

# WOOLLESTOCK GAZETTE.

*Published Monthly in connection with the St. John Grammar School Debating Society. Price 50 cts. per ann.*

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 1, 1882.

No. 4.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 1, 1882.

No. 4.

## EDITORS:

T. CUSHING, J. W. GALLIVAN, D. R. JACK.  
A. W. MACRAE, W. G. KNOWLTON.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—All persons who have not already paid in the amount of their subscriptions, will oblige the Editors by sending the same before January first to Post Office Box 578, St. John, N. B. Persons residing outside the City can make their Post Office Orders payable to D. R. Jack.

## REPLY OF LEONIDAS TO THE HERALD OF XERXES AT THERMOPYLÆ.

Proud son of the Persian! I know not the word,  
Lacedæmon is *dumb* when she renders the sword,  
Untaught are her legions to number the foe,  
They sleep on the plain, or to victory flow;  
Unstain'd are her banners, yon darkling flood  
Shall show to the Spartan no recreant blood!  
Far, far o'er the waters shall echo the cry,  
"Lacônians! stand! for your country die!"  
The shade of Achilles shall start from the tomb,  
Reviv'd shall his valorous Myrmidons come,  
Forth down from his seat in yon heavenly sphere  
Patroclus shall leap, with his death-giving spear,  
Attilides!—but hark! from the Pythian brow,  
'Tis the voice of the prophetess muttering slow—  
"Discomfited monarch! go fetter the sea!  
Leonidas sleeps, but Achaia is free!"

### SEQUEL.

The strife is o'er—red sinks the sun,  
Thermopylæ is fought and won,  
Dark treachery hath drank the tide  
Of life-blood from the Spartan's side,  
And he is now the vulture's prey  
Who scorned submission yesterday!  
The Persian vaunts, but let him smile!  
Though vengeance slumbereth awhile,  
Though nought but ashes live to tell  
The sage where Pallas loved to dwell—  
A day shall dawn, a *redier day*,\*  
Than thine—deplor'd Thermopylæ.

M. SWABEY.

\*Salamis.

## ODE III., BOOK II. HORACE.

Remember to keep your mind steady in adversity as well as restrained from immoderate joy in prosperity. O. Dellius, who at some time or other must die.

It matters not whether you spend your life in sorrow, or, reclining in some grassy retreat, you enjoy the festive day with the old Falernian. Where the tall pine and the silver poplar love to unite in forming with their branches a friendly shade, and the swiftly moving water strives to run murmuring along in its winding channel. Bid them bring hither wine and perfumes, and the pleasing blossom of the too short-lived rose, whilst your opportunities and your age and the black thread of the three sisters suffer you.

You will leave your glades, bought up on all sides, your home and your villa, which the tawny Tiber laves; you

will leave them, I repeat, and your heirs will take possession of your riches piled up on high. It matters not whether blessed with riches and descended from Inachus of old, or a pauper and of lowest birth, you die under the open sky, since in either event you are the victim of unrelenting Orens.

We are all driven in the same direction; the lots of all are shaken in the urn, destined sooner or later to come forth and place us in the bark for an eternal exile.

## NATURAL SCIENCE.

During the past few months the lectures on natural science in the Grammar School have been the means of exciting an interest among the students in this branch. Much better results may be confidently expected in future, if the teachers can have at hand cabinets containing objects of natural history from which they may draw the means of illustrating their lectures. A keener interest would be excited in the classes if proper cabinets are provided and the students were expected to stock these with specimens of our natural history. Natural science studies are to a certain extent profitless if the hill-sides and rocks and woods are not searched industriously and made to yield their treasures for our pleasure and instruction. Books and lectures on natural science are valuable if the student is tempted to explore nature for himself with a diligent hand and a careful eye. The educative value of a geological or botanical specimen depends much on the way it has been obtained. If the student has taken no part in its collection, or the collection of like objects, the facts that are told him concerning it are received without enthusiasm, and are perhaps soon forgotten. How different if the student sees in the hand of the teacher the very specimen which he has collected. His mind and eye, already trained by his field work, are on the alert to detect fresh differences and receive new facts. His enthusiasm has been aroused and with a little guidance and assistance he will be able to read the book of nature for himself after that. The student of geology must go to the rocks—and not the rocks come to him—if he would read correctly the story they have to tell. Let this huge boulder, different from all around it, tell of some mighty agency in the past which dislodged it from its original home and carried it to the place it now occupies; let others that seem to have been upheaved by some great convulsion, tell the story of the mighty forces at work in the past; let others, worn smooth, tell of the ceaseless action of the sea, or of frost and ice in the glacial period; and so on. Plants and animals have their story to tell as well as the rocks, and the story is the more interesting if we can get portions of it, at least, from themselves.

If a few cases were provided for the Grammar School the nucleus of a useful collection would soon be formed. The students would be interested in adding to the collection not only from the benefit that they themselves would receive, but from the fact that the specimens they collect will always form a part of the school property and will be of service long after they have gone forth into active life.

To the Editors of the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE:

Mr. Editors,—Would you kindly give me a short space in your valuable columns, where I can make known to the public a grievance which should be speedily, and I hope will by the new Government be shortly eradicated; I speak of the system, or rather part of the system, of books adopted in our free schools. "Wormell's Geometry," though it gratifies the desire of those at the head of our educational system of proceeding from the known to the unknown, is very likely to leave the student who has used it, entirely unacquainted with the advantages to be derived from the study of mathematics. In the first place the book runs along so unconnectedly that no development of the intellect can possibly be obtained from using its proofs; and it naturally induces the mind to leap to conclusions, instead of advancing by means of the knowledge acquired. In the second place, whereas those who have mastered Euclid will inform you that the benefit derived from the study lay chiefly in the natural and logical form of thought acquired while mastering the work, it is stating the bare truth to say that Mr. Wormell appears from his Plane Geometry to be unacquainted with logic, ancient or modern.

It is to be hoped that some time in the near future the Government of our country will appoint a Minister of Education, who will not be insensible to the unbiased opinions of the teachers, and all of this Province, who have compared the different modes of studying this useful science.

Thanking you for inserting the above and hoping *in futurum* to give more information on this subject, I am ever yours for thorough Education,

A STUDENT OF MATHEMATICS.

### THE MAGIC LANTERN.

The origin of the Magic Lantern, like that of many other inventions, is involved in much doubt. It is claimed on account of obscure passages in old authors that it was known to the ancients, and that the priests of the ancient Egyptians used it to heighten the mystery surrounding their religion. About three hundred years ago, however, we receive the first reliable account of it. It was then of course a very primitive affair, but it appeared so wonderful to the people that they fitly named it the Magic Lantern. For a long while it was looked upon as a toy for the children, but after a time it was seen that it could be used as a means of instruction as well as entertainment for an intelligent audience. The instrument has now been vastly improved so that we can learn from an evening's exhibition as much as we can from a great deal of reading. We not only have a description of the places, but we can *see* them, and can consequently always recall the scene to our minds. Instead of now having the miserable daubs of paintings that were formerly used in connection with the lantern, we have neat and compact slides, and, by means of the improved apparatus which is now used, there can be distinctly shown on the screen, not only the picture, but also all its original beauty and colour.

At a recent microscopic exhibition, in Boston, the sting of a honey bee, shown upon the screen, was so sharp that its point could not be seen. At the side of it was a common fine sewing needle, similarly magnified, the point of which was five inches across.

### VARIETIES.

Doctor.—"Well Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?" Pat.—"Yes sir, be jabbers, I have! but I don't feel any better yet; may'be the lid has'nt come off yet!"

"Johnny," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father was to put sand in his sugar and sell it he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny, impituously, "and he said he didn't care."

An Arkansas editor, in retiring from the editorial control of a newspaper, said: "It is with a feeling of sadness that we retire from the active control of this paper, but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is abler than we are financially to handle it. That gentleman is well known in this community. He is the sheriff."

While the School Board of Liverpool have decided to use novels in public schools in place of ordinary reading books beginning with Scott's "Marmion" as a text-book in English literature in the high schools of Ontario has been prohibited by the educational department of the Province, the Minister of Education, Mr. Crooks, holding that it is an immoral work.

LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN.—The last words of Mirabeau were "Let me die to the sound of delicious music."

Mozart, too, as he lay dying, asked to "hear once more those which had so long been his solace and delight."

The last words of Napoleon I., "Head of the Army," show "the ruling spirit strong in death." How they contrast with those of his great opponent the Duke of Wellington whose last words were "If you please."

Washington Irving once, when picking up an apple under a tree in his own orchard, was accosted by a small boy of the neighborhood, who not recognizing him as the proprietor, offered to show him a tree where he could get better apples than those. "But," said the boy, "we must take care the old man doesn't catch us." "I went with him," said Irving, "and stole a dozen of my own apple."

### PERSONAL.

The grandson of the late Chief Justice Sewell, of Canada, who is now physician to the Governor-General of Canada and the Princess, Dr. Colin Sewell, formerly travelling physician with the Marquis of Bute, is intending to settle and practice in New York.

Hungary has lost a great poet, it is said, by the death of Ianos Arany.

Lord Wolsley of Egypt is the title Sir Garnet Wolsley is to take, it is reported.

Jenny Lind and Albani have been spending the autumn at Milvern Hills.

## THE FIRST GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

The first great earthquake of which any very distinct knowledge has reached us is that which occurred in the year 63, after our Saviour, which produced great destruction in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, and shattered the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum upon the Bay of Naples, though it did not destroy them. This earthquake is chiefly remarkable as having been the forerunner and the warning (if that warning could have been understood) of the first eruption of Vesuvius on record, which followed sixteen years afterwards, in the year 79. Before that time none of the ancients had any notion of its being a volcano, though Pompeii itself is paved with its lava. The crater was probably filled, or at least the bottom occupied, by a lake; and we read of it as the stronghold of the rebel chief Spartacus, who, when lured there by the Roman army, escaped with his followers by clambering up the steep sides by the help of the wild vines that festooned them. The ground since the first earthquake in 63 had often been shaken by slight shocks, when at length, in August 79, they became more numerous and violent, and, on the night preceding the eruption, so tremendous as to threaten everything with destruction. A morning of comparative repose succeeded, and the terrified inhabitants of those devoted towns no doubt breathed more freely, and hoped the worst was over; when, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the Elder Pliny who was stationed in command of the Roman fleet at Misenum, in full view of Vesuvius, beheld a huge black cloud ascending from the mountain which, "rising slowly always higher," at last spread out aloft like the head of one of these picturesque flat-topped pines which form such an ornament of the Italian landscape. The meaning of such a phenomenon was to Pliny, and to every one a mystery. We know now too well what it imports, and they were not long left in doubt. From that cloud descended stones, ashes and pumice; and the cloud itself lowered down upon the surrounding country, involving land and sea in profound darkness, pierced by flashes of fire more vivid than lightning. These, with the volumes of ashes that began to encumber the soil and which covered the sea with floating pumice stone, the constant heaving of the ground, and the sudden recoil of the sea, form a picture which is wonderfully well described by the Younger Pliny. His uncle, animated by an eager desire to know what was going on, and to afford aid to the inhabitants of the towns, made sail for the nearest point of the coast, and landed, but was instantly enveloped in the dense sulphureous vapour, and perished miserably.

## THE MALISIT LANGUAGE.

BY M. CHAMBERLAIN.

There is an idea very commonly held that "the languages of savage races more resemble the twitterings of the birds or the growling of the beasts than the articulate utterances of human beings." A very superficial acquaintance with any of the 500 and odd dialects spoken by the Indians of North America will prove that in their case, at least, this idea is incorrect. What Professor Gatsebet has said of the language spoken by a Western tribe will apply equally to all and to none more truly than to Malisit: "While it can not contend in power of abstraction with English, French or Italian, it far surpasses these idiorus in graphic vivacity of expres-

sion in terseness, in correct precision and in laconic brevity."

The dialects of these Indians differ so much that the people speaking one can not understand those who speak any other, yet many of them are so similar in their grammatical structure and in their vocabulary as to enable linguists to group them into language-families. The word family being used here in its most extended sense embracing all those whose language bears evidence of a common origin. At the time the Europeans first came in contact with the Indians there were four of these groups or families occupying that part of the continent which lies east of the Mississippi. The Eskims were the masters of the north while the Mobilians were gathered on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic coast of Florida. The Iriquois held sway over the territory now embraced by the State of New York, and surrounding these latter and covering the remaining portions of the country lived the various tribes of that large and widely scattered family known to moderns as the Algonkin. To this group, both Micmacs and Malisits belong, and can therefore claim kinship with such illustrious names as Uncas, Tecumseh, King Philip, Miantonomo, Tamenend—from whom Tammany derives its name and who was known among his people as the greatest of all the great Delawareans—and Pontiac who was undoubtedly the greatest man of all his race with whom the Europeans came in contact. Pocahontas was also an Algonkin, her father being a chief of the Powhatans.

In writing a Malisit vocabulary I have used the alphabet adopted by the Smithsonian Institution. Most of the characters are the same as in the English alphabet, but all are not given the English values—the vowels have the "continental values"—and all represent but one and always the same sound.

So far I have determined some thirty-eight different sounds, but have found nothing to correspond with our English F, G, Q, R, or V. They do not use B or D but use their alternatives P and F, and have also a few sounds not met in English. They use few nasal sounds though they use more consonants than we, yet their language is easily pronounced after becoming familiar with these consonant clusters, and mastering the few sounds not occurring in English as well as that slurring or comingling of the syllables which makes the writing of their language no easy task, but gives to their speech that smooth effect which, with their soft voices, form its peculiar charms.

A large proportion of their words are so long as to appear unwickly at first sight. It seems impossible for such awkward looking combinations to produce the pleasing sounds that roll from their lips, for such groups are met as—kwaskwhonakskw, kskwitakwts, kitchitikwiyúk, tchúkwulúsku, while words of twenty to thirty letters are not rare.

A Wampum belt consisting of a number of the pieces of the money circulated by the Indians in the early times, strung together, which was considered one of the considerations given by the Indians to William Penn in fulfillment of the compact giving the lands which now compose the Keystone State to Penn, is in the Museum of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia, having been presented in 1856 by the great-great-grandson of Penn, Granville John Penn.

## CASH PRIZES

OFFERED BY HON. ISAAC BURPIE FOR COMPETITION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN DURING THE WINTER TERM ENDING 30TH APRIL, 1883.

*Primary Schools.*—One prize of *Five Dollars* to boys of grade 1.

One prize of *Five Dollars* to girls of grade 1.

and similarly for grades 2, 3, and 4 of boys and girls.

*Advanced Schools.*—One prize of *Ten Dollars* to boys and girls of grade 5.

One prize of *Ten Dollars* to girls of grade 5,

and similarly for grades 6, 7, and 8 of boys and girls.

*High and Grammar School.*

(a.) One prize of *Twenty Dollars* to boys of Grammar school.

(b.) One prize of *Twenty Dollars* to girls of High school.

(c.) One prize of *Twenty Dollars* to the boys and girls in grade 9 for highest marks on examination on work of grades 8 and 9.

(d.) One prize of *Twenty Dollars* to the boys and girls of the Grammar and High school for highest marks on examination on uniform work of grades 10 and 11.

N. B.—Prizes *a* and *b* will be awarded to the pupils who make the highest percentage of marks during the term irrespective of grade. Prizes *c* and *d* will be competed for as stated. Competitors must show at least seventy-five per cent. of attendance and seventy-five per cent. of marks during the term. The awards will be made upon the highest marks made during the term and the results of the examination. The names of all competitors must be filed with the Secretary on or before April 2d, 1883, who will number them consecutively. These numbers must be placed at the head of every paper together with the name of the school teacher and grade. All work must be performed neatly and upon the sheets which will be provided. Every paper must be worked at the time indicated upon the question paper, and each day's work must be carefully gathered up and placed beyond the reach or control of the pupil at its close. Examinations commence on Monday, and all returns must be in the Secretary's hands by Saturday, April 21st. The prizes will be awarded Friday, April 27th.

J. MARCH, Secretary.

The editors have much pleasure in announcing that at the end of the year, dating from the issue of our first number, they will give to the person who has been most successful in discovering the answers to the Historical Questions a handsomely bound copy of "Hanney's History of Acadia." The answers to be legibly written and sent, together with post office address of solver, to W. G., P. O. Box 578 St. John N. B.

19. In what year was St. John's first great fire?

20. When was the first steamboat launched and what was her name?

21. In what year was the present Court House built?

22. When was the first soil of the first Railway in New Brunswick turned?

23. When and what was the first bank opened in New Brunswick?

24. When and where was the first Poor House in St. John and when was it burnt?

25. What school master was put in pillory at the foot of King St. and when?

## A FIVE MONTHS TRIP TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

(CONTINUED.)

My baggage by this time was reduced to two handbags. We took our seats in the train that was waiting on the wharf, and in a few minutes we were on our way to St. Augustine. The distance from Tocoï to St. Augustine is about fifteen miles, and the railroad is owned by Astor, one of the money kings of New York. The entire rolling stock consists of one engine, one baggage and smoking car combined, one passenger car, one box car and one platform car. After the train had been in motion about fifteen minutes there was a sudden stop, as there is only one regular station between Tocoï and St. Augustine, and that is halfway, I asked one of the passengers, that had just got out to see what was wrong, if we had got there. "No," he said, "there is something wrong with the engine and they have just stopped to fix it up." In the course of about half an hour the train was again in motion. All went well for about half an hour, and then there was another stop. We waited for about ten minutes and then the passengers, one after another, began to leave the train. "What are we stopping for," I asked. "We are taking an orange grove on board." I looked out of the window, and there were two men piling young orange trees on to the flat car, the train hands standing with their hands in their pockets doing nothing, the passengers helping them, and the engineer taking a smoke. In about ten minutes more we had the grove on board and were again under way. In about fifteen minutes there was another stop. "Good Heavens, what are we stopping for now." "Oh! they are just driving some cows off the track, that is all." After three or four more stops we reached the terminus at St. Augustine.

As we left the railway station the first thing that met our gaze was four omnibusses drawn up, each with the name of one of the principal hotels in large letters across the door, completely blocking up all egress from the station, and each one of the drivers and conductors yelling with all their might. We decided upon the Magnolia, and accordingly got into the bus running to that house. When we got to the hotel we found there was not a single room to be had with a fire in it, and the place was as cold as a barn. We next tried the Florida House; there we could not get a room at all, either with or without fire. As there was only one other large hotel in the place, the St. Augustine, we determined to try that. Accordingly, having managed to find my way there, I approached the office desk, where the proprietor, Capt. E. F. Vail, was standing, looking as cross as two sticks, with his hands in his pockets.

"Have you any rooms vacant?" I ventured to inquire.

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Two."

"In what part of the house are they situated?"

"Third and top floors."

"Have either of them got fireplaces in them?"

"No."

"Have any of the rooms in the house got fireplaces in them?"

"No."

"How do you manage to heat the rooms?"

"With stoves."

"Have either of the vacant rooms got stoves in them?"

"Dun'no."

"Would you be kind enough to send a porter up to see?"

"Yes."

I waited about fifteen minutes and then asked, "Did you send the porter up to see?"

"No."

"Would you mind doing so?"

"In a minute."

I waited about another quarter, and then he called a hall boy that happened to be passing.

"Any stove in 108?"

"No, sir."

"Any in 66?"

"Yes'ir."

Turning to me he said—"Stove in 66."

"What do you charge a day for that room?"

"Six dollars."

"Does that include fire?"

"No."

"How much extra for a fire?"

"\$1.50."

"I will take these two rooms."

"All right."

"Will you have a fire made on?"

"Yes."

You may be sure that after that sample I did not trouble Capt. Vail with any more conversation than was absolutely necessary. Next morning, after breakfast, I paid a visit to some of the principal objects of interest in the place. Just in front of the hotel is a fine public square called the "Plaza de la Constitution." In the centre of the Plaza stands a monument erected in honor of the Spanish Liberal Constitution. When the Constitution was abolished these monuments in all dominions of the Crown were ordered to be destroyed, but a compromise was effected on this by the removal of the inscribed tablets. On the cession of Florida to the United States the long concealed tablets were brought from their hiding places and reinserted in the monument. On this plaza were burned effigies of John Hancox and Samuel Adams, early in the American Revolution, while the English held Florida. Within the same enclosure, to the eastward, there is also a monument of very recent construction, much higher, and of a widely different character, as is evidenced by the inscriptions upon it. On the west side, facing the one just described, is—

"OUR DEAD."

*"In memory of our loved ones who gave their lives in defence of the Confederate States."*

Beneath this are twenty-three names, the majority of which must have come from the native population; and on the east side, facing the river, is seen—

*"Erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association of St. Augustine, Fla., A. D. 1872."*

On this side there are a like number of names, the majority of them being evidently of Minorcan or Spanish origin. The north and south sides bear a Latin cross.

On the north side of the "Plaza" stands the old slave market. It is nothing more than a shingled roof, supported by fourteen brick piers. The floor, which is of brick, is raised about two feet above the ground. Fourteen substantial brick piers support a shingled roof, and between each two piers, at a height of about six feet, are heavy beams of oak,

to which the slaves were chained. Who can picture to themselves the scenes of misery that were here enacted, when human beings, with immortal souls, were sold, like the beasts that perish, to the highest bidder?

In the afternoon I paid a visit to old Fort Marion, which was first called San Juan, and then St. Marco. It stands on the sea front, at the upper or northerly side of the town. The material of which it is built is a unique conglomerate of fine shells and sand, known as coquina rock. The rock is found in large quantities on Anastasia Island, at the entrance to the harbour, and is easily cut into blocks of the desired shape and size. The fort was a hundred years in building, and, while owned by the British, was said to be "the prettiest fort in the King's dominion." Its castellated battlements, its formidable bastions with their frowning guns, its lofty and imposing sallyport, surmounted by the Royal Spanish Arms; its portcullis, moat and drawbridge; its circular and ornate sentry boxes, at each principal parapet angle; its commanding look-out tower, and its stained and moss-grown massive walls, impress the external observer as a relic of the distant past; while a ramble through its heavy casemates, its crumbling Romish chapel, with elaborate portico and inner altar and holy water niches; its dark passages, gloomy vaults, and more recently discovered dungeons, bring you to ready credence of its many traditions of inquisitorial tortures, of decaying skeletons, found in the latest opened chambers, chained to the rusty ringbolts, and of alleged subterranean passages to the neighbouring convent.

These stories lose none of their force by being recited in the fitful light of the dim lamp of your military guide, as you follow him into the damp and noisome recesses to the echo of your own foot-fall, or the grating lock and creaking hinge of the slow swinging ancient doors. Many a dark tally-list on the mouldering walls, or a rudely executed sketch shows how the dragging days were noted or employed by weary prisoners of long ago; and the narrow loop-holes are shown, through which the two Seminole chiefs attempted their escape, one making it good, and the other sticking fast in the crevice, until he was rescued, with barely his life remaining."

But it is only fair to give both sides of the story as regards the finding of iron cages enclosing human skeletons. The following is a copy of a letter written to Mr. John L. Edwards of Jacksonville, Fla., in reply to one of his, asking if anything in the way of cages, skeletons, etc., had been found in the fort:—

"SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION."

"JOHN L. EDWARDS, *Jarville, Fla.*

"Sir—In reply to your letter of July 20th, we have to say that no objects, such as those said to have been found in the dungeon of the old fort at St. Augustine, have ever been received by us, although we are aware that the impression is otherwise."

"Truly yours, etc., JOSEPH HENRY,  
"Secretary Smithsonian Institution."

At the time of General Oglethorpe's attack on St. Augustine, the old fort, or castle as it was then called, stood a bombardment of thirty-eight days, from batteries erected on Anastasia Island. But the injury done to the walls was slight; for the spongy walls of coquina received and imbedded the heavy shot, as would the embankment of a modern earthwork. The marks left by the shot can still be plainly seen to-day. But time is slowly but surely doing its

work with the old fort. Its walls are showing huge fissures, and on recent inspection it was declared unfit for further defensive service.

In the moat, on the north side of the fort, is a hot-shot furnace still in a good state of preservation.

The construction of the fort was commenced in 1620, and finished in 1756, by convict labour chiefly. The walls are twenty-one feet high with bastions at each corner of its trapezium form, and enclose an area of sixty yards square. The principal entrance is approached through a barbican and over a draw-bridge. Over the entrance, beneath the Spanish coat-of-arms, and nearly obliterated, is the inscription, in Spanish, of which the following is a translation—"Don Fernando VI. being King of Spain, the Field Marshal, Don Alonso Fernando Hereja, Governor and Captain of this city of St. Augustine, Florida, and its provinces, finished this Castle in the year 1756. The Captain of Engineers, Don Pedro de Brozisy Garay superintending the work."

(To be continued.)

#### JONATHAN SEWELL.

Jonathan Sewell, the first law student of New Brunswick, was born at Boston, Mass., 6th June, 1766. His father, after whom he was named, was at one time Attorney General of Massachusetts. He married a daughter of Edmund Quincy. Her sister was the wife of John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, and first Governor of the State of Massachusetts. He left with his wife and two sons at its evacuation, 17th March, 1776, for England. Young Jonathan with his brother Stephen was placed at the Bristol Grammar school where they made rapid progress.

In 1784, Jonathan entered Brayenose College, Oxford. He did not remain there long before he embarked for New Brunswick, to enter the law office of Ward Chipman, who had written for him. After studying for three years he was admitted at the July term in 1788 an attorney, and a year later a barrister. In the summer of 1789, his father, mother and brother arrived at St. John from England. On the invitation of Edward Winslow young Sewell in the summer of 1786 made a visit to Fredericton, and while there the first court was opened, followed by the trial and conviction of Nelson and Harbord, farmers, and formerly soldiers, for shooting an Indian, who was suspected of stealing pigs.

In the summer of 1788, Jonathan Sewell commenced practice in St. John, and the Hon. Daniel Bliss of Sunbury, entered his son John Murray Bliss, as a student. On the 30th of October, 1789, Jonathan Sewell was admitted to the Quebec bar, and in 1793, although only 26, was appointed Solicitor General, and in 1795 Attorney General. In 1808, Mr. Sewell was Chief Justice of Lower Canada and President of the Executive, and in the year following Speaker of the Legislative Council.

In 1814, Chief Justice Sewell left for England, the Governor General placing a transport at his service. In 1832 Harvard University conferred on him the degree of L. L. D., and in 1838 he received Her Majesty's permission to retire from the Bench, and on the recommendation of Earl Durham, Governor General, the Imperial Government granted a pension of £1,000 sterling per annum. He died in Quebec, November 12th, 1839, in the 74th year of his age.

We publish below a letter of Jonathan Sewell's to Ward

Chipman, the original of which was placed at our disposal by Mr. J. W. Lawrence, who was also kind enough to supply us with the short sketch of Mr. Sewell which we publish above.

*Bristol Feby. 2nd. 1783.*

Every intelligence from you, my dear sir, must give me satisfaction, consequently your last afforded me great pleasure. To have found myself not entirely forgotten, would have been some consolation, how great then is my pleasure in finding myself so warmly remembered. The high opinion you are kind enough to entertain of me, and the compliments you bestow upon me, while they flatter, and at the same time excite some degree of vanity, will, I hope, prove further incitements to my perseverance in the path you so earnestly recommend by the pursuit of my studies. I am fully sensible of the justice and propriety of the observations contained in your last, and easily perceive the value of a good education, which, through the kind affection of my father, I have amply enjoyed. I will endeavour and strive, to the utmost of my poor abilities, to accomplish what is the constant and sole object of his care, and for which I am fully persuaded you sincerely wish that I may, in some measure, answer the expectation which you and my honored parent have placed upon me, and partly return the many favors I have received, and which are daily accumulating. The encomiums you bestow upon my drawing, I assure you, flatter me not a little, but not so much as to make me vain, as I must attribute the most part of them to friendship and purblind esteem, which cannot, or rather will not, behold those faults which are conspicuous to others. I am now drawing in oil colors for the first time. I am taking off a cat, which we have, (the same breed with our Roger at Cambridge, and the very image of him) and which I hope soon to have the pleasure of showing you at Halifax. Your agreeable situation at New York gives me the greatest satisfaction, and I hope your felicity will continue uninterrupted through a series of years. You see I profit by your hint of writing on any subject, and have skipped from one thing to another, till I have almost tired your attention, but, notwithstanding, I fear my nonsense has tired you. I acknowledge this letter to be a short one, and, by way of excuse, I do promise that the length of my next epistle (which shall come the next opportunity) shall apologize for the brevity of this. I have now neither time nor paper enough to relate many particulars, which I would otherwise have done, and my letter being called for can only subscribe myself, with unfeigned sincerity,

Your obliged friend,

J. SEWELL, JR.

#### FROM ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.—A SKETCH.

On a certain day or rather night of last October, I bade farewell to my friends in St. John and boarded the night express, preparatory to my departure for Halifax. As the engine steamed out of the depot, my mind was filled with the joyful anticipation of a long night's rest. But, alas for human hopes! I carefully made my arrangements to enjoy the expected repose, by first getting two seats and placing them lengthwise, then I spread upon them my shawl, &c., and, finally, having formed out of my overcoat an impromptu pillow, I, with that conscious pride which every man feels, when he has done a good deed that will redound to his creature comforts, stretched myself upon a couch which I had the satisfaction of knowing was the result of my own inventive genius. And now I settled down to court "Nature's soft repose." But like King Henry I found her rather cozy. For what seemed to me ages I tossed about without making any advance in my suit. And when at times I fell into a light doze, I was over and anon aroused by what



seemed to be the fiendish yell of some demon, but which was, in reality, the hinkosman dinning into my weary ears, with apparently diabolical delight, harsh corruptions of such soft and euphonious Indian names as Nuuwigewank, Apohauqui or Petitcodiac; and when at last in spite of the glare of lamps, the noise of the train and the railway employees, I had overcome damn sleep, I was suddenly aroused from my sweet dreams by the conductor. He informed me that, as the train was at Moncton, I should have to change cars. Dazed and barely half-awake, I seized my accoutrements and leaped, or rather stumbled, out upon the platform. Here I passed the most miserable ten minutes I ever spent. The rain was coming down in torrents. I could obtain no information either as to where the waiting-room was or when the train in which I was to continue my journey would put in an appearance.

It is at such a time as this that a man takes a sardonic delight in concocting correspondence for the daily papers, in the which he may vent his spleen and pour forth anathemas on the devoted heads of all connected with the railway, from the cabinet minister himself down to the ubiquitous train boy. In fact whenever I hear of a man writing to the papers, wanting to know what he is paying taxes for, and where the revenue is going to, and winding up with a tirade of abuse against the management of railways and the public works generally, I come to the conclusion that the wrathful individual has passed some short (or otherwise) portion of his life at Moncton waiting for the Quebec express, and that on account of an apparent combination of the weather, the timetable and the railway employees against him, he can, without any very powerful stretch of imagination, remember times which he passed more blissfully than that.

When at last the train did come, and we were safely ensconced in our seats, I discovered that sleep was entirely banished from my eyes; so, after vainly endeavouring to obtain sweet slumber, I arose and went out upon the rear platform. Here a pleasant surprise greeted me. The rain had ceased, the clouds were breaking up, and the moon was rising to add her bright light to that of the twinkling stars.

And now my weary spirit was cheered with hope of seeing the much talked of comet. But, upon consulting my watch, I found I should have to wait full two-hours before the comet would put in an appearance. For, though that luminary is, compared with the denizens of a city, an early riser, I had for once outstripped him. Buoyed up with such joyous hopes I retreated to my seat in the car, and sat ruminating on the way I would boast of having seen the comet, &c., &c. For be it known that on certain and sundry occasions I arose in the hours of darkness and, after smashing up my carcass generally in search of the historic match, (of course to no purpose,) wandered in strange dishabille to the window whence the sleep disturber was to be seen. And, at each of my nocturnal visits to that window, either the sky was shrouded with clouds or the earth with fog. Accordingly I was compelled to again seek my couch, but, as is usual at such times, without the faintest prospect of obtaining more sleep.

But to come back to the night in the train: I sat conning over in my mind the brilliant descriptions I would give to my friends of the general and particular appearance of the comet. Oft and again I consulted my time-piece, but each time I was more convinced than before, that the man ought

to have been hanged as an impostor who affirmed that: "Like wind flies time." When I had spent nearly an hour sidggeting about and disturbing the sleep-desirous passengers who sat (or rather lay) near me, an ominous sound broke upon my startled ears. I thought I heard the patter of rain upon the roof of the car. Instantly I leaped up and made a rush for the rear platform when in nervous haste I managed to open the door. I was met by a gust of wind which nearly threw me over. Rendered breathless by the suddenness of the blast, I let the door slip from my grasp. It closed with a bang. I did not attempt to open it again, for, in the brief minute that it was, it was ajar, I had seen the rain pouring down in torrents. Thus were my hopes dashed to the ground, and there was furnished to me an insight into the difficulties that an amateur astronomer has to encounter. Forthwith I decided that, whatever were my former ideas on the subject, nothing would ever, hereafter, induce me to become a devotee to that ancient science.

In disgust I turned my attention to the writings of certain classical authors. There, at least, I knew I would not be disappointed. For in the reading of Greek and Latin authors I could expect nothing but what I met with, viz: constant difficulties. And so, until I arrived in Halifax, I spent my time endeavouring to transpose classical poetry into English prose. I can assure my readers, if there be any such, that it is more pleasant striving to surmount difficulties than seeking to obtain pleasure.

And now, as I have arrived in Scotia's sombre capital, I will leave for a future sketch my impressions of that city. Now, therefore, with the assurance that I have not yet seen the comet, I will for the present say adieu. W. A.

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#### EXCHANGES.

We have received the November number of the *Rouge et Noir*. The correspondents of the paper are evidently of a poetic turn of mind, considerable space being given up to the said branch of literature. The number throughout is a very creditable one.

About nine and a half columns of the October number of the *Argosy* are taken up with a farewell to the class of '82. The article, which is a very good one, is written by the College Biographer.

The *Kings College Record* for October contains in full the oration of I. Allan Jack, Esq., delivered before the Alumni of the University of New Brunswick in June last. It also contains Researches in the Life of Balbus by Philologus Phipp, Ph. D.

The *Sunbeam* for November has also come to hand. This is a very interesting number and is well edited. Some of the Canadian college papers might improve themselves by taking pattern from it in some respects.

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The greatest beauty of Prince Feramory's harem in Turkey, has been interviewed by Mrs. General Lew Wallace.

Artists seem to have a mania for lecturing lately. Mr. F. Seymour Haden is coming to New York to lecture on etching.

A studio has been opened at Hartford, Connecticut, by Professor David Simonson of Dresden, late President of the Artist's Association of Germany.

## LANGUAGES.

It is said that the various nations of the earth speak about ninety different dialects. These dialects can be traced to a smaller number of languages, which can again be divided into three classes, namely—the Indo-Germanic, embracing the ancient classical languages and those of modern Europe; the Sanscrit, embracing all the various languages of India; and the Semitic, embracing the Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, etc. The Hebrew, Latin and Greek are no longer living languages. Hebrew is written from right to left so that, in writing, it is the direct opposite of English. The Latin and Greek languages are written the same as English. The Latin alphabet is the same as the English, or, to speak more correctly, the Latin alphabet is employed in writing all European languages except the German and Greek. The old Grecian alphabet is still used in writing Modern Greek. Although the Modern Greek language is, with exception of the introduction of modern and Turkish words, essentially the same as the old language, still the form of conjugating the verbs and declining the nouns has been vastly changed. The Hebrew is said to be the oldest and most poetic language; the Latin the most copious and sonorous; and the Greek the most expressive and sublime. From the time of the Babylonian captivity the old Hebrew seemed to have received a check, but it is supposed that it did not—in the Syro-Chaldaic form—differ as much from the old Hebrew as Modern Greek does from the ancient language. Of modern languages the Chinese is the most difficult; the Italian the softest; the Spanish the most pompous; the French the most polite, and English the most copious and energetic. Language is one of the strongest bonds of nationality, as the native accent and tone can be rarely acquired by the foreigner.

A salt mine has been discovered near Slazburg, Austria, which is supposed to have been worked at least two thousand years ago. Besides a number of miners' tools, there were found a basket of untanned leather, a piece of coarse woolen cloth and a torch.

Dr. Peters, Director of the Observatory of Hamilton College, is an indefatigable astronomer. Forty-one asteroids have been discovered by him. He has also located trigonometrically 14,000 spots of the sun and is now preparing a great chart of the heavens.

According to the calculations of Dr. Siemens, the eminent scientist, the yield of all the coal mines of the earth would only serve to keep up the fire of the sun for the forty-millionth part of a second, and, if the whole earth were made of coal, it would serve as fuel for about thirty-six hours.

An ancient tomb has been discovered near Malmo, Sweden, in which was found a stone sarcophagus, which is said to belong to the bronze age, and to be at least 2,500 years old. A massive bronze ring was on the right arm of one of the two skeletons found in the tomb. This is said to be the only tomb of the kind ever discovered.

## ART CORNER.

The new American Minister to Rome, Mr. Astor, is an amateur sculptor.

"The Lion at Home," Rosa Bonheur's picture, will not be at home next year, as it is coming to these shores.

Massive gilded sunflowers are at the top of the lightning rods on Senator Pendleton's new house in Washington.

Madame Modjiska uses in Rosalind the spear which Adelaide Neilson used in the same rôle.

A colossal group in granite has been designed by Mr. French of Concord, N. H., son of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, for the new post office at Philadelphia.

Queen Olga of Greece wears her fair curling hair drawn back from her forehead with a comb such as one sees in the pictures of "Alice in Wonderland."

The choice of the London Fine Arts Society to engrave one of Alma Tadema's paintings has fallen upon William B. Closson of Boston.

The sculptor, biographer and nearest friend of Charlotte Cushman, Miss Emma Stebbins, has lately died from ill health contracted during her residence in Rome.

At Tel-el-Kebir one of Arabi's tents was embroidered with forget-me-nots, pomegranets and other flowers and fruits in excellent needle-work, while another was lined with crimson damask silk.

Launt Thompson has modelled a large eagle with spread wings for a memorial in the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tennessee, to the soldiers who fell in the battle of Stone River, the survivors paying for the work.

An old clock, with chimes playing air every three hours, nearly nine feet tall, made by John Green of London in 1715, and which for ninety years has belonged to the Rees family of Lynchburg, Virginia, was lately sold to a Philadelphian at the low price of a hundred and fifty-five dollars.

Miss Mary Grant has executed a marble cenotaph, with portrait bust, which is to be placed in Dunfermline Abbey as a memorial of Lady Charlotte Locker, sister of the late Lord Elgin, sister also of Lady Augusta Stanley. She was a direct descendant of Robert the Bruce, and one of her children has married one of Tennyson's.

The Marchioness of Lorne is a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, and exhibited a portrait last year at the Grosvenor gallery. Her sister, Victoria, belongs, as well as the Princess Beatrice, to the Institute of Painters in Water Colors, and has also exhibited her works. The Duke of Edinburgh is a notably fine violinist, and the Princess Alice of Hesse did some good work in sculpture.

The apostle of æstheticism has to receive hot and heavy buffets. Mr. Herbert Spencer says: "Oscar Wilde is an outlandish person who attempted to reconcile idiocy with art;" and Mr. Freeman, the historian, on having an Indian introduced to him as the last of the Mohawks, told him that he resembled "a dear and distinguished friend Mr. Oscar Wilde."

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