

J. E. COLLINS, Editor.

THE SPIRIT OF LATEST DESPACHES.

Mr Blake is haranguing the Upper Provinces against the contract. In many places he can't get a hearing.

Chief Justice May has refused to sit at the Land Leaguers' trials. How conscientious His Lordship became all at once!

Two would-be assassins fired at Rev. Canon Fleming returning to his home in Ballinakill, Galway, a couple of nights ago.

Gladstone and Bright have received letters threatening to shoot them if they do not let loose the dogs of war upon Ireland. It has been said all the threatening and blackmail came from the Land League side.

The County mourns.

Sacred to the memory of Jabez Snowball, who departed this County for England today.

ILL NATURED SATIRE.

At the present time, the most fitting paper we could select from the Spectator, we put today upon our first page. It is worth reading more than once, and it is entitled "Ill-natured Satire." It is unnecessary, and foreign to our purpose as well, to enlarge upon the truths it teaches, or the moral it inculcates; for that would be like unto a house painter presuming to improve upon the masterpieces of a Raphael. But there are few stories, upon whatever subject, or how poorly soever written, that contains not some worthy moral that may be applied to some useful end. The elegant paper referred to gives us their key note to a few words on the degradation of the press.

When the Goddess of Liberty began to speak through the thunder tones of the newspaper, the Empire of Tyranny began to totter—chains that had been worn for centuries fell off, and evil doers hid their heads in fear and shame. The press then was the champion of all that was good, the irreconcilable foe of all that was bad. That was the pure press, the great expression of the peoples liberties, and loftiest sentiments. Since then the wheel has gone round, and a hideous change has come. In many cases the press has become a greater monster than the monster it has deposed. The tyrant might bind in chains, might throw you into his dungeon, but he was powerless in a measure to sully your reputation. The degraded press of today does not heed, or imprison, but it carries beneath its cloak a poisoned dirk, with which it stabs your private character, and sometimes to the death. Honorable men fear it worse than they would the loaded cannon turned against them. For in these days we all can lock our doors against the midnight burglar, or we can put on armor against the assassin, but we cannot shield ourselves from the malicious hand that carries the poisoned dagger beneath its cloak for our character.

What stronger breastplate than a heart unaimed?

said the honest old bard—in the days before the newspaper press was born—but what more worthless thing, when it may be blackened or ruined in an hour at the dictates of malice?

Public men and their public acts and their private acts, so far as they are related to their public acts, are lawful subjects for the newspaper; but that paper which assails a man in his personal capacity, dragging into its columns alleged immorality or shortcomings, is a monster and the greatest curse upon the face of God's earth. For ourselves we have never had either pity or mercy for public men, whose actions we deemed bad; and for such censure we have had once an action for libel entered against us.

This, though the common fate of the best of newspapers from the London Times down, needs a word of explanation. The man who proceeded against us, had appeared before the Legislature in a public capacity, and as such we dealt with him.

But it is not of this kind of transgression we speak. We refer now to a North Star paper, a copy of which somebody has sent us. Two gentlemen, in private capacity, are stabbed by the poisoned sword. Gross personal immorality is charged against them, but the assassin does it in the most deadly of all ways, by hint or insinuation. Horrible charges, even like these, if squarely made, can be often met and parried, and the libeller punished, though many a wounded heart has preferred to bear the rankling wound all the days of his life rather than expose it more in attempting a justification. We have never seen anything so degrading before in a Provincial newspaper, and after we had read the insinuations we were fairly sickened. And lest some

reading our paper might consider some innocent paper the guilty one, let us say the publication to which we now refer is Mr Snowball's.

"Boycott's" letter today will perhaps open some of the people's eyes. It is about time the scales fell off. We are reminded of Aesop's fable, when we read the article referred to. Once upon a time a good natured man found a snake by the roadside, half frozen and three parts dead. He took up the reptile and put it by his fire where it soon revived. One of its first acts on coming too was to sting to death one of its benefactors children. A snake in this county has been brought into political life too by a certain portion of the people, and now through his newspaper, this same snake turns round and stings his benefactors.

Jabez Snowball howled in his late canvass about Mr Mitchell being a non-resident—but Mr Mitchell never ran away from Ottawa to England when the House was in session, and left Northumberland to look after itself.

THE GLIB-TONGUED GEMINI.

We went away to a quiet nook of our sanctum Christmas Eve, and there made a resolution to deal leniently during the coming year with our stupid and wicked neighbors of the press, but now, at this very moment, with the latest perpetration of the Advocate stretched open before us like a parched meadow, we find the said resolution stretched to its utmost tension. The Anslows are not harmful, and have never been known so far as we can learn to have knocked a feather out of anyone, but never-hless they say things sometimes, half silly, half saucy, and one hardly knows how to deal with them. For example, read the following:

"It is now three weeks since we have received a copy of the Chatham Star. Why cannot the paper be mailed regularly to our address?"

And then read this:—

The loss of this vessel [The Nonantum—probably—Ed. Star] and the sufferings and death of her unfortunate crew, have given rise to considerable comment, not a little of which has been most unjust to the Chatham gentlemen who were called upon to make the survey, charging them, in an indirect way, with the terrible loss of life which has naturally elicited a great amount of sympathy. These statements have appeared in various papers, notably in the Star and St. John News.

Now in the former paragraph they say they have not seen the Star for three weeks, but in the second paragraph we quote they give us to understand they have been reading the Star within the last fortnight; else how could they pretend to say that we charged people in Chatham in an indirect way with the loss of the Nonantum and eighteen seamen? The Anslows are two impertinent brats to make any such untruthful statements respecting the Stars publications; we have never insinuated anything of the kind against anyone in Chatham or out of Chatham; should the time ever come that we think any one here guilty of the shipwreck and drowning, we shall say so. The two Anslows have therefore published a wicked libel against the Star, and if their few office traps were worth anything, we should proceed to demand satisfaction. But then in ecclesiastical law certain individuals cannot sin; and in the law of the land he who is non compos mentis, that is he who is silly, is in reality only a fiction. If we brought the Anslows into court therefore we might lose the case, for going by the laws, the court would declare, that William and James Anslow were only fictions.

They do not get the Star they say. We mail it to them however—but it is not a whit more strange that they do not get their paper, than that scores of others do not get theirs. There is not a mail that does not bring us some complaint from subscribers about getting their papers. A gentleman whose father is high up in the Post Office Department in Canada writing to the Editor from New York complaining that he does not get his paper says among other things:—

"I saw other people's papers taken and sent to a friend of one of the officials in the Post Office and I suppose that this is how I have not received my paper since the first week. You will greatly oblige me if you will let me know if you have mailed the paper to me or not. I shall await your reply."

Perhaps Mr. Vandy who is usually so courteous could explain this matter to us—perhaps he could also tell us why certain numbers of our newspaper referring to certain officials here, and put into the office with certain articles marked never reached their destination? On this matter however, with Macbeth let us say, "the greatest is behind."

Mr. Jabez Snowball has gone, body and bones to England, and allows our county to look after itself in Ottawa.

SIR CHARLES TUPPERS SPEECH.

We give our readers to day a supplement to the STAR, containing Sir Charles Tuppers great speech on the Canada Pacific Railway in full. As this discussion is not ended yet we would recommend our readers to put the speech by for reference after having read it. It is a master accomplishment, and leaves not a shred of ground for the Opposition to stand upon. Read it, and then ask yourself is it any wonder that Blakes speech was made up of repudiation of his own party, and sarcasm against ours; that the spiteful Mr. Cartwrights speech was a tissue of personal sneers; that Mr. Mackenzie was so ill that he could not speak!! and that the arguments of those others of the Opposition ring who have spoken against it, are not worth referring to. There is a great plan through the speech as our readers will see—First the speaker gives a history of the road, and that history proves that Grit as well as Conservative is by bond and honor bound to build the road—second the methods of building it are introduced, and herein Sir Charles lashes his opponents most unmercifully. He sets in one side of the scale the policy and the offers of Mackenzie, in the other side he puts the offer and the policy of his own Government, and let the consequences. Is it any wonder that he turned round and said to Mackenzie with a great prophet in the Bible, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting?" Third—read the other division, the scheme upon its own merits, and then say if you would it you could tie the construction of this road, like a huge millstone about the nations neck—with such a chance before you. Fourthly—read the closing.

The atrocious Syntactic bargain will pass,—for Jabez Snowball will not stay in Ottawa and checkmate it.

WHAT AILS PROFESSOR HIND.

In olden times when the knights became hard up for money they resorted to black mail, and by threat of what they would do, often extorted from the weak sufficient for their purposes. Mr. Hind is trying the same trick against the Government, but as some of the slangy St. John newspapers would say, "they dont scare worth a cent." The fact is just this, and we have stated it once before; Mr. Hind wants to get a situation in the Marine and Fisheries department, he wants more pay for his services on the Halifax Commission, and the Government have refused him both. He has tried in every way possible to accomplish both ends—his last effort is his blackmailing. Of course the Government will give him nothing; so now he will have a few thousand dollars worth of revenge he says. He has lately got a position hunting in eels or something of that kind in the trout department of the Fishery Bureau, Maine, and this is why he has so suddenly become "saucy independent." Of course Hon. Mr. Pope pays no attention to him, but is on the contrary delighted to be relieved of his pestilential solicitations. We shall write a good many more articles yet on Professor Hind. He is a rich subject.

Northumberland's interest are dear to Snowball, but his deals are dearer far to him.

THE MONTNEGRIAN HIGH COURT.

PRINCE NIKITA HEARING THE COMPLAINTS OF HIS SUBJECTS IN PATRIARCHAL FASHION.

There are a few customs and spectacles still lingering in this age to remind us that the world was not always prosaic, utilitarian, and unbelieving—a few survivals of the time when the superstition of the loyalty of all cases found uncriticised expression in magnificent ceremonies. They are dying fast. The simplest, but also the most interesting of such quaint shows is a seance of the Supreme Court of Appeal in Montenegro. To the left of the palace gate stands a lime tree of very moderate size, surrounded by a bank of tuft neatly edged with boulders. Hither, towards 8 in the morning, strolls the Prince, followed by his officers and guard. At a certain distance from it they halt and uncover, while His Highness steps briskly forward and seats himself at a square nook left hollow in the wall to accommodate his legs. If personages of distinction are present they receive an invitation to take a place on either hand, and the court is open without more ceremony. Sometimes the whole space in front is crowded with peasantry in silent ranks, come to behold their chief and hear his wisdom; but in this time of war which makes such heavy demands on the labor of the few who stay at home, the audience is small. I have seldom says a writer beheld a finer subject for a painter. At a distance of twenty yards or so, on the right front of his highness, stand the veterans of his

body guard ranged in line, tall fellows mostly, grim of aspect, wearing crosses and decorations; heavily armed. Two long fringes of their plaids sweep the ground, or one end of it is thrown across the shoulders in Spanish fashion. On the other side a like distance, stand a group of peasantry, cap in hand, waiting to explain such complicated grievances as neither the village elders' court, nor the district tribunal can arrange to their satisfaction. To the left rear of the prince aides-de-camp and attendants of the Waywodes present take up station; they wear their caps, being "out of court," by legal fiction, though nearer to the sovereign than the rest. Every one being placed, in two minutes proceedings begin. The first complaint which his highness explained was that of a weakened veteran, very ragged and dirty, but wearing two silver mounted pistols and a yataghan. In sing-song voice, without hesitating for an instant his petition was made. He had answered the lawful summons of his chief, and repaired in arms to the camp at Sutorians, when Gen. Bozo Petrovich had dismissed him as too old and war-worn for service. "I am not old, Gospodor," he lamented, "for I am strong. And if I have bullets in my body is that a reason I should be insulted? I pray you Gospodor, to write to Bozo Petrovich and order him to let me fight." The anxiety of the poor man was painful to watch, as he turned his cap ceaselessly, awaiting reply, which was not given.

Of another suitor his highness told the writer that in some fight he lost his comrades, and was attacked, all alone, by five Turks. Four he killed and wounded the fifth, but he fell himself in the struggle. Snow lay on the ground, and the evening chill restored him to consciousness. When his eyes opened he saw the Turk painfully crawling to gather wood, and he proceeded to assist the infidel. When arrived certain comrades at dawn they found these two sharing their last ration across the fire, and the Montenegrin would not be removed until he had seen his late foe placed in a litter. Together they were carried to the hospital at Citinje. A brawny little man of the body guard was pointed out as the hero who brought in a dozen and a half of heads after one battle. The czar presented him with all the decorations possible—and the Russian ladies subscribed a pretty souvenir in the form of a head-chopping knife, encrusted with precious stones, at the expense of one thousand two hundred pounds. This the writer did not see, for the owner leaves it with his parents, an example to the youth of that vicinity. In regard to this head-cutting, Gen. Boza Petrovich stated that he would not try to stop it, in the hostilities daily expected. He declared it a modern practice, taught within this century by the invading armies of the porte. Nose-slicing is still more recent, for until late years prisoners were never made. In the last period of the war, however, when whole battalions surrendered, the practice was dropped of necessity, and we may even hope that it will never be revived. The prince himself stated that he made 11,600 prisoners, whom he could not keep for want of means. The Turkish government had none to exchange, for several good reasons; it would not ransom them; and he was obliged to send them back unconditionally. One officer was captured three times.

Northumberland is now the orphan of the Province.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, the 29th ult., at the residence of the clergyman, Rev Robert Jardine, Mr. Joseph C. Anderson of Fredericton to Miss Theresa R. Carr, of Burton, Sanbury County, N.B.

At Point Escuminac, Northumberland County, N. B., on the 29th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. S. T. Teed, assisted by the Rev. S. C. Wells, Wesleyan Clergyman, George Tait, Pilot, Chatham, to Maggie, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Phillips, Manager of the steam fog whistle and lighthouse.

Northumberland elected Jabez Snowball for the form of the thing!

GRANITEWARE.

I have received a large stock of granite-ware, consisting of all articles hitherto in the tin line; among which are Pans of all kinds, Preserve Pots and Kettles, Tea and Coffee Pots, &c, &c, glazed in a porcelain, and guaranteed never to rust.

H. P. MARQUIS, Cunard St, Chatham

FOUND!

An L.C.R. check on Thursday last. The owner can have same by proving it to be his, and paying for this advertisement, apply at this office. Anov274

WILLET & QUIGLEY,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEY, NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c., Princess St., Ritchie's Building, (up stairs), St. John, N. B.

John Willet, Rich'd F. Quigley, LL. B., B. C. L., Commissioner for Massachusetts

Now is the time to Subscribe

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

The January Number is crowded with delightful reading matter, replete with interest, entertainment, and instruction. The opening article, by Nugent Robinson, entitled, "Shakespeare's London," is elaborate in its details, and has thirteen fine illustrations. Among the many articles of especial merit we may instance, Peacock Shooting in India: Some Memorials of Columbus [with seventeen illustrations], A Gossip about Corling, Woman's hair as a Glory and as Property, etc., etc. In the department of fiction we find the continuation of "The Amber Witch," a story of intense interest. The story of a Pilgrim Bottle, by Helen W. Pierson, and several other stories by popular writers. There are sketches of great merit by W. J. Florence, etc., and poems by Austin Dobson, Pauline, Kipler, etc., etc. The miscellany is unusually copious, embracing a large variety of subjects and presenting an almost exhaustless fund of amusement and information. The number contains 128 quarto pages of standard literature and over 100 engravings. A single copy is only 25 cents, and \$3 will secure copies for a year, 1.50 for six months, and one dollar for four months, sent post free. Address, FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York

Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish everything. \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young men and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fast is to make more money every day than can be made at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. Hallett & Co, Augusta, Maine. oct30s&wly

Cooley Milk Cans.

I am sole manufacturer for the agent for the Cooley Patent Milk Cans in the four northern counties. No dairy should be without this excellent article, which is now used entirely by the Dublin and numerous other creamery associations. For sale low. H. P. MARQUIS, Cunard St, Chatham, N. B. Chatham, Oct 16, 1880—tf

A Beautiful Picture.

Probably the most remarkable picture of the age is about to leave the Prætorium—now an 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 uninjured 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 canvass measures 40 feet by thirty, on which are painted some one hundred and seventy distinct 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 \$1.00 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 \$1.00

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 Troches.—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 to cold or over exertion of the voice and produce a clear and distinct enunciation. Speakers and Singers find the Troches useful. A cough, 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.

Parish Returns and County Accounts.

All Parish Officers who have not yet made their returns and all persons having claims against the County are hereby required to render the same to my office forthwith. Dated at Newcastle, December 21st, 1880.

SAMUEL THOMSON, SEC. TREASURER. co. northumberland. dec. 22 wk's

JAMES CLOWERY,

Duke St, Chatham, N. B. DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND LIQUORS.

HATS AND CAPS

Boots and Shoes Glass and Crockeryware Ready made Clothing

All of which will be sold low for Cash. Chatham—Dec22-tf

New Drug Store

(Opposite Hon. William Muirhead's Store and next door to Custom House.)

JUST OPENED:

A Nice Assortment of Sundries COMPRISING—Hair, Tooth, Cloth, Hat, Nail and SHAVING BRUSHES,

LADIES AND GENTS' SHOULDER BRACES,

FINE TOILET SOAPS

Trusses, Nursing Bottles and Fittings, Hand Mirrors, Shaving Boxes.

LIME JUICE, (in Pts. & Qts.)

Canary, Hemp, Rape, Maw AND MILLET SEEDS.

ALL KINDS OF

Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Prescriptions Carefully Prepared, and only the Purest Drugs are used

Only Depot for

DURKEE'S LIVER PILLS,

(Only \$1.25)

DENTIST'S ROOMS, Up Stairs. Entrance: Front Door.

MACKENZIE & CO.

Chatham, N. B. Sept 1, 1880.—tf

SPECIAL!

For Xmas and New Year!

We would remind our customers and others that our stock of

Fine Wines

is the largest and finest in the Province, embracing as it does a variety of Wines to suit the taste of every class of consumer. Our Wines, Cognac Brandies, &c., are all direct importations! We do nothing with Montreal peddlers and Jobbers. Our goods are all personally selected, and coming from the shipper direct we are in the position—and the only position in which a merchant can with confidence guarantee age, character and quality—and give his customers pure and reliable wines, genuine Cognac Brandies &c.

Always in stock: a wide variety of best Wine, Brandy, Whiskies, Gin, Rum, Ale and Porter.

All the stocks are personally selected and of the best brands. Orders from outports promptly filled.

T. FURLONG, DISTRICT IMPORTER, St John, NB

F. Clementson & Co

Have a heavy stock of

GLASS, CHINA AND EARTH-ENWARE,

which they manufacture and import. The qualities vary to suit all purchasers. They have now their holiday and winter stock, which they are selling at the lowest figures.

Orders from country or out towns promptly filled.

Articles carefully packed and forwarded to any address.

Parties visiting St John should not forget to call on

F. CLEMENTSON & Co., Dec Street, St John, NB,

John W. Nicholson,

WHOLESALE IMPORTER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Offers for sale the following goods in bond or duty paid:—

Martell Brandy in Hh's and Quarter Casks—Pale and Dark

Martell Brandy in cases—Pale and Dark

Martell Brandy in cases, XXX—Pale and Dark

Martell Brandy in cases, X—in-pints, 2 doz each

Hennessey Brandy in cases, X.

John De Kuper & Son's finest Quality Gin in Hhds and Quarter Casks

John De Kuper & Son's Gin, in cases

Wise's Finest Cork Malt Scotch Whiskey in Quarter Casks.

Old Dublin [B] Whiskey—12 years old

Highland Malt Scotch Whiskey in Qr. Casks

Finest Blended Glenlivet Whiskey in Cases

Port wine, various grades

Port Wine, Hunt's celebrated A.V.A. and A.V.A.

Sherry, various grades

Sherry, Richard D. Vint's celebrated Champagne, in baskets

Goodham & Wort's finest quality Pure Spirits, in bbls

Rye Whiskey, in bbls

Bourbon Whiskey, in bbls

Bass' India Pale Ale, in hhd's and bottles

Guinness' Stout, in hhd's and bottles.

And sundry other goods.

VICTORIA WHARF,

SMYTHE ST. ST JOHN, N. B.

Dec 1st—4m

HOTEL DUFFERIN

CHARLOTTE STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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Formerly Manager of the Victoria Hotel.

November 1st—4f