

An Art Gallery for Saint John.

To the Editor of the Cartoon:

Sir,—I have a vague impression that many years ago a wealthy merchant of St. John, who was quite an enthusiast in Art matters, did leave in his will a sum of money towards the erection or maintenance of a St. John Gallery of Art. If you can throw any light on this subject, you will oblige

MACFAGGIN.

[“MacFaggin’s” impression is correct. A bequest to the extent of about four or five thousand dollars for some purpose connected with the formation of an Art Gallery, we think can be found in the last will and testament of the late John Owens. A gentleman who saw the will states it to be as high as ten thousand dollars. I suppose there are persons in this city well up in this important matter. Will they kindly furnish the public with full information through the press.]—ED. CARTOON.

Our advent was anticipated by the *Globe* in its issue of the 16th. We were billed for that evening. (Thanks for the advertisement—*although somewhat in error*). We wish the *Globe*, moreover, to understand that we are not a party paper in the accepted sense. We are independent. If we espouse the Liberal Conservatives we do it from choice and not from necessity. With the New Brunswick political chess-board before us, which we have studied for over twenty years, we have been taught to look upon the New Brunswick party, and the friends of that party at present in power at Ottawa, as opposed to every movement that was at all likely to benefit the masses—Anti-Liberals, Anti-Confeds, Anti-Schools, in fact Anti-diluvian. Their present position and tactics are inconsistent with their well-known principles, hence our selection.

To Correspondents.

The letters of the following correspondents we reject and return, with thanks: “XYZ,” St. Andrew’s; “Uno,” Newcastle, and “Broad Arrow,” Woodstock. Too much animus, gentlemen! Fun is fun. If you will be kind enough to re-write and leave out the objectionable portions, we shall be pleased to give your letters publicity.

Country correspondence arrived too late for publication in this issue.

A public gentleman of considerable elevation in Kent County society, remarked the other day in a speech, that he had been a close student of Geography(?) for over two years, and had arrived at the following conclusion and would bet a beaver hat in support of the hypothesis—that there were four eclipses in each year. No one took up the bet, The geographical students in the crowd were scarce. A fact!

In the reign of England’s Virgin Queen some fifty thousand Mynheer von Duncks well skilled in the arts and manufactures got in some trouble in their native country and for conscience sake left, and crossed over to the land of the Free. They found great encouragement and in order to retain these thrifty and clever people, the wise old Queen put on a big tariff on Dutch manufactures. What was the consequence? In a few years Britain was exporting to Holland—comparatively speaking—Dutch merchandize in large quantities, to the disgust of the Dutch generally. That is a policy that Alexander considers destroys a country. For further particulars see Motley.

The red-coated warriors of St. John intend visiting Sussex to-morrow. A Pic-nic or gathering under the flag of the 62nd Batt. will be part of the programme. We ask the ladies to swell the ranks, and file off in a vast host by the early train to the tune of “J’aime la Militaire.” The profits of the excursion, if any, will be spent in arming the regiment with helmets, cap-a-pie-ce.

REFORM.

What’s in a name—that name the word REFORM!
When used by so-called Liberals, Conservatives to scare—
Naught but an empty pledge—a thing still-born—
A wicked mockery, delusion and a snare!

“For a handsome cab I’ve got,
And a handsome horse I trot—
Cab! Cab! Cab! Cab! Your honor, Cab!
I’ll take you like a shot.”

On Friday last, a commotion was observed on the Market Square. A dog fight in full force was the supposition; many rushed to see the canine feud, and were disappointed and disgusted when they found out the trouble. It appears that his Worship, the chief peeler, and the Alderman of the *chapeau blanc* were drilling the cabbies.

“Fall in,” shouted one of the generals, and in popped the cabbies, head foremost into their respective rumble-tumbles.

“Come out, you asses,” shrieked a second general in disgust. We judged there was a division among the three.

“Right wheel,” echoed the third, and they seized the correct whirligig.

“What are you doing?” asked the three generals.

“Don’t know,” shouted all the cabbies, in chorus.

“As you was,” screamed the chief.

“I! I! sir,” and the last movement was executed in masterly style, and chaos again reigned supreme in the Market Square as it has been for several weeks.

Since our reporter handed in the foregoing we understand that his Worship will not allow more than twelve public coaches to remain on the Square at a time. The rest can move on—wander around seeking whom they can take in—or stand, where? they ask. On their dignity, of course, says our Sphinx.

HERE’S A CHANCE FOR A SWEET SIXTEEN OR THEREABOUTS.

Particularly wanted, by a gentleman bordering on middle age and moderately well off, a wife. She must be a few years younger than himself, healthy and well-proportioned. Beauty of face not absolutely objected to; but preference would be given to a plain girl, that is to say, not an ugly but a commonly good-looking one, whose face will not spoil. She must have blue eyes, light hair, and have her hair always neatly brushed back. No money expected with her; but the more she has the better. Must be sufficiently well educated to read and understand the CARTOON. Need not personally play or sing, or be endowed with any pictorial skill, but must be capable of enjoying Art and have Music in her soul. Her reasoning faculties, at the same time, must be sufficiently well developed to enable her to draw a correct inference. It is necessary that she should be well versed in cookery, needle-work, and all the ordinary provinces of feminine usefulness.

She is required to be further characterized by the following peculiarities. Natural repugnance to ear-rings and chignons. Loathing and abhorrence of rouge and skin powder. Love of finery and good living, no matter how ardent, if of the latter rather than the former, accompanied by content, to let both be limited by pecuniary circumstances. Solicitude about dress and decoration with a view to pleasing her husband; perfect unconcern as to pleasing anybody else. Utter contempt for the ridicule of acquaintance, incurred by necessary economies. Unfeigned dislike to balls and evening parties. Disposition to cultivate all the elegancies of life, always in subordination to comfort, and when retrenchment is necessary, choice to retrench first of all in show. Any amount of passion for furniture, so long as the dinner-table is cared less for than the dinner, and the dinner is not extravagant. The utmost fondness of trips, travelling, staying at the sea-side, theatres, concerts, and every sort and kind of real pleasure and amusement, provided always that self-denial of enjoyment imposed by circumstances, can be borne without repining or melancholy. Finally, she must have no relations. Any young lady, whose abilities, inclinations and conditions, coincide with the foregoing will find in the advertiser a most affectionate and indulgent husband, who will let her do whatever she pleases.

Further particulars will be cheerfully given on application at the office of THE CARTOON.

It has been calculated and the calculation is within bounds, that the two words, Pacific and Scandal, have been used by the Government orators in this city upwards of 987,650,381,604,908½ times since the commencement of the campaign.