

THE SPIRIT OF LATEST DISPATCHES.

Forster has gone to Dublin. The Coldstream and Scot guards left for Ireland yesterday. Their mission is to shoot.

Haley and Walsh at the Cork assizes have been declared "Not Guilty." The verdict was received with thundering demonstrations.

A troop ship has been ordered to get ready immediately to go to Gibraltar for the purpose of conveying the 97th regiment to Queenstown.

Emigration forms a part of the Government's programme for dealing with Ireland. Probably a number of Irish of a fair class of settlers will be sent to the North West at the expense of the British Government.

It is said 8 Conservatives will vote against the Contract—but likely some Liberals will vote for it; because several Liberal papers among which are the Quebec Chronicle and the Montreal Herald support it.

The Grit manifesto against the Canada Pacific Railway is a rebash of Blakes speech. It is to be scattered through the country, and is the last weapon, in the last ditch. We advise the people to receive this Manifesto swarm as they would receive the potato bug, or the grass hopper.

THE "STAR'S" COLUMNS AND ITS INDEPENDENCE.

As our readers can see we have now, and are likely to have till the close of Parliament, a great press of Political matter upon our columns. We do not propose to surrender all our space to the best Commons that ever sat, but shall reserve room for editorial and local news, and for communicated matter to a reasonable extent. We shall give the pith of the discussions of Parliament, but no shallow politician need expect us to exclude our own matter and give place to his vapourings. A hundred and one things are said at Ottawa that are not worth reproducing, and yet we see some of the poor newspapers loaded down to the gunwales with these same worthless cargoes. It is true the most important matter that has come before Parliament since the Federation of the Colonies is before it now, and newspapers should surrender all their possible space to such discussions on the Great Railway Contract as may help to enlighten the people upon it. We give lengthy letters containing the pith of the great speeches upon this, and we try to do justice to both sides, as it is a question that should be impartially heard from all quarters. In this connexion we may say we think that any newspaper has the right to support or oppose the contract, this being a free country, where free speaking is the right of every man. Party politics have come to a pretty pass, if because a man supports a party, he durst not call his soul his own, durst not speak save to echo the words, or express the sentiments of his leader. We admire Sir Charles Tupper and put him down as a great man, and therefore don't think he would denounce any newspaper for frankly expressing an honest thought; and when he read the Citizen out of the ranks, he knew the editor in decrying portions of the contract was only taking revenge for the Government refusing to act as a shield for his crooked contract business. But there are some men in the world, though we do not say by any means Sir Charles is one of them, whom you must say are doing right, no matter whether the wrong they do be the cutting of their own throat. They prefer walking over the precipice to being told they are on the wrong road. There is a ledge of rocks under a high cliff at Cape St. Mary's, on the Island of Newfoundland. Upon these rocks, far away from any dwellers are nine cannon, with which an old story is connected that illustrates what we say. About two hundred years ago a pirate ship was bound around the Island coast from Cape Chapeau Rouge, on the West side of Placentia Bay. She sailed after night with a heavy breeze blowing on her beam, but a deep fog crept over the sea, and made the night black as Egypt. The pirate Captain

and his crew were strangers on this part of the coast, but they had an old Island skipper on board, who knew every rock and reef, and how to "allow for the tides." He knew the ship was bowling on to death, but he was afraid to tell the whiskered pirate so. At length mastering courage he said, "Captain if you dont change your course a point or two, you will run upon the Cape." The misfortune was he said this before the crew, in whose eyes the pirate chief was omniscient as he was omnipotent. "Hang him up to the yard, the leader said," and the order was obeyed but before the unfortunate man had been there a minute, the ship struck. The old skipper and another only survived to tell the tale. We have many a time seen the graves of the rest, drenched by the spray of the breakers.

Yes, we might remind even the present Government, who stand neck and shoulders above the rival party in Canada, that he is not their friend who stands up crying, "So be it," to everything they do. The faithful pilot never sleeps on watch, but standing upon the prow shouts out when there are breakers ahead. The breakers it is true may often be mirages but often they may be shipwreckers.

BOIL DOWN.

In the opening of our article we said we would admit correspondence during the session of reasonable length. We do not refer to some lengthy and "continued" correspondence now in course of publication. We know we have the writer's permission to put this by till our columns are unencumbered with debate; we know that our correspondent "Arcadia" will grant us a similar privilege. To other correspondents we have just a word of advice. All the people in country places know what "maple sap" is. Well correspondence spread over a whole column, containing not an inch of information or fact, reminds us of maple sap. Let our correspondents boil down, reboil, till they come to the essence, to what is solid. A string of words have never impressed any one—except with drowsiness.

Words are like leaves, for where they most abound, Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. The most of beginners are troubled with this disease, and this is why many a sheet produced after reading the dictionary almost through, is thrown by the heartless editor into the waste basket. The terser any writer can express his thoughts the better, whether the effect sought be the killing of your neighbor, or the turning of the laugh against him. We have tried the process to both ends, and now can give advice from experience. When Cæsar wrote to the Romans that he had crushed the revolt of Pharnaces and won the victory at Zela, he did not say, To the Editor of the Tablet.

DEAR SIR:—Allow me through the space of your valuable Tablet, to recount to the Citizens of Rome the victory which their general aided by my officers and men have won over the people who revolting against the pious Mithridates leagued themselves with his rebellious son Pharnaces; and thus incurred castigation from our puissant arms.

And then go on to disclose the events of the said battle, but he simply wrote

Veni, vidi, vici, I came, I saw, I conquered.

And when Archimedes, employed by Hiero King of Sicily, to ascertain if the jeweller who had studded his crown with gems had played him false, found, after years of careful study that the jewels were spurious, he did not purchase a huge sheet of papyrus and write down a long rignarole of his discovery to the King, but he simply said in terse Greek, Eureka—I have found.

Perhaps then some of our many contributors would take a leaf out of Cæsar's or Archimedes practice—expressing what they have to say as tersely as possible, remembering that the army of writers is large as the grasshopper swarm, but that the newspapers space is small and valuable.

In next issue we shall have something on the false and slanderous libel just published against a New Brunswick Judge by the Halifax Herald.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S SPEECH

The most overwhelming speech that has ever been made in the Canadian Commons was made there the other day by Sir Charles Tupper in support of the Pacific Railway contract. It was one of those powerful arguments fortified with facts and figures that it would be worse than folly to try to refute. Sir Charles first set out to weigh the contract not in balances of his own but in the scales of his opponents. In these he did not find it wanting, for he produced figure after figure, fact after fact, to show that the very Opposition carping at this contract, the very Opposition who was five years ago the Government with Mr. Mackenzie at its head—and Mr. Blake at its tail,—endeavored to get the Canada Pacific Railroad off their hands by offering a cash bonus and a lands bonus to any company; and that the cash bonus they offered was larger than the Government now had offered, and that the lands grant was double as large.

In 1876-'77 Mr. Mackenzie offered 20,000,000 acres of land per mile for 2,000 miles, and \$10,000 a mile cash subsidy, but no one took his offer; but before his offer had been rejected he boasted long and loud that he was getting the road built for \$25,000 a mile. The following table shows the difference between the two schemes.

Table comparing Mackenzie's Scheme (1876-'78) and Sir Charles's Scheme. Mackenzie's scheme: Cash \$20,000,000, Land 40,000,000, Interest 28,000,000. Sir Charles's scheme: Cash \$25,000,000, Present Contracts 27,000,000, Land 25,000,000. Total for Sir Charles's scheme: \$77,000,000.

But Blake and his associates cry out that the land is worth more than a dollar an acre. It may be worth \$5 an acre; but the price holds good in Mr. Mackenzie's offer as well as it does in the offer by the Government now. Mr. Mackenzie offered 40,000,000 acres, Sir Charles offers 25,000,000 acres; and it is about the constitution of terrible grinding monopolies in the Far West the Opposition cry! Granting that the men who control twenty-five million acres are territorial lords, with a mighty monopoly in their hands, if they held forty million acres as Mr. Mackenzie offered them, their monopoly would be nearly twice as large, and as territorial lords and railway kings they would be high twice as mighty. Viewing the questions in the light of the Oppositions own endeavors, Sir Charles proved the scheme superior to any ever before drafted,—yea incomparably the best.

He next viewed it on its own merits, and in this light it shone the brightest. This part we need not review at length, for he who contemplates 250,000,000 acres of land, the larger portion fit for the plough, thrown open to an industrious race of men who will till this wide domain, and convert the rolling prairies into fields of wheat, who will build towns and villages, and create a power rivaling the Great Republic to the south of them, needs no further explanations.

We regret to say the Moncton Times has begun the manufacture of poetry. The article however, is better than Mr. Chandlers.

Popular Superstitions

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula sagas, Nodurnos lemures, portaentaque, Thessala rides! Hor Lib. 2, Ep. 11. 208.

Visions, and magic spells, can you despise, And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies?

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday?' says she, 'No, child, if it pleases God, you shall not begin upon Childermasday; tell your writing master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a

trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately started, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come, single My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humors of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, that the pigeon house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?' 'Yes,' says he, 'My dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almauza.' The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I despatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my old lodgings.

Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconceivable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. The remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, inasmuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice of the condition of one of our female companions affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the woman in this company should have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbors. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of these antiquated sybils, that forbodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death watches; and was the other day frightened out of her wits by the great house dog that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thought of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasoning of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery before it arrives.

I know of but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futury. He sees at one view the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep I recommend myself to His care; when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the death I am to die, I am not all solicitous about it; because I am sure that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

Address to Mr. Costigan of Grand Falls.

We have a good deal of pleasure in publishing the following address and reply—but those who have lived beside Mr. Costigan need not be reminded of how estimable a neighbor he was, and how much they will lose by his departure. We have no doubt Mr. Costigan left with some regrets; but even if he has the position he goes to fill in Ottawa, where there will be brighter future for his family will compensate him for this:—

Address to William F. Costigan, Esq., on his departure from Grand Falls to the City of Ottawa, Province of Ontario.

DEAR SIR,— The undersigned inhabitants of Grand Falls, having learned with regret that you are about removing with your family from your native place, to the City of Ottawa, cannot allow you to depart from amongst us without expressing to you personally the high esteem and respect in which we have always held you for your many genuine good qualities of both head and heart. We sincerely hope that in the new sphere in which you are henceforth to move, that yourself and family may enjoy all the blessings of a kind Providence, and that you may attain to such a degree of prosperity as will be commensurate with your attainments both as a scholar and a gentleman. And need we say that your loss to the community will be long felt and much regretted by your many and sincere friends. We also desire through you to convey our kind regards to Mrs. Costigan and your children, hoping that you all may enjoy comfort, prosperity and long life in your new abode.

SIGNED: Chas. M. McCluskey, Charles Curless, Robert Caldwell, John Mulhain, Walter Graham, John Kelly, M. McCleskey, A. R. Hallett.

[And fifty others.] To this Mr. Costigan made the following reply:

Chas. M. McCluskey, Robert Caldwell and others, GENTLEMEN,—

I thank you very sincerely for the nicely worded address you have presented me and you assure me that I prize it very highly. Indeed such words as these are always welcome and appreciable to me, but when they fall from the lips of those with whom I have passed the years of my life from childhood to manhood and who have given so many evidences of kindness and good will to all the members of my family, they possess a charm and a value for me beyond my powers of expression—and will long be cherished by me. I can well attribute the proper cause of this action on your part not to my merit, but to your warm hearts which have prompted it. I thank you again for the kind wishes to Mrs. Costigan and myself and she joins in wishing you and yours every prosperity and happiness. Before concluding there is one gentleman of whom I wish to make special mention, whose kindness and friendship to me and my family I will never forget, and to whom I desire to convey my best wishes, and kind regards. I mean the Rev. Father O'Leary, Parish Priest of Grand Falls.

Mr. Costigan was escorted to the Railroad Station by his numerous friends where Mr. McCluskey after a few well chosen preliminary remarks read and presented him with the Address. When Mr. Costigan made the above reply. The leave taking and hearty farewells began, and in many instances the same were very feeling. As the train moved out from the station, his host of friends gave him three hearty cheers.

Chatham Markets

Table of market prices for various goods including Flour, Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Beef, Pork, Butter, Eggs, Cabbage, Salmon, Lobster, Oysters, Mackerel, Potatoes, Carrots, Turnips, Fresh Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Brat, and Geese.

Notice.—The Canada Advertising Agency No. 29 King St. West, Toronto, W. B. BRUCE, Manager is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

A Beautiful Picture.

Coughs.—Brown's Bronchial Troches are used with advantage to alleviate coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and Bronchial Affections. For thirty years these Troches have been in use, with annually increasing favor. They are not new and untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. THE THROAT.—Brown's Bronchial Troches act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the Throat and Larynx, restoring a healthy tone when relaxed either from cold or over exertion of the voice and produce a clear and distinct enunciation. Speakers and Singers find the Troches useful. A CROUP, Cold, Catarrh or Sore Throat requires immediate attention as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable Lung Disease. Brown's Bronchial Troches will almost invariably give relief. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine Brown's Bronchial Troches are sold ONLY IN BOXES.

Probably the most remarkable picture of the age is Christ Leaving the Praetorium now on exhibition in the Dore Gallery—London—England. It was begun immediately before the opening of the Franco-Prussian war and during the horrors of the siege and commune was kept folded up and buried in a place of security un injured by shot and shell. For several years it has been on exhibition in London and has attracted universal attention being considered the principal feature of the wonderful Dore Gallery. The canvas measures 49 feet by thirty, on which are painted some one hundred and seventy distant figures, the central one being Jesus leaving Pilate's Judgment Hall for the place of crucifixion. The scene as depicted by the renowned artist is one can never be forgotten. The publishers of the Montreal Witness have had this picture faithfully reproduced. Every subscriber to that paper who, in renewing their own subscription, sends that of another person not now a subscriber, is entitled to a copy of the picture and the new subscriber gets one as well—each paying but \$1 10, the usual price of this paper. The picture is only supplied to subscribers of the Witness, who, if they do not get the second subscriber may have the picture by sending 25 cents in addition to the ordinary subscription of \$1 10.

Nature, after all, is the great physician. She hides all her secrets of health within her broad, generous bosom and man needs but to go to her intelligently for his every need. The discovery of the great cough remedy; Grays Syrup of Red Spruce Gum is an apt illustration of this. As a cure for coughs cold, loss of voice and hoarseness it stands unrivalled while its low price and readiness of access places it within the reach of all. Try it and be convinced. All chemists keep it in 25 and 50 cent bottles.

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