

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 OUR INTEREST TO HIS OWN."

Mr. Blake in Chatham.

A Gigantic Collapse.

NO ENTHUSIASM, NO CHEERS.

A CRIT WATERLOO BY THEIR OWN ARMS.

About six o'clock or thereabouts in the afternoon of Wednesday last the Chatham Branch came trundling in, wheels shrieking, old crazy timbers squeaking, the distinguished visitor, Hon. Edward Blake on board. The party was there in almost full strength, about sixty in number, and was headed by Mr. J. B. Snowball—who it will be remembered prefers his deals to his constituents. The crowd took off their caps, and bellowed and cheered out of time, and out of tune, lustily as they could; and then a negro, probably the same African who was brought here from St. John "to run the whole thing" went out, being primed to so by one of the Grits, and offered "three cheers for Hon. Peter Mitchell." There was no cheer given and the imported African grinned audibly. The Grits were crowded closely around the steps of the old car, and looked for Mr. Blake to come forth, as the circus goer looks for the appearance of the mammoth elephant. When he did come they soon knew him, for he bent upon them a look which showed the struggle it cost him to be polite. Mr. Blake is a man who has a sovereign contempt for most other men. The eringing crowds who hang around to pay him adulation, he most heartily despises and with all his arts, and all his strength of will, he is unable to conceal the sneer which he intends to be a smile when exchanging salutations. It is only those whom Mr. Blake fears, he respects—the rest he tolerates, and hardly that. The poor little creatures who made themselves conspicuous here yesterday by their fawning upon him, and thrusting their unappreciated services upon him, he would not recognize if he met in Ottawa or in his own town tomorrow. Their adulations, and their fawning he conceives to be a matter of duty, and feels himself annoyed and worried to have to tolerate it. Nor does he respect Mr. Snowball, because Mr. Snowball has not the parts that a man like Mr. Blake could respect. Mr. Blake does not want to talk deals and invoices all the time he is here, and nothing but deals and invoices—yet beyond these Mr. Snowball cannot go. He is thoroughly illiterate in history, in letters, in modern events outside his own mill, and store and counting room, and cannot present in conversation anything to entertain the cultured or the thoughtful mind. Mr. Snowball is a "smart business man." There his genius and his learning, and his ability end. That is the *ultima thule* of the intellectual part of his nature.

However it is a queer place a man cannot put in a few days. If Robinson Crusoe could live years on the island of Juan Fernandez, Mr. Blake ought to be able with all his contempt for Mr. Snowball and his party to spend four or five days in Chatham.

ON THURSDAY

Mr. Blake tried the best he could to put in the day here. He did not want to "make friends" with anybody, nor to talk any more than he barely could not help with Mr. Snowball. There was no subject in literature, art, or general politics that poor Mr. Snowball could trust himself in, so he got a carriage and drove him down to the ubiquitous

mill. He took him through and talked about the ubiquitous deal; and then set out with an ungrammatical and illogical dash on horse blankets. Mr. Blake was dispirited, seldom spoke, but he bore it. Dear only knows, no one probably but himself, will ever know, how he put in that day in such intellectual company.

FRIDAY

The day chosen for the demonstrations—for the speeches, for the dinner, yes above all for the dinner, the sun rose as usual and about 9 o'clock broke wearily through the clouds, stayed out an hour or so, and then like the man he saw down here in Chatham, bored to death by Mr. Snowball about deals and horse blankets hid his head again in nubibus; and ever and anon afterwards during the day would peep fitfully out.

Early in the day music could be heard—the music of the Chatham band trying to eclipse the strains which an organ grinder and an extremely wise monkey were evoking on the corner of the principal street. The 62nd band of St. John, under Charles J. Hayes, bandmaster, 18 musicians strong turned out at an early hour and began to play. During the forenoon they played the "Soldiers Farewell," "Maritania," "Angel Faces," "The Englishman," "Pinafore," "The skids are out today," "The Little Widow Durn," etc., and were followed by a crowd of young gaffers, *nudus in pede et in capita* who yelled and screamed, enveloped in a cloud of dust as they went along.

A reporter of the *Star* interviewed the bandmaster and asked him how he liked Chatham. I like it well enough he said, but I can't say so much for the arrangements of this reception committee. They sent after us and when we came here, only half of us could stow away in the hotel the committee directed us to. The rest had to go around town, and hunt up lodgings the best they could. I have been bandmaster now for 25 years and never had to see my company divided anywhere I ever went before. Mr. Hayes must have been mistaken. The critics of the Langevin reception surely could not have made such a blunder as this!

THE DECORATION.

For the last week the committee had been scouring the town for flags; and having got everything they could, from a colored pocket handkerchief up, they went out and got from the ships in port, flags of every nation—French, English, German, Dutch, Chinese,—and Mormon. They hung these around the town at leading points. There was a string of flags 7 in number from the Commercial House to John Browns; from Bains to McCullys stretched 8 flags,—fastened to Mr. Isaac Harris store were ten flags—we suppose they represented the "Ten lost tribes of Israel." Out of the window of the Argyle House flew two flags—between Snowballs and the old Bank of Montreal there were 7. Out of poor Dr. Pallen's establishment hung one mournful flag. Another hung from the flag pole of Snowballs mill, and another from the highest part of the little tug. There was also a string of German flags, etc., ranging out from the Bank of Montreal. The Government we understand makes most of its deposits in that bank; perhaps the *quid pro quo* is, all the little influence the managers can exercise against the Government. We hope Mr. Smithers will look after the Chatham manager.

About 9.30 o'clock the "St. George" fastened on to the McLeod scow and started up the river. There were about 100 persons from Chatham, on board of both. Both of these returned about 2 o'clock, with about 350 persons, which would show that the up-river gleanings reached 250. Now when Coles circus comes we venture to say there will come from up river five for every one who came down yesterday to hear Mr. Blake. When they landed a great many of them were drunk, free rum being the only refreshments provided gratis by the committee for the masses—the privileged ones who were invited to supper, being excepted. Several staggered as they came off the boat, and wanted to fight about one thing or another—but not about politics. They came they said as there was free sailing to "have some fun anyway." The hay was in, and they had not commenced "up along" at the potatoes.

The Chatham band got off, and began to play. They assaulted poor Nellie Gray all the way up till the crowd reached the pasture.

THE MOTTOES &c.

A kind of gallery had been erected at the end of the Masonic Hall, facing the patch where the town cows are usually pastured. Over this gallery there was a kind of roof in case it rained or that the sun was too hot. On the front and above the rest was an arch, nicely formed with green bushes. Around this was the motto "Welcome Liberal Leader." Other mottoes were stuck on to other portions of the place. One was "Liberal Reform," another was "Reform Tariff" or Sphinx Riddle, another was "No Monopolies." Mr. David Johnson explained the meaning of the word monopoly to several who stood gaping at the word. He said it meant "too much taxation." Standing up along the roof of the gallery were six flag poles. On two were Dominion flags, on one an Irish flag, on one a French flag,—an "Indian flag" some of the witty Grits called it,—on another an American flag. It was observed all through the day that the only flag that moved was the Stars and Stripes, and it every now and again shook itself out "full breezily," an aptomen considering that it was to do honor to a meeting of iconoclasts, revolutionists, and annexationists. About 3 o'clock all the crowd had gathered. There were about 250 little girls there, for the schools had very considerably been given a holiday to swell the number we suppose. We should like to hear from the trustees on the point. Then there were about 200 boys also let out of the schools and they swelled out considerably the "immense multitude." Then there were about 150 ladies, some on the gallery, some standing in the field, others walking around. The balance was voters and they would number probably between four and five hundred. This would give a total number of about 1,000 persons, which was the very outside of the number there. The almost total absence of cows from the field was remarkable.

THE SPEECHES.

Mr. R. Carman began the speeches. He was supposed to have just introduced Mr. Blake and stop there, but instead of that to the dismay of everybody he went on to make a speech. You could see the motions of himself and his shower-stick, but not a sound could be heard beyond the platform. Ergo, his speech does not find a space here, however heart-rending the omission may be to our readers.

MR. JABEZ BUNTING SNOWBALL, came forward with a fistful of notes which got all tangled up in his hand. He said he addressed that vast assemblage with a great deal of reluctance, the greatest meeting it was he said, ever gathered together in Northumberland to discuss public questions. He then went on to blather about a hundred things all at once, getting his English and his statements in a sorry muddle. He said I am, will, have been, hadn't ought to, all in one breath, and in one sentence. He said Mr. Blake is ahead of anything you have ever heard here before, and you will not, no ladies and gentlemen, Mr. chairman, hear the scandals that you have often heard before on the platforms of this County. Then he began to blather about the national policy. He began in the middle of the sentence to say he would tell them something, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. chairman, about this national policy, or what they call the national policy. He told the ladies, and the gentlemen and Mr. chairman that the N. P. was oppressing the bulk of the people to the enriching of the few. Then he began two or three other sentences, or two or three other points, and stopped short in medias res, and asked the ladies and gentlemen and Mr. chairman how this County had been benefited by the N. P. He said it was bearing very hard sir, on the people and he knew it. Some of you he said, referring to about half the voting part of the audience, his own mill men, some of you gentlemen, Mr. chairman came to me complaining that \$1.25 a day was not enough for you. He forgot to say how he tried to cut them down, to make them like galley slaves only they struck, and insisted on fair wages; but gentlemen and ladies Mr. chairman, he said, a few years ago the same men could get along on a

dollar a day. Where Mr. chairman sir did the 25 cents go to? Into the revenue sir, for tariffs, ladies and gentlemen.

Good boy, shouted the crowd. He then proceeded to splash about through the subject of tax on flour, muddling the subject, and murdering the Queen's pure English. He deprecated the fact in a hifalutin and illogical way that the Ontario millers and wheat raisers made nothing out of the N. P. Neither do they; and this was a sop to Mr. Blake who would have Ontario swallow the Maritime Provinces up.

Then he opened his fist, and looked again at his notes. The Finance Minister he said, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Chairman is boasting about what the N. P. is doing for us. He says they had a surplus of 2 millions last year but he wanted to know where that surplus "come from." Out of your pockets gentlemen.

"Good boy" said some of the crowd. He said, in the vilest of English, that the men who stumped the county in favor of Confederation, were the men who raised the taxes on the poor man from 25 to 50 per cent. (No! a cheer.) He then gave a beautiful and eloquent history of the apostasy of the present Tory party, and it what he said on the subject had a logical consequence, it would be that the Liberals are Tories and the Tories Liberals. When he turned to his notes to start off on something new, the crowd again said Good Boy. He said the Tories said at last election there would only be readjustment of the tariff if they got in, but look said he Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Chairman, what they done. And then he told what they done. We pitied poor Sir Leonard from our hearts. Had he been there, he would have gone right through the cow pasture. They want to know he said what has Mr. Blake come here for; why he did not come before and so on. Why he was appointed leader only last year, and could not get here sooner. How could he Sir any sooner stump the county, or rather the Province of New Brunswick. He said, They say Mr. Blake is afraid to meet the Ministers. It was not so he shouted. They are coming it is said in three weeks, and I am not afraid to meet them.

Good boy said the crowd. We may say that Mr. Snowball will probably get an invitation to speak. We all know what happened to poor David Irvine in Woodstock. We admire Mr. Snowballs readiness to face Tupper, etc.—we too admire the line—

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Then he sat down and the crowd tried to cheer, but it seemed like a sick, a very sick man raising himself to some effort far beyond his capacity. They cheered, but the cheers were the sickest sound we have ever heard. Through the whole headless and tailless harangue there was not a cheer, nothing but a feeble sickly attempt at the beginning and ditto at the ending. Surely Mr. Snowball read his doom in the lack of appreciation. Surely he saw now that the people do not want a man who as a politician is no good, and who will run away from his post when duty demands him there. Perhaps he took some consolation from the number assembled. Well, that is but slim. Coles circus will draw five times as many and those at the Blake-Snowball circus, in great part, came only because their fare was paid for them. That poor Mr. Snowball is as dead as a door nail in this county, he now must feel, and his friends must know, he said nothing about running off to England deal-selling last winter.

GEO. McLEOD.

This is the gentleman who was so badly beaten by Mr. Girouard in Kent, and who ran away and took his business away from Kent out of spite in consequence. He had the magnificent presumption to make a harangue about the Government's persecution of the poor man when he himself is one of the greatest poor-man-grinders in this county. [By the way we wish he would pay the taxes he owes in the town of Chatham.] We had heard he was a very good speaker, but were sadly disappointed when we saw him strike his lack-lustre, tragical attitude, turn his ear to the audience, and tilt his head back as if he were taking a glass of whisky. But he presented a most favorable contrast to poor blathering Mr. Snowball. If he did not say anything new or worth saying he did not vapor and spring about like a prize boxer as did the man who silenced Tom White. Unhappy White! whose life was in his spring. And thy young muse just waved its joyous wing. The spoiler came—[that is Snowball] and swept that lyre away. Which else had sounded an immortal lay! It would have been a bad day for Tom White had he been in the hands of Mr. Snowball yesterday.

MR. CARMAN

to the consternation of everybody again came forward bringing his stick along with him. He began, as he went through a number of sinuous motions to make another speech, and

George McLeod kept backing him to sit down. But he shook his head, became perpendicular at once.

Like some tall cliff that rises from the awful form &c.

Eventually he subsided and

MR. BURCHILL

came forward with a newspaper slip from which he read an anonymous document, containing a lot of long winded sentences, several of which were however notorious plagiarisms. Mr. Burchill has a good strong voice and pronounces his words very fairly but he knows nothing about the art of reading,—of inflection, stress or proper pause. He stood very stiff and ungracefully too, having a permanent cant from his heel up towards the gentleman to whom the nameless document was presented. Mr. Burchill took his seat and

MR. BLAKE

came forward. We have not the space today for an outline of Mr. Blakes speech, which unlike the other effusions, is worth giving with some pains, but we shall do the best we can with it in next issue. The speech was a complete success as a piece of art. It was cold as ice, and the only ring about it, was like the ring of dead metal in which there is no soul. It was a magnificent piece of special pleading, made up of a series of plausible statements wrought out by a logic that was as faultless, as the language was chaste and precise. There was no confusion of words, no jumbling of sentences. The side issues were dealt with in a way, and sent home in a manner that would rival the best efforts of the sophists. But who looking at the man, unmoved by emotion, and unwarned by the faintest enthusiasm could say that he believed a syllable in any of the excellent sentences he uttered? If a man feel his subject, he glows under its influence, and oratory, and enthusiasm will as assuredly burst forth from him as will flames from a furnace. Mr. Blake is the special pleader, pleading for the criminal for whom there is not the shield of the smallest doubt. We shall again point out the deceptions and the delusions which Mr. Blake practised yesterday on the little girls and boys, and the men and the women.

It must have disgusted Mr. Blake very much to see how little the crowd cared about what he told them, to see them restless as a fidgeting sea from the time he opened his mouth, to see the grounds nearly vacant before he was half ended, and finally to be obliged to state that since the people would not listen to him, he would cut short his remarks. We saw him in fancy, did he know the lines, when the crowd began to leave him, cry out with Mark Anthony—

"Ye blocks, ye stones, ye worse than senseless things."

Mr. Blakes nerves are not "heroically strung." Time and again did he become pouty and stop because some little girls who broke from under Mr. David Johnson's jurisdiction, would play along the end of the platform,—time and again did he say he could not, and would not "speak against these children." He thought when he stood up to speak, perhaps, that the crowd assembled came to do homage to the Liberal cause, and to honor him, and the man who deserted them last winter for the sake of his deals, as the representatives of that cause, but he must have been deceived when he heard the sickly cheers they gave for Snowball, when he saw they would not listen to himself, and finally that for the greater part of the meeting the organ grinder and his monkey outside at one time had as large an audience as he or the other speakers, and at another that the mere howl of a drunken man outside, emptied almost the entire pasture. Perhaps we ought to tell him that the crowd came to see him as they would come to see Cotway or Sitting Bull, enticed by the attraction of free rum, and free passages, that Mr. Snowball is remarkable for nothing but his blatant vulgarities, and desertion of his constituency, and that therefore he could not get a corporal's guard to hear him, and that Coles circus in spite of the odds of the people having to pay their fares and pay to see the show, and pay for their rum, will draw ten times as many people as assembled yesterday on that memorable "square."

THE EVENING.

After the crowd dispersing the hum began in the Masonic Hall. Here the great supper was perpetrated. On the front of the building, and above the door were the words "Northumberland Welcomes Blake," (which being paraphrased meant, "We (the three tailors of Tooley street) the citizens of London, etc.") Inside the hall were four long tables which were to accommodate the select Grits of the party. The building was reeking with mottoes. The three Provinces were there in caricature. The motto of Prince Edward Island was parva sub ingenti. This phrase, none of the party knowing the *Lingua Latialis*, was a regular riddle, and Mr. David Johnson, and David Goffin, and Mr. Snowball tried to explain it. David Johnson said it meant small taxes, and no monopoly. Mr. Snowball thought it meant much the same as multum in parvo, which he said I find in the back of the "dickensery." The caretaker of the henery at the station gave it up—but was it not apt? Did ever Latin phrase come in better, Parva sub ingenti—Little things under great pretensions. The gods must have directed the pasting up of the motto. Other mottoes were also strewn around, such as "No Monopolies," "No Tax on Breadstuffs," "Reduced Expenditure," "Revenue Tariff," "No Tax on Food or Fuel," "1883 Liberal Reform Victory," and a little dash of Irish, grievously misspelled—thrown out as David Johnson said, "just to please 'em."

We really have to end our report for this issue, but it shall be concluded in next. There are a good many funny things yet to be told which will keep all Wednesday, yea for years. We shall have something to say about Mr. Cox who ought to be attending to his schools parading himself as a party manipulator, and something about the sick, and oily, little lawyer from St. John, who stole up to Chatham,

hungering after a little notoriety, and made a speech; and also about the discrimination made between members of the Snowball party—the inviting of some and the ignoring of better men, and finally,—about a hundred laughable yet pointed things. Such a huge fire, such an utter mistake and collapse as has been the Blake demonstration here, is not in the memory of any man living in the County of Northumberland.

(To be Continued.)

COLLAPSE OF THE BLAKE EXCURSION.

Mr. Snowballs little tug towed over Mr. George McLeods huge cattle scow Thursday morning, to bring such of the Blake excursionists down the river, as could not find room with Mr. Blake in the little tug "St. George." When the starting hour came there was only a dozen gloomy looking persons present, Mr. Blake being among that number. They waited an hour shivering in the raw gloomy north-east wind, and then with their reinforcements went on board the tug. There was no occupation for the big scow. She lay there no one to go aboard of her, and looking about as ridiculous as the twenty-one who went off in Snowballs little tug. About half of this "twenty-one," were hired men with Snowball. The big ungainly barge was then left at the wharf, and taken up river yesterday morning for the few who came down, for the hundreds who were expected.

When Sir Hector Langevin visited Chatham, he was accompanied down river by fully eight times as many as accompanied Mr. Blake. The party went in Mr. Calls fine river boat the "Andover." The little dory "St. George," with its motley "21" was the laughing stock of everybody who saw it go off Thursday morning.

A PARALLEL.

A Matter of Color. [From the "Swill Tub."]

We submit it to Miramichi Conservatives who have a sense of self-respect, whether they think it right that a man should be held up to ridicule on account of his nationality or complexion, because he happens to be selected for a public mission. We refer particularly to the attacks made upon the gentleman who was selected to read the French address presented to Mr. Langevin, as a distinguished Frenchman, by the French inhabitants of New Brunswick. These attacks are all the more to be deprecated because they are made by persons who style themselves Liberals of "high social standing" and of wealth in the "worlds goods" and who therefore may be presumed to speak for the plebeian element of their party as well. It seems these gentlemen cannot find any honorable way of attacking these who the Country. It is no creditably presented an address from the French people in the French language and that are so creditably preparing to receive and do justice to Mr. Blake, but that they imagine they can the slur that the promote their party ends by publishing the fact that a negro is employed as a lead by a French caterer, and making unbecoming references to him. It would be a poor negro who could not give such men lessons in good manners and in the courtesy due to strangers, whether black or white.

NEW MINING COMPANY.—A company has been formed under the name of the "Gloucester Silver Mining Company," and the following have given their names at the Office of the Provincial Secretary: Wm. A. Hickson and John Sadler of Chatham, Samuel Adams of Ladysville, Colorado, Robert A. Cull, of Newcastle, John J. Adams, of New York City; Edward J. Hickson and John Ellis of Bathurst; James Hickson and Rev E. Hickson of St. John.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures erysipelas, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try? EAGLE.