

# WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE.

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A. W. MACRAE, G. G. RUEL.

## THE MICMACS.

Where is the spirit of the Micmac race?  
That martial glory hath not pass'd from earth?  
Of nature's children lives there not a trace?  
Where are the sylvan homes that gave them birth?

Where is the chieftain with his eagle plume,  
The grey moose tracking in the morning bright,  
The conic wigwam, 'mid the forest's gloom  
Breathing a welcome in the evening's light?

Where is the quiver from the shoulder hung,  
The death-fraught arrow, the unerring bow,  
The reeking scalplock from the wampum strung,  
Enduring trophy of the vanquish'd foe?

Where the flint hatchet, and the ruthless blade  
That mars the slain, and terminates the strife;  
The tomahawk,—that from the captive's head  
Hath rest his honour dearer than his life?

Where the swart visage, the dark piercing eye  
Quick as the falcon's on the foeman's trail,  
The tawny bosom's terrifying dye,  
The stoic firmness never known to quail?

Where are the torchlights with their fitful glow,  
Like meteors flitting o'er the shadow'd deep?  
The wily savage in his bark canoe,  
The uplifted spear, the noiseless paddle's sweep?

Where the wild mirth that on a festal day,  
Romantic "Lennox," marked the fairy scene,  
They gathered maidens in their bright array,  
The mimic grandeur of thy virgin queen?

Where are the warriors round the council fire,  
Smoking the peace-stalk, where the pointless spear,  
The squaws carousing in their wild attire,  
Where is the venison for the evening's cheer?

Where the rude birchen shroud, the moss-clad bier,  
The proud traditions of the honoured dead?  
The maple groves re-echo sadly—"Where?"  
Manitto called—the tribe forever fled!

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. B.

Where was the Grave Yard Battery?

Who wrote prize essay on N. B., 1837.

Where were Fort Drummond and Prince Edward Battery?

When did Wm. Cobbit arrive in St. John and in what regiment?

What was the name of a person accidentally shot on King street? By whom and when?

When was the first shipment of deals from N. B.? What ship carried them and where was she bound?

## CICERO.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born near Arpinum, in 106 B. C. Both he and his brother Quintus received instruction from the best teachers in Rome. In 91 B. C. he received the manly gown, and afterwards studied under Quintus Mucius Scaevola, Philo, Phaedrus, Diolotus, and Molo the Phodian. When the civil war between Marius and Sulla was ended, he became a public pleader. He was then twenty-six years of age. In 80 B. C. he incurred the anger of Sulla by defending a person whom one of the Dictator's freedmen had charged with murder. Partly to escape Sulla and partly to complete his education he went to Greece. After spending two years in study at Athens and Rhodes he returned to Rome, and soon gained great reputation as an orator. In 75 he was Quæstor of Sicily, but he returned after one year's service and spent the next four years in the practice of his profession. In 66 B. C. he became Proctor, and it was during this term that he advocated the Manilian Law, which appointed Pompey sole commander in the war with Mithridates. He was elected Consul in 64 B. C., and during his term he distinguished himself by the suppression of Catiline's conspiracy. He now deserted the popular party, of which he had been at least nominally a member, and joined the aristocracy. When his term as Consul had expired, a law was brought forward to banish all who had put Roman citizens to death without trial. This was aimed at Cicero's treatment of Catiline's associates. He did not wait for the people's vote on the law, but went voluntarily into exile. His friends, however, soon procured his recall. On his return from exile he retired for a while from public life, but in 52 B. C. he became Governor of Cilicia. He resigned this position in 50 B. C., and arrived at Rome at the outbreak of the war between Pompey and Cæsar. After some delay he crossed over to Greece and joined Pompey. After Pompey's defeat at Pharsalia, Cæsar treated Cicero with great kindness. Cicero then retired to private life, and engaged himself in the preparation of his works. On the murder of Cæsar he came forth from his retirement and headed the Republican party. He attacked Antony in his Philippics, and this was the reason that Antony doomed him to death. Cicero, having learned of Antony's resolve to kill him, fled, but was overtaken and slain at Formiæ.

As a statesman and citizen Cicero was weak and vain. He never seemed to have any fixed resolve, and always tried, especially after his exile, to keep himself in good graces with the strongest party. The only great deed of his life was the suppression of Catiline's conspiracy, and he had not courage enough afterwards to stand his trial for this act. It is, however, as an author and orator that Cicero stands first among the men of his time. In his works is found the purest Latin. He was also a great letter-writer, and there are still extant over eight hundred of his epistles. His deeds left very little trace in Roman history, for he was famous rather by his works and speeches than by any act which would indicate him to be either spirited or courageous.

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## NOTES OF TRAVEL IN ENGLAND.

## OXFORD.

All travellers in England desire to visit Oxford, celebrated as it is in the history of the country for many centuries. Its Colleges and Halls are known throughout the world by all who have even the smallest pretensions to literary culture. Famous statesmen and scholars claim Oxford as their *alma mater*, so on a recent visit to England I was anxious to see it. As it is approached the towers and steeples of its churches and other noble buildings rivet the attention, which is increased every moment until you enter High street, which an eminent writer once described as the "finest street in England."

We arrived in the city by the morning train from London and put up at the Clarendon hotel. After lunching and engaging the services of a commissionaire, who proved himself to be most useful, we proceeded to inspect the city. The first place we went to was All Saints Church, the interior of which is lofty and handsome, and the tower and spire particularly elegant. Leaving All Saints and passing down High street, we next came to the Church of St. Mary, the historical and biographical associations of which are of great interest, and strikingly illustrate the important part taken by Oxford in the religious life of the nation. Here John Wycliffe denounced the errors and abuse of his day. To the chancel of this church Crammer, Ridley and Latimer were cited on the 14th April, 1554, for a disputation with the doctors of Oxford and Cambridge: and here, on September 7th, in the following year, the same prelates were brought up for trial before a commission appointed by Cardinal Pole. Hither also in 1556 Archbishop Crammer was brought for the purpose of publicly recanting his Protestant opinions. The tower of this church is very stately, and the porch with its twisted column is particularly imposing. An inscription on a marble slab in the floor of the chancel states that, in a vault of brick at the upper end of the choir of this church, lies Amy Robsart, the ill-fated heroine of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth."

Ratcliffe Square is occupied entirely by academic edifices. In its centre is Ratcliffe library, which was built in 1737 by Dr. Ratcliffe at a cost of £40,000. This library was originally called the Physic library, its design being the encouragement of the study of physical sciences, but lately the books were removed to the University Museum, established in furtherance of the same object. It is now used as a reading-room to the Bodleian library.

Crossing the Square we reached Brazenose college, which is easily distinguished by a brazen nose over the entrance. The Gateway Tower is one of the handsomest in Oxford.

We then visited the Bodleian library, where there are upwards of 250,000 volumes, besides more than 20,000 manuscripts. Ascending a few steps, we reach the Picture Gallery; the pictures can hardly be thought very valuable, but the gallery contains many curiosities, and among them the lantern of Guy Fawkes, a chair made of wood taken from Drake's ship, and the exercise books used by Edward VI. and Elizabeth, when children.

Close by is the Divinity school. This beautiful room is entered by a richly moulded doorway; the ceiling is arched across in stone, grained in every bay and enriched with bosses, rendered interesting by their carved work, forming

heraldic bearings, and a large variety of elegantly composed monograms. The fine windows were unfortunately destroyed by the ardent reformers in the reign of Edward VI. Here Latimer and Ridley were called upon to answer for their faith, and here also the House of Commons met when driven from London by the plague.

We next visited the Sheldonian theatre; after glancing at the interior we ascended to the cupola on its roof. From its eight windows a beautiful panorama is seen, which surprised and delighted us, and from which we gained our first general impression of "the city of pinnacles and groves."

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING NEW IN ENTOMOLOGY.—Last Sunday, as Mr. Jones was returning from church with his family, he discovered a new and singular-looking bug on his front door step. As he was something of a scientist, he was pleased with the new specimen, and, forming his pocket-handkerchief into a sort of cage, he pounced down on it and succeeded in capturing it.

"Bring the microscope, children," he called, "and tell your ma to hurry; I want her to look at it; I'm sure it belongs to the Hemiptera class, and is a new specimen. Here, Charlie, put your eye to the ocular side and tell me what you see."

"Oh, pa, ain't it splendid? It's got four wings, eight eyes, and, oh, my! ain't it a-sparkling though? Red and green and yellow, and,—oh, it's getting away, ain't it pa?"

"Then it isn't dead!" cried Mr. Jones, in ecstasy; "I wasn't quite sure whether it moved or not. Let me look! Yes, it's a terrestrial, I think, after all; it belongs to the genus *Pentoma*—the antennae have that peculiar flexible look; and yet, now that I look again, the eyes seem to indicate that it is a phytocoris, in which case it will be very destructive to your ma's plants, and we must kill it at once. I'll ask Professor Sill. It will be in any case, a valuable addition to science. Maria, where's the chloroform?" "Up on the clock shelf; what are you going to do with it?" asked Mrs. Jones, who had been giving her undivided attention to the baby.

"Kill this bug as soon as you have examined it," answered Mr. Jones, in a lofty voice. "I shall present it to the scientific association—"

"We'll, I guess not, Mr. Jones," broke in his wife, who was looking with much interest at the new specimen. "I paid \$2 for that bug last week to wear on my new bonnet, and I must have dropped it off when I came in. It belongs to the genus *millinere*, and couldn't be any deader if it had been baked for a century. Science will have to get along without it, Jones; it's already classified." Poor Jones.—*Ex.*

SPIDERS OBSTRUCTING THE TELEGRAPH.—One of the chief hindrances in telegraphing in Japan is the grounding of the current by spider lines. The trees bordering the highways swarm with spiders, which spin their webs everywhere between the earth, wires, posts, insulators, and trees. When the spider webs are covered with heavy dews they become good conductors and run the messages to earth. The only way to remove the difficulty is by employing men to sweep the wires with brushes of bamboo, but as the spiders are more numerous and persistent than the brush users, the difficulty remains always a serious one.

## A FIVE MONTHS TRIP TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

(CONTINUED.)

As I intended to stay some time in Nassau, I became a subscriber to the Public Library. The building which is now used as a Public Library was formerly the prison of Nassau, the iron bars and immense locks still remain on the windows and doors of the lower floor. Underneath is a cellar with grated windows about six inches wide and three feet long, in which the worst cases were confined.

The building is very picturesque, somewhat resembling an eastern mosque, and the cells, once filled with pirates and boozy blockade runners, now form the alcoves of a very well arranged library, stocked with about 6,000 volumes. The books in general are something like the town, rather behind the age. The number of subscribers is about 125, and the subscription price is £1 a year to people of the place, and fifty cents a month to military officers and hotel visitors. One subscriber is allowed to take out five books at a time, so that one subscription affords ample reading for a party of three or four. As none of the cheaper forms of American light literature is imported by the stationer of Nassau, and most of the novels for sale being English publications averaging \$3 a volume, the library is of great advantage to the guests of the hotel.

The Legislature of the Bahamas, which is elected once in seven years, generally included several colored members. The black population largely predominates, for not only did the early settlers own slaves, but many cargoes of captured slaves were taken to Nassau and left there to shift for themselves. The original race of the Bahamas is now entirely extinct. The negroes, as a general rule, are far better educated, more quick-witted, active, clever and industrious than their brethren in the Southern States. They are generally tall and well formed; one in particular, Captain Samson Stamp, of the pleasure yacht Triton, is quite a handsome man. Though as black as the ace of spades, he lacks the thick lips and pug nose of the African negro. He is quite a dandy, and very neat. When he makes his appearance at the hotel to solicit the guests to take a sail in his boat, he wears a boating costume that varies according to the weather. On very fine days part of his costume consists of a fine white flannel embroidered shirt, with the name of his boat, the 'Triton,' embroidered in all the colors of the rainbow on the breast. The negroes are very civil in their demeanor, and great crimes are very uncommon among them. Theft and licentiousness are their chief "irregularities." Capt. Stewart, who commands the lighthouse and revenue schooner, is a man of commanding appearance and marked intelligence, and is regarded as "a sort of god round heal," as they phrase it, because he foretold the great hurricane of 1866. It has been the custom from "time immemorial" among the negroes to bring to the hotel for sale such articles as sponges, corals, sea-beans, shells, fruit, canes, etc., for which they generally ask about four times the price they intend to take; indeed it became an established rule among the hotel guests never to give more than half the price asked, and to take for even less if they could.

Every morning after breakfast, and every afternoon the first thing that met our gaze as we stepped out on the verandah was a long line of darkies with their various wares.

They were never by any possible chance allowed to overstep a certain limit, unless some particular one was called by one of the guests who wished to examine their wares. As the supply of amusements ran low it became the custom among the guests to amuse themselves by tormenting and tantalizing the darkies in every possible way they could imagine. One old man in particular, who went by the name of "beans," because he always had half-a-dozen sea-beans for sale, appeared to be the butt of all their practical jokes. One man would engage him in conversation, pretending to examine his wares, while a second, slipping behind him, proceeded to stick half a dozen pins into the hinder part of his pantaloons, taking good care that they did not prick him. The slightest touch from a stick or cane would then cause them to stick into him. He at first thought the pins were in the ends of the sticks or in the hands of his tormentors, but as the one whom he suspected always submitted his stick to inspection and showed his open hands when requested to, and as the pins were always out of his range of vision, he was at a loss to account for the pricking sensation which he felt. At last one of the guests happening to suggest that perhaps a centipede was biting him, unabashed by the presence of the ladies or the remonstrances of the gentlemen, he proceeded forthwith to investigate the matter. It is scarcely necessary to say that they never let him go without giving him some compensation in the shape of a shilling or two. He told one of the onlookers, who asked him if it was not very painful, that he wished they would have that fun every day.

Another great source of amusement was scrambling; while one or two would throw down money from the second or third verandah, a third would throw a full bucket of water on the struggling mass of humanity beneath. After the first thorough wetting they did not appear to care a 'fig' for the water, but would shout "send down your contribution for the missionary box massa," or "never mind the water, massa, send down the money." But the young men soon tired of "hugging" up three pairs of stairs the pails of water necessary for this fun. So they took the next best thing; they bought up all the eggs that were on sale and pelted the darkies with them, but they did not care any more for these than they did for the water, but continued their shouts for "more money, massa."

On the following afternoon the hotel grounds were filled with a shouting crowd of two or three hundred darkies in all stages of dress and undress, all ages from seven to twenty, and all eager for the 'egging and watering' to begin; but the proprietor 'did not see it,' and had to give orders to a policeman to clear the grounds, much to the disappointment and disgust of the expectant darkies.

The colored ritualistic church forms one of the numerous "points of interest" in the island. Scarcely a Sunday evening passed during my stay in Nassau but what a party was made up at the hotel to visit it. One gentleman who witnessed the performance almost 'bust his sides with laughing,' as he elegantly expressed it. The choir is composed of "ten little niggers," in surplices, the smallest of whom is not more than eight years old. He is looked upon as a great genius by the members of the congregation. I was informed by one of his admirers—a member of the congregation—that they had to give him as much of the strongest black coffee as he could drink every Sunday evening, and whenever they had

a late service, in order to keep him awake. If that is not cruelty to animals it comes pretty near it; but he is "only a nigger," and so I suppose it does not matter.

The church is divided down the middle by an aisle, and instead of pews they have benches. A wife is not permitted to sit on the same seat with her husband, a daughter with her father, or a sister with her brother, but "the men on the right and the women on the left." The first Sunday that I visited the church the female half of the church was pretty well filled, but the men were "few and far between." I visited the church also on Palm Sunday afternoon, when I was informed the service would be something extraordinary. As I was a little before the time I took that opportunity to examine my surroundings. The church is a very neat building of stone, without tower or spire, and the only external ornament is a simple Latin cross of wood at the top of the peak at the eastern end. The only glass window is the one of stained glass over the altar. The rest of the windows are simply fitted with shutters of wood. The altar, reredos, etc., is of mahogany, which is so plentiful in these islands that it is used for ship-timbers. The choir are five on each side of the chancel. The clergyman is known about town as Father Fisher. All around the walls of the church are cheap prints of scripture scenes.

I had just completed those observations, and as a heavy rain had come on, sat down to await the beginning of the performance when the "sound of distant music smote sweetly upon my ear." I, with two or three others who had come for the same purpose as myself, immediately started out under shelter of our umbrellas to try and ascertain "from whence proceeded this heavenly music." We had just turned the corner of the lane leading to the Sunday school when the full procession met our gaze. At the head marched a surpliced choir-boy bearing aloft a purple banner. Next came the "holy father" in his *uniform* under the shelter of an umbrella. He was the only one allowed to carry an open umbrella, all the others had theirs closed. The choir followed chanting, while the teachers and members of the Sunday school came next in order, a choir-boy with a white banner bringing up the rear. They all marched in the most perfect time, even the smallest child keeping step. The march was somewhat slower than the military dead march, in order I suppose that all might have a chance to get thoroughly drenched. In about five minutes the head of the procession reached the church, and the choir after marching once round the church, to leave the teachers and children in the seats allotted to them took up their station in their proper place. I forgot to mention that each of the members of the procession bore a cross made by sticking part of a palm leaf through a slit made in another. There is a report that the first time this performance was tried the "spiritual pastor and master" rode upon an ass while the people strewed palm leaves in the way; this is, however, emphatically denied by the members of his flock. On Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday printed placards are put up all over town informing the public generally of that fact and calling sinners to repentance. A recent pastoral from the rector of this church created "inextinguishable laughter" in Nassau, for among other ordinances it forbade the eating of sugar. As sugarcane forms a staple article of food with the negroes, a strict observance of his directions would have been followed by lamentable results.

(To be continued.)

## ART CORNER.

The dresses worn by Mary Anderson as Galatea and Parthenia were designed by the artist Millet.

The Duke of Campo-Medina has bought the late Henri Vieuxtemps's collections of violins and bows.

A lady of St. Louis, owns an oak chair with leather back and seat, once the property of Thomas Jefferson.

A vase of remarkable design which has been in his family for five hundred years, is in the possession of the Chinese minister at Washington.

Gambetta had a glass eye and always refused to have a full face picture taken, preferring to pose in profile. Mr. Healy's portrait of him is thought to be the best one in existence.

An elaborate telephone system is established between the library of the King of Portugal and the offices of his ministers and the opera house. He has distinguished himself by his translations.

The career of Edward Wellmore who died at Philadelphia the other day, at seventy five, extended over sixty years. He worked almost to the day of his death, and painted his first pictures before he was twenty.

The theological library, some works of art, and bonds amounting to three thousand dollars given the late P. E. Bishop Talbot of Indianapolis, for arrears of salary have been bequeathed in his will to his successor in the Episcopacy.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie of New York, a native of Dunfermline N. P. has given twenty-five thousand dollars toward the fund of the London College of Music which has been acknowledged by the Prince of Wales with cordiality.

A series of illustrations to Poe's "Raven" was finished by Dore before his death, which it is thought will rank among the most original results of his genius. They are owned by Messrs. Harper & Brothers and will be published as a companion volume to their edition of the [Ancient Mariner] with the Dore plates.

Mr. George H. Butler, the New York artist, who served in the war of the rebellion and lost his right arm, lives at Capri in a little village on the Tiberius Hill, amidst a garden of orange and olive trees his studio commanding a view of Vesuvius and the bay with the mountains behind Sorrento across the bay. He paints of course with his left hand.

The second funeral of Archbishop Hughes took place lately at the cathedral in New York where the choir sang Cherubim's Requiem Mass. Archbishop Corrigan in black velvet vestments embroidered with gold, Cardinal McCloskey in violet robe, ermine cape and scarlet berretta, the black velvet catafalque, with the Archbishop's mitre in cloth of gold on a cushion, and a host of bishops, priests, and deacons, and acolytes in robes of state, made it a picturesque and impressive occasion.

## THE MALISIT LANGUAGE BY M. CHAMBERLAIN.

## II.

## GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE.

The Malisit language contains almost all the parts of speech found in English, but in structure the two are widely different. A striking peculiarity of Malisit, and, indeed, one of the fundamental principals of its construction, is the system of concentrating into one word what requires many English words to express. This not only applies to the verbs and their differentiations, but almost all the parts of speech are to be found incorporated with the verb. This concentration is obtained through inflections, and particles used as prefixes or suffixes or inserted in the body of the word, also by compound words, the several components being then used in an abbreviated form. Complex as this system appears, and is it is governed by fixed principles and subject to exact rules having but few exceptions, this complexity of structure is increased by a division of the nouns into two classes, which may be best represented by the terms animate and inanimate, though the Indians make much more delicate distinctions than we, and place many nouns in the "animate" class that do not harmonize with Webster's definition of the word; for instance a tree while growing is classed by them with the animates, but when cut down they place it among inanimates; a hill of rock is inanimate, but a hill covered with verdure is animate, as is also the soil upon it, for these, the Indians say, produce and sustain life. These classes are distinguished by the terminal of the plural form the animate ending with *k* the inanimate with *l*. But this classification does not effect the nouns alone. No class words wholly escape its influence. Thus the Malisit word for "few" when applied to animate objects is *wakesuk*, but when applied to inanimate is *wakesul*. (Beside the final sound which is added to the singular form to produce the plural there are other sounds frequently added, and these latter are placed between the final sound of the singular and the plural final. The selection of these intermediary sounds is entirely governed by phonetic harmony). The adjectives are classified with the nouns to which they are applied and have the same terminal sound; they are also governed by other rules which I have not yet been able to fully determine. The pronouns also assume different forms according to the class of nouns to which they refer; for instance, "this" is represented by *wut* when applied to animate and by *yut* when applied to inanimate nouns, and "these" is changed from *yokt* to *yotl* under similar circumstances. Very little use is made of the personal pronouns in a separate form; they are usually incorporated with the nouns or verbs and are then abbreviated. They are used in a separate form only when emphasis is required, but when so used the incorporated word is also used, making such sentences as "I, I hit him," there being no word for "hit him" separated from a pronominal prefix.

It has been argued by many writers that in no Algonkin dialect is there any definite or indefinite article in a separate form. I have not been successful in finding any in a separate form in Malisit though I have found them used as prefixes, for *kat* is "leg," *umkat* "a leg," *okat* "the leg." It may be that these prefixes are used exclusively in connection with the names for the parts of the body as I have not found any indication of their presence elsewhere.

Malisit is particularly rich in verbs which have numerous differentiations not embraced in the English conjugations, for while forms are met with representing somewhat similar moods and tenses, as well as the numbers, there are several special plurals used, one denoting two, another three objects only, while others include or exclude the person speaking or those spoken to or of. These variations, coupled with the almost universal incorporation with the verbs of the minor parts of speech, renders the perfect mastery of a Malisit verb in all its varied forms a most difficult task to any one to whom the language is not vernacular, but this complex though ingenious structure imparts to the Indian speech that laconic brevity, graphic vivacity of expression, and terseness which are its prominent characteristics.

I have not so far been able to obtain the infinitive mood of many verbs though they no doubt exist, but the practice of using all classes of words in a compound form is so nearly universal that it is difficult to obtain any word separate from others. For example the simplest form in which the verb "to whisper" is obtainable is *kikimwas*, which means "he is whispering." "I am whispering" is *unkikimwas*; "you were whispering," *unkikimwasipun*. For "are you whispering" and "I am whispering" they use the same word with a slight variation of accent; and this applies to all questions and the simple affirmative reply.

In the majority of verbs the third person singular ends with *o*, but this is not an invariable rule, for "he is walking" is represented by *pumose* ending with *e*. This variation is caused purely by their desire for phonetic harmony being stronger than their regard for analogical uniformity. There are some exceptions to other rules that are not so easily explained. For instance, as a rule the past tense ends with *pun*, but in the sentence "John struck James" the verb ends in *punil*; and another peculiarity of this sentence is that "James," which when used separately is *Jems*, is changed to *Jemaul*. Some idea of the system of incorporating the pronouns with the verbs will be gathered from the following examples: "I will strike you," *kumusekoholts*; "you are striking me," *kunusekwihl*; "you and I struck him," *kunusekwihanopun*; "we (more than two) struck him," *nusekwihanopun*. Among other peculiarities of the language may be mentioned the absence of any distinction for gender in the personal pronouns, also of any method for denoting the possessive case. There is no equivalent for the English verb "to be," though there are many words to explain the when and how of being. Having no verb substantive they use "I cold" for "I am cold." The diminutive of nouns is formed by the suffix *sis*, as *sipsis*, "a little bird;" *skwasis*, "a young girl." The augmentative is formed by the prefix *kitchi*, as *kitchi-kizos* "the long moon," (their name for December;) *kitchi-kakakos* "the large crow," (their name for the Raven;) and *kitchi-sakum*, "a great chief."

The telephone has been introduced into Portugal by Mr John M. Francis, editor of the *Troy Times*, and charge d'affaires at Lisbon. The King has had his town residence connected with the Lisbon Telephone Exchange. The Czar of Russia has connected Gatschina telephonically with the Opera House.

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