

TWO PICTURES.

This is what the great Edmund Burke says of the duty of a Representative. We want Mr. Snowball and his friends to read it:— "It is the duty of your Parliamentary representative to sacrifice his repose and his pleasures to yours, and above all, to PREFER IN ALL CASES YOUR INTEREST TO HIS OWN."

DEATH OF BEACONSFIELD.

The greatest statesman of the century, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, has passed away. He died on Sunday morning at half past five, retaining his consciousness to the last.

Benjamin Disraeli was born in 1804—so that he was just 77 years. His father was of Jewish descent, and was of no particular note in the world, except as author of "Curiosities of Literature." At 21 his son Benjamin launched his first book "Vivian Grey," and while many thought the son would follow in the paths of literature, others shrewdly guessed that the young author who called the world "mine oyster," which he "with sword would open," meant to make a stir in the world.

The "Young Duke," "Alroy" and other books followed Vivian Grey. They made no great noise among the reading world, and their author with nothing better to show, would never have been very famous.

Then he set out, full of passion for travel, and to gather literary relics and bouquets by the way. He visited the East, and lingered over the shrines of his forefathers. He came home, full of impulse for public life. He offered in 1831 for Wycombe and was defeated but six years later he was returned for Maidstone.

It was shortly after this that he rose in the Commons to make his maiden speech. He stammered, became confused, and after uttering a few disordered sentences sat down. Hear him make "Endymion" in his last novel, relate the incident,—

"When Endymion opened his mouth he forgot his first sentence, which he had long prepared. In trying to recall it and failing, he was for a moment confused."

And thus he tells how he triumphed.

"The unpremeditated came to his aid, and his voice, at first tremulous was recognized as distinct and rich. There was a murmur of sympathy and not merely from his own side. His arrested circulation flowed and fed his stagnant brain. His statement was lucid, his arguments were difficult to encounter, and his manner was modest."

Well told, and all true!

Not long after this O'Connell was trying to get a measure through the House. Disraeli resisted him, met him mercilessly at every point till he called at length the well known taunt from O'Connell, "I can expect no better from a lineal descendant of the impudent thief."

It was not long after this till Disraeli's genius was widely acknowledged. He worshipped before the glittering traditions of the Empire which from the first he longed to rule, but his way to the topmost round, lay over the ruins of these same traditions.

His father was a Jew and the Semitic blood flowed in his veins. The aristocracy whose houses had never been seen in the bud, but always in the tree, regarded him as an upstart—and the very splendor consistent with their station, which Beaconsfield hated in them, he would devote his life to gain for himself. It was the exclusiveness that he hated, and his heart swelled with indignity which lent wings to his ambition, when he read of the persecution of his people by christian kings—how they were spurned and spit upon, and their very spoliation regarded as a christian and a meritorious act.

When he entered politics he soon found himself leagued with Peel, but when that statesman became heretic and turned back to pick up and remould the fragments of the broken Free Trade idol, Disraeli separated from him. Then these two friends became bitter enemies. It was in the wrangle which followed that Disraeli said "Peel caught the Whigs in bathing and stole their clothes."

Ind '68 Derby resigned, and Disraeli saw the ruling ambition of his life gratified. He became First Minister. In a year after his party went out, but it came in again in 1874. This was the most eventful time in Disraeli's career. The splendid pageant like policy which he gloated over in his books, he now tried to give to the nation. He set to at erecting "scientific frontiers," and acquiring territory; and added increased lustre to the crown of England, by creating Her Majesty Empress of India. He sat at the Berlin Conference, and bore off the laurel wreath. He was received on his return with the pomp of a Caesar coming into Rome. He did not say Veni Vidi Vici, but he said something just as brief and pointed. His reply to the cheering masses was "Peace with Honor." He

got the freedom of the city of London, was made an Earl, and the rare and coveted Garter was bestowed upon him. He was at the zenith of his glory then, and if according to Byron Napoleon should have died after Waterloo, surely Beaconsfield should have died after his triumphant entry into London. He leaves material for match history behind him; he leaves a loathair, and Tancered, and Endymion and a number of other works. But he lived to see his most gorgeous dreams realized; he reached the top most round of fame—then he died, the boast of Heraldry the pomp of power and all that beauty all that wealth ever gave await alike the inevitable hour the paths of glory led but to the grave,

THE SUNBURY ELECTION

We have taken especial pains to find out all the facts relating to this Election and the issues under which it was decided. Our special correspondent who is in no way interested either in Dominion or Provincial politics, writes us that "Mr. White, the new member is a most obliging and honorable and upright accommodating gentleman, who has secured the affections of the County by the kind and considerate way in which he has discharged the duties of Sheriff, which situation he filled a number of years; that he is a resident of the Village of Oromocto and is especially well acquainted with the people on the west side of the St. John which is far more populous than the east side in Sunbury where Mr. Taylor the defeated candidate resides. This was Mr. Whites first and strongest hold on the affections of the county.

Mr Taylor has always been a strong supporter of the Hon. Mr. Perley who felt bound to do all that he could for his friend. As there has been a great feud existing between the Burpees and Perleys, the former family threw themselves into the contest with all their strength, thus greatly aiding their money influence by means of Mr. Whites popularity. The Burpees had not only their own large influence but also that of the New Brunswick Railway Company, some of whose employes took a lively interest in the election. Many voters who were firmly attached to the Hon. Mr. Perley at the same time were great friends of Mr. White and although quite willing to vote for Mr Perley himself refused to be guided by him as to whom they should vote for in this contest. So far as the Provincial Government was concerned, most if not all of the members were Mr. Whites friends having maintained him in office besides being on terms of personal intimacy. These facts therefore, account for the large vote which Mr White received; and it was to his own personal popularity, and the Burpee dislike of Mr Perley that he owed his election and not to any strong feeling against either the Local or Dominion Government by the residents of the county."

This lucid, and comprehensive statement of our well informed correspondent needs no enlargement at our hands.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have three or four letters on hand from parties living near Carleton Station. The barthen of their song seems difficult of comprehension. They have a lot of hemlock lands there that they do not touch themselves, and they don't want anyone else to derive anything from them. They remind us of the dog in the manger. Now the Government have not "made away with 3,000 acres of land," nor with as much as one acre of land; nor will any land be disposed of unless (a) under the terms of the Free Grants Act, (b) or of the Labor Act, (c) or by sale at public auction. So far those "3,000 acres of hemlock lands" have not even been advertised, but after they have been advertised they will be open for purchase by "A Resident" by "Fair Play," by "Carleton" and our other correspondents, as well as by "Messrs. Miller of Millerton." Correspondents ought not to rush to the newspapers before they know what they are talking about.

"A Conservative" and a "By-Stander" contribute letters today on what is now a fast declining subject Mr. Snow-ball. We like our correspondent have no small admiration for Mr. Snowball as a man of business, for his push, his pluck, and his very good abilities, but just there our admiration ends. Everything in its proper place, is the law which rules the universe, and wherefore not the world of politics? Mr. Snowball at his business is at home, in politics he is at sea, is a complete and was terly failure. The people all now see this as well as those who in the "lang syne" told them so.

NOT "HE."

The correspondent of the Witness is not a gentleman, but a lady. But that in no wise takes away from the merits of the letters which are always vigorous and life like, which every day become more interesting—and which we intend publishing as we can at all find space for them. Today's letter is very interesting.

THE SYNDICATE'S CIRCULAR.

In another column we publish a circular just issued by the Canadian Pacific Syndicate. No one ought to fail reading it. Last winter some of the Reformers in the House, and the Grit papers in many parts of Canada said the land granted to the Syndicate was worth \$3 an acre; others said it was worth \$4; and others again that it was worth \$5. At the latter figure they made out the grant to the Syndicate.

In land \$125,000,000. In cash \$25,000,000; and gloating over these figures they called it a monstrous bargain; said the Government were creating territorial lords who would lock up the country if they did not get \$5 an acre for their land. Mr. Blake the most moderate among the Reformers said the land was worth \$4.04 an acre. Hansard reports him thus:—

"And now at what shall I value the 25,000,000 acres to be taken within twenty-four miles of the main and twenty-four miles of the branch lines? Shall I value it at \$4.04 or \$3.18 per acre? If you take \$4.04 we add to the \$61,800,000 cash \$101,000,000 for lands, making an aggregate of \$162,800,000, land and money, for the enterprise.

Oh! groaned all the good Reformers in holy horror, and Alas said their newspapers, What is to become of us?

Now what are the FACTS? They are these. In the Syndicate's own circular they offer their lands for \$2.50 per acre; but they will deduct by way of rebate from the price \$1.25 per acre for every acre of land brought under cultivation within five years after the purchase. The settler therefore virtually gets his land at \$1.25 an acre, instead of \$4.04 as Mr. Blake estimated. Will the Grit press now have the honesty and the honor to withdraw their slanders about the "sales of lands?"

ECONOMY UNDER A NEW FACE.

The Chignecto Post under the above heading in its issue of the 14th inst., makes a violent attack upon the Government for abolishing the office of Provincial Assayer, a situation which had been held by one of the Professors at Sackville, and which doubtless was created only for the purpose of throwing a sop of \$500 per year to that institution. If we remember aright the first year that the appointment was made \$1,000 was granted; \$500 of this being for chemicals and apparatus which of course that institution now holds; so that so far from being ill treated, Sackville has been too well treated. According to the Post between 300 and 400 analyses of earths ores or minerals have been made by the Provincial Assayer during the past year! Surely the Post does not believe this; the chemical analysis of a mineral requires a great deal of time, often days are spent in the operation. We will wager any reasonable sum that if the Post will ask Dr. Bailey his opinion of the truth of this statement that the Dr. will enlighten him on its absurdity.

We presume that the Post calls the ordinary determination of an ore by means of acids or blow-pipe, an analysis; this is but the work of a few minutes, and there is a number of persons outside of Sackville who can do this readily.

But the complete analysis of a mineral should be the work of a person who makes this his special business,—to be of any value it should be done by one who has earned a reputation in that particular business. Indeed, so far from deserving blame for doing away with this useless office, the Government are entitled to much credit.

A professor in a Denominational University never should have been appointed to do this work when the services of Dr. Bailey of the University of New Brunswick were to be had—a gentleman in every way competent to perform the same. The general public we are satisfied will be well pleased that this grant to a denominational institution is done away with under the circumstances and that the Government have concluded to pursue an impartial course in the distribution of the public money.

And now the Pall Mall Gazette reviewing affairs in Ireland says,— "Coercion has hardly done what was promised."

The doctors say Beaconsfield must have died sooner but for his great strength of will. He was conscious to the last.

The British and Dominion Governments understand each other on the Irish emigration question.

Strange to say Beaconsfield's last attack came on Sunday night, just as the east wind began to blow.

At the Ozars Council the first step towards representative Government has been taken.

The Black Death is in Bagdad.

The ice in the river is breaking away fast now. Clear water is a glad sight to our people.

The Assover leaves Newcastle for In-diantown at 8 a. m. to-morrow.

A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND.

FURTHER INSTANCES OF LORD LEITRIM'S TYRANNY.

The extra tax for bog, and raising the rents.

The "breath" on the Mountains.

(From Cor. Montreal "Witness.")

We have enjoyed winter weather in the mountains since I came up to these high latitudes. Short fierce flurries of hail or snow with treacherous lulls between have succeeded one another. Looking from the window of this hillside cottage I feel quite high up in the world. I can trace the road by which I came up here, running like a ribbon would in and out among the hills below me. Outside at the back of the house, hills rise over hills, until they are topped by wild mountains of rocks rough with heather, that looks black in the winter time. It has been the custom from time immemorial to send sheep and goats up upon the mountains to pick among the heather. If a poor man could keep three or four sheep, that meant clothing for the household and blankets for the bed. Lord Leitrim, in one of his sudden prowls over the country to see what he could find on which to exercise his power, followed by his posse of under bailiffs (all old pensioners I am told) and his body guard of police, discovering something moving among the heather of the mountains, found out that it was sheep and goats. He had his bailiffs gather them off the mountains, drive them to his own private pound to be held in durance vile until the owners claimed them. Whoever owned these animals on the mountains, without leave asked, should be evicted. They could either leave their animals unclaimed, or lose their homes. It is easy to see which they would prefer. This was one specimen of Lord Leitrim's rule.

In one of the pauses of the storm, I went with a guide a little way up the mountain to see a poor man whose case was represented to me as exceedingly pitiful. As we climbed up the mountain we passed

ANOTHER MONUMENT

of the late Earl's unreasonable tyranny—a plain stone house, slated roof, without windows, and used as a barn. The owner, who lives in a hotel on the mountain side, by permission from the office in the good Earl's time built this house. He had never dwelt in it when the wicked Earl succeeded to the estate. When he saw it he considered it too pretentious for his tenant's station, made him, on pain of eviction, tear down the chimneys and use it for a barn, and continue to live in the hillside hovel, which was quite good enough for him. This wretched house is exposed to storms that often strip off the thatch. Now, this exercise of despotic power had to be submitted to, for the law never protected the tenant against office tyranny. It seems almost incredible that people were bound to obey laws that afforded them no protection. At another time, coming along unexpectedly, he discovered that a woman had taken the unparalleled liberty of putting her clothes and linen yarn out to bleach on a bit of green belonging to a vacant farm of his. He immediately ordered his bailiffs to gather up the yarn and clothes and tramp them in the ditch. Housewives can understand how the yarn appeared after this performance. It seems wonderful to me that men and women, possessed of the fiery Celtic nature, are so law abiding as they are, where law is to them a terror, but no protection. Between them and any kindness which the Government meditated toward these poor people stood the irrepressible landlord, to pocket any profit or to turn matters into a new engine for oppression to the people.

As an instance of this, the money loaned by Government at 1 1/2 per cent for the benefit of the poor famine stricken people, was reloaned by the landlords at 5 per cent, not charged on the loan, but added to the rent, a thing to be paid in perpetuity. Some was used to drain and ditch the landlord's farms held in his own hands. The wretched people, glad to get work at any price, flocked to these improvements and worked for one shilling per day without food; sometimes for five shillings per week, and walked to their work six miles on their scanty breakfast of Indian meal strabout, without milk or anything else.

I will never get up the mountain if I stop to tell all I saw and heard on the way. The man whom we went to see up the mountain is

UNDER SENTENCE OF EVICTION

from Captain Dobbin, the present Earl's agent, and also sued for the seed potatoes which he got at a fancy price a year ago. This man was schoolmaster here. He must have been something of a character in his day, for, in spite of poverty, dirt and disease, he looked like a reduced gentleman, and spoke with an educated voice quite different from the people around him. He wore some kind of an old wrap as if it were a military cloak, and was silent about his affairs, with a certain dignity that was impressive. The master, as they call him, was stricken with a partial paralysis of the lower limbs. He could teach, but he could not walk without the assistance of two persons, one on each side. He built, out of his savings, a little house, or room rather, to the end of the school house in which to live. He could depend on the kindness of the people around whom he dwelt to be taken to school in the morning, and taken back to his room at night. He clung to his situation for it was his living, and he was a married man. Lord Leitrim no sooner saw this little room than he evicted the poor

man, who was carried out to the road side; the room that he had built with his savings and the help of his neighbors was torn down entirely.

While we talked to the master the storm recommenced, and we were prisoners for a time before we got a lull in the winds so that we could descend the mountain. I have seen

SOME DREADFUL LOOKING HOMES

here, the roof part only, bare, broken rafters open to the sky all that covered one half. There is no obligation to keep the house in repair on the part of the landlord. No hovel is so wretched but the half yearly demand for rent calls at it. It was a great blow to these poor people to have the mountain common taken from them. Now they must pay one shilling and sixpence for every sheep with a lamb at her foot. In addition to their rent they have to pay in to the office five shillings for the privilege of cutting turf for fuel, even when the bog is on the place for which they already pay a heavy rent. If the bog is on their neighbor's allotment they cannot pay him; it must be paid into the office. Before the late Lord Leitrim's time the people had cleared, and improved here and there; where the mountain land was easiest to clear of stones and thorns, or easiest to drain if bog. They paid rent for the land they reclaimed and tilled; the wild land was common. My host, who tills six Irish acres on the hillside, informs me that when the lands were squared his father paid £11 3s 4d for his little holding. When it was cultivated a little longer the rent was raised to £5. When his father died a pound more was added to the rent; this with turf money five shillings, and county cess eighteen shillings, makes the total rent of this little holding, whose house was built and all improvements made by the tenant, £7 3s a year. My statements are necessarily one-sided here, for I am at present among the tenants only, but the eye sees, and the ears hear enough to confirm the most of what they tell. Tyranny and oppression of an intensity I could hardly believe possible has had its own way among these mountains for many a year. There is a kind of ominous hush among the people waiting to see what the land bill will do for them. People who have been proved by their evil deeds unfit for absolute power, who have grossly abused that power, should be abolished as landlords, is the thought that floats on the breath of the mountain.

Tandon, March 20.

NOTICE

The business carried on under the name and style of A. H. Gillis & Co., in the store owned by George M. Johnstone, opposite the Commercial Building, has this day been closed, and all accounts due will be collected by Mr. W. S. Loggie.

A. H. GILLIS
W. S. LOGGIE.
Chatham, 2nd April, 1881.

I take this opportunity of thanking my friends for the liberal patronage extended me in the past, and beg to announce that I am engaged with Mr. W. S. Loggie as cutter in his Custom Tailoring Department in the upper end of the Commercial Building, where I will be glad to see my friends, and solicit a continuance of their patronage.

A. H. GILLIS.
Chatham, 2nd April, 1881.—1m.

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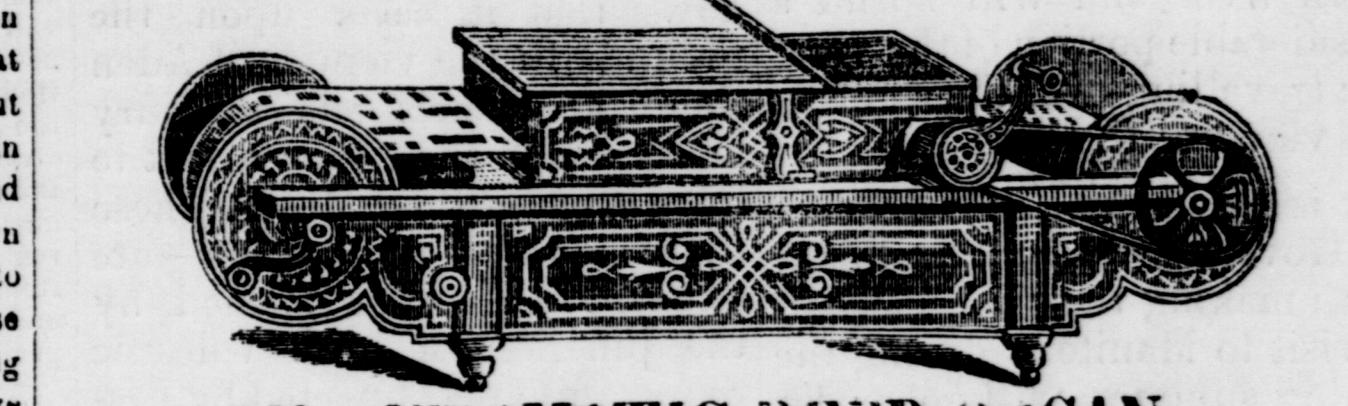
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