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AND TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

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HERMAN H. PITTS,  
Publisher and Proprietor

**New Brunswick Reporter.**

SATURDAY, APRIL 23 1888.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau has announced in Parliament that there will be no revision of the electoral lists this year.

The death of Hon. Mr. White led to the postponement of the Budget Speech in the Dominion House of Commons. Sir Charles Tupper was to deliver it last evening.

The German Emperor continues to fight against death, but his exact condition it is very difficult to ascertain. His position is evidently a very critical one and a very little derangement of his system would likely end his life. His lease at best, most likely, extends over but a few weeks, and perhaps, only days.

Death has made heavy inroads on the leading men of the United States the past few years. Ex-Presidents and Ex-Vice Presidents, unsuccessful aspirants for those positions, statesmen, generals, orators, judges, professional and other prominent men have been called away at comparatively early ages and have for the time being created great blanks among their respective circles of friends. Indeed as an instance we notice by an exchange that Hon. Thos. F. Bayard is the only living man who was balloted for in the St. Louis Convention of 1876. Tilden, Hendricks, Allen and Parker are dead, and John Kelly and John Morrissey have followed their chiefs.

Mr. Gladstone thinks that the seventy Dissenters have done more for the cause of coercion and misgovernment in Ireland than seventy Tories could or would have done; and says:

The upshot is that the Government denies to Ireland even the gift of local government in the narrowest sense, until Irishmen abandon their national aspirations, which even Lord Carnarvon, a Tory, declared himself persuaded to satisfy to a reasonable extent. But in one important particular I desire to imitate Lord Hartington, namely, in abstaining from any act needlessly tending to infuse personal bitterness in an already painful struggle. I should feel myself open to reproach if I entered personally into a conflict with one whom I have known and respected so long.

The public have been reading much lately about the difficulty that arose between the German Emperor and Bismarck regarding the marriage of the Princess Victoria to Prince Alexander of Battenberg. There is a later version of the affair which puts a new face on the whole story. It is the one given by the London Post's Berlin correspondent, which is as follows:

The truth is now becoming known regarding the rumor of the betrothal of the Princess Victoria to Prince Alexander of Battenberg. The story was invented by the court party, in conjunction with some members of the Imperial household, in order to prevent Prince Alexander from coming to Berlin to re-enter the army, and also to excite popular feeling against the Empress. There was no question of a betrothal. Prince Alexander simply wanted to visit Berlin, and it was the intention of the Emperor to confer some military honor upon him, to which Prince Bismarck objected.

**The Hawke Case.**

The Hawke Case is now causing considerable stir. An effort is being made to make it appear that Mr. Hawke is posing as the champion of the press, and of patriotism &c. We are inclined to believe that Mr. Hawke is right in many of his contentions, but it is just probable that he may have gone a little too far in some of his assertions. It must be understood that Mr. Hawke does not confine himself to the statement that Judge Fraser was intoxicated but goes much farther, and imputes motives that to a private individual would be the grossest kind of libel. Whatever the counsel for the defense have been able to do or show—able though they be, they have yet to show that there was not a case of contempt of court, and it is on this, not on any side issue with reference to Judge Fraser that Mr. Hawke

has been enjoying the seclusion of Deputy Sheriff Hawthorne's palatial residence.

Again, this posing as a martyr is played out as a financial investment, and fooling with the court is like fooling with the business end of a hornet. Sympathy eases the rough edges of life, but it does not help lift a note, or take up an acceptance. It does not increase the circulation of a newspaper, ease up the corners on the soft side of the boards in the jailor's cots, or help feed the hungry children.

The present difficulties and trials that our brother editor is going through will be productive of much good both so far as the press and the court are concerned. The press will be careful to confine itself to statements of facts, that can be proved; the Judges of the court should learn that liquor deals just the same with the members of the bench, as it does members of the bar, or any who frequent the bar.

In so far as Mr. Hawke has confined himself to facts that can be proved we are with him in his struggle, but where, if there is such an effort, the desire is to make political capital, we drop out of the game. We trust that some settlement will suggest itself to the court as well as Mr. Hawke, by which both parties may feel that they have had justice done them in the matter.

Judgment will be delivered this morning at 10 o'clock.

**Death of Hon. Thomas White.**

The sudden death of Hon. Thos. White, Min. of the Interior, occurred at Ottawa, Saturday evening last. This caused profound regret throughout the Dominion. As a journalist Mr. White was most widely known and in this sphere he had conducted several leading newspapers. He had been unsuccessful in several efforts to obtain a seat in the Dominion Parliament by narrow majorities but succeeded in carrying Cardwell in 1878. He entered the Dominion Cabinet about three years ago and proved an indefatigable worker in his department and a valuable assistance to Sir John who feels his death keenly. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas White who came to Canada from Ireland in 1826. Mr. White was born in Montreal, August 7th, 1830 and was consequently less than 57 years of age at the time of his death.

The following remarks of the Empire on his decease are very appropriate:—

But yesterday doing manly battle for his party, his Government and his country on the floor of Parliament; to day he is numbered among the men who were! The shock which the public mind has sustained by the sudden taking off of the Hon. Thomas White will be felt from end to end of Canada. If there was in Parliament one who seemed to answer in all respects the description of a sound mind in a sound body, the late Minister of the Interior was that man; and the great loss the country, his party and his friends have sustained in his death is aggravated by the pain and surprise that follow the happening of the unexpected. It would be impossible to estimate the extent of genuine sorrow which the announcement has carried to thousands of hearts, for Mr. White was known personally throughout all our Canadian provinces; and nowhere will the grief be more manifest or more profound, than among the journalists of Canada who had received numberless evidences of Mr. White's large heartedness, and had taken the utmost pride in his steady advancement to the highest posts in the gift of the people.

**Christian Scientist in Trouble.**

The United States papers are arousing public sentiment against the Christian Scientists in the prosecution of their so-called "faith-cures." One of the latest cases that calls forth the strictures of the press is from West Medford, Mass., where Mrs. Lottie A. James, who was under the professional care of her mother, Mrs. Connors who practices this method of curing diseases, died in giving birth to a female child, the child also dying. The despatch says "The husband of the dead woman is away from home on business, and it appears that no midwife or physician other than Mrs. Connors and another Christian Scientist were called to the case till both the mother and child were dead. Dr. J. L. Coffin was then summoned, and insisted upon having the medical examiner for the district notified. Medical Examiner Durell decided that an autopsy was necessary, and he with other physicians performed an autopsy to-day. The town physician, who assisted in the autopsy, states that it showed the mother and child were perfectly healthy before their disease, and that with the care that should have been given by a common nurse both mother and child would have been alive at this moment, hemorrhage having been the cause of the mother's death. Nothing whatever appears to have been done for the child.

Medical Examiner Durell, before viewing the body, questioned Mrs. Connors, and she is quoted as saying that she is glad that drugs had not killed her daughter,

and that she had lessened her daughter's pains by the Christian Scientist treatment."

This is but one of many cases cited of late in the United States and it is probable that hundreds are taking place in our own provinces that never come to the light of day, where people are sent into eternity by reason of ignorance. The people of the States are clamoring loudly for legislative enactment on the subject, to provide against persons taking the lives of their fellow men in their hands, who have not passed through a regular course of study. The credulity of the average individual is wonderful, and in so many cases they will deliberately go to some quack or person who is often ignorant of the rudiments of English Grammar let alone that of medicine. It is certainly time that a law was enacted in this country bearing on this subject. The state cannot legislate brains or sense into the heads of its people, but it can at least make it hard for those who would, to take advantage of the lack of brains.

**A Trip to Southern California.**

BY JABEZ.

(Continued.)

At midnight dark and stormy we swept through Birmingham, Alabama, between rows of iron furnaces, where the long spouts of flame rising and falling illuminated the surrounding buildings, and brought into strong relief the dark figures of the workmen. Dimly visible through the mist and smoke, and appearing and disappearing in the weird light, they left a nervous impression on the beholder, calling up visions of Dante's *L'Inferno* with the fiends at work torturing the lost.

From this point onward we saw little novel or interesting till we reached the neighborhood of New Orleans. For miles the road ran through a long valley where cotton seemed to be the principal crop. And here we first observed what to us Northerners seemed strange, namely, the negro huts with the chimney's built outside. These chimneys invariably were started from the ground in the shape of a rude arch to form the fireplace. The chimney proper, however, might or might not reach the level of the roof. If the supply of sticks and mud gave out, or if the builders got too tired, three feet would be its most probable height. And at the door of these cottages, watching the train go by, would be the owner and the architect, his wife and family, ragged all, but seeming to enjoy life as well as their wealthier neighbors. Nobody, at least no colored body, appeared to be working. The cotton fields were deserted, and it was not yet time to plant the 'cotton.' So they draw on their next year's wages in advance, get their living out of the 'store,' paying an exorbitant price for their supplies. We looked in vain (at least those of us did whose knowledge of the south was derived from Uncle Tom's Cabin) for the residence of the wealthy planter, the owner of these negro quarters. They no longer exist, at least not along this line of railroad. In Louisiana, indeed, we saw two or three, which might have been the identical ones described by Mrs. Stowe.

But after five or six hours of cotton fields and negro huts, swarming like ant-hills, we plunged again into the pine forest. Here were no mountains. The soil was a dead flat, red and sandy. We were approaching the Mississippi. The pines were not very large, but very tall and straight. Many were half girdled and hacked into with a v shaped notch. This was to catch the pitchy matter which oozed out and was afterwards collected and properly refined. Much of the pitch of commerce is also prepared by burning the resinous knots, etc, in huge iron pots set in a bank. From these a spout conducts the pitch, as the heat drives it from the wood into receptacles placed to receive it. Large quantities of lumber are also manufactured here, and sent away north.

Suddenly, and without any premonitory thinning out of the forest we burst out of it, and came upon a wide reedy marsh, the shore of Lake Pontchartrain. Twenty-nine miles wide at this point, the railroad crosses it on a trestle work bridge, the longest in the world. It is only about ten to fifteen feet deep, however, and its muddy waters do not swarm with alligators. We ran across it in a little over an hour. It was rather a novel sight to most of us to watch the shore gradually receding in the distance, growing dimmer and dimmer till only a faint blue haze on the horizon indicated the pine forest we had left a few minutes before. We were out of sight of land, and on a railroad train. Surely this does not happen every day! On all sides stretched the 'waste of waters' with only the smoke of a distant steamer and the white sails of a barge or two, to break the monotony of the view. Yet the change was as agreeable as novel. At regular intervals we swept past houses built on piles, each with its little yard, as it were, fenced in, and containing instead of horses and carriages, fish and boats. Here

the section men live, and a lonesome life it must be. The draws in the bridge are placed at these section houses, and part of the men's duty is to open them for passing vessels.

As we neared the western shore, we skirted reedy marshes, giant rushes, and canes 8 or ten feet high, matted, tangled, dead, and needing but the touch of a match or a spark from a locomotive to begin a mighty conflagration. No doubt the danger existed, for along the track at regular intervals were placed casks of water.

On crossing the lake to the southwestern shore, we found ourselves in a new and strange land. The vegetation became suddenly semi-tropical, and characteristic of the Mississippi delta. Tall trees literally 'bearded with moss,' stood two or three feet deep in water, or loaded down with creepers, and interlaced and fettered with vines, waved their leafless branches over the sluggish waters of the bayous. The bayous are the water-paths or natural canals which intersect the country in all directions. They swarm with catfish, and as we neared New Orleans, we saw hundreds of darkies lazily catching their dinner. The moss above mentioned as fringing the trees is known by the suggestive name of 'coffin-moss,' probably from the great demand in coffins in those parts where it most abounds. It is useful, however, and its gathering and preparation for market give employment to many. It is fibrous, and resembles dark hair, and is used for stuffing mattresses, etc., and for making cordage. It always grows in swampy lands, and its name may be considered as synonymous with 'Yellow Jack.' The Mistletoe also flourished on the trees, the bright green of its leaves in striking contrast to the sombre hue of the coffin moss.

At last winding through swampy cabbage fields and gardens whence vegetables were even now being sent north, we entered New Orleans the Crescent city. Our first impressions were not very favorable. We saw only the poorer part of the city. Pushing our way between rows of little cottages alternating with long sheds piled high with cotton bales which the workmen were moving about in a leisurely way, as if it were of no particular consequence whether they worked or not; passing these we came out upon the banks of the mighty Mississippi. Here we ought to have been transferred to the great ferry boat which carries whole trains across at one trip, greatly facilitating the enormous traffic between east and west. Some delay occurred, however, and it was not until three o'clock that we entered the ferry boat bound for the Louisiana shore. These three hours of enforced idleness might have been pleasantly and profitably spent in seeing the city, but few as it chanced, took advantage of them, for none knew when the train would start. The more daring indeed, made short rushes out into the town, hurrying back after a twenty minutes walk to find the train still there, and everybody fretting and worrying as usual.

(Continued next issue.)

A director of the Bank of Montreal is authority for the statement that the earnings for the last year were amply sufficient to have declared 5 per cent. dividend, with 1 per cent. bonus.

**Card.**

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April 30, '88

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