

ONE OF NELSON'S CAPTAINS.

A New Yorker Commanded a British Ship in the Battle of the Nile.

The fifth ship was the *Thesus*, Captain Ralph Willett Miller. This gentleman, whom after his premature death Nelson styled "the only truly virtuous man I ever knew," was by birth a New Yorker, whose family had been loyalists during the American Revolution. A letter from him to his wife gives an account of the fight which is at once among the most vivid, and, from the professional standpoint, the most satisfactory, of those which have been transmitted to us. Of the *Thesus's* entrance into the battle he says:

"In running along the enemy's line in the wake of the *Zealous* and *Goliath*, I observed their shot sweep just over us; and, knowing well that at such a moment Frenchmen would not have coolness enough to change their elevation, I closed them suddenly, and, running under the arch of their shot, reserved my fire, every gun being loaded with two and some with three round-shot, until I had the *Guerrier's* masts in a line and her jibboom about six feet clear of our rigging; we then opened with such effect that a second breath could not be drawn before her main and mizenmasts were also gone. This was precisely at sunset, or forty-four minutes past six; then, passing between her and the *Zealous*, and as close as possible round the off side of the *Goliath*, we anchored by the stern exactly in a line with her, and abreast the *Spartiate*. We had not been many minutes in action with the *Spartiate* when we observed one of our ships (and soon after knew her to be the *Vanguard*, placed herself so directly opposite to us on the outside of her that I desisted firing on her, that I might not do mischief to our friends, and directed every gun before the mainmasts, on the *Aquilon* (fourth French), and all abast on the *Conquerant*, giving up my proper bird to the admiral."—"Nelson in the Battle of the Nile," by Captain Mahan, in the *January Century*.

STEEL WAISTCOATS.

Armor Ordered from England by American Millionaires.

The London managers of a great Sheffield (England) manufacturing firm are authority for the statement that four well-known American millionaires have recently ordered coats and waistcoats made of steel. This armor is of light chain mail, allowing perfectly free movements, does not interfere with perspiration and weighs very little indeed. When a man has worn a mail coat for a week or two, the manufacturer says, he gets quite used to it and suffers no inconvenience whatever, says the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

While these coats will not turn a bullet, nor prevent the penetration of a dagger or sword at short range, they are sufficiently strong to turn either a sword or a dagger driven at long range. A spent bullet will not affect them in the slightest degree. The same manufacturer says that in the last five years his firm has received more than 900 orders for light armor.

A number of Englishmen statesmen protect themselves by using this armor. In the days when Fenianism was rampant there was hardly an English politician of note who did not adopt this means of securing partial safety. It is declared that four members of the present English Government have these coats of mail, and that one of these four men either wears his steel coat whenever he goes out or else is guarded by detectives.

Quite a number of millionaires are credited with the possession of these garments of safety, and it is alleged that while few people imagine it they are worn very generally by prominent men.

The Art of Silence.

We must check the angry word before it rises to our lips. St. Alphonsus Liguori says that the infallible rule for preventing angry speech is to keep absolutely silent until our anger has quite subsided. Babbling, tattling talk does even more mischief than the speech of hasty temper, and we must especially guard ourselves from this ugly, foolish habit of thoughtless chatter. All of the wiseheads seem to have given some time and thought to the correction of the tongue. Here is another old maxim:

If wisdom's ways you'd truly seek,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak.

And how, and when, and where.
But there are many who will tell us how and when and where to speak what we learn for ourselves is the art of silence—the most inoffensive of all arts. Silence induces thought, speech scatters it. Gay preserved a wise motto in easily remembered rhyme: My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.

Dress Reform in Court.

The Judge—Which is the plaintiff in this case?

The Plaintiff—I'm the plaintiff, your honor.

The Judge—I thought the wife was the plaintiff.

The Plaintiff—I am the wife, your honor.

The Judge—Th-the dickens you are.

The Plaintiff—I trust your honor entertains no prejudice against the habits of the new woman.

The Judge—Me! Certainly not. At the same time I feel it my duty to inform you that you don't stand a ghost of a show with this jury.

The Plaintiff—Why not?

The Judge—Because they are all married men.

Shrill Voice from the Jury Box—You're off judge. Four of us are married women.

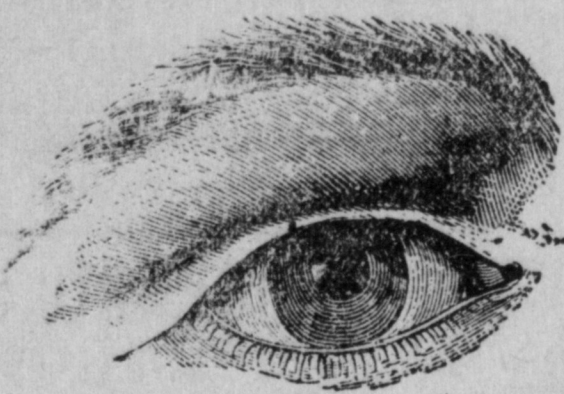
FREDERICTON, Feb. 5.—The debate on the address in reply to the Governor's speech ended this afternoon at 6 o'clock, and the address was passed without division, and Messrs. Osman, Carpenter and Farris were appointed a committee to represent it to the Governor. The speech of the day was that of Mr. Sivewright, and it was one of the brightest and witliest ever heard on the floors of the Legislature. It was delivered in a masterly manner, and obtained for Mr. Sivewright the closest attention and hearty congratulations from members of both the government and opposition parties. Mr. Sivewright was in excellent voice, and his effort showed that he is the greatest humorist of the House, as well as one of its most logical and convincing speakers.

Mr. Venoit in his address asked for the stock importation, saying the North Shore farmers wanted it made. He defended the government's lumber policy and made a strong and eloquent plea for a system of superannuation for school teachers, pointing out that they are a hard-worked and deserving fraternity.

During the afternoon returns were submitted of the bonded indebtedness of the city and county of St. John and of Northumberland, also a return of the assessed value of Kings. Petitions were presented from ratepayers of Moncton for a change in the taxation system, and from the Southwest Boom Company for a consolidation of its acts.

Dr. Alward gave notice of motions for returns of the banking transactions of the government during the year, also for a detailed statement of all probate fees. Mr. Black announced that he would move for a statement of the warrant expenditure, as well as all expenditures incurred, but not paid for.

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Notice.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of New Brunswick, at the approaching session thereof, for the passage of an Act in Amendment of the Act 37 Victoria Chapter 52. Instituted an act for the protection and management of certain marsh land at the Richibucto Village and Cape, and to confer larger power on the Commissioners than they at present possess.

Dated Jan. 28th, 1897.

STEVEN LEGERE } Commissioners
BAZIL MAILLET }
NORBERT CASSIE }

WANTED—Young women and men, or older ones if still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good talkers, ambitious and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with \$60 per month and upwards, according to ability. REV. T. S. LINSCOTT, Toronto, Ont.

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A FAMOUS STREAM.

Made So by a Song Which is a Household Word.

To sit in a gorgeous box at some splendid New York theater, amid a scene of life and brilliant glitter, and hear the marvelous voice of Patti ripple away on the melody of "Way Down Upon de Swanee Ribber," is one thing, and to travel through the South until, suddenly, with a squeak from the locomotive, one looks from the window of a Pullman car and sees for the first time in all his life, the clear, silent waters of this stream, is quite a different thing. How many have seen the Suwanee River through the veil of sentiment and song, under the environment of the first named order; and how few, comparatively, have actually stood upon the banks of the river itself, listened to the soft, low murmur of its meandering waters, so clear, so beautiful and so blue in eddy places, with trees bending over its bosom, all festooned with long, waving Spanish moss, which so abounds in the western regions of Florida. Fewer still are those who have lived upon the banks of this river, known throughout the world of song, long enough to make a study of the people who dwell permanently in its long, sweeping valleys—the land of flowers, song birds and sunshine.

Just how a river, a narrow little sand-bottomed, blue-watered river, that plays so small a part in the map of the United States as does the Suwanee could ever have become so famous in this wide world, does seem strange, to one when he comes to think of it, all because of a mere song. But, after all, it has a charm all its own, and the average visitor will find, when he once falls under its spell, that it will linger with him with surprising tenacity, and grow upon him like the shadow of some mysterious fascination. No doubt there was some such inspiration behind the lines:

Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away;

Dar's whar my heart am turnin' ebber,
Dar's whar de old folks stay.

Be that as it may, no such ideal picture book songs as this are ever heard on the Suwanee River in real life, unless it be, now and then, when some resident of this section chooses to hum a few lines of this same song in a spirit much the same as that of the deacon in church who says "Amen" when the preacher has finished the morning prayer—simply agreeing to what the author of this immortal song has written.

But there are songs along the Suwanee River that are characteristic and unique in all their plaintive melody, pathos and humor. The negroes who are found at work along the river, either on the little boats that haul timber up and down from the mills or phosphate from the mines, or out in the lumber camps and fields along the river bank, seem to be all given to song. They go about their work in the morning with a song and sing all the livelong day, crooning some plaintive air in a monotonous fashion, or else joining in a chorus where there are several of them, and making the woods around fairly reverberate with the echoes of their camp meeting hymns, such as this:

Jes' look over yonder whar I see—
Angels bid me ter come—

See two angels callin' at me—
Angels bid me ter come.

* Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner,

Rise an' shine, mourner,
For de angels bid 'er me ter come!

How their rich, mellow voices do melt away in the distance as they join in this sweet old air, and how the plaintive strain seems to die away upon the sighing waters of the famed river! And when they get to the chorus how they swing around at their work and bear down on the loud pedal of their voices and throw the genuine old jubilee vigor of camp meeting into the song. If they are cutting logs for the saw mill nigh at hand they are apt to swing their axes in full time with the measure of the song, and this gives it all the more interest and peculiar charm.

One of the lively "jig songs" that are often heard in the lumber and phosphate camps along the Suwanee River runs something like this:

Jaybird up de sugar tree,
Sparrow on de groun',

Jaybird shake de sugar down,
Sparrow pass hit eroun'.

Shoo, ladies, shoo,
Shoo, ladies, shoo,

Shoo, ladies, shoo my gal,
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill.

Five cents is my pocket change,
Ten cents is my bill;

It times don' git no bettah heah
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill.

etc., etc.

The music of this song is much in the fashion of the common negro songs, lively, yet full of pathos and plaintive melody. There is that in all negro songs that is plaintive, even their most exasperating foot-shaking and soul-stirring "jig songs."

True, typical negro songs rarely ever show any particular effort at preparation. They seem to just boil right out of the darkey's heart and soul, and if by chance they manage to get a fairly good jingle or rhyme to them, it is by no special poetical painstaking on the part of the author, and, in fact, is of but little consequence to him.

Such are the songs that one hears on the Suwanee river, in these modern days of progress and material development.

On the Contrary.

"I hear you had a financial discussion with Deadwood Pete. Did you find him open to conviction?" "No; but when I left him the doctor had to take fourteen stitches in him."

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OLD STUDENTS.

CITY OF MONCTON, N. B.,
Jan. 15th, 1897.

S. KERR, Esq.
DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to add my testimony, with that of many others, concerning the efficiency and thoroughness of your business course.

Mr. M. Lodge, accountant W. and L. Dent, City of Moncton, and Mr. L. G. C. Lawson, my assistant, (also old student of yours,) are both in this office. They have spoken to me on different occasions in the highest terms of the training received at your college, and their work certainly adds weight to their testimony.

(Signed) J. C. PATTERSON, City Clerk, City of Moncton.

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D. J. COCHRANE.

Richibucto, Jan. 6th, 1897.

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Richibucto, Dec. 1, 1896.