NEWS ITEMS.

"At what age were you married?" asked she, inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "At the parsonage."

One of the Irish members was heard, after hearing the details of Lord Cairns' University Bill, to ejaculate, "It is like offering a chop to a hungry lion."

The *Daily News* correspondent at Alexandria telegraphs that the new Viceroy is popular with all classes. With European support, the future of Egypt seems ensured.

It is pleasant to think (says the Chicago *Journal*) that much of the tobacco which is chewed or smoked this year was last year stored in the yellow fever districts of the South.

Miss A. E. Fazakerley, a London lady, owns a steam yacht, the *Violet*, in which, with three female companions, she is making an extended tour through the north of Europe.

The Kilkenny *Moderator* understands that Dr. Moran, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory will shortly leave that Diocese and proceed to Canada as Apostolic Delegate in the room of the late Bishop Conroy.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* hears alarming reports of the condition of horses under canvas at Aldershot, their hocks having, in some cases, almost rotted from constantly standing in water.

A woman at Burlington, Vermont, was fatally poisoned while washing a pair of trousers which a man had worn while applying Paris green to his potato vines, the poison taking effect through a cut in her hand.

Of the 80,250,000 English-speaking people in the world, 17,750,000 are Episcopalians, 14,000,000 Methodists, 13,500,000 Catholics, 10,000,000 Presbyterians, 8,000,000 Baptists and 7,000,000 Congregationalists.

Several leading London journals fail to find any extenuating circumstances to relieve Capt. Carey from a charge of cowardice, though the antecedents of the young fellow are a record of bravery and soldierly efficiency.

When the Zulus stripped the Prince Imperial's body, they would not touch the little medal of the Madonna which he wore round his neck, because it is an article of faith in South Africa that charms taken from a dead man carry with them the luck of their former owner.

A remarkable railway brigde is in course of erection in Scotland. The entire pier, that on Loch Garvie, a small island in the centre of the Forth, is 530 feet high, about 100 feet higher than the loftiest chimney, and nearly equal to the combined heights of the London Monument and St Paul's Cathedral.

A despatch from Dublin dated July 2nd, states that a terrific thunder storm eccurred yesterday in the vicinity of Portadown, Ulster County, demolishing crops and causing general damage. Thousands of acres of corn potatoes and hay were destroyed. The rainfall was such as to form a lake extending 15 miles from Portadown Bridge.

A quaint writer says:—"I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride a horse for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk for fear they might fall; but I have never seen one afraid to be married, which is far more riskful than all the others put together.

Among other articles found upon the Prince Imperial's neck was a so-called piece of the Cross of Christ, which had been in the possession of Charlemagne. Since Charlemagne's time it has been the property of several royal personages in France, and finally passed into the hands of the Bonaparte family, where it is likely to remain as long as the family lasts.

The Redpaths of Montreal are going to make hay while sun shines, or, to speak in a saccharine sense, money while the preserving pot boils. They have just advanced the price of granulated sugar one-eighth of a cent per pound, and yellow sugars the same. The prices were already more than a cent a pound higher than the price at which American sugar could be brought in at old tariff rates.

It is pretty hard to throw off old habits all at once. A Nebraska dealer in agricultural implements "got religion," felt it his duty to point out the way to others, and said to a farmer:—"Brother Jones, I will guaranty that if you join our church you will not only fine it the best in the market, but it will take you straight through without any further inventory. Give it a trial, and if not satisfactory I will take back your religion and refund your money."

The Russian Government has issued an order prohibiting the game of cards known as baccarat, on the ground that it is merely a game of chance. The game had become fashionable in all the clubs of the Russian cities, and people of both sexes, the old and the young, the nobles and the merchants, were anxious to try their luck. From one to one thousand roubles were put up at a stake. The knights of the green table are now crying, "Must we, then, also form secret societies?"

The Preston (Eng.) *Guardian* of the 5th instant, speaking of the Canadian horse trade says:—"This trade is now becoming one of the most important between this country and Canada, especially those horses selected from the breeding District of Ottawa, as they make the finest carriage and harness horses in the country. The importers are pushing them into various inland districts, and we notice that 50 imported by Mr. Fred. Sparks of Ottawa, are for sale next Friday at the Manchester City Mews."

Mr. Crawshay, the iron master, left property in England worth $6,000,000. Ten years ago it would probably have been far larger. The comparatively small amount ($13,500,000) under which Baron Rothschild's personalty was sworn—less than half that of the late Mr. Brassey—is doubtless due to a large proportion of his wealth being in other countries. Only two British personal estates have ever reached $20,000,000, and there is but one instance of a direct legacy of $5,000,000.

American Manufacturers are building up a great trade with Australia in machine-made doors, sashes, window blinds, and similar articles of joinery. As many as 32,000 doors were sent to Australia last month. To England, also, 45,000 doors were sent in 1878. Why cannot we have all this trade? Surely we can compete with American woodwork in a neutral market. The trade policy which would give us this business would be worth all the benefits that could be extracted from a street full of N. P's.

The New York *Sun* says the hopes of the Fenian Brotherhood in New York have risen again, in consequence of the agricultural distress in England and Ireland, partly through American rivalry in grain and cattle. They regard the reform of the land laws and comparative impoverishment of the aristocracy as the speedy results, and believe the abolition of the expense of monarchy and the establishment of a republic will ensue. Fenian clubs in the Eastern States are reported as having large memberships, and as being active and united.

A rich widow, lacking only two years of half a century, and dressing her hair six times a day, in Elizabethtown, Ky., fell in love with a youth of nineteen who had been working on her farm. Her two step-sons ordered him to leave the town, and threatened to use a shot-gun if he should ever attempt to return. The widow took the lad to town, purchased for him a new suit of clothes, and charged him to get a license. The young man did as he was told, and when they were married she carried him home and asked her step-sons what they meant to do about it.

The latest incorporated company attracting attention in London is the "Anglo-American Food Supply Stores and Trading Company," with a capital of £150,000 stg. The prospectus informs Englishmen generally that it is the intention of the Company to open an establishment in London where the public will be enabled to purchase all articles of food under one roof, and from first hands, at a much less cost than they are now sold for. The Company is now making special arrangements by which the products of the great food centres of America will be brought almost to the doors of the consumers without the employment of agents, and the usual attendant expenses.

The British Tar's Natural Foe.

Whatever may be the attitude which the Government of England now assumes towards Russia, it is certain that our sailors still regard the Muscovite as a natural foe. His flag may salute ours, and our officers may visit his, but when the British mariner comes across his Tartar rival a casus belli is not unlikely to ensue. A fair illustration of this is given in the story which is sent from Piræus. At that entry to the ancient capital of Greece wine-shops abound wherein is vended a heady concoction in which sailors delight. Three men from the English squadron were enjoying this liquor when twenty Russians entering, took their bottles away, and emptied the contents on the table. To fight against such odds would have been folly, but a boatswain's mate who chanced to be one of the trio was equal to the emergency. Stepping to the door, he piped, "Liberty men to muster," whereupon shipmates swarmed about him, and he had soon more than enough wherewith to engage the foe. Scorning to take advantage of numbers, he selected a few from among his brother tars, and with these he began an attack upon the enemy. A sharp fight ensued, the tables and chairs being requisitioned as "big guns" and it is satisfactory to know that victory speedily inclined to the side of the Union Jack. One petty officer belonging to a British ironclad "performed," we are told, "prodigies of valor," flooring antagonist after antagonist with an unimpaired cheerfulness and a disdain for help which is highly instructive. His prowess was, moreover, bedecked with warlike oratory in the old classic style, for in a terse sentence delivered between blows, he informed the Russians that he and his mates had been "waiting for them" for two years. So the fight continued until the discomfited Russians retreated, and our English tars were no doubt preparing to celebrate their victory when a number of French sailors, coming up in the very nick of time, claimed the right to act the part of cavalry, and turned the Muscovite retreat into a sorry rout. The Russian captain, immediately he saw his defeated crew, ordered that in future his men should not go ashore when the English blue-jackets were landed, and this proposal was agree upon by the commander of our men, who no doubt felt that enough had been done for the honour of the flag to which his gallant fellows belong.

The Agriculturist.

FREDERICTON, N. B., JULY 26, 1879.

Along the Line of the New Brunswick Railway.

Concluded.

At Grand Falls, the excursion party only obtained a view of the place from the outside platform of the railway station, it having been arranged that they should proceed to Edmundston, stay there over night and stop to view the Falls on the return trip. The arrival of the train aroused the town (or is it only a village now?) from its normal state of rest. The open bus from the new hotel came dashing down the main road, the station filled with the curious throng to whom the arrival of a train, breaking the monotony of the day, is never a stale event, and delighted juveniles, summering at the Falls, rushed to greet their relatives and friends on board, and to salute them and bid them good bye almost in the same breath. Grand Falls is finely situated. It stands high on the right bank of the river St. John, which here flows darkly down a deep defile; the wood covered crests of the precipitous, rocky left bank are seen beyond, and below, the rising ground on which the new hotel and the American House stand. The main road or street, from which others run off at right angles, is wide, and undulates in the old Roman fashion, up hill and down dale. The most conspicious building is the new hotel afore mentioned, with its pillared front and flag-staff flying above its glass cupula. Before the division of the county it was the court house; but after Andover was made the shiretown of Victoria, it underwent a transmogrification, and now, where formerly in the basement cells, prisoners cursed their luck, the cooks are busy at their ranges, and in the hall where lawyers pled, and juries listened attentive to the judges' charges, nimble waitresses flit about well set tables and minister to the wants of hungry guests. Grand Falls has a constant attraction; it occupies a fine site for building—no want of lots there. It has a future before it; who doubts. As year by year people from the cities avail themselves more and more of the advantages that the N. B. Railway offers for recreative travel and the beauty of the scenery along the line is more talked about, tourists, in ever greater numbers will find their way to it; families seeking a change of air and scenery will make it their summer resort; enterprising individuals will build neat cottages for their accommodation; rich St. John city men will erect their country houses, and Grand Falls will develop into a flourishing and pleasant watering place. If not, why not?

"All aboard," from Mr. Hoben, with an admonitory shriek from the engine, and the train runs slowly out of the station and over the high trestle bridge across the river, whose waters look black and still as those of a lake; then on at a rattling pace; there are forty miles of country between Grand and Little Falls, a good hour and a half drive. The sky is overclouded, and a few drops of rain fall, but it is only a passing whim of the weather; by the time the dividing line of Victoria and Madawaska is passed the sun is shining brilliantly again. Above Grand Falls the character of the scenery changes. Steep, bare, precipitous banks rising in terraces and crowned by woods and in hill-side like slopes, are no longer seen—the river is now on the left—and the banks look lower and tamer; stretches of intervale are passed, and of low but undulating ground. Some signs that the country has been long settled may be noted. The farms are closer together, the houses, or wooden huts are small and lowly, the walls and roofs are of a uniform blackened tint; if they ever had a coat of paint, time and the weather have removed all traces.

The train is now speeding through the French districts, the oldest settled country in the province, except some places on the North Shore. Here on concessions along the left bank dwell descendants of families who were located there in the years of French rule, when by way of the St. John there was constant communication between Quebec and the fort at the mouth of the Nashwaak, and in the harbor of St. John; of some who after the expulsion of the Acadians from Grand Pré, Bay of Minas and Annapolis, found here new settlements, and also of families who at the close of the war between France and England in 1763, were removed here from St. Ann's Point, where Fredericton now stands. The French habitans are content to be humbly housed and are not very particular about the external appearance of their outbuildings, but depend on it both houses and barns are full of children and crop. As the train whistled past, standing at the cottage doors, the mother with an infant in her arms, a grown up daughter by her side, a child at her feet, and a half a dozen youngsters from five to eleven years old standing about with their fingers in their mouths, boys of all ages, straddle legged in the grass, sitting on fences and gates, and staring with delight, groups (which many an artist would have liked to paint) coming down roads, the girl of twelve carrying the baby in her arms, and two or three youngsters clinging to her skirts, might be seen; the children all of a healthy rurally embrowned complexion and appearance, a few of the younger only being pinked off in dresses of red and blue stuff.

The country between Grand River and the Madawaska is finer, has a cultured appearance than between Little River that falls into the St. John a short way above Grand Falls and Grand River. Houses of more pretentions, with balconies, verandas, vine-clustered fronts, are seen; and blackheaded Jean Baptistes sit in the porticoes surrounded by their families—verily they mean to possess the land.

Longfellow sings in millifluous hexameters of the pastoral beauties of Grand Pré, as if he had the ancient poetical Arcadia, and not the comparatively modern prosaical Acadia in his mind's eye, (one little letter makes a great difference) but the Frenchmen of Madawaska, inhabiting the country along the St. John watered by the Grand and the Siegas rivers, and Green river and Madawaska, where their concessions stretch back tier upon tier, possess a land as fine and as beautiful as that which inspired the verses of the poet, who had the great advantage of never having seen the meadowlands of which he sung, and was therefore at liberty to allow his fancy to range at will; at least it seems so to us, and we have seen famous Grand Prê, noted in history and idealised through poesy.

Nothing in its way can be much finer than the appearance of the country at Grand Isle on a splendid summer afternoon, where the waters of the river, in which the rich island is set like an emerald, are seen flowing far, placid and glistening, and taking color from the rays, past intervals, and the right banks which rise in gradual slopes, up which from the church and the farmhouses, bathed in the golden light stretch the long parallel fenced tiers of brown, green and yellow fields, clean and cultured, to the fringes of dark woods at their summit. Even more beautiful is the same in the broad valley of the Madawaska, a landscape which suggests the idea of peace and comfort. There appears to be some sameness in the scenery of Madawaska, but nature is always varied—only to the hasty glance does she appear monotonous. Here the banks spread out, giving a vista, there they rise high and cut the horizon with a curve of woods; there is constant change in their formation. The church with its tin steeple glistening in the rays, was a conspicuous object. A handsome homestead was seen, but seldom, and picturesque clumps of trees relieved the bareness of the fields.

At St. Bazil the train stopped a few minutes. St. Bazil is the most noteworthy place along the line of the N. B. Railway in Madawaska. It is nicely situated on rising ground, and possesses a large and handsome reddish-brown painted church with an aspiring steeple; higher up is the convent and Hotel de Dieu, which commands a fine view of the river. Opposite the point where the train stopped, near the church, amidst tangled grass and shrubbery, is a fenced enclosure—a place of penance—there, placed on a wooden base or pedestal on which narrow steps are cut, is the image of the Virgin, enshrined in a glass case; on a lower base without the penitential stairs, an image of St. Francis is enshrined in like manner. As the glass in the shrines was broken, and the grass of the enclosure long, rank and untrodden, it might be inferred that penitents have ceased to make pilgrimages there, that the place was the fancy of some enthusiastic priest and fell into neglect after he removed from St. Bazil. A number of excursionists made their way to the penitential enclosure; charity covers a multitude of sins; it is to be hoped that their reflections were tinged by that first of christian virtues, or else the contributions which they dropped into the box "pour les pauvres" would not absolve them.

Five and three quarter miles, by the time table, is the distance between St. Basil and Little Falls. Little Falls was named Edmundston in honor of Sir Edmund Head, who was Governor of the Province in times which seem remote, so many changes having taken place since his day. The Falls here have aptly been named "Little;" the Madawaska, after a long course between romantic, high and shadowy wooded banks, flows rapidly in its descent to meet the St. John and near its mouth, meeting with rocky obstructions becomes agitated and churns in wrath. At times of high freshet, the "falls" are scarcely visible; seen in summer lowness, with their surroundings, there is a certain picturesqueness about them, though the first reflection that occurred to practical minds in the party, was that they were a splendid water power and ought to be utilised. Edmundston, like some famous cities, Rome, Nurenburg, Edinburgh, Quebec, for instance, is situated on, and runs down hills. To take a humbler parallel, its situation reminds one of Dorchester, though the comparison is in its favor. At its rear are Madawaska's wooded heights, to the south-east the left bank rises high, and on a commanding position stands a ruined fort, from which a sweeping view of the river is obtained, and of a wide stretch of American territory.

The fort, small and built of a slatey kind of stone, can boast of no great antiquity. It was raised about the time when the disputes with the men of Maine over the disputed territory question commenced; but its ruinous condition was caused, not by thunderbolt cast during the "Aroostook war," but by a stroke of heaven's lightning.

There are a few handsome private residences in Edmundston. The chief hotel, Whitney's, is situated in what may be called "the upper town;" the new court house, (whose cells are reported to be barbarously deep and dark) in the lower town. The arrival of the party raised some excitement in the quiet place. Such an unprecedented invasion of strangers took Whitney's by surprise, and, in part, unprepared. The President and Secretary and a few others found entertainment and rest in the good old house kept by Mr. Adams, and one or two put up at the Babin House; if any were too slow in getting in Whitney's, Adam's, or Babin's accommodation, they probably went to the "Tardy House." After tea, the President and a number of his guests gathered on a high rock, [near the court house on one side, and a lofty flag staff on the other] to take a view of the lovely and peaceful scene beneath and beyond them.

The first shade of evening was falling on the St. John (across it a ferry boat was being drawn by ropes) and on the woods and fields on the opposite bank, the tents of two English sportsmen were seen pitched on a piece of flat green below the bridge over the Madawaska. In the west, behind the wooded heights burned crimson and golden lights, and behind smoke colored clouds just tinged with red beams shot out. The old fort was afterwards visited and a wider view of the scene taken from its ruined walls. The impressions of Edmundston which were left on the mind of the party were very pleasing.

On the return trip the train stopped at St. Bazil. It was a fête day in the village. Two young ladies were to take the veil; the Bishop was expected, and a bazaar was to be held in the convent. A crowd of Acadians were gathered on the slope below the church, enjoying a quiet smoke or a chat or a silent gaze. One or two wore clothes of a cut and color approaching to dandyism, (one youth in particular, in a long blue frock, girded with a sash of a golden color) but homespun was the general wear. There was little bright color in the dress of the women and girls; a touch of red and blue here and there; their dress, like their demeanor was modest. Along the fences by the roadside, there was a line of wagons; one or two of the horses were of small, compact Canadian type; one noble black steed was haltered apart from the common throng.

Service was being performed in the church, which has an ample but plain interior, when the party stopped, Hon. Mr. Madigan (who is of the faith) introduced Mr. Gibson and several members of it to Father Pelletier and Father Barry. Under the guidance of the former, most of them visited the Convent and Hotel Dieu, passing a small chapel on the way. Outside the building sat and stood sedate groups of "les habitantes." One part of its interior is still unfinished and funds are needed to complete it. Passing through after inspecting the dispensary and the sick wards to a spruce, and a sprucely decorated apartment, the party went the round of the bazaar tables. When the locomotive gave the admonitory whistle for the start the gentlemen were seen with parcels in their pockets and under their arms, carrying away smoking caps, slippers, neckties, gorgeous pincushions, baby shoes, needle cases, Noah's Ark in paste board and needlework, packages of bonbons, and what not, as momentoes of their visit to St. Basil. With a hearty cheer from the Acadians on the slope and a responsive hurrah from the party on board, the train proceeded on its way.

The visit to St. Bazil was a pleasant episode of the excursion. It carried the mind far back to see in that modest "maison" in costume unchanged, "la mére superieure et les sœurs" devoting, abstracted from all wordly pleasures, their lives, as did noble dames and gentle girls of the best blood of "la belle France," in the earliest and sorely tried years of Canadian history—to the work of tending and healing the sick and caring for the poor.

At Grand Falls the party stopped again for the grand view and for dinner. As a few walked to the new Hotel they were joined by a tall, florid faced, pleasant individual, who affably joined in the conversation. They spoke of the fine accommodation and the good meals given by Mr. Herbert. "Oh yes, no doubt about it, said the tall individual," but there is the American House opposite, where the beds are as clean, and where meals are served at half the price, and gentlemen, said he, bowing, on parting, "if you will turn round and look at me you will see the landlord."

How can one adequately describe the Falls, after a hot and hurried visit. Expectation may have been too highly wrought up, and enthusiasm will not come at will. The scene above the suspension bridge does not impress one at first, with a sense of grandeur. Certainly the falls are fine, he thinks, the old mill standing above them, and past which a torrent dashes down wastefully, looks picturesque. He is interested to learn that Sir John Caldwell, Receiver General, notorious in the days of Neilson and Papineau, contemplated utilising the waters of the falls by cutting a canal or conduit, and failed, as he failed to give a satisfactory account of the finances entrusted to him. The sticks of lumber piled in great stacks in a deep hollow of the rock on the left and whirling, denuded of bark below impresses him with the force of the Falls. But, making his way to Prospect Rock, that beetles over the chasm cooled by the spray, and with the eternal war sounding in his ears, looking on the waters rainbow hued at the edge of the precipice, dashing down in catracts of yellow foam, and churning around the great black rock, and faliing into the abysnal pool beneath, a sense of the depth, force and grandeur of the falls does come over him. The scenes below the bridge where the waters of the river flows dark and flecked with foam through the deep shadowed and rocky gorge to the wondrous "wells" and pools below, are finer, even than the falls themselves.

It may be advanced as a general proposition that the state of their hotels is a criterion of the civilization of a people. Visitors may be sure of being well received, pleasantly lodged and excellently entertained, by (no offence to our friend of the American House) Mr. Herbert, proprietor of the Grand Falls Hotel.

Being now on the return trip, we must hurry to a close. At Andover the Fort Fairfield contingent left the party. An enthusiastic meeting was improvised on the platform Mr. Watson was unanimously voted chairman, without the chair, and Mr. Pike chosen spokesman. In a speech, terse and in good taste, he expressed the gratification which the trip over the line, through so fine a country, in such pleasant company, and the great hospitality with which they had been treated by Mr. Gibson, had afforded to him and his compatriots. He moved that the thanks of the meeting be tendered to the President and Directors of the New Brunswick Railway, for the most pleasant excursion which they had enjoyed. The resolution was carried unanimously with three cheers and a tiger. At Woodstock Junction, where the party took tea, the friends from St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Calais and Houlton left it, with renewed expressions of pleasure from the trip, and hopes that all might soon meet again. The shades of evening were falling as the train approached the region of the Upper Keswick, and as it passed a black cloud, spaped like a great bear, set in a refulgent sky, hung over Burtt's Mountain. It was dark when the train reached Gibson.

The Weather in England.

The long continuance of wet and unseasonable weather, after a hard unpleasant winter and a bitterly cold spring, is remarkable, and is looked upon with alarm. The London *Standard* on the 5th of July said, "rain, rain, rain, drip, drip, drip, that has been the burden of our daily experience. Leafy June has given place to torrid July, the longest day, which was one of the gloomiest, in this dreary, heartbreaking season has come and gone; acute observers note that the evenings are already beginning to close in, but anything like real summer steadily refuses to appear and gladden us." The pelting of the pitiless rain has wofully spoilt sport. There were intermittent showers during Epsom week, and a downright pour on the night of the Derby, "important cricket" matches on Lord's grounds had to be postponed on account of the weather. Henley regatta on the Thames come off under dull humid skies, provocative of blue devils and rheumatism. The great agricultural show at Kilburn under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, ended in something like failure; to the originators certainly, with great pecuniary loss. The people from the country crowded up to London to see the show, but the attendance was comparatively small. The correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* says, "the dreadful state of puddle into which the clayish soil had been trodden by thousands of feet that had passed over it, and the continuance of the most unseasonable weather I ever remember, militated against the success of the Exhibition. On Her Majesty's visit four horses could scarcely draw her carriage over the "corduroy road" to the centre of the show grounds. Worse than all, reports of the prospects of harvest are most discouraging, much of the hay has been destroyed, and the grain will suffer, if it has not already suffered seriously "if the silver lining which there is said to be to every cloud does not speedily make itself clear."

YELLOW FEVER.—Yellow fever has broken out in Memphis where last year it was so virulent, and many of the inhabitants have left and are leaving it. New Orleans on the 21st inst., was reported to be entirely free of the plague.

The Hon. J. H. Haviland has been appointed Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island. He took the oaths of office last Saturday.

Citizens' Meeting.

Last evening the public meeting called by the Mayor to consider the mode of the reception to be accorded the Governor General and H. R. H. Princess Louise, took place in the City Hall. There was a very fair representative attendance. His Worship read the official note of the intended vice-regal visit and his reply thereto. As was the case in St. John, the state of the finances in Fredericton did not, even if the law did, permit of money being taken out of the Treasury. But a large expenditure was not necessary to give the distinguished visitors a loyal and hearty reception. The City Council would see that the streets were cleaned; other arrangements must be left with the citizens.

The meeting was then organized. His Worship in the chair; A. F. Street, Sec'y.

Chief Justice Allen was of opinion, that the citizens should attempt no display. If the streets were cleaned, and an appropriate arch erected at the point of the river bank where the vice-regal party would land, all would be done that was really necessary.

The Attorney General gave information as to what the Government would do. They would charter a steamer to convey the vice-regal party to Fredericton; and should it be decided that they should, after spending a few days in Fredericton, go as far as the Grand Falls, provision would be made. He thought that if the address of the Corporation was presented in the Exhibition Building it would be very gratifying to a great number of people. The citizens might also be requested to illuminate their houses on the night of the Princess' arrival. The Lieut. Governor expected to receive information as to the exact time when the vice-regal party might be expected in Fredericton, to-morrow (that is to-day.)

Judge Wetmore concurred in the suggestions made by the Chief Justice, and said that a torchlight procession might be got up, which would be a gorgeous yet inexpensive display.

Mr. E. L. Wetmore, Mr. Blair, Mr. Sterling and others then spoke as to the formation of a committee, and finally a resolution was carried, that a general citizen's committee be appointed to solicit subscriptions, and to make all the necessary arrangements for the reception of the Governor General and H. R. H. Princess Louise.

The following gentlemen were appointed the said committee:—

The Mayor and Corporation, Chief Justice Allen, Judge Wetmore, E. L. Wetmore, A. G. Blair, A. Sterling, John Pickard, M. P., Z. R. Everett, F. P. Thompson, A. G. Beckwith, Dr. Atherton, John McDonald, A. F. Street, Henry Chestnut, A. F. Randolph, John Babbitt, P. McPeake, C. H. B. Fisher, Jeremiah Meagher, T. Logan, Judge Steadman, John L. Marsh, P. M., C. Sampson, W. Edgecombe, W. W. Street, A. Archer, Wm. Anderson, J. E. Collins, Nelson A. Cliff, Dr. Gregory, Col. J. Saunders, John H. Reid, Geo. Hatt, Junr. John Edwards, W. G. Gaunce, H. C. Creed, Geo. Hatt, Senr., James Farrell, William Wheeler, Wm. Grieves, A. Lipsett, with power to add to their number.

The Mayor called a meeting of the committee, this (Saturday) evening at 8 o'clock in the City Council Chamber.

The City Horses.

Last Monday evening the "Silsby" was driven to the river, the heads of the Fire Department being desirous to test her with some American cannel coal. On coming to the wharf the driver attempted to unhitch, but the horses becoming unruly, reared and plunged about, and were within an ace of precipitating themselves and the engine over the wharf into the river. As it was they got on board a woodboat that was fortunately moored close to the wharf before they were mastered. The city horses are, as city horses ought to be, kept in good condition, and not being worked hard enough they feel their oats. But the chief trouble with them is that they are not sufficiently practiced in drawing the Steam Fire Engines, and became frightened and unmanageable in the crowd. They ought to be taken out frequently with the engine until they come thoroughly accustomed to it. The horses were purchased, at first, principally for the use of the Fire Department, and they should be worked so as to be efficient and placed under order of the Chief Engineer to that end. There is a great difference between moving easily about the streets and resting every now and then, which is their chief work, and dragging a heavy engine, with all the accompanying clatter and excitement, at speed, which is their occasional duty, and it is no wonder that the horses feel the difference, and become restive. Only constant practice will reconcile them to it.

Canadian Stolen Notes.

A package of $10 notes of the Consolidated Bank of Canada (not countersigned) dated Montreal, July 1, 1876, and numbered

A. 12001 to 13000.
B. 12001 to 13000.
C. 12001 to 13000.
D. 12001 to 13000.

has been lost or stolen. Refuse all tens on this bank.

The above notes were stolen from the Consolidated Bank and it was supposed they were taken to the United States. It appears they are now being put into circulation here. Our merchants and farmers should be on the look out for them. Mr. Mackey, Teller of the Peoples' Bank, has furnished us with the information.

First Picnic of the Season.

As will be seen by the advertisement in another column, the members of the Temperance Reform Club will hold a picnic on Savage Island on Thursday next, unless the weather is unfavorable, when it will be held on the first fine day. The programme is excellent, the prizes offered are tempting, and the price of the tickets is put at a low figure, so that there is every inducement for large numbers to attend and forget, for a day, their cares.

CRICKET MATCH.—A cricket match one inning took place yesterday afternoon in the Officers' Square, between eleven of the Mutual Base-Ball club, and the Allcomers of Fredericton; which was won by the latter with seven wickets to spare.

The subject of municipal government is exciting increased attention among public men of the United States. Statistics of the indebtedness of one hundred cities have been collected by Mr. R. B. Porter, of Chicago. From 1866 to 1876, the debt of these cities increased from $221,312,000 to $644,378,673. The value of property from $3,451,619,381 to $6,175,001,158. The annual taxation of the same from $64,060,098 to $112,711,276, and the population from 5,919,914, to 8,576,249. The percentage of the increase was as follows:—Debt, 200 per cent.; taxation, 83 per cent.; valuation 75 per cent., and the population only 33 per cent. In 1875-76 there was a general halt in the extravagance of municipal affairs. Bringing the comparison down to date, it appears that thirteen States were indebted locally $286,179,060 in 1870, and $546,289,528 in 1878, nearly double the former sum. In the United States, as well as in the Dominion, the difficulty of carrying out municipal reforms lies in the ignoring of the duty of citizenship by the better classes, and these statistics will serve a good purpose if they direct attention to municipal reform.

The New Loan.

Sir Leonard, or Sir Samuel Tilley, has effected a new loan in London. Doubtfully we say, Sir Leonard or Sir Samuel, as we are not sure by which christian name to call the new Knight. The Toronto *Mail*, conservative and government paper, always calls him Sir Leonard, the Toronto *Globe*, reform and opposition, invariably dubs him Sir Samuel; if all papers, conservative and opposition followed their example, we could understand that he should be Sir Leonard to his friends, and Sir Samuel to his opponents; but as the Ottawa *Citizen*, conservative, calls him Sir Samuel we are still astray. Leonard is the more polite and knightly name. Samuel the more substantial and financial. Leonard is suited for the court, Samuel for the city. That Leonard cannot be abbreviated vulgularly (the worst that can be made out of it is Lenn, Lenny,) is a reason why the Knight and his dearest friends should prefer it. Samuel on the contrary is open to objectionable changes, as Sam, Sammy, Samivel. Mr. Tilley should declare what style he prefers and chooses to adopt. But this, by the way. the loan which was for £3,000,000 stg., unguaranteed, at four per cent. was disposed of at 95. As the Toronto *Globe* is satisfied that that is a satisfactory rate nobody perhaps need complain—except of the extravagance which makes continual borrowing necessary. The credit of Canada in the London market is good, which is a matter of congratulation, but had not money been plentiful, and safe investments scarce, it is very doubtful if the Finance Minister would have met with the success he has in floating the loan.

The Panama Canal.

A late despatch from Paris states that the prospectus of the Panama Canal Company is expected to appear next month. The ordinary capital will be 400,000,000 francs, represented by 800,000 shares. The Company propose to issue obligations of 200,000,000 francs in addition to the ordinary capital.

The cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Darien will be a work of tremendous difficulty, compared to which the Suez Canal was easy work, and can only be constructed at an enormous sacrifice of life. The Toronto *Globe* says:—

> The Darien Canal, must be built by hired labor. It will be forty-eight miles long, must be excavated to a sufficient depth to float steamers—that is, not much less than thirty feet. There will be seven miles of tunnelling, which will be no mere auger-hole, but a spacious channel wide enough at some parts for two ships to cross, and high enough to take in a sailing vessel with all but its topmasts standing. The country through which it will run is one subject to prodigious rainfalls at all times of the year. The heat and moisture-laden air is constantly flowing inland, and as it rises up the hills is suddenly cooled. The rain is then deposited in sheets, and the wonder is that the incessant downfall has not already cut a canal of its own. The eminent English engineer, Sir J. Hawkshaw, is of opinion that this immense rainfall would deprive the tunnel of its usefulness, even if it could be constructed, the alterations in its water level would be so great. In the meantime these constant rains render the district probably the most unhealthy place in the world. The Aspinwall and Panama Railroad, which traverses the same line as the canal will, and is 48 miles long, cost more lives in its construction than there are feet in its length. The mortality among the laborers was frightful.

The *Globe* further says:—

> When—if ever—it is constructed, the Darien Canal will cause as great a revolution in Western trade as the Suez Canal has caused in the East. It will destroy all hopes of the institution of a trade between Europe and Asia across the Northern Continent. It would bring Melbourne within easy steaming distance of London, and the Pacific Coast wheatfields a month nearer to Liverpool.

WIMBLEDON.—The Canadian Team have been making general good shooting at Wimbledon. Col. Gibson, Ontario, last Saturday won the Prince of Wales prize, £100 stg., and a badge, with a score of 94, Corp. Pallen New Brunswick has won a number of prizes. Though one of the best shots in the Canadian team, he has not been included in the eight who were selected to compete for the Kolopore Challenge cup which was fired on Thursday. The Kolopore eight were Col. Gibson, Lieutenants Cruit, Ewan, Mills Wheeler Ogg, Corp. Gray and Private Bell, Ontarians, Lieutenant Hunter, New Brunswicker. At the match the English team were victorious, making 653 points, the Canadian team 630 points. The shooting all round was exceptionally good. Of the Canadians Col. Gibson, Lieut. Hunter and Private Mills made the best scores.

YATCHING.—A very melancholy accident occurred on the St. Lawrence, about a mile from the wharf of Poin-Aux-Trembles, a pretty French village twenty-one miles above Quebec, about nine o'clock of Friday evening the 18th. A party of fifteen set out for a sail, when about the centre of the river a sudden squall struck the yacht, which keeled over, precipitating all into the water. A steamer and several boats put out in all haste to the rescue, but in spite of every endeavor, only seven of the company were saved.

An order in Council, published in the last *Canada Gazette*, states that the following will be the districts for the Inspectors of Weights and Measures under the new Act in New Brunswick:—

KINGS—To comprise the County of Kings, Albert, Westmorland, Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche.

ST. JOHN—To comprise the city of St. John, the counties of St. John, Queen's and Charlotte.

FREDERICTON—To comprise Fredericton and the counties of York, Sunbury, Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS IN ENGLAND.—Mr. J. J. Mechi writes to the *Times* as follows:—"We have the old story over again—low temperature, flooding down-pours, no sunshine, no ripening, crops late. I passed through seventy miles of Essex this week. Barleys were distressingly yellow and waterlogged. Both wheat and barley crops were bright with crops of charlock (white mustard) in full bloom. Hand-hoeing has been impossible, so weeds are supreme, and the laborer's earnings have been small. Sheep still suffer from wet jacket and damp beds. Uncovered farm yards and exposed dung heaps are contributing their 'strong tea' abundantly to the brooks and water-courses. Well-drained farms, with covered homesteads and horse-hoed crops, have many advantages this year; but on all farms a more ripening condition is required. On the whole, the outlook is at present gloomy and unprofitable; but we should not despair."

There is the prospect of a new enterprise being developed in connection with the cattle trade from Canada to England. The export of fat cattle must soon close for this year, as our supply will be exhausted, and as grass-fed animal will not suit. Store cattle, however, might be shipped to Ireland, where there is abundance of pasture and scarcity of stock. The principal difficulty in the way of developing this new branch of trade is an order-in Council which provides that each animal shall have a given space on shipboard. It therefore costs as much to export a lean animal as one in prime condition for market. It is contended that store cattle, being less valuable and of smaller size, do not require so much space, and that by curtailing the space a reduction could be obtained in the shipping charges. The attention of the Minister of Agriculture has been called to the subject, and efforts are being made to have the order-in-Council amended, so that this trade may be commenced during the present season.

The 4th of July in Zululand.

The old African lion has been smoked and burnt out of his lair. Cetewayo has come to condign grief and Chelmsford has retrieved his good name as a general. If the victory he gained on the 4th July over the Zulus is as signal and decisive as his despatches assert, all his past failures will be forgiven him; all the accusations heaped on him by correspondents of indecision and muddleheadedness will be forgotten, or classed as the hasty criticisms of incompetent and irresponsible observers, and he will be received in England as a hero. Even the part that Sir Bartle Frere played in precipitating the war, will be passed over by the generous people of England in the exultation and good humor inspired by success, and in their relief after a long period of severe tension and anxiety, and they will endeavor to persuade themselves that the defeat of Cetewayo, and his formidable army, their destruction as a disturbing element in South Africa, and the conquest of Zululand are more than equivilants for the dreadful day of Isandula, the many other disasters, and the blood and the treasure which have been expended in the cause of the war. Nothing succeeds like success.

Several despatches announcing the defeat of Cetewayo's army have been received in some respects contradictory to each other, but there can be no doubt as to the great fact.

Sir Garnett Wolseley arrived at the scene of the war just in time to be to late to be at the decisive engagement, on the 4th of July, but he will probably have the honor of concluding terms of peace with Cetawayo, whom he was to meet, according to the despatches on the 16th.

Cetewayo having refused to comply with the demand made on him for the surrender of the cannons and rifles taken at Isandula, the preliminary condition to entertaining propositions of peace, on the morning of the 4th, Lord Chelmsford ordered an advance of the force under his command. This consisted of Gen. Newdigate's division, and General Woods' column, aggregating 4,000 Europeans and 1,000 natives, 12 cannon and 2 gattlings. They crossed the river Umvolosi at a quarter past six, and reached an excellent position at half-past eight, between Enandwayo and Uenantdwayo and Ulundi.

In the meanwhile the Zulus, in great force, 15,000 strong, it is said were observed leaving their bivouac. Cetewayo who was civilised enough as a General not to expose his precious life to danger in the midst of the attack, watched the movements of his army from an adjoining krall, probably thought when he saw the British advancing in the open country that he would be able to overwhelm them by his overpowering array. But Lord Chelmsford formed his forces into a hollow square attacked in all sides they steadily poured a withering fire into the ranks of their intrepid assailants. The Zulu attack was fully developed at nine o'clock. In half an hour afterwards they wavered when they were charged with great spirit by the Lancers, Dragoon Guards Bullers Horse, and put to rout. The loss of the Zulus is estimated between 900 and 1500, that of the British being 10 killed and 33 wounded. Ulundi and the camps of Cetewayo were captured and destroyed. Both Lord Chelmsford and Sir Garnett Wolseley are of opinion that the battle of the 4th of July virtually ended the war. So confident was Sir Garnett on the 8th of July, that he halted all reinforcements at Durban, and requested the Imperial government by telegraph to forward no more men or supplies, till they heard from him again, but to send him instructions as to the order in which the regiments now serving in Africa shall be sent home. Later accounts read as if the success had made him overconfident, and as if Cetewayo was not yet tamed.

A Famous Gambler's Career.

The weight of evidence, or rather of assertion, is that Garcia, the famous gambler, is indeed dead. He was a Spaniard, and first came into fame as a great player at Homburg, where he arrived with a small capital, some 5,000 or 10,000 francs. A steady run of fortune in his favor increased his capital to half a million and made him the lion of the place. M. Clanc (who died two years ago) enjoyed a tilt of this titanic sort, and was also keenly alive to the advantages of a gigantic advertisement, hence he gave the gambler the privilege of playing five times the limit, or maximum, so that on each roll of the ball $12,000 depends. After a two months struggle Garcia left Homburg in his own carriage, drawn by four horses, with the whole town cheering him, and something like 2,500,000 francs in his possession. He went home to Spain, built a church, gave alms liberally and took an oath never to gamble again. This oath he kept for two years, living in princely fashion in Spain, but spending the gaming season on the Rhine, watching the players with serene pleasure. One day at Baden the Duke of Morney met him and asked him to play a few stakes, that he might see something of the wonderful system by which the great gambler had broken the bank. Garcia declined and explaind that he had renounced play forever, to which the Duke replied with something of a sneer, that probably he had been prudent in doing so. Garcia, nettled at this remark, put down a note and lost it, and another, lost and that. The Duke laughed so tauntingly at this that Garcia went to his hotel, stuffed his pockets with notes and gold, and returned to the play-room. When it closed at night he had lost nearly $100,000; in a few days the whole $500,000 had vanished. The Calzado affair followed when Garcia was imprisoned for card sharping; this ruined him finally. Ere the play stopped at Saxon-les-Bains he hung round the place, tendering instructions to inexperienced players; afterwards he haunted Monaca, where, however, he was refused access to the gaming tables when he had money. So he died in poverty.

In the facade of the Church of St. Augustine, Paris, where the Mass of Requiem was said for the late Prince Imperial, there are some eagles. The Duc de Mouchy arranged with the sacristan to let out of the rose window, where a large crowd of mourners had gathered, a tame dove in the habit of being held by a string attached to the leg and answering to certain gentle sounds. When the bird was sent out it gyrated some time, and then perched upon an eagle, on the back of which grains of corn had been previously thrown. Some ribbon packing thread was substituted for the usual string, and was invisable at a great height. On a second signal the dove flew of again, gyrated and came back to its aqualine perch. A third time it went through the same evolution. The ladies wondered and admired, and took the apparition of the meek bird as one of the happiest augury. It was sent to show that the Prince was taken to a better world and that he desired peace among his followers and unity of aim. It was unfortunate that a blouse, who had sharper sight than most of us, cried, "Sever the thread, sever the thread!" *En effet!* the same broke out—and against the patch of blue sky it could be seen that the dove was manipulated as the hawk used to be at hunting parties in the olden time.

Probably no one preparation has received so much praise from its patrons, nor is so deserving of commendation as Hall's Hair Renewer! We but echo the voice of the millions who have used it when we pronounce it *the best Hair Dressing in the world.* It stands unrivalled. Those who are affected with diseases of the scalp accompanied with itching or irritation, find relief and renewal in this invaluable remedy. When the hair is inclined to fall off, a moderate use of the Renewer will strengthen the roots of the hair, and preserve it, and if it exhibits a tendency to turn gray it will restore the natural color.—*Fulton (Mo.) Telegraph.*

The Governor-General's Movements.

The Provincial Secretary received official notification from Ottawa, to-day of the intended progress of the Vice-regal party through New Brunswick. It was in answer to the Secretary's statements of the arrangements the government were making for the reception of their Excellencies, which arrangements have met with entire approval.

The Vice-regal party will meet the Government at Moncton, on Wednesday, the 6th of August, and proceed to St. John. Arrived at St. John, they will remain there on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 6th, 7th, and 8th. On Thursday, the 7th, a Drawing Room will be held. The Vice-regal party will proceed up river, arriving in Fredericton on Saturday, the 9th. They will remain in Fredericton on Sunday and Monday 10th and 11th. A Drawing Room will probably be held on Monday. They will depart from Fredericton for St. John on Tuesday, the 12th, and leave for Shediac on Wednesday.

M. Letellier dismissed.

M. Letellier has been dismissed, on the ground that after the vote of the House of Commons last session, and the vote of the Senate of the previous one, his usefulness as Lieutenant Governor had ceased. Mr. Joly made the announcement in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec yesterday afternoon, and it was received in profound silence. Dr. Robitaille has been appointed his successor, and will be sworn in to-day. Sir John McDonald has seemingly triumphed, but is the case settled yet?

Rifle Competition.

Yesterday afternoon a match between two teams—Lipsett, Perkins, Winter—against Loggie, Pinder, Morris, came off at the range. The first named team made at 200, 500 and 600 yards, a total score of 229 points, the latter 215 points. The prize given by Lieut. Loggie a silver spoon, was won by Quarter-Master Lipsett, who scored 81 points, the highest in the winning team.

A return match for a spoon given by the Quarter-Master, will come off next week.

As will be seen by advertisement, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the world renowned pulpit orator, will appear in the City Hall, on Friday evening next. Mr. Beecher shows to the best advantage on the platform and a treat for our citizens is in store. His latest, and many think his best lecture "Amusements" will be delivered on that occasion. A crowded house we are confident awaits him, as this will be the first and in all likelihood his last appearance in our city.

THE POTATOE BUG.—Hon. C. E. Jose of Portland, Me, has applied air slacked lime to his potatoe patch, and the result is the vile potato bugs, young and old, have left the field. He desires us to say that the remedy is simple, cheap, and sure.—*Boston Journal.*

Mr. Miller of Nashwaak, has used the slacked lime with perfect success.

The mining of precious metals is being more vigorously prosecuted in Canada than for some time previously, and gold and silver are being found in new localities. The Nova Scotia and British Columbia gold mines are being more fully worked, while additional energy is being infused into the silver mining industry along the shores of Lake Superior. Silver has recently been discovered on the line of the Canada Southern railway. Gold has been taken in paying quantities from the bed of the north branch of the Saskatchewan river. It comes down from the mountains with high water, and lodges on the bars or any rocky point where the main current strikes. When the water falls so that the bars and points are nearly dry, the miners get the gold. Some of them take out as high as $15 per day, but the average is about $5 per day; less than that will not pay, as provisions are very high in that remote section of country.

At the recent meeting of the Presbyterian General assembly in Ireland, a good story, and seemingly a fresh one, was told of Daniel O'Connell. He was crossing from Dublin to Holyhead on a Friday, and a fine salmon trout was laid on the table at dinner. The great leader was very hungry, and after looking a moment at the fish, he lifted it entire to his own plate, and then remarked: "Gentlemen, excuse me; this is a fast day in our Church." It happened that a cattle-drover sat opposite him, who had had the same design upon the fish, but from want of courage had failed to carry it out. When he saw what O'Connell had done, and had recovered from the suprise it gave him, he leaned forward, knife and fork in hand, and cut the trout in two, laying the largest share on his own plate, and then said: "Bad manners to you! Do you think no one has a soul to be saved but yourself."

It is rumored that Pierce Nagle, the informer, has been murdered in London. Nagle was the chief informer during the Fenian disturbances in 1865. He had served in the army and was employed by the Cork Fenians as drill-instructor. In this way he obtained copies of the muster-rolls, and an intimate acquaintance with the operations of the Brotherhood both in Cork and Dublin. It was upon the information he communicated to the police that the famous simultaneous raid was made upon the leading Fenians in those two cities, and he was the principal witness for the Crown at their trial. It was given out that he was sent to Australia out of harm's way, but in 1869 he was seen in Bray near Dublin, and an unsuccessful attempt was made on his life.

A BRAVE HIGHLAND LADDIE.—A very sad case happened recently. As a 72nd man was cleaning his rifle after returning from picket duty, it suddenly went off and shot a comrade, who was looking at him, through the stomach. The poor fellow lingered some twenty-four hours before he died. The unfortunate man who had been the innocent cause of this catastrophe almost went out of his mind, nor would he leave the side of the wounded man for a minute. A short time before he breathed his last, the dying soldier sent for the captain of his company, and whispered to him "to be sure that Bill came to no harm, as it was quite an accident." I call it true noble-mindedness, the evincing such forgiveness and forethought in such terrible moments.—*Bombay Gazette.*

Russia has many varied troubles. It is estimated that the cattle plague will inflict a loss of $24,000,000 upon the empire this year, millions of bushels of wheat are being destroyed annually by a small beetle, for whose destructiveness no sufficient check has yet been found. As an inducement to the people to destroy the insect, a reward was offered for every quart of them that were brought in, dead or alive; but $8,000,000 has been expended in this way without effect.

A scamp, who represented himself as a Government agent, excited the negroes of Holmes County, Miss., by telling them that a free train would take them on the following Sunday to Kansas. He charged every man $1 for a small flag, which was to be his title to a spot of land when he reached Kansas. The news spread like wildfire, and selling their cows for $2, their chickens for 2 cests apiece, and other possessions at ruinous rates, 1,000 negroes gathering to wait for the train that never came.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively cure chronic diarrhoea of long standing, also dysentary, cholera morbus, and cholera, used internally. There is no remedy known so valuable for immediate use as this old life preserver.

One single box of *Parsons' Purgative Pills* taken one each night will make more new rich blood than ten dollars worth of any liquid blood purifier now known. These pills will change the blood in the entire system in three months, taken one a night.