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NORDHOFF'S "COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES."

The Strange People of the New World.

One of the most interesting books published since the opening of the year is Mr. Charles Nordhoff's "Communistic Societies of the United States. "From personal visit and observation; including detailed accounts of the Economists, Zoarites, Shakers, the Amana, Oneida, Bethel, Aurora, Icarian and other Societies, their religious creeds, social practices, numbers, industries and present condition." The work is suitably illustrated and printed from large type on good paper, making a readable and not unwieldy volume of about 440 pages. Harper & Brothers are the publishers. Nothing in Mr. Nordhoff's book is taken for granted, his statements being, as the title suggests, the result of special personal acquaintance and research among the societies described, the author having in pursuit of his facts "travelled from Maine in the North-east to Kentucky in the South and Oregon in the West." Maps show the geographical location of the several Communities described, and on every point we have ample illustration and explanation of the modes of living, forms of thought and incidents of character of bodies of people who imagine they are living up to the example of the early Christians who "had all things in common."

"The Inspirationists of Amana," or "The Amana Community," or the "True Inspiration Congregations," as they prefer to be called, form a communistic society in Iowa, 74 miles from Davenport. They are Germans, numbering about 1,450 members, residing in seven villages, and owning about 25,000 acres of land. They live by agriculture and by their woollen factories and are quite prosperous and their fund free from debt. Among the numbers who belonged to their society were some who contributed from two to twenty thousand dollars to the common fund, and one who paid in as high as between fifty and sixty thousand dollars. They have their own grist mills, saw mill, tannery, stores, etc. The people live in families, but eat and pray together, there being in each town or village at irregular intervals houses larger than the rest which are either cook-houses or prayer-houses. The sexes sit at separate tables and the children by themselves. In their schools, at which children are kept from the age of six to thirteen, the boys as well as girls are required to learn to knit gloves, stockings, wristlets, etc., in addition to the simple elementary instruction in the "three R's" and constant drill in the Bible and the Catechism. Females are compelled to dress in the very simplest manner, no ornamentation being permitted. In fact, the sex is not highly esteemed by these people, who think it highly dangerous to the Christian's peace of mind. One of their most esteemed writers advises men "to fly from intercourse with women, as a very highly dangerous magnet and magical fire." While the married state, has the countenance and sanction of the society and its elders, matrimony is not regarded as a meritorious act, being calculated to make people not more, but rather less, spiritually minded. The present head of the community is an elderly woman, Barbara Landmann. For clothing, each adult male is allowed from forty to one hundred dollars a year, according as his position and labor necessitate more or less, each adult female twenty-five to thirty dollars, and each child five to ten dollars. They have no libraries, the Bible and their "inspired" records being their only books. They claim that God inspires their leaders, as he inspired the Disciples of old, their "inspiration" having some resemblance to Brigham Young's "revelation." The "inspired" utterances of leaders such as Barbara Landmann, are carefully written down and published in yearly volumes. These people bear an excellent reputation for frugality, industry and integrity.

The Harmony Society of Economy, Pa., is located on the Ohio not far from Pittsburg. The town is laid out with broad streets with neat brick side-walks; the houses are substantially built of brick, each building being ornamented in front with trained vines. The society, which was founded by George Rapp in 1805, is not increasing in numbers, the population of Harmony including only about 110 persons, none of whom are under 40 years of age. It, too, is of German origin. When the founders established themselves here they intended to establish a community of goods; at present each family retains its own property, but under their articles of association they, nevertheless, are bound together by common interests. In 1805, they encouraged marriage, but in 1807 they were "persuaded in their own minds that it was best to cease to live in the married state." Many young people then withdrew from the society; the remainder adhered to what they believed to be the will of God, and no more children were born in Harmony,—which partially accounts for the falling off of their population which at present does not number one seventh of its strength seventy years ago. They believe the coming of Christ is near at hand, and to be in constant readiness for the Saviour's re-appearance is the sole aim of their life. Being comfortably off as regards this world's goods, they have invested in coal mines, oil wells, cutlery factories, etc., near at hand.

The Zoarites, or "Society of Separationists" at Zoar, are a communistic society located in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, about half-way between Cleveland and Pittsburgh. They founded their village in 1817, have factories and mills, and have become quite wealthy. They originated in Wurtemburg. They prohibited marriage until 1828 or 1830, when they broke down this rule, but they still maintain that the celibate state is preferable. In conversation they use the Quaker "thou." All disputes are settled by arbitration. Marriage is formed without the aid of the civil authority or the clergy. Up to 1845, children were permitted to remain with their parents until three years old, then they were placed in large houses and brought up under the care of persons specially appointed for the purpose, nor did they ever again come under the control of their parents; but this singular custom was finally abandoned as inconvenient. In their religious ceremonies they avoid forms, singing and reading forming the staple of their Sunday observances. They have no "clergyman"

The Shakers have villages at Mount Lebanon, Watervliet and Groveland, in New York State; Alfred and New Gloucester, in Maine; Canterbury and Enfield, N. H.; Enfield, Conn.; Harvard, Shirley, Tyringham and Hancock, Mass.; Union Village, North Union, Watervliet and Whitewater, in Ohio; South Union and Pleasant Hill, in Kentucky. They have, altogether, eighteen Societies, or fifty-eight "communities," including 2,415 souls, and owning about 100,000 acres of real estate. They are celibates and spiritualists, have agriculture as the base of their industry, dress alike, are eminently practical, industrious, peaceable, etc. They assert that the second appearance of Christ on earth has been, and that they are the only true Church, "in which revelation, spiritualism, celibacy, oral confession, community, non-resistance, peace, the gift of healing miracles, physical health, and separation from the world are the foundations of the new heavens." They maintain that Christ's first appearance on earth was in the body of Jesus, his second appearance in the body of Ann Lee, or "Mother Ann," who organized their "Millenial Church." One hundred and forty pages of Mr. Nordhoff's volume are devoted to the Shakers, of whom, however, most of our readers know something already.

"The Perfectionists" of Oneida and Wallingford, in Madison County, New York, are of American origin. The founder was John Humphrey Noyes, of Brattleboro, Vermont, who still lives and leads them. They were established in Putney, Vt., but their views, more particularly with reference to the relations of the sexes, covered them with odium, and they were mobbed and driven out of the place in 1847 or '48, and established themselves in New York State. A characteristic feature of their Society is that not merely property but persons should be in common; that there is no marriage; or, rather, that "complex marriage takes the place of simple;" that the same spirit which abolished exclusiveness in regard to money would abolish, if circumstances allowed full scope to it, exclusiveness in regard to women and children. Mr. Nordhoff remarks that it is "an extraordinary evidence of the capacity of mankind for various and extreme religious belief, that many men have brought their wives and young daughters into the Oneida Community." The Perfectionists profess to aim at a sinless life. They hold that intercourse with God may proceed so far as to destroy selfishness in the heart and so make an end of sin. They have no preaching, baptism or the Lord's Supper, regard every day as a Sabbath, avoid all set forms, never pray aloud, but read the Bible and quote it freely. Noyes and others are stated to have raised the sick by the exercise of prayer. An essay by their founder, on "Scientific Propagation," reveals a frightful system of social morals and the utter repudiation of the marriage laws of the State of New York. No other of the Communistic Societies of the United States has reached the point which indicates Oneida and Wallingford as the plague spots of the United States, Utah not excepted.

Of the other Communistic bodies described by Mr. Nordhoff we have not space to treat, though ever so briefly. To "Colonies not Communistic," such as Vineland, we may refer again. The author's "Comparative View" of the operations and aims of the bodies, of whom he has given such interesting details, is worthy of careful perusal, as a cautious, just estimate of the value of this peculiar style of life, or, rather, a clear statement from which the reader may form his own estimate and draw his own conclusions. The great merit of the book is found in the fact that the author brings vividly before our very eyes the men and women, the habits and society, the morals and religion of bodies of people who are at least "peculiar," who are distant from us, and of whom we learn through the pages of this book far more than one in ten thousand of his readers could ever hope to learn for themselves, even if they were to make pilgrimages to the localities described.

A HOTEL IN HARMONY.

[From Nordhoff's "Communistic Societies of the United States."]

The hotel is one of the largest houses in the place; it is of two stories, with spacious bed-chambers, high ceilings, roomy fire-places, large halls, and a really fine dining room, all scrupulously clean. It was once, before the days of railroads, a favorite stopping-place on one of the main stage routes out of Pittsburgh; in the well-built stable and barns opposite there was room for twenty or thirty horses; the dining room would seat a hundred people; and here during many years was a favorite winter as well as summer resort for Pittsburghers, and an important source of income to the Economists.

When I for the first time entered the sitting-room on a chilly December morning, the venerable but active landlord was dusting chairs and tables, and looked up in some amazement at the intrusion of a traveler. "I can stay here, I suppose," said I, by way of introduction; and was answered: "That depends upon how long you want to stay. We don't take people to board here." My assurance that I meant to remain but two or three days, and that I had been recommended by Mr. Henrici, the head of the society, secured me a room; and the warning, as I went out for a walk, that I must be in a half-past eleven, promptly, to dine; and by half-past four for supper, because other people had to eat after me, and ought not to be kept waiting by reason of my carelessness. "For which reason," added the landlord, "it would be well for you to come in and be at hand a quarter of an hour before the times I have mentioned." When I had dined and supped and slept, I saw what a loss to Pittsburghers was the closing of the Economy hotel; for the Harmonists live well, and are substantial eaters in their German fashion. Nor was any ceremony omitted because of the fewness of guests; and old Joseph, the butler and head-waiter, who, as he told me, came to serve here fifty years ago, and is now seventy-eight years old, attended upon my meals arrayed in a scrupulously white apron, ordered the lass who was his subordinate, and occasionally condescended to laugh at my jokes, as befitted his place, with as much precision and dignity as when, thirty or forty years ago, he used to serve a household of hungry travelers.

Later in the afternoon I discovered the meaning of my landlord's warnings as to punctuality, as well as the real age of the "Economy Hotel." As I sat before the fire in my own room after supper, I heard the door-bell ring with a frequency as though an uncommon number of travelers were applying for lodgings; and going down into the sitting-room about seven o'clock, I discovered there an extraordinary collection of persons ranged around the fire, and toasting their more or less dilapidated boots. These were men in all degrees of ragredness; men with one eye, or lame, or crippled—tramps, in fact, beggars for supper and a night's lodging. They sat there to the number of twenty, half naked many of them, and not a bit ashamed; with carpet-bags or without; with clean or dirty faces and clothes as it might happen; but all hungry, as I presently saw, when a table was drawn out, about which they gathered, giving their names to be taken down on a register, while to them came a Harmonist brother with a huge tray full of tins filled with coffee, and another with a still bigger tray of bread.

Thereupon these wanderers fell to, and having eaten as much bread and coffee as they could hold, they were consigned to a house a few doors away, peeping in at whose windows by and by, I saw a large, cheerful coal fire, and beds for the whole company.

"You see, after you have eaten, the table must be cleared, and then we eat; and then come these people, who have also to be fed, so that, unless we hurry, the women are belated with their work," explained the landlord of this curious inn to me.

"Is this, then, a constant occurrence?" I asked in some amazement; and was told that they feed here daily from fifteen to twenty-five such tramps, asking no questions except that the person shall not have been a regular beggar from the society—a constant provision of coffee and bread is made for them, and the house set apart for their lodging has bed accommodations for twenty men. They are expected to wash at the stable next morning, and thereupon receive a breakfast of bread, meat, and coffee, and are suffered to go on their way. Occasionally the very destitute, if they seem to be deserving, receive also clothing.

"But are you not often imposed upon?" I asked.

"Yes, probably; but it is better to give to a dozen worthless ones than to refuse one deserving man the cup and loaf which we give," was the reply.

The tramps themselves took this benevolence apparently as a matter of course. They were quiet enough; some of them looked like decent men out of work, as indeed all professed to be going somewhere in search of employment. But many of them had the air of confirmed loafers, and some I should not have liked to meet alone on the road after dark.

— The Nelson trophy was sold in London the other day in the collection of China and other objects belonging to the late Mr. W. Joy, of Cheam. The trophy is chiefly made up of the eighty-four guineas which were in Nelson's purse at the time he was mortally wounded at Trafalgar. The guineas are soldered together in the form of a pyramid, and of each single there is a small figure in metal gilt supporting it, the whole being a kind of cenotaph about twelve inches high, with a sarcophagus beneath the pyramid, the base bearing the inscription referring to the event. The trophy was put up with a bid of ninety guineas, and sold for £125.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS.

The Mysterious Stranger is generally a German, a Pole or a Hungarian. He is always well educated, is on a secret mission and has a sad look. If not an officer of the German Government, or an exile for his political opinions, he is a Count travelling *incog* for the improvement of his mind and only waiting the opportunity of conferring some wonderful and lasting benefit on an indeserving world. We have had him recently in New Brunswick. He was of German-French extraction. He was a son of the Duchesse de Berri, and though actually born under the tropical sun of India and doomed to wander in all climes, he had not given up all hope of reaching the Throne of France. He had sounded the depths of Philosophy, and confessed to a weakness for the study of Natural Science, yet had filled the post of hostler in rural abodes and was willing, for a moderate stipend, to make himself useful in any calling. He had a scheme, which, if properly developed, would have enriched New Brunswick beyond all other countries on the face of the earth and made our small, obscure Province the envy of the nations. He had bred and interbred, crossed and re-crossed, silkworms, until he had obtained a worm which thrived better on the alder bushes of our Province than on any other food! This worm was adapted to the climate, was easily manipulated and would turn the miserable, worthless "alders" that abound in every section of the Province into the means of promoting an immigration of silk-makers, establishing a new and lucrative industry, and enriching the whole population of the country to an extent that would be positively dazzling; so that what we had been accustomed to regard as the most thoroughly mean and contempitible of all the products of our soil would become a perfect mine of wealth and luxury. The Mysterious One communicated his magnificent conceptions and intentions to the Government of this Province, through the office of the Provincial Secretary, but it was the misfortune of our Province that at this critical moment in her history, her Government was in most incompetent hands and a negligent Secretary named Fraser did not deign to reply to the splendid proposition, and millions of wealth have been for ever lost to the Province! The Mysterious Stranger, who had studied our laws and institutions, our industries and resources, with such care; who had joined every secret society and moved in a great variety of "circles," all with the expectation of living among and enriching New Brunswickers, has, doubtless, carried his silk-worms and his genius to more sympathetic quarters and a more enterprising, appreciative people. The Count Angostien, son of the Duchesse de Berri, has, by this date, shaken from his shoes the dust of the streets of the city of St. John; and the Howe Road and the Loch Lomond road knew him no more for ever. The Count was only one of a number of mysterious people whom Providence has sent our way. We have had within a few years visitors who were even greater enigmas, not merely to the public at large but to themselves, than even the heir to royalty above referred to. The Count sought to accomplish a great good for us but was thwarted by a do-nothing Government; these, we are glad to be able to state, have accomplished very much. We have had WEBSTER, of Maine, for instance, who goes to sleep he knows not how; describes diseases of which he has had no previous acquaintance; administers prescriptions without having studied medicine; and, strangest of all, has really succeeded in greatly alleviating the ill that flesh is heir to. Then we have had HAYDEN, also from the border State,—from that delightful retreat known as Eastport,—who cures by the touch, whose fingers dispel your Rheumatism or your Erysipelas—whose very presence or the wave of whose hand turns the cripple into the whole man, drives away pain and draws down blessings on the head of the Yankee benefactor. These are surely men of Mystery, men who ought to be dissected that the secret of their power and influence over their fellow beings may be discovered,—men who, if their power for harm were as great as their power for good is said to be, would need to be hung for the safety of the State,—assuming that they would remain hung and dead to all mundane things. Then there is ARNOLD, the great German doctor, the favorite of the Army, reputed the beloved of the German Government, though the enemy of James E. Whittaker and Bartholemew Murray, City Marshal of St. John; the "benevolent" doctor, who gives away pills to the poor, and doses, free of expense, those who do not choose to remunerate him, the Government of Germany honoring all deaths thereby and causing the lips of Canada's poverty to invoke blessings on the head of Bismarck! And then we have the originator of the French Medicated Pastilles, safe antidotes to German boluses and purgatives,—the man who deliberately proposes to slaughter the "fifty thousand people who reside about the mouth of the St. John," by pouring into that great mouth Fifty Thousand Boxes of French "Pastilles." Where these Mysterious Strangers originated who shall tell, or what their ulterior designs on this poor Province? Are they Princes, or only Fenians, in disguise? Are they Jesuits? Or are they what they proclaim themselves? And if so, why such an irruption of genius, benevolence and physic at the present moment? Is our constitution in such a horrid state that it can't be saved without the assistance of all these foreign doctors? Or are we all about to give up the ghost, and are these gentlemen sent to see us decently laid out? We can understand why the son of the Duchesse de Berri should wish to do a great act that would send his name down to posterity illuminated with a halo of glory, but why the medical men have descended upon us in such force, unless it be to hold a *post mortem*, is past finding out.

If, however, it is any consolation to our readers, we feel justified in extending the assurance that other countries have also had their mysterious people of whom the world was not worthy, and who resembled rather the Count Angostien than the medical ravens that have gathered around the carcass of suffering New Brunswick. We take the following from a recent number of the New York *Tribune*:—

CLOSE OF A SINGULAR CAREER.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR: The wife of Dr. May Burton of Virginia died in this city on April 6, after a lingering illness of nearly two years. Born, educated, and married in the South, she was accustomed to all the luxuries, indulgences, and refinements which usually fell to the lot of wealthy Virginians twenty years ago. Everything went with the "Lost Cause," and Mrs. Burton came to New York and made for herself a home by means of her pen. She always wrote with peculiar ease, but often her best productions were brought out without mental or physical effort of her own. She simply prepared pencils and paper, became passive, and wrote, having only a dim consciousness, and frequently none at all, of what was being produced. She had no talent for drawing or painting; in fact she could hardly draw a face or even a leaf which could be recognized as such. Soon after coming to New York she began to see faces upon paper before her and to sketch them with great rapidity and exactness. At length she was impelled to get colors and all the materials for painting in oil, though she had never seen that kind of painting done and had not the slightest idea how to prepare or mix the colors so as to produce desired tints, nor how to apply them to produce desired effects. At a single sitting in a darkened room she produced a head of considerable merit. Others followed at intervals until her room presented the appearance of a unique picture gallery.

About the same time another uncultivated faculty developed itself, namely, the power of referring to past events in the lives of those who were in her presence. The knowledge of past events so conveyed was frequently most remarkable and was almost invariably correct, even strikingly in this respect the reports which so late of Jonge Sitting and Cockoke. Whatever be did her personal character and love of truth were guarantees upon a directional deception, and her excellent intellect, cultivation and knowledge of men were more than usual guarantees against self-deception. As was natural to one of her peculiar powers and temperament, she looked with favor upon the general subject of Spiritualism, and believed that when cleared of its chaff and tares there would be found a kernel of truth which would aid in clearing and developing the human race.

New York, April, 1875. A. Z.

A MYSTERIOUS POLE.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

There died recently in a hospital at Covington, Ky., a native of Poland who, on admission, gave his name as Sobieky. After death there were found in his possession valuable manuscripts on English accentuation, and a recommendation of the bearer as a teacher, from President Porter, of Yale College. A letter published in the Cincinnati *Gazette* from Mr. Warren Kiefer, of Springfield, Ohio, sheds further light upon the history and character of the mysterious personage. Mr. Kiefer says: "The unfortunate man whose name appears above was in many respects a most remarkable personage, and deserves more than a passing notice. His life in America was shrouded in mystery. He was undoubtedly a Pole of very high rank, as stated by President Noah Porter, of Yale College. President Porter was his principal friend and patron, and should know more of him than any other person on this continent. Professor J. B. Weston, of Antioch College, also knew him well. He was generally very reticent about his life, but under certain circumstances and when under certain moods he would speak somewhat mysteriously of his own life and history. He was an opium eater, and when known here and at Yellow Spring, Ohio, was not a dissipated man. He was a great linguist, and was employed by the Merriams in revising Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—last edition. He specially devoted himself to giving the root or derivation of words. He specially devoted himself to giving the root or derivation of words. He did not allow the publishers to acknowledge his services upon the great work by publishing his name in connection with it. Several small works of his on philology and kindred subjects have been published, I have reason to believe, in the name of another. He belonged to an ancient family of Poland, and claimed that, in case the dismemberment of that country had not taken place, he would have been its hereditary ruler. He never gave a connected history of his early life. From him I gathered, during a few months of personal intimacy in 1859, that he had been educated in the best institutions of learning on the continent of Europe, and with a view to his rank. He was also an educated soldier. He claimed to have been long a political prisoner in close confinement in a Russian dungeon, for an attempt to raise a revolt in Poland, and from thence was sent to Siberia as an exile. The Russian government relented towards him so far as to release him from exile, on condition that he would expatriate himself forever from his native land and from the continent of Europe, to receive a stipulated pension from Russia so long as he refrained from any intrigue with his countrymen against Russia. I have reason to believe that he received a liberal pension from Russia, paid through the Russian Minister at Washington, up to about the year 1860, when, from some unknown cause, it was cut off, since which time he has probably had no other means of support in this country, save what he earned as an instructor. He always seemed to dread any public notoriety and lived accordingly. He assumed to fear that his movements were under surveillance by Russian spies. Against Russia he cursed a mortal hatred. He left here about fifteen years ago, calling upon me at 3 o'clock in the morning to say good-bye, and, with no further explanation, disappeared. I heard nothing of him until within a year past, when he again appeared, like an apparition, at my office. He seemed poor and dispirited, but gave little account of himself. He had, probably, as appeared from his statements, been to Poland in disguise; but I have reason to believe he had been at the South during the late war, teaching, and as a military instructor. He constantly claimed as an excuse for his use of opium to be a great sufferer from wounds received in battle. His carriage was erect, and his air and bearing was that of a foreigner of distinction, and in manner he was dignified and reserved. He generally, when he wrote his name at all, wrote it M. F. J. Sobieky. These were not the full initials of his name, nor has President Porter in his recent letter concerning him given his name in full. He once wrote it for me thus: Maximilian Frederic Francis Feodor Otho Milo Johannes Sobieky. He was probably about sixty-five years of age when he died. It is hardly possible that he died from natural causes or from injuries resulting from intoxication. He often predicted his own assassination."

WAITING TO ENTER INTO THE NEW JERUSALEM.

The Number of Rooms Allotted to Each Person.

Fervor of the Second Adventists.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

As the time approaches when the Adventists expect to see Christ descending from the cloud, their faith becomes stronger, their joys more intense. One of the hymns in their "Advent Minstrel" runs:

We have passed the coast of Babylon, and the Medo-Persian line,
We have left the coast of Grecia far behind;
We've been sailing down the Roman shore for eighteen hundred years,
And our chart declares the port we soon shall find.

As according to this chart they make port Monday night, they are full of exultation. Although now confined to narrow quarters, and living on short commons, for they disposed of everything, leaving barely enough food to last to Monday, they are happy in the expectation of glorious accommodations in the New Jerusalem. Their leader, Thurman, in his paper, *The Time Appointed*, makes the following estimate of

THE ROOM THEY WILL HAVE:

St. John says: "And I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." (Rev., xxi., 2.) "And the city lieth four square, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length, and the breadth and the height of it are equal." (Rev., xxi., 16.) If leaving one half for those golden streets, which are as "transparent glass," we divide the remaining portion of the city into rooms 32 feet square and the same in height, it would contain 20 quadrillions, 221 trillions, 843 billions, and 750 millions of rooms.

If we allow but twenty-five years to a generation, and could suppose that during each generation there had lived 1,200,000,000 persons, we would have only 288,144,000,000. Therefore, if every person that has ever lived on the earth should be saved, there will be more than room enough for each one to have 105,951 rooms. Then Christ has well said, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

They estimate that as only the truly good receive immortality, the actual room will greatly exceed the above. They have

SACRIFICED EVERYTHING.

In their meeting yesterday, one man said he had six little children looking to him for support, but that he had disposed of all his effects, and his only trust for succor was on the coming of the Lord, and on being safely housed in the New Jerusalem. Thus it is with peculiar zeal and emotion they sing with a realizing sense of their meaning the ardent longings of the ancient hymn:

For thee, oh, dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

THE EXCITEMENT

was wrought up to an extraordinary pitch, and the physical manifestations sometimes approached the violence that makes camp-meeting revival scenes. Between seventy and eighty were present, about equally divided between the sexes, and all in an ecstatic mood. As usual in such delusions, they hug to their hearts the virtue of persistence in credulity, or faith, as they style it, and quotations from the Bible on the subject are numerous. As one of them read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews describing the nature of faith, he was continually interrupted by shouts of "Glory," "Amen," and the assembly attained to such exaltation of feeling that hysterical symptoms were manifested,—laughter, tears, rocking to and fro, and spasmodic gesticulations. There is something touching in their enthusiasm. One old man, speaking of the sacrifices they had made in relinquishing their employment and disposing of their effects, reads:

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Sell all that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the Heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.—Luke xii., 32, 33.

Commenting on this, he said the outside world jeered at them just as it did at Noah in the days of the flood when he was building his ark of safety, but they were sustained in sweet comfort, resting upon the never failing promises of God. Sometimes doubts assailed, but they were the whisperings of Satan, and at the cry of "Help, Lord!" they vanished. But a few more hours and Jesus would come to them.

Then his own hand would wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
Should cease eternally.

AN OLD, WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN,

who seemed to be one of the foremost in zealousness, continually interjected exclamations with hysteric volubility, such as "Oh, blessed, sweet Jesus! a few more hours and He will come! Oh, the happiness of looking for Jesus! Glory! Glory!" She made a short address, expressing her great wonder at the indifference of the world. If they only knew what was coming they would come like doves flying to their cote when the eagles were abroad. Several girls stood up, and, in the religious phraseology picked up from their elders, gave expression to their feelings. There were some curious manifestations of the morbid condition of feeling produced by minute and prolonged introspection. Thus one, commenting on St. Paul's injunction, "Pray without ceasing," said that sometimes when praying his poor old leg would begin to trouble him, and he would think sometimes that maybe he didn't love God enough, or such things would not enter his head.

The tone of the meeting was, however, joyous in the extreme, and one of the speakers told the simple truth when he said that, if the world believed them to be under a delusion, they were happy in their delusion.

THE VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS

came in for rare because of their indifference to the great event. The old lady before referred to sang a hymn about the Ship of Zion, in which God was Captain and Jesus Chief Mate. In it she made mention of some sailing on other ships, and being wrecked on sand-bars. One of the brethren immediately took up the comparison, and made the ships wrecked on sand-bars refer to the various denominational religious conveyances. He held that the description of the Church of Laodicea in Scripture was meant for the Church of the present day:

I know thy works, thou art neither cold nor hot. So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayst be rich; and white raiment that thou mayst be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayst see.

He thought that the modern Church, wrapped up in pelf and formalism, or else ignoring God's truth, for the practice of sentimentality, filled out the description. It needed the Adventist eye-salve very badly, in order to foresee the coming of Christ.

ELDER THURMAN

made a spirited address, in which he threw down the gage to the Young Men's Christian Association and the churches generally. He said that the Adventist belief in regard to the second coming of Christ was held by the churches, but the difference was that the Adventists realized their belief, while with the latter it was a mere profession. The churches believed the Word of God, so did the Adventists. The churches believed in salvation by faith, so did the Adventists. Why, then, put your fingers in your ears and cry, "Fanatics! fanatics!" If the churches knew them to be wrong, let them come forward and show them where they were wrong, and they will thank them. They had searched the Word of God with patience and carefulness, and found that every prophetic date pointed to the 19th of April. If Tom Paine himself were present, he could not but be convinced by the strength of the testimony. If it should be a failure, it would be the greatest miracle under the canopy of heaven—no less a miracle than that God had deliberately arranged His word in order to deceive the people. But oh, there could be no mistake. Monday night they would see Jesus coming in the clouds, (shouts of "Glory.")

In the afternoon they went out to the city limits on the North Side at Fullerton Avenue, and

BAPTIZED FOUR CONVERTS

in the lake in their peculiar fashion, consisting of three complete immersions, face downward. This is done in imitation of the practice of the early Christians as described by Tertullian, one of the fire of the patristic writers, as follows:

When we are going to enter the water, but a little before, in the presence of the congregation and under the hand of the President, we solemnly profess that we renounce the devil and his pomp and his angels; hereupon we are thrice immersed, making a somewhat ampler pledge than the Lord has appointed in the gospel.

They met yesterday morning at 110 North Desplaines Street, close by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway tracks. The second story room in which they met is occupied as a carpenter shop in front, no partition intervening. But there was a cessation of work while the seances were going on. The exercises consisted of singing and prayer after the fashion of such devotional meetings in other Christian denominations.

Yesterday was a cold day, and the persons baptized suffered not a little. But the zeal of these Adventists stick at nothing. In Rhode Island they broke the ice of a pond in January, in order to immerse. Elder Thurman has had a great deal of trouble about infant baptism, which he opposes and condemns. In Listowell, Ont., in January last, a sister was moved by the spirit of prophecy, and commanded that all the infants should be baptized. Thereupon helpless, frightened, screaming infants were nearly strangled to death by being plunged three times completely under water. A mania of prophecy threatened to break out among the women, and Elder Thurman had to make vigorous use of St. Paul's injunction against women speaking in the churches, in order to suppress it.

Yesterday evening exercises were again held in Stanley's Hall, No. 619 West Lake Street, Elder Thurman lecturing on the prophecies and answering questions put to him. He is a man whose honesty and faith are unquestionable, and his thorough knowledge of the Scriptures and all history pertinent thereto, makes him a well-equipped disputant, so that if any of the clergy or the Y. M. C. A. should enter the lists they should go well prepared. Public meetings will be held this afternoon at 3, and this evening at 7½, at Stanley Hall, and Mr. Thurman will answer any questions asked him.

THE SECRET OF THE SOCIAL QUEENS.—I have often wondered at the singular influence possessed by some women; and I have always found that they were women who looked up to themselves—not necessarily brilliant persons, nor necessarily witty, but original (of course, a person is original who takes great pains to form his or her own convictions); and then, as most women are very sympathetic, this combination of originality and sympathy makes them the most charming companions—more charming, of course, than men of the like self-respecting nature, because such men may not be sympathetic, whereas the women are nearly sure to be so. You may depend upon it that Cleopatra not only sympathized with Anthony, but had ideas and views of her own which greatly interested and attracted him. And so with the great ladies in France who ruled certain sections of society. You may take it for granted that they were women who looked up to themselves. We have had fewer of such women in England—that is, possibly; but you will find that in most circles, even in remote country places, there are women of the kind I mean, who have immense power in the form of influence.—*Social Pressure*, by Sir Arthur Helps.

A PARIS REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

The deuce. Eight o'clock already, and I am still sleeping in the delights of Capua! Quick! Out of bed, lazy bones! Do you forget what is due to your newspaper?

There is no doubt of it; here you are in the brotherhood of our men of letters. Here it is in black and white on your visiting card:

DURANDIN,
Homme de Lettres.

Journalist! I am a journalist, like Armand Carrel, like—

In the first place I have to write a paragraph about the fire last night. I must make haste! (*He seats himself at the table.*)

Strange! Inspiration doesn't seem to come while one is fasting. Anyhow, the subject is a poor one. Not a single victim. At one time I thought I had stumbled on a piece of genuine good luck. I was assured that a child, shut up in a room, had been burned alive. I had already prepared such a description!—

There was especially a phrase about "those little calcined remains." Not at all; it was a dog. For a while I had the idea of permitting the description to remain anyhow. But then the other fellows are there watching you. They would not have failed to expose the trick the next morning.

The devil take the fire! I don't feel quite up to the mark just at present. And now to breakfast.

Waiter! bring me all the papers. Here is this rascal Baruchet who has again cut an assassination from under my feet. But how does that creature do to be so lucky? Crimes happen only for him.

And what an assassination! A woman cut into pieces by her husband!

Had I been the first to take it to my paper, my chief editor might have raised my salary.

But all is not lost. Baruchet did not finish his work. He did not have the pieces shown him! I must not fail to see them, or I shall lose my reputation.

What do you say, waiter? The beefsteak that I called for? I haven't time——

And the sack! If I can only make a sketch of the sack in which the victim was tied, I will crush Baruchet.

Driver! Rue de la Roguette. You shall have a good *pourboire* if you hurry.

* * * * * * *

Impossible! The Commissary of Police was adamant. In vain did I implore him. In vain assure him that he held my future in his hands. Formerly my predecessors had only to stoop to pick up items. Ah, had I but lived in the time of the Troppmann affair!

In these days one may hear of a few trifling murder cases. To make anything presentable out of them prodigies of imagination are necessary.

But I have an idea. The Rue de la Roguette in very near the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. Perhaps I may find there some sensational burial. I'll go and see at any rate.

* * * * * * *

Decidedly there is no chance!

On my way, I asked at the prison in which are confined those condemned to death whether there was not some interesting subject in one of the cells.

Nothing!

Here is the keeper of the cemetery, and now to question him.

"Pardon, sir; can you tell me whether there is any death of note to-day?"

"Here is the list."

"Thank you for the opportunity of glancing over it. I am a journalist, connected with the *Furet*. Here is the Countess de Brosse. Pshaw! About fifteen lines on the genealogy of the family will do for her. An Austrian banker—a general on the retired list—that is all rot! Have you observed, Mr. Keeper, how rare the Academicians are becoming? Formerly you buried them in numbers. By the way, an. Academician is an excellent thing. You, who are not in the newspaper profession, understand the value of an Academician—the resources he offers—but I must beg pardon for detaining you. Sorry to have disturbed you for nothing."

And above all to have disturbed myself.

Well, at any rate I don't propose to lose my time altogether. I'll get down that a woman crazy from love, who insisted on being buried alive, was taken in custody before the tomb of Heloise and Abelard. Not a bad invention this—it is sure to go the rounds.

Always provided that the animal Baruchet does not deny that the arrest never took place. He is capable of everything.

Two o'clock, as I live.

* * * * * * *

Two o'clock, and I have only my crazy woman, and she has no existence.

Suppose I go to the Morgue? That's a good idea!

Driver, to the Morgue!

Sapristi! I forgot all about the marriage of our celebrated musician Bernardon with the little Irma, an actress of the Varieties, a union in which all Paris is interested. This is what comes of trusting to one's memory.

Perhaps I may still have time to reach the place and obtain a few names.

Driver, to the Mayor's office of the Ninth Arrondissement!

Just in time. Seven minutes more and I would have missed them.

To begin with, the bride's toilette—is it faille or taffeta? That is important to know. Well, it can't be helped, I must question that old lady. "Madam, can you tell me whether that dress is of faille or taffeta?"

"What! you impudent fellow!"

"I, Madame? I swear to you that——"

And the groom? Holds himself well, but with a somewhat constrained air. Let us take a note or two:

"The defunct appeared"—come—I am writing nonsense. I thought I was at a funeral.

At all events I have made out to get forty lines. But there is nothing in the way of incident. Nothing, for instance, like what happened at the marriage of the Comte de X——, whose nieces made a scene with him at the church. Now, that is what I call a model of a marriage ceremony.

Three o'clock! Driver, to the Morgue!

* * * * * * *

A deplorable lay out. Only two cases of drowning, and those of the fourth class. I put down one of them to the account of disappointed love, which will please the fancy of the lady readers of the paper.

I'll go by the way of the market. This is the feast-day of the king of the pumpkins. The public always reads about such things with a new pleasure and as if it read of them for the first time. But what am I saying? How stupid I am, to be sure! I wrote the article eight days ago. I had forgotten all about it.

Ha, here is the first chestnut vender at his stand on the curbstone. What new thing can be said on this subject? Let me see. A young member of the Jockey Club disguising himself as a seller of chestnuts in order to deceive a watchful husband and so daily to see the woman of his dreams pass in and out of the door in front of which he has installed himself? No, of all the stupid notes!——

Now to try the Prefecture of Police, where perhaps some bold theft may reward me. If this sort of thing continues I won't earn even my carriage hire to-day. I will dismiss the vehicle.

If somebody would only throw himself in the water while I am on the bridge! But all these passers-by have a deplorably calm look about them.

Nothing on the books of the Prefecture. At the most, nothing but two or three insignificant forgeries. Fine material, indeed, for inspiration!

But what means that cover over there? Is fortune about to smile on me? A young girl who has just been run over by an omnibus—thanks, *Mon Dieu!*

Ah, Baruchet won't rob me of *this* item. I say, let me pass, *pill you!*

Here goes for my note-book: "Angelic face" (not strictly true, but sheds an air of poetry over the thing.) "Dressed elegantly."

Now her address must be found out—far from stupid this, as a pretext to search her. "In her pockets were found a Russia-leather portemonaie containing seventeen francs, twenty-five centimes, a handkerchief marked J. M., a small cake of rouge." I hope I may be th

"Rainbow." We can see him now, overarching the world from Dan to Beersheba, an object of admiration to the children of all schools, who, as soon as he appears upon the horizon, rush to see him spread himself. He was all things to all men, and more especially to the women, who, as we have already said, are more sensitive to the operation of the Spirit than men; and he was just as good and as great a man as you could expect a Christian in his position to be,—a splendid character spoiled by one or two lasting lies, a koh-i-noor diamond with a flaw."

NOTICE.

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

Subscription, Two Dollars per annum, post-paid. Single copies, four cents.

Advertisements: Twenty Dollars per inch, per annum. Transient Advertising, One Dollar per inch for the first insertion; fifty cents each subsequent insertion.

THE WATCHMAN is for sale at all the City Bookstores, in all the principal Towns in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and on all the leading Railways and Steamboats.

JOHN LIVINGSTON,
Proprietor and Editor.

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

The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1875.

"THE WATCHMAN."

With the modesty that is so becoming in youth, THE WATCHMAN proposes to say as little as possible about itself, its aims and hopes. It may, however, be proper to state that it would not be published unless its proprietor had entertained the belief that there was room for it in the newspaper field. Weeklies depending mainly for their support on St. John readers are comparatively scarce; hence a probability that the advent of this journal will not prove unwelcome. Journals which do not hesitate to challenge the administration of public affairs by the present Dominion Government are also few and far between in our Province, although public sentiment seems to run counter to the Government: another reason why THE WATCHMAN and its criticisms will not be rejected by the people at large. If to these features of the new journal we add that in no respect will it follow the beaten track of Provincial journalism; that, in future, its sketches of Provincial life will be graphic, novel and entertaining, its news fresh and reliable, its discussions of local affairs just and fearless, its literary department well sustained, its reviews of new books, theatrical criticisms, etc., exhaustive and impartial, the reading public will probably not question our right to live. Lenient readers will be pleased to excuse the imperfections of this initial number—produced during moments snatched from other and weightier labors,—and accept our promise of continuous improvement in succeeding issues. Our printers, Messrs. McKILLOP & JOHNSTON, have been obliged to produce this number at extremely short notice, and although they have imported a beautiful suit of type expressly for THE WATCHMAN, and the appearance of the paper reflects no discredit on their establishment, they are convinced that the issues to follow will redound still more to their typographical honor. With these few observations we take the seat to which a number of our contemporaries have, in advance, bid us welcome.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The political events of the last twelve months must be sadly disappointing to those well meaning and conscientious persons who honestly believed that the advent of the Ontario Party to power at Ottawa was to inaugurate an era of electoral purity, sound public morality, disinterested, patriotic public service. All who have closely and impartially watched the course of the "Reform" Government and the "Reform" Party, must have come to the conclusion that, while in opposition, they built up a reputation for integrity and ability which their administration of the Government has entirely destroyed. It is a remarkable fact that the only measures which they have carried through successfully were those which they appropriated from their predecessors, while their greatest failures have been connected with those measures which were of their own originating. Their Pacific Railway policy, their transactions with British Columbia, their handling of the New Brunswick School question, their Brydgian management of the Maritime Railways, their treatment of the Bay Verte Canal, their early tampering with the Tariff, their Supreme Court bill, their bill for the government of the North West, are all evidences of the grossest incompetency as a Government. In these instances of failure, alone,—to say nothing of the attempt to crush Canadian manufactures under a "Reciprocity Treaty" with the States, which, happily, was averted,—there are blunders enough to destroy any Government, blunders that have placed the present Government beyond hope of salvation. So far as the Maritime members of the Government are concerned, but more especially the New Brunswick members, whom the people were anxious to sustain if that were possible, their position is most deplorable. A few facts will help to illustrate.

One of the first acts of their Government was to attempt to fasten a special tax on a Maritime interest, the ship-owning and ship-building interest, and it was with the greatest difficulty this could be prevented. Failing in that quarter, the Government determined the Maritime Provinces should be freshly taxed through the Railway system. This succeeded. Mr. Brydges did not leave New Brunswick until, in the name of the Government, he had levied an additional tax on every manufacturer whose products were carried over the road, including manufacturers who have no other means of transport; on every mill-owner; on the farmers along the main railways and their branches; on all lumbermen and shipbuilders who use the road; and, in addition, on all the passenger travel, striking particularly at that class of persons who had been induced by moderate fares to invest in houses and lands in the vicinity of the railway. Mr. Brydges carried his point in spite of the New Brunswick members of the Government. The next humiliation these gentlemen were to suffer was connected with the Bay Verte Canal. Mr. Smith had taken great credit for preventing Dr. Tupper from having the Canal put under contract, and now the Nova Scotia supporters of Mr. Smith's Government have signed a document that will prevent the Canal from being built as long as they remain in Parliament; they have effectually killed the Canal,—with Mr. Smith's prior aid. Mr. Burpee has prided himself on being an out-and-out New Brunswick Free School man, a most valorous opponent of anything like "encroachment" on New Brunswick's rights, and yet both Mr. Smith and Mr. Burpee were parties to the concoction of a resolution asking the Queen to interfere with our legislation and to use her influence to change it; they both voted for it, and their Government compelled the House of Commons to pass it. They both represent the loyal sentiments of a thoroughly loyal Province, yet their Government and themselves abetted and adopted the proposition, which was incorporated in the Supreme Court Act, to abolish the Appeal to England! They were at one time great sticklers for Provincial rights, Mr. Smith especially professing a great dread of the overshadowing influence of the Upper Provinces; yet they offered not the slightest effective opposition to the scheme to give the Province of Quebec, one third of the Judges of the Court of Appeal, irrespective of ted States.

ler future population. As far as they could, they made special legislation for Quebec.

Pages of a newspaper might be exhausted in showing the humiliating position which the Maritime Provinces have recently occupied in the Dominion Parliament; notably also in the Dominion Government where Mr. McKenzie has been playing the autocrat. We have named but a few instances and only one or two names; but these are "specimen bricks." It is proper to add that the Government which a year ago was so insolent and aggressive, has since shown the strongest signs of demoralization and disintegration. Its members have been anxious to fly from its ranks. Mr. Blake remained in it but a few months. Mr. Dorion took the first judicial vacancy that offered. Mr. Ross, of Nova Scotia, gladly accepted, indeed, he fought for, the office of a Collector of Customs. Mr. Fournier, a fourth rate lawyer who was made Minister of Justice over the head of Hon. A. J. Smith, demands the position of Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec, and Mr. Senator Scott is spoken of for a seat in the Court of Appeals. Rumor is also busy with the name, as with the fame, of Mr. Huntingdon, President of the Privy Council. These, however, are not the worst features of the sickness in the Reform or Ontario Party. Of all the Party leaders, Messrs. Mackenzie, Blake and Brown are the most influential in Parliament and have the strongest hold upon the country. It was to have been supposed that if the Reform Party, as a Party, had a definite policy by which they purposed to govern Canada, these leaders would be agreed upon it, and it would be presented through Parliament. This was especially desirable, in view of the fact that they had denounced their predecessors in office as mere "men of expediency," as divided in their counsels and governed by circumstances. But what have we found? Mr. Blake entered the Government,—and carried Mr. A. J. Smith in with him, Mr. Smith having publicly assured his constituents that he only entered on the condition that Mr. Blake joined. He remained there a few months, abandoned the ship without giving any satisfactory explanation, and in Parliament has opposed his former colleagues on the gravest public questions. His friends have established an "organ" to aid him in his attempted coercion of the Government. Mr. Brown, while at daggers drawn with Mr. Blake, is also obliged, in his place in the Senate, to condemn the Government's policy on so serious a Government measure as the fastening of the Separate School system on the great North-West Territories, and in other ways has shown his discontent with the ruling of the rulers. And yet these are the gentlemen who were to have been models of patriotism, unselfishness, cooperation and all the political and Christian graces. These are the leaders, and this the party, whose friends assured these miserable Maritime Provinces they were scarcely worthy to have such rulers over them.

OUR PUBLIC MEN.

The sketches of New Brunswick members of Parliament and the Local Legislature, which we reproduce to-day from the latest edition of "Morgan's Parliamentary Companion," just issued, supply a great want. It has generally been considered that the public lost a great deal through not having a succinct record of the *personal* of the public men who have lived, labored and passed away from our Province, and Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Hannay and other writers have, at great pains and expense, in deference to the demand for particulars, ransacked the archives of the past to fill the *hiatus*. A much readier means, however, of establishing the reputation of our public men on a lasting foundation has been found in the pages of the "Parliamentary Companion." Here we have a record of the acts and opinions of at least our own legislators, a record of the utmost correctness, since, in most instances, it is supplied by the gentlemen themselves. To the pages of "Morgan" the doubtful and sceptical may refer for confirmation, strong as holy writ, of any fact connected with the birth, age, marriage, military appointment, present political sentiments, etc., of any member of Parliament or of the Provincial Legislatures of the Dominion.

Summarizing a few of the facts as here presented, we find that one New Brunswick member of Parliament traces his descent to a period antecedent to the Norman Conquest, while another is of the lineage of the Princes of Tyrconnel. A third places himself on the record as having been married once, although the popular impression has been that he had been twice married,—so liable is the public to error. Some are descended from English Puritan stock, others pride themselves on their Loyalist parentage, while some, we regret to find, do not seem to have known that they had any forefathers. The number of legislators who have been "Lieutenant Colonels," or held other official rank in the army, is quite remarkable, though not more so than the fact that comparatively few have risen to the Legislature or to Parliament without being a Director of some benevolent or useful local institution. Of our members of Parliament, only one gentleman, Mr. Deveber, admits that he is "a Reformer," the others describing themselves as "Liberal" or "Conservative," nearly all of them claiming to be "Liberal," though Mr. Domville is claimed as a "Liberal-Conservative." In the New Brunswick Assembly only three members are registered as "Conservative." The political platform of the Assembly shows, of course, a dead uniformity, nearly all the members putting themselves down squarely as "elected to support the Non-Sectarian, Free School system." Mr. E. J. Smith, of Westmorland, adds to his politics that he favors "a reduction of taxes, a reduction of salaries, a reduction of lawyers' fees, and increasing the price of timber on Crown Lands;" and Mr. Mackenzie, of Restigouche, avows himself "a supporter of the National Party, believing that Canada should always be first in the aspirations and affections of every true Canadian." Altogether, these sketches of our legislators will repay careful perusal. The children in our Free Schools should treasure them and ever remember that there is no position either in the Legislature or Parliament which a well-behaved, ambitious youth may not hope to reach, and, having reached, secure a place in Morgan's "Companion."

BENEVOLENT FOREIGNERS.—Probably one of the most benevolent acts of the century is that which furnishes the "poor" of St. John with medicinal pills and powders at the expense of the German Government. At the same time, it is a melancholy reflection on this fair City that its poor should be compelled to accept the bounty of a foreign Government, even in the matters of calomel and rhubarb. The great fact, however, reveals the broad and philanthropic spirit which governs in German councils, for it is only fair to assume that the poor of St. John are not the only poor whom the German Government includes among its patients. Doubtless, the expense is paid from the French Indemnity money; and then there is the saving which Germany is making under the Act for cutting off subsidies to those who give their allegiance to Rome rather than to the Fatherland. Altogether, we come to the conclusion that Germany can afford to send medical men, like missionaries, into heathen countries, that the lame, the halt and the blind may be cured, and that even infidels may lisp their blessings on charitable German officials.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.—The members of the Board of Trade and members of the Lumber Exchange, yesterday, subscribed fifty-eight thousand dollars towards resisting the demands of the Laborers' Association. This amount,—and as much more as is needed,—will be used to bring to the port the necessary laborers for loading and discharging all the shipping that may require handling. There is, however, abundance of labor in or near St. John; all that is really needed is protection to those who do not choose to be coerced by the Laborers' Society! [Noon, Saturday: The sum has reached nearly $70,000.]

STOCK DELEGATE.—It is stated that the Hon. Angus McQueen will be a Government delegate to purchase stock in agricultural interests. The purchases will be made in the Dominion and the Unit-

ST. JOHN IN 1604.

We present our readers to-day with a fac-simile of the chart of the harbor of St. John, drawn by Champlain in 1604, when he first discovered this river. Most of our readers will scarcely need to be told that our river was discovered by Champlain on the 24th June, 1604, the day of St. John the Baptist, and on that account received its present name. The expedition which discovered the St. John, and of which Champlain was pilot, was fitted out under the auspices of Henry IV. of France, and was commanded by the Sieur de Monts, a Huguenot gentleman, who was attached to the person of that monarch. De Monts received from the French King a very extensive grant of territory in North America, between the fortieth and forty-fifth degrees of latitude, and likewise a monopoly of the fur trade over half the Continent. He had formed the design of founding a Colony in Acadia, and had brought out many artisans and workmen of various kinds, as well as farmers and soldiers. Several gentlemen were with the expedition, amongst others Poutrincourt, from Picardie, who afterwards settled at Port Royal, now Annapolis, N. S. The main authority for the transactions of this voyage is the work of Champlain himself, who, in his own sailor-like way, tells the story of his discoveries. The following is a literal translation of that part of his book of voyages which relates to the River St. John:—

"The 20th May we left the Port for the mines to seek a proper place for building a house, resolved that no time should be lost. Then, after having reunited to ascertain if we could discover the mine of pure copper which Prevard's people had found by the aid of the savages, we made two leagues to the west to the Cape of Two Bays, thence north five or six leagues, and crossed the other bay, where we judged the copper mine to be of which we have already spoken, where there are two rivers, the one coming from towards Cape Breton, and the other from the coast of Gaspe or Tregatte (Tracadie), near to the great river St. Lawrence. Making to the west some 6 leagues we came to a small river, at the entrance of which there is a low cape which runs into the sea, and a little inland a mountain which has the form of a cardinal's hat. In this place there is an iron mine. There is sh anchorage for shallops only. Four leagues west-south-west there is a point of rock which projects a little into the water, where there are high tides, which are very dangerous. Near the point there is a cove, which is about half a league in circumference, where there is another iron mine, which is very good. At the distance of four leagues in advance there is a beautiful bay which runs inland, at the head of which there are three islands and a rock, two of which are a league from the cape, bearing to the west, and the other is at the mouth of a river, the largest and deepest we have yet seen, which we named the River St. John, because it was on that day I arrived there. By the savages it is called Ouygoudy (Wigoudi). This river is dangerous if one is not acquainted with certain points or rocks on either shore. The entrance is narrow, but it widens out to a league in certain places, where there are three islands. We did not follow it further. Nevertheless, Ralleau, secretary of the Sieur de Monts, had some time after met a savage named Secondon, chief of this river, who reported it was beautiful, grand and spacious, having a quantity of meadows and handsome woods, such as oaks, beeches, butternuts and vines of wild grapes. The inhabitants of this country go by this river to Tadousac, which is on the great river St. Lawrence, and pass over a little land to reach that place. At the entrance of which in the latitude 433 there is an iron mine. Shallops can only ascend fifteen leagues up this river on account of the rapids, which can only be navigated by the canoes of the savages."

It will be noticed that Champlain's map or chart, considering the opportunities at his disposal, is extremely accurate. The high point of land on which a cross is erected, as shown in the plan, is Negro-town Point. The great stretch of flats which lie between it and Navy Island, as seen in the plan, has been so largely built over with the wharves that the features of that portion of the West side of our harbor are considerably changed. We see on them the place marked "where Champlain's vessel lay aground. Navy Island then contained a village, which the savages had enclosed by a palisade. The channel between it and Carleton was much narrower then than now, and the inference is that Navy Island itself is now much smaller than in Champlain's day. The other features of the plan do not call for special remark, except that the falls are properly laid down in the map, as well as the islands above them and the carrying place of the Indians by which they passed the rapids. The Marsh Creek is rather imperfectly marked down, probably because Champlain did not explore Courtenay Bay; but the Mill Pond, which now no longer exists, is accurately placed. The hills shown on the East side are, doubtless, Fort Howe, Mount Pleasant, etc. The plan, to a large extent, speaks for itself, and its study is further assisted by the table of references given by Champlain himself, of which we have given a translation. The soundings, as well as the distances on the scale, are stated in toises, a French measure, the toise being slightly more than a fathom, say six feet four inches. The whole subject ought to interest all our readers.

CENSURING A SPEAKER!—Yesterday, the Assembly of Nova Scotia performed an Act unprecedented in the annals of our legislative history. It voted by a large majority that its Speaker, Mr. Dickie, of Colchester, was disqualified for his duties, on the ground of incompetency. Mr. Dickie was elected in opposition to the Annand-Hill Government, but deserted his political friends without a moment's warning, and accepted the Speakership from the Government. There can be no doubt that he possessed not the first qualification for the position. The vote of censure directed against the Speaker was really a censure, of the severest description, of the Government. It is only just to the political "resource" of the sister Province to say that there is probably no other country in the world where such a summary mode of dealing with a Speaker would have been put in operation.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—St. John City and County, in 1871, produced boots and shoes to the value of $539,230, the yearly wages in the factories and shops footing up $128,850.

THE SAW MILLS OF ST. JOHN turned out, in 1871, property valued at $2,632,000.

(From a Special Contributor.)

THE ST. JOHN COUNTY ALMSHOUSE.

ITS INMATES AND THEIR HISTORY.

In no way is the ennobling influences of Christianity more fully displayed than in the care and protection of the sick, infirm and aged of a community. States and cities, while boasting of the glory of their achievements, the greatness of their wealth, or the grandeur of their public edifices, speak with perhaps less exultation, but with a truer and nobler pride of those hospitals, refuges and almshouses which the march of civilization has caused to spring up all over the Christian world. The commercial centres of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the Upper Provinces are happily conspicuous in this respect, and the City of St. John may justly feel proud of the many institutions for the relief of suffering humanity which have arisen around it, and stand silent but unimpeachable witnesses of the charity of its inhabitants. During a late visit to that city we felt desirous of being able to speak from personal observation of the internal economy of its numerous charitable establishments, and in fulfilling this desire were most kindly assisted by the different gentlemen connected with them. Enquiring the location of that refuge of the aged and poverty-stricken, the Almshouse, we found it to be situated a short distance from the City, and that half-an-hour's brisk walking would easily bring us to it. Proceeding as directed, we soon came in sight of the building, and a few minutes later found ourselves in its immediate vicinity. Pausing to examine its external appearance, we found it to be a large and handsome red-brick structure, situated close to the water, and surrounded by grounds sufficiently extensive for its requirements. The central portion of the building is five stories high, and the adjoining wings four; thus giving an amount of accommodation happily required only in times of much greater distress and poverty than exist at present. Our summons at the gate was answered with official briskness by one of the inmates, to whom we communicated the fact of our being a stranger desirous of visiting the establishment. Leaving us for a few moments he returned with the necessary permission, and a polite message from the gentleman in charge, regretting that his state of health would not permit of his accompanying us through the building.

On entering the enclosure our eyes were greeted by a sight strange within such precincts, and speaking volumes of kindliness and good care. Romping and laughing in the bright sunshine, was a troop of merry children, as happy as if no shadow of an Almshouse wall had ever been cast over their young lives. There were, we learned, about twenty of these little unfortunates in the house,—some with their mothers, some orphans, and some the waifs and strays of the community,—all happy and contented, and all showing unmistakable signs of good feeding and good treatment. As the duties of the aged janitor who admitted us did not allow of his acting as our guide, we placed ourselves under the care of a neat, pleasant-looking young woman, and proceeded to make a tour of the building. Although our conductress did not possess that volubility and extensive local knowledge displayed by the housekeeper at Castle Carabas, of whom Thackeray tells us, she was nevertheless able to supply all the information that we required. "Were there many inmates?" "About a hundred and twenty,—there had been more, but every one that could was going out, now that the winter was over." "We supposed that the majority of those remaining were very old people?" "Yes, the majority;—old, or broken down by sickness." "Were these sent there?" "None but incurables; others went to the hospital." "Had she been long in the House?" "Too long,—about fifteen months; husband away in the States; obliged to come in with her two little children." Poor thing! We did not see any wedding ring on her finger; but perhaps she had it hidden away in her breast with long cherished hopes of better days. "Would we now like to visit the wards?" "Yes, certainly." "Please come this way. This is one of the women's wards." A large, airy and well lighted room; floor as bright and clean as the quarter-deck of a man-of-war; containing about twenty beds, a few of which were occupied. "Are any of those confined to bed seriously ill?" "No, sir, nothing serious; weakness, or may be rheumatism; old people who have worked hard suffer a good deal from it." "What is the matter with that bright-eyed young woman in the corner?" "Oh, she is quite well now, sir. That is her child the nurse has at the window." To our repeated question if they were comfortable, they all made the same reply:—"Yes, thank you, comfortable enough; nothing to complain of." This may have been a stereotyped answer, ready for all visitors, but we must confess that during our visit we could see nothing to cause us to doubt its veracity.

Leaving this ward we proceeded to an adjoining one, also occupied by women, and here again found all cleanliness and order. A portion of it was used as a day-room, and in it were a number of aged women, chatting, knitting, and performing little kindly offices for one or two of their number who appeared in feeble health. They gladly entered into conversation, and told of their histories with that garrulity so much favored by age and misfortune. A melancholy sameness pervaded all their stories, the death or absence of husbands, sons or brothers being in nearly every case the cause of their taking refuge in the Almshouse. Many were widows who from ill-health were unable to work for their livelihood. Some had sons away at sea and were waiting, with hope long deferred, to receive support of them. One respectable old woman told us she had a son in California, from whom she had regularly received remittances until within the last few months, and that she was in daily expectation of the means of leaving the House and again living in decent comfort. A few appeared reconciled to their position, and seemed to think the quiet monotony of their lives, with its proper surroundings, preferable to the hard, struggling existence they had previously led. One or two poor deformed creatures appeared to be quite happy in their misfortunes, and their laughter and careless gossip showed but little sign of care, sorrow, or regret.

Leaving this portion of the house, we next proceeded to the part occupied by the men, and found the same characteristics of good management we had before observed. Although there was a large number of occupants, the proportion of extremely aged men was not great; and we noticed that feebleness and broken health seemed to have brought the greater number within the walls. Our questions were readily answered by the majority; and we were glad to find that even the most aged and feeble were buoyed up with hopes of better days in store. "Soon going out?" we asked an old Irishman, who had been deep in a political argument when we entered. "Bedad, I hope so, Sir; I'm a'most clear of the pains, and in a week or two I'll be able to do a day's work with the best of thim." "Been long here?" "About three months,—bet up with the hard winter like a good many more. It's a poor place for a man to be; but what's the use of frettin'? If I have luck through the summer, I'll be able to knock out next winter like a retired gintilman." Leaving this cheery old fellow, we turned to address a comparatively young man whose worn and haggard appearance betrayed signs of long illness and a broken constitution. "Yes, he thanked us, he was getting round slowly, but never expected to be all right again.—Lungs badly affected—hard living and hard drinking. Had been to California for two years and made a big pile there; if he had stuck to it, would have kept him square all his life. Spent a pile in San Francisco and New York, and passed over his bottom dollar in Boston. Worked along somehow till the panic, and then came on here in search of a job. Knocked out pretty fair for a time, till laid up with inflammation of the lungs. Had to come into the House after being discharged from hospital, as he wasn't fit for anything. Expected to get away to the Old Country this summer, as he had a brother there doing well."

A decent looking old man, sitting by one of the windows, next attracted our attention. There was a neatness about his poor attire and an inexplicable something in his appearance which told plainly of a fall in life far greater than that of any of his companions. We felt somewhat diffident in intruding on him, but the satisfaction he evinced on our enquiring after his health induced us to enter more fully into conversation. "Would we be seated? Poor accommodation, but clean. Sorry he could not offer us chairs. Yes, he was glad to say his health had been latterly fair, but he suffered much from weakness. His sight, too, was failing, which was a great privation. Age, he supposed, and no cure for it. Had been in the House about fifteen months. Might be able to leave it some day, but had little hope. Friends all dead and gone who might have helped him. Had certainly some nephews in England, but didn't think they were aware of his existence." "His life had been a checquered one," we remarked, "would he object to give us a few of the particulars?" "Oh, no! his career had been one common enough, unfortunately; there was a moral to be extracted from it, if young men would only think so. His father had been a professional man in extensive practice in N——, England, and had given him a superior education. During his early life he had been studious and attentive, but the death of his mother, and the consequent loss of home influence, had left him open to the inducements of companions, who easily led him from the right path. Debts and difficulties gradually surrounded him on all sides, and after being several times relieved by his father, he had been obliged to fly from N——. "About a hundred and twenty,—there had been more, but every one that could was going out, now that the winter was over." "We supposed that the majority of those remaining were very old people?" "Yes, the majority;—old, or broken down by sickness." "Were these sent there?" "None but incurables; others went to the hospital." "Had she been long in the House?" "Too long,—about fifteen months; husband away in the States; obliged to come in with her two little children." Poor thing! We did not see any wedding ring on her finger; but perhaps she had it hidden away in her breast with long cherished hopes of better days. "Would we now like to visit the wards?" "Yes, certainly." "Please come this way. This is one of the women's wards." A large, airy and well lighted room; floor as bright and clean as the quarter-deck of a man-of-war; containing about twenty beds, a few of which were occupied. "Are any of those confined to bed seriously ill?" "No, sir, nothing serious; weakness, or may be rheumatism; old people who have worked hard suffer a good deal from it." "What is the matter with that bright-eyed young woman in the corner?" "Oh, she is quite well now, sir. That is her child the nurse has at the window." To our repeated question if they were comfortable, they all made the same reply:—"Yes, thank you, comfortable enough; nothing to complain of." This may have been a stereotyped answer, ready for all visitors, but we must confess that during our visit we could see nothing to cause us to doubt its veracity.

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—"And because the world hates whoever is from Jesus Christ, therefore is the hate of the whole world turned towards the Irish,"—was a pleasant remark made by Father Murphy in an oration delivered by him in Quebec a week or two ago.

FREDERICTON HAPPY.

A good deal of valuable sympathy has been wasted on the cases of the "drummers," eight or ten of whom were persuaded to contribute a sum in the vicinity of one hundred dollars to the City Treasury of Fredericton, one day this week. How are Corporations to be run if "drummers" are to go free? What would become of Peter White, of Fredericton, or others like him in other cities, if "drummers" could not be arrested and compelled to stand and deliver? Let us be just. Men must live, and so must Corporations, especially the Corporation of Fredericton, which has obtained a new claim to the admiration of posterity through the enactment and enforcement of its recent "Law to regulate the issue of Miscellaneous Licences in the City of Fredericton." Under this law the non-resident who opens a place of business and carries on such business must pay to the City $50 a year. For practising medicine the civic fee is $10 "per month." Life or Fire Insurance canvassing agents, $10 per week. Saloon keepers, $10 per month. Vending or canvassing patent or other medicines, $5 per week; cigars, snuff, etc., $5 per week; pianos, organs, etc., $10 per week; clothes lines, $2 per week. The "images" man must pay $1 a week, and the old woman caught "vending or canvassing dulce" must contribute of her ill got gains, "$1 per week." If Mr. Flaherty wishes to solicit orders for his Safes in Fredericton he must pay "$10 per week" for the privilege, while the gay deceiver who vends or canvasses "Baby Holders or Automatic Jumpers" must come down with his "$2 per week," being on a par, as regards amount, with the man who would venture to sell Murphy, Simms & Co's. "Brushes." The transient barber must fork over his "$1 per month," while the "master builder or master workman in any trade" his $5 per month; "journeyman mechanics" being let off for "$2 per month." The dancing master must dance to the tune of "$100 per month;" the piano tuner being mercifully let off with "$5 per week," and the man who vends leather or monuments at $10 per week. And so on throughout a list that nearly fills a column of a Fredericton newspaper. It is an admirable classification and reflects great credit on the ingenuity and conscientiousness of the Mayor and Commonalty of the Provincial Capital, who, doubtless, recommended the scale for Legislative action. The point we make in favor of this measure of protection is this,—that whereas the City of Fredericton had as clear a right, under the Constitution of Canada, to hang these several criminals as to tax them out of existence, it has contented itself with the more merciful method of extermination. We sincerely trust that if any "furriner" be caught in the streets of Fredericton this year, after the official notice that has been issued, he will be shot on sight. And serve him right!

NO PASSES FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

The Seventeenth Annual Report of the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Halifax contains the following paragraph:—

"The number in attendance on the last of the year was thirty-three, twenty-five males and eight females, being seven less than at the same date the previous year. This decrease is due partly to the breaking up of the School in the spring, owing to sickness already referred to, and the subsequent building operations, which prevented us from accommodating our usual number until too late in the season for the more distant pupils to return—and partly to the fact that several of the pupils have been unable to get back to school for want of clothing and the means of paying their travelling expenses from their homes to Halifax, now that they have been deprived of the privilege of free travel on the Government Railroads. While the "Pass System" was doubtless abused and some restriction on its operation may have been necessary, measures might surely have been adopted to protect the interests of the revenue without depriving the deaf-mutes of the Province of a privilege enjoyed for fourteen years, the loss of which results practically in shutting out not a few of them from the benefits of education. I would suggest the propriety of bringing this matter to the notice of the Nova Scotia members of the Dominion Parliament and the Government, with the view of obtaining some remission of the present regulation in behalf of our poorer pupils of the Institution."

The Pass system is still abused, and the "restrictions on its operation" are probably more imaginary than real. In the case of the Deaf and Dumb, however, the nominal abolition of free passes appears to have worked injuriously. It is abundantly clear that the Dominion can well afford to carry a few afflicted children over its railways without charge to themselves or the benevolent institutions in which they are receiving a gratuitous education; it certainly can do this much for "sweet charity's sake," even at a time when the management of the Government Railways in the Maritime Provinces is very generally condemned. If the members of Parliament for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have not already given the subject their attention, it is to be hoped they will not longer delay in casting their influence on the side of the Deaf and Dumb.

CHURCH STREET GRADING.—Perhaps one of the worst jobs ever executed in a small way,—we do not refer to "jobs" attended by corruption,—was the grading of Church Street, between Canterbury and Prince Wm. Streets. The grading, instead of proceeding on some proper principle, having regard to the level of Germain and Prince Wm. Streets, was purely a piece of patch-work, intended to overcome a local difficulty. It was at first proposed to start from Prince Wm. Street and fill in, in a proper manner, until the level of Canterbury was reached, but owners of property at Prince Wm. Street objected, and a scheme which was right in itself was abandoned. It was next proposed to make a starting point, for grading, a short distance from Prince Wm., say opposite the premises used for storage by the Western Union Telegraph Company, but this, too, was abandoned when opposition threatened. Finally, the street authorities made a commencement near Canterbury Street itself, and "pouliced" upon Church Street after such a fashion that it presents a singular deformity that would be laughable were it not for the injury caused to property on the South side of the street. In front of several of the South side buildings a huge embankment,—one so steep that loaded teams can not pass up or down,—was thrown up, leaving only two or three feet of a dark, damp passage way between the embankments and the buildings, and on top of this embankment a board fence was erected, the two combined most effectually depriving the occupants and owners of the premises of rights and privileges previously enjoyed. These people were supposed to be poor, and it was understood they would not be able to offer the same opposition to the arbitrary course of the street officials which had proved so effectual in the cases of the gentlemen who owned the properties lower down the street. Possibly they are poor, but it would seem they are not spiritless, for it is understood they propose to take their grievances into the Courts, when and where the merits of the Church street style of grading will probably be fully tested. It will be interesting to hear what professional gentlemen have to say in reference to this piece of street making, and to understand whether or not, in the opinion of City officials virtually destroying a citizen's property, the civic purse can not be called upon to make good the loss. It may rest citizens in their corporate capacity something to acquire this information, but the individual citizen had better pay his share of the law expenses than remain in doubt on a question so important.

BOYS WANTED.—A limited number of boys of good character and satisfactory address can find employment on Saturdays in selling and delivering THE WATCHMAN. Special districts will be assigned to them, in which they will have no interference. Active lads can readily make, in the course of the year, from $30 to $60 each, through their Saturday's sales.

THE IRON WORKERS.—The value of the articles produced in the foundries and machine shops of St. John, in 1871, was $823,670.

RETAINED LEGISLATORS.

(From the New York Tribune.)

It is an admitted canon of political morals, recognized in all the rules and usages of legislative bodies, that no member shall vote upon any question in the decision of which he has a direct personal interest. Of late years, and among our State Legislatures and in Congress, it has fallen into desuetude. It began with the evil of over-legislation. Holders of bank stocks and railroad stocks legislating in the most general way upon banks and railroads, or voting, without hesitation or question, upon laws, the passage of which affected their pecuniary interests in the most direct and positive manner, could not complain if the retained attorney of a corporation managed to be elected to the Legislature, in order to secure by direct influence and his own vote as a legislator, what he had failed to secure as attorney in the lobby. The process of demoralization was as simple as sin, and the steps as easy. If attorney one year, and legislator the next, why not attorney and legislator both at the same time? And if the vote and influence of an attorney in the Legislature may be paid for under a retainer—whether last year's retainer or this—why may not any layman in the Legislature do the same business in the same way? That is bribery, to be sure; but where is the line between retainer and bribe? And if men may go to the Legislature to make laws for their own pecuniary profit, why may not others who have no stocks nor bonds nor canal contracts, nor fees contingent upon contracts, use their votes for their pecuniary profit? That's bribery again, and there is where it ends. Who shall say just where it begins?

Here is Senator Conkling acting under retainers from great corporations when the very questions involved are liable at any moment to take such shape as to require his action in a judicial relation upon them. Here was Senator Carpenter retained by one of the parties to a political complication certain to come before him as a Senator. Here, in almost every Legislature in the country, we have half men legislating for the public under retainers as attorneys. And a little while ago we had a great scandal over the fact that Senators and Representatives in Congress had followed these practices to their logical conclusion, and engaged in speculations, the success of which depended upon their legislation. There is much confusion upon this matter in the public mind. Plainly enough the tendency of the practice to which we have referred is evil. It leads by a very short and direct process to political corruption of the very worst and most ruinous sort. Is there no remedy possible?

A NEW SPECIES OF "PERSECUTION."

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)

The Hamilton *Times*, in a fit of virtuous indignation relative to the unseating of the "modest scholar," Mr. Maclennan, M. P. for North Victoria, says:—"Since Reformers came into power more has been effected to purge the constituencies, to detect and punish bribery, and to elevate the standard of public morals than had been accomplished under Conservative rule during the preceding twenty years." Now we were of opinion that all the election trials, all the "purging," all the "standard elevating" had been produced by a certain act introduced by the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald. Under that act John Walker, of London, was personally disqualified; under that act Hiram H. Cook, M. P. for North Simcoe, was forced to acknowledge that he, in the course of two or three election contests, had expended between $20,000 and 30,000; under that act Malcolm Colin Cameron, ex-M. P. for South Huron, found it necessary to tell the court that he had at various times squandered what was equal to a fortune, in corrupting the electors of his constituency; under that act Mr. Lorne McDougall, of South Renfrew, informed the judge that he had expended $8,000 or $10,000 in election campaigns; under that act M. Jodoin was found to have countenanced the purchase of his seat for Chambly by an expenditure of $10,000; and under that act too, Messrs. John O'Donohoe and Wilkes, of Toronto, Stuart of South Norfolk, Higginbotham of North Wellington, McGregor of Essex, Norris of Lincoln, Kerr and Biggar of Northumberland, Maclennan of North Victoria, Mackenzie of Montreal, and many other good and true supporters of the present Radical Government were forced to vacate their seats.

—At Niigata, in Japan, the latest rage is one for breeding a kind of gold fish called koi, which has a white body and light red head. A fish a foot long sells for $37.50. The cause of the fancy is that a rumor prevails that gold can be extracted from the scales. Some people have turned their fields into fish ponds by way of speculation.

BUSINESS NOTES.

Mr. F. S. Sharpe, recently of Mr. Robert Marshall's establishment, has fitted up a very neat office in Merritt's building, Prince William St., where he will carry on the business of a Public Accountant and Average Adjuster. Mr. Sharpe opens in his new line on Monday, and brings to the performance of his duties the very highest qualifications.

In Photography Messrs. J. McClure & Co. have an excellent reputation, and they propose to give the public the benefit of everything in their line at very low rates, now that money is so valuable. Their prices are stated in their advertisement.

The St

MEN OF OUR TIME.

SKETCHES OF OUR LEGISLATORS:

Their Fathers and Forefathers: Ages, Occupations, Enterprizes, Political Opinions, etc.

[From Morgan's Parliamentary Companion.]

PARLIAMENT.

The Senate.

BOTSFORD, Lieut-Col. Hon. AMOS EPWIN.

Second s. of the late Hon. Wm. Botsford, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, N. B., and formerly Speaker of the Assembly of that Province; and grands. of Amos Botsford, Esq., a U. E. loyalist, formerly of Newtown, Conn., who was Speaker of the first Assembly elected after N. B. was constituted a separate Province. B. in St. John, N. B., 1804. Ed. at Sackville. M. Sept., 1834, Mary, relict of the late J. F. Allison, Esq., of Sackville. Is Presdt. of the Provincial Board of Agriculture, N. B.; and Lieut-Col. 2nd Batt. Westmorland Militia. Was Presdt. of the Dominion Rifle Association from its organization until 1871, and is now a Vice-Presdt. of that body. Was a mem. of the Ex. Council, N. B., from 1838 to 1840, when he resigned; and a mem. of L. C. same Province from 1850 until the Union. An unsuccessful candidate for Westmorland in U. B. Assembly, 1840. Was senior Judge of Common Pleas for Westmoreland for several years; a Commissioner, with Hon. E. B. Chandler, to settle the boundary line between N. S. and N. B, 1839; a delegate to Washington respecting border difficulty, 1839; a delegate to Quebec during government of Lord Durham, to discuss measures connected with the general interests of B. N. A.; a Commissioner, with Col. Robinson and the late Col. Bouchette, to settle disputed boundary between Can. and N. B.; and a delegate, a second time, to Washington respecting a Reciprocity Treaty with the U. S., 1852. Moved and carried, 1855, an addition to Standing Orders of L. C. of N. B. to allow the public to be present at the deliberations of that body which, up to that period, had been carried on with closed doors; moved resolutions, in same House, March, 1856, approving of the Union of B. N. A. Colonies. Was requested to form an Administration, by N. B., 1865, but declined. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—Westcock, Sackville, N. B.; Rideau Club.

ELDER, Hon. JAMES.

Family of Anglo Norman origin on male side; on female, is descended from the O'Donnels, Princes of Tyrconnell. B. at Lyskannon, Irel., 2 May, 1825. Came to this country early in life, and was ed. at St. John. M., Nov., 1853, Miss Margaret Ritchie. A merchant. Called to the Senate, 14 March, 1868. A unwavering Liberal, and a sincere believer in the benefit results of a Union of the B. N. A. Provinces under one strong government.—42 Union St., St. John, N. B.

FERGUSON, Lieut.-Col. Hon. JOHN.

Descended from the family of Ferguson, of Auchentiber, Ayrshire, Scot. B. in Ayrshire, Scot., 1813. Ed. there. Settled in Bathurst, N. B., 1836. M., 1847, Mary, youngest dau. of the late Hugh Munroe, Esq., of Somerset vale, Bathurst. Has been for many years a partner in the firm of Ferguson, Rankin & Co., a branch of the extensive firm of Pollock, Gilmour & Co., of Glasgow. Is Lieut.-Col. 1st Batt. Gloucester County Militia, and a mem. of the Council of the Dominion Rifle Assn. Sat. in L. C. of N. B., from Sept. 1864, until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—Bathurst, N. B.

GLAZIER, Hon. JOHN.

A lumber merchant. A dir. of the Fredericton Railway Co. Sat. for Sunbury in N. B. Assembly for some years prior and up to the Union, and afterwards, until apptd. to the Senate, 14 March, 1868. A Liberal.—Lincoln, Sunbury, N. B.

MUIRHEAD, Hon. WILLIAM.

S. of the late John Muirhead, Esq., a native of Dumfriesshire, Scot., who came to N. S., 1817, and for some years carried on business as a merchant and shipbuilder, at Pictou, N. S. B. in town of Pictou, 4 April, 1829. Ed. at Mirramichi. M., Miss Annie Gray. A merchant, shipper, shipbuilder, ship owner, and mill owner. Is Presdt. of the Maritime Warehousing and Dock Co.; and of the Miramichi Ship Building Co.; and a dir. of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion, and of the Coldbrook Rolling Mills Co. Apptd. to the L. C. of N. B., 1867. Called to the Senate, 4 Jan., 1873. A Liberal.—Chatham, N. B.

ODELL, Hon. WILLIAM HUNTER.

S. of the late Hon. William Franklin Odell, who held the office of Provl. Secretary of N. B. for 52 years; and grands. of Hon. Jonathan Odell, a zealous royalist residing in New Jersey, U. S., who went to Eng. at close of the Am. Revolution, as Private Secretary to Sir Guy Carleton, 3rd Lord Dorchester, and was apptd. Provl. Secy., Registrar and Clerk of the Council of N. B., on its being constituted a separate Province. B. in N. B. Ed. at King's College, Fredericton, where he graduated B. A., 1852. M. the eldest dau. of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Ritchie, of Halifax. Called to the Bar, N. B., 1858. Apptd. Clerk of the Supreme Court, N. B., which office he subsequently resigned. Apptd. Deputy Provl. Secy., Registrar and Clerk of the Ex. Council, N. B., 1858, and subsequently, in 1864, filled the latter position on its being constituted a separate and distinct office. A Judge of the Court of Quarter Pleas, 1867; and a mem. of L. C. of N. B., by Royal Warrant, 1866, where he sat until the Union. Has been Presdt. of the York Agricultural Society, N. B. Is a Notary Public and a Commissioner for taking affidavits in Supreme Court. Was a mem. of Ex. Council and Postmaster Genl., N. B., from 1865 until resignation of the Govt. in following year. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—"Rockwood," Fredericton, N. B.

ROBERTSON, Lieut.-Col. Hon. JOHN.

A merchant, banker and capitalist. B. in N. B., of the Scots of the University of New Brunswick; Consul at St. John for Uruguay and the Argentine Republic; Lieut.-Col. 1st Batt St. John City Light Infantry Militia; President of the Victoria Coal Mining Co.; a local dir. of the Bank of British North America; and of the Maritime Bank; and a mem. of the Council of the Chamber of Commerce, St. John. Has been Presdt. of the Chamber of Commerce. Sat in the L. C. of N. B., from 1867 until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Liberal.—Wellington Row, St. John, N. B.

WARK, Hon DAVID.

Descended by both parents from Scotch families that settled in Ulster in the 17th century. B. near Londonderry, Irel., 1804. Came to N. B., 1825. M. Annie Elizabeth, dau. of Isaac Burpee, Esq., of Sunbury, N. B. A merchant. Is a mem. of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick. Was a mem. of the Ex. Council, N. B., from 1858 to 1862, and Receiver General for a few months, 1867. Sat for Kent in N. B. Assembly from 1846 until 1851, when apptd. to the L. C. of that Province, where he remained until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Liberal.—Fredericton.

WILMOT, Hon. ROBERT DUNCAN.

S. of John E. Wilmot, Esq., who sat for St. John (county) in N. B. Assembly for many years, by Miss Street, sister of the late Hon. Saml. Street, of Niagara; and grands. of Capt. Lemuel Wilmot, formerly of the Royal Navy, who settled in N. B. at the close of the Am. Revolution. (See Sabine's "Am. Loyalists.") B. in Fredericton, N. B., 16 Oct., 1809. Ed. in St. John. M., 1833, Miss Mowatt, of St. Andrews. A director of the Quebec and St. R. Railway Co. Was a mem. of Ex. Council N. B. from 1851 to 1854; from 1855 to 1857; and again, in his own gift, from 1866 until the Union; held office of Surveyor General from 1851 to 1854; and that of Prov. Secy., from 1866 to 1867. Was Mayor of St. John, 1857; a delegate to Confederate Council of Trade, Quebec, 1865; and to the Colonial Conference for the Union of the B. A. Colonies, London, 1866-7. Apptd. a Commr. to the Halifax Exhibition, 1875. Holds a patent of rank and precedence from Her Majesty as an Ex. Councillor, N. B. Sat for St. John (city and county) in N. B. Assembly, from 1846 until 1851, and from 1862 until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—"Belmont," Sunbury, N. B.

House of Commons.

ANGLIN, Hon. SANDFORD WARREN. [Gloucester.]

B. in Deal, Kent, Eng., 1817. M. Miss McTavish, of St. John, N. B. Came to St. John, in 1842, where he founded the *Morning Freeman* newspaper, of which he is editor and proprietor. Sat for St. John (county) in N. B. Assembly from 1851 to 1856, when defeated on Confederation question, to which he was opposed. Was a member of Ex. Council, N. B., for a few months 1856. Has sat for Gloucester in House of Commons since the Union. Returned by acclamation at last g.e. Elected Speaker, 27th March, 1874. (Salary $4,000.) A Conservative.—Speaker's Chambers, House of Commons; Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

APPLEBY, STEPHEN BURPEE. [Carleton N. B.]

Paternal branch of family came from Eng. Maternal ancestors were New England Puritans who moved from Mass. to Sheffield, N. B., and were among the first settlers at that place. B. at Florenceville, Carleton, N. B., 1836. Ed. there. M., Dec., 1864, Harriet Elizabeth, dau. of John H. Lyons, Esq., of Florenceville. Called to the Bar N. B., 1869. First returned to Parlt. for present seat, Sept., 1873, on death of sitting mem.; re-elected by acclamation at last g. e. A Liberal, and a supporter of the present Administration.—Was strongly opposed to the acts of the late Govt., with reference to the Pacific Scandal and the prorogation of the 13th Augt.—Woodstock, N. B.

BURPEE, CHARLES. [Sunbury.]

Family removed to N. B., from Massachusetts, 1763, and were among the first English inhabitants of the province; they settled at Sheffield, Co. Sunbury, where they have continued to reside ever since. B. at Sheffield, 18 June, 1817. Ed. there. M. Charlotte Hayward, dau. of the late Thos. Perley, Esq., of the same place. Was a mem. of the Provl. Board of Agriculture from 1864 to 1866. First returned to Parlt., for present seat, at g. e., 1867; re-elected by acclamation at g. e., 1872, and again returned at last g. e. A Liberal; and a supporter of the present Administration.—Sheffield, N. B.

BURPEE, HON. ISAAC. [St. John, N. B.] P. C.

Ancestors belonged to a colony of Puritans that removed from Massachusetts to Sheffield, N. B., 1763. Ed. s. of the late Isaac Burpee, Esq., of Sheffield. B. there, 22 Nov., 1822. Ed. there. M. 7 March, 1855 Hesper, youngest dau. of the late Thos. Robinson, Esq., of Sheffield, Eng. Is a dir. of the Confederation Life Assn.; of the Victoria Coal Mining Co.; and of the N. S. Deaf and Dumb Institution; Treasurer of the St. John Industrial School; a mem. of the Ex. Council of the Congregational Union of N. B. and N. S.; and Vice-Presdt. of the Evangelical Alliance of N. B. Was Mayor of town of Portland for several years. Sworn of Privy Council, and apptd. Minister of Customs, 7 Nov., 1874. (Salary $7,000.) First returned to Parlt., for present seat, at g. e., 1872; re-elected by acclamation on his appt. to office, and again returned at last g. e. A Liberal. "Bellevue," St. John, N. B.; Russell House, Ottawa; Rideau Club.

COFFIN, JOHN, J. P. [Victoria, N. B.]

B. at St. Nicholas, P. Q., 1 Feb., 1822. Ed. at St. Ann's College. M., 1855, Miss Ryan, of Victoria, N. B. Has been Registrar of Deeds for Victoria, and Judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, N. B. Sat for present seat in N. B. Assembly from 1861 to 1866, when defeated. Returned to Commons at g. e., 1867, re-elected at g. e., 1872, and again at last g. e. A Conservative; and opposed to the present Administration. Moved an address, 20 May, 1872, praying His Excellency to disallow the N. B. School Act on the ground that said law is unjust and causes much unrestness among the Roman Catholic population; and on 14 May, 1873, "that the Govt. should advise His Excellency to disallow the Acts passed by the N. B. Legislature," which was carried. On 6 May, 1874, moved for an address to Her Majesty praying to cause an act to be passed amending the B. N. A. Act, 1867, by providing that every religious denomination in N. B. shall continue to possess and enjoy all such rights with regard to their schools as they possessed and enjoyed at the time of the passage of the said act &c., which motion was subsequently withdrawn.—Grand Falls, N. B.

DE VEBER, JEREMIAH SMITH BOIES. [City of St. John, N. B.]

S. of L. H. De Veber, Esq., for many years a leading merchant of St. John; and grands. (maternally) of the late Wm. Hubbard, Esq., who was one of the representatives of Sunbury in the first Parlt., of N. B. that met 1785. B. in the city of St. John, 1830. Ed. there. M. at Portland, Me., 1856, Elizabeth Robinson, dau. of Robt. Tilley, Esq. A mem. of the extensive mercantile firm of L. H. DeVeber & Sons, St. John; a dir. of Bank of N. B.; of the Riviere du Loup Railway Co.; and of the N. B. Deaf and Dumb Institution; and Chairman body. Was a mem. of the Ex. Council, N. B., from 1858 to 1860, when he resigned; and a mem. of L. C. same Province from 1860 until the Union. An unsuccessful candidate for Westmorland in U. B. Assembly, 1840. Was senior Judge of Common Pleas for Westmoreland for several years; a Commissioner, with Hon. E. B. Chandler, to settle the boundary line between N. S. and N. B, 1839; a delegate to Washington respecting border difficulty, 1839; a delegate to Quebec during government of Lord Durham, to discuss measures connected with the general interests of B. N. A.; a Commissioner, with Col. Robinson and the late Col. Bouchette, to settle disputed boundary between Can. and N. B.; and a delegate, a second time, to Washington respecting a Reciprocity Treaty with the U. S., 1852. Moved and carried, 1855, an addition to Standing Orders of L. C. of N. B. to allow the public to be present at the deliberations of that body which, up to that period, had been carried on with closed doors; moved resolutions, in same House, March, 1856, approving of the Union of B. N. A. Colonies. Was requested to form an Administration, by N. B., 1865, but declined. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—Westcock, Sackville, N. B.; Rideau Club.

DEVEBER, HON. JAMES.

Family of Anglo Norman origin on male side; on female, is descended from the O'Donnels, Princes of Tyrconnell. B. at Lyskannon, Irel., 2 May, 1825. Came to this country early in life, and was ed. at St. John. M., Nov., 1853, Miss Margaret Ritchie. A merchant. Called to the Senate, 14 March, 1868. A unwavering Liberal, and a sincere believer in the benefit results of a Union of the B. N. A. Provinces under one strong government.—42 Union St., St. John, N. B.

FERGUSON, Lieut.-Col. Hon. JOHN.

Descended from the family of Ferguson, of Auchentiber, Ayrshire, Scot. B. in Ayrshire, Scot., 1813. Ed. there. Settled in Bathurst, N. B., 1836. M., 1847, Mary, youngest dau. of the late Hugh Munroe, Esq., of Somerset vale, Bathurst. Has been for many years a partner in the firm of Ferguson, Rankin & Co., a branch of the extensive firm of Pollock, Gilmour & Co., of Glasgow. Is Lieut.-Col. 1st Batt. Gloucester County Militia, and a mem. of the Council of the Dominion Rifle Assn. Sat. in L. C. of N. B., from Sept. 1864, until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—Bathurst, N. B.

GLAZIER, HON. JOHN.

A lumber merchant. A dir. of the Fredericton Railway Co. Sat. for Sunbury in N. B. Assembly for some years prior and up to the Union, and afterwards, until apptd. to the Senate, 14 March, 1868. A Liberal.—Lincoln, Sunbury, N. B.

MUIRHEAD, HON. WILLIAM.

S. of the late John Muirhead, Esq., a native of Dumfriesshire, Scot., who came to N. S., 1817, and for some years carried on business as a merchant and shipbuilder, at Pictou, N. S. B. in town of Pictou, 4 April, 1829. Ed. at Mirramichi. M., Miss Annie Gray. A merchant, shipper, shipbuilder, ship owner, and mill owner. Is Presdt. of the Maritime Warehousing and Dock Co.; and of the Miramichi Ship Building Co.; and a dir. of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion, and of the Coldbrook Rolling Mills Co. Apptd. to the L. C. of N. B., 1867. Called to the Senate, 4 Jan., 1873. A Liberal.—Chatham, N. B.

ODELL, HON. WILLIAM HUNTER.

S. of the late Hon. William Franklin Odell, who held the office of Provl. Secretary of N. B. for 52 years; and grands. of Hon. Jonathan Odell, a zealous royalist residing in New Jersey, U. S., who went to Eng. at close of the Am. Revolution, as Private Secretary to Sir Guy Carleton, 3rd Lord Dorchester, and was apptd. Provl. Secy., Registrar and Clerk of the Council of N. B., on its being constituted a separate Province. B. in N. B. Ed. at King's College, Fredericton, where he graduated B. A., 1852. M. the eldest dau. of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Ritchie, of Halifax. Called to the Bar, N. B., 1858. Apptd. Clerk of the Supreme Court, N. B., which office he subsequently resigned. Apptd. Deputy Provl. Secy., Registrar and Clerk of the Ex. Council, N. B., 1858, and subsequently, in 1864, filled the latter position on its being constituted a separate and distinct office. A Judge of the Court of Quarter Pleas, 1867; and a mem. of L. C. of N. B., by Royal Warrant, 1866, where he sat until the Union. Has been Presdt. of the York Agricultural Society, N. B. Is a Notary Public and a Commissioner for taking affidavits in Supreme Court. Was a mem. of Ex. Council and Postmaster Genl., N. B., from 1865 until resignation of the Govt. in following year. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—"Rockwood," Fredericton, N. B.

ROBERTSON, Lieut.-Col. Hon. JOHN.

A merchant, banker and capitalist. B. in N. B., of the Scots of the University of New Brunswick; Consul at St. John for Uruguay and the Argentine Republic; Lieut.-Col. 1st Batt St. John City Light Infantry Militia; President of the Victoria Coal Mining Co.; a local dir. of the Bank of British North America; and of the Maritime Bank; and a mem. of the Council of the Chamber of Commerce, St. John. Has been Presdt. of the Chamber of Commerce. Sat in the L. C. of N. B., from 1867 until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Liberal.—Wellington Row, St. John, N. B.

WARK, HON DAVID.

Descended by both parents from Scotch families that settled in Ulster in the 17th century. B. near Londonderry, Irel., 1804. Came to N. B., 1825. M. Annie Elizabeth, dau. of Isaac Burpee, Esq., of Sunbury, N. B. A merchant. Is a mem. of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick. Was a mem. of the Ex. Council, N. B., from 1858 to 1862, and Receiver General for a few months, 1867. Sat for Kent in N. B. Assembly from 1846 until 1851, when apptd. to the L. C. of that Province, where he remained until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Liberal.—Fredericton.

WILMOT, HON. ROBERT DUNCAN.

S. of John E. Wilmot, Esq., who sat for St. John (county) in N. B. Assembly for many years, by Miss Street, sister of the late Hon. Saml. Street, of Niagara; and grands. of Capt. Lemuel Wilmot, formerly of the Royal Navy, who settled in N. B. at the close of the Am. Revolution. (See Sabine's "Am. Loyalists.") B. in Fredericton, N. B., 16 Oct., 1809. Ed. in St. John. M., 1833, Miss Mowatt, of St. Andrews. A director of the Quebec and S.-E. Railway Co. Was a mem. of Ex. Council N. B. from 1851 to 1854; from 1855 to 1857; and again, in his own gift, from 1866 until the Union; held office of Surveyor General from 1851 to 1854; and that of Prov. Secy., from 1866 to 1867. Was Mayor of St. John, 1857; a delegate to Confederate Council of Trade, Quebec, 1865; and to the Colonial Conference for the Union of the B. A. Colonies, London, 1866-7. Apptd. a Commr. to the Halifax Exhibition, 1875. Holds a patent of rank and precedence from Her Majesty as an Ex. Councillor, N. B. Sat for St. John (city and county) in N. B. Assembly, from 1846 until 1851, and from 1862 until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—"Belmont," Sunbury, N. B.

House of Commons.

ANGLIN, HON. SANDFORD WARREN. [Gloucester.]

B. in Deal, Kent, Eng., 1817. M. Miss McTavish, of St. John, N. B. Came to St. John, in 1842, where he founded the *Morning Freeman* newspaper, of which he is editor and proprietor. Sat for St. John (county) in N. B. Assembly from 1851 to 1856, when defeated on Confederation question, to which he was opposed. Was a member of Ex. Council, N. B., for a few months 1856. Has sat for Gloucester in House of Commons since the Union. Returned by acclamation at last g.e. Elected Speaker, 27th March, 1874. (Salary $4,000.) A Conservative.—Speaker's Chambers, House of Commons; Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

APPLEBY, STEPHEN BURPEE. [Carleton N. B.]

Paternal branch of family came from Eng. Maternal ancestors were New England Puritans who moved from Mass. to Sheffield, N. B., and were among the first settlers at that place. B. at Florenceville, Carleton, N. B., 1836. Ed. there. M., Dec., 1864, Harriet Elizabeth, dau. of John H. Lyons, Esq., of Florenceville. Called to the Bar N. B., 1869. First returned to Parlt. for present seat, Sept., 1873, on death of sitting mem.; re-elected by acclamation at last g. e. A Liberal, and a supporter of the present Administration.—Was strongly opposed to the acts of the late Govt., with reference to the Pacific Scandal and the prorogation of the 13th Augt.—Woodstock, N. B.

BURPEE, CHARLES. [Sunbury.]

Family removed to N. B., from Massachusetts, 1763, and were among the first English inhabitants of the province; they settled at Sheffield, Co. Sunbury, where they have continued to reside ever since. B. at Sheffield, 18 June, 1817. Ed. there. M. Charlotte Hayward, dau. of the late Thos. Perley, Esq., of the same place. Was a mem. of the Provl. Board of Agriculture from 1864 to 1866. First returned to Parlt., for present seat, at g. e., 1867; re-elected by acclamation at g. e., 1872, and again returned at last g. e. A Liberal; and a supporter of the present Administration.—Sheffield, N. B.

BURPEE, HON. ISAAC. [St. John, N. B.] P. C.

Ancestors belonged to a colony of Puritans that removed from Massachusetts to Sheffield, N. B., 1763. Ed. s. of the late Isaac Burpee, Esq., of Sheffield. B. there, 22 Nov., 1822. Ed. there. M. 7 March, 1855 Hesper, youngest dau. of the late Thos. Robinson, Esq., of Sheffield, Eng. Is a dir. of the Confederation Life Assn.; of the Victoria Coal Mining Co.; and of the N. S. Deaf and Dumb Institution; Treasurer of the St. John Industrial School; a mem. of the Ex. Council of the Congregational Union of N. B. and N. S.; and Vice-Presdt. of the Evangelical Alliance of N. B. Was Mayor of town of Portland for several years. Sworn of Privy Council, and apptd. Minister of Customs, 7 Nov., 1874. (Salary $7,000.) First returned to Parlt., for present seat, at g. e., 1872; re-elected by acclamation on his appt. to office, and again returned at last g. e. A Liberal. "Bellevue," St. John, N. B.; Russell House, Ottawa; Rideau Club.

COFFIN, JOHN, J. P. [Victoria, N. B.]

B. at St. Nicholas, P. Q., 1 Feb., 1822. Ed. at St. Ann's College. M., 1855, Miss Ryan, of Victoria, N. B. Has been Registrar of Deeds for Victoria, and Judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, N. B. Sat for present seat in N. B. Assembly from 1861 to 1866, when defeated. Returned to Commons at g. e., 1867, re-elected at g. e., 1872, and again at last g. e. A Conservative; and opposed to the present Administration. Moved an address, 20 May, 1872, praying His Excellency to disallow the N. B. School Act on the ground that said law is unjust and causes much unrestness among the Roman Catholic population; and on 14 May, 1873, "that the Govt. should advise His Excellency to disallow the Acts passed by the N. B. Legislature," which was carried. On 6 May, 1874, moved for an address to Her Majesty praying to cause an act to be passed amending the B. N. A. Act, 1867, by providing that every religious denomination in N. B. shall continue to possess and enjoy all such rights with regard to their schools as they possessed and enjoyed at the time of the passage of the said act &c., which motion was subsequently withdrawn.—Grand Falls, N. B.

DE VEBER, JEREMIAH SMITH BOIES. [City of St. John, N. B.]

S. of L. H. De Veber, Esq., for many years a leading merchant of St. John; and grands. (maternally) of the late Wm. Hubbard, Esq., who was one of the representatives of Sunbury in the first Parlt., of N. B. that met 1785. B. in the city of St. John, 1830. Ed. there. M. at Portland, Me., 1856, Elizabeth Robinson, dau. of Robt. Tilley, Esq. A mem. of the extensive mercantile firm of L. H. DeVeber & Sons, St. John; a dir. of Bank of N. B.; of the Riviere du Loup Railway Co.; and of the N. B. Deaf and Dumb Institution; and Chairman body. Was a mem. of the Ex. Council, N. B., from 1858 to 1860, when he resigned; and a mem. of L. C. same Province from 1860 until the Union. An unsuccessful candidate for the same seat, 1840. Returned to Commons by acclamation at last g. e., 1867, and at g. e., 1872; re-elected at last g. e. A Liberal, and a supporter of the present Administration.—Cambridge, Queen's Co., N. B.

GILLMOR, HON. ARTHUR HILL, JR. [Charlotte.]

S. of Daniel Gillmor, Esq., J. P., of St. George, N. B.; and grands. of Arthur Hill Gillmor, Esq., of Hillsborough, Co. Down, Irel. B. at St. George. Ed. there. M., 1846, Miss Howe of Maine, U. S. A millowner. Sat for Charlotte in N. B. Assembly from 1856 until 1866, when defeated on Confederation question. Was Provl. Secy. in Mr. A. J. Smith's Anti-Confederate Govt. 1865. Contested Charlotte unsuccessfully for House of Commons, at g. e. 1872. First returned at last g. e. A Liberal; and fully endorses the course pursued by the Opposition in the late Parlt., in dealing with the Pacific Scandal, and condemns the conduct of the Macdonald Govt. and all who explained them in that transaction. Believes the present Govt. intend to legislate honestly and fairly for the public good, and conduct the public business economically, and he will, therefore, give them a fair and generous support.—Broadway, St. George, N. B.; Rideau Club.

MCLEOD, GEORGE. [Kent, N. B.]

Second s. of the late Wm. McLeod, Esq., of Richibucto, N. B., by Elizabeth Sutherland, both natives of Caithness-shire, Scot. B. at Richibucto, 20 April, 1836. Ed. at Richibucto Grammar School and Sackville academy. M., 1st, 2 Nov., 1859, Sarah Abramo, dau. of the late George Kerr, Esq., of Chatham, N. B. (she d. 14 Nov., 1866); 2ndly, 27 Dec., 1870, Sarah, dau. of William Gordon, Esq., of Picton, N. S. A mem. of Ex. Council and Postmaster Genl., N. B., from 1865 until resignation of the Govt. in following year. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—"Rockwood," Fredericton, N. B.

ROBERTSON, Lieut.-Col. Hon. JOHN.

A merchant, banker and capitalist. B. in N. B., of the Scots of the University of New Brunswick; Consul at St. John for Uruguay and the Argentine Republic; Lieut.-Col. 1st Batt St. John City Light Infantry Militia; President of the Victoria Coal Mining Co.; a local dir. of the Bank of British North America; and of the Maritime Bank; and a mem. of the Council of the Chamber of Commerce, St. John. Has been Presdt. of the Chamber of Commerce. Sat in the L. C. of N. B., from 1867 until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Liberal.—Wellington Row, St. John, N. B.

WARK, HON DAVID.

Descended by both parents from Scotch families that settled in Ulster in the 17th century. B. near Londonderry, Irel., 1804. Came to N. B., 1825. M. Annie Elizabeth, dau. of Isaac Burpee, Esq., of Sunbury, N. B. A merchant. Is a mem. of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick. Was a mem. of the Ex. Council, N. B., from 1858 to 1862, and Receiver General for a few months, 1867. Sat for Kent in N. B. Assembly from 1846 until 1851, when apptd. to the L. C. of that Province, where he remained until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Liberal.—Fredericton.

WILMOT, HON. ROBERT DUNCAN.

S. of John E. Wilmot, Esq., who sat for St. John (county) in N. B. Assembly for many years, by Miss Street, sister of the late Hon. Saml. Street, of Niagara; and grands. of Capt. Lemuel Wilmot, formerly of the Royal Navy, who settled in N. B. at the close of the Am. Revolution. (See Sabine's "Am. Loyalists.") B. in Fredericton, N. B., 16 Oct., 1809. Ed. in St. John. M., 1833, Miss Mowatt, of St. Andrews. A director of the Quebec and S.-E. Railway Co. Was a mem. of Ex. Council N. B. from 1851 to 1854; from 1855 to 1857; and again, in his own gift, from 1866 until the Union; held office of Surveyor General from 1851 to 1854; and that of Prov. Secy., from 1866 to 1867. Was Mayor of St. John, 1857; a delegate to Confederate Council of Trade, Quebec, 1865; and to the Colonial Conference for the Union of the B. A. Colonies, London, 1866-7. Apptd. a Commr. to the Halifax Exhibition, 1875. Holds a patent of rank and precedence from Her Majesty as an Ex. Councillor, N. B. Sat for St. John (city and county) in N. B. Assembly, from 1846 until 1851, and from 1862 until the Union. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—"Belmont," Sunbury, N. B.

House of Commons.

ANGLIN, HON. SANDFORD WARREN. [Gloucester.]

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APPLEBY, STEPHEN BURPEE. [Carleton N. B.]

Paternal branch of family came from Eng. Maternal ancestors were New England Puritans who moved from Mass. to Sheffield, N. B., and were among the first settlers at that place. B. at Florenceville, Carleton, N. B., 1836. Ed. there. M., Dec., 1864, Harriet Elizabeth, dau. of John H. Lyons, Esq., of Florenceville. Called to the Bar N. B., 1869. First returned to Parlt. for present seat, Sept., 1873, on death of sitting mem.; re-elected by acclamation at last g. e. A Liberal, and a supporter of the present Administration.—Was strongly opposed to the acts of the late Govt., with reference to the Pacific Scandal and the prorogation of the 13th Augt.—Woodstock, N. B.

BURPEE, CHARLES. [Sunbury.]

Family removed to N. B., from Massachusetts, 1763, and were among the first English inhabitants of the province; they settled at Sheffield, Co. Sunbury, where they have continued to reside ever since. B. at Sheffield, 18 June, 1817. Ed. there. M. Charlotte Hayward, dau. of the late Thos. Perley, Esq., of the same place. Was a mem. of the Provl. Board of Agriculture from 1864 to 1866. First returned to Parlt., for present seat, at g. e., 1867; re-elected by acclamation at g. e., 1872, and again returned at last g. e. A Liberal; and a supporter of the present Administration.—Sheffield, N. B.

BURPEE, HON. ISAAC. [St. John, N. B.] P. C.

Ancestors belonged to a colony of Puritans that removed from Massachusetts to Sheffield, N. B., 1763. Ed. s. of the late Isaac Burpee, Esq., of Sheffield. B. there, 22 Nov., 1822. Ed. there. M. 7 March, 1855 Hesper, youngest dau. of the late Thos. Robinson, Esq., of Sheffield, Eng. Is a dir. of the Confederation Life Assn.; of the Victoria Coal Mining Co.; and of the N. S. Deaf and Dumb Institution; Treasurer of the St. John Industrial School; a mem. of the Ex. Council of the Congregational Union of N. B. and N. S.; and Vice-Presdt. of the Evangelical Alliance of N. B. Was Mayor of town of Portland for several years. Sworn of Privy Council, and apptd. Minister of Customs, 7 Nov., 1874. (Salary $7,000.) First returned to Parlt., for present seat, at g. e., 1872; re-elected by acclamation on his appt. to office, and again returned at last g. e. A Liberal. "Bellevue," St. John, N. B.; Russell House, Ottawa; Rideau Club.

COFFIN, JOHN, J. P. [Victoria, N. B.]

B. at St. Nicholas, P. Q., 1 Feb., 1822. Ed. at St. Ann's College. M., 1855, Miss Ryan, of Victoria, N. B. Has been Registrar of Deeds for Victoria, and Judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, N. B. Sat for present seat in N. B. Assembly from 1861 to 1866, when defeated. Returned to Commons at g. e., 1867, re-elected at g. e., 1872, and again at last g. e. A Conservative; and opposed to the present Administration. Moved an address, 20 May, 1872, praying His Excellency to disallow the N. B. School Act on the ground that said law is unjust and causes much unrestness among the Roman Catholic population; and on 14 May, 1873, "that the Govt. should advise His Excellency to disallow the Acts passed by the N. B. Legislature," which was carried. On 6 May, 1874, moved for an address to Her Majesty praying to cause an act to be passed amending the B. N. A. Act, 1867, by providing that every religious denomination in N. B. shall continue to possess and enjoy all such rights with regard to their schools as they possessed and enjoyed at the time of the passage of the said act &c., which motion was subsequently withdrawn.—Grand Falls, N. B.

DE VEBER, JEREMIAH SMITH BOIES. [City of St. John, N. B.]

S. of L. H. De Veber, Esq., for many years a leading merchant of St. John; and grands. (maternally) of the late Wm. Hubbard, Esq., who was one of the representatives of Sunbury in the first Parlt., of N. B. that met 1785. B. in the city of St. John, 1830. Ed. there. M. at Portland, Me., 1856, Elizabeth Robinson, dau. of Robt. Tilley, Esq. A mem. of the extensive mercantile firm of L. H. DeVeber & Sons, St. John; a dir. of Bank of N. B.; of the Riviere du Loup Railway Co.; and of the N. B. Deaf and Dumb Institution; and Chairman body. Was a mem. of the Ex. Council, N. B., from 1858 to 1860, when he resigned; and a mem. of L. C. same Province from 1860 until the Union. An unsuccessful candidate for the same seat, 1840. Returned to Commons by acclamation at last g. e., 1867, and at g. e., 1872; re-elected at last g. e. A Liberal, and a supporter of the present Administration.—Cambridge, Queen's Co., N. B.

GILLMOR, HON. ARTHUR HILL, JR. [Charlotte.]

S. of Daniel Gillmor, Esq., J. P., of St. George, N. B.; and grands. of Arthur Hill Gillmor, Esq., of Hillsborough, Co. Down, Irel. B. at St. George. Ed. there. M., 1846, Miss Howe of Maine, U. S. A millowner. Sat for Charlotte in N. B. Assembly from 1856 until 1866, when defeated on Confederation question. Was Provl. Secy. in Mr. A. J. Smith's Anti-Confederate Govt. 1865. Contested Charlotte unsuccessfully for House of Commons, at g. e. 1872. First returned at last g. e. A Liberal; and fully endorses the course pursued by the Opposition in the late Parlt., in dealing with the Pacific Scandal, and condemns the conduct of the Macdonald Govt. and all who explained them in that transaction. Believes the present Govt. intend to legislate honestly and fairly for the public good, and conduct the public business economically, and he will, therefore, give them a fair and generous support.—Broadway, St. George, N. B.; Rideau Club.

MCLEOD, GEORGE. [Kent, N. B.]

Second s. of the late Wm. McLeod, Esq., of Richibucto, N. B., by Elizabeth Sutherland, both natives of Caithness-shire, Scot. B. at Richibucto, 20 April, 1836. Ed. at Richibucto Grammar School and Sackville academy. M., 1st, 2 Nov., 1859, Sarah Abramo, dau. of the late George Kerr, Esq., of Chatham, N. B. (she d. 14 Nov., 1866); 2ndly, 27 Dec., 1870, Sarah, dau. of William Gordon, Esq., of Picton, N. S. A mem. of Ex. Council and Postmaster Genl., N. B., from 1865 until resignation of the Govt. in following year. Called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. A Conservative.—"Rockwood," Fredericton, N. B.

ROBERTSON, Lieut.-Col. Hon. JOHN.

A merchant, banker and capitalist. B. in N. B., of the Scots of the University of New Brunswick; Consul at St. John for Uruguay and the Argentine Republic; Lieut.-Col. 1st Batt St. John City Light Infantry Militia; President of the Victoria Coal Mining Co.; a local dir. of the Bank of British North America; and of the Maritime Bank; and a mem. of the Council of the Chamber of Commerce, St. John. Has been Presdt. of the Chamber of Commerce. Sat in the L. C. of N. B., from 1867 until the Union. Called to the Senate

YEARS AGO.

Bless me, boy, that was years ago—
And you tell me that's the girl—
That stock old dowager moving slow,
Just there ahead, in the purple bow
The train and the chain of pearl.

A dream, not faded, but met fullgrown,
And draped in a cashmere shawl!
I'm a man of business, sinew and bone,
And weigh, I won't say how many stone,
But she—oh confound it all!

Let's see—let—twenty-odd years ago
I shut her door in a rage,
That is—I felt it a week or so;
A fellow's nerves will quiver, you know,
Before he is quite of age.

I remember the room we parted in;
The twilight—the twittering birds;
Her sunny hair with its turquoise pin,
Her flashing eyes where a tear had been—
Our passionate parting words.

She waits me yet in some twilight place,
Flushed with that passionate glow;
A wraith-like creature of light and grace,
A dream, a vision, whose fleeting face
I worshipped, those years ago.

No old acquaintances for me, my lad!
No resurrection here.
Rosalie, Marie, grim or glad,
The old loves hide that I have had,—
But in a rosier sphere.

A. M. H.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

BY B. J. FARJEON.

SCENE THE FIRST.—IN THE BANKING HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPPELL, CHAPPELL, AND CHAPPELL, BANKERS.

The great banking-house of Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell was known, and favorably known, far and wide, and had been established for as many scores of years as you can count upon your fingers. In the money world it was famous, and outside the boundaries of that Tom Tiller's ground it commanded respect and admiration. Not only where the English language is spoken was the name known and honored, but where French, Dutch, Russian, Italian, and German are the native vernaculars. On the Exchange it was all-powerful; in bank and mart it was regarded almost with affection; and foreign tongues, after their respective fashions, murmured it with veneration. It had taken root, as it were, and Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell across or at the foot of an oblong slip of paper was a thing to conjure with. So potent was it, that one might have been pardoned for the fancy that if he had traveled with it into the bowels of the earth, and presented it to the genii who reign where the rough bright gold lies hidden in reef of quartz and soil alluvial, he would have been received with obsequious attention, instantly loaded with bags of treasure, and sent up to earth rejoicing. Time was when the firm was known by one simple name of Chappell; but as the business grew and increased, to the importance of its proprietors grew and increased. It was, therefore, quite consistent with this growth of personal importance that when a descendant more pompous and self-impressed than those who preceded him came into the firm, he should desire that his name should be added to the old one; and this being done the firm became Chappell and Chappell. It is to be hoped that common persons had a sense sufficiently delicate and fine to distinguish between the Chappells who aired their pomposity among them, and the Chappells whose pomposity (with bated breath be it spoken) had been aired by the worms, and sifted into dust long years ago. As time rolled on, the feathers of another pompous Chappell were fledged, and he, with a similar laudable desire for the recognition of *his* individuality, insisted that *his* name should be added to the firm, which therefrom became Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell. And so, in accordance with the ambition of successive pomposities, Chappell might, to use a metaphor, have been piled on Chappell till the crack of doom—supposing the firm to last till that indefinite period—but for a glimmering idea that the thing was already overdone, and that a farther redundancy of Chappells might possibly cast a shadow of ridicule over the great House. Which, almost above every other consideration, was a possibility to be jealously guarded against.

Almost, but not quite above every other consideration. There was one other which was sacredly paramount: the honor and credit of the House. That a word should be whispered against the good name which the House had borne from the first year of its existence would have tortured the souls of the living Chappells, and might have animated with serious uneasiness the very dust of the departed. Above all other considerations was the good name to be maintained, unshaken, untarnished. And this was done religiously. If a word had ever been whispered against it, it had faded as utterly and effectually as the breath which might have been breathed upon the polished door-plates which bore the magic title of the firm. The House had played its part in troublous times, and had played it with unfaltering credit. Older firms than it, wealthier firms than it, had tottered and fallen and passed out of existence; but nothing had ever shaken the credit of Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell. Thrones had crumbled into dust, dynasties had been destroyed, the liberties of people had been juggled with, the scaffold had been busy with the high and mighty, but Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell remained unscathed, unsullied. It stood firm and erect through all these changes. Those whose worldly wealth its coffers guarded slept in their beds with easy minds as to its safety. So thoroughly imbued were the members of the firm with a nice and strict sense of honor, that the judgment they passed upon men whose business conduct would not bear the light is easy of comprehension. A defaulter in money was in their eyes a vile and abhorrent creature. If they had written the fifth commandment, it would have read: "Honor the bills which Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell have discounted for thee, that thy days may be long on the earth which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

To lighten the intense and somewhat ponderous respectability of this description, and to show how jealous the House was of its name down to the very smallest detail, a circumstance may be briefly mentioned. At the death of one of the Chappells a tradesman was employed to cut the record of his virtues on his tombstone. To the indignation of the living members of the firm, he spelt the name with one L, and there was not room on the stone for another. The stone was returned to him, and when he applied for payment it was refused, on the ground that the order had not been properly executed. With some show of humor he offered to deduct from his account a proportionate sum for the omitted L, and when, even with this deduction, payment was still refused, he in his turn grew indignant, and revenged himself by indulging in the old and not original joke that surely one L was enough for any man. Needless to say that from that moment the firm looked upon him as a pestilent member of society.

It had happened in the course of the firm's long business career that men whose names were not Chappell had been admitted into partnership, but not one of them was ever known to the world, in his business connection, by any other name than Chappell. Now and again changes had taken place in the proprietorship, but they were few and far between, and had not affected the character or the stability of the House. At one time a great Chappell had swallowed up all the lesser Chappells; at another, the fashion of the old Egyptian serpent, equal interests, half-a-dozen Chappells held nearly daily and safely but the business was conducted steadily, the opening of through all these variations, and representatives of this history there were but two Chappells on the name—Chappell father and Chappell son.

The son had not yet been admitted with the House. It was a long-established custom of the House not to give the younger branches of the name a share in the business until they reached the age of thirty, by which time it was assumed that the wild oats which are the leading element in the education of young men of a certain class, were completely sown. Frederick Chappell was but twenty-eight years of age, and had two good years before him in which to complete the acquisition of that kind of knowledge which is popularly supposed to be so essentially necessary to men who are destined by the fortune of birth to occupy leading positions in society. In the meantime he was liberally supplied with money by his father—but still not so liberally as his needs required—and went through the farce of calling at the banking-house every day, and idling away an hour or two there, with the air of one whose presence was necessary to its well-being and prosperity. The younger clerks looked up to him with admiration, and in their humbler circles copied the fashion of his clothes. He was in every respect an elegant young man, much sought after by mothers in society who had marriageable daughters, and who heard with indulgent ears, and received with indulgent smiles, accounts of certain youthful follies (a less pleasant term might be used, but one might as well be out of the world as out of fashion) of which he was the hero. "Youth must have its fling," they said, with amiable looks, and with a decided disposition to sympathize with youth, if in the course of its fling it was put to any inconvenience.

CHAPTER II.

MR. CHAPPELL SENIOR RECEIVES AN ACCOUNT OF A STRANGE VISITOR.

On a certain morning in May, in the year 1870, when the chestnut trees were in blossom—a circumstance which has nothing whatever to do with this history—Trail, a confidential servant and whatnot, who waited upon Mr. Chappell senior during business hours, was awaiting the arrival of his master in the coziest private room of which the bank could boast. Two smaller rooms were accessible only from this private sanctum of the head of the House, and when Mr. Chappell senior was closeted in one of these, his most intimate friend was not allowed to intrude upon his privacy. Possibly he kept his skeleton there. Outside the bank, in the social circle of which he was an ornament, Trail was known as Mr. Reginald Trail, and was a person of some importance, and letters written to him by friends and acquaintances were invariably addressed "Reginald Trail, Esq." Once upon a time an esquire was a shield-bearer, bore arms on his escutcheon, and frequently flowered into knight; in these commoner days he may be a greengrocer. Inside the bank Mr. Reginald Trail was a person of no social importance; he was simply Trail. Reginald was out of the question; Mr. equally so; Trail served the purpose well and appropriately.

The room was handsomely and comfortably furnished, and the modern character of the furniture was an indication that the firm of Chappell, Chappell, and Chappel was moving with the times. Indeed, within the last ten years, the building in which the bank transacted its business had been entirely rebuilt, and is notable contradistinction to its former dusty and old wooden appurtenances, was now decorated with marble pillars and polished counters. Every thing in the room was in its proper place. The newspapers were carefully arranged and unfolded, so as to show the money article; Mr. Chappell's correspondence was on the writing-table in two symmetrical piles; Mr. Chappell's chair was in its usual exact position; and the black marble clock on the mantel-piece ticked the moments soberly and respectably, as if aware that time was money—as it really is in the matter of interest. The clock marked at this moment ten minutes to eleven.

Although there was no fire in the grate, Trail, from force of habit, stood with his back to the fire-place, and his one disengaged hand stole into its orthodox position under his coat-tails. Trail was meditating upon a letter, which he was regarding with curiosity. Putting his thoughts into words, they run somewhat in this wise:

"You are up to some of your tricks again, Mr. Frederick. I must take the letter, I suppose. What is her name? Laura—simply Miss Laura. Cunning young gentleman! What are my instructions? Miss Laura will be at rehearsal at eleven o'clock, and I am to go to the stage-door, and say that the letter is to be delivered immediately to Miss Laura. I am to wait for an answer. If the young lady herself comes out and asks questions, I am to lead her to suppose that the letter is from the old gentleman. Very well, very well. Certainly, actresses are remarkably pretty girls. If I were a young man— Never mind; can't eat your pie and have your pie. I shall go to the theatre to-night, and see Master Fred's Miss Laura. Laura—Laura. I had a cousin named—"

Trail, having in the course of his musings withdrawn his disengaged hand from its orthodox position, had been handling the letter with busy and curious fingers, and at this point, whether by accident or design, the envelope became unfastened. He looked surprised, and in a tone of gentle remonstrance said,

"Dear me! How careless some persons are in sealing their letters! There can be no harm in looking. H'm! Only two or three lines. 'Mr. Chappell will feel obliged if Miss Laura will call upon him at the bank, at one o'clock this morning, on a matter of importance.' Short, polite, and mysterious," continued Trail, sealing the letter from the gum-bottle. "I thought he was up to one of his tricks again. No business of mine, though. I never trouble my head with other people's affairs. That's the old gentleman's step."

As Mr. Chappell entered the room the clock struck eleven. Trail put the letter in his pocket, and submissively received Mr. Chappell's hat and light overcoat.

"Has any one called?" asked Mr. Chappell, seating himself at the table, and beginning to open his letters.

"Your son, Mr. Frederick."

"Not for me; he knows that I am never here until eleven o'clock."

"No, sir, not for you; he merely looked in and glanced over the papers."

"Any one else?"

"A young gentleman, who seemed very anxious to see you, sir."

"On business?"

"He did not say, sir. When I told him you would be here at eleven o'clock, he said he would call again. He left this letter," (pointing to a letter which Mr. Chappell had not yet opened) "and his card."

Mr. Chappell glanced at the letter carelessly, and then at the card with closer attention. Above the name written on the card was a rough pen-and-ink sketch of two figures.

"Mr. Richard Barton. I do not know the man. Has he been here before?"

"I have not seen him, sir."

"What do these figures mean?"

Trail looked at the sketch with a properly severe air. It represented a god and goddess, in native costume. As a man with a family, Trail had a proper respect—within limits—for milliners and dressmakers.

"When I asked the gentleman—"

"A gentleman, then."

"Well, yes, sir; middlingish. When I asked him for his name, he sat down and wrote it upon a blank card, and drew the figures there."

"Saying nothing?"

"Oh, he was very chatable, sir, and very free in his ways. He said first, 'I think I'll wait,' and he sat down for a moment. Then he jumped up, and said, 'I think I'll go.' Then he asked me how old I was, and how many years I had been in the bank; then he asked me if I had ever traveled, and gave a whistle when I said, 'Yes, I've been to Margate.' I asked his pardon, and begged him not to whistle here, and he said he wouldn't till the next time. Then he asked me how I liked not being farther than Margate; and when I said I liked it very well, he whistled again, though I begged him not to. Then he asked me if I could breathe well in London; and I said yes, pretty well, I thanked him—But I beg your pardon, sir, for telling you these things."

"You had better finish, Trail," said Mr. Chappell, with a frown at the card. "An insolent fellow, I should say. Did you not attempt to stop his chattering? This is scarcely the place for such a conversation."

"I told him so, sir; I tried to stop him, but I might as well have tried to stop a windmill by speaking to it. I made bold to try and get rid of him when I found out what he was; but he wouldn't be got rid of. He laughed at me, and poked me in the ribs—he did, sir, though I begged him not to. His manners were very familiar, sir. I don't think the gentleman was quite right here"—Trail touched his forehead—"his manners were that familiar. Then, what he said! One thing in one breath, another thing in another. He asked me what I thought of Westminister Abbey; and when I said it was a nice place, he cried, 'It's glorious, glorious, glorious!' Three times, sir, and very excited like. He asked if I would like to be buried there; I said I had no wish to be buried; and he laughed that loud, though I begged him not to, that I felt ashamed and uncomfortable. He said London was a fine city—then he said it was a dreadful city. He said he would like to live here all his life—then he said he'd like to go away tomorrow.

"Not an Englishman, then?"

"Oh yes, sir, quite an Englishman, but strange like. He told me what those figures on the card were."

Ah, indeed."

"Yes, sir. He said they were Venus and Bacchus, and asked if they weren't good likenesses. I said I had never seen the persons. Love and jollity, he said they were, with another laugh, and was proceeding to go on in exemplification—in exemplification, sir," repeated Trail, with an air of pride, "when I begged him not to; and he didn't, and bid me good-morning, quite affable, and said he would come again-in an hour or so."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. Chappell, tossing the card and the letter aside. "The figures are vilely drawn. When he calls, do not show him in."

"Yes, sir."

"He can leave word with you what his business is."

"Very well, sir," said Trail, walking to the door; but suddenly remembering something he had omitted from his budget, he turned back. "Oh, I forgot, sir, in the excitement of this young man. Mr. Armstrong called."

The name did not act as a sedative upon Mr. Chappell's nerves. "What did *he* want?" he inquired, abruptly.

"He came to know, sir, if we had received any news of the *Golden Mariner*."

Mr. Chappell turned upon Trail with—in that gentleman's opinion—unaccountable irritation.

"And of course you told him there was no news."

"Of course, sir," replied Trail.

"Of course, sir!" echoed Mr. Chappell, his irritation increasing. "What do you mean by that?"

"I told him, as you said, sir," said Trail, submissively, "that of course there was no news of the *Golden Mariner*. That is all, sir. This is the third morning, that Mr. Armstrong has called to make the same inquiry."

For a moment it appeared as though Mr. Chappell were about to give further vent to his passion, but he controlled himself by a strong effort.

"That will do," he said, more calmly; "you can go. And be good enough to indulge in no more conversations in this room such as you have described."

With a servile bend of the head, fairly indicative of the relationship which exists between English master and English servant, Trail left the room, and Mr. Chappell proceeded to look over and read his correspondence. But his muttered words denoted the uneasiness of his mind.

"Of course there is no news, and he knows that I have underwritten the ship for sixty thousand pounds. Ten weeks out, and not spoken with; but there is plenty of time yet. Even if the worst should have happened, months must elapse, in the absence of authentic intelligence, before I am called upon. What causes people to speak of it already? I heard the rumor for the first time yesterday. Can Armstrong, for reasons of his own, have set it afloat? I hate him—this Armstrong the American, as he takes a pride in calling himself—I hate him, and I tremble before him. Sometimes I have a fear that he suspects my real position—that he sees the precipice upon which I stand. Pshaw! It can be but a fear—there can not be foundation for it. Yet if a ship be lost, for him a golden haul; for me—" Mr. Chappell paused, and covered his eyes with his hand, as though by action he could see his way more clearly; presently he removed his hand, and said impatiently, "I must not think of it; it unnerves me." His hand at this moment fell upon the letter which Mr. Richard Barton had left for him. Mechanically he opened it, and commenced to read listlessly; but he had not read a dozen lines before his listless manner changed to one of eagerness, and his eyes brightened. "What is this?" he cried. "And now we have much pleasure in introducing to your favorable attention a friend, a young client of ours, Mr. Richard Barton, one of our most wealthy colonists. We have for many years had large and important transactions with his father, who died but lately, leaving this only son the whole of his property. The young gentlemen, contrary to our advice—for landed property here is daily rising in value—insisted upon realizing his estate, and is, to our certain knowledge, worth at least a hundred thousand pounds. Having been born and educated in the colony, he is an utter stranger in London, and it is with much pleasure we introduce him to you."

The letter was from valued correspondents of the House in Australia, and Mr. Chappell read it a second time with a heightened color in his face.

"Mr. Richard Barton!" he exclaimed. "Why, that's young Venus and Bacchus!" He took up the card again which the young man had left, and examined it with interest. "Beautifully drawn, too! A stranger in London, and a young man!—inexperienced, impulsive, generous probably. A hundred thousand pounds!" He touched the bell, and in his excitement rose, and paced the room. Trail presented himself almost immediately. "Oh, Trail," said Mr. Chappell, "when Mr. Barton calls, do not let him wait. Show him in at once. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied Trail, much mystified by this change, but too good a servant to exhibit astonishment.

"Admit him the moment he arrives." Trail bowed, and closed the door behind him, and Mr. Chappell continued to pace the room. "Good!" he murmured, rubbing his hands. "Fortune smiles upon me still. This young colonist, with his hundred thousand pounds, will be of use to me. He comes just when he is most needed. I can advise him—speculate for him. At all hazards the credit of the House must be sustained. Great Peruvians fell yesterday one and a half, and I have not make a move. Lynx eyes are watching me on every side, and closer than all am I being watched by this Armstrong the American because of the stake he has with me. But time—time is all I want. It is to me what courage is to a soldier, what virtue is to a woman. Peruvians *must* rise again; the *Golden Mariner must* get safely to port. Yet if it should not—if every chance should melt away—if every hope to which I cling should slip from me into the land of dreams—failure must come, disgrace must come, and then— Tut! tut! I am growing old, and am frightened at every passing cloud. If the world were to see me like this, how low I should fall!" He looked about him fearsomely, and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead; but he could not wrest his thoughts from the gloomy groove into which his fears had driven them, and he sank into his chair with a heavy sigh. "My good name trembles in the balance. It hangs upon a puff of wind—upon a chance rumor—upon a word lightly spoken—and I am helpless and impotent, trembling at the ghosts which rise from the grave of my ambitious schemes!"

CHAPTER III.

RIGBY, THE HALL-PORTER.

So absorbed was Mr. Chappell in his reflections that he did not hear a soft knock at the door. It was a knock of timidity—a knock deferential and submissive—and it was repeated several times before the sound reached Mr. Chappell's ears; when it did, he raised his head, with the air of one to whom the uncertain and hesitating plea for admission was familiar. He did not reply immediately, and the timid knock was again repeated. Occasionally a man's heart gets into his very knuckles.

"Come in," said Mr. Chappell.

There entered Rigby, the hall-porter of the establishment, whose spare and shrinking figure was familiar to all the customers of the bank. A man who, as he sat upon his stool, pale, and sad, and bent, seemed ever to be wrapped in the retrospection of a life out of which all hope had been crushed long years ago. Between Rigby and his master there could not have been a year's difference in age, but a greater contrast than that which existed between the two men could not well be imagined. Rigby looked at least fifteen years his master's senior; his face was furrowed with wrinkles and deep lines, and bore also some marks of dissipation; in his eyes dwelt a spirit of suffering; his clothes were shabby, and his hands were anxiously restless; altogether, a worn and broken man. At the time of his entrance, his features bore an expression evidently foreign to them—a singular expression of mingled shame and triumph, of humiliation, and of a hope fulfilled which had long been deferred. His lips trembled, and he could scarcely utter the words he attempted to speak.

"Mr. Chappell—sir," he said, and then was silent from agitation.

"Well, Rigby," replied Mr. Chappell.

"I took the liberty—the liberty, sir—"

Mr. Chappell wheeled his chair suddenly toward the hall-porter, and after a moment's stern observance of him, exclaimed in a severe tone,—

"I am sorry to see you in this condition, Rigby. Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Yes, sir. I'll tell you are mistaken; I am not—not drunk, sir."

The laugh to which Mr. Chappell gave utterance plainly expressed his disbelief in his servant's sobriety. The old man's cheek flushed, but in a moment was white again.

"I is true, sir. I am not drunk."

"You have been drinking, and yet are not drunk, eh? That is what you wish me to believe."

"I had one glass before I came in, sir—only one."

The banker, sleek and smooth, carefully dressed and trim, a church-going man who occupied one of the best pews (which pews are nearest to Heaven, I wonder?)—in brief, a gentleman, as all the world and his wife knew and acknowledged—threw himself back in his arm-chair, and laughed again—a laugh which would have raised the anger of any person but one thoroughly crushed and broken down. All that Rigby did in response was to raise his hand, feebly and deprecatingly, as though to ward off a blow, and to plead timidly.

"You may believe me, sir, you may indeed."

"As I have believed you before, eh, Rigby, and with the same result?"

"No, sir; I know my failings, notwithstanding that I have been unable to conquer them. I had one little drop of brandy to give me courage. I was compelled to take it. I should not have been able to stand in your presence, and say what I have to say, without it. You ask me if I am not ashamed of myself. I am, sir. But I have been ashamed and disgraced for many years, and if it had not been for a little brandy now and then, I should not have been able to bear my load. I should have gone mad."

"You would wish me to believe, I suppose," said Mr. Chappell, in an insolent and accustomed tone of superiority, "that it was a good and a wise thing for you to take to drink?"

"It was neither good nor wise, sir," replied Rigby, very humbly. "I do not wish you to believe any thing, sir—that is" (correcting himself quickly) "any thing it displeases you to believe. If there is a difference of opinion between us on any point—pardon me, sir, for placing myself by your side even in this way—you must be right and I wrong. I know it, to my shame and sorrow. Our lives are the best proof of it."

"That I am right, and you are wrong, on this this particular point could not be more evident than it is," said Mr. Chappell, complacently. "Why, look at the difference between us—you seem old enough to be my father."

"Yet, sir, we were born in the same year, and went to the same school, if you will pardon me." (Mr. Chappell received the record of this coincidence with a lofty motion of his hand, which expressed: "There really are some circumstances in our lives for which we are not accountable.") Rigby proceeded: "I wish to speak to you upon a matter of importance."

"Be as brief as you can, Rigby."

"I will, sir." The old man placed his hand on the back of a chair, to steady himself; he was in a state of great agitation, and his words did not come freely. "May I beg of you to carry your mind back a time—ah, how many years ago!—when you, I, and my brother—"

Mr. Chappell interrupted him with a strange fierceness. "How dare you refer to him, Rigby?" he cried. "How dare you?"

"I doubt if I should have the courage to do so, sir," replied Rigby, meekly, "if I had not taken a glass of brandy. Now you can understand why I did it, sir. But I *must say* what I have come to say."

"Go on, then," said Mr. Chappell, haughtily.

"Well, sir, at that time we three young men—you, I, and my brother—were fellow-clerks in this bank. We were all equal then—were equally trusted—were equally ambitious to rise—and had equal chances in the world. I had my day-dreams then, sir; I built my castles, if you will deign to remember, for we sometimes talked together of the future. My castles soon dissolved—yours were built upon surer foundation. Yet I have since thought that mine might have proved to be something more than air had a dread misfortune not fallen upon me. I loved my brother, and he loved me, I think. Whatever good fortune came to either of us, the other was to share. In my mind, at that time, there was no one comparable to my brother—shrewd, clever, and good, as we believed. I saw his future clear and bright before him. You know how it all turned out, sir."

"Shamefully! shamefully!" exclaimed Mr. Chappell.

"As you say, sir, shamefully, shamefully! One fatal day—fatal to me and to my hopes, fatal to him and his ambition—defalcations were discovered in my brother's department, and shortly afterward he stood in a felon's dock, charged with embezzling money of the bank. The evidence against him was clear, and he was transported for life."

"Disgraceful circumstance!"

"It was so, sir; and his offense was aggravated by his after conduct."

"In what way, Rigby?" inquired Mr. Chappell, with the air of one who had but an indistinct recollection of the details.

"In this very room—you were not present, sir, and may not have heard of it, although it was known to many—the head of the House offered to pardon my brother, or rather not to prosecute him, if he would make a full and free confession of the crime. I begged him to accept the merciful offer. He replied with a strange and bitter laugh, that he had nothing to confess, and the police were called in. What became of the money no one knew, and he refused to tell. He did not drink, he did not gamble—"

"So far as we know, Rigby," interrupted Mr. Chappell, in gentle correction. "A man may have vices which he conceals from his friends.

"It is true, sir. He might have speculated, hoping to win a fortune quickly, when he could replace the money. It was a large sum, sir, if you remember. But no word ever fell from his lips that gave a clue as to how it was disposed of. At that time he was engaged to a girl whose father's circumstances were not good, but it is certain that they did not benefit by his crime."

Again Mr. Chappell gently interposed.

"Can we be certain of that? Does my memory serve me aright when I say that this girl disappeared shortly after the trial? Or is it a fancy? There were so many rumors afloat."

"You are correct, sir; the girl did disappear after the trial, but she may have been glad to fly from a spot fraught with such bitter memories. I think that she and her father were ignorant of the crime until my brother was arrested."

"We never know, Rigby, we never know. It is so easy to assume a semblance of innocence. Do we not see this every day of our lives?"

"You are right, sir, unfortunately. But I have never forgotten the despair and agony of the poor girl when she came to know if the news was true. She had a sincere love for him—but all who knew him loved him. They could not help it, his nature was so frank, so generous—"

The cold look which Mr. Chappell cast upon him checked him here; he corrected himself swiftly, and with increased humbleness proceeded.

"I am not pleading for him, sir; I have nothing to say in extenuation. He wrecked his own happiness—hers—mine—and I, his brother, admit that his punishment was just. He was banished for life from the country in which he hoped to win a name and position; I remained, broken down by his crime and his disgrace—for who would associate with the brother of a felon?—and you, sir, the only one of the three, rose, as you deserved to rise, and became the head of the House which my brother and I, through him, had wronged."

"My good Rigby," said Mr. Chappell, in a softened tone, and with a gracious wave of his hand, in token that his servant had amply atoned for his previous warmth.

"After the trial," proceeded Rigby, "the principals consulted as to their course of action with respect to me. I understood that no suspicion existed in their minds that I was implicated in my brother's crime: others were not as just in their opinions. But although the partners might not have suspected me, I was a disgraced man, and they decided that they could not retain my services. I was on the point of being dismissed from the bank with deserved ignominy, when, in charitable memory of old times, you begged that I should not be thrown upon the world. At your intercession the partners were merciful. It was impossible that I should be allowed to remain in a position of trust, where money would pass through my hands. They removed me from the office desk and gave me the position of hall-porter."

"Which you have held ever since," observed Mr. Chappell, cheerfully.

"Which I have held ever since, as you say, sir. Which I might hold, I have no doubt, until death took the poor hall-porter from your bank door. I have come now, sir, to resign that situation."

Mr. Chappell sat bolt upright in his chair, in astonishment.

"Resign, Rigby!" he exclaimed. "Nay, nay, I am perfectly satisfied with you. If I have spoken irritably to you lately—I have been much worried, and I may have done so unconsciously—forget it, and do not do a foolish thing. You must not throw yourself on the world at your age. Think better of it. You are not yourself just now."

"I have thought well over it, sir; I place my resignation in your hands, and I hope you will find a faithful man to fill my place."

Mr. Chappell shrugged his shoulders. "You know best, I suppose. How are you to live?"

"That is provided for, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Chappell, in a tone of indifference, "if it must be, it must be. You have good reasons, doubtless, for your action."

"I have, sir."

"I know of one. You can leave to-morrow."

"It is like you," said Rigby, with a grateful bend of the head; "ever kind, ever considerate."

Mr. Chappell rose, and held out his hand to his old servant. Rigby gazed at it for a moment, in doubt whether this mark of courtesy and sympathy was intended for him. The next moment he took the hand, and bowed over it; then, with a proud and grateful sob, as though the simple action repaid him for all his years of shame and suffering, he left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

RICHARD BARTON PRESENTS HIMSELF.

As recalling a remarkable incident presumably long forgotten, it was natural that this interview should leave a powerful impression upon Mr. Chappell's mind. It was natural, also, that the thoughts which it engendered should be of a melancholy nature. To be suddenly wrested from the realities of the present to the contemplation of a time in the dim past, when life was at its fairest, and when the pulses were quickened by hopeful anticipation, is something of a shock to a man. Great philosophy or strong faith is required to enable one to bear such a shock with equinamity or resignation. Mr. Chappell was remarkable for neither, and his contemplation of the past was in its nature most melancholy and sad. And yet he had been a successful man. In his youth he had thirsted for wealth and position; he had gained both, and after the first flush of enjoyment all the light and color had died out of them. Pride was still left to him, but the pleasure which is comprised in this affection has little of sweetness in it.

A slip of paper which Rigby had left upon the table attracted Mr. Chappell's attention. He remembered that Rigby had placed it there, and had made no reference to it; there was writing on it which he had glanced at carelessly, but his attention had been diverted from it at the time. Now he took it up and read it; the words were few, and were simply to the effect that on the 15th of May of the year 1870 there would be paid to the firm of Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell the sum of two thousand eight hundred and thirty-two pounds, in settlement of a liability incurred in May, 1830.

"There must be some mistake," thought Mr. Chappell, touching the bell; the sum was but twelve hundred pounds. Bring me," he said to the clerk whom he had summoned, "the ledger for the year 1836, letter D."

In a few minutes the clerk entered with the ledger, and Mr. Chappell, opening it, found the record of the embezzlement—an exact sum of twelve hundred pounds, duly written off, and consigned to the limbo of the profit and loss account. With his finger upon the record, the sight of which brought a frown to his face, he considered for a little while, and then, taking a book from one of the drawers of his writing-table, turned to interest tables. He found what he searched for. Twelve hundred pounds, at four per cent. simple interest for thirty-four years, swelled to the exact sum of two thousand eight hundred and thirty-two pounds

"And Rigby has been scheming all his life to repay this money," he thought; "singular infatuation!"

The money really would be useful to him, great banker as he was. He had been speculating heavily lately, having moved with the times, and he was in some fear as to the result of his speculations. He would have justified himself readily enough to any one who questioned the wisdom of his conduct, if any person had been in his confidence. The House of Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell could not afford to be left behind in the race which all the world was running. If it desired to hold its place and not be jostled aside, it must move with the times, and moving with the times meant speculation, increased risks, the keeping of a greater establishment than had hitherto been deemed necessary. For Mr. Chappell had a grand and fashionable lady for his wife, who also felt it to be her imperative duty to move with the times.

So many common persons had grown rich within the last few years, and were spending their money lavishly in ostentatious display, that it behooved a lady in Mrs. Chappell's position—a position to which she had been born, and which she had not filched, as it were—to teach these presumptuous persons a lesson, and to show them they could not have it all their own way. Not very long since, Mr. Mercer had bought the lease of a house immediately adjoining hers, and was now living there with his family in great style, giving magnificent and frequent entertainments, and receiving the best in the land. Six years ago Mrs. Mercer kept a milliner's shop, and was glad of Mrs. Chappell's custom. Mr. Mercer had made his money by speculation, and now his wife somewhat looked down upon Mrs. Chappell, and took a pride in eclipsing her in the Park and in the drawing-room. This was not to be quietly borne. Mr. Chappell, who was ruled by his wife, agreed with her, and agreed with her also in the declaration that the firm of Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell had done a great deal for the country, by its name and unblemished reputation, to say nothing of its vast monetary operations, and that it was high time its principal representative received a baronetcy. The accomplishment of this ambitious desire required expenditure; political influence was necessary, and political influence could not be conquered by one who kept his purse-strings closed.

Never in the world's history was money more potent than in the present decade; it simply accomplished all things, and with fair tact and perseverance, and a certain amount of effrontery, could purchase all things. This fact was recognized by Mrs. Chappell, and it was probably owing to confidential outpourings of her soul upon this subject to her husband that he had drifted into speculation. Certainly there was no doubting his wife's declaration, that no persons had a right to hold their heads higher in society than those who represented the House of Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell. This, in brief, was the position of affairs at the opening of this history.

On Mr. Chappell's writing-table was a later edition of the *Times* than that he had perused over his breakfast-table at home. He looked through the paper for fresh items of news, and soon lighted upon one which he read with feverish haste:

"THE GOLDEN MARINER.—Certain rumors with reference to the safety of this ship have been flying about the city during the last day or two. Upon inquiry, we find that there is not the slightest foundation for them. The vessel is not yet due at its destination, and there is no cause for alarm in the circumstance that she has not been spoken with. The rumors have most probably been circulated by insurance speculators; it is difficult otherwise to account for them. The cargo of the *Golden Mariner* is exceptionally valuable, but that is not a reasonable ground for fears regarding the safety of the vessel, which is one of the finest now afloat."

Mr. Chappell read these lines with intense satisfaction, and a sigh of relief escaped him as he laid the paper aside.

"Certainly there is no cause for fear," he mused, "notwithstanding Mr. Armstrong's anxious inquiries. This morning promises to be a fortunate one."

There was still one letter unopened, and he turned his attention to it. His sparkling eyes proved the truth of the adage that it never rains but it pours.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "From Mr. Wakefield. An invitation to stand for Burlingham; Conservative interest not expected to live many hours. Sharp work—but Wakefield is a shrewd man, always takes time by the forelock. It must be done; it will cost money, but the chance must not be lost. Wakefield is a safe man, too; his judgment is sound. I will consult Mrs. Chappell. Member of Parliament for Burlingham!"

He leaned back in his chair, and indulged in pleasant anticipation, with a smile on his lips. For a second time this morning he did not hear a knock at his door. There was but slight excuse for his not hearing it, for the knock was a loud one; there was something cheerful and bustling in the sound. It was not repeated. The door was opened, and a young gentleman entered, and it was not until he was fairly in the room, and was speaking, that Mr. Chappell was aware of the intrusion.

"I expect you did not hear my knock," said the intruder, in a brisk, confident tone, "so I took the liberty—"

"It is a liberty, sir," interrupted Mr. Chappell, haughtily. "You should have spoken to the attendant outside."

"No one there, I assure you; but if it is a liberty, I'll say good-morning, and go away. First, though, —are you Mr. Chappell?"

"I am, sir; and you?"

"My name is Richard Barton. I left a letter—"

"My dear sir," cried Mr. Chappell, rising in haste, and cordially holding out his hand, "a thousand thousand pardons! I am delighted to see you—delighted to see you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A COFFIN DEALER WHO WANTED A NOTICE.

"I've taken your paper for twenty-six years," he commenced, as he reached the head of the stairs, "and now I want a puff."

He was a very tall, slender man, had a face which hadn't smiled since 1842, and his neck was embraced by a white cravat and his hands were thrust into black gloves.

"I've got a new hearse, a new stock of coffins, and I want a local notice," he continued, as he sat down and sighed, as if ready to screw a coffin lid down.

"My dear sir," replied the man in the corner, "I've met you at a great many funerals, and your general bearing has created a favorable impression. You sigh with the sighers, grieve with the grievers, and on extra occasions you can shed tears of sorrow, even though you know that you can't get ten per cent. of your bill under six months."

"Yes," sighed the undertaker, instinctively measuring the length of the table with his eye, and wondering to himself why editors' tables weren't covered with crape, with rows of coffin nails around the edges.

"Death is very solemn," continued the man in the corner; "but still it is an occasion when one can appreciate a need thing. I've seen you rub your knuckles against door posts and never change countenance; I've seen you listen to eulogies on men who owed you twenty years before their death, and you looked even more solemn than the bereaved widow; I've seen you back your hearse up to a door in such an easy, quiet way that it robbed death of half its terrors. All this have I seen and appreciated, but I couldn't write a puff for you."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"For many reasons. Now you have a new hearse. Could I go on and say: 'Mr. Sackcloth, the genial undertaker, has just received a fine new hearse, and we hope that our citizens will endeavour to bestow upon it the patronage such enterprise deserves. It rides easy, is handsomely finished, and those who try it once will want no other.' Could I do that?"

"No, not very well."

"Of course I couldn't. You can call a grocer or a dry goods man a 'genial friend' and it's all right, but you aren't genial—you can't be. It's your business to be solemn. If you could be even more solemn than you are it would be money in your pocket."

"That's so," he said, sighing heavily.

"If it was an omnibus, or a coal cart, or a wheelbarrow, I could go on and write a chapter on every separate spoke, but it isn't, you see."

He leaned back and sighed again.

"And as to your coffins, they are doubtless nice coffins, and your prices are probably reasonable, but could I go on and say: 'Mr. Sackcloth, the undertaker, has just received his new styles in spring coffins, all sizes, and is now prepared to see as many of his old customers as want something handsome and durable at a moderate price.' Could I say that?"

Another sigh.

"I couldn't say that you were holding a clearing-out sale, in order to get ready for the spring trade, or that, for the sake of increasing your patronage, you had decided to present each customer with a chromo. I couldn't say that you were repairing and repainting, and had the most attractive coffin shop in the city. It wouldn't do to hope that people would patronize you, or to say that all orders sent by mail would be promptly filled, and that your motto was 'Quick sales and small profits!'"

He put on the look of a tombstone, and made no reply.

"You see, if you had stoves to sell, or dealt in mackerel, or sold fishing tackle, everything would be lovely. You are an undertaker—solemn, sedate, mournful. You revel in crape, and you never pass a black walnut door without thinking how much good coffin lumber was recklessly wasted. The tolling bell is music to you, and the city hall flag at half mast is fat on your ribs. We'd like to oblige you, but you see how it is."

"Yes, I see," he said, and he formed in procession and moved down stairs, looking around now and then to see in the hearse was just thirty-four feet behind the officiating clergyman's carriage.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"Mrs. Partington" is considered a mythical person "evolved" from the brain of Mr. Shillaber, but her counterparts are often found in real life. One of these ladies was overheard at an evening assembly speaking in high praise of a pretty girl just