

THE
CLASSVILLE NEWS,
A monthly Chronicle of Local News and
Current events.
Published at Glassville, N. B.
E. A. WELCH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The appointment of a new Sheriff in room of the late lamented Mr. Dibble, has caused a little temporary excitement in the county; and, from what we hear on various sides, the recent appointment has caused some heartburnings, as well as some dissatisfaction. Who ever knew of such an official being appointed without some one feeling aggrieved? There is no doubt that those who wished for a nice, fat, office, and did not succeed in getting it, are just a little mad. It ought to be remembered, that only one of the candidates can have the post, and all the rest should accept the inevitable, with a good grace. How different it is with few of our acquaintances; we know of one or two who say, they would not have taken the appointment if offered. That is what we consider looking at the thing from a philosophic point of view, but we have in remembrance a story about a fox, (if our memory serves us well first told by rare old AEsop.) who one day, saw some ripe luscious grapes which he coveted, but after trying to get at them, for a long time, and found they were beyond his reach, he coolly walked away, consoling himself with remarking, "The grapes are sour." We think the eminence of the position, independent of it's emoluments, would prove a great temptation, even to those who cry sour grapes.

Apart from all other considerations, we believe the appointment will prove a popular one, at any rate it is a just one, the gentleman who now fills the sheriff's office, has in the past, possessed the confidence and esteem, of the county, and has faithfully served the political party to which he belongs; so that his preferment to office by that party, can only be regarded as a suitable recompense, for past sacrifices, and faithful servitude to his political partisans.

The re-appointment of deputy sheriff Foster, to his old position, is one that appears to have given the utmost satisfaction. We have not heard one single dissentient voice raised against it, so we may conclude that in this instance, the appointment is one that meets with the general approbation of the public.

The dull season is close upon us, many of our young men are off to the woods, the moors, the mountains, and the floods. The newspapers are feeling it too, already the weary editor is hunting up his big gooseberry yarns, even now as we write there is a rumour that somebody has caught a sea serpent, but that old story is exploded long ago, and doesn't stand a chance with the literary marvels of the present day. Where are they? you may ask. We will tell you, when you can get a paper like The Glassville News, for 25 cents a year, what reason is there to complain? Anyone who has gall enough to say it isn't worth the money, he doesn't know how to appreciate "a good thing" For one insignificant quarter, you can get a lively little monthly paper, sent to any

address for a whole year. Don't Forget! Be in time! and cheerfully send along your quarters.

The depreciation in the value of silver seems to be worrying them a bit in financial circles. We're not entirely free from a similar sort of complaint, at Miramichi Avenue, where the News is published.

The Forester's Ball.

The Forester's Ball on the 9th. inst., was a most unqualified success. The Caledonian Hall was fastefully decorated for the purpose, the walls being adorned with a series of beautiful chromographs of scenes of interest in the British Isles, in elegant and appropriate frames, interspersed with evergreens, and autumn leaves, with a scroll bearing the word "Welcome" facing the entrance door.

Between two and three hundred guests assembled to do honour to the occasion, and the hall presented a very animated appearance. Punctually to time, the evening's entertainment was opened by a Grand March of the Foresters, in their new regalia headed by the Chief Ranger, Mr. James Miller, and his 'pettie' and charming wife, in evening dress, followed by the rest of the court officers and their wives. At a given signal the march was transformed into the Mescalance, or Circassian Circle, and that was followed by the rest of the dances, as detailed on the exquisitely printed programmes, which were handed to the dancers by one of the court officials. The dancing was carried on with great spirit until about half the programme was completed, when

The tocsin of the soul,
The supper hall,

called the dancers away in relays, to the house of Mr. James Miller, where a very bountiful oyster supper was provided, the discussion of which seemed to give unbounded satisfaction. We were about to say

"They'd Hoek, and La'fite, and Champagne, quite a treat,
And some of the Rhenish, and Burgandy too;
And round and round they danced I'll be bound,
Till all were as tired as the Wandering Jew,"
but that would not be strictly correct, except the latter part, and as the dancing was kept up with unflagging spirit till a rather late hour on the following morning there may be some grounds for the supposition that at least, some were as tired as that mythical individual.

The music was excellent and the whole affair was carried out with great eclat.

A severe thunderstorm on the evening of the ball, which was quite phenomenal in character, as also in season; was, no doubt responsible for the absence of many promised visitors. But with all there were visitors from Woodstock, Houlton, Centreville, Florenceville, Bristol, Carlisle, Bearfort Foreston, and the surrounding neighbourhood, and one and all expressed themselves, as delighted with the Forester's endeavours to entertain their friends and visitors.

BREACH OF FISHERY LAWS.—Mr. A Pearson, of Glassville has a cat that does not fear the law, neither regardeth it man, we are informed that a short time since, it came home and laid at it's master's feet a live trout about six inches long. We would like to borrow that cat, next summer, to hook them on for us.

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