THE HERALD
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The Herald.

VOL. II. ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 20, 1878. NO 31.

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In fact every description of goods to be found in a first-class store.
Prices as low as any in the Trade.
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BROADCLOTHS in Blue and Black.
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MULLIN BROS.
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feb23 MULLIN BROS.

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For the People to buy
STOVES,
RANGES
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TINWARE
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
IS AT
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Fur and Felt Hats,
For Men, Youths' & Children.
STRAW HATS,
In great variety and quantity.
Silk and Cloth Caps
always on hand.
LATEST STYLE OF
SILK AND MERINO HATS,
made to order at short notice at
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NEW
BOOT & SHOE FACTORY,
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MY Factory is now in first-rate running order, and I am now manufacturing
FINE
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of every description.
Dealers are respectfully invited to call and see my samples, which will be found on inspection, superior to the imported article. All goods manufactured by me are equal if not superior to samples, and bear my monogram
JAMES T. HURLEY.
apr20

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THE attention of Families is directed to a repeat lot of GREY COTTONS and SHEETINGS, which are offered at less than formerly, and at a slight advance on manufacturing prices.
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NEW FRILLINGS. All the New Styles for the present Spring
MACKENZIE BROS.
NEW COTTON HOSIERY.—A splendid variety at unequalled value.
MACKENZIE BROS.
INCOMPARABLE VALUE.—The balance of our large stock of Richly Embroidered Cloth Table Covers is being sold at a Veritable Reduction on the usual value of fifty per cent. Call and see them.
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THE GREAT GLOVE EMPORIUM.—Only First Choice Stock, which is specially manufactured for
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Peerless monarch of the oar;
Sound his praise o'er lake and shore;
Ne'er was seen his like before,
Our immortal Hanlan.

Sound his triumphs far and wide;
He is our Canadian pride;
Long may he with us abide,
Our Toronto Hanlan.

Modest as he is before us
He has beat the might Morris—
Let us circulate the chorus
"Long live Champion Hanlan."

Float the banners high above him,
Let us show him how we love him;
Hug the hero while we have him,
Our own peerless Hanlan.

—*W. Murray.*

Hamilton, June 27th, 1878.

HER SUMMER ROSE.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," ETC.

They were loitering under the stars that summer night, Jessica Wylie and handsome Gilbert Rolfe. Bayfort was a pretty sea-side place just come into fashion, with the great bay in front and a range of green sloping hills at the back. There were the usual boating and lunching-out parties in gypsey style, gay evenings with music, and a little flirting, perhaps, and now and then a hop.

The season was waning. It was almost time to gather in the harvest, whether it were golden sheaves or faded flowers. And to-night when Mr. Rolfe said: "Are you not tired of all this heat and glare and nonsense? Suppose we go out for a walk on the cool sands,"—she had followed with a certain joyful heart-beat.

They went down to the low, sandy seashore. The tide was going out with a slow, weird march, to the accompaniment of a ceaseless music. There was no moon, but the shimmer of countless stars overhead. They talked of the night and the sea, of vague hopes and wishes, of joys, rarely yet sometimes realized. She fancied they would be for her.

Do not think too hardly of her. She was but nineteen, and this was her first real season in society. A fresh, piquant girl, with a wonderful innocence in the depth of her clear grey eyes, a tempting scarlet in the curved lips, sweet, tender mouth that could be prideful if occasion required.

He had been trying to make her like him—as a friend, of course. He would marry some time, but he did not hold himself cheap in the matrimonial market. Yet he liked her a great deal, and in the family lawsuit, if *her* branch had won, he would not delay an hour; but instead it had been the Brandons, and there was bonny Kate Brandon, a pretty croquette on the other side. Yet he sometimes forgot the bounds of caution, and he felt now that he had been staying to the very verge of sentiment. A silence fell upon them, happy for her, perplexing for him.

"I suppose all this pleasure will come to an end soon," he said, presently. "I, for one, feel that I must go back to the paths of business. Yet we have had a happy time—I wonder if you will come again next summer?"

Next summer! She made a sudden pause. How far off it was!

"A pity is it not, that such bright days should come to an end! If life could be one grand holiday!"

There was a crash in her cloudland. A pile of ruins lay at her very feet.

"We have been such good friends, that I shall feel very sorry to part with you. Do you ever chance to spend a winter in the city? You would like it so much! Then we might hope to meet again."

He flattered himself that was very neatly done. It established friendship for a certainty. Pride, that helps us all, came to her assistance.

"Yes," she said, "we *have* been very good friends. And the most convenient thing regarding friendship is, that you can take it up and lay it down at a moment's notice."

"Can you?"

Something in her tone piqued him greatly, and he longed to look into her face; the darkness kindly shrouded that.

"Hasn't friendship been likened to vessels meeting in mid-ocean? They hail each other with fervent delight, exchange greetings, and speed on their way. Do you suppose the joy of any passenger is strong enough to last a year? Newer events crowd it out."

"No," he said, "we do not forget as easily as you think. We linger fondly over many past pleasures; but, after all, circumstances rule us."

"And like the good, obedient children of fate, we yield calmly to destiny."

Her tone was a trifle sharp. Her whole being was in a state of mutiny. The tenderness of wounded love, the anguish of slain belief, was to come afterward. They turned around, and began to retrace their steps. She shivered perceptibly.

"Are you cold? It was imprudent to bring you out without a shawl. Yes, let us return."

She was very glad to go back. The great parlor looked cheerful with its glare of lamps and hum of conversation. Presently there was a lull, and some one begged Miss Wylie to sing. At first she refused decisively. Then they pleaded, urged.

Jessica Wylie went to the piano. *He* should remember this night that he had rendered it impossible for her to forget. She possessed a fine voice, flexible and pathetic. First she chose an old-time ballad of love and death; then she sang a gay little thing of Moore's.

"Just one more," pleaded somebody.

She ran her fingers lightly over the keys, and began:—

"Oh, love is like the rose,
And a mouth it may not stay,
Ere it withers where it grows—
Rosalie.

The rose hath lost its red,
And the star is in the sea;
But there are no tears to shed—
Rosalie.

"There! I have surely done my duty;" and she rose gayly. Now she could act all night. She felt as secure as if under a domino.

"How well you seemed to express each mood, Miss Wylie!" said Roger Barton, coming up to her. "But I liked the first song best. How those old ballads live century after century, and carry with them the impress of truth!"

"'Men have died, and worms have eaten them'"—

"Oh, don't, Miss Wylie! Shakspeare did not believe it"—and he paused with a sound of pain in his voice.

"But said it for effect, as many things are still said," and she laughed.

"What a strange mood you are in!" and he studied her with some surprise.

She could not afford to meet the grave kindly eyes to-night, and turned to some new-comer. They began to disperse presently. She was glad to run up to her room. The moon was just rising, and it wanted but little of mid-night. Her mother lay asleep in the next apartment—the sweet little woman whose young life had been au idyl. Ah, was there not happiness enough for all!

She dragged the flowers from her long, bright hair with hasty, untender hands. His flowers they were. She dashed them on the floor, and crushed them with her small foot, too dainty for such a cruel deed. Life and love and all were bitter mockeries except for the favored few.

He had not loved her then! He had put on such winning smiles, such tender tones, such meaning glances! Oh, what was false and what was true in this weary world! Only nineteen years, and then to come to a desert so arid—to be betrayed by a smiling mirage!

How she kept her vigil she never remembered. Some time along the small hours she crept into bed; and her mother, partly roused, clasped her in her arms and kissed her.

None the less bright was Jessica Wylie the next day, but it was the brightness of tempered steel rather than the natural outgrowth of sun and dew. Gilbert Rolfe had been wondering a little—not quite conscience clear—but now his heart was set at rest.

Mr. Barton and Mrs. Wylie were having a long conference the next day about this disputed property.

"O Mr. Barton," cried Jessica, "please don't rouse mamma to attempt anything further! She firmly believes that we are wronged; but are any wrongs ever righted in this world? Do truth and honesty have their reward? and is there any such thing as justice?"

"My dear child!" and glanced at her out of troubled eyes, "you are too young to lose faith. I grant there many puzzling things in this world; but if they do come right in our acceptation of the term, it is because there is a wiser Providence back of it all. Were you so bitterly disappointed in losing the suit?"

(To be continued.)

A Wonderful Escape.

EIGHT HUNDRED CHILDREN FALLING IN AN AVALANCHE AND NO ONE HURT.

[*London Globe*, June 19.]

A very startling accident, though unattended with fatal consequences, occurred at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, last night, when nearly 800 children fell through a temporary platform. It had been announced for the past week that a "grand concert by 1000 children, selected from the Liverpool day schools, assisted by a powerful choir of adults," would be given in the hall last evening, the entertainment being in aid of the teachers' orphanage and benevolent fund. For the accomodation of such a large number of children a temporary wooden platform had to be erected on the top of the permanent orchestra. The same construction afforded comfortable standing room for as many, if not more, children on the previous evening, on the occasion of a rehearsal, as well as on Tuesday week, when a concert was given in the same place by the children in connection with the Welsh Sunday School Union. A few minutes before 7 o'clock last night the children, numbering close upon 800, had taken their places on the platform, in readiness for the commencement of the entertainment. The teachers, of whom there was a considerable number present, had just finished marshalling and arranging the youthful performers; the doors were about to be thrown open to the public—the concert being announced to begin at 7.45—when the accident intervened, and prevented the proposed concert taking place. Without the slightest warning several of the supports at the lower part of the platform broke, and the whole construction gave way, en masse being carried along with it, or, as it was described by an eye-witness, "the youngsters slid down like an avalanche." The Liverpool *Post* says a perfect panic seized the children, and the screams of the girls could be heard a considerable distance from the hall. As may be imagined, the greatest confusion for a time prevailed, owing to the desperate efforts of the children to extricate themselves from the somewhat complicated and not a little dangerous position in which they found themselves placed. The police constables stationed at the different entrances to the hall acted with much promptitude in rendering all assistance in their power to the children in distress, the cries and screams of the younger ones being piteous to hear. Mr. T. Vernon, the conductor, was present, and added what he could to allay the excitement of the youthful performers, all of whom were, in a very short time, released from their awkward situation. When some degree of order had been restored amongst the little ones, it was found that none of them had been seriously injured, and from the nature of the disaster it is almost a miracle that so many escaped without loss of life or limb. A medical gentlemen was soon in attendance, and was most indefatigable in examining the children, who, from their behavior, seemed to have sustained injuries. After recovering from their severe shock to the nervous system, all the boys and girls, with only two exceptions, were able to walk home, accompanied, in many cases, by their parents or friends. It was considered advisable to send two girls to the Royal Infirmary in a cab. The platform consisted of twenty-four tiers of seats, made of American white pine, one inch thick and nine inches in breadth. The seats rested on eight bearers running from top to bottom; while the principal supports, screwed into the orchestra, were not more than an inch thick. The weakness of the platform evidently lay in these supports, which, in the opinion of a practical man who visited the place after the accident, ought to have been of a stronger and more substantial character.

[From the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*.]

SECRET SOCIETIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries. By Hargrave Jennings. London, 1870.
The Mystic Tie. By A. G. Mackey, M. D., author of *A Lexicon of Freemasonry.* Charleston, 1849.
History of Intertionale. From the French of Edmund Villetards. By Susan M. Day. New Haven, 1874.
The Secret History of the Fenian Conspiracy. By John Rutherford. 2 vols. 1877.

"Qui male agit odit lucem et non venit ad lucem, ut non arguantur opera ejus."
EVANG. S. JOANIS, III., 19 J.
(Continued.)

It is our personal opinion that, but for the exaggerated importance lent in the minds of sectarians to the public, or godless, school system, by the impression (which they got from Catholics) that, in establishing and maintaining these schools, they were inflicting a deadly blow upon the Church, they would long since have seen through the injustice, both to us and to themselves—the insufficiency of this irreligious education as a moral restraint—the incompetency of the State for the task of education—and would ere this have given up and abolished the system as an expensive blunder and failure. And just as the Protestants exaggerate to the last extent the power and influence of the Jesuits, of whom few of them have any clearer idea than that conveyed by Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew*, so we, at least the in United States, lay too much stress on the power and influence of some stupid—*if* you please—and ridiculous associations, merely because they are secret, while we are probably thereby the unwitting causes why they, having gotten a false idea of their own importance, multiply and pullulate so wondrously in this age and country.

The wrong is not that they actually do or have done harm, so much as that *they are at any time capable, in malignant hands, of being twisted to the most nefarious purposes.* When the Popes have specifically condemned and prohibited a given society, it has invariably been because such society had been used for the furtherance of bad ends; but the laying down of the general principles of theology on the subject is what the people need *hic et nunc.* Nothing is easier for such society than to change its name in countries where it is desirable to inveigle ignorant or ill-instructed Catholics into membership. We know that very soon after confirmation and renewal, by Pope Benedict, of the bull of Pope Clement against the Masonic fraternity, the lodges of that Order began to be talked of under the title of *Carbonari*, to be again condemned under that name, and to assume various other guises or denominations for the purpose of evading the law, and to lay birdlime for candidates.

Of course, there have been, and no doubt there still are, even in this country, some few of such organizations which, from their very inception, have been simply bad, maliciously bad—bad, with malice prepense, and of which, the conception being in sin, the shape could be but that af iniquity. Such was, *e. g.*, the "Society of the Knights of the Golden Star," a filibustering institution, propagated mostly in the Southern States, for the purpose of stealing in general any attainable territory in Central America—more especially Nicaragua. The very proper execution, by hanging, of the arch-filibuster, Walker, somewhat staggered the association, and the late war gave it a final quietus, it being no longer desirable to annex land at the South for the extension of what used to be termed "*the peculiar institution.*" We well remember being called upon by an agent of said society with an offer of bonds which were to be paid in full, with a bonus of ten acres of land for every dollar advanced, the final settlement to take place as soon as Nicaragua should have been seized. We are very sorry to add, and it is a significant commentary upon the ideas of right and wrong that sometimes pervade a Protestant, a church-going, and an otherwise chivalrous community, that, in the special vicinity referred to, large numbers of these bonds were taken. This was, simply and plainly, to render one's self an accomplice, before the fact, in a highway robbery accompanied by murder; nor was it any less criminal in intention because of failure in the execution. A Protestant minister, in a late number of the *American Church Review*, feelingly, but rather ludicrously, laments that "*you cross the ocean and have much edifying conversation with a decent Christian gentleman, and as you approach New York he consults you about the surest method of cheating the Custom House, a circumstance which actually happened to myself.*" To us it seems that he might readily have accounted for such a little circumstance happening to the adherent of a creed which has abolished confession, with its concomitant restitution, from the list of sacraments. But we must, at present, attend to the secret societies.

The ostensible cardinal principle of the "Internationale" is war against capital, with incidental war against the capitalist; and though its success has in this country, hitherto, been very slight, this has not been so much because we have not abundance of the raw material, quite ready to take fire when the match is properly applied (witness the "strikes" of last year), as because its foreign, and more particularly its French, origin, is antipathetic to our proletariat. These latter have a vague, but still a deepseated notion that there is something untrustworthy, and more or less tinged with atheism about every French panacea for the ills of labor. Like a great many other Americans who regard Paris as France, and who fancy themselves speaking authoritatively of French morals and manners when they only know the Rue St. Honore, the Quartier Latin, and the Jardin Mabille, so that class of our people who would otherwise have been tempted (we say not whether by fancied or real grievances) to attach themselves to the Internationale, invariably fancy that the actions of the rabble of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles, are a fair reflex of the feeling and principle of the whole French nation. How false this view is we need not here undertake to argue. It is on this account that our laboring classes in general entertain a strenuous distrust of a people whom they imagine to be at once so unsteady in religion, and so fluctuating, politically, as the French. They could not, perchance, stand an examination on the French revolution of the last century, but they have, among hands, heard and read enough about it to dread anything from that source. For similar reasons it has been far from successful in England, where every effort was made to establish it. It exists there, though by no means swaying such power as in France, Belgium, Italy, or even in Germany. It plainly comes under the ban of the Church; and there is certainly among its prominent men, so far as we have been able to discern, no single person who lays any claim to be a believer in Revelation, still less a practical Christian.

To be continued.

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AT THE
"HERALD"
Book, Card and Job Rooms,
54 GERMAIN STREET,

The Anglo-Turkish Alliance.

LONDON, July 9. The Times' Berlin correspondent says: "Considerable sensation was created here by the news of the Anglo-Turkish alliance. There is a feeling that the Oriental question has entered upon a new and decisive stage, and that the remodelling process will continue after the Berlin meeting is over. Some diplomatists have no hesitation in saying that the European and African domains of the Porte are less likely to remain in *statu quo* for the protection specially accorded to the Levant. The first move, it is thought, will be made by Roman Catholic Albanians on the confines of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who desire to be incorporated by Austria. In such case Italy is expected to occupy Albania, and to offer to exchange it for South Tyrol. No little curiosity is felt respecting the action of France and Russia in the immediate future."

A Paris dispatch says the arrangement between England and Turkey, especially the acquisition of Cyprus, is not favorably received by public opinion there. Some newspapers are very bitter against it.

In the House of Commons this afternoon, Under Secretary Bourke said the English ratification of the convention with Turkey was sent to Constantinople some time ago, and everything is settled. Baring, one of the second secretaries of the Constantinople Legation, has taken the firman to Cyprus. We have not yet, said Mr. Bourke, had official notification that the convention has been formally notified to the powers. The London newspapers, excepting the Daily News, comment favorably on the Anglo-Turkish treaty. The Times says: "Although the transformation of Batoum into a free port is a valuable guarantee for commercial interests, which would otherwise be threatened, Russia has successfully insisted on the retention of the more important conquest in Armenia. Lord Salisbury argues that this successful conquest will have a dangerous tendency, and create a sense of the instability of the Ottoman power throughout Syria, Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. In plain words," the Times says, "the Czar would begin to be recognized as the notural heir of the Sultan."

Lord Salisbury continues: "It is impossible for Her Majesty's Government to accept, without making an effort to avert it, the effect such a state of feeling would produce upon the regions whose political conditions deeply concerns the oriental interest of Great Britain." This sentence, adds the Times, contains the turning point of the ministerial policy, and upon the agreement or disagreement with the conviction it expresses, must depend the judgment of the country upon the measure now announced. It is by no means an easy question, whether it will be worth our while to undertake a vast responsibility for the purpose of excluding Russia from Asia Minor, and the Euyhrates Valley. It must be decided on a balance or conflicting considerations, and of this balance the best practicable is test the settled opinion of the country at large. But of that there can be but little doubt, and the inevitable conclusion is that if Russia should be allowed further opportunity to encroach upon the Ottoman power in Asia, we should feel it an imperative necessity to interfere; but this being the case it is certainly common prudence to adopt at once measures which will render such encroachments obviously impracticable. If we mean to stay the advance of Russia in the end we shall act with but common prudence in checking her at the outset. This can only be done by guaranteeing on our own authorify the integrity of the dominions of the Sultan in Asia, as they are left by the treaty of Berlin."

Though the announcement of the Anglo-Turkish treaty was not unexpected it created a profound sensation. The Manchester Guardian's London correspondent says: "The first impressions among the leading men are that the Government will deem it necessary to appeal to the country; that the incident will dazzle the constituencies, and that the Premier will take advantage of that effect to renew his lease of office. The fact that Turkey does not part with her sovereignity over the Island of Cyprus, will render it more difficult for the opposition to challenge the policy of the Government. That it will be challenged there can be no question, though, as yet, there is no sign of a movement on the part of the opposition bench. To make England responsible for Turkish good behavior is, however, so fraught with danger, and is such a reversal of our policy of non-intervention, that we may count upon a severe struggle between the two great political parties, which will itself afford justification for that dissolution which Lord Beaconsfield so ardently desires."

A pretty story is told in an exchange, which, whether true or imaginary, carries with it the same moral. A Russian soldier, one very cold night, kept duty between one sentry box and another. A poor workingman, moved with pity, took off his coat and lent it to the soldier to keep him warm, adding that he should soon reach home, while the soldier would be exposed out-of doors for the night. The cold was so intense that the soldier was found dead in the morning. Some time afterward the poor man was laid on his death-bed, and in a dream saw Jesus appear to him. "You have got my coat on," said he to the Saviour. "Yes; it is the coat you lent me that cold night when I was on duty and you passed by. I was naked, and you clothed me."

M. McLEOD, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET, keeps a fine assortment of Tobacconists Fancy Goods, Virginia and Canadian Smoking and Chewing Tobacco Havana Cigars, &c. His "Queen" Cigars, "three for a quarter," are the genuine article. Virginia Shag and Gold Leaf Smoking Tobaccos a specialty.