



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JABEZ SNOWBALL WHO IS DEAD IN THIS COUNTY.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN CORRUPT M. P.'S.

No less! As we have already stated, in every public body, and in every human circle whatever you will almost invariably find one man or more whom you can buy out and out, one or more whom you can wheedle or flatter, or coerce, and one or more perhaps whom you can persuade into hanging himself.

Indeed we have seen Ministers leave their pulpits and their ministerial robes behind them for a "consideration"—and we wish Mr. Elder of the St. John Telegraph to make a note of the fact.

Now we grant William Elder and all other suspicious and uncharitable saints like him, that by some strange and potent spell, Sir John Macdonald might have won some contrary minded men over to his way of thinking, that Sir John and his Cabinet joined might have purchased one or two others, and might have persuaded, coerced, or wheedled two or three or four besides.

Of one thing we are certain. Were William Elder in Ottawa tomorrow, and a similar occasion arose, and he were master of his own actions, we care not how he might have felt, how he might have believed, Sir John would have him on his hook before the sun dipped twice.

Of all the slippery, eel like politicians we have ever known, William Elder, without exception takes the lead, save where those in whose hands he plays the pliant tool, limit him on the north, and on the south, on the east and on the west.

We have seen Mr. Blair take him into a committee room in the old House of Assembly in Fredericton, and with a dangling portfolio coax him away from his professed principles and his time-honored allegiance; and we have heard the same slippery divine, ten minutes afterwards stand upon the floors of the House and say "The general policy of the Government I heartily approve and have always endorsed; this trivial matter, which is however a "want of confidence" in the Government, I oppose the Government in, and therefore vote against them."

The greatest writers in drawing characters, have dipped their brushes down into their own souls for coloring, and while William Elder is by no means a very great writer, in delineating the characters of his Conservative opponents, he arranges them in the opprobrious robes which he finds in his own nature.

The Government carried their contract the other day by 127 Yeas, 54 Nays, and because William Elder finds it to his pecuniary interest to be on the side of the 54, because some of the 54 own the paper he edits, he dares to say the hundred and twenty-seven were bribed, coaxed, cajoled, and gulled. Of whom is he speaking or of what age does he write? Does he think men all lost their morals the moment he fell from the high pinnacle of his pulpit, that in an enlightened, christian and moral country like this for some unsubstantial, some visionary consideration, by the mere personal influence, or the witching spells of Sir John Macdonald, between one and two hundred public men can be got to ratify a contract which they believe to be ruinous to their common country to be a financial blunder, and a moral wrong? Or that, granting they were so abandoned as by all this he would make them out to be, that they would then so stupidly vote for a measure which before they are many years older will develop the true inwardness of their character, and which would, if so ruinous as alleged, consign its authors to oblivion for the rest of their days?

We will let that pass for the present and let us suppose Blake's amendment carried. The Government then should have resigned, the anti-ratificationists would come in. The most important cliques and fac-

tions in the Opposition are every day coming out more boldly against carrying out the pledge to British Columbia; and even the "postponement" of the more honorable ones, is gradually developing into a policy of abandonment. If the Grit party had come in then, the Pacific Railway would only be a past dream. They would have abandoned the difficult sections and build vampire roads through the prairies, every road tending towards the Republic; every line in the Northwest terminating directly or indirectly in the North ern Pacific. We would therefore, be at once placed in commercial serfdom to the United States, our grain growers in the Northwest, however numerous or however rich, would be the satraps of the great Republic.

Let us look say thirty or forty years ahead. There is a population of ten millions in the Northwest. It is a rich country, and its great grain merchants supply an eighth of the globe with food. They send every thing they have down by the Sault line, or by some other line running from the grain fields to the Northern Pacific. They have no road of their own across the continent. But the Monroe doctrine has reached a head, there is not alone a natural coldness between the Canadian and the American nations, but a rupture has actually taken place. That rupture may continue two, three or five years, but during all that time the Northwest will find itself in a state of partial blockade; the American roads will be closed against them, and they will have plenty of time and plenty of reason to curse Mr. Blake and his confederates, and their Sault branch and their criminal blundering Railway policy.

SAID HE ON HIS CANVAAS, "I WOULD NOT SOLICIT YOUR VOTES GENTLEMEN, IF I THOUGHT MY BUSINESS, WOULD INTERFERE WITH MY DUTIES IN PARLIAMENT" AND NOW HE IS IN ENGLAND.

THAT TOMBSTONE, ETC., IN OTTAWA.

The tombstone and the accompanying epitaph in another column of our paper, attracts no small attention at Ottawa. "When the paper reached the Commons," says our correspondent "it was handed all around, and created a great deal of merriment. An Hon. Minister took out his knife, cut out the sad picture and affixed it to the proper quarter. Crowds gathered to look at it. Some said 'Poor Snowball.'"

The correspondent of the Halifax Herald telegraphs the following to his paper respecting it:

"In this connection, and being a New Brunswick matter, I may add that the attention of every person passing through the lobby was attracted to Mr. Snowball's wardrobe. To the centre of the door was attached a neatly ornamental funeral tablet, with heavy black borders—a very suggestive monument—having the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JABEZ SNOWBALL, Who is Politically Dead in his County. Yes, poor Snowball is dead—and beyond all hope of resurrection.

LOTTERY SWINDLES.

St. STEPHEN being situated on the border, affords peculiar advantage to American blacklegs desirous of practising various games of fraud. For many years past, St. Stephen has been scarce ever without its "lottery." The modus operandi is something like this. The head black leg goes into a St. Stephen newspaper office, the Courier office for example, and says to the editor, assuming him to be David Mann. "I want you to give me a special edition of your paper, say 5,000 copies. I will furnish you two columns of matter, which you can put in with the matter of your last issue. But you must on no account allow a copy of said issue to fall into any hands but mine." David Mann—for example—says "All right Sir," and gives the word to his accomplices to "keep mum."

Next night this secret manuscript comes down and is of this description.

Rochester, N. Y. —, Mr. Thomas Alwell, Manager Mammoth Lottery, etc. Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of a ten thousand dollar prize drew at your lottery on the 15th ult. You may insert this in the Courier.

DEAN SWIFT. A hundred similar letters are received, some from bogus residents of St. Stephen, and here and there the editorial "we" crops out.

"We have never seen anything so marvellous as this lottery. No one seems to complain of losing, but hundreds are jubilant over their gains."

This paper is circulated through American cities, people read those wonderful stories and swallow them because they are published in a regular St. Stephen newspaper, of fair repute. In this way thousands are taken in, and the blacklegs are able to make a fortune.—and the editors to lie back and say, "for our part we do not find the N. P. so very crushing. Times are good."

THIS HE SHOUTED ON HIS CANVAAS IN ALNWICK. "THE MAN WHO SAYS I WILL DESERT MY CONSTITUENCY TO DO MY OWN BUSINESS, IS A SLANDERER." OF COURSE HE WAS.

THE BOER REVOLT.

A DESPATCH from Newcastle GB, to Durban, dated Friday, announces that Gen. Sir George Colley's artillery opened fire upon the Boers, and his infantry then advanced, whereupon the Boers retreated out of range.

A Durban telegram says the Durban Rifles have hurried forward to the support of General Sir George Colley. The Indian troops are anxiously awaited.

A despatch from Durban says that an officer just in from the front reports that the troops of the left wing rested within six miles of the enemy's position. Gen. Colley then moved to the right with the 58th Regiment; fighting naval brigade and the Royal Artillery, with the cavalry in rear dismounted. The 58th stormed the Boers' position. The Boers then opened fire on the 58th, and the latter repulsed them. The Boers were strongly reinforced, and gave a terrible fire, when the fighting became general, with desperate losses on both sides.

THE COMMONS.

The fierceness of the railway debate has passed away; and business receives only a momentary check now and again, by the vain opposition of the obstructionists.

The rumor is revived that Mr. Goldwin Smith is to be offered a Senatorship by Sir John Macdonald, and some of the papers are speculating as to the likelihood of his accepting it.

If when our M. P. sinks in slumber beyond the Atlantic, the sprites chose to communicate to him what has transpired at home, since he went abroad, then hideous must be poor Snowball's dreams.

EX-GOVERNOR LETELLIER is dead. He belonged to a staunch old French Canadian family, and was 61 years old.

THERE were two dissenting jurors in the Irish state trials, one a Catholic and the other a quaker. Three Protestants were among the majority.

A despatch from Athens says the Greeks are going to the frontier.

THERE is a report of a serious uprising in Turkish Armenia.

OFF FOR FREDERICTON.

The Surveyor General, accompanied by two or three gentlemen from Chatham drove down to Bay du Vin Monday, to inspect the bridge that has recently been built there. As the Legislature opens on the 8th instant and as the Government must have a "Speech" to present to the House though it contains no measures, Hon. Mr. Adams took passage for the Capital by stage to-day. On the way through he will see a number of his constituents, and though

"The way was long, the wind was cold," he did not avail himself of comfortable cars and cozy fires to reach the Capital. Mr Adams is essentially typical of the new school of public men. In olden times when the candidate was once elected, and duly installed into office, the people saw the last of him till the eve of the next general election when he went round and kissed all the babies, and "made it all right" till the next general election.

The new school of public men very properly regard the public man not as a lord, whose only mission is to fare sumptuously every day, and wear purple and fine linen at the public expense, but as a public servant. If there be grievances among the people they account it their duty to visit the people, and by their own eyes and ears ascertain what the hardship is, or conclude how reasonable is the demand for this bridge or that road. Mr. Adams' appreciation of this new school we are very glad to say does not express itself in the mere theory we have

recited, but, as those who have noted his course since he became Surveyor General will see, he has carried out that appreciation into practice.

In olden times Hon. Mr. Bailey was Surveyor General, but the provincial wretch never during that gentleman's regime got near enough his sacred person to kiss the hem of his garment. He drove his four-in-hand, and was accompanied by servants and footmen in livery; some years got £15,000 and some years £20,000 and always cursed the "blawsted Province," for the poverty of its public institutions. We fancy did the people then venture to say he should go out and see the country once in five years or so he would be requesting the commandant to give him troops to put down the rebels.

Of course the successors of Mr Bailey were much of an improvement, but they seldom visited their own constituencies much less the whole Province, for if they went out into the wilderness in summer they would run the risk of getting mud on their boots, or soiling their kids and if they went out in winter there was the awful probability of freezing their noses. They stayed home therefore and managed their departments on hearsay—and considered it public duty carried to the bounds of zeal itself, to take notice of letters pouring in from poor wretches, buried alive in the woods, who had cried for years, but cried in vain for justice at the hands of the Government. Some of them it is true, here and there discovered some choice watering place, and if they took a fancy to the inhabitants thereof, the fortunes of the latter were made. The spacious garden with its heliotrope and "Loves Lies Bleeding," before the door of Liscar Petersen, is proof of what we say, in at least one particular instance.

This system had lived long enough, and, enjoying the justice and advantages of the personal supervision of a practical and fair dealing public officer as Hon Michael Adams is, the people would not readily, we warrant, return from the new regime to the old.

DIFFIN VS. DOW.

It is about time the light was let to shine upon the character of Doctor Dow of Fredericton, Ex M. P. P. Through the kindness of a correspondent we have secured the pith of the interesting case named above, and we shall have much pleasure in publishing the same next issue.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Prince Bismark on Thursday opened the Economic Parliament.

Davitt denies he intends to quit Ireland when the Coercion Bill passes.

The struggle between the Home Rulers and the Government still continues.

The floods throughout Spain are very disastrous, and much damage has been done.

The weather in London is milder, and the rapid thaw of ice in the Thames continues.

Twelve fishing smacks have been wrecked in the Bay of Biscay. Forty-six men drowned.

There are great rejoicings throughout Russia over Gen. Skobeloff's victory at Geok Tepe.

The Turcomans murdered sixty Russian prisoners and also killed about 100 Persians at Geok Tepe.

A despatch from Valparaiso says the blockade by the Chilean fleet of the port of Callao has been raised.

A Candahar despatch says the Provinces round Candahar are in rebellion, and that the Government policy is much opposed.

A Berlin despatch says the Powers have agreed to hold a conference on the Greek question. Greece is restless, and is arming.

Placards had been posted in Londonderry and Ballina district, urging the people not to revolt, as the time has not yet come. The police tore down the placards, and the Londonderry Land League denounced them as a fraud. The placards which are now pronounced to be the work of the Fenians, are posted generally in the province.

There has been a general thaw in England and the river Thames overflowed its banks and many houses have been deluged.

It is reported that a mob endeavoring to molest the colliers who returned to work in Atherton District has been dispersed by cavalry.

A despatch from Berne, Switzerland, states that a violent earthquake shock was felt there on Thursday. The houses were badly shaken.

The troop ship Crocodile has arrived at Natal from India with 1,200 troops, consisting of two battalions, 60th rifles, 15th Hussars and artillery.

Some of the larger edifices sustained injuries by cracks in the walls. The tower of one of the churches shook so violently as to cause apprehension of its fall.

In the Portuguese Chamber of Deputies on Saturday, a motion was introduced proposing that Portugal offer mediation between England and the Boers of the Transvaal. It is thought in Dublin that the last has been heard here of the State trials. For the past six months a wonderful commentary on the alleged effects of the agitation, as regards business, has been the fact that wholesale firms find little difficulty in getting accounts from country shopkeepers in the country and Dublin is feeling the benefit.

Lord Beaconsfield, says the Truth, is in high spirits in regard to the "situation." His conviction is that the majority at the last election was obtained entirely by Mr. Gladstone's eloquence, and by the successes of the first day creating an enthusiasm that carried everything before it. The country, he thinks, is awakening to the dangers of a House of Commons of so radical a complexion as the present one.

The Paris Temps publishes the following as the Chilean conditions of peace: The cession of Antofagasta to Chili, surrender of the allied fleet, and payment of the indemnity of thirty million dollars, whereof Peru shall assume twenty millions and Bolivia ten millions, Chili to occupy Callao and work the guano deposits and copper and salt petre mines until the full payment of the indemnity is made.

Among other duties entailed on a new Irish Viceroy by his first drawing-room is that of kissing the cheek not only of each fair debutante but of every lady present. In ordinary times this duty, though tedious, is not altogether unendurable. But Earl Cowper has been alarmed by a rumour that a heroine of the Land League, shortly to be presented at the castle, has vowed to bite off his nose. It is said that political passions should not rise to such a pitch.

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J. E. COLLINS. PROPRIETOR Chatham, Aug 30, 1880.