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Poetry.

TO JOHN HAY.

I ain't no great at palaver,
And sayin' things purty and sweet,
Whether I mean them or not, Sir,
To everybody I meet;
But I know when a thing just suits me,
And I'm very apt to tell;
And I think I know a pearl, Sir,
If it be in an oyster shell.

I kinder want to thank you
For them verses that you've writ—
"Little Breeches" and "Jim Blues"—
And West's say, "They fit";
And to my way of thinkin',
If more folks held your creed
'Bout God and Christ and the Angels,
'Twould help them in time of need.

There's some folks think they know it all,
And deal out death and gloom
As if they held at their finger-ends
The very crack of doom;
But many a poor uncultured soul;
Compelled through life to plod,
Will get his claim in the City of Gold,
With the tithe-deeds from God.

I've often seen the old "Movest",
And called on the "Prairie Belle,"
And if I didn't know Jim, Sir,
I've known his like right well;
I've watched the race on the Mississippi
And heard the "Wildfire" scream,
And your verses brought to me'nry things
That were not all a dream.

P. S.—I cooked a dinner in war time
That you ate and praised one day;
You liked my work and said so—
And I liked yours, John Hay. A. G. S.

Interesting Tale.

THE MYSTERY OF JANE VERE.

[CONCLUDED.]

There! exclaimed Jane, suddenly. I see a white azalea in flower. And before I could anticipate the movement, she had plunged into the recesses of the dark wood there.

Shall I stay with you Mr. Vere, or had I better follow her? I asked turning to the aged man at my side.

I think she had rather you would remain with me, he answered, glancing nervously at a heavy wagon that was then approaching the bridge. She will take care of herself, but go if you like.

No, I said, giving him the support of my arm, as the wagon rolled heavily over. She is coming back already, I added as the dust fell, and showed Jane, in her picturesque dress emerging from the shrubbery.

She came up—pale, agitated, trembling. Jane, what is the matter? asked her father.

Has anything happened to alarm you, Miss Vere? I questioned, hurriedly.

I am not frightened she answered, hastily drawing her father's hand within her arm—Come, we must go. It is getting far too late for you to be out, dear papa.

And you did not get your azalea? he said. No, she replied; but never mind. I can get it another time.

Mentally making a note of the spot, I resolved to seek her safely home with her father, and then return for the flowers. The moon was in the right quarter to come up brilliantly at eight o'clock. I could gather the large white clusters of bloom easily by its light.

As we came in sight of the hotel Jane said in a thoughtful tone, Mr. Lester, how long have you known Mr. Slowick?

Only since last year, I answered. She was silent for a moment; then she said he seems to me to have grown very singular.

Others have remarked it, I replied; but I have made his acquaintance so lately—

She interrupted me with a slight excited manner.

He used to be a gay, frank person. He is like—she hesitated, then concluded with a gesture of abhorrence—a ghoul.

I looked at her with surprise. She said no more. She was silent until she reached the hotel; then, going with her father to their room, she bade me good night in her usual manner.

When she had gone, I turned instantly back towards the bridge. The moon was coming up round and full. The air blew in my face dense and dewy. I walked rapidly up the road, and hurriedly entered the wood. The right fell in broken patches through the branches, moist with the evening dew. All of a sudden I started at the sound of brush cracking behind me. Turning, I saw the dark figure of a man gliding through the trees.

Some poor tramp taking a night's rest here, I have distrusted him, I thought.

My hands were already full of the luscious bloom, and I turned away.

The next morning I presented the flowers to Jane.

What I did you get them there? was her first exclamation.

Yes, I went back last night.

How kind and thoughtful of you! But, Mr. Lester, did you see no one?

No; all was as quiet and beautiful as a scene of enchantment. Yes, I interrupted myself. Some stranger stole off through the bushes as I was gathering the flowers.

I saw her shudder as she turned away.

Four days later Helen Vere came. She was a little thing, but very pretty, with a torrent of bronze brown curls that almost enveloped her dainty figure. Yes, she was a mere child then, my Helen. She brought with her a beautiful King Charles spaniel, which she called Gyp. As she stood in the hall that morning, displaying her pet's tricks, while I made my first endeavors at acquaintance, I said, Your little favorite is very cunning, Miss Helen, but I must show you a house as here here. He will take the cat down stairs, fetch his master's hat, find his slippers, and ring the bell.

I referred to Slowick's dog Sultan. So I called Sultan! Sultan! He did not come. Slowick sat upon the terrace just outside the door. I asked him where the hound was. He is not here he answered, and Helen was disappointed.

I could not but notice that at this time Slowick was so moody as to be almost unrecognizable. And he seemed to regard me with a furtive dislike—I had always wished to be his friend—that made me uncomfortable. I had no feeling for him but one of pity. I thought him ailing, unhappy. I would have rendered him any relief in my power. So I said to Jane Vere. She turned very pale, appeared about to tell me something, but stopped.

Did you ever think, she said, at a moment, that he might not be quite—well, quite sane?

No, indeed! I answered. Oh, that is impossible.

She heard me eagerly.

I am glad you think so, she said.

Pray don't harbor that fancy regarding the poor fellow, I said, with a shudder. Nothing is so repugnant to me. I had rather any one would call me wicked than crazy.

She smiled a certain soft smile she had, and we passed out at a side door into the garden. I had a wish then to tell her my love. But I did not—I hardly knew why, for there was hope in my young heart. But perhaps the angel of death warned me not to intrude earthly troubles upon her last hours.

At dinner (we dined together early) Jane was missing. Mr. Vere was petulant. Where could she be? He would not dine without her. But Helen and I covered him to his place at table, and she did her best to make the dinner as pleasant as possible.

The soup was too salt, the meat over cooked. He could not take his dinner unless Jane was with him.

It was strange what had become of her—Singularly enough, she had gone to walk alone at about 11 o'clock during the forenoon. Perhaps she had gone into some of the poor cottages, and would be found with a case of distress on her fair hands. Perhaps she had only strayed further than she meant, and was too weary to hasten home. So I said to Helen. But secretly I was afraid of some accident—that she had sprained an ankle, and was waiting in some out of the way place for help to come to her.

Making only a faint of dinner, yet doing this so that old Mr. Vere might not have his anxiety increased by perceiving mine, I set forth to find her.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The day was close and sultry. No air stirred; the birds twittered with sudden sharpness and restlessness as I walked along.

I went to the village. No one had seen her there; she had been neither to the post-office nor to the little circulating library for several days. I turned back, diverging from my path constantly to visit some spring, or walk, or romantic spot, where she would be likely to tarry. All these places were unoccupied, save by the birds and shadows. I stopped at several of the little cottages, but obtained no news.

I made my way back to the hotel at last, harassed by care, yet with a hope that Jane might have returned there.

She had not come.

It was now seven o'clock in the evening—Jane Vere had been gone nearly all day. As time passed, her absence began to have a terrifying significance.

Keep Mr. Vere quiet if possible, I said to Helen, who showed a womanly composure, which I had hardly expected under the circumstances. But there was a strained, absent look to her eyes that filled me with tender compassion. I will get together some women and scour the whole neighborhood before nightfall. She will surely be found.

It was nearly dark before I could get efficient help. About eight o'clock, however, three men rode away in different directions, while I took the road to the bridge on foot.

A thunder storm was coming up, it was almost dark. The lightning that cleft the heavy purple of the sky was sharp and zigzag.

This filled me with me with fresh anxiety. If Jane was abroad, where would she find shelter from the tempest? On the darkening road I stood still, and called her name. Only the sullen echoes of the lonely place answered me.

I had nearly reached the bridge. The thunder clouds gathered so thickly in the sky, that almost entire darkness enveloped me. I hurried on, but stopped upon the bridge, with a hand on the railing. In spite of the rattle of the now fast descending rain, I could hear the soft gliding of the water that I could hardly see; and I fancied there was an ominous significance in that almost inaudible flow. I listened, shuddering at the loneliness, and straining my frowning gaze into the black tide.

A savage clutch—four furious blows raining upon my defenceless head into my eyes, upon my gasping mouth! I was down, and bent blind and dead before I could make a stroke of resistance, so powerful and overwhelming was the attack. I can seem to see what I never knew—my enemy raising my passive body, and casting it over the railing of the bridge into the water, the lightning playing over us, and the solitude of nature around.

I came to my senses, making half-efforts to swim. Having been an adept at swimming from from a child, I think it was almost impossible to drown me, half dead as I was. I paddled about in a half-unconscious state for a while.

At last, my senses clearing, I comprehended my situation, and struck out collectively, but feebly, for the bank. When I crawled up the grassy slope, I put my hand to my temples, which felt strangely, and found them shiny with my own warm, clotting blood.

I stood for a while unable to tell which way to go, and still somewhat dazed. I did not even have the thought to fear the reappearance of my enemy. I only felt desperately the need of a place of rest and refuge; and unable to guess the direction to take, I stumbled blindly and dizzily about in the dark until a streak of lightning showed me a winding path in the hill-side leading to a road above.

I pulled myself up by the bushes, and then, in sudden alarm, listened to a noise that sounded like a footstep. Was it coming help or another attack? Neither, for it died away, and I stood clinging to a tree, alone in the stormy darkness, the rain beating upon my face, which felt stiff, swollen, and distorted.

By nervous excitement, and sheer force of will, I worked my way back to the hotel. I staggered up to the door, pushed it open into the hall, and my first words were—where did they find Miss Vere?

The group who stood there talking, cried out and recoiled. My face was like a horrible mask, littered with my blood. My clothing was wet, matted and torn, and they told me afterwards that my eyes glared like a wild man's.

I was very much excited, for I was in the first stages of brain disorder, and wandered restlessly about the rooms; but I recollect seeing Helen weeping and beseeching them to take care of me. All is as a dream from that time; but I was put to bed, and a doctor sent for.

Not until I was entirely recovered, and able to leave my room, and then they were forced to it, did they tell me that the body of beautiful Jane Vere had been found in the wood, near the bridge, utterly without life; and, when examined, discolored marks about the throat showed that she had been strangled to death.

This was six weeks later. The body had been taken to the family vault in her native place; but her betrothed, a noble gentleman, the servants said, had come down to Westwood, and taken charge of everything, though greatly racked with grief. Mr. Vere had been taken home very ill; and Helen, had of course, gone also.

My love dream had turned into a horrible nightmare, and had ended in an awful reality.

My life had turned also into a dreadful blank, peopled only with the wildest and most confused thoughts and memories. I was visited by detectives; but my report seemed only to add to their perplexity. In some way it was probably connected with Jane Vere's murder; but who the enemy was in either case there seemed no clue to finding out. My situation was too painful to be endurable. As soon as I was able to return to London I did so, and busied myself with work that required the closest attention.

But a most disinterested desire to learn of the welfare of Miss Vere's father and sister induced me to find them out soon afterwards.

They had secluded themselves utterly from society. Mr. Vere was confined entirely to his room, and considered very feeble. Helen was devoted to him, and left school, and saw no one.

A year passed. As was natural, the first sharp shock of this most painful experience had worn

off. More immediate occurrences occupied my thoughts, but I could never recall that fatal time without a shudder.

One night, at a sacred concert, I saw the face of Helen Vere. It was more beautiful than ever, matured by the chastening influence of suffering. She was dressed in deep mourning, and by her side sat a man of peculiar elegance and dignity.

As I watched Helen Vere, a sharp jealousy of her companion's attention stole over me. There seemed between them, to my attentive eyes, the familiarity of a close sympathy. I saw her slip her little black-gloved hand within his; I observed when she grew weary that he supported her.

When the concert was ended, I hastened to approach them. Helen seemed startled and agitated by my appearance, but gave me her hand, and introduced me to Sir Alfred Sutton. A few words aside informed me that this was Jane's betrothed. She urged me to visit her. I did so. Her father was dead. She lived with an aunt in a beautiful house at Clapham. How greatly she had changed, from the gay little school-girl of hardly more than a year back! She had lost all the abandon of girlhood, even the bloom, but she was very lovely, and as I watched her, a new pang of jealousy of Sir Alfred Sutton rose in my breast.

But in a little while I understood her better. Her feeling for her sister's betrothed husband was only sisterly; his love for her only brotherly. Carefully, tenderly, I sought and won her.

Six months after our marriage a gentleman came in a carriage to my house, and asked to see me alone. I conducted him to my library, and shut the door.

He was a man of polished address, and evidently of strong character. He introduced himself as Dr. Carr, of the private asylum, Hildesdale. At this announcement I felt a slight consternation and bewilderment, that I think was apparent in my manner.

About a year ago, said he, after some preliminary, I received a patient whose name may not be unknown to you—Mr. Thomas Slowick.

Good heavens! I cried.

You know him?

I have known him very well!

Yes. He was placed in my care by his father; pronounced insane by his family physician. I have given him the best care and particular attention, but he is incurable. At present, his physical strength is fast failing—in short, I fear he is dying. But as life fails, reason returns; and as I now consider his state perfectly natural, and his reason lucid, I feel required to treat his wishes with indulgence. He desires to see you and I have come for you.

For me? I said involuntarily.

He has made in my ear some dying confessions, that induced me to seek you without delay, continued the doctor, significantly.

The words went through me like a knife. I felt myself tremble violently. I rose to my feet, and for an instant the grave professional countenance of the physician was not before me, for the lovely and appealing face of Jane Vere hovered in the air within my vision close to my bewildered eyes.

Take some water, I heard the doctor say. It will calm your excitement.

I drank from the glass he held to my lips, and sank into my seat.

Now you are better, you understand all I can tell you, I think, he added, after a moment. The murder of that beautiful girl, with which the country rang two years ago, is no longer a mystery.

I rose, and began looking for my hat. When a servant had brought it, I followed Dr. Carr to his carriage.

I was too confused to observe what course we took. I only knew, with a sudden thrill, that we stopped at last before the portals of the asylum. My companion gave me some refreshment, for I was, I confess, very nervous; and then I followed him through several light, pleasant corridors to a door.

Is he quite prepared to see me? I asked.

He is waiting, was the reply.

I was ushered into a chamber of moderate size. The light was subdued. A woman stood at the side of a bed, fanning the ghastly face among the pillows. The head was shaven, the cheeks deeply fallen; I never should have known Thomas Slowick—not even by his voice.

Come close, he said, in a strained whisper, motioning me to the bedside.

Dr. Carr placed a chair for me, and stood with a hand upon my shoulder.

I can talk only a moment, said Slowick, with a painful effort. I killed her—I killed Jane Vere. You see, I had money, plate, and jewels hid there under a chestnut tree. My dog saw me bury the treasure. He was a sagacious brute. He dug it up, and I killed him for it. I was burying him near the spot, and I was all marked with his blood, you know, when Miss Vere came and saw me. I thought she saw all, for there lay the bags and parcels as Sultan had pawed them out of the dirt. It was the only hiding place I had; I thought she

would tell, and determined to kill her. Perhaps, after all, she did not see the things; I don't know, but I pretended to be ill the next day, and told her I was in great trouble, and wanted to talk with her. She promised to meet me near the bridge. She came. I strangled her. Then I hid all day in the woods. At night I heard you calling her. I stole out, and tried to kill you, too; I thought I had. Then I ran away, and got safe to town. No one ever suspected me. You see I am dying now. Don't let any innocent man suffer for what I did. The treasure is there now under the chestnut tree. You will know it, because it is splashed with Sultan's blood.

He stopped here. He evidently wished to say more, but was unable. The doctor started forward, and raised him to a sitting position. When he laid him down, he was dead.

As Slowick had said, the treasure—valued at five thousand pounds—was found, but no one appropriated it; and it was given to a charitable institution.

Usefulness of a piece of Mirror.

The trick often played by mischievous children, of reflecting the solar rays by means of a piece of looking-glass to a certain spot, thus amusing themselves and annoying their neighbors, may be turned into many ways to useful purposes. In case the bottom of a well needs examining, it is easy to hold a mirror or a piece of the same in such a position as to reflect its rays in the water, so that not only anything floating on the surface can then be plainly seen, but also whether the water be clear. If the contents of the well are not turbid, the smallest object on the bottom can be distinguished. We have in this way traced and recovered objects dropped in wells of 60 feet in depth, and which contained more than 20 feet of water. When the objects are small, or a minute examination of the bottom is required, an opera-glass may be put in requisition. If the top of the well is not exposed to sunlight, a mirror may be placed outside, even at a great distance, to reflect the light over its top, where a second mirror may reflect it downward. Impurities and sediments at the bottom may thus be discovered, and the experiment thus serve as a sanitary precaution. Letting a lamp, candle, or lantern down gives by no means so successful a result, as the light in very weak compared with sunlight, and its glare, even when the eyes are shaded from its direct rays, prevents distinct vision. The only thing which can replace solar light in such a case is the oxygen lamp, magnesium or electric light, generated above the well, and reflected down and by a concave mirror, or its rays rendered parallel, like solar rays, by means of a large lens.

The method mentioned of two mirrors, one outside reflecting the solar rays in a room, and a second small mirror in its path to reflect these rays into a dark cavity, is at the present day—successfully employed by physicians, for the examination of cavities of the body; for instance, to explore the tympanum in the human ear, the larynx or throat, &c.

There is another use of a piece of looking glass, by which the annoyance of smoking chimneys and even the danger of fire may be saved. It is to hold in the hole in the chimney wall, into which the stove pipe is to go, a piece of mirror, inclined at angle of 45-degrees. If the observer can see the light of the sky, he will also see the whole interior of the chimney, and any obstruction in the same. As most chimneys are straight and perpendicular, reflection will make the top opening clearly visible.

A few days ago the wife of Samuel Hammet of Carlisle, Ill., was kicked in the chin by a mule, causing her to bite off the end of her tongue. Since then Mr. Hammet has been offered thousands of dollars for that mule, but will not part with it—his chance to marry a second time being probable. The brute!

"A devoted little wife," in Lafayette, seeing her husband throwing in the muzzle of a gun while holding back the hammer with his foot, tripped down to ask a milliner about the cost of mourning, and whether it would be becoming to her complexion. The hussy.

A Racine girl wanted her lover to swear off the Bible that "she was all the world to him," and when he wouldn't she knocked him down with the sacred volume.

A householder in Florida, in filling up his census schedule, under the heading "where born" described one of his children as "born in the parlor," and the other "up stairs." A strict return.

A remarkable preacher was that who called upon his congregation to be thankful that Providence should have placed death at the end of life, and not in the middle, so that we might have all possible time to prepare for it.

Chinese call geometry "the science of the how much."

Philadelphia exports nearly a million gallons of petroleum every week.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

New York, Oct. 9.
Recent rains have drenched fires in Minnesota, but in Wisconsin are raging worse than ever.

Nearly the whole of the Town of Pensacola has been burned, and thirty men perished in the flames.

Four more leading Mormons have been arrested for adultery.

Australian advices say that the business portion of Sandhurst has been destroyed. Loss half a million; small insurance.

Gold opened at 114 1/2.

Another Invasion—Penians Marching on Manitoba.

[Special to Globe.]

A despatch received on Saturday night that six hundred Penians have left Morris, the present terminus of the Railway, and are advancing on Fort Garry, distant about 300 miles.

They are said to be under the command of O'Donoghue. They did not leave Morris together, but travelled in small parties, and were provided with waggons and breech loading rifles.

There are scarcely any United States troops in Minnesota, and those which are there are not in any way to be relied upon.

There is a large stock of arms and ammunition at Fort Garry, and should those miscreants invade the Province they are likely to have a warm reception.

Albert Turley Dunn, of Masquah, is appointed a sub collector in Customs.

Hon. Mr. Langevin is at Quebec.

The Cabinet meets occasionally, but no business of importance is discussed.

Great Fire in Chicago!

The following despatches received at the St. John Telegraph Office, are published in the Globe:—

Boston, Oct. 9.

A great fire is raging in Chicago. The destruction of the city is imminent. It is burning on both sides of the river. A large number of lives have been lost.

Chicago is about half burned. Telegraph office now burning. Better not take much Chicago business.

Ten thousand buildings are gone, and the whole city is in ashes.

New York, Oct. 9.

Chicago almost in ashes. All the newspaper offices (except the Tribune), the Sherman House, Board of Trade building, Chamber of Commerce, Court House, Western Union Telegraph building; all the Banks, Express Offices, Railroad Depots, and the Water Works are destroyed.

The Mayor of Chicago telegraphed to Mayor of St. Louis this morning:—Send us food for the suffering. Our city is in ashes. Our Water Works are burned.

New York, Oct. 9.

The terrible conflagration in Chicago has depressed stocks and business generally.

Gold 113 1/2.

Chicago, Oct. 10.

The city between the river and lake, from Harrison street, South, to Division street, North, area four miles long and one wide, totally destroyed.

New York, Oct. 10.

There was great excitement in the Stock Market yesterday with a heavy decline in all kinds, although prices are expected to be firmer when full extent of the loss by the Chicago fire is known.

The last despatch from Chicago dated, six o'clock last night, says: The flames are still unchecked. The Telegraph office improved in the south part of the city has been reached by the fire, and the operators compelled to move. Wind had veered to the North. Their last words were "There now appear no hope of saving the Southern portion of the city."

Over 100,000 people are homeless.

Loss at least \$250,000,000.

Public meetings are held and contributions made all over the country in aid of the sufferers.

GEN COTTON is now manufactured in England to an amount exceeding 100 tons per annum. The cotton fiber is reduced to a pulp, as in paper making, in which condition the excess of acids is readily removed. The pulp is compressed into disks, under a pressure of 18 tons to the inch, and then dried. These disks are 7 inches in diameter, and 1/2 inch to 2 inches thick. In the open air this compressed cotton burns intensely but without explosion; but when properly exploded under close confinement, its strength is from two to five times that of the same weight of gunpowder. If accidentally wetted, this form of gun cotton can be redried by exposure to the sun, or even by a gentle heat, without risk of explosion or deterioration.

The Globe says—"Samuel Watt, Esq., is likely to be appointed Collector of Customs at St. Croix."

Messrs. A. A. Stockton and Geo. Burbridge have purchased "Stewarts Quarterly."

The Annual Fish Fair at Campo Bello is to be held to-day, Wednesday, 11th inst. In connection with the fair there will be rowing and sailing matches and considerable interest is manifested in the result of the various competitions.

NEW TEST PAPER.—Professor Botter announces the discovery of a new reagent, which, he asserts, is highly sensitive to the alkalis. It is a coloring extract of the "coelestis verscheffelt," and is produced by digestion, for 24 hours, in pure alcohol, to which a few drops of sulphuric acid have been added. The hue is a brilliant red, which turns green on contact with any alkali. It is not affected

by carbonic acid, and will detect the slightest trace of ammonia in illuminating gas, if moistened and placed against an open jet. The presence of the minutest quantity of a carbonate of any of the alkalis is detected by it.

THE RHYSIMETER.—English advices inform us (Scientific American) of the invention of a new instrument called by the above name, for measuring the force of flowing liquids. It exhibits the force of impact of the moving fluid, and is somewhat similar in construction to the anemometer. Another obvious purpose for which this indicator can be used, that of measuring the speed of ships, will probably be its most valuable application. A column of mercury forms the index, and the instrument may be made self registering and recording.

St. Croix and Penobscot Railway.

We learn from authoritative sources that the St. Croix and Penobscot Railway now in operation from Calais to Princeton, is to be at once extended 13 miles to Grand Lake stream, the point where Shaw Bros. are erecting their immense tannery. The line of a railroad from the Grand Falls of the Passadunkang, 18 miles, has been surveyed, and the route found to be very easy. The interval between the Grand Falls of the Passadunkang and Grand Lake Stream, 24 miles, will be surveyed for a railway route at the earliest practicable time, as prominent capitalists have taken the matter in hand. The line by the proposed route, is nearly direct east and west, 55 miles from Princeton to Passadunkang, and that the gentlemen who are moving in the matter "mean business" is evident in the promptness in which they have ordered the surveys. Bangor paper.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co.

37 Park Row, New York.

Are our sole agents in that city, and are authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—Accounts from this Office have been made out for advertising, subscriptions, &c. Many of them are due upwards of twelve months, and it is hoped they will be paid when presented.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, OCT. 11, 1871.

Terrible Fire in Chicago.

Boston papers of Monday furnish further particulars of the great conflagration which commenced at Chicago, on the 7th inst., noticed in the telegraphic despatches. It commenced at 11 o'clock in a Planing Mill between Clinton and Jackson Streets, and burned six blocks of two story wooden buildings, from which the inmates in many instances were startled from slumber, and had hardly time to escape in their night attire; children were walled in blankets and thrown from second story windows. While the alarm was sounded for this fire, another of considerable magnitude was burning on Wall near Adams Street. Before the engines arrived the fire had spread over a large area and burned so rapidly as to defy the efforts of the fire brigade. Again another fire commenced on the 8th, which destroyed a space about three times as large as that of the previous night, by which Lumber yards, Railway Depots, Banks, and other public buildings were burned, with a large supply of breadstuffs. By these conflagrations, a large number of lives were lost, and upwards of one hundred thousand people left homeless and without food; a fearful panic prevailed in the City. Aid has been tendered to the sufferers by the Eastern Cities. The Insurance Companies are very heavy losers.

We have copied an able article from the "Scientific American" on the "Labor Question and the International Workingmen's Association," which is worthy of an attentive perusal. The subject is an important one, as the struggle between labor and capital has assumed a dangerous phase, and is opposed to the best interests of the employers and employed. Strikers may be divided into two kinds,—1st, those for necessary requirements, and 2nd, those caused by misapprehensions, non-consideration of the state of trade, &c. The first of these should be unnecessary as the demands being reasonable, should be acceded to; while the second should be prevented by want of support and deprivation of striking power. A remedy may exist in the formation of a general trades association, composed of employers and employed.

NEW BEACON.—We notice that the new Block on Stinson's Bar is completed, and appears to be a substantial piece of work—the contractors Messrs. Ross and Gunnison having performed their contract faithfully. We suggest to the Commissioner the propriety of laying before the Department of Marine an application, and showing the absolute necessity there exists, for a Block on the Western Bar. The Department cannot ignore the application. Let there be no "red tape" about the matter; the people who pay the taxes, eye and the "salaries" have a right to be heard, and their claims attended to. The work can be done under the inspection of the Commissioner, and save the expense of sending a Dominion inspector. All that is required is a plain substantial block.

The "Better Terms" Commissioners from this Province, had interviews with the Ministers of Finance and Customs, at Ottawa. They have held formal sittings in a Parliamentary Committee room. On the 9th they had an interview with the Privy Council. A written statement of New Brunswick's claims had been laid before the Council.

CARD.—We beg to direct the attention of those requiring his services, to Dr. Fletcher's Dental Card, in another column. The Dr. is prepared to execute orders in his profession, and the satisfaction he has already given 150 persons here, is a guarantee of his ability. His stay is limited to one week, unless his services should be required for a further period.

The "St. Croix Courier" came to us last week enlarged, and in new dress of type. We believe the "Courier" is the largest weekly paper with the exception of the Carleton Sentinel, in the Province. An energetic proprietor backed by enterprising people, is sure to succeed; and the Courier has succeeded.

The interest allowed on deposits by the Bank of British North America, has been changed to 4 per cent.

A correspondent says "strong efforts are being made to swell the school registers in this district, preparatory to the inauguration of the new school law." His promises to furnish some facts which may be interesting to trustees, &c.

[From the "Scientific American,"]

Labor in England, and the International Working Men's Association.

Those who have believed the International Working Men's Association of small account in its influence upon industrial affairs throughout the world, may learn a useful lesson from the recent struggle between labor and capital in England, in which, at present writing, the former has every prospect of victory. There has been, in this country as well as in England, general blindness to the significance of this organization; its leaders have been stigmatized as wanting in sagacity, and its members as rabble. That it has brains to organize, and resources not to be ridiculed, has been proved on more than one occasion.

It is worse than useless to shut our eyes to facts which we shall ere long be called to face, and which must inevitably produce changes in the distribution and rewards of industry, scarcely to be imagined, much less predicted. The working classes of different nations throughout the civilized world have, by modern advances in civilization, been put into a kind of intercommunication that fifty years since would have been impossible. Steam travel, the telegraph, and cheap printing, have given them knowledge of each other's condition in all parts of the world. National and international exhibitions of the products of industry have familiarized them with national peculiarities of handicraft, and although the majority of them—especially in Europe—are still ignorant, there have sprung from their ranks those who have shown qualifications for leadership, and who have effected an association out of materials which, though perhaps the most heterogeneous ever yet known in any organization, yet hold together by a unifying feeling of brotherhood, having almost the cementing force of a religion.

Already has one civil war been born of the struggle between this power and capital. Yet the Paris Commune was only one division of the International. To-day an army of workmen in England are, and have been for months, supported without work by contributions from subordinate branches of the International, in a struggle for a reduction of hours of labor without decrease of wages. As we have said, it seems now that their demands must ultimately be complied with.

A brief history of this movement may not be uninteresting in this connection.

About four months since, a demand was made by the workmen, in the workshops on the Tyne, for a reduction of one hour's labor per day without a corresponding reduction in their pay. The demand was refused; and, about the first of June, the workmen, numbering some ten thousand, struck. The Trades' Unions in England immediately contributed fifty cents per week to each striker. Next, the movement, was approved by the General Trades' Council, in London, and other trades' unions, and the allowance was doubled. Some of the strikers, having savings, refused assistance, and so the allowance has gradually been increased to two dollars per week for such as accept it.

A significant feature of this strike is the united attempt made by the prominent engineering firms in England to defeat it. These sided with the Tyne firms, and raised a large fund for the purpose of importing workmen from other parts of Europe. But in making this attempt, they came in contact with the International Working Men's Association, the General Council of which sent agents to Belgium and Denmark to warn workmen against yielding to the solicitations of the English manufacturers. Notwithstanding this, a large number of workmen were obtained from Belgium, and others were secured from the Government Arsenal in Denmark. There were also some Germans and Norwegians induced to go to England through the activity of the agents despatched to their respective nationalities.

But the influence of the International, coupled with the threats and remonstrances of the English workmen, soon overpowered that of the manufacturers, and all but the Norwegians have been sent back to their homes at the expense of the strikers. The Norwegians, numbering less than one hundred and fifty, held out, and still remain in England.

At times, there have been fears that the strike for reduction of hours would become general throughout England, and great efforts have been made on the part of the Tyne workmen to bring about such a movement. But, although they have

failed in this, the powerful union to which they belong, extending to both sides of the Atlantic, seems resolved not to let them be worsted in this contest.

We have thus the spectacle of united capital pitted against united labor, on a scale to test the relative strength of each. By those who make political economy a study, and who read carefully the signs of the times, this is seen to be one of many such contests yet to follow, some of them perhaps not bloodless, as this has yet been, but all of the gravest importance to the future welfare of society.

Prone as is the American public to refrain from recognizing and preparing for approaching emergencies, there are among us some, who see that the adjustment of the relations of capital to labor, will soon force itself upon public attention, in a manner which will admit of no temporizing. To such, the struggle now progressing in England possesses features of unusual interest; and its result will be looked upon, by the unions at least, as establishing a precedent for the future.

On the evening of September 28th, the officers of the recent eight hour demonstration in this city held a meeting, in which it was resolved to organize the building trades into a grand "Building League," and it was further announced that a great strike is arranged to take place next April, which will include the whole of the United States and Canada. How much of this is vain boast, intended to intimidate employers, and to secure present concessions, time will show; but that trouble is brewing is plain enough.

The question of a new route from England to her Indian dependencies is being seriously canvassed in the mother country, and the project of a railway line to connect the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf is to come before a Select Committee of Parliament. The project is not a new one, but its necessity is being more and more felt, and the feasibility and advantages of the different routes proposed are being actively canvassed.

It has been shown that the proposed line would shorten the distance from England to India 1000 miles, and reduce the time one week. So direct, too, is the route, that a line drawn from London to Bombay passes through the very country designed to be traversed. As regards the actual route to be taken, that through the valley of the Euphrates is the only one yet surveyed through its entire length, and as a through route only, it would be as good as any other.

E. & N. A. RAILWAY.—The following is the comparative statement of traffic receipts for the month ending 30th day of September:—

1870. 1871.

Passengers, \$7,857.18 9,324.86 11,657.86

Freight, 7,716.10 9,744.54 14,471.57

Mails & Sundries, 1,023.02 857.71 801.00

Total \$16,596.30 19,927.11 26,930.43

SUMMARY.

—In 1857 the Canadian propeller "Oliver Cromwell," with a cargo of produce from Chicago, collided with a schooner and sunk in the Mackinac Straits; the loss was estimated at \$32,600.

On Friday week the Boston Wrecking Company brought her to the surface in apparently good condition, and with her machinery intact.

A serious fire occurred at Sussex on Wednesday evening last, by which the dwelling house of the Rev. Mr. Vereker was entirely destroyed. The clergyman and his housekeeper barely saved their lives,—the latter having to leave the house without even saving her clothing. House and furniture are partially insured. The origin of the fire is unknown. —[Globe.]

There are now under construction for the British Government, at the various public and private dock yards, twenty one ships, which may be classed as under:—One iron screw casued with wood; two turret ships, armour plated; three double screw armour plated turret ships; one screw frigate, sheathed with wood; one iron clad ram, three screw corvettes, one screw frigate, five composite gunboats and four double screw composite gun vessels.

A Salt Lake despatch says there is no excitement whatever and there is none anticipated. Brigham Young remains at his residence without personal guards. He is better, and says he will certainly be able to appear before the court in a few days. He reiterates his entire submission to the law as far as his arrest and trial go.

A commercial traveller from Boston recently went to Duren & Son's bookstore to leave an order for Mathews' Express, but got hold of the wrong book, and wrote in the volume wherein messages are left for Undertaker Lowney's hearse.—Please call at the Bangor House for me and my baggage at six o'clock. Signing his name thereto. He did not discover his mistake until Garvey asked if he intended suicide.—[Bangor Whig.]

Not the Real Cholera.

The London "Times" is of the opinion that the cholera, which has caused so much speculation and no little alarm, is not the real Asiatic malady. It originated, not on the Ganges, but in Russia, where it has been more or less prevalent for the last six years, and has even raged more violently than during the present season. It is not a travelling pestilence, but a contagious malady. This is rendered apparent by the impossibility of tracing that well-defined and rapid advances which has heretofore characterized the true Asiatic cholera. In reality, during the critical season of the last six weeks it can hardly be said to have "advanced," though it has certainly been spreading from centre to circumference. It has never bodily reached Berlin, still less Paris and with the approach of winter its sphere may by possibility be contracted once more. If this

is encouraging in one aspect it is not in another, because where the disease comes it is apt to stay. Besides, the disorder is not yet at all understood. Under any treatment or no treatment, a certain number of patients die, and a certain number recover, the proportion for the most part being uniform. Some preventive means seem to be effectual. It is doubtful if the disease ever crosses the Atlantic, though no precautions against it should be neglected.

ARRIVED.

On the 5th inst., in All Saints Church, St. Andrews, by the Rev. Francis Partridge, a M. assisted by the Rev. E. Medley, A. M. Rector of Christ Church, St. Stephens, J. S. Lockie, Bank of British North America, St. Stephen, to Mary, oldest daughter of M. J. C. Andrews of Ministers Island, St. Andrews.

On the 5th inst., by the Rev. F. Partridge, Mr. Robert Law, to Jane, second daughter of the late Simon Dawson.

DIED.

On the 4th inst., after a short illness, aged 19, Addie, adopted daughter of Mr. G. Houston.

At Douglastown, Miramichi, on the 30th ult., Samuel Adams, Esq. aged 56 years, a native of County Cork, Ireland.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

Oct. 6, schr. Albert, Maloney, Boston, Hides and oil, R. Ross.

7, brig Florence, Waycott, Picton, coal, Railway.

Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen, gen cargo, J. B. Bradford and others.

Daisy, Bannan, Portland, mize, to order, 9, Odessa, Morchie, Boston, ballast.

11, Nettie, Andrews, Boston, sundries, master, R. Ross.

Harriet, Sheehan, Boston, brick & oil, R. Ross.

Susie Prescott, Glass, Philadelphia, hard coal, Robinson & Glenn.

Sydney, Oct. 7, arrd.—brig Rachel, Carlow.

Boston, Oct. 5, arrd.—brig Maguadavic, Hilton, Greenock.

W. Fletcher, M. D.,

DENTIST.

May be found at BRAIDFORD'S HOTEL for ONE WEEK only.

Patients visited at their homes if desired. St. Andrews, Oct. 11, 1871.

LOST.

ON Monday Evening last between Railroad Hotel and the residence of N. T. Greathead, Esq., a gold shirt stud with pearl centre. The finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving it at my store.

Oct. 10. W. B. MORRIS.

TENDERS.

FOR

NEW HOTEL AT ST. ANDREWS.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to the 1st of November next, for the building and entire completion of the proposed NEW HOTEL AT ST. ANDREWS, in accordance with the Plans and Specifications, which can be seen at the office of the Architect, J. T. C. McKean, Esq., Ritchie's Building, St. John, up to the 20th inst., and subsequently at the store of Messrs. Robinson & Glenn, St. Andrews.

The work must be completed to the satisfaction of the Directors and given up to them by the 1st day of July, 1874.

The Directors do not bind themselves to accept the lowest nor any tender.

NEVILLE G. D. PARKER, Hon. Secretary.

St. Andrews, Oct. 11, 1871.

COUNTY COURT.

The County Court of the County of Charlotte, will sit at St. Andrews, on Tuesday, the 24th inst. at 12 o'clock, noon. At which time and place all officers of the Law and other persons required to be at this Court, are publicly notified to give their attendance.

Oct. 11, 1871.

ALFRED T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte.

BANK

OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

CAPITAL £1,000,000 Sterling.

Head Office—London, England.

Interest allowed on Money deposited at Four per cent. per annum.

Sums of \$50 and upwards Provincial currency, will be taken on deposit at interest.

Drafts granted on St. John a 4 per cent.

Drafts granted on New York, Boston and Portland in U. S. Cy., a 4 per cent.

Drafts granted also on Canada, Nova Scotia and England.

Sight Drafts on New York, Boston and Portland in U. S. Cy., bought at par.

American currency bought and sold.

Notes discounted and to be drawn upon by Cheques.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

St. Stephen daily from 9 a. m., to 1 p. m., and in St. Andrews, on Wednesday, and Saturday from Four to Six p. m.

JAS. S. LOCKIE, AGENT.

