

Auction Sales.

This Day, (SATURDAY) at 12 o'clock,

On the Wharf lately occupied by

M. NOWLAN,

70 Puncheons, 10 Tierces Choice Cienfuegos

MOLASSES,

50 Barrels Bright SUGAR

Sept. 2.

W. H. MARE,
Auctioneer.

This Day, (SATURDAY) at 12 o'clock,
ON THE WHARF OF

Edward Meehan,

200 Bushels INDIAN CORN

30 Barrels Feed

40 Tubs Butter

7 Half-Chests Oolong Tea

Sept. 2

New Advertisement.

LECTURE!

IRISH MUSIC AND SONG.

Mr. T. M. BROWN begs to inform the Public of St. John's that he will positively deliver a Lecture on the above subject on

Monday Evening Next

At the Fishermen's Hall, illustrating the Lecture by a variety of Comic and other Songs.

The Temperance Band will be present. Tickets 2s 6d and 1s 3d—To be had at the stores of Messrs. Duffy, McCannan and McCoubrey.

Doors open at half past 7. Lecture to commence at 8.

N. B.—Front seats below reserved for Gentlemen accompanied by Ladies.
Sept. 2.

The Morning Chronicle.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865.

THE HOME AND COLONIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON—FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL—TWO MILLIONS STERLING.

Moderate premiums, favorable terms, perfect security.—See advertisement.

Office—No. 261, Duckworth Street, St. John's.
ROBERT J. KENT, Agent.

A most remarkable circumstance occurred last evening, and one probably never before witnessed in our Harbor. Between five and six o'clock a school of Herrings came in through the Narrows and skirted along the Southside, filling up the space between the dock and Messrs. W. Grieve & Co's premises. The Messrs. Hinkston fortunately had a seine at hand, which they cast, and hauled between 200 and 300 barrels—at least our informant (an experienced fisherman) judged that to be about the quantity in the seine. No other seines were thrown out. The old adage that "It never rains but it powers" it certainly being verified this season.

It is remarkable how very quiet the newspapers are upon the subject of the approaching Elections. Scarcely any note whatever is taken of the fact that in two months from this date the people of the whole island will be anxiously asking themselves and their neighbors whom they had better vote for.

The truth is, Election matters seem to be very much mixed up just now, and it is difficult to fix the exact condition of affairs in the various districts. So far as our information goes however, it seems to be pretty much as follows:

In Burgeo and La Poile two candidates are in the field, the late representative, Mr. Prowse, and Mr. Cox. We have the very best authority for saying that the former gentleman's chances are exceedingly small. Some two years ago we were told by an influential resident in the District that Mr. P. would encounter strong opposition at the next General Election, and it appears that we were not misinformed.

From Fortune Bay we hear nothing, but we believe that District will be represented by a gentleman doing an extensive business there, and possessing in large measure the confidence of his neighbors.

Burin gives no sound whatever. We have our own notions as to the movements in contemplation in that locality, and do not think any candidate will be put forward just yet.

Nearly a dozen persons have been named in connection with Placentia and St. Marys, but there are at least seven gentlemen professing themselves the obedient and very humble servants of the voters of that District. What change is likely to take place there it is impossible just now to say.

Three candidates will offer in Ferryland, but we presume no change will take place in its representation.

St. John's West offers no new name. It is not probable voting will be necessary.

In the Eastern District of the metropolis rumors are current of an opposition. These rumors are not sufficiently definite, however, for us to make any special reference to them.

We really do not know what to say of Harbor Main. It is more than probable there will be a contest, but we sincerely trust no repetition of the scenes of 1861.

From Port-de-Grave we expect to see our friend Mr. Leamon again. We don't like his very strong Confederation sympathies, but Briggs might do worse. We wish we could coax Mr. L. to repudiate his Canada notions.

Harbor Grace has not as yet decided on its course. One gentleman is named in the room of Mr. Moore, but it is very probable there will be some opposition.

If the people of Carbonar are disposed to go for Confederation, they cannot do better than return Mr. Rorke. He makes a first-class member of the Assembly.

The Colonial Secretary carries Bay de Verds in his breeches pocket, and rejoices in a highly-contented constituency.

Trinity is upside down and downside up. No less than eight candidates are seeking her suffrages, five of whom will shortly lack nails to their fingers. Among the hopeful ones is Mr. March, who has deserted his friend the Surveyor General.

This latter indefatigable official has a lien upon the suffrages of the people of Bonavista. He can't be shaken off. Who he will condescend to take with him we are not yet informed of, but they will need to be very small men if any smaller than himself. Bonavista will probably wake up by and bye.

We do not hear of any change in Twillingate and Fogo. A new member is decidedly needed, however.

It is pretty certain that the people of the country are unanimously opposed to the Confederation scheme, and that gentlemen known to be favorable thereto will, with one or two exceptions, have great difficulty in securing seats. We trust the constituencies will be decided in their opposition, and instruct their candidates that Confederation cannot be acceded to. Let them by their votes this fall frighten the life out of the Canada wolf, that would have swallowed us last session without even saying "By your leave."

The Paris correspondent of an English paper tells the following six-horse story:—A wealthy foreign *parvenu*, a few days back paraded in the Champs Elysees in a carriage drawn by six horses. Greatly to his astonishment, he was waited on shortly after his return home by a high functionary of the police, who told him that in France no one was allowed to use six horses except the sovereign. He complained that he could not have as many animals in his carriage as he pleased; but he was informed that if he again presented himself with six horses the animals and the carriage would be seized and he himself would be arrested. I am not sure that there is a positive law in France restricting the use of six horses to the King or Emperor; but such is, undoubtedly the established usage, and as such the police make it respected. Some years back a foolish Englishman got into a scrape by violating it.

"That's what's the matter!" The world is rapidly getting imbued with the idea that "one man is as good as another," but the anti-democratic, anti-progressive, old-fogey, blue-law style of folks don't wish to see it. If a man has a desire to ride behind six or even sixteen horses, and can afford to pay for the privilege, it is difficult to understand why he should not be permitted so to do—always provided that he does not interfere with the comfort and convenience of his neighbors. But French usage allows of no such six-horse luxury, limiting its enjoyment to one individual only. French custom is therefore decidedly despotic.

In France men are but mice, and so they are elsewhere than in France.

But how rapidly all these ridiculous tom-fooleries are breaking down! We might write a dozen columns applying this six-horse story to our own local affairs; but our readers will have no difficulty in pointing the moral without our assistance.



FROM THE UNITED STATES.

CAPE RACE, Sept. 1.

TO THE MORNING CHRONICLE:

We have a copy of the New York *World* of August 26th. The news contained in it you will find below.

OPERATOR.

Jacksonville (Oregon) dates of August 1st say that—"A soldier arrived this morning from Camp Lincoln, bringing a despatch to Colonel Drum. He reports the steamer *Brother Jonathan*, with Gen. Wright, staff, and family, and between 200 and 300 passengers, lost near Camp Lincoln on July 30. But fourteen men and one woman were saved. No particulars had been received."

The father of Payne the conspirator recently took the oath of allegiance at Jacksonville, Florida, with a view of visiting Washington to receive the body of his unfortunate son.

The foreign immigration to the United States for the six months ending June last, comprised nearly 75,000 persons, of whom 42,000 were males.

Lemos, a supposed accomplice of the assassin Booth, has been captured at the Albion House.

A terrible accident occurred on the Tennessee and Alabama railroad, Aug. 25. A passenger train which left Nashville (Tenn.) for Huntsville (Ala.) on that date, ran off a long trestle work near Reynolds's station. The entire train was thrown off. Ten or twelve persons were killed, and about twenty injured.

The pirate *Shenandoah* was cruising among the Arctic whalers. She is a propeller, with full clipper-ship rig, and carries all the improved methods of reefing, furling and setting sails from the decks. She is about 250 feet long. Her hull is of iron, covered with wood, and is rather weak. In fact her officers have so little confidence in its power of resistance, that they keep her out of range of shot. She is a fast sailer and a fast steamer, and her commander expects to effect more damage by surprise than by action. Her armament consists of four 61-pounders, two rifled 52-pounders, and two 12-pounders. She is commanded by Capt. Waddell, formerly an officer in the U. S. Navy. Her third officer is a nephew of Gen. Lee, while another is a relative of Mason, of Trent notoriety, the rebel representative in Europe. Capt. Waddell says, "he will not burn whalers within a marine league of the Russian coast. The crew of the *Shenandoah* is made up of Kanakas, English, Irish, Scotch, and a few Americans—150 in all. On her stern can still be seen a part of her old name, the *Sea King*, the whole not having been obliterated by paint. Waddell knew all about the failure of the rebels, having obtained late papers from the *Susan Abigail*, but he pretended not to believe it. He said "it was a lie. The war was not over yet. We only want to get them into the interior." He believed the report of the death of Mr. Lincoln, for "he expected that long ago." Waddell takes all the ivory he can get hold of, but rejects the bone and oil. He stands the cold well. [He will soon probably have an opportunity of trying how the heat agrees with him.—Ed. M. C.]

THE CONNECTICUT TRAGEDY.

(From the Hartford Times August 3.)

The shocking revelations of the Manchester murders received on Wednesday afternoon the addition of the climax of horror in the confession of Albert L. Starkweather, the son, who acknowledges that he perpetrated the crimes—that he, and he alone, butchered his own mother and his sister, as they lay asleep in bed together.

The confession—which was not unexpected by those best informed of the fact—was made by the prisoner in the jail in this city, to Mr. James Campbell, of Manchester, the father of the girl to whom the prisoner was engaged to be married. The chief of police, believing that he would acknowledge more to Campbell than to any one else, induced the latter to go to the jail yesterday afternoon, where two wretched young men, discarding all his previous lies and contrivances to avoid detection, made a

clear breast of it, and confessed the awful crime.

He acknowledged, after some questioning, that he had butchered his mother, and then his sister, with the axe, and then, to make certain of the fiendish job, he had repeatedly plunged his butcher knife into their throats and bosoms; winding up the deed of horror by setting the bed on fire, and then his own bed, down stairs.

"I did it," he said, "I did it, Mr. Campbell, out of love for your daughter, and nothing else. I felt I must have that money, for without it she wouldn't marry me; and I got the money."

The letter alluded to yesterday was written by the murderer to Mr. Campbell. It filled nearly four pages, and the statement was made that the writer was now in a condition to marry Miss C., as he had succeeded through forgery in getting money to the amount of \$4,000 and it also said that he was "about to commit an atrocious—," leaving the intended crime unnamed. The forgeries alluded to are believed to have never been committed, and his counsel will claim this letter as proof of the prisoner's insanity; though it may have been written to deceive the girl's father into the belief that the prisoner had money enough to get married with.

HIS LANGUAGE TO THE POLICE.

Starkweather told the police, during the examination following the murder, that he had purchased his mother's interest in the farm for fifteen hundred dollars, that he had got a deed of property, which conveyed it to Miss Campbell, and that on their marriage it was to be recorded. He also stated that he had made a bill of sale of his stock—horses and cows—to Miss Campbell's father, and that this, together with the deed of the farm, had been stolen by the two murderers.

When urged by officer Cowles to confess the crime, and being given to understand that if he would do so a way would be contrived to get him safely off, he replied that "he knew what sort of a fellow Chamberlain was too well to make any such confession, even if he were guilty, for Chamberlain would spot him and hold him." He also said, "Do you think if I were guilty I would be such a fool as to leave that butcher-knife on the bed?"

He may be a stupid young man in some things, as he doubtless is, but he is not without a certain base cunning in other things. He planned the murder deliberately, and at another time executed it with the cool and heartless calculation of a fiend; making sure of the awful work of his axe by the added certainty of the butcher knife, which he plunged over and over again into the bosoms of the mother, that bore him and his innocent young sister who lay by her side.

The plea of insanity will of course be set up, in the utter absence of any other possible one; and for the credit of human nature it is to be hoped the young man is insane. But truth compels the conclusion that his case by no means looks like it. He is cool, deliberate, hardened—the embodiment of more depravity than we had imagined it possible to find in any one even of those exhibiting the most revolting aspects of poor fallen human nature. The only crimes involving family murder that bear any analogy to this terrible deed were, we are glad to say, perpetrated by lunatics—first the memorable butchery of the "Bendle family" in Wethersfield, by the husband and father, a great many years ago, when the murder of the wife and three children was followed by the suicide of the crazy murderer, whose body the frenzied people dragged at the tail of a cart and finally buried at a "cross roads," with a stake driven through it; and the murder in East Hartford last year of a wife and her baby by an insane husband and father, who also committed suicide. But in those cases there was none of the hardened, deliberate, and purely selfish calculation exhibited by this wretch, Starkweather, and none who have closely watched his career believes him to be insane.

Starkweather's examination takes place at Manchester to-morrow, and he will be bound over for trial before the Superior Court on the charge of murder.

The discovery of rendering powder non-explosive and incunbustible by simple mechanical means has attracted the attention of the British authorities, so that it is probable that the plan which is alleged to produce such a marvellous result will be tried on board ships of war and in the batteries.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Abscesses, Erysipelas, Piles.—Unvarying success attends all who treat these diseases according to the simple printed directions wrapped round each pot and box of Holloway's medicaments. They are invaluable to the young and timid, whose bashfulness sometimes endangers life. A little attention,