

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, / WALTER L. SAWYER, Editors.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

ADVERTISEMENTS, (contract) \$15 an inch a year. The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 11.

CIRCULATION, 6,000.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents will please be careful to place nothing but their "copy" in the unsealed envelopes which they put at manuscript rates.

KEEP OFF THE ROCKS.

It is said that after today we will know whether Mr. PETERS or Mr. RITCHIE will be police magistrate. This paper goes to press before any decision is arrived at, but we hope and think that Mr. B. LESTER PETERS will retain his position.

We cannot think that the government will do anything so unadvised and so uncalculated for as to remove of Mr. PETERS. The result of such an act cannot fail to be disastrous to the administration.

In the face of this great opposition and the greater opposition of the electors, would it not be almost suicidal for the government to supplant Mr. PETERS.

If there was cause for his removal, no objections would be raised. There is no cause and any such change should not, and we think will not, be made.

GET IT OUT OF SIGHT.

Much has been written and said about the enclosure of the Old Burial ground, but nothing has yet been done to improve it. It is quite true that, when some wind a little ruder than the ordinary flattens it on the sidewalk, the authorities, after due deliberation, help it to its feet again, nail on the loosened pickets and get it ready for the next breeze.

The old broken, tottering wooden fence is a disgrace to our city. It is an eyesore to good citizens and the laughing stock of strangers. We take pride in our squares, in their appearance, in their walks and trees and everything about them, but for the one spot that is more beautiful than any other, more sacred and historic, where the founders of the city sleep, we have nothing but neglect.

It is a shame. There is nothing to prevent the common council from taking the same interest in the Burial ground as in any street or square in the city. It is quite as great a thoroughfare as any of them. The cost of a neat, decent fence would not be great, and who would object to it? No one.

If possible, get the present rotten, unsightly structure out of sight before July. Let us mark the first year of the greater city but at least one much needed improvement.

THE ARMY AND LEAGUE.

The division of the Salvation army in Toronto, has caused a great deal of comment not only in the army but among their friends and enemies throughout the country. The seceders call themselves the Christian League and in Toronto alone are more than 2000 strong. They held a great meeting in Shaftsbury hall in that city, and by a vote of 2000 to 10 justified their desertion of the Salvation army.

"Rev. J. M. WILKINSON was a model chairman and umpire. He is a great friend of the blood and fire warriors, and pledged himself to see fair play. With tact he silenced a few interrupters, especially an excited Catholic woman who wanted "cheers for Father HAND." Ex-Capt. BELL-SMITH expounded the constitution and principles of the Christian league. Ex-Captain DALE maintained that the Salvation army abro-

gated its members' rights as British subjects. He objected to General BOOTH on the other side of the Atlantic doing his thinking for common-sense Toronto people.

"Ex-Capt. BRYCE indignantly repudiated the charge of being a "boodler" from Montreal of \$500 from the Army funds; also that he ran away with the lady pianoplayer. [Laughter.] Loud cheers greeted him when he told how he braved the commissioner's veto and married the girl he loved, and left the despotic organization which promised him a rest that like the sandwich he so longed for never came. The speaker was severe on the financial department of the army, his station being in debt and officers impoverished in order that the commissioner should get from the station \$800 for the Hindoos and \$400 for the Household Troops.

"Ex-Captain JAMES CUSIN, a Swiss, Fr. PHILIPPE, an ex-monk, told of sufferings, oppressions and privations, even to the want of the necessities of life and being obliged to beg on the part of inferior officers, while the Commissioner and Colonel fared sumptuously every day.

"Harrowing incidents were given by Ex-Capt. SHANKLAND, some of which amounted to malversation of funds by divisional officers. His adjutant at Pembroke showed the Christlike spirit when he said to him: 'If you won't bow to my will and give me the money you have collected' [which I had obtained for quite another purpose] 'you ought to be roasting and frizzling in hell.' [Sensation.]

"And others to the same tale of suffering and luxurious autocracy. Contractor F. SEXTON vigorously denounced 'Boothism,' and startled many by the legal opinion he quoted that the Commissioner could sell the Albert street temple tomorrow and take the money to the BOOTHs in England. Threats had been made of personal injury if he told what he knew, and this he did at a fine rate, especially as to how mortgages were obtained and people induced to make wills in favor of the Salvation Army.

"Then came the crushing vote of nearly all present, who arose to their feet and averred that in the opinion of that meeting of Toronto citizens the speakers were justified in leaving the Salvation Army."

Little if any dissatisfaction with their leaders has shown itself in the army ranks in St. John. The one ground of complaint that the followers have is the delay in providing them with their long promised building. Money has been given for it again and again, but the structure is still wanting. Fredericton with a smaller band has had a very creditable barrack erected. If the army propose to continue the good work it has done in St. John, as little time as possible should be lost in providing its soldiers with a permanent home.

The Telegraph with unusual pertinacity holds that because Mr. PETERS wrote the Union bill that he is responsible for it! Mr. PETERS was asked to prepare the bill under the instructions of the Union commissions and he is just as responsible for it as a court stenographer would be who transcribed from dictated notes a bill to abolish short hand in the courts. The officers of the crown are alone responsible for the laws that pass the legislature.

The University Monthly makes a strange inaccurate statement when it says that Dr. MACRAE and Mr. G. HERBERT LEE resigned from the board of degree examiners. They did not resign, and it is safe to say had no intention of doing so. We regard the intimation of President HARRISON that their successors had been appointed as peculiarly unfortunate, especially at this time when the relations of St. John to the university should be as cordial as possible.

Mr. FENETY'S bright and readable Florida letters have interested thousands. There was a charm and variety about them too attractive to be resisted. If the numerous and generous compliments paid the author through the editors are indicative of the general criticism, we cannot doubt that the contributions have been thoroughly enjoyed. But we prefer prose to poetry at all times.

Mr. WILLIAM QUINTON assures the Sun that he is not a candidate for the position of the chief of police, and that Mr. MARSHALL has nothing to fear from him. He never had, Mr. QUINTON.

The universal hired girl is a very scarce article just now. House cleaning time and vacation are synonymous terms with her.

SPRING.

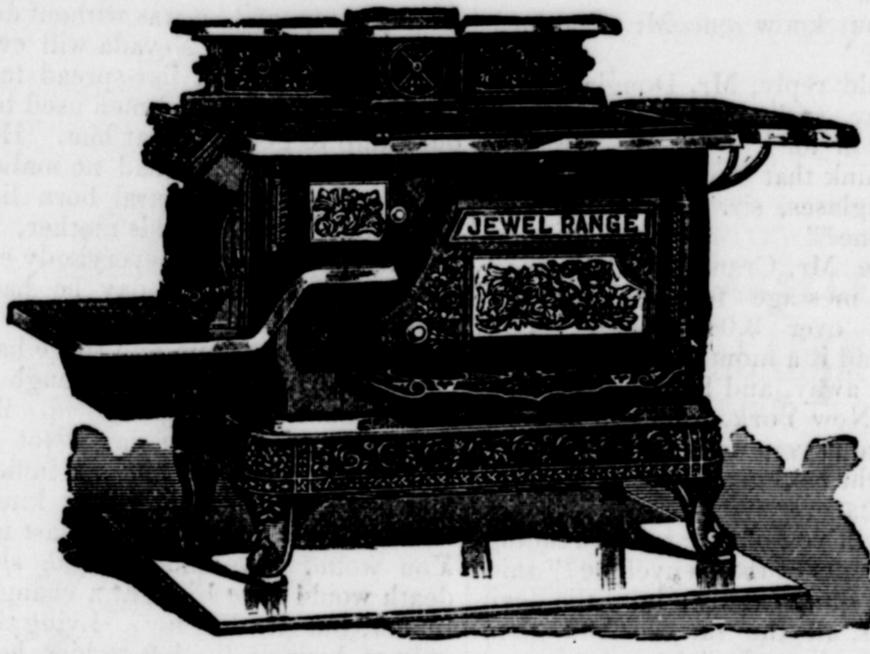
At dawn the smiling hills and plains / The scented zephyrs softly breathe, / And thrill the hearts of love-lorn swains / Who sadly sigh while wand'ring 'neath / The glistering buds that, swaying in the breeze, / With emerald pendants deck the wakened trees. / The Frost King's ice-forged chains are snapt / And fiddle lie by pond and stream / That in their freedom sang and clapt / Their gleeful hands 'neath Titan's beam. / Who broke their thrall and with his quick'ning ray / Unfettered launched them on their joyous way. / The violet its fragrance flings, / And primrose, to the vernal breeze, / And as the merry whirl of wings / Is carried soft thro' swaying trees, / The stream of Peace floats o'er our hearts. We sing / While sorrow's winter ends in joy's glad spring! / May '89. CASEY, PA.



Still you, madam, washing can't be done well unless the soap is right. I've been washing these 30 years and tried all kinds, and there's none like Logan's Ideal Soap for taking dirt & stains out of the clothes without rotting them, and it don't make the hands rough and sore as many soaps do. It's made by Wm Logan St. John & all grocers sell it.

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JEWEL.



JEWEL.

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THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

So little is definitely known about the mound-builders and so much has been conjectured that I feel half-inclined to avoid facts, which may prove prosy, and discuss theories, which are always entertaining. There is material for a half-hour essay in Mr. Donnelly's ingenious claim that this peculiar people had their origin in the lost Atlantis—the traditional island that he and Plato before him located in the Atlantic ocean, off the Straits of Gibraltar. For that matter, it would be easy to write a book about the mound-builders. One would need nothing but a map and a vivid imagination. In the long run, however, truth is more profitable; and the best thing I can do will be to briefly state accepted conclusions as to the early home of this ancient race, where its dispersed peoples went, what enduring monuments they erected and how finally they were swallowed up.

There is good reason to believe that the first immigrants to this continent came from Asia. It seems equally certain that the first movement in this direction was made at a very early period, and that the second immigration was separated from it by a wide space of time. Both parties of immigrants followed a general instinct in moving on or near the parallel of latitude on which they had lived. Their distinctive traits cropped out in their manner of life. The pioneers were a peaceful, domestic people; those who succeeded them were nomadic and warlike. The first immigrants—the mound-builders—were driven to this continent, in the first place, and afterwards driven out of it; and the propelling force in both cases was a section of their own stock, which finally flowered into that type of mankind represented by our old friend the North American Indian.

Let us then locate the early home of our pioneers in the north middle portion of eastern Asia. Their ancestors, Tartars or Scythians, crowded out of the cradle of the race in the vicinity of Mount Ararat, had moved eastward along the southern slope of the Altai mountains to the head-streams of the Amoor. Here they were probably raided by the wild Tartars or Scythians whose home—it they may be said to have had any—was on the northern slopes of the same mountain range. Then the ancestors of the mound-builders, dispossessed of their farms and fishing grounds, seem to have found their way to and across the North Pacific to the valley of the Columbia river. As their numbers increased, some of them followed the coast to the south and many more moved eastward, along the rivers, their favorite location being within the peninsula between the Mississippi and Ohio. The nomadic branch of the race, meanwhile, travelling on their favorite parallel of latitude, would cross the Pacific by Behring Sea and occupy the northern part of the new continent, as their predecessors did the southern. But the latter comers were restless as well as quarrelsome. They did not soon come in contact with the mound-builders, but when they did those unhappy people were forced once more to abandon their homes. This time they went to Mexico

and Peru. The invaders spread over the continent, fought each other, for want of foreign enemies, split off into tribes—and were at length driven out in their turn by the white man. That is the whole story in a nutshell.

It is quite as easy to trace the evolution of the wild Scythian, the mound-builders' enemy, into the North American Indian. The former, Herodotus says, scalped their enemies, were skilled in the use of the bow and arrow and in athletic exercises, and considered hunting and fighting the chief end of man. Herodotus found the wild Tartars picturesque, but there is no record that anybody has ever wasted much admiration on their descendants.

I have said that we know little about the mound-builders. They were sun-worshippers, like their ancestors and descendants, and though many of their relics take the form of enclosed earthworks, erected for purposes of defence, most of the mounds were doubtless designed for burial or for worship. They are counted literally by thousands. In an area of 50 miles on the borders of Iowa and Illinois they number 2,500. They take different shapes, often those of wild animals. The size and number of them indicate industry as untiring as that which raised the pyramids of Egypt. Their builders were, indeed, a race of workers, with considerable capacity for self-improvement. They seem to have invented a process of hardening copper, for the purposes of tools. They wrought in lead and silver and clay, and their earthen vessels, though crude enough, are decidedly more artistic than our Indians were able to model after the experience of centuries. They were good farmers, it would appear, cultivating maize, beans, squashes and pumpkins, probably the sweet potato, and very likely other vegetables. Their descendants made wonderful progress in the arts of peace. Prof. Darby states, in his lectures on history, that in point of a mere secular civilization, the Mexicans were the equals of the Spaniards when Cortez invaded their country—the latter having only the advantage derived from the use of gunpowder and cavalry.

At first glance, it would seem that the fittest did not survive when their wild compatriots drove these innocent people from their homes, and then harried them across the continent. It is saddening to think that the fruits of much of their toil fell to that worthless rascal, the Indian, and that their descendants were the prey of the unscrupulous scamps who accompanied the Spanish adventurer. The purpose of history is vindicated, however, when one looks closer, and it is seen how truly Emerson sung:

The over-god / Who marries Right to Might, / Who peoples, unpeoples,— / He who exterminates / Races by stronger races, / Black by white faces,— / Knows to bring honey / Out of the lion; / Grants greatest scion / On pirate and Turk. / Spaniard and Aztec have combined to / make the Mexican, who, against great

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Jetted Capes. Jetted Wraps.

We will offer on Monday, three special lots of DRESS STUFFS:

- Lot No. 1, French De Beige Combination, at.....10c. Lot No. 2, English Camlet Suiting, at.....15c. Lot No. 3, Stripe Satteen, at.....18c.

Call and examine these lots, and you will be convinced that they are bargains that cannot be equalled.

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A. L. LAW, Gilbert's Lane Dye Works.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The C. B. S. Society.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I would like to ask your correspondent who has come forward to the defence of the C. B. S. society—and who is himself a member—if the object of this society and of the English Church Union society, is not to extirpate Protestant opinions and practices."

"We do not want to force a Close or a McNeill into popish vestments, but we do want to make a Close or a McNeill in the future as extinct as the dodo. We do not care what a man preaches so long as he does not preach Protestantism."

Their organs no longer conceal their enmity to the principles of Protestantism as seen by these two quotations from their organs. SIGMA.

Chatham, N. B., May 3.

A Protest From the Pew.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: If it comes within the scope of your journals usefulness, you would confer a favor upon the congregation of a certain church on City Road by calling attention to the selfishness of a certain male member who worships there, who persists in starting out "with heavy tread and slow," during the stillness which prevails immediately after the benediction is pronounced, and when every other person present is bowed in silent prayer. This annoyance continues Sunday after Sunday, and as the custom of devoting a few moments to silent prayer was adopted a few months ago at the express wish of the minister, it is nothing less than a direct insult to him, as well as to the whole congregation who are subjected to it.

CONTRA BONOS MOVES. St. John May 6.

FEN AND PRESS.

The St. Andrews Beacon is out. It is a clean looking sheet, bright, newsy and promises political independence. The editorial paragraphs are pointed and concise and ever department of the paper is well looked after. The Beacon has a good advertising patronage and promises to stay and prosper.

Removal of Business.

Mr. D. J. Delaney announces in another column that he has removed his place of business from Garden street, city, to Main street, Portland, opposite Mr. T. McElroy's.

odds, has freed himself from both priestly and political bonds, and is pushing his country fast forward to a place among the favored nations. On the other hand, the Digger Indians of California, who are believed to be descendants of mound-builders who were driven into the mountains by their enemies and have kept aloof from alien elements, are probably today the most degraded race that the sun shines on.

The impartial student, recognizing this, will find that it impresses a lesson the centuries teach him. "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs." Events that have shaken the world within the last hundred years may seem to us out of line with progress: that is because, from our very position, we see the final outcome in a false light, or, more probably, do not see it at all. Looking back two or three centuries, say, I venture that not an occurrence recorded in history but has had its effect for good; and I include the great crimes as well as the good deeds. Burned at the stake, a Christian lights the world. Massacred, tortured or driven from their homes, the Huguenots, the Covenanters and the Pilgrims bless mankind with a conception of duty that, fulfilled, makes nations themselves immortal. Matter is persistent, but spirit is much more enduring. No righteous deed or word or thought was ever wasted since the world began. We can neither help nor hinder evolution, except as God wills, but that fact does not relieve us of responsibility. We know that sooner or later the truth will prevail—and what more of encouragement or inspiration can we need? W. L. S.

G. E. F.'s Adieu to Florida.

DEAR PROGRESS—If you think this dog-grell will not be the death of any one of your readers, nor create any great envy among the Postasters of the day, you will please find it a place somewhere near your obituary notices appropos of its solemnity, and oblige, yours truly G. E. F.

My home, my home, my distant home, / Once more my footsteps turn to thee, / To greet those friends of whom alone, / Time and food memory point to me; / And though this land with flowers entwined, / Where summer holds eternal sway, / The flowers of March I leave behind, / Will greet me in the month of May.

The lilac and the hawthorn bloom, / The buttercup and sweet nasturtium / Will scent the dale as we reach home / In welcome of our late return. / While healthful breezes fan the sky / And robust health carmines the day, / We'll live to love those friends so nigh, / But not forget those far away. / Florida's lovely hills and dales, / Sequestered groves and grassy knolls, / And placid lakes and greenwood vales, / 'Midst which I've ta'en my daily strolls. / On these my memory oft will dwell / When far removed on distant strand, / And whispering thoughts within me swell / Of joys departed in this land. / But in thy bloom and summer pride / (While frosts and snows prevail with me) / Fond fancy by my ingle side, / Will wing her way in flights to thee, / And should kind fortune be my lot, / And thus my footsteps mark the way, / Sweet Florida! forget it not, / Next time I come—'twill be to stay! Tallahassee, May 2.