"When I have taken my last look at Captain Edgerton, I shall be ready," was her answer.

"Entreat you not to think of it," said St. Maur. "The men are making preparations to cross the holy In spirits, and it will be important that they shall do so peacefully." He hesitated to say any more.

"I am sorry, she was very kind and friendly to me. I regret the death of my friend."

St. Maur could have seen him once more; but I will not detain you long."

"Will you remain here, then, until I call for you?"

"Certainly." St. Maur left her, and went on deck to superintend the arrangements he had suggested. When all was done, he guided the lady to the deck, from which all traces of the recent tragedy had been hastily removed, and where she took leave of the mate.

In a few moments she was on board the brig, and sailing quickly away, where she was unknown of any greater disaster than the death of one she had known so little while.

Not until she was comfortably situated and supper was over, did St. Maur reveal to her what had happened. Shocked and sorrowful, yet inexpressibly grateful for the kindly care St. Maur had taken to keep her in ignorance until now, and thankful to be still under his protection, she could only express her sense of it by her tears.

St. Maur had watched her from the time she had come on board. While they were in the cabin of the Ariadne, he was too excited to observe her at all. Now, he was aware that she was a very lovely woman. Her face and figure, her quiet and modest demeanour, the interest which her lonely and unprotected state gave her, all awakened an interest in him before the "Leila" about whom Stephen Millwood had attempted to jest with him, was a protégée of the mother of St. Maur. There was no attachment between them that could possibly conflict with his marriage to another, if he had found a person suited to his feelings.

As yet, the name and circumstances of his passenger were wrapped in mystery; but this did not prevent St. Maur from admiring her as he had never admired woman until he saw her.

Before the evening was over, she had regained her composure sufficiently to explain her situation. Her name was Olive Rochester, the daughter of a West Indian, a mere child, who had recently died. Her mother had died long before, and Olive had been under the care of a governess. Mr. Rochester had made it his dying command that Olive and the governess should go to the United States, where her mother was born, and where he supposed some of her friends were still living. They had embarked from Porto Rico in a vessel bound to Baltimore; had encountered heavy gales, and were taken from the wreck by the Ariadne. Only one man was saved. The poor governess, whom she could not mention without tears, was too ill and frightened to bear up under the hardship she was undergoing, and had died the night before. Miss Rochester was more courageous than her friend; but when she saw her committed to the waters, she, too, lost all presence of mind and gave herself up for lost, until the welcome sails of the Ariadne caught her eye. Worn out by suffering, she had slept away most of the time after she was rescued, and even the unusual noises on board the bark, on that fatal afternoon, had failed to arouse her benumbed senses.

"And, strangely enough, Miss Rochester," said St. Maur, "I am bound for the port from which you sailed. Do you wish to see home so soon?"

"O, I do not! I will seem so much better than to go among strangers, in the worn and listless state I am now in. Though I shall sadly miss my poor friend when I get there, she had been my companion from childhood, and was the only mother I ever knew."

"But will you not carry out your father's wish in visiting the United States?"

"Perhaps I may; but it will be some time before I shall have courage to try the ocean again. Then my home is very dear to me, and I have been left to my own free will. And I think I must wait now until I ascertain if I have any relatives in Baltimore, who care to see me. Besides, no one can take the place of my poor Juanita, in accompanying me on a voyage."

Every day spent by St. Maur in the society of this charming girl deepened the interest he had taken in her. He was too thoroughly honorable, however, to requite her with any sentiments he cherished toward her, save those of the greatest kindness and tenderness. She felt the delicacy and nobleness of his conduct toward her, and showed her sense of it by trying to appear cheerful and even happy.

St. Maur had supplied himself with reading matter of the best and most refined sort; and this was a source of nothing interest to both. Both, too, were skillful chess-players, and this, too, helped to while away the time. Each had inward grief; but they strove to hide the pain that they inflicted.

And so the voyage wore on, until the destined port came in sight. Then came the thought that all this companionship might be ended forever. To St. Maur this idea

was inexpressibly sad. He knew not if Olive Rochester would care if she should never see his face again. His stay must necessarily be short; and if he would know his fate, it must be important that he should tell the story of his love for her as soon as she should reach her home.

To one as reticent as himself, it was no easy task to breach a subject upon which he was so wholly in the dark, as that of Miss Rochester's feeling in regard to himself. By no chance show of affection had she ever intimated that she felt for him anything save the calm courtesy and serene trust in his honor which all must feel toward a man like St. Maur. At all times and from all people, he received this courtesy and this trust.

It was only when he parted from her at her own door that she showed emotion, and the sight of it sent a thrill to his heart. He never forgot her look, nor the clasp of her hand at that parting.

When the Ariadne sailed from Porto Rico, Olive Rochester was the promised bride of St. Maur. In her beautiful home, six months afterwards, she became his wife. If we fail to give more than this passing record, it is because the wooing was so calm and serene—so free from passionate emotion, that it needs no burning and fervid words to depict it. And in the tranquil years that have passed since the meeting of those two souls, St. Maur has grown into the realization of all his hopes of happiness, and can truly say, "How much the wife is dearer than the bride."

The murderers of Captain Edgerton met with their punishment, when the bark arrived home. The negro affirmed to the last that the white man was the instigator of the crime, and compelled him, by dreadful threats, to perform his bidding. God alone knows!

How JOHN LOST HIS SET OF CLOTHES.—John Brice is a young man in the bloom of youth. He doesn't live in St. Louis, but he was in that town on a visit recently. Strolling along the levee at the foot of Locust street about eight o'clock in the morning, his attention was called to the rather demonstrative actions of a fellow who picked up something from the sidewalk just in front of John. The fellow seemed to be immensely tickled over his find.

"What's that?" says John.

"It's a \$25 gold piece."

"No; is that so? Is it gold?"

"I don't know. Let's ask this merchant."

The two accordingly inquired of another man leaning in a doorway close by, and whom the finder pronounced to be a "merchant."

The merchant said it was gold. He wished he had a bushel of them.

Mr. Brice thereupon asked what the finder would take for it. He had a bundle under his arm containing a suit of clothes for which he paid \$18.75. He offered it for the gold piece.

The other man wanted three dollars "to boot." They finally settled on a dollar, and the lucky finder departed with the new suit. Mr. Brice departed for his home in Dyersburg, Tenn., last evening. His "twenty" was a spoil-mark.

Being asked what made him so dirty an unwashed street Arab's reply was: "I was made as they tell me, of dust, and I suppose it works out."

Bret Harte once worked for his board up in one of the Sierra valleys, but the old fellow he lived with thinks he hardly paid his way. "Do you see that fence?" said the old man to a party of visitors lately, pointing to a stump and bush affair around his garden. "Well, Bret staid with me two year, an' 'bout all he done was to help me build that."

A lady the other day meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am, I don't live nowhere now," rejoined the girl; "I am married!"

"I should think you would be ashamed to pitch into that little boy," said a pedestrian yesterday, as he caught a big big boot-black cuffing a small news-boy. "Ye would hey?" sneered the lad, as he gave his nose a wipe. "D'ye think I'd go for a big boy and get all pounded up?"

When Rudolph Augustus was a little boy his parents were not quite decided as to whether they would make a President of him or send him over the water to marry into the royal family. He is now working in a saw-mill at sixteen dollars a month.

An Illinois editor bought his ink by the jugful, because he could get it cheaper, but his wife went to fill the inkstand one morning and found it wasn't ink, by a jugful.

How true, as Dr. Johnson says, that "every man endeavors with his utmost care to hide his poverty from others and his idleness from himself."

Telegraphic News.

OTTAWA, May 14.

This morning the assent of His Excellency was given to the appointment of Senator Christie, as administrator of Ontario, until the vacancy of Lieut. Governorship is regularly filled. A Cabinet meeting was held to-day, when it was decided to offer the position to George Brown.

Toronto, Ont., May 14.

Lieut. Governor Crawford died at 10.45 o'clock last night, from congestion of the lungs, and a complication of internal complaints.

London, May 14.

A despatch just received from Penzance reports that a Liverpool steamer has gone ashore on the Brecher, one of the Scilly Islands. A heavy gale prevails. A lifeboat has put off for the steamer.

London, May 14.

Divers were able to examine the hull of the Schiller four hours to-day. They found her broken up, a confused mass of iron and timber. Her lower deck rested on the rocks, and her bottom was torn off by the rocks. No specie was recovered, and no cargo.

Capt. Boyton makes a second attempt to swim the English Channel on the 28th inst.

The Empress Eugenie will accept no compromise of her claims on the French Civil List, and will bring an action demanding the fulfillment of the conversation concluded by De Broglie.

OTTAWA, May 15.

The Governor General sailed from Quebec to-day by the Polytechnic.

Gen. Hailey was sworn in by Justice Duffin, on arriving in Toronto, and will resign the Governor-Generalship, and will be succeeded by George Brown.

Gov. Crawford's successor will be published. No Gazette has been issued yet.

London, May 15.

Report received here on Thursday night in a despatch from Penzance, that a Liverpool steamer had gone ashore on Brecker Island, one of Scilly's, was untrue. The blowing off of steam and whistling by a steamship, which was passing during a fog and the firing of gunboats which were practising in the vicinity, gave rise to the report.

A despatch from Peshawar, Afghanistan, reports that that place was visited by a very destructive conflagration. Half of the city was laid waste.

New York, May 15.

A schooner with six lives has been lost on Lake Michigan.

Grasshoppers in Nebraska are devastating land and blocking railway trains.

The bark St. Magnus capsized near Australia recently. All on board were lost, including the captain and his family.

A fire at Rutland, V., to-day, destroyed the opera house and several stores. Loss \$75,000.

Gold 115 3/4 @ 116 1/4.

DESTITUTION AMONG THE FRENCH.—It is said that much destitution exists among the French population of Madagaskar. Agriculture has been shamefully neglected in that locality during the last decade, and "single weaving" has taken its place. As a consequence now that rift is scarce and the price of shingles is low, poverty stares many of the people in the face. There is a scarcity of seed, and the people generally have no money to buy with even if it were plentiful. The last few years were not altogether favorable to the crops, a fact almost as much attributable to previous shiftless cultivation as to bad weather. Many of the people have gone away to the Western States, while hundreds of others are anxious to sell out and follow in the same direction. The Government should investigate this matter. We give the information as we receive it from reliable sources. It is well, no doubt to spend thousands in bringing strangers into the country and keeping them here, but it is better to spare no effort to keep our own people at home.—*Colonial Enquirer*.

FRAUDS.—Corruption and frauds appear not to have ended their course in the United States. A change is now made that the building of the Capitol at Albany has already cost \$4,000,000, although the work is actually little more than fairly begun. In consequence the Senate Committee on Finance has recommended that the Board of Commissioners be abolished, and that the work be carried on more strictly on business principles. The recommendation seems to have been needed. Another atrocious case of fraud has just been brought to light by which it appears that the Government has been cheated out of immense portions of its revenue, by a conspiracy among the distillers of whiskey in the West and South. A seizure has been made of some of the distilleries, and an idea may be formed of the magnitude of the frauds from the fact that in St. Louis alone, the Government was defrauded to the extent of \$1,000,000. Such iniquitous proceedings are a blot upon the nation, and it is indeed high time that they were exposed and punished.—*Scottish Am.*

WANDERING CHILDREN.—The Lewiston Journal tells of three children, boys, seven or eight years old, sons of Mr. Farr and Mr. Estes, living on the old Lisbon road, who went out fishing on Wednesday and did not return at night, having tried camping out on a pasture three miles from home, where they were found safe and found next morning; also of a seven year old son of Mr. Charles Alden of Livermore, being

threatened with paternal discipline, disappeared. The whole neighborhood turned out and scoured the country and dragged the mill pond. About twenty-four hours from the time of his disappearance the young gentleman crawled out of the hay-mow in his father's barn, where he had been secreted.

London, May 12.—The *Barque Hesperus*, Adams, from St. Mary's, Ga., Feb. 3d for Monte Video, has been abandoned at sea. Crew saved and landed at Havre. The H. was built at St. Andrews in 1864, and registered 432 tons.

REMOVAL.

The STANDARD OFFICE has been removed to Mr. John Bailey's Building, Water Street, opposite Mr. Wm. Bradley's store. Entrance from side door.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, MAY 19, 1875.

Fishery Regulations.

We have received a copy of the Montreal *Gazette*, which contains a leading article calculated to injure the Government, and create ill feeling between the Provinces. It is also aimed at the Minister of Marine and Fisheries who it misrepresents, by asserting that the recent changes in the Fishery Regulations, take from fishermen the rights they have enjoyed hitherto. The writer knows, or ought to know, that the changes recently made only refer to Bass-fish on which a tax of 50 cents has been imposed for every 200 lbs. weight caught of these fish. Besides, the regulations were in force prior to 1866, and the same attempt to create sectional jealousy, and damage the Government, by the *Gazette*, will fail in its object. The effect of the regulations as at present carried out will secure a fairness and impartiality beneficial to all parts of the Dominion.

It is a fact which cannot be denied, that since the Department of Marine and Fisheries was formed, such has been its fostering care, the fisheries have been protected—the supply has improved, and the catch has increased. It is true, the Fishery Overseers and Agents have had to work to keep the fishermen and anglers from violating the law, but they have succeeded in carrying out the policy of the Government.

Under the former system, fish were driven out of the rivers by various causes, such as dams, saw dust and other substances which poisoned the water. But thanks to the enlightened and persevering efforts of the Government, the rivers are being stocked with fish by placing spawn in the streams and obliging mill owners to leave water ways; and great progress has been made in restoring the fisheries and developing the best methods of fish culture. Those who complain of a small tax should remember that they receive a protection from the Government as well as having the supply of fish increased.

Houlton's Automatic Lubricating Car Axle-Box. A St. Andrews Inventor.

We believe few are aware that one of our citizens, Mr. G. Houlton, an ingenious and clever mechanic, has recently patented in the United States and Canada, an Automatic Lubricating Car Axle-Box, which, besides being a great saving in oil, is easily and readily changed, secures constant lubrication, and last, twice as long as by the ordinary methods. The object of this invention is to do away with the wedge or key over the brass, and at the same time have the box so arranged that it shall fit perfectly under the axle, and if required to change the brasses, it can be done without difficulty. It does away with wool or other bulky packing, and provides a perfect lubrication for the journal.

The lower part of the box is made in the form of a case to receive the draw, the inner end of which is a semicircle fitting perfectly under the axle. The other half of the circle is formed by a wooden slide driven down from the top of the box directly over the inner end of the draw. There is a recess in the circular end to receive a narrow strip of leather to make a more perfect joint under the axle. Within the oil-chamber of the draw is placed the lubricator, the top of which is constantly pressed by the spiral springs against the journal, which is thus kept oiled, the oil being drawn up by capillary attraction. The draw is secured in place by a spring-bolt in the side of the box, and also by a large spring-bolt at the top of the cover, and a key-bolt across the lower part of cover. All the fastenings can be instantly removed, the key-bolt being a tool for that purpose.

In putting a car in running order, (the boxes being already on the journals), raise the box, put the brass in its place—the draw not being in-saturate the wick completely with oil, with draw the spring in the side of box so as to allow the draw to enter, put a half pint more or less of oil in the draw, press down on the wick to allow it to pass under the button of the axle, push the draw into its place, and the wick is then in contact with the journal and is constantly kept there. Constant lubrication takes place so long as there is any oil in the wick or in the oil-chamber of the draw.

One half the patent is assigned to Henry Osburn, Esq., the other half is owned by the Patentee, G. Houlton, of St. Andrews, either of whom may be addressed for further information.

T. T. Odell Esq., and Mrs. Odell returned last evening from a visit to the States.

LOBSTER FACTORY.—Messrs. W. D. Haatt & Co., who recently purchased the old Steam Mill Wharf, have erected a commodious factory on the wharf, with boilers, canning rooms and tin shop, and purpose carrying on the business of canning Lobsters for exportation. In their new premises, they will be enabled to supply the increased demand from Great Britain and the Continent, which the excellence of their system of putting up the lobsters has led to; indeed the fame of their work is such, that even as far west as Baltimore, where the business is carried on, large supplies of Hart's lobsters from "Passamaquoddy Bay," have been imported, and sold throughout the States.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS.—In addition to their large and varied stock of Spring and Summer Goods recently opened, Messrs. Odell & Turner received a further supply on Saturday, of twenty cases and bales of Fashionable Goods imported direct from England, and also from the United States markets, which they are selling at wholesale and retail. Notwithstanding the "hard times," people must have new dresses and clothes, and will of course take advantage of the facilities afforded them by the Manchester House.

THE PEN AND PLOW.—This New York monthly of sixteen pages is an admirable production, printed on tinted paper, and edited with more than usual ability, and is devoted to the "culture of the mind and the culture of the soil." The selections display excellent judgment and refined taste; and the editorials are written with vigor, terseness, and in classic style. It is edited by J. Payne Low, Esq., and published at \$1 per annum.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.—On Saturday last a man named Bowles, attempted to kill the wife of one of his tenants, named Joseph Gallant. The woman was washing the stairs and Bowles fired a revolver at her hitting the woman in the shoulder, he fired two other shots which missed, but the fourth shot hit her in the stomach. He then retired to his room and shot himself in two places, from the effects of which he died a few hours afterwards. He possessed some property, and was in his 62d year. Mrs. Gallant has six children two of them grown up, and is about 54 years of age; she is still alive and hopes are entertained of her recovery.

ORTHOGRAPHY.—Under the auspices of the "Temperance Club," a trial in the art or mode of spelling words was held last evening in Stevenson Hall. Rev. T. Crawley, A.M., gave out the words, and Messrs. Corey and Vroom, were referees. We learn that several of the young and old failed in spelling some common words, which frequently puzzle one, while more difficult words were readily spelled. Only two young lads were left masters of the field, and each in turn missed. It is probable there will be another trial, as those at the meeting enjoyed the proceedings.

On Friday last the remains of Mr. F. A. Morrison were interred in the Cemetery, followed to the grave by the Attorney General, Messrs. S. and F. King, and other gentlemen of St. John, and by many of the leading inhabitants of St. Andrews. Mr. Morrison was in the 84th year of his age.

Mr. O. D. Wetmore, a fluent and powerful Temperance advocate, has been appointed Lecturer and agent of the Grand Lodge of British Templars, and will lecture in St. Andrews on Friday evening next and also on Sunday evening.

Among the disasters to shipping, will be the loss of the *Barque Hesperus*, owned by W. Whitlock Esq., of this place. The vessel was partially insured.

MANUFACTURERS' AND MECHANICS' EXHIBITION.—It will be seen by an advertisement appearing in another column that this Exhibition will be held at St. John, N. B., during the coming September. The prospects so far portend a grand success.

The condition of business is represented as improving in the United States and healthful indications continue to gain strength.

Jay Gould and Sidney Dillon were, at a meeting of the Western Union Telegraph Company, elected directors.

BALLOON'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.—The June number of Balloon's Magazine is something the publishers may well be proud of. It has an extra good assortment of stories, eloquent poetry, fine illustrations, and all the variety that goes to make up a first class and popular magazine. A sea story is in each number, and one or two personal adventures, which are always interesting to men and boys, and even ladies like to read them, if a thread of love runs through the tales. Thomas & Talbot, Publishers, 36 Broomfield Street, Boston.

Wm. MacDonald's Hotel at Salisbury Station was destroyed by fire on Sunday night. Two horses, one cow and a pig

were roasted alive. Insurance on house \$1,000—loss about \$1200.—*Post*.

Correspondence.

CAMPO BELLO, May 8th, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—I beg to say that I was quite astonished and sorely grieved on reading in your issue of the 28th ult., which contains the late Grand Jury's Report, in which they made specific charges against me, such as charging my percentage upon more money than I had collected or was entitled to by law, and charging the same twice, as also giving myself credit for money paid without any vouchers for the same. Now, Mr. Editor, I am at a loss to know upon what grounds the Grand Jury made those charges against me, as my accounts did not warrant such a charge, and nothing of the kind had been imputed to me at our Town Meeting, and upon enquiry of the Justices who were appointed at the Sessions to examine the accounts from Campo Bello, I learn that they found nothing in any of my accounts to justify those charges made against me by the Grand Jury, and that they gave in their report in accordance with these facts.

Under these circumstances I deem it my duty to correct the statements of the Grand Jury against me, and request that you will kindly insert this in your next issue, so that my reputation may be extended as far as the charges made against me have gone.

I am, your old servant,

PETER DISCAIDE,

Collector of Rates for Campo Bello.

Dangerous Houses.

Four deaths from diphtheria, recently occurring in Brooklyn have attracted the attention of the health authorities of that city to the condition of the houses in which they took place. The report which a sanitary committee made upon the dwelling sounds a note of warning which is certainly timely at this special period when moving is everywhere in progress. The house in question was new, and damp in every room from cellar to attic, for there appears to have been no effort made to dry the walls. This is precisely the condition of scores of dwellings into which families have entered on the first of this month; and unless proper precautions be taken, further cases of illness and death will be the cost of neglect.

If any reader of this journal, therefore, finds himself located in a dwelling on the walls of which the moisture condenses in beads, as on the outside of an ice pitcher, or the rooms of which cause a chilly, damp, sensation, with a strong odor of plaster, or any portion of which does not, on wall, ceiling, or floor, feel perfectly dry to the hand, let him, as he values his own life and that of his family (or hopes to escape from rheumatism, lung and kidney diseases, and the like) start fires at once. Better waste a few tons of coal than pay five times the amount in doctors' bills or a still greater value of the money in suffering. Build a big fire in the furnace and in every grate, and keep all up night and day; and if the weather admits, throw open the windows and doors, but keep out of the drafts. The object of the fires is to dry out the walls, not so much to warm the rooms for comfort. Then as the weather becomes warm, let all go out but the furnace, retaining that until its use becomes a discomfort.

We offer these suggestions to persons who have already moved into new houses, but of course it is much wiser not to enter a dwelling that is not thoroughly seasoned. In all cities, blocks of houses are constructed, of the flimsiest materials, in incredibly short spaces of time, for spring occupancy. Many of these have been frozen from top to bottom during the recent severe winter; and instead of the water drying out, it has remained in the walls in the condition of ice. In an ordinary three-story house, 30,000 gallons of water are absorbed by the brick and mortar used in the construction; and this immense quantity must all or nearly all be got rid of before they are safe as dwellings.

A Monster Shark.

The London *Daily News* says: It will be recollected that, in a late issue we announced the stranding of an immense shark at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight. The skin of this huge fish has now arrived in London, having been purchased for the British Museum. The difficult operation of taking the skin off so gigantic a creature has been admirably carried out by Mr. Gerard, Jr., whose ability in preparing skeletons for the British Museum is well known. Its total length is 29 feet, its circumference 15 feet at the largest part. Its teeth are exceedingly small, and not the least like the large white ivory teeth seen in sharks of museums; they are, on the contrary, very small, and set with interspaces one from the other, and about the size of a cat's teeth.

This is the basking shark—*squalus maximus*, *ceterinus maximus*, *squalus elephas*, sail-fish, hoe-mether, or homer of Orkney, sun-fish, west coast of Ireland. It is not, however, to be confounded with the sun-fish—*Orthogoriscus Mola*—that is, the shape of the sun. These huge sharks appear in considerable numbers in the Spring along the northwest coast of Donegal and Clew Bay. The Sun fish Bank is probably the first shoal water made by the fish coming in from the Atlantic. It is possible they come there to spawn, passing the rest of their lives in the deep waters of the Atlantic. Little or nothing is known of the habits of this fish, which is probably the largest among known sharks. Couch records one taken in Cornwall, measuring thirty-one feet eight inches. It is supposed that they swallow their prey alive. The Irish fishermen spear them for the sake of the oil which is to be obtained from their liver. This fish, when floating on the water, is frequently taken for the whale on account of its some-

what sluggish movements. Hence it is also called the basking shark. It is supposed that the present specimen had just its way, being found probably for the west coast of Ireland.

THE THIRD TERM TROUBLE.—The third term trouble perplexes some of the Republican statesmen over the border. In the absence of any other candidate for the Presidency of much influence, many fear that President Grant has or will have it in his power to force his own nomination. Hence they are anxious that he should speak out on the question. They want him to say in clear, strong, and unmistakable terms that he neither desires a third term nor would accept it were it offered to him. But these are the things the taciturn ruler refuses to say. He no doubt hears the entreaties of those who beseech him to break silence and set the heart of the nation at rest, and grimly notes how painful is their solicitude. Nevertheless he calmly smokes on all the same.

The Agricultural Department of the United States has issued its report for April. It is on the whole an encouraging document. From this it would appear, that the area covered by winter wheat is seven per cent larger than it was at the corresponding season of last year. The condition of the crop is somewhat below the average, and much inferior to the status of last spring. Still, the prospect of plenty whilst the productive power of the land throughout the States, especially in the West and South, is proved beyond all doubt. Even the intense severity of the winter has not had the damaging effect that was once apprehended.

The very rapid increase of the silver coinage within a short time causes some Treasury officers to think that the Secretary will begin paying out silver in lieu of fractional currency before the meeting of Congress in December next. It is estimated that by the last of June (the end of the present fiscal year) there will be about six million dollars in silver coin in the Treasury, and that by the first of September there will be thirty millions. With this amount it is believed that the Secretary will feel that he can safely begin to put into operation the law authorizing silver coin to be paid out and the fractional currency withdrawn.—*Portland Ad.*

A MUSICAL TREE.—A wealthy citizen of New York has a mechanical curiosity in the form of a musical tree. It is an artificial tree or bush about five feet high, set in a large square tub of Russian leather. It looks very natural and beautiful, sprig and twig being absolutely perfect in the workmanship of copying nature. Touch a knob on the side of the tub and instantly the tree is literally covered with birds of every imaginable hue and color, including those represented in the rainbow. Every bird begins to sing, and very sweetly too, their notes blending in harmony. Touch the knob again and the birds disappear mysteriously.—*Exchange*.

The Chicago papers announce that the prospects of an early movement of grain from that port are "not cheerful." The grain squadron is loaded and ready to leave for eastern ports, but the water in the harbor is so low the vessels cannot get out. With the present depth of water a large vessel must lose at least from five thousand to eight thousand bushels of corn carrying capacity in order to pass from the main river into the lake.

A London despatch represents the Post of that city declaring that "The late war rumors were not groundless. Germany, alarmed by the rapidity of the French Military organization, arranged everything and was on the point of marching against France, but the danger is averted for the moment." While that paper may have exaggerated the situation, it is easy to account for the general alarm that has existed throughout Europe and for the satisfaction generally expressed as the more peaceful aspect of affairs.

A trial has been made of the new Bessemer steamship, by which sea sickness is to be prevented, in a trip from Dover to Calais. It appears not to have been very successful; and many will despair of a swinging saloon, or any other apparatus having the power to prevent all the horrors of sickness when crossing the ocean, at least under some conditions. No limitation, however, can be put upon the achievements of science.

No trouble getting to up river now, with the smoothly running cars of the N. B. Railway; the excellent steamers of the People's Line, or to those who prefer the means of transit, or miss the others, the Newcomb Stage Line. And still some people are not happy 'cause there is not an air balloon line by which to travel—wo can't have everything at once.—*Sentinel*.

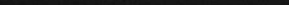
It is announced that a great whiskey ring, with headquarters at St. Louis, Chicago and Milwaukee, has been defrauding the government for a long time by illicit manufacture, with the connivance of revenue officers; also that frauds on the revenue in which prominent New York merchants are implicated, have been discovered.

The Massachusetts House has appropriated \$50,000 to represent Massachusetts at the Philadelphia centennial.

DIED.

At Oak Bay, on the 16th inst. RRR, beloved wife of Rev. Wm. Rinkert, and sister of J. R. Bradford, Esq., aged 54.

THE ALDINE,
THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA,
ISSUED MONTHLY.
—
"A MAGNIFICENT CONCEPTION, WONDER
FULLY CARRIED OUT."



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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. There is no text or other markings on the page.

