

Whalers' AND MERCHANTS' Shipping List

AND MERCHANTS' TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 39. NEW BEDFORD, TUESDAY MORNING JANUARY 24, 1882. [Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.] NO. 50.

The Whalers' Shipping List,
AND MERCHANTS' TRANSCRIPT.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
BY EHEN. P. BAYMOND,
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The SHIPPING LIST has an extensive circulation in the principal cities and towns in New England, and is a valuable medium for advertising.

A complete list of American Whaling vessels with the latest report from each, is contained in this paper.

FOREIGN AGENTS
JOHN GODDARD & CO., 31 Gracechurch Street, London, England, E. C.

IMPORTATIONS FOR 1882.
Table of Importations, showing the date of arrival, and the amount of Oil and Whalebone brought by each vessel.

Vessel	Date	Oil	Whalebone
3 Aepulco, N. Y.	Jan 23	1,740	11,000
6 B Hutton, "	Jan 23	1,040	11,000

WHALERS TO ARRIVE IN 1882.
The following is a list of whalers expected to arrive in 1882, with the quantity of Oil and Bone on board, when last heard from:

Vessel	Date	Oil	Bone
Adella Chase	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Amelia	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Canton	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
E B Conwell	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Ellen Fanning	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Enrico H Adams	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Gay Head	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
George & Mary	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Geon City	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Greyhound	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Louis E Cook	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Mary E Simmons	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Morning Star	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Napoleon	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Niger	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Ocean	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Platina	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Progress	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Sea Fox	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Sunbeam	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Swallow	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Vermont	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Wanderer	Jan 23	1,200	11,000
Wave	Jan 23	1,200	11,000

MERCHANTMEN TO ARRIVE.
Bartholomew, N. Y., Dec 10th, for New Bedford, 5,471

LIST OF WHALERS IN PORT, NEW BEDFORD.

Bartholomew	Dec 10	5,471
Cleopatra	Jan 23	1,200
John P West	Jan 23	1,200
Lagoda	Jan 23	1,200
Lancer	Jan 23	1,200
Marion	Jan 23	1,200
Roussseau	Jan 23	1,200
Tampabay	Jan 23	1,200
Tatton	Jan 23	1,200
Iris Saballa	Jan 23	1,200
Sgt. Ablio Bradford	Jan 23	1,200
Sgt. Fanny Bryson	Jan 23	1,200
Franklin	Jan 23	1,200
Union	Jan 23	1,200

THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER FOR 1882.

The country has entered upon a season of industrial and business prosperity and comparative political repose. The news of the day, local and general, occurring in all its departments, has passed once more into Republican hands, and the people, profiting by the material advance and the more energetic policy, are devoting themselves with rare energy to the pursuit of industry and commerce.

The Daily Advertiser has never permitted itself to lose sight of these objects, even when public attention was strongly attracted to other directions, and during the coming year it will continue to bestow upon them the most intelligent thought and the most impartial consideration at its command. Political questions will also be treated, as they rise, in an independent and candid spirit.

We shall at the same time try to record everything of interest to the citizen, whether at home or abroad in government or society, in science, literature or art, as well as the social, moral and religious conditions of the people, and the progress of modern life and thought.

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MY NEIGHBOR.

"Love thine neighbor," we are told, "Even as thyself." That creed I hold; But love her more, a thousand fold!

My lovely neighbor; oft we meet In lonely lane, or crowded street; I know the music of her feet.

She little thinks how, on a day She must have missed her usual way, And walked into my heart for aye.

Or how the rustic of her dress Thrills thro' me like a soft caress, With trembles of deliciousness.

See woman, with her smiling mien, And soul celestially serene, She passes me, unconscious queen.

Her face most innocently good, Where-shyly peeps the sweet red blood; Her form a nest of womanhood!

Like Raleigh—for her dainty tread, When ways are nigh—I could spread My cloak, but there's my heart instead.

Ah, neighbor, you will never know Why 'tis my step is quickened so Nor what the prayer I murmur low.

I see you 'mid your flowers at morn, Fresh as the rosebud newly born; I marvel, can you have a thorn?

If so, 'twere sweet to lean one's breast Against it, and the more I press, Against the thorn that grief hath blest.

I hear you sing!—And thro' me spring Like the bird that grief hath blest, Little you think I'm listening!

You know not, dear, how clear you be; All dearer for the secrecy; Nothing, and yet a world to me.

So near, too! You could hear me sigh, Or see my eye with half an eye; But mist not!—There are reasons why.

—GERALD MASSEY.

The Convict Coachman.

TWENTY years ago I was quite a young member of the profession to which I belong—a profession which is more characterized by romantic incidents and startling events than any other, and it was more on account of this fact than anything else that I joined it. My father, though not very wealthy, was a physician in comfortable circumstances, and, like most fathers, desired me to follow his profession. I, however, had a passion for a life of adventure, and the charms of such a life were only heightened by the possibility of danger; so at twenty I became a member of the secret police.

About the time I have mentioned above, all New York was in a fever of excitement over a shocking and mysterious murder recently committed. Henry Develan, a young man of high connections and irreproachable character, the son and partner of a wealthy merchant, was found dead on the pavement of one of the principal streets. An examination showed that one wound, a deep, fatal stab, penetrating the heart. Near him was found a large pocket knife with two blades, a cork-screw and a screw-driver. On the little piece of white metal in the centre of the handle, the initials "H. D." were scratched with fine needle. But what seemed unaccountable at the time, clasped tightly in the deceased's right hand was found a small gold ear-ring with a costly opal dependent therefrom. There was one peculiarity about the ear-ring; engraved on the gold was a small anchor surrounded by delicate ornamental carving. Neither the knife nor the piece of jewelry could be identified, and every effort of the police failed to obtain some clue to this daring murder was utterly fruitless, and by degrees the search began to be abandoned. I obtained possession of the knife and ear-ring, and always carried them on my person—perhaps with the faint hope that I might be able to identify them accidentally.

About six months after the murder of young Develan, when the affair was entirely forgotten by all except those interested in the deceased, I was called to Chicago on professional business. I was leisurely strolling down one of the most retired streets of the city, when, as I passed a small jewelry store, I saw in the show window a piece of jewelry that immediately struck me as being familiar. I paused for a closer examination, and was astonished to recognize the mate to the ear-ring that had been found clenched in the hand of young Develan. The fact that this ear-ring was the exact counterpart of the one I even then had in my possession would not have been remarkable had there been a pair of them exhibited for sale in the shop window; but there was only one and my suspicions were immediately aroused.

I entered the store, and after cautious manœuvring was only able to ascertain from the old Jew that the jewel had been brought to him to sell by an old man, who said that his mistress had lost the mate to it and wished to dispose of this. I purchased the ear-ring, and throwing down a gold piece in addition to the price demanded, I told the old Jew that if he would find out for me the name of the owner and of the person who brought it to him I would reward him liberally.

The old man's eyes glistened as he replied: "Call here to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock, sir, and I will have you the information."

The next evening at 8 o'clock I called at the jeweler's. In six minutes he told me that on the previous evening he had sent for the old man at an address which he had recently given him. After he had paid him the money which he had obtained for the jewel, he detained him in conversation over a glass of brandy until it was quite late, and when the old man left he shut up his shop and followed him at a distance into the fashionable portion of the city, until the old man entered a handsome aristocratic residence on M— street. The jeweler waited a few moments, and then boldly rang the door-bell. A servant girl answered the summons.

"Pardon me," said the jeweler, "I fear I have made a mistake. Will you be so kind as to inform me who lives here?"

"This is the residence of the late M. D'Amberg. His daughter, Miss Marie, lives here now."

"I perceive my mistake; but I was satisfied that I recognized an acquaintance in the old man who just entered here. May I inquire his name?"

"His name is James Baker; he is my mistress's coachman."

"It is not the same. Pardon my intrusion. Good day. And the jeweler, having obtained the required information, returned to his shop to communicate the same to me.

I gave him another piece of gold and returned to my hotel. Once in my room I carefully considered all the circumstances of the case and became convinced that I had found a clue to the mysterious murder of Henry Develan. It was but reasonable to suppose that the young lady whom I strongly suspected of being the murderess, should endeavor to get rid of the peculiar earrings in order to divert suspicion from herself to the innocent purchaser in possession it might be found. The fact of the concealment of the names of the parties from the jeweler was suspicious, and the coincidence of the initials on the knife with the name of the coachman was rather singular. Taking all things into consideration I determined to act promptly. Affixing myself elegantly and concealing a revolver about my person, I proceeded to the mansion on M— street. I rang the bell and inquired for Miss Marie D'Amberg.

"What name shall I give?" said the girl, eyeing me rather suspiciously.

I handed her a card bearing the name of a prominent young lawyer in Chicago.

"Madam, my name is Johnson; I am a member of the detective force of New York." Her cheek paled, and she seemed agitated. "Do you know this trinket?" I continued, displaying a glittering opal ear-ring.

On seeing it she uttered a piercing scream and dropped senseless on the floor. The old coachman heard her cries and rushed into the room. He stopped when he saw me and demanded my business. "I told him I was a detective, and drawing the old knife from my vest pocket I said sternly: "James Baker, this is your knife, and with it young Henry Develan was murdered in New York."

He uttered a low curse, and his eyes flashing with fury, he drew a long bow-knife and rushed toward me. I was prepared.

"Not so fast," said I, and the six eyes of my revolver looked into his face. "Another step toward me and you are a dead man. Drop that knife."

He hesitated a moment and then, seeing that I was in earnest, he dropped the knife and said: "I'll not do it."

I walked to the window, skill covering him with my revolver, and sprang the watchman's rattle. It was answered by the entrance of two policemen. I ordered them to secure the man, and then turned my attention to the young lady, who was just recovering from her swoon. She was burning with fever and her eyes had an unmistakable look of delirium. The intense excitement had caused an attack of brain fever.

From the coachman's confession and other circumstances the following facts leaked out: Some time previous to the tragedy Henry Develan had made a somewhat lengthy visit to Chicago, where he frequently met Miss D'Amberg. Being a man of elegant personal appearance and agreeable manners, the impulsive young lady became desperately enamored of him, but as he was engaged to an estimable young lady in New York, the passion was not reciprocated. She discovered the fact of his engagement, and with an inconsistency characteristic of her French blood, hated him more intensely than she had ever loved him. She determined to revenge herself, and endeavored to bribe the old coachman to murder him. He would not agree to this, but in view of a reward he promised to help her. They took the evening train for New York, and she knowing which way he would pass in going home from the house of his betrothed, they hid in an alley running across one of the principal streets. Baker saw the carriage open in his hand, but when about midnight they heard his steps, and she recognized him in the dim moonlight, the old man dropped the knife and recoiled. She seized it, and as he advanced rushed upon him and struck the fatal blow. The death-stricken man did not even utter a groan, but clenched withly at the air, and his fingers closed upon one of her ear-rings, and in his fall tore it from her ear. They fled precipitately, and took the next train for Chicago.

The young lady is still living, a raving maniac in the insane asylum, and the ancient coachman is serving a life term in the State prison.

DO NOT FEET.

Men get out of order by excessive industry, from steady work, from care, and so render morbid the whole nervous system and for the time being will draw fear from the future. Too much is too much of anything. Some men are born hopeful; they go upon life exactly as a buoyant boat floats upon the waves. It goes up when they go up, it falls when they fall, but it is evermore on the surface. I have known men bankrupted and they came up next morning smiling. Then there are other men whose hope is at a minimum. Their future is never radiant to them. One great fault is throwing into the future imagined desires. It is not wrong for men to desire

riches. Certainly it is not wrong to desire that which is the principal motive to industry. But if this is carried to an excess men become man, detestable. There are multitudes of men that never think of enjoying themselves while they are acquiring riches. They put it off to the future and they live in a perpetual anxiety and fret over the acquisition of property. Property is a very good thing, but it never had a value that justified a man in sacrificing his happiness or his soul for it. How many must there be suffering care as to how their children should stand in life, how their family should stand, and if next year they shall be as prosperous as they are now? How many persons there are that brood and brood unnecessarily as to the future of their children, fearing that they may not turn out well.

"He has told a lie; he is on the road to the devil." Well, did not he tell the truth, inherited nature, and it is an evil, and a great evil, and is to be plucked up by the roots. I, when I go into my garden, never cry and say: "There are so many weeds! I am never going to have a garden, never, never, never!" I dig up the weeds and say, "I will have a garden." And so parents fear of the children may take courage. Now as to the remedy for the evils that grow out of this care for the future—first we must put the direct resistance of the will. It makes a great difference whether a man takes a poker by the hot end or the cold end. There must be a vigorous determination that you are not called to joy; that all the universe is made for you, and that you will not submit yourself to degradation and bondage of yourself to an intrusive fear; that you will say: "I will not permit myself to suffer." The best way of escaping all these caring cares is to trust in the Lord. "All things are for you." —Henry Ward Beecher.

HALUCINATION.—It was recently remarked by Prof. Maudsley that one striking feature observed by medical men in cases of hallucination is that the patients cannot be convinced that the objects they see, the sounds they hear, and the smells they perceive, have no real existence, and that the sensations received are the result of a excited state of their senses. Hallucination often extends to but one sense, the person affected being otherwise in a perfectly normal condition. It may arise either from an idea on which the mind has dwelt closely, or from excitement of the sensory nerves. It is said that Newton, Hunter, and some others of equal eminence, could, at will, picture forms to themselves until they appeared to be realities.

SORALS OF CHINESE WISDOM.

A WISE man can fill a thousand mouths, a fool cannot protect himself. One good word can warm three winters; one bad one stirs up anger. If you converse by the way, remember there may be men in the grass. Let those who would drink look at a drunken man. The lion opens his mouth, the elephant (the emblem of wisdom) shuts his; shut yours. They are only horses and cows in clothes who neglect the study of the past and present. Every character must be chewed to get its juice. The bright moon is not round for long; the brilliant comet is easily scattered. The ancients saw not the modern moon; yet the moon does not show to the ancients. The great wall of a world may be made of bamboo smokes (This is said against quarrelling.) Better be upright and want, than wicked and have superabundance. To save one life is better than to build a seven-storied pagoda. Do not consider any virtue trivial, and so neglect it. —Chamber's Journal.

RATS.

Arthur Young stated a century ago that the whole human race could live upon rabbits, if other food failed, and it is impossible to believe that the Creator endowed the little quadruped with such powers of reproduction, and of thriving in spots where no other animal of the same kind can live, were it not intended that his flesh and fur should be largely utilized by man. Sir William Harcourt will not, we anticipate, be guilty of robbing the poor man of one of his choicest and most esteemed staples of food, and, moreover, we may be certain that if the supply of home-bred rabbits should fall off and decline in England, there will be no want of alacrity among foreigners to compensate us for the deficiency in their native stock. The rabbit originally made his way from the sandy deserts of Africa into Spain, and like other invaders, he has overwhelmed the Continent of Europe. The rat goes wherever man precedes him, and may be found in the Arctic regions no less than amidst tropical heats. He accompanied every expedition to the North Pole, which has hitherto been undertaken, and Dr. Kane tells us that the rats ran about his ship like tame dogs, and took shelter in his fur gloves at night. It is not generally known that legions of rats were included among the discomforts which Napoleon the Great had to endure as a prisoner in St. Helena, and in Barry O'Meara's "Memoirs" it is recorded that the rats swarmed at Longwood in almost an incredible number. I have frequently seen them assemble like hordes of chickens around the offal thrown from the kitchen. The floors and wooden partitions that separated the rooms were perforated with holes in every direction. Upon one occasion, when the Emperor rose from the table, a large rat sprang out of

Napoleon's hat as he lifted it from the side-board. But the rabbit swarms and thrives in places rarely or never trodden by man. There are uninhabited islands in the South Seas where he abounds, and visitors to the Scilly group, lying forty miles away from Land's End, can testify to his presence in countless numbers upon barren little islands, of which he is an almost solitary denizen.

"OPENING OF A CHESTNUT BURR."

"Any chestnuts 'round here?" asked one of the three city boys who met an aged, benevolent-looking farmer out in Livonia Township. The old man hesitated:

"You don't want to steal 'em?" he asked.

"Oh, no, we just want to find out."

"Well, there's a few trees back there, but if I thought you wanted to steal them I wouldn't have told you, for the owner's gone to town; but you're bright, honest-looking boys."

The boys blushed with the pride of conscious goodness.

"When will the owner be back?"

"Well, not before dark, I reckon."

The boys respectfully thanked the old man, waived till he got out of sight, jumped the fence, and were soon shaking down the burrs.

The shaking was easy, but the opening of the chestnut burrs was more difficult and unpleasant. At last the boys had a splendid pile of handsome, brown nuts on the ground, and they prepared to put them in the bags they brought with them.

"Please don't take any more trouble," said the benevolent old man who stood by the fence banning kindly on the startled boys. "I'm not so strong as I once was, and I fear I can't hold in this dog much longer. If you'll hurry, though, I guess I can keep him here till you get to the railroad track. Down, Tige, sir!"

As the boys looked back from the railroad fence, they could see the stooping figure of the old man scoping the rich, brown chestnuts into a two-bushel bag.—*Det. Free Press.*

A FAMOUS PARIS WIT.

THE famous Romieu was one day caught in a shower, and forced to seek refuge in a doorway of the opera-house.

It was six o'clock already, and he held an engagement at the *Café de Paris* for that hour. The rain fell in torrents. There was no carriage to be had. He had no umbrella. What was to be done.

While he was cursing his bad luck, a gentleman with a large umbrella passed by.

Romieu was seized with a sudden inspiration. He rushed out and grasped the stranger by the arm, and gravely installed himself under the protecting umbrella.

"I am overjoyed to see you," he immediately began. "I have been looking for you for two weeks. I wanted to tell you about Clementine."

Without giving the stranger time to express his surprise, Romieu rattled away with gossip and anecdote until he had led the unknown companion to the door of the *Café de Paris*.

Then he clasped at him with a face full of well-feigned astonishment:

"Pardon, monsieur," he cried, "it seems I am mistaken."

"I believe so," said the stranger.

"The devil!" added Romieu, "be discreet; don't repeat what I have told you."

"I am, promise you."

"A thousand pardons."

Romieu hastened within the café and tells the adventure to his friends amid great laughter.

Suddenly one of them says:

"Your cravat is rumpled!"

Romieu puts his hand to his neck and turns pale. His pin, a valuable sapphire, is gone. A further examination—and his pants and watch were gone! There is no trace of the man with the umbrella was a pick-pocket.

The friends laugh again, but Romieu doesn't join them.

SOME ODDITIES OF GERMAN LIFE.

IN no other company than Germany could the accomplishments of veteran ball-players be so well utilized. Instead of carrying up bricks in the hod they are generally thrown up. One man stands at the pile in the street, and one man is placed on each staging to throw to the man above through a hole in the scaffolding. By this successful relay bricks are thrown up five stories. I have never seen a "muff" made, but I usually watched the game from the other side of the street. Another custom connected with house-building is for the owner to give an entertainment to the workmen when the side walls are up. The fact is advertised to the community by a great crowd of flowers placed on the top of the building, with numerous flags and decorations. Work is suspended for the day, and the workmen meet the owner and invited guests around the festive board, and afterward dance with their wives and daughters.

The Germans are fond of water, but they prefer to take it on the outside. Wherever there is water enough they have fresh baths; and swimming schools abound. In Vienna an enterprising man has established a bath-house exclusively for dogs, which, after being thoroughly washed in large tubs, are placed in cages to dry. Dogs of all sizes and breeds and of every social position are admitted and charged only with reference to their size. No one appreciates the spirit of the phrase "to work like a dog," until he has been in Germany. The Ariokare Indians call a horse "a big dog." In Germany a dog might well be called a little horse. About half of the draft power is furnished by dogs and women; and they are frequently hitched up together. It is not uncommon to see a dog drag ten or twelve hundred weight. I have seen a man and a woman get into a large cart drawn by two large

mastiffs, and then drive down the street at a rate of which Jobu might have been proud. A good dog for this purpose costs from twelve to sixteen dollars. They sometimes lead a very miserable life; yet I have noticed many instances of cordial affection between master and servant. A dog team has one advantage over a horse team; it guards the property as well as drags it. In winter they are often allowed when resting or waiting to jump into the cart and cuddle down in the straw. In Vienna there is an immense hospital and veterinary college where horses, dogs and cats, and all quadrupeds are received. Farriers or boss blacksmiths are required to spend six months at this institution and to receive a certificate of graduation before setting up in business for themselves.

With all its inconveniences, contradictions, and disadvantages, German life is not without rich compensation. If the Germans have fewer material conveniences than we, they manage to enjoy themselves more, with a great deal less. Fine music and drama at cheap prices, the love of outdoor life and the multitude of holidays which allow him to gratify it, a passionate fondness for singing, and abundance of beer, cheap wine and cigars, will atone in the German mind for a great many other deficiencies. As to books, there is no country where they are cheaper or more abundant. Ten thousand new titles are printed every year. In Prussia, compulsory education secures a good average culture. The new Empire is far ahead of us, not only in the organization of its army, but in the organization of its civil service and the conditions of tenure of office. Its schools are in many respects superior to ours. We have borrowed its kindergarten, and might borrow with advantage some features of its university life. We have adopted its postal cards. The money-order system as there administered is far more convenient than ours. You are never troubled to call at the post-office; the money is brought to your door. But above all things, you can compute our immense debt to German learning? To mention nothing else in the reckoning, is it not remarkable that our best Shakespearean dictionary and our best English grammar should be the work of Germans? But this time the oddity is ours, and the laugh is on the *Toutou* check. As to music and art, we must stand in silence with our hats off. Finally, with all its squalor, sausage, and beer, there is a charm about German home-life which cannot be ignored. There is a sweetness of affection in the family circle, a fidelity to friends, a stability of character, and a homely ingenuousness which the most obstinate prejudice can hardly resist. It is a life which is easily open to inspection, which seldom charms on the surface, but which grows better as you go down. If we have criticized the fables of the German countenance, we have found no radical defect in the German blood. And, in spite of its odds and ends, its faults and incongruities, no teachable, unprejudiced American can spend even a short time in Germany without enriching his friendship as well as his mind, and without learning that there remains much to be done for his own country.

OUR DRESS.

How did we come to possess our present form of dress? This is one of the many questions answered by a reviewer in the *Nature*, who had under his notice the catalogue of the General Pitt Rivers Anthropological Collection. Clothing at first was almost entirely ornamental. The exceptions were such articles as belts, from which instruments of various kinds could be suspended, so as to be ready for use while the hands were left free. A savage does not enjoy the luxury of a pocket. Even at the present day a Japanese has to sling his tobacco pipe and pouch from his belt, and the only pockets he has are in his sleeves. The simple dincture was the germ, so to speak, of the clothing we wear. When the arts became so far advanced that man could make paper cloth or some woven material, these latter were substituted for the primitive fringe, and the kilt was thus developed. Curiously enough, the dress of the Scottish Highlanders embodies these two stages of progress in the kilt and the sporran. As man advanced there were inconveniences attending the use of the kilt, which were abated by fastening that garment at one point between the legs, and the human mind was then fairly set upon the path to arrive at the attainment of a pair of trousers. When the back and shoulders needed protection, the savage used the skin of some animal, and it is from this sort of covering for the upper part of the body that we have derived our coats, vests, shirts, etc. But the ancient cloak form is even yet retained, not only by such people as Zulu chiefs, but in all robes of ceremony by dignitaries of court and college of the most highly civilized nations on the face of the earth. The elaborate and varied head coverings of the present day all spring from a very simple, original type.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE.—An Iowa weekly newspaper, having a circulation of 500 copies, feels its perfect right to begin an editorial with: "As we advised him last week, Gladstone is shipping out a new policy."

NO TENDENCY TOWARD SCIENCE.—One of the Oxford professors, married late in life, a child was born. The child has now advanced to the mature age of three years. "A charming little fellow!" say all the professor's friends. "Yes, yes," replies the learned man dejectedly. "But I fail to see in him the least leaning toward the exact sciences."

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WHALEMEN'S SHIPPING LIST AND MERCHANTS' TRANSCRIPT JANUARY 24, 1882.

Table with columns: VESSELS' NAMES, MASTER, AGENT'S NAME, DATE OF SAILING, WHERE BOUND, LATEST REPORT. Lists various ships and their destinations.

FAITH WHITCOMB'S Balsam, CURES COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH and CONSUMPTION. Includes a portrait of a man.

1882. 1882. BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL. The Favorite New England Newspaper. All the NEWS of the day and a large amount of entertaining and instructive reading for less than THREE CENTS A WEEK.

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A SHORT TRIAL GIVES RELIEF. South Boston, Feb. 24, 1881. Last Summer I was obliged to give up my work on account of a severe cough. I consulted a physician, who said my lung were diseased, and in such a way as would lead to a fatal result unless relieved...

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL. Published on Tuesdays and Fridays, is a paper of especial value to persons engaged in commercial pursuits outside the large cities. It contains, in addition to all the news of the day, the fullest possible market, commercial and financial reports...

- THE SUN FOR 1882. THE SUN for 1882 will make its fifteenth anniversary under the present management, shining, as always, for all, big and little, mean and gracious, contented and discontented, Republican and Democratic, depraved and virtuous, intelligent and obtuse...

CHARLES R. SHERMAN & SON, NAUTICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS, Charts, Nautical Books, Patent Logs, Stationery, &c., No. 40 North Water Street, NEW BEDFORD.

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EVERY MEDIUM A FRAUD.

Rev. GEORGE WASHINGTON, D.D., president of Robert College, Constantinople, under date of Boston November 9, 1880, writes as follows to the Independent:

"The following notice appeared yesterday in the Boston papers, and not less than 3,000 persons met last night in Tremont Temple, to witness this test performance. The results ought to be known everywhere."

"The Rev. A. A. Waite is a Methodist minister in Boston, who was formerly a medium, and was also for a time with the Davenport Brothers. Some years ago he was converted and became a preacher. He went where he was not known, and his best friends had no suspicion of his former experience. But when the Rev. Joseph Cook was entrapped into a quasi recognition of the genuineness of spiritualistic miracles, Mr. Waite privately performed all these marvels for the benefit of his clerical associates, to satisfy them that Mr. Cook had been deceived and that every so-called medium was a fraud. They very wisely urged him to give public demonstrations of this important fact, and do what he could to save the souls of deluded Spiritualists, and put an end to the spread of this fatal error, which had, for a moment, at least, disturbed the good sense of so clear-headed a man as Mr. Cook. He reluctantly consented, and has been lecturing on Spiritualism in Boston. At his last lecture he was challenged, as appears in the advertisement, by a well-known Spiritualist. He had the confidence to accept without any knowledge of what the tests were to be until he appeared on the platform. I had the pleasure of meeting him during the day, and suggested to him that allowing that the spirits had nothing to do with these manifestations, he might still meet some trick which was new to him. But he seemed to have the fullest faith that God would not suffer him to fail. I must confess that I went in the evening with some misgivings on this point. The results fully justified his faith. The 'medium' claimed to be noted upon by 'Satan', and performed his tricks with marvellous success; but the spirit of the old Indian was no match for the live Yankee. Whatever the medium did in his cabinet, Mr. Waite did on the open stage, before the audience, with still greater skill and success. The medium finally disappeared suddenly from the stage, and the mixed committee, as well as Col. King himself, acknowledged that Mr. Waite had done everything that the medium had done. Col. King said that he could only explain it on the ground that Mr. Waite was himself a medium; rather a flimsy pretense, considering the fact that Mr. Waite had not only performed these tricks on the open stage, but had explained how they were done. All the most surprising 'spiritual manifestations' were exhibited, besides some very rare ones. Two illustrations will suffice. The medium was in his cabinet, with a lady and gentleman from the audience, 'the two being needed to develop magnetic power.' These two had their hands on the head and shoulders of the medium, whose hands were on the shoulder of the gentleman. They testified that he did not move. They testified that they stroked their faces, voices were heard, instruments played, the gentleman received severe blows over the head, and distinctly saw a spirit face looking down on him. Mr. Waite then performed exactly the same trick in his cabinet, with the same gentleman and lady, and with the same results. He afterwards showed on the open stage that all was done with one of his hands, and proved by experiment with a blindfolded gentleman, a Spiritualist, that it was impossible for persons placed as the witnesses had been to detect this movement of the hand.

"The last test was a severe one, which was suggested by the committee and long objected to by the 'medium.' The committee bound his thumbs together with small cord and sealed the knot with wax. He went into his cabinet, and after some delay the usual manifestations were heard and hands were seen outside the cloth. The cabinet was opened and the seal was found unbroken. Mr. Waite at once repeated the trick on the open stage, with equal success, and showed that it was done by a peculiar formation of the bones of the thumb, which made it impossible to tie them. He then gave his thumbs to the 'medium' and his aid, who exerted his whole strength in tying them. At the moment when the greatest strain was on them, he instantly withdrew one hand and presented it free to the medium. At this point the enthusiasm of the audience rose to such a point that they sprang to their feet, cheered, waved their handkerchiefs, threw up their hats, and went fairly wild. During this prolonged applause the 'medium' and his aid disappeared. When quiet was restored, Mr. Waite made a few very appropriate remarks, and closed with a short but touching prayer for those who had been led by the loss of loved ones to lend a willing ear to the false claims of deceivers, who pretended to communicate with the dead.

"It seemed to me that the Rev. Mr. Waite deserved the thanks of all lovers of truth, and that I had never listened to a more profitable sermon than I have studied this subject for years in books, with increasing interest, and have often been sorely puzzled by things which I could not explain. I learned more last night in two hours than all I know before on this subject. There are, no doubt, mysteries in the realm of mind and in the spiritual world which we cannot explain and which will never be explained by science, but it is a great gain to science and philosophy, as well as to people generally, to be able to say that every 'medium' is a fraud. Maskelyne and Cook, in London, have devoted themselves to the demonstration of this fact, and no one should visit London without visiting their hall; but the test which was applied last was more comprehensive and satisfactory than anything I have seen in London. The Methodist Church could not do better than to appoint the Rev. Mr. Waite as an itinerant preacher for the whole country, with the mission of proving the truth of his assertion that 'every 'medium' is a fraud.'"



FAITH WHITCOMB'S LINIMENT!

CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, ENLARGED GLANDS, TOOTHACHE, GROUP SPRAINS, GOUT, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, THE JOINTS AND MUSCLES, BRUISES, QUINCY, SORE THROAT, SWELLINGS, FROST-BITE, CHILBLAINS, AND ALL DISEASES OF AN INFLAMMATORY NATURE.

Recommended by Physicians. Dr. W. P. Sylvester says: I have examined the formula of Faith Whitcomb's Liniment and use it in my family and recommend it to all sufferers from Neuralgia and Rheumatism. It is better than any other I know of. The Boston Wire Works, 75 to 81 Cornhill, says: 'My wife was cured of Neuralgia, four applications of your Liniment cured her.' Mr. Lord, my neighbor, who had been on crutches fifteen years, obtained complete relief from one bottle of Sinker Liniment.

Dr. U. K. Mayo, 337 Tremont Street, says: 'It is the most effective remedy I ever came to my notice, and I cheerfully recommend it.' J. F. Sawtell, 124 Cambridge Street, was cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism, and says: 'Faith Whitcomb's Liniment cured me, and I would advise Rheumatism to use it.' The Boston Traveller says: 'Such cures (Mr. Sawtell's) place Faith Whitcomb's Liniment at the head of all Rheumatic remedies.'

Mrs. C. A. Sylvester, who was cured of Neuralgia, writes: 'Its effects are almost magical. I will cheerfully recommend it to my friends.' E. N. Cummings, the well-known Sunday-School worker, formerly of Woburn, now of the firm of Web & Co., writes: 'Faith Whitcomb's Liniment cured my wife of an enlarged joint, and myself of Acute Inflammation.'

Ron. A. Maynard, the extensive manufacturer and founder of the town of Andover, who was cured of Neuralgia, writes: 'By the use of Faith Whitcomb's Liniment, I obtained almost immediate relief, and unhesitatingly recommend it to my friends.' W. W. Blosson, Postmaster and merchant at Rockport, writes: 'I received decided benefit from Faith Whitcomb's Liniment for Rheumatism, and I have recommended it to a number of my friends. It is a wonderful remedy.'

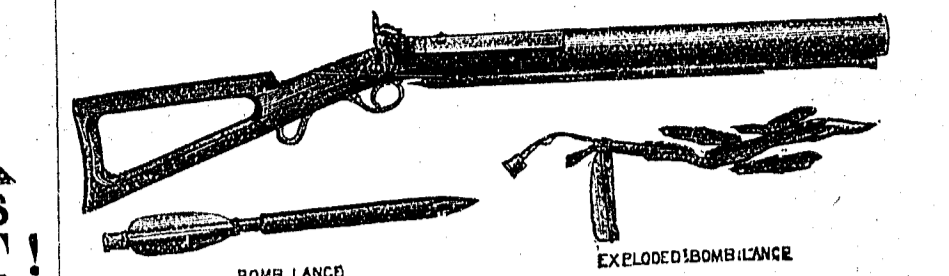
L. J. Jettis, the well known manufacturer of Hudson and says: 'I have seen such proofs of the efficacy of Faith Whitcomb's Liniment for Neuralgia, that I heartily recommend it to my friends.' J. E. Brunton, Manager of the 'Golden Rule,' says: 'Faith Whitcomb's Liniment cured me immediately. It is a wonderful remedy.'

PRICE, 50 CENTS. For sale by all dealers in Medicine, and WITH WHITCOMB'S, 602 2ND ST., BOSTON.

FOREIGN HOUSES. BARBADOES, West Indies. W. P. LEACOCK & CO., SUCCESSORS TO NOBLE TOWNER. THE undersigned beg to give notice to owners, agents and masters of whaling vessels, that they still continue as heretofore to grant particular attention to the disbursements of whaling vessels in all departments.

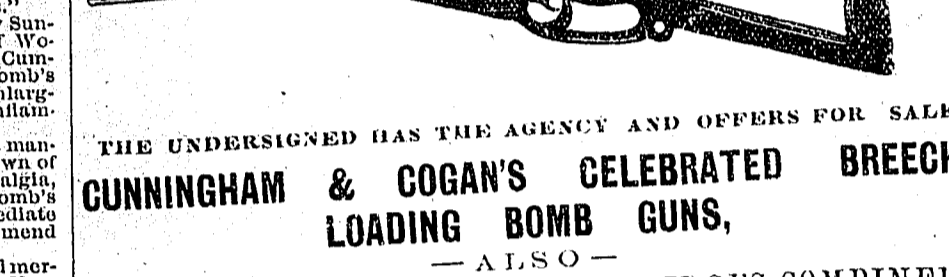
JOHN BRAKEMEIER, PANAMA--U. S. COL., PURVEYOR TO THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH NAVIES. SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT. All business connected with Whaling carefully attended to. Exchanges bought and sold. REFERENCES: Messrs. L. H. Bartlett & Sons, Louisa Snow & Son, William Lewis, New Bedford, August 1880.

THE BRAND WHALING-GUN & BOMB LANCE.



THE WHALING-GUN here illustrated is so well known a description of it is unnecessary, nearly every whaler having one or more of them. I am also handling in connection with my goods, EGGER'S BREECH-LOADING WHALING-GUN, which is particularly adapted for using my No. 1 Bomb Lance. THE BOMB LANCE above illustrated is my latest improvement. (New Model 1878) and has stood the most severe tests without damage. Externally it is made entirely of metal, except the feather, which is rubber; consequently it is water tight, every joint being hermetically sealed. A test of its water-proof qualities was made with the following result: Seven Bomb Lances taken promiscuously from several hundred, were tied to a cord and mutually sealed. A test of its water-proof qualities was made with the following result: Seven Bomb Lances taken promiscuously from several hundred, were tied to a cord and mutually sealed. A test of its water-proof qualities was made with the following result: Seven Bomb Lances taken promiscuously from several hundred, were tied to a cord and mutually sealed.

THE WHALEMEN ATTENTION! Bomb Guns and Lances. THE UNDERSIGNED HAS THE AGENCY AND OFFERS FOR SALE CUNNINGHAM & COGAN'S CELEBRATED BREECH-LOADING BOMB GUNS, - ALSO - PATENT BOMB LANCES & CARTRIDGES COMBINED.



These Guns and Lances are pronounced by all who have seen and examined them to be SUPERIOR to all other kinds, and are recommended in the STRONGEST terms. The Superiority of these Guns over all others, is that they can be Loaded and discharged TEN TIMES A MINUTE.

You do not have to carry any Powder, Caps, &c., in the boats. Can be fired as well under water as above as water has no effect upon either Gun or Lance. SAN FRANCISCO, November 13th, 1879. We, the undersigned, masters and officers of whaling ships in the Arctic Ocean the past season of 1879, who have used the 'CUNNINGHAM & COGAN'S' Bomb Gun and Lances, do so recommend them as being the best Bomb Gun and Lances used in the whaling business, and recommend them to all whaling masters and officers of whaling ships as giving us entire satisfaction, and would not be without them.

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Our Seafaring Friends are particularly invited to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. We guarantee that they shall buy of us as cheap as any city customers buy the goods.

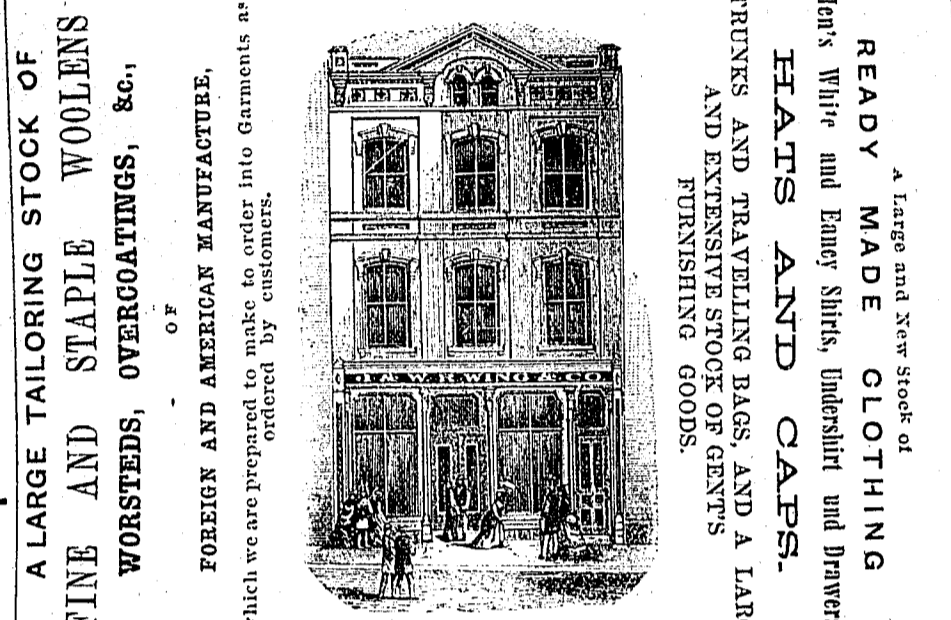
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TO OUR SEAFARING FRIENDS. We invite particular attention to our full list of OUTFITTING AND INFITTING GOODS. A cordial invitation is extended to you; call and examine, all of which will be sold at low prices. EDWARD T. TABER, WILLIAM F. READ, DARIUS P. GARDNER.

OLD COLONY RAILROAD, FALL RIVER RAILROAD. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. Commencing MONDAY, October 30, 1881. Leave New Bedford (Terminal Station) at 7:45 A. M., and 12:15 and 6:00 P. M. Arrive at Fall River, at 8:50 A. M., 12:55 and 6:35 P. M.

For New York via Fall River Railroad and Fall River Line. Cars leave New Bedford at 6:00 P. M., from Pearl Street Station, making safe connections at Fall River with

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, WOODS HOLL, VINEYARD HAVEN COTTAGE CITY, EDGARTOWN AND NANTUCKET. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. On and after MONDAY, December 6th, the steamer MONSIEUR ARISTE, Capt. C. C. Smith, will leave Edgartown Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 A. M., touching at every landing. Returning, leave New Bedford Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10:45 A. M., or on arrival of trains from Boston, Providence, &c. Scudder ISLAND HOME, Capt. N. H. Manton, will leave Nantucket daily for Wood's Holl at 8:30 A. M., returning, leave Wood's Holl at 11:30 A. M., or on arrival of early morning trains from Boston and New Bedford. Passengers for Nantucket, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays will use steamer leaving at 10:45 A. M., and on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays will take the train leaving Fairhaven at 7:50 A. M.

LEAVE FAIRHAVEN For Boston, Middleborough and Bridgewater, at 7:50 A. M., 4:20 P. M. Muttapoisett, Marion, and Tremont, at 7:50 A. M., 4:20 P. M. LEAVE BOSTON FOR FAIRHAVEN, at 8:00 A. M., 4:10 P. M. LEAVE SANDWICH at 7:40 A. M., 4:20 P. M. LEAVE YANNSIS, at 6:50 A. M., 3:40 P. M. LEAVE TREMONT, at 10:42 A. M., 6:45 P. M. LEAVE MARION, at 10:17 A. M., 6:22 P. M. LEAVE MATTAPANSETT, at 10:23 A. M., 6:14 P. M.

ISAAC N. MARSHALL, Agent, N. Bedford. J. B. KENDRICK, Sup't, Boston. *Mondays excepted.

JOHN F. VAN INGEN, SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, TALCAHUANO--CHILE. Advances made on Whalers' Drafts at the best and highest rates of exchange. REFERENCES. Humphrey W. Seabury, New Bedford Sept 27/77

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