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Contentment.

If one should say to me, "What is thy heart's desire? What may the Future hold for thee To which thou dost aspire?" I should make answer so— "God's gift's are manifold; My songs of praise are all too low For all the wealth I hold— "My home, my bright fireside, My children's joyous play, True love by time intensified, And health from day to day. "The world have joys, I know, But no one need repine To have a lot in life so low And greatly blessed as mine!"

THE SCOTCH IN AMERICA.

Dr. William Everett's Address Before the Scotch Clans of the United States in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Friday, April 3, 1891.

I feel entirely overpowered at being asked to address this gathering of Caledonians, when I feel that I am a humble Yankee, who can claim no drop of Scotch blood on either side for his share. I am sure that you have an abundant supply of speakers in your own ranks who could do justice to such a truly national occasion as this; and there is always a disadvantage to a member of any other nation in speaking for Scotland, that a Scotchman never was mistaken; he always knows he is right. Now, we poor people of other races have to acknowledge that we are in the wrong, and do not feel sustained as you do by the invariable consciousness that we are in the right, and that we are the elect beyond a doubt.

But, perhaps, sir, you give me this very flattering opportunity, rather than I may extend the welcome of a Yankee to the Scotchmen among us, and to all their efforts, while thoroughly incorporated with us, to maintain their national traditions and their Caledonian brotherhood. And that, sir, I most heartily do. I do from my heart assure you of our sincere welcome to all Scotchmen, past or present, who have determined to make the United States their home, and accept what advantages we have to offer. There are no immigrants we welcome more warmly; because we feel that there are none more completely in sympathy with our own institutions, or who will more entirely encourage us in doing what we know to be our duty already. We do welcome you; it is well for us that we do. I advise everybody who finds his neighbor is a Scotsman to welcome him heartily. He will have the worst of it if he does not; Scotsmen have a peculiar tenacity of their own, in staying where they think they are well enough. You all know the story of Sir David Baird when captured at Seingapatam. When the news came to his parents in Scotland that Tipoo's prisoners were chained two and two, his mother remarked, "God help the pair chiel that's chained to our Davie." So I advise everyone who finds himself in close connection with a Scotsman to make a warm friend of him—and he will find no warmer—or else he may acquire an uncommonly hot enemy. Nemo me impune lacessit is a practical truth for the whole nation.

But it is to the national qualities of Scotland and Scotchmen, wherever and whenever displayed, that we owe them, our profound respect and gratitude. In the first place we look with admiration on the Scottish love of independence. We feel that in this respect your own Smollett hit the truth prophetically when he said: "Thy Spirit, Independence, let me share, Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye." Scotsmen have never been absorbed or lost in any other nation, great or small. Ever since they were Scots at all, they have been known and felt for what they really were, and if they accept a place as Americans, it is on the condition that their new country shall be completely herself as their old country was, and that in making that self Scotland's self shall have a share. And let nobody tell me that Scotland lost her independence and became an appendage of the crown of England. It is just the reverse, as I would inform any body here who is not a Scotchman: every Scotchman knows what I mean. In 1603 England's old line and her new line of king's were alike ending: she was looking around at a loss for some one to take the sceptre of the dying Elizabeth. The moment came, and Scotland stepped quickly forward in the person of her king, took possession of England, and the kings of Scotland have ruled England ever since. I have no special admiration for King James VI.; quite the reverse. But the United States ought to be grateful to him, for it was not till the Scottish line was on the throne that our country was colonized. Queen Elizabeth was a great woman, Sir Walter Raleigh a great man; but the Roanoke colony was a failure, and Virginia and Plymouth had to wait for a Scottish King to sign their charter and give his name to the earliest permanent settlement.

Our own ancestors owe to the sapient King James a solemn and authoritative approval of their expedition. When he asked how they expected to support themselves on the coast of New England, they replied, by "fishing." "On my soul," said "the most dread sovereign," as the dedication of the Bible calls him, "an honest trade; it was the Apostles own calling."

We also are grateful to Scotland for the examples of how a united nation can be formed out of separate and apparently incongruous parts. Sometimes Americans are led to doubt if there can be a harmonious and united nation made up of all the different people that occupy the territory. Scotland teaches us how this is possible. In her narrow boundaries two peoples, Celts and Angles, found a home, differing in almost every point of national character. They began by being fierce and as it seemed implacable enemies. The attacks of foreign powers brought them together to defend their joint country. Their enmity became first, respect, then friendship, then indissoluble union.

The Lowlander took from the Highlander his fiery spirit, his endurance of hardship, his poetry, his imagination; the Highlander received from the Lowlander his energy, his thrift, his persistency and his contrivance. From their high spirited and chivalrous Norman nobles they both imbibed the spirit of adventure; from those mysterious Piets, who seem to have been as troublesome to Saxons as any Celts, and to Celts as any Saxons, has perhaps come that mysterious, untraceable quality that has made the Scotsmen so distinguishable from other Celts and other Saxons everywhere. And all the elements together have been welded into one nation, whose influence and fame have extended far beyond its own narrow bounds, making it a classical, a historical, a living and controlling race. We beseech you, Scotsmen of America, help us to be and remain one people.

In common with all people, Americans admire and revere the pre-eminence of Scotsmen in so many departments of thought and action. I can but give a respectful glance at a few of them. The music of Scotland is something all her own, yet striking a responsive chord wherever it goes. And there is this striking fact about Scotland; its music is the music of a whole nation and not of a few great composers. When we speak of Italian music, we think of Palestrina or Rossini; of German music, of Bach, Beethoven, or Mozart; of French music, we speak of Abuer or Gounod; in English music, of Purcell or Bennett; it is always the great names. But no one knows or cares who composed the touching and stirring airs which rise to our lips the instant Scottish music is mentioned; they are the songs of the people. Their original words are often forgotten, or deserve to be; the tunes may go for centuries waiting for the right songs to fit them. "Macpherson's Rant," the "Flowers of the Forest," and "Bonnie Dundee," were lovely before Burns and Scott and Mrs. Cockburn seized upon them, and from their exquisite words they derived a new loveliness.

What Scotsmen have been in every department of science, we feel better than we can tell. We are grateful to Black for giving the first real impulse to modern chemical discovery; to Watt for his early, all but the earliest, analysis of water, and the transcendent impulse he gave to the use of steam; to Reid and Hamilton for their masterly researches on the philosophy of the invisible; to Fulton for bringing to this country and perfecting for the mingled glory of Scotland and America the first bold essay of Symington. There is another great Scottish discoverer whose work is not yet honored in the United States as it will be; but the time is sure to come when we shall unite with you in paying due honor to the genius of Adam Smith.

We particularly respect your great jurists and advocates. In the struggle for American Independence there was one Scotchman whom we fancied we hated, Lord Mansfield, because we believed, rightly enough, that of all King George's counsellors he was most opposed to our cause. But those times have gone by; and now, any American who studies the law of England, must feel grateful to the profound wisdom, the lofty prescience, the liberality, the lucid skill of that great magistrate, who bringing to bear upon the hard, narrow system of English a more liberal temper, derived from the jurisprudence of his native Scotland, moulded and expanded it to meet the demands of modern business, and before Lord Mansfield's death, a yet nobler spirit came from Scotland to save English law and English liberty from under the iron gag of arbitrary power: Thos. Erskine, the consummate advocate and orator, who by his transcendent speeches for the rights of

every Englishman, brought up drowning freedom by the locks from the sea where bigotry would have engulfed her, and put her on a rock where she would be safe forever.

Your literature,—we all know what that is,—we all know the conquests which your poets have won for their own "Caledonia, stern and wild, Meet nurse for a poetic child! Land of brown heath and shaggy wood, Land of the mountain and the flood."

Your chief darling, Burns, has found a home in the hearts of mankind everywhere, almost as deep and warm as in your own. But thousands all over the world have been drawn by the magic of Sir Walter's pen to inquire still more about the wonderful country that he describes,—thousands who never could penetrate into the secret of Burns' strains. How much good he has done! An astounding doctrine has been preached of late that he is immoral,—that young people should be cautioned before reading him. On the contrary, I believe it is eminently true what was written of him shortly after his death by that kindred genius, Washington Irving—the son of a Scotchman, Mr. President—"When did a human being ever exercise influence more salutary and beautiful?" I believe it is true of him as of your earlier poet, James Thompson, that his pen never issued: "One immoral and corrupting thought, One line which dying he could wish to blot."

And there is another of your poets, which people, more's the pity, read but little now, to whom my debt of pleasure and edification will not soon be exhausted—Thomas Campbell. Not only did he strike his lyre in tearful sympathy with the wrongs of Poland and manly protest against her wrongs; not only did he throw a tender veil of song over the massacre of Wyoming, the saddest episode in history; not only have his glorious sea songs been the inspiration of English and American from that time to this; but in strains of heavenly purity and seraphic ecstasy he carries the soul right above this low earth into the regions of immortal faith and hope, the very courts of our Father's house.

Ah, it is for that I am grateful to Scotsmen for the grand earnestness and seriousness that reign in their lives. There is a foolish jest that a Scotchman cannot take a joke; he can, and he can make them, too—good ones. But it is true that he is not eternally ready to bubble over with that fool's laughter which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot. I wish, for my own country's sake, it had not become such a general idea in the world that Americans were always funny, and that our grand literary gift to the age was an endless crop of complicated and exaggerated jokes. I trust the old soberness of our Puritan blood is not exhausted, and that our Scottish fellow citizens will help us renew it.

When I was but a child I learned to know and to love the poems of a Scottish author, less talked about than Scott or Burns, but dear to the heart of every parish in Scotland, who sing his songs in the kirk every day—John Logan. I learned early to repeat— O happy is the man who hears Instructions' warning voice, And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.

Wisdom has treasures greater far Than East or West unfold, And her rewards more precious are Than is the gain of gold. I will not repeat it all to you, sir; you all know it better than I; but what I should enjoy would be to hear this whole assembly singing those words to the old tune of "French."

Yes, sir, one thing we have learned from all Scotchmen, whether Highland or Lowland, or rather they have reminded us of what our fathers taught us—that we are God's children, accountable to Him for every word, every act, every thought of our lives, and under His protection in danger, in sorrow, and in death itself,—our stern Judge, our loving Father, our constant Friend.

I thank you again deeply, sir, for the honor of addressing you to-night; and I will say in closing that I believe the people of Scotland are very like their famous staple product. In ordinary times they are like barley—a good, plain wholesome grain, that makes an excellent fare for everyday use; but give them a proper steeping and apply a fitting heat, and you can draw from them a spirit so fiery and so fascinating that it will carry you away out of yourself before you know it.

A school teacher at Chillicothe, Ill., becoming angry at two pupils tied their hands to a stovepipe and then lighted some paper in the stove. The children's hands were severely burned. The teacher was dismissed.

The Country in a Bad State.

For the want of feed for cattle and seed grain, the farmers of Cape Breton were never in such need as they are this spring. Hundreds of tons of hay have been imported by rail during the winter and bought up as soon as it was landed along the line of railway, yet we are told that hundreds of tons are yet required. As for seed grain there appears to be none in the country, and as the price of oats and barley is so high, poor people will find it difficult to procure sufficient for seed. It is said that oats are selling in P. E. Island at present as high as 70 cents per bushel. If such be the case they cannot be brought here and sold much under 80 cents, so that our poor farmers will find it very difficult to secure enough for seed purposes, not to speak of it for feeding horses. The oat crop appeared to have been a failure all around last year, and that great farming country, P. E. Island, has suffered with other places. Would it not be well for the local government to purchase a few thousand bushels of seed for districts in need and dispose of it at cost to the farmers?—North Sydney Herald.

About the Vikings.

Paul du Chailu differs with many leading historians as to the social condition of the Vikings, the direct ancestors of the English speaking people, whom he believes to have been well civilized. He insists that "the people who were then spread over a great part of the present Russia, who overran Germania, who knew the art of writing, who led their conquering hosts to Spain, into the Mediterranean, to Italy, Sicily, Greece, the Black Sea, Palestine, Africa, and even crossed the broad Atlantic to America; who were undisputed masters of the sea for over twelve centuries were not barbarian," and concludes: "Let those who uphold the contrary view produce evidence from archeology of an indigenous British or Gallic civilization which surpasses that of the north."—New York Star.

The Biggest Liars.

The authorities in the island of Crete are at their wits end because of the lying propensities of the population, which are being given vent to especially in the courts of justice and in the newspapers. "Cretans have no respect for the truth," reports the governor. The Apostle Paul is by no means so tender in giving expression to the same fact. He tells Titus in the first chapter: "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." And Paul tells, also, that a Cretan prophet—was it Epimenides?—had said the same thing of his countrymen long before. From time immemorial, as it would seem, the Cretans have had the reputation of being the biggest liars.

How the Girls Wear their Hair.

The New York school girl wears her hair, as a rule, braided in one or two braids down her back. Sometimes, if the hair is very long, the braid is turned under and tied with a dark ribbon. Even after the dresses are much lengthened there is no change in dressing the hair, and in most cases this method is adhered to until after the graduation. When you encounter one of the fashionable boarding schools during its afternoon promenade the younger girl from the provincial town is easily recognized from the mature mode in which her hair is dressed. The simpler style is preferable, particularly as it makes the growth of hair more handsome.—New York World.

Let's reason together. Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown, step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—ugh! "That's enough!" Wait a little—

This firm pays the newspapers good money (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people that they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they can't benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their guarantee is not indefinite and relative, but definite and absolute—if the medicine doesn't help, your money is "on call."

Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?

The medicines are Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," for blood diseases, and his "Favorite Prescription," for woman's peculiar ills. If they help toward health, they cost \$1.00 a bottle each! If they don't they cost nothing!

Among the Italians who arrived at New York on Tuesday was a bandit who came over to murder his successful rival in love now in America. He is an ex-convict and will be sent back.

ALL SORTS.

Forebodings. When Woman's Rights have come to stay, Oh, who will rock the cradle! When wives are at the polls all day, Oh, who will rock the cradle? When Captain Mamma walks her decks, When Banker Mamma's cashing checks, When all our girls have lost their sex, Must Papa Rock The cradle? —New York Sun.

The distant relative is one who is afraid you are going to borrow \$5 from him.

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name don't have it inscribed on your umbrella.

If some men had the nine lives of a cat they would waste them all in folly and then have nine death-bed repentances.

If men knew as much of themselves as they usually do of their neighbor, they would hardly dare speak to themselves.

When you meet a man that tells you that "we all have our faults," you have met one that secretly believes he hasn't any at all.

"Papa," exclaimed Johnny, struggling with a very copious brand of influenza, "if the nose is an organ why don't it have stops?"

Three hundred to four hundred tons of coal per day is the amount used in some of the large passenger steamers on the Atlantic. This is about one ton per mile.

Even the most conceited of men may be pardoned his good opinion of himself if he remembers what his mother and neighbors said about him when he was a baby.

Full many a gem of spurious ray serene The spousal shirts of hotel clerks do bear. Full many a simple, ignorant sardine Believes them pearl stones of value rare.

The late Dr. Bethune asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied: "What business is that of yours?" Said the doctor: "Oh! sir, I am one of those who take an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

"I am going to become a missionary," she said, as she gazed at him with a why-don't-he-ask-me-to-marry-him expression on her face. Looking down upon her, he replied: "Don't you think you had better begin on a he-then?" They were married in the spring.

"Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of a young man at the concert who was applauding vigorously after a pretty girl had sung a song in a very painful way. "Not particularly," replied the young man frankly, "But I am extremely fond of the musician."

"Young man," said the stern father, "do you realize that my daughter is in the habit of wearing dresses that cost all the way from \$50 to \$100?" "I do," replied the young man, firmly, "and, sir," he continued, an exultant ring in his voice, "it was only the other night that we took an account of the stock and found that she had enough of them to last three years ahead."

Prince Louis Bonaparte, the heir under the well known Prince Napoleon is a tall, thin young fellow, of muscular type. He is dignified and gracious in manner, with a quiet, melancholy expression of countenance. He resembles a bust of his great ancestor taken when the first Napoleon was a lad leaving the Military School of Brienne.

The lion is not the "king of beasts." The Bengal tiger beats him every time in a fight. One such combat occurred recently at the Calcutta Zoo between an African lioness and a tigress. They were exhibited in compartments of the same cage, the door of the cage having been carelessly opened between the two compartments, the tigress rushed in and disposed of her rival in a fight which lasted about ten minutes.

Falling from a Height.

In reference to an annotation in The Lancet upon this subject, a medical man, formerly a sailor, states that in youth he fell from the topgallant yard of a vessel, a distance of at least 120 feet. Sensation was entirely lost during his transit through the air. It returned slightly on striking the water, sufficiently to enable the lad to strike out (being a good swimmer) and seize a life buoy. The writer thinks death would have been painless had he fallen on some hard substance, but the assertion that persons die in the act of falling is, he thinks, evidently wrong.—Medical Record.

THE WORLD OVER.

The Ottawa statement of exports for the nine months ending the 1st ult. shows \$500,000 increase over the same period last year.

Baron Fava's report on the New Orleans matter says the Federal government has not power to give Italy the satisfaction demanded.

The French naval authorities have just tested a large number of new torpedo boats which had cost \$1,750,000, and they were found to be so defective in various respects that they are practically useless.

The Irish Sunday-closing bill, as amended in Parliament, provides that a person shall not be deemed a bona fide traveller, and therefore not entitled to a drink of intoxicating liquors on Sunday at a public house, unless he travels a distance of at least six miles.

L. Pigott, of San Antonio, Texas, was arrested at Halifax Friday. It is said he stole from a ranch 15,000 sheep and 90 horses, the proceeds from which amounted to \$39,000. He is held for the United States officers, who are on the way. He had on him only \$450 in American money.

A suggestion is made that the United States audiences should rise upon their feet when the "Star Spangled Banner" is played just as the English audiences do when God Save the Queen strikes up, but we are afraid it wouldn't work. If however, "Annie Rooney" was fired at them they might "rise upon their feet" and go out and demand their money back.

In an article on truck-farming the last Nation shows that the Southern blacks are rivalling successfully their white neighbors. They not only own their farms, but their teams also, to transport their melons, sweet potatoes and asparagus to market. They make large use of fertilizers, and hire laborers at the rate of sixty-five cents a day. Cabbage appears to yield three-quarters of a dollar by the acre, and melons only a third as much.

Advices from South America, give a terrible state of affairs there. Three thousand workmen collected at a place called Amont to make a formal presentation respecting the scarcity of provisions. On the following day the train appeared loaded with Peruvian government troops. Without halting or parleying these troops opened fire on 900 defenceless workmen, women and children. The forces marched forward and killed all the men. After 900 were arrested, and of this number 18 were murdered.

There are no believers in the "exodus" out on the Pacific slope. The News-Advertiser of Vancouver anticipating the census returns says: "We believe that the percentage of growth in the population of the Dominion will compare very favorably with that of the United States, and while we anticipate that the Maritime provinces will contrast most satisfactorily with the New England States, British Columbia and the North-west will be found to have made substantial progress. Indeed, this province will, we think proportionately lead all her sisters."

A Philadelphia physician thinks that many of the so-called cases of pneumonia following the grip are nothing of the kind. He says he was called to a person supposed to be dying of pneumonia. The lungs were hard, as in that disease, but the pulse and temperature differed. The patient was taken by the heels, which were held high up while the head hung down over the side of the bed. Mucous soon began to flow from the mouth, and in half an hour a quart had escaped. The person is now convalescent. The hardness of the lungs was caused by mucous, and death would soon have ensued from drowning. Many physicians do not understand this peculiarity of the grip. Mucous collects rapidly, settles to the bottom of the lungs, and fills them up till the patient drowns.

New York is famed for its big newspaper buildings, but one which the proprietors of the New York Sun are about to erect seems likely to eclipse all other efforts in that direction. The area of the present Sun building is fifty feet on Park Row and fifty feet on Frankfort street. The architect proposes to erect a thirty-four story building, 450 ft high on the site. It will have two arches at the main entrance on Park Row, on the top of which will be granite and marble, and above this will rise a straw-colored structure of steel, which is as simple in design as the Washington monument. This will rise for twenty stories, and then there will be a gallery in the style of the Italian Renaissance, with columns and pilasters. A structure reaching to a point will surmount the building, instead of a dome or tower.