

OUR POLITICAL HISTORY.

INTERESTING SKETCHES BY MR. G. E. FENEVY.

Meeting of the Legislature—Stormy Session—The House Divided on Vote of Want of Confidence, 20 to 20—The Speaker's Casting Vote Only Keeps the Government in Office—Extraordinary Speech by the Speaker—Defeat of the Government—Another Dissolution and Restoration of the Liberals to Power and Office.

No. V.

On the 12th February, 1857, the legislature was called together for the despatch of business. It turned out in more respects than one to be the most remarkable session on record. The opposition in and out of the house exulted in the belief that the government, now that the liquor law was out of the way, could not stand a week. The political soothsayers counted 23 opponents, sure—to say nothing of four or five "loose fish" who would swim with the tide whenever they began to see it ebb and the possibility of promotion to office, several offices at that time being vacant. The writer, however, during his long political experience has frequently seen such scores run up among his friends, and knew well how galling the disappointment whenever events did not turn out according to calculation. The present was one of those occasions which furnished an equal amount of encouragement to both parties, but no clear sky through the murky clouds which hung over and about the house. As his excellency was now a conspicuous political figure and deeply concerned in the fate of his ministry, he felt that his own safety was involved in theirs—for if they were defeated his situation would be a very awkward one, from the fact that he would be obliged to send for his old advisers, the only available materials to work with, if re-elected—moreover there was the prospect of his former conduct being arraigned before the house, and his recall insisted upon by the restored government. (As in the case of the lieutenant-governor, Sir Colin Campbell, of Nova Scotia, so soon as the Liberals there got into power, and had an opportunity of dealing with his excellency for his past political misconduct)—and, therefore, it was quite natural to suppose that his excellency would feel painfully anxious.

On the 16th Mr. Fisher moved an amendment to the address in reply to the governor's speech, the latter part of which amendment contained these words: "Duty, however, impels us most respectfully to state to your excellency that your constitutional advisers do not possess the confidence of the house." Mr. Fisher spoke at great length in support of his motion, dealing out heavy blows against the government for the manner, and under the circumstances, in which they took office. On the government side a strong defence was set up. Both parties were sure of victory. At length, however, the postmaster (Mr. McPhelim) rose and spoke with such an air of confidence that the government would be sustained, that it was felt to be quite evident with the opposition that some of their counted-upon supporters had been tampered with and gone over. Mr. McPhelim said "the government were not going to be defeated this session, or for the next year or two. If the opposition thought so, they never were more mistaken in their lives."

At the end of the fifth day's debate, the wisest of the Liberals in St. John counted in the house 20 of their party—sure—and three doubtful ones were next to sure—to seventeen government supporters only; and accordingly some of the former commenced to parcel out the spoils in prospective. But then, after all, were the Liberals positively sure that they had 20 men they could count upon in the house? There were Messrs. Landry (father of the present M. P.), McMonagle and Earl, about whom there was great doubt, as these gentlemen had not yet made up their minds how they were going to vote—or, rather it should be said they kept their counsels, individually, to themselves, so much so that their most intimate friends were in Stygian darkness about them, but at the same time looked wise, though nervous. If these three then, should vote with the government—and it was natural to suppose that they would, as their sympathies never leaned towards Liberalism, with one exception—although as before remarked, the liquor question had knocked all parties into pi—we repeat, if these three should go with the government, the vote would stand 20 to 20, a dead lock; but the speaker being against the opposition, would give the casting vote, and the government be sustained—and so it proved.

On the 23rd, the question on Mr. Fisher's amendment was taken with the above result. Here was an anomalous condition of things, the Speaker alone holding the balance of power, and becoming the most absolute ruler in New Brunswick. Like the first Napoleon he could make or unmake governments, and even the governor, for had he exercised his fiat and turned the government out, his excellency stood in danger of being turned out also. The Liberals, however, counted upon this vote as a victory. Responsible government was for the first time in the empire, subjected to a strain of a peculiar character, for according to constitutional usage—and it will be found in Erskine May's Practices—if a tie vote should happen in the house of commons, the speaker's vote would not be given on the side of the crown, but on

the side of the people, that order which he is supposed to represent and jealously guard, no matter how distasteful to him personally the measure before the house. Parliamentary practices and personal considerations were the antithesis in 1857, in this part of the world.

But the most curious episode in all these proceedings was the speech delivered by the Speaker, just before he gave the casting vote. He berated both sides of the house in no measured terms. All political principles were trampled beneath his feet; he turned his past record upside down, then inside out. (At one time, in 1837, Mr. Simonds was one of the boldest champions, with L. A. Wilmot, on the side of the people, in his demands of the English government for the surrender of the casual and territorial revenues, and settlement of the quit rents, Sir Archibald Campbell being the lieutenant-governor, and was opposed to the surrender.) He declared responsible and departmental government unmitigated evils, the curse of the country, and hurrying it to irretrievable ruin. If he could see the people rise in their might and blot these principles out of existence, he would "depart in peace" and be happy. Not one member, on either side of the house, had displayed a single spark of patriotism—"to the victors belong the spoils," was his motive power. He had listened attentively to the whole debate, day after day, and the only conclusion he arrived at was that members liked to hear themselves talk, and see who could make the longest speech and take up the most time, thereby satisfying themselves, if nobody else, that the ablest man was he who possessed the most wind. In this way, he said, nine-tenths of the time of the country was squandered. This is but a brief epitome of his honor's remarks. He slashed and cut friends and opponents alike. In this he was impartial, but his casting vote went always further than his speech on the side of the government.

Mr. Fisher felt sorry that the speaker had made such an exhibition of himself in lecturing the house as he had done, and the temperate language he had used. He felt sorry for his honor, for the house and for the country, that "the first commoner" should so deport himself. He (Mr. Fisher) could not account for it that the speaker did not in his excitement fully comprehend the force of the language he was using, or that there might have been some unaccountable disturbing weight on his mind, which led him into so humiliating a position. Other members spoke in the same vein, when the speaker replied and reiterated his former charges and brought forward many more—and then voted with the government. The whole scene was one long to be remembered. It was both grave and comical. The government after this was called "the Speaker's government," as he held them all in the hollow of his hand.

The next chapter will close this series, and will show how the defeat of the government was brought about, viz.: by the defection of one of its supporters, Mr. Hugh McMonagle—another dissolution of the house—and a return of a large Liberal majority—and final restoration of the dismissed Fisher government to the offices out of which they had been bowed by Mr. Manners-Sutton through the liquor law legislation, less than two short years before.

Wherein the Defect Lay.

There is a colored congregation of Methodists, who, until a couple of months ago, were led in the paths of rectitude by a very young preacher. He was a fluent son of Ham, and the length of the words he hurled at his hearers were only limited by his lungs at one effort.

This was all very well for a time, but when the elders of the church saw that the argument adduced did not draw the erring ones nearer to the big white throne, a change was decided upon, and a committee of one was appointed to ask for the preacher's resignation.

When the errand had been stated, the preacher indignantly asked what the congregation expected for nothing.

"Waal, now, doan yo' see, we duzzent expect—"

"Isn't my character away up yan above procrastination?"

"No trouble 'bout dat, but say, yer isn't fur enuf eddicated to—"

"Kain't I talk consequently enuf ter suit de most rapashus?"

"Dat's it, chile, dat's it; hole right on whar y' ar now. Yo' kin talk, and yo' kin talk, but yo' don't pint out; yo' can argify an' yo' kin argify, but yo' don't show wharein."

The resignation was handed in directly.—Kansas City Star.

To Boys Who Smoke Cigarettes.

The manner employed by cigarette manufacturers to advertise and sell their goods among boys is one of the peculiar features of the tobacco trade at present. They place pictures of various kinds in the packages and offer a premium to the boy who presents the greatest number. We hereby suggest a scale of premiums to boys that might be more appropriate than any yet offered: "To the boy who smokes two packages of cigarettes a day we guarantee a case of sore eyes; five packages, loss of appetite and inability to sleep; six packages, impaired memory and trembling of the limbs; seven packages, vertigo, inflamed sore throat, fainting fits and tendency to hysterics, while for the boy who can give indubitable evidence that he gets away with eight packages of cigarettes per day we will insure paralysis, insanity and sudden death."—Texas Siftings.

"It is low tide," said a Rockland captain as he picked up the office cat, and, looking into her eyes, found the curtain of the eye almost closed. "When it's high tide," he continued, "you will find this curtain drawn wide open. It's a sure sign."—Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette.

NO PORTRAIT THIS WEEK.

By some unfortunate accident, which cannot at this time be accounted for, the portrait of His Lordship Bishop Sweeney has not been received from the engravers in season for this issue, though the artist's proofs have arrived. We regret this disappointment as deeply as our readers possibly can, and hope to more than atone for it in the near future. The portrait and biographical sketch will positively appear next week.

THE EDITORS.

AS MR. GILL SAW IT.

St. John Churches Were Not "Holy" and He Had to Carry on a Bombardment. (Rev. Joshua Gill in Advocate of Bible Holiness.)

I write at the conclusion of the services this Friday evening, it now being eleven o'clock. The convention has been running eight days. The attendance has been good, especially evenings, and the churches have all been represented. But while many have been willing to listen, not a very large number have submitted to be entirely sanctified. The reason is, that nearly all the ministers of the town are out of sympathy with the object of the meetings, and have fortified their people against the truth. There are a good many in the various churches who are clearly in the experience but no church gives the subject any encouragement, except the Queens Square Methodist, where the pastor both enjoys blessing, and leads others in. Our work has therefore been a bombardment with stubborn resistance. Yet at almost every service there have been some seekers and the prospect seems to grow brighter as we proceed. Besides those led to the fountain of cleansing, those already in the experience have been educated, strengthened, and more fully empowered. There have been present the following ministers: Hart, Cowperthwaite, Daniels, Allen, Kinghorn, McDonald, Wiggins, Colpitts, Gaskin, Daniel, Chappelle, McLeod, Sprague, Clarke, Brewer, Warden, and possibly some others. Most of those were in full sympathy, others were not, and attended only occasionally. Those who came regularly and entered into the work were wonderfully helped.

Some ministerial experiences were very striking. That of Rev. Dr. Sprague, Methodist pastor at Gibson, near Fredericton, especially so. He attended the late convention at Fredericton and there found soul rest, though he had earnestly sought it before. He took it by faith and testified to it on the strength of God's promises; then, a day or two later, very early in the morning, the blessed baptism came. His wife was immediately led to seek the same grace and found rest also. We wish Dr. Sprague would write out his experience for publication. These consecrated ministers will go to their homes with new ideas, new zeal, and new power to prosecute their God-ordained mission to lost souls.

Not only have these ministers found inspiration in convention, but sanctified laymen have come in from surrounding towns and gone home with broader views of duty. Holiness has a hold on the convictions of the people of this province and only needs pushing, to leaven ultimately the whole church.

The preaching has been by few men, but because others were not able but because they preferred to listen. Up to this time Bro. Fowler has preached eight times and the writer seven times, Bro. Hart, twice; Bro. C. H. Daniels, of Boston, once, and Bro. Allen, of this Province, once. Bro. Hart leads the singing and is a good helper in every way.

Bro. Daniels is here temporarily, supplying a Congregationalist pulpit.

There are many strong men and women of God here, and the cause of holiness will get great help from this Convention. At least two men in the ministry have been earnestly seeking perfect love, and one minister, going out all aflame for souls, will multiply himself greatly among his people.

Red Liveries on Western Ranches.

An Englishman who has been recently visiting American ranches owned by Englishmen, has this to say about one of these ranches in The London Economist: "I found on that ranch a manager drawing a salary of \$25,000 a year and an assistant manager drawing a salary of \$6250. In addition to this they had spent thousands of pounds sterling in worthless improvements, so far at least as the cattle business is concerned. I found on that Western prairie ranch located many, many miles from a railroad, servants dressed in red livery, and many other things fully as ridiculous. The men who should have devoted the greater part of their time to the management of the company's business spent most of their time hunting and fishing, a very pleasant pastime."

Her House.

"How many rooms in your new house, my dear?" inquired a good old-fashioned mother of her daughter, who had just acquired a West Side home.

"Ten apartments—reception-room, drawing-room, dining-room, larder, kitchen, lavatory and four chambers, besides the attic and furnace room," was the reply.

"Dear me, how some folks get things mixed," exclaimed the old lady. "Your father told me after he bought the house that there was a parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, pantry, kitchen, bathroom, four bedrooms, a cellar and a garret."—Buffalo Express.

L'EAU DORMANTE.

Curled up and sitting on her feet Within the window's deep embrasure, Is Lydia; and across the street, A lad, with eyes of roughish azure, Watches her buried in her book. In vain he tries to win a look, And from the trellis over there, Blows sundry kisses through the air, Which miss the mark, and fall unseen, Uncared for. Lydia is thirteen.

My lad, if you, without abuse, Will take advice from one who's wiser, And put his wisdom to more use Than ever yet did your adviser; If you will let, as none will do, Another's heartbreak serve for two, You'll have a care, some four years hence, How you lounge there by yonder fence And blow those kisses through that screen— For Lydia will be seventeen. —Atlantic Monthly for June.

BY RIVER AND RAPIDS.

A Remarkable Canoe Voyage of More Than a Hundred Miles.

On Saturday last a canoe trip was made which probably beats the record. Messrs. A. W. and R. B. Straton started from the Lower Basin, Grand Falls, at 4.30 a. m., and passed the city hall, Fredericton, at 7.19 p. m., making the run of 130 miles in 14 hours 49 seconds, including all stops.

This is a feat which has never before been accomplished by canoeists, to the best of our knowledge. Men accustomed to running rafts down the river say that it is an uncommon thing to bring a raft from Grand Falls to Spring Hill cove in one day, during freshet time. Indeed, there is a tradition among old river men that a raft was once run from the Lower Basin to Wilmot's Bluff, nine miles below Fredericton, between daylight and dark; but whether this is anything more than a tradition we cannot definitely say. It is said that Squire Kilburn, of Muniac, has often, at a good pitch of water, made the run from that place to Fredericton, 100 miles, in a day in a log canoe. Our esteemed friend Judge Ingraham, tells of a day's journey which he once made in a bark, in company with Charles Lee, from the falls to Eel River, 81 miles. On the 15th of June, 1887, at comparatively low water, Messrs. J. W. Bailey and R. B. Straton covered the distance between Peel and Fredericton, 76 miles, in one day. And on the 26th of May, at the beginning of the present freshet, and before it had reached its height, Messrs. J. K. Knight, agent Merchants' Bank, and H. M. Harley, teller Nova Scotia Bank, Woodstock, made the run from Andover to Woodstock, 51 miles, in 7 hours, against a stiff head wind.

Before attempting the trip, Mr. Straton prepared a time table, based upon information obtained in a survey of the river made by Deputy Foulis. All distances were taken from the plan accompanying his report of survey, as were the elevations from which was calculated the relative speed of the current at different points. The following are the principal points in the time table:—

Table with 2 columns: Location and Time. Grand Falls to Tobique, 21 m., 6.30; Woodstock, 69, 11.54; Eel River, 81, 1.04 p.m.; Pouquok, 98, 2.28; Long's Creek, 111, 4.55; Fredericton, 130, 7.22.

It was exactly half past four, by Fredericton local time, when the good canoe Red Swan pushed out into the noisy, frothy waters of the lower basin. On the far side, at the foot of the gorge, no canoe could live; but here on the west side, and extending half way across the basin, is an immense eddy, comparatively smooth, describing incessantly an immense circle, and covered in places to a depth of six inches, with a creamy foam. The night has been very cold, and the top of this foam is hard and brittle with the frost. A short distance below the eddy a rocky point projects from the next bank, from which the water recoils with tremendous force, forming a line of rollers, extending obliquely down and across the river. About 100 yards below is another, similar, but much rougher. As the Red Swan drew clear of the eddy, and feels the full force of the current, an attempt is made to get her outside of the line of rollers, for they look ugly; but the current is too strong, and so she is headed straight for them, and goes climbing through in beautiful style, not however without shipping considerable water. But it will never do to take the second line of breakers in like manner, for the Red Swan would want wings indeed to get through that wild dance in safety. So her bow is headed across the stream, the bow man is called on for his very best, and away she dashes like a crazy thing. But there is a method in her madness; and as she glides beyond the reach of harm all hands feel relieved that the only really dangerous piece of water on the river has been safely passed.

And now ashore, to empty her water, for she is about one quarter full; ten precious minutes are lost here, which in this tearing current means more than a mile and a half. At Salmon river the crew get their first view of the sun, but it soon disappears again, the valley is so narrow and the overshadowing hills so high. At the mouth of Aroostook this rough country is left behind, and Tobique is made at 6.22, two minutes behind time. Hardly a word is spoken by the crew as they settled down to steady work: the Andover Bridges are passed safely, and at 7.30, three minutes ahead of time, the Red Swan is rounded up at Muniac to allow the crew to change places. It is becoming evident that this is going to be no business of taking it easy and allowing her to drift with the current; nothing but hard and unremitting paddling will keep her up to schedule time. At Chicketchawk there are five minutes to the good, as another change is made, and away she goes cavorting under the Floreenceville bridge, and on to Heartland, which is reached at 10.30, one minute late. Here the stern man takes sole command, and the bowman gives his undiverted attention to the contents of a substantial parcel, for which he is indebted to the kindly forethought of mine host Mayberry. Presently another change is made and the rest of the crew go through the same interesting operation. Acker Creek is hardly passed, with its railway bridge perched away in the air, before "Hardscrabble," looms up ahead, and the roar of the river is heard tearing under the Woodstock bridge. Woodstock is made at 11.46, twelve minutes late. Here a stop of 20 minutes is made, to send a message to friend Hawthorn, and the crew would fain take longer in this pleasant town. But that terrible schedule is unrelenting, and the Red Swan is once more under way. Mile after mile is put behind the now hopeful crew in quick succession; the rough water at Shogomoc is run with a shout; Fouquoick, Nacawick, the Barony, slide by like a dream; Longs creek finds the crew 19 miles from town; Indian Village is reached at 5.50 ten minutes ahead of time, and Spring Hill finds that terrible schedule beaten by twelve minutes. The old canoe herself is beginning to get excellent, and seems to travel faster than ever. Opposite city hall the watch is consulted for the last time, and shows 7.19, and the run is finished, with three minutes to spare.—Sporting and Dramatic News.

OF COURSE IT IS.

The moral tone of the paper is good and it promises well in every way.—Presbyterian Witness.

Maintaining its present standard must become popular.—Woodstock Sentinel.

A handsome six-column quarto.—Press and Printer.

Looks very fine.—The Jury.

Makes an excellent appearance mechanically, printed on superior paper from new type.—Daily Telegraph.

Typographically and otherwise presents a very attractive appearance.—Halifax Mail.

Occupies a field peculiarly its own.—Daily Sun.

The various departments are admirably filled, being in charge of able men.—Halifax Mail.

Represents in several respects new departments in our provincial journalism.—Daily Telegraph.

Is entirely free from plate matter and is filled with bright, racy articles, nearly all of which are original.—Sackville Post.

Exceedingly well got up and filled with excellent reading, mostly original.—Presbyterian Witness.

We are very much pleased with its appearance.—Chicago Horseman.

It purposes occupying a field in journalism which is certainly not overcrowded.—Charlottetown Guardian.

A bright, newsy sheet.—Portland Transcript.

One of our brightest exchanges.—Joliet Ill., Daily News.

The characteristics of the new-comer include good typographical work, good taste in arrangement of matter, and good paper and presswork. It Progress will give some special attention to the manufacturing industries of the maritime provinces it will help wonderfully in "booming" Canada.—Canadian Manufacturer.

Looks well, and is fresh and newsy.—Religious Intelligence.

Neatly printed, ably conducted, and full of interest.—Windsor, N. S. Journal.

Promises to be a lively, wideawake and readable paper, independent and fair in criticism on all subjects.—Chatham World.

Contains a great deal of reading matter and presents a good appearance.—Halifax Echo.

A real live journal.—Maritime Farmer.

The editorials are sharp, bright and well to the point, and the selected matter is of the best.—Halifax Mail.

Newsy and well printed.—Montreal Shareholder.

The editors are a promising couple of live young journalists, with ability and experience, who will undoubtedly give the Blueeons metropolis a good newspaper.—Bangor Industrial Journal.

The base-ball reporter of that excellent paper, Progress, understands his business thoroughly, and the same may be said of the dramatic and musical critics of the staff. There has been no paper in the province that has ever undertaken to fearlessly criticize the capabilities and the incapabilities of the artists who appear there in the same certain manner, and we are glad to see it.—Sporting and Dramatic News.

Promises exceedingly well, and under the energetic and painstaking literary

direction and supervision of Messrs. Carter and Sawyer, will no doubt more than sustain the favorable impression already formed.—Daily Telegraph.

Gives evidence of marked ability on the part of the editors.—Educational Review.

Far exceeds the expectations that were formed of it.—St. Croix Courier.

Reflects credit on its enterprising proprietors.—Moncton Transcript.

More than fulfills all the promises contained in the prospectus.—Woodstock Sentinel.

From a typographical and literary standpoint, the paper has every claim to a place in the front ranks of Canadian journalism.—Boston Evening Traveller.

A paper which has been unsurpassed in its particular line in the history of New Brunswick journalism.—St. Croix Courier.

A most desirable addition to maritime province journalism.—Halifax Critic.

A most creditable addition to the New Brunswick press.—Newcastle Advocate.

The matter is all spicy and readable, and the paper ought to make a great hit.—Bangor Commercial.

Shows a thorough knowledge in selections, bright and newsy locals and sparkling editorials, that will ensure for it the first position among provincial publications.—South Portland, Me., Sentinel.

There is plenty of room for such a paper, especially at the top.—Charlottetown Guardian.

Bound to be a success.—Sackville Post.

Must become popular.—Woodstock Sentinel.

Its success is assured.—St. Croix Courier.

Should "catch on" with the people of St. John, who generally know a good thing when they see it.—The Jury.

It is bound to succeed.—Halifax Mail.

Women at Table.

Women are womanish about ordering, says a New York Graphic writer. That ought to be added to those lists that are always being published of the things they can't do because "they are not built that way."

Yesterday I listened to this typical conversation:—

"Now, what shall we have?"

"Oh, I don't care; you order?"

"Yes; but I don't know what you like."

"I'll like anything you like."

"Well, you'll tell me the real truly truth when I ask you, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; but you'll order what you like, and not think about me, won't you, darling?"

"W—, yes; I suppose we might find something we both like."

"That's just the idea." (Chorus.)

"Something we both like."

"Well, now, what shall it be?"

"You say first."

"No, you; it's your lunch."

"Yes, but you are a guest."

"So I am; well—then an awful pause in which she gathers herself together for the plunge—"well, let's have—oysters!"

Of course this was the beginning, but I spare you the discussion of the way they were to be cooked. Then came the awful problem of something else; round and round the question then went until one of them happened, as she moved her tireless little forefinger up and down the bill of fare, to discover that quail here was only 50 cents.

"Why, it's 60 at So-and-so's, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," said the other.

"We ought to have some while we are here, oughtn't we?"

"Yes, indeed, we don't know when we'll be here again." As though they had previously been discussing sweets as a conclusion to their spread, they laboriously stuffed themselves with quail because it was ten cents cheaper there than somewhere else. Who says that women are not economical?

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