

FROM LOYALIST STOCK.

LATE GEORGE BOTSFORD, CLERK OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

The History of the Botsford Family, and the Part Its Members Took in the Affairs of the Province—Prominent in the Law and Politics of the Country.

The demise of George Botsford, Esquire, barrister-at-law, and clerk of the Legislative Council of New Brunswick, closed a useful and an eventful life. The history of the Botsford family is so closely interwoven with that of our province, that any record thereof is not only extremely interesting, but also furnishes material which the historian will eagerly grasp to place before the public.

In Doomsday Book "Botsford" is recorded as being the possessor of lands and tenements in "Leicestershire; and, it appears, the descendants of the Briton early crossed to the new world, for we meet with mention, in Upham's History of America, of a Botsford who owned domains in Connecticut, A. D., 1640.

George Botsford was descended from the Loyalists. His grandfather, Amos Botsford, an offspring of the Connecticut family, was the leader, or agent, of that patriotic band, who, at the close of the American Revolution, removed to the county of Sunbury, Nova Scotia, (now the province of New Brunswick), and landed at Parr Town, (now St. John), on the Eighteenth of May, A. D., 1783. He secured a grant of some lots in Parr Town, but settled at Sackville, Westmorland county. The state papers in the public archives, at Halifax, shew his duties as agent to have been to superintend the apportioning of lots, to oversee and arrange all public transactions of the migrating population, and to distribute the provisions and the pecuniary allowances of the Crown, which accepted his certificates as sufficient evidence of payment.

The province of New Brunswick was organized on the sixteenth of August, 1784, and at the first provincial election Amos Botsford was returned as one of the members for Westmorland, and had the high honor of being chosen speaker of the first assembly, which was convened at Parr Town on the third of January, 1786, a position he held continuously until his death, which occurred at St. John, in March 1812, at the age of three score and ten. He had one son, William, who was born in 1773; educated at Yale college, whence he graduated with honors in 1792, after which he studied law with the Hon. Jonathan Bliss, (afterwards chief justice of the province); was appointed recorder of St. John, 1810, and, like his father, represented the County of Westmorland in the provincial assembly, and was chosen speaker of that body, being afterwards appointed a judge of the supreme court. He lived to the ripe age of 92 years. The family of William Botsford comprised ten children, the most prominent of whom were Amos Edwin, an ex-speaker of the senate of Canada; Bliss, speaker of the house of assembly, N. B., solicitor general, and finally judge of the county court of Westmorland; Chipman Botsford, sheriff of Gloucester; Hazen Botsford, Blair Botsford, Dr. Le Baron Botsford, and George Botsford, the subject of this sketch.

Having thus traced the descent of George Botsford, we may turn another page of our provincial history, where we shall find a very interesting record of the ancestry of his widow. Like her husband's, Mrs. Botsford's line of descent runs through the Loyalists, her grandfather, Garret Clopper, who became the first recorder of the county of York, N. B., being a New York Loyalist of Kickerbocker stock. Some twenty years before that memorable exodus he married (April 29, 1763), Miss Penelope Miller, daughter of Stephen Miller, Esq., of Milton, county of Suffolk, province of Massachusetts Bay, and Hannah Dyer, of Plymouth; the Rev. Jacob Bacon officiating on the pleasant occasion. Mrs. Charles Dyer took as her second husband, Edward Winslow, Esq., father of Judge Winslow. The family of Garret Clopper, the founder of "Grape Lawn," the Botsford homestead in Fredericton, consisted of two sons and four daughters. The sons were Henry George, and Garret William. The latter was killed in a duel with an American officer in Washington, D.C., when only nineteen years of age, the cause being a dispute on the National questions then at issue. The oldest son, Henry George, who became an officer in the British service, married Mary Ann Ketchum, daughter of Richard Ketchum, who was the grandfather of Henry George Clopper Ketchum, C.E., the projector and chief engineer of the Chignecto Ship railway, in which important undertaking he is associated with Sir Benjamin Baker, engineer of the famous Frith of Forth bridge, Scotland, and Sir William Fowler, C.E.

The family of Henry George Clopper numbered one son and two daughters. The latter were Margaret Elizabeth, married to Dr. George P. Peters, son of Attorney General Peters (appointed 1828); and Francis Marian, the surviving widow of the late George Botsford.

Mrs. George Botsford's father, Henry George Clopper, who, as stated, held a commission in the British army, retired to succeed his father as recorder of York county. He was the founder of the Central bank of New Brunswick, of which he was elected president, an office which was held later by George Botsford. The notes of the Peoples bank, another of New Brunswick's successful financial institutions, bear to this day, the likeness of Henry George Clopper.

George Botsford was born at Sackville, where his grandfather, Amos Botsford, had settled. He was educated at Halifax, and removed to Fredericton in 1840, where he formed a law partnership with Mr. Gray, (now judge) and afterwards with John C. Allan, (now knighted). He was one of the most learned and successful equity lawyers of the province, and compiled Botsford's Rules of the Supreme Court, which is a high authority with the profession. In 1841 he, for the first and only time, offered his services as a member of the assembly, contesting York county with the late H. N. L. A. Wilnot, but was defeated. In 1843, on the death of Tynp Peters, he was appointed clerk of the legislative council, receiving his commission direct from the crown; and when his outspoken political sentiments clashed with those of some member of the

council, causing them to seek to dismiss him, he successfully denied the right of a lower power to cancel the crown appointment. For three years, (1870-1873), the duties of clerk were performed by the late George J. Bliss, Esq., when Mr. Botsford was re-instated. Thereafter, he held the position, uninterrupted, until his death. When the bill to abolish the legislative council passed the legislature, in the session of 1891, the esteem in which both houses held Mr. Botsford was shown by their providing for the continuance of his salary until his death, after the council which had received his intelligent and gentlemanly services had gone out of existence.

While devoting a great part of his life-time to his profession, and to his clerical duties, he nevertheless found time to be extremely useful in other spheres no less important. As president of the Central bank, his skill as a financier was apparent, and he was called to visit England on business of that institution, travelling also to Paris. In a letter from the gay French capital, he speaks in glowing terms of a cordial visit which he received from his cousin, Lady Arbuthnot, accompanied by her husband, Sir Robert, who had been informed of Mr. Botsford's presence by a mutual friend, Mr. Doe, of Boston. As a memento of his visit to England, he brought home an old-fashioned sofa, which at one time graced the speaker's room of the house of commons, and was the property of Lord Canterbury and Baron of Botsford, of Botsford, Leicestershire.

He was also president of the Fredericton and St. John Telegraph company, and of the Bible society. In society Mr. Botsford was ever a most welcome and honored guest, and an affable, open-hearted entertainer. A brilliant conversationalist, well-read, learned in the laws, versed in the political history of the province, and possessed of a shrewd and refined humor, he was a very strong acquisition to any social gathering. As an honorary member of the officers' mess of the 33rd, the Duke of Wellington's regiment, his wit and versatility were noted at the board, and his popularity in the regiment was such that when the officers made a tour of the United States he was invited to accompany them, and became one of the party.

He married Miss Frances Marian Clopper, on the fifth of August, 1848, the ceremony being performed in the Stone church, St. John. He first met Miss Clopper at the residence of Sir James Carter, in Fredericton, where, after the death of her parents, she lived for some time, Lady Carter being her cousin.

It is to be expected that the life of a man possessed of a mind so well balanced and cultured should be reflected in its material surroundings. Mr. Botsford's residence in Fredericton, called "Grape Lawn," was ever a beautiful spot. This old-fashioned English-looking homestead, beautiful in its surroundings, was erected in 1790 by Mrs. Botsford's grandfather, Garret Clopper. The property, as originally acquired by the loyalist, comprised about one third of a city block, or square, bounded by Brunswick, Saint John and King streets, and on the east by the property of Sir John C. Allen, whose wife, Lady Allen, is a cousin of the late George Botsford. On the death of Mrs. Botsford's father, Henry George Clopper, the property was divided, the house, with a large plot of land, constituting the homestead as at present constituted, going to Mrs. Botsford. Though situated in a part of the city noted for the sylvan beauty of its streets, and the magnificence of its private gardens, Grape Lawn was yet pre-eminently noticeable—attractive to strangers, captivating to those who had the entire to its restful precincts. The trim buckthorne hedge on the south front skirting the velvety croquet and lawn tennis ground, shaded by stately elms and wide-spreading oaks, from whose branches hung suspended the old-fashioned swing; the orchard, redolent in spring time of rich perfumes from apple and plum trees; the garden, with its roses, lilacs, syringas, and honeysuckles, raspberries, strawberries, and other luscious fruits, and its flower beds in continued bloom, scenting the air by day and night; the grape vines over-running some old trees, given up to their embraces—these are some of the recollections of "Grape Lawn," which will ever nestle in the memories of the many friends of the family. Yet the grape vines reached forth their tendrils and climbed up the lattice veranda, billowed over its roof, spread over the house-side, framing the windows with cool festoons, where hid the purple grapes, "drooping their dusty globes of wine," and rested not until their green foliage waved from the apex of the hospitable roof-tree. In such a home George Botsford's family nestled; and beautiful as the homestead was, it never lacked the presence of beautiful women to adorn it, for the Botsford daughters were ever fair. Nor in physique alone were they beautiful, for the "sweet, attractive grace" of the true lady-hood was theirs, sitting as lightly and as naturally upon them as its blue on the violet.

Besides "Grape Lawn," his city residence, Mr. Botsford erected a handsome suburban villa on his property, "Hawthorne Hill," about a mile below the city, whence a most magnificent view of the beautiful valley of the St. John river is obtained. This property was at one time leased by Baron Von Seidlitz. The house was destroyed by fire.

The family of George Botsford consisted of five sons and five daughters. Three sons and three daughters pre-deceased him. The daughters now living being Elizabeth and Leila, and the sons H. G. Botsford, C. E., late of the Chignecto ship-railway staff, now residing in Boston, and George Botsford, now engaged in mercantile pursuits in Boston.

The armorial bearings of the family are a shield on bay branches, surmounted by a dove. Motto, "Digna Sequens," and the members of the family have ever lived with that object in view.

BARRY STRATON.

A Bamboo Watch Spring.

A gentleman travelling in Japan broke the mainspring of his watch, which he took to a native village jeweler. The watch kept good time until the rainy season set in. Being in the city of Tokio at that time, the traveller took the watch to an English workman, who found that the Jap had put in a bamboo spring, which, so long as it kept dry, remained elastic, but during wet weather had gathered dampness and lost its power.

CHARLES READE AND DICKENS.

The Former's Realism, and the Latter's Wit Expresses an Opinion.

Mr. Wybert Reeve describes, on the authority of Wilkie Collins, a scene at Judge Talfourd's, in which Dickens played a part, as follows:—It was a dinner party, at which most of the leading representatives of literature and art were present. The conversation turned on Dickens's last book. Some of the characters were highly praised. Mrs. Dickens joined in the conversation and said she could not understand what people could see in his writings to talk so much about them. The face of Dickens betrayed his feelings. Again the book was referred to, and a lady present said she wondered when and how many strange thoughts came into his head. "Oh," replied Dickens, "I don't know. They come at odd times; sometimes in the night, when I jump out of bed and jot them down, for fear I should have lost them by the morning." "That is true," said Mrs. Dickens. "I have reason to know it—jumping out of bed, and getting in again, with his feet as cold as a stone." Dickens left the table, and was afterwards found sitting in a small room off the hall—silent and angry. There is also in Mr. Reeve's volume a good story of Charles Reade. Reade was great stickler for reality, and on producing a play at the Princess's, the first act of which introduced a farmyard scene, he insisted on having a live pig on the stage. The property-master raising some objection, Reade lost his temper, and drove to the market and bought one. He brought it back in triumph to the stage door, when an officious super, seeing who he was, quickly opened the door of the cab, a proceeding which Reade was unprepared for. Out jumped the pig, and away it scampered down the street, Reade after it, calling out "Stop my pig!" to the amusement and surprise of all the young ruffians of the neighborhood.

Unconsciously Committed.

The husband stood before the mirror with his face screwed into a horrible grimace. He was shaving himself. The wife lingered at the opposite side of the room with her mouth full of pins. She was just finishing her toilet. "M-m-m-ump," observed she. "Wah-aw-ah-oo, m-m," he replied. The husband took a new twist in his lips in order to stretch taut his cheek and facilitate the work on hand. The wife removed one pin from her mouth and put five more in its place.

"Boe-r-soo-r-r, m-ump," she proceeded, with a careless air.

"R-nt-nt, m-ump," he promptly rejoined. There was a moment of silence, during which time the fire crackled in the grate and the lace curtains rustled gently. The wife was the first to speak again.

"Er-ah-m-m-m," she remarked, with some animation; "pah-ow-m-ump."

"M-ump," quietly answered he.

The lady standing there in her statuesque beauty, hastily ejected the pins upon the table and started in evident astonishment. "And you consent without a murmur," she exclaimed at last, and her eyes swam with tears of joy.

The gentleman, proud in the consciousness of strength, suddenly pulled his face into shape and stared likewise.

"Consent to what?" he weakly demanded as if with a foreboding of evil.

"To my having a new sealskin. I had no idea you would say yes so soon. Oh, you dear old darling."

She threw herself upon his bosom and got some soap on her nose. He silently acquiesced, but remained in fitful, moody abstraction for hours, like one who has sustained a great and unexpected blow through no fault of his own.—Detroit Tribune.

An Indian Fakir's Horrible Performances.

An account of the performances of the Indian fakir Soliman ben Aissa is given by the Vienna correspondent of the *Lancet*. The exhibition has very properly been forbidden in public places in Vienna, but a series of private entertainments has been arranged. An aristocratic audience was present at the first of these. The fakir commenced his performances by inhaling fumes of burnt powder prepared from extracts of snake and scorpion poisons, and by certain quick movements of the head he produced a toasting at the mouth. After these preliminaries needles and other sharp instruments were thrust through various parts of his body, including a stiletto a foot long and a half an inch broad, which was thrust through his tongue. Another feat which is said to have caused great sensation consisted in pulling forward the eyeball and presenting it outside the orbit to the view of the audience between two fingers. He was "invulnerable" also to the heat produced by a flaming torch held for a minute and a half against the under surface of his forearm. Chewing glass and playing with poisonous snakes were among his other tricks. The *Lancet* recalls the experiments of the celebrated "Fire King" who many years ago created a sensation in London by advertising his power to drink prussic acid without injury to himself. The history of his exposure, sudden downfall, and subsequent malignant challenge to Mr. Wakley to fight a duel form one of the most interesting and humorous chapters in the older volumes of the *Lancet*. The *Lancet* deprecates medical men lending their countenance in any degree to such dismal spectacles.

Head-Covering at Night.

It is a curious fact that people who would under no circumstances venture out of doors in the day-time bareheaded, will open the windows and retire at night and expect to sleep with the thermometer eight or ten degrees lower than they could tolerate in the day-time. Delicate women twist their hair in crimps, which uncovers the forehead, and then, entirely without protection for the head, expect to sleep and enjoy reasonable health. One of the ablest physicians in the country and one who has been uniformly successful in the treatment of nervous diseases, recommends a bandage of very thin woollen material or of silk, to be bound around the forehead and worn at night. If you imagine that you have taken a heavy cold, wrap the head, throat, neck and shoulders in a light, throat, nawl or scarf of silk and wear it for two or three nights. See that a fold of the silk comes over the forehead low enough to meet the eyebrows, then bring it around in front, covering the sides of the face after the fashion of a sister of charity. This is recommended as an al-

most untailing cure for insomnia and diseases of the head and throat. If the face, the sides of the throat and ears are thoroughly rubbed with fine oil or vaseline, a cold will usually disappear within two or three nights. It is safe to say that one-half of the more severe ills of life, would vanish if people realized that it is as necessary to protect the head at night as it is in the day time.—N. Y. Ledger.

Cardinal Manning's Successor.

Dr. Vaughan, Roman Catholic bishop of Salford, whose nomination as archbishop of Westminster in place of the late Cardinal Manning is announced from Rome, is in his 60th year. He is a man of great energy and activity. Some twenty years ago he founded the beautiful missionary college at Mill Hill, and literally tramped over America, north and south, collecting the necessary funds. This institution, with preparatory schools also established by him near Southport on the continent, will ever stand as a witness to his zeal and work. In 1872 Dr. Vaughan was promoted to the See of Salford, and since that time has labored steadily to make Manchester a Catholic centre. In philanthropic work he has always taken an active part. To him more than to any other ecclesiastic belongs the credit of having led the crusade against the overcrowding and other unsanitary conditions of the houses of the poor of Manchester and Salford. The sweating system has always had in him a determined and outspoken opponent. Dr. Vaughan is an eloquent preacher and a staunch total abstinence, holding that the drink demon lies at the bottom of every effort at social regeneration, mocking the philanthropist and the religionist alike. He is proprietor of the *Tablet*, the best of the catholic papers. His claims to the archbishopric of Westminster are understood to have been advocated strongly by the "aristocratic set" in the Roman catholic church, including, of course, the Duke of Norfolk, who is said to be a great admirer of Dr. Vaughan.

An Incident in the Life of a Duke.

The Grand Duke of Hesse was an exemplary husband, although not many years after the death of the Princess Alice, in 1878 the widowed Grand Duke was enmeshed in the toils of a beautiful and clever lady. Mdme. de Kolenine, the widow of the former Russian Attaché to the Court of Hesse-Darmstadt, made her royal lover the abject slave of her caprice. Had the Grand Duke been of firmer moral fibre he would hardly have committed such a crowning piece of folly as to give the Princess Alice such a successor as Mdme. de Kolenine. But, imprudent as was the marriage itself, it almost passes comprehension that the Grand Duke should a few hours after his eldest daughter's marriage to Prince Louis of Battenberg, and while his august mother-in-law, the queen, the Prince of Wales, and other distinguished guests were under the Grand Ducal roof, have chosen just this moment to be secretly married in a remote room in the palace to Mdme. de Kolenine. But, it the marriage was suddenly decided on, the separation between the Grand Duke and his second wife was even more abrupt, the bride of a few hours being practically turned out of the palace and never allowed to re-enter it. How far the Grand Duke's repentance was quickened by the action of his distinguished relatives we need not here inquire.

An Odd French Custom.

A feature of last week's social life in Bedford was the "burring" of Ash Wednesday by the French people, a custom peculiar to Canada, and this is how it is done: The host and hostess of the party busy themselves in frying "flapjacks," and after a big stack has been piled up the party is seated at the tables and there is a gastronomic contest to see who can eat the largest number of those "flapjacks." The winner gets a suitable prize while the one who eats the fewest becomes the clown of the party for the remainder of the evening and is obliged to submit to any pranks which the others may play and do everything ordered to no matter how ridiculous. The biggest record ever known there was made by a Frenchman, who is now dead, who ate an even two dozen good-sized "flap-jacks," with nothing to help them down but sugar. Whether his feat had anything to do with his death, which soon after occurred, is a matter for speculation.—Bedford Journal.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The heart is never idle. Ignorance is a dangerous master. For Cholera, Fellows' Speedy Relief stands ahead of all other Preparations. Truth may be stretched over a compliment.

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters is not a new remedy. It has been known in this country for over fifty years.

Ten women are able to do the talking of forty, and they are always straining their ability.

J. C. R. Shops, Truro, N. S.

K. D. C. Co.—DEAR SIRS:—It affords me much pleasure to bear testimony to the prompt and satisfactory effect of your K. D. C. in my own case. I was for thirteen years a sufferer from Dyspepsia and had about lost faith in everything advertised for the complaint and all hopes that I could be cured. Hearing of the many cures effected by your remedy I was induced to try it. The effect has been a surprise to me. The first dose helped me, and now after using less than one box, I consider myself cured. I feel it my duty to heartily recommend it to others.

Yours truly,

M. P. RICHARDSON.

There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking his guidance of it, or insult him by taking it into our own hands, and what is true of the deity is equaling true of his revelation.—Ruskin.

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To be had almost for the asking so very reasonable are the prices asked for those wonderful garments, the Rigby waterproof, porous, coats and trousers. Truly wonderful was the discovery of the compound used by the manufacturers of this Rigby Cloth. The public can rely upon our statement, that garments made from Rigby are thoroughly waterproof, and the best thing of the kind ever offered in this market.



Results.

EXAMINE the wash closely when Surprise Soap is used.

NOTE that white goods are made whiter; colored goods brighter; flannels softer.

You will see that not the slightest injury has been done the finest laces or tenderest fabrics.

The fine results of the Surprise Soap washing is sufficient reason for its use—to say nothing of its economy; it's labor saving properties.

'Tis not only for washing clothes that Surprise Soap is good, but it will clean everything that needs cleaning.

Surprise Soap is pure Soap. THE ST. CROIX SOAP CO., St. Stephen, N. B.

They're After You



But they will never know you from other men who keep up with the times, if you send your Collars, Cuffs and Shirts to Ungar's Laundry. There is all the difference in the world between a Collar ironed at Ungar's and one done at home, and for stylishness the two cannot be compared. Why not do as others do and look as well as possible. Send your laundry to Ungar's and save a heap of trouble.

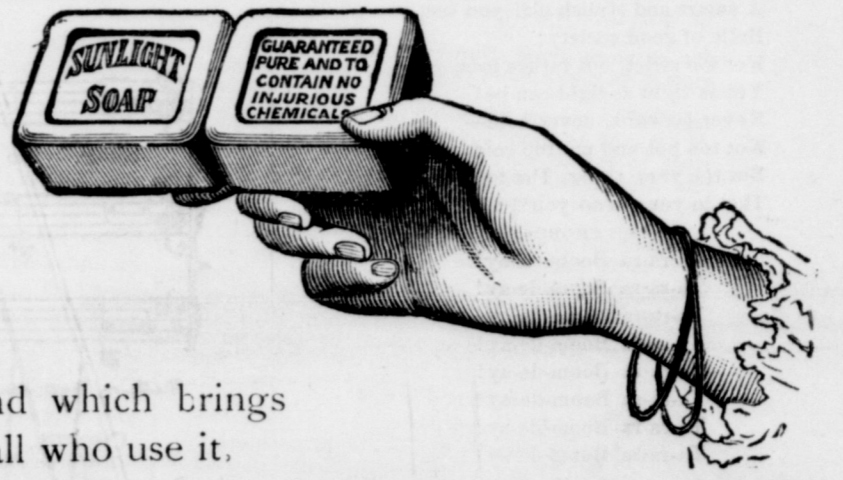
Tell your wife how to get a fashionable silk dress for an old black one. You know how it's done.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, it done at

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Which Saves Hard Work, Backache, and Sore Hands, and which brings Comfort to all who use it.



PUT YOUR TRUST IN "SUNLIGHT," IT WILL NEVER DISAPPOINT YOU.

Sunlight Soap Depot for Quebec and Eastern Provinces, Frank Major & Co., Montreal.

NEW DISCOVERY by ACCIDENT

In computing a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairine. IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT.

Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK and ARMS attest its merits. GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate a beard or hair on their neck, find a priceless boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Trade Mark. Price of Queen's Anti-Hairine, 1/2 per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely sealed from observation). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$5.00 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed. SPECIAL.—To ladies who introduce and sell among their friends 25 Bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairine, we will present with a SILK DRESS, 15 yards best silk. Extra Large Bottle and samples of talk to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents. HOME REFERENCES.—The Lytle Safe and Lock Co., 146 to 150 Water Street; Edwin Alden Advertising Agency, 248 Race Street, and John D. Park & Sons Co., Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE. - POTATO PHOSPHATE.

THE PRIZE CROPS. 1st Prize For Potatoes, \$50.00, taken by C. Pickard, Sackville.

This is to certify, that I the undersigned, assisted Mr. Lund to measure one acre of Potato 1 and, and assisted Mr. Bowser in checking and weighing the Potatoes taken from said acre, on which we used 5 barrels of your Special Potato Phosphate only, and find the crop four hundred and thirty-one bushels, 27 1/2 lbs., (431, 27 1/2). About three-quarters of the Potatoes were Beauty of Hebron, the remainder Black Mountain. The Hebrons grew at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre, and Montanas fully 600 bushels to the acre. (Signed) C. PICKARD.

Affirmed before me this 13th day of Nov. 1891, at Sackville.

[Signed] CHARLES E. LUND, J.P. This is to certify, that I have this day parted off one acre from Mr. Charles Pickard's potato field, and marked the bounds of the same for the purpose of a prize competition. (Signed) C. E. LUND, D. L. Surveyor. Dated at Sackville, 26th Sept., 1891.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., 89 Water St., St. John, N. B.