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# WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED IN CONNECTION WITH THE ST. JOHN GRAMMAR SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

Vol. 1.

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### THE MICMACS OF THE NEW DOMINION.

Oh! the children of the forest,  
I can scarce suppress a sigh,  
As along the crowded pavement  
They pass unheeded by,

And mark the stately building,  
Where the willow used to wave,  
And the busy mart of commerce  
O'er the honoured chieftain's grave!

The golden sun is shining,  
As in former days he shone,  
And the river to the ocean  
Still is wildly rushing on;

But the spirit of the Micmac  
Is sullen and subdued;  
For had he not "Dominion"  
Where *now* his steps intrude?

What though in fair "Abegweet,"  
(The home upon the sea),  
To rear his comic wigwam  
The Indian is free?

What though a sylvan Princess  
Still rules o'er "Lennox Isle,"  
And savage men and maidens  
May revel in her smile?

The noisy mill has banish'd  
The salmon from the stream;  
The cariboo has vanish'd  
For *now*—like a dream!

### THE TROUBLES OF CANVASSING.

Do not turn away in disgust and say that, for this year at least, we have had enough about elections. Do not fear, gentle reader, it is not our intention to afflict you with the description of a campaign through the country in search of votes; but we will beg of you patience to listen to a few of the troubles of a city campaign in search of *subscribers* to the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE. We know well our incompetency to do justice to this subject, but yet we will try and clear away the mist which seems to obscure the minds of some gentlemen who seem to think that subscribers to such an enterprise are to be obtained as easily as pebbles on the sea shore. We would let them know that instead of, as one gentleman suggested, having thousands of subscriptions, we can scarcely see, even "with youthful ardour strained," the promise of hundreds. On one occasion a lawyer, and a gentleman of some position in the city, when requested to subscribe the paltry fifty cents required, informed the canvasser that when

his son went to the Grammar School he would take a copy; judging from the age of his son several volumes of the journal would be in existence before the paper would receive this gentleman's support. On another occasion two of us waited upon a gentleman of this city, a lawyer (who on the Mechanics' Institute platform boasted that he was the son of a Loyalist, and was one of the first to suggest a monument as the fitting memorial of the founding of this city) who refused, on the ground of his affairs being embarrassed, &c., to aid a scheme which found its origin in one of the first formed, and what we venture to predict will be the most stable, of those structures erected by the founders of this city, *i. e.*, the Grammar School. Truly a well formed excuse. If such an excuse were true why did not he avow the state of his finances when, on the platform, a gentleman of undoubted veracity accused him of having the repute of being a wealthy man. But these are isolated cases, many similar ones could be quoted, but we think these will suffice to show the want of *public spirit* which, to its disgrace be it said, exists in this the commercial capital of New Brunswick. The citizens of St. John seem, in large part, to have sunk into that lethargy of self-satisfaction so terribly injurious to the community within which it exists. And now when an opportunity is given to them to shake off the shackles of this belief, and to show to the world that the city's credit has some hold upon the inhabitants, let subscriptions be freely given to our Centennial Hall!

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

- 13. Who was the first person interred in the Old Burial Ground as shown by tombstones?
- 14. When and where was the Madras School opened and who was the first teacher?
- 15. Who was Joseph Pecker?
- 16. Who was the first teacher of the Grammar School, when and where did he die?
- 17. When was the first penny paper issued in New Brunswick, by whom was it published, and what was its name?
- 18. Who was the first Sheriff of St. John?

On Friday October 13th the Grammar School Debating Society held their last meeting in the old school rooms on Duke Street. On Friday next they will meet for the first time in the Old Fellows Hall, at the head of Chipman's Hill where they have secured a suitable room. It is the intention of this Society to have a regular Lecture Course during the coming winter.

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## THE INDIAN NAME OF THE ST. JOHN.

To the Editors of the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE:

There seems to be considerable difference of opinion regarding the proper Indian name of the St. John River. but the evidence, so far as gathered, appears to favor an endorsement of the statement, made in the September number of the GAZETTE, that Wollestock was the name, though I differ from that mode of spelling the word, as I think the pronunciation would be more correctly represented by Woolahstukw. The peculiar final sound, as the word falls from the lips of an Indian, and which frequently occurs in several Algonquin dialects, is not exactly that of the English W, but this letter will convey a better idea of it than any other sign or combination our alphabet affords.

It is probably well known that so excellent an authority as Mr. Hannay has given "Ouygoudy," or "Wigoudi," as the correct name; and also that Dr. Chandler in his poem, "The story of Sylvalla," records a similar opinion, though he spells the word "Ouangonda." The same name in various forms is to be found elsewhere. But opposed to this we find that the Rev. Silas Rand, for many years a missionary among the Micmacs, and who speaks and writes their language with fluency, in his "Micmac Reading Book" gives the name of the St. John River as "Oolastook," and this opinion is supported by the fact that when a Mahleeset is asked, "What is the name of your tribe in your language?" his reply invariably is, "Woolahstukweoyuk." And if questioned further as to the reason why the tribe was called by that name, he will answer that it was because they lived on the Woolahstukw, because their home was on the banks of the river bearing that name, their chief settlements and headquarters being there, proving clearly, if Mr. Rand's record of the Micmac name is correct, and there can be no reasonable doubt thereon upon its correctness, that the evidence of both tribes is in favor of "Woolahstukw," for the different modes of spelling is of no importance in the argument, being purely a question of the writer's ear.

Mr. Rand translates the word as "the beautiful river"; possibly a more correct rendering would be *the river—the river par excellence*.

The word "Mahleeset" (which when thus spelled represents correctly the Indian pronunciation) is the singular form of "Mahleesetchock," *the broken talkers*, or *the people who speak in a broken tongue*, a nickname given them by the Micmacs. Another nickname given them by the same tribe was "Kohusweskeeteheenoouk," a free translation of which is the muskrat people, given them from their habitual pursuit of that animal which the Micmacs looked upon as "very small game—a most unhunter-like proceeding. The Mahleesets retorted by dubbing the Micmacs "Mahtaweswekeetsheenoouk," the porcupine people, from their constant use of the quills in ornamentation.

The length of these Indian words would be reduced somewhat if the letters used were given the value accorded to them in the alphabet prepared by Professor Whitney, of Yale, for the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, and which is now being very generally used by American Ethnologists. When thus written Woolahstukw becomes Wulastukw, and Mahleeset is reduced to Malisit, retaining the same pronunciation as when written in the extended form. In both of these words the accent is on the last syllable.

M. CHAMBERLAIN.

## VARIETIES.

Always do your best and every time you will do better.

We understand death for the first time when he puts his hand upon one whom we love.—*Mme. de Staël*.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel and the other a treasure.

"Do you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and donkeys together in Poland?" Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there.

To think kindly of each other is well, to speak kindly of each other is better, but to act kindly towards each other is best of all.

A boy will fight like fury for his place at the first table; but when it comes to turning the grindstone, he's harder to find than five aces in a pack of cards.

"When I am reading a book," says Swift, "whether wise or silly it seems to me to be alive and talking to me." Such is the feeling of every student who appreciates the author he reads.

Two Paisley weavers went down to Greenock with their wives and took a house for a week or two. Before the men left they cautioned their better-halves to be sure and go out a good deal and also to drink lots of the sea water (supposed to be good for the stomach.) At this time the tide was full, and on the next visit the men were astonished to see the water so far out. Said one of them, "Heel Rab, but Meg and Jonny hae ta'en an awfu' sowp o' the saut water; my fegs, but they've dune weel."

There is a well known story of the ruin of a London luncheon-shop by a spiteful and envious rival. The latter hired a boy to enter the successful shop exactly at the time when it was most crowded, and to lay on the counter before the eyes of all the wondering and horrified guests a dead cat. "That makes mine ma'am," said the brazen-faced urchin, as he deposited his burden and left the shop. What awful protestations of innocence from the indignant president of the counter? The plot had been carefully laid, and it resulted, as was expected, in a stampede of the diners, to return no more.—*From Temple Bar*.

PAT AND THE DOG.—A poor Irishman passing a butcher shop one day observed some liver for sale. Not knowing what it was he enquired of the butcher, and whether it was cheap and good to eat, receiving an answer in the affirmative. He said he would buy but his old woman knew only how to boil praties, whereupon the butcher good-naturedly offered to write him a receipt for preparing the savoury dish. With this and his purchase dangling conspicuously in his hand, Pat sallied forth in triumph. He had not proceeded far, however, before a lean and hungry cur of a dog, which had been prowling around, snatched the tasty morsel in his jaws, and made tracks as fast as his legs could carry him. Pat, in no wise disconcerted, turned round with a broad grin on his countenance, and, shaking his fist at the canine thief, who was fast disappearing in the distance, said. "Arrah, yo dirty blackguard! yer sowld this time, you've got the liver, but you cant cook it, for I've got the resate in me pocket."

## A FIVE MONTHS TRIP TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

(CONTINUED.)

Palatka is a small town on the St. Johns River, of about 1,500 inhabitants; the principal business done is in Florida curiosities, drugs, and orange packing. We put up at the Larkin House, which has an accommodation for about 250 people. As the climate was very damp our stay at Palatka was a very short one, so at the end of four days we left for Gainesville, *via* Jacksonville, staying one night at Jacksonville. Gainesville is a village about half way between Jacksonville and Cedar Keys; it has no interest to the ordinary traveller, but the dryness of the atmosphere is a great attraction to invalids, it being situated in the midst of an immense pine forest in the interior of Florida, at a height of 175 feet above the St. Johns River. Numbers of sportsmen with their dogs are attracted there by the excellent shooting to be found in the swamps and pine barrens, at some little distance from the town. Parties of two or three in a day's shooting frequently return with from fifty to eighty quail and several alligators; ducks are also found in the lakes. After remaining at Gainesville four weeks we were advised by letter from home to try Nassau, we accordingly left Gainesville on the 24th of February, and took the train for Palatka, intending to stay there a few days, having seen so little of the St. Johns River on our first visit. It is very beautiful at this point, widening out like a lake. Unfortunately we found the hotels full to overflowing, although we had written previously to engage rooms. We accordingly decided to push on to St. Augustine.

I made enquiry and found that a boat would leave for Toccoi in about five minutes. By hiring a light wagon and galloping the horses we managed to reach the wharf just as the boat was arriving. (Little did I then dream of what I would have to undergo before that sun, which even then was sinking in the west, should have disappeared; what a great blessing it is for human beings that they cannot foretell, even by one short hour, what is going to happen to them.) By means of making many inquiries, I managed to find the steamboat porter and told him *to take my checks over to the railway depot, bring back my baggage and put it on board the boat as soon as he possibly could.* He said he would ask the agent whether he would have time enough to do so. I did not expect anything in the way of courtesy from the agent, Mr. R-b-t R—d, as I had engaged rooms at his boarding-house during my previous visit to Palatka, and was obliged to give them up by circumstances over which I had no control, so he was probably justified in having his revenge, and surely he had enough to satisfy him. Just watch the v-bany of the man. The porter returned and told me that Mr. R—d would detain the steamer until he got back with the luggage. I of course was satisfied, and as soon as the passengers had all got ashore, went on board and had just time to secure a seat when the steamer started. My first thought was of my baggage. I rushed down below and asked one of the officers that was standing by where the baggage was. "That is it," he said, pointing to about half a dozen scraggy trunks piled on the bow. "Is that all of it?" "Yes." "Are you sure?" "Yes." "Is there no more on board?" He stuck his hands in his pockets and very coolly answered "yes." "Where on earth is my baggage you hound?" I yelled at him. "I suppose that is it on the wharf.

nobody claimed it, so we let it stay there," he said, turning away. The spectators grinned; there was quite a little crowd around by this time.

There was the baggage piled up on the wharf; three trunks, a gun-case, and a shawl-strap. In a little while I cooled down and began to think of the best way to regain possession of my property. I accordingly made arrangements with the Purser to have my baggage taken to Jacksonville on the following Monday, and then sat down to console myself with some Florida oranges, and truly they were the best I ever tasted. All the baggage I had left was a shawl-strap and a small hand-bag, so I had not much to trouble me. We reached Toccoi about 4 o'clock, and I had just landed when I recollected that my shawl-strap was still on the boat. Knowing from experience how short a time the boat would stay at the wharf, I rushed on board, through the fore-castle; it was not there, all around the upper deck, both inside and outside, and still it was not there. Where on earth could I have put it? Just then I heard the signal given to the engineer to start the steamer. I ran to the stair-way, it was so narrow that two people could not pass each other. First one man came up and then another followed him, then another, and still another; by this time the stair-way was clear. When I reached the lower deck the last plank had been taken in and the steamer was slowly moving from the wharf. Backing across the steamer I rushed through the crowd, which opened to let me pass; the officers tried to stop me, I eluded them, however, and making a jump just managed to reach the extreme edge of the wharf.

*(To be continued.)*

## FRESHMEN.

*To the Editors of the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE:*

SIRs,—As many of your readers have been, are, or purpose at some time being Freshmen, I having once been a freshman myself, venture to ask a portion of your space to express myself concerning that much abused class of undergraduates.

A youth having read a book or two of Virgil, the Odes of Horace, and having some acquaintance with the Anabasis and Homer, together with a smattering of Euclid's Elements usually fancies himself at the end of his tether as far as book learning is concerned, and if destined for one of the professions, proceeds to college puff'd up with the idea of his own importance and literary attainments, fancying, doubtless, as Archimedes, that with sufficient lever power he could move the world, an idea which gradually fades as his first year draws to a close, and he becomes conscious that notwithstanding his presence upon the earth it apparently revolves with its axis bearing the same inclination to the plane of its orbit as before. At the end of his second year he arrives at the conclusion that a small volume might be compiled from what he does not know, and this idea continually receives strength until he graduates, when he is forced to admit, however unwillingly, that he has ascended but few rungs upon the ladder of knowledge, and looking up is so dazed by the distance that he has yet to climb that in the majority of instances he either remains stationary or actually descends. But I will go along with our Freshman to college, and as your Grammar school usually prepares its students for the University of New Brunswick, I will suppose he matriculates there, enters, and takes up his residence in the college pile.

He has heard that the second year men are called juniors, and that the third year men are called seniors, but knows no other distinction, and here his knowledge is to begin. It is said that at the University, class feeling prevails to a greater extent than in any similar institution in America. Nor is it at all strange. Next to Windsor it is probably the oldest college in Canada, and like Windsor was for a long time denominational in its character, and hence very conservative in its customs. So it is not at all surprising that with old country Professors, old country college customs should be imported—one of these is class distinction. This I think is as it should be. If it is right that in colleges the most valuable prizes should be offered for competition among those who have been longest in college, and if deference is paid to them in this respect, why should it not be in another. Beside being respectful to their seniors there are a few other exactions to which Freshmen have to submit, and which are usually intended for their benefit. Among these I may mention for example, two—the carrying of walking sticks, and the cultivating too assiduously the acquaintance of the fair sex, for which Fredericton affords such ample facilities. The first regulation seems a little arbitrary and is probably owing to the fact that it is the peculiar privilege of juniors. A stick being as inseparable from that class of young men during their saunterings up and down Front street on fine afternoons and evenings as the toga from a newly fledged freshman in his wanderings around the college precincts. And here, by the way, it may be mentioned while I am speaking of monopolies, that no freshman, if he is wise, will be rash enough to enter college with even the semblance of a hirsute appendage else surely he will be shorn of it; that being like the stick necessary to the prominence of a junior only.

If these examples are not actually beneficial to a freshman they are certainly not injurious, inasmuch as they serve to impress him with the fact of there being greater men in the world than himself, to wit, juniors. As to the other example mentioned, its tendency is *decidually* beneficial in every respect, perhaps the more so from the fact that its suppression is actuated by no selfish motives as the others are, but from the conviction that at a susceptible age a freshman should not be suffered to allow his mind to become enervated by external influences at a time when he should by laying the groundwork for future literary eminence.

Any one violating these long established usages incurs penalties in proportion, which are imposed by the "concur-sus equitatis." This is composed not of juniors who are apt to balance the scales of justice with a too partial hand, but of seniors who are never even thought capable of an unjust decision, and if the decisions are usually against the freshmen, I imagine it is owing entirely to the fact that they are never proceeded against save when the evidence against them is overwhelming. The sentence is seldom severe and is put into immediate execution, thus saving suspense. As to the nature of the penalty that is best known to the freshmen, but I may be permitted to say that it is not more severe than freshmen may bear. These of course are only a few of the restrictions that are placed upon freshmen, and though they may seem a little strange at first, after the first pang of home sickness is over, their existence is disturbed but very little by the thought that there are juniors in the world.

Students who live in the town know very little of real col-

lege life, and those who have stood side by side through all the vicissitudes of a college course are usually bound by firmer ties than those who associate during only a portion of the time. Men who have lived in college during the first year make the best juniors and seniors, for, having been through the mill themselves, they temper their justice with mercy, and, while they make the freshmen keep their place, they treat them in a gentlemanly manner, and never attempt to make their existence miserable. Such conduct on the part of any member of the majority of classes would be promptly suppressed by the expression of the opinion of the rest of the class. But it chances that in some years there is a dearth of freshmen living in college, caused in some instances by scarcity of rooms, and in others by imaginary fears on the part of freshmen as to the treatment they are going to receive if they venture to reside in college. They usually crowd up the next year, however, and, being juniors, are exempt from any inflictions themselves, but usually consider it their chief business to render miserable the existence of any unfortunate freshman who may reside with them. For looking the year before through eyes of fear at the imaginary trials of freshmen, and not knowing anything of their usual treatment, their disregard to feelings and their harshness so rankles in the minds of their victims that an ill feeling is engendered that never in after life is gotten rid of.

Such—though "tell it not in Gath"—is said to be the state of things in the University to-day, and the spirit of bullyism rather than that of gentlemen seems to actuate the majority of juniors at the present time. They are double in numbers compared with the freshmen, and with such a high hand have they carried matters that some freshmen have not been able to reside in college, thus demonstrating, as is seldom done, that there is a limit even to the patience of freshmen. I am a strong believer in class distinctions, but not in bullyism, and think that when students are not allowed the privacy of their own rooms at any time, and their private study hours are continually invaded, that if those young men (who it is to be regretted are not restrained by their seniors) have no respect for either themselves or freshmen, the constituted authorities of the college should enforce upon them some little respect for it or it will be seriously injured in the future. The college is a stale one and the question may arise, If it affords any advantages, have not one class of students as good a right to participate in these as another?

Thanking you for your space,

I am, yours, &c.,

S.

October 17th, 1882.

#### THE COMET.

The subject of comets about which we now propose to say something, is one that has of late naturally drawn to it a good deal of inquiry and general interest, by reason of the unusually magnificent spectacle of this description which is now being exhibited to us. In itself it is perhaps not one of the best adapted for popular discussion and familiar explanation of this nature, because there are so many things in the history of comets unexplained, and so many wild and extravagant notions in consequence floating about in the minds of even well-informed persons that the whole subject has rather, in the public mind, that kind of dreamy indefinite interest that attaches to signs and wonders than any distinct, positive practical bearing. The fact is that, though much is certainly

known about comets, there is a great deal more about which our theories are quite at fault; and, in short, that it is a subject rather calculated to show us the extent of our ignorance than to make us vain of our knowledge, and to cause us to exclaim with Hamlet "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy." This, the sublimity of the spectacle, and the universal interest they inspire, make the appearance of a comet an occasion for the imaginations of men to break loose from all restraint of reason, and luxuriate in the strangest conceptions.

When a comet is first discovered in a telescope it is for the most part seen only as a small, faint, round or oval patch of foggy or as it is called nebulous light, somewhat brighter in the middle. By degrees it grows larger and brighter, and at the same time more oval, and at length begins to throw out a "tail," that is to say a streak of light extending always in a direction from the sun, or in the continuation of a line supposed to be drawn from the place of the sun below the horizon to the head of the comet above it. As time goes on, night after night, the tail grows longer and brighter, the "head" or nebulous mass from which the tail seems to spring also increases, and within it begins to be seen what is called a "nucleus" or kernel, a sort of rounded, misty lump of light dying off rapidly into a haziness called the "coma" or *hair*. Within this but often a good deal out of the centre, there is seen with a good telescope and a high magnifying power a very small spark or pellet of light, which may or may not be the solid body of the comet, and which is the real nucleus. What in an indifferent telescope looks like a rather large puffy ball, more or less oval, is certainly not a solid substance. All the while the comet is getting every evening, nearer and nearer to the place of the sun, and is therefore seen for a shorter time after sunset or before sunrise, as the case may be—for quite as many comets are seen in the morning before sunrise as in the evening after sunset). At last it approaches so near the sun as to rise or set very nearly at the same time, and so ceases to be seen except it should be so very bright and so great a comet as to be visible in the presence of the sun.

When this has taken place, however, the comet is by no means to be considered as dead and buried. After a time it reappears, having passed by the sun, or perhaps before or behind it, and got so far away on the other side as to rise before the sun or to set after him. If it first appeared after sunset in the west, it will now reappear in the east before sunrise. And what is very remarkable its shape and size are usually totally different after its reappearance from what they were before its disappearance. Some indeed never reappear at all. The path they pursue carries them into situations where they could not be seen by the same spectators who saw them before. Others—like those which appeared in 1858 and 1861 without altogether disappearing as if swallowed up by the sun—after attaining a certain maximum or climax of splendour and size, die away, and at the same time move southward, and are seen, as that of 1858 was (on the 11th of October for the first time) in the southern hemisphere, the faded remnants of a brighter and more glorious existence of which we here have witnessed the grandest display. Some comets which have escaped notice altogether in their approach to the sun burst upon us at once in the plenitude of their splendour, quite unexpectedly as did that of the year 1861.

## ART CORNER.

A hotel is to be made of Poe's house in Richmond Virginia.

Queen Victoria has had a portrait of Cotewayo painted for herself.

"As the sun colors flowers, so art colors life," Alma Tadema has written on the ceiling of his studio.

Mr. Ruskin has purchased several paintings and etchings of Mr. Thomas Moran and given an order for a copy of the "Yellowstone Park."

There is to be a gallery of Modern Art opened in October at Rome situated in the cloister of Michael Angelo in the Baths of Diocletian, the King of Italy having signed the decree.

Mrs. Howells is a sister of Larkin Mead the sculptor, and has herself considerable artistic ability; she is tall, slender, very fair, with a long white throat and a charming smile.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter during the winters paints industriously on china which finds a ready sale among the summer visitors at the Shoals. She paints with a fine sense of color and a good deal of freedom and dash.

Hubert Herkomer is coming to America in November to remain eight or nine months, to paint portraits and lecture on art. He brings with him the picture which brought him the medal of honour at the Paris Universal Exposition of 1878, "The Last Muster."

The foremost Austrian painter Rudolph Alt has never availed himself of the patent of nobility granted him by the Emperor. His method of work is peculiar. He begins painting on any piece of paper at hand pasting additional pieces to the first as the work outgrows the dimensions of that bit. He is now seventy years old.

An exhibition illustrative of the career of the House of Orange was opened in September at Dillenburg near Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in the tower built on the ruins of the birth place of William the Silent, consisting of books, flags, documents, costumes, plate, jewelry, furniture, and paintings, in all fourteen hundred articles mostly contributed by private persons.

The cards at the places of the ladies at a dinner party lately given by ex-Governor Leland Stanford in San Francisco to the millionaires of the Pacific coast were of thick white satin, four inches wide and six long, exquisitely hand-painted, and carrying the menu in gilt letters, while beside each plate was a little old gold basket of roses, each basket bearing different species.

It is thought that the fashion of bracelets on the arms and wrists of men is spreading. Salvini and Rossi wear broad bands of silver, framing medals of St. George rivetted upon their upper right arms; the Arch-Duke Rudolph wears a bracelet of chain-mail; the heavy one which Victor Emanuel wore, with a medallion of St. Hubert, is now used by his eldest son. The Prince of Wales and his next brother have also adopted the custom.

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