HERALD.)

...ON HANGING.

THE DEED.

"...on such a sight—
...d sight—oh me!
...ing the darkest night,
...t to shudder at, not to see."

...this deed is done in the open day
And hundreds flock to see,
A fellow-creature's life snatched away,
"A sight to shudder at, not to see."

Oh! he who looks on such a deed,
Unnerved, indeed, must be,
Of the human tree the basest seed—
"A sight to shudder at, not to see."

Some stern duty bids he there,
With these our pity be,
For they, perhaps, will drop a tear
And shudder while they see.

THE AFTER PART.

Has that spirit winged to Thee, my God?
That murderer's spirit dark.
Shall it see thy face—enjoy thy home—
Branded with Cain's thrice-cursed mark.

They say that in our dying hour
Repentance is of much avail:
Did he then try its vaunted power,
And will his trial with Thee prevail?

Alas! tho' he say and think he repent,
Tho' prayers to his lips may rise,
Would not his thoughts on the scaffold be bent—
The scaffold keep rising before his eyes?

Tho' his days may be numbered; tho' his days may be few;
Tho' no gleam of Hope lighten his way;
As the drowning man clutches at shaddows untrue,
Would he not clutch at each little delay?

With these things before him, Oh, how can he pray?
Can he pray as befits his great need?
For to pray as ought, he should pray night and day,
To expiate such a foul deed.

So repentant he died—some people will say
That to Heaven he surely will go;
While others will think, that repent as he may,
Its joys he never can know.

But he has gone to that great unknown—
All else 'twixt his Maker and he—
To reap the reward of what he has sown,
Whate'er that reward may be.

He may, perhaps, have died in grace,
But this we do not know,
He may gaze on his Maker's face—
God grant it may be so!

LADY CAMMISH;

A STORY OF THREE RAINY DAYS.

It seems to me that three rainy days stand out in my life with more especial vividness than any others—and it is these I am now going to write about; but, in order that their dreariness or their happiness may be rightly understood, the events of other days before and between them must be related too. I begin with the first day.

I, Nellie West, awoke, in the darkness of a November morning, in a back room of a tall, narrow house in a dull London square, and struck a light to see the time. I fairly groaned when I saw it was five minutes to seven, for to lie in bed after seven o'clock was a luxury unknown to me. Early on the previous night I had gone to bed with a sick, nervous headache, and I had passed a wretched, restless night, listening to the heavy, ceaseless rain, and now, just when I felt I would drop into a peaceful sleep, I must get up in the cold and the darkness and begin my daily round of work. But, however unwilling, I arose quickly, and, throwing on an old waterproof cloak which served me for a dressing-gown, I ascended to a yet higher story of the house and awakened the servant.

"Oh, Ann," I cried, in a tone of distress, when I found she was fast asleep, "what shall we do? It is after seven o'clock, and it is Friday—our busiest morning of all!"

The girl replied that she would be down in a "jiffey," and with such a satisfying assurance I returned to my own room. My toilet did not take me long, and as I ascended the stairs Ann followed me.

I first opened the shutters, dusted and tidied the dinning-room to prepare it for being swept. I had got all the lighter furniture carried on to the landing, when I heard a loud knock at the front door. I looked at the time-piece; it was just eight o'clock. Who could such an early visitor be? I leaned over the balustrades and listened while Ann let down the chain and drew the bolts of the hall-door. A voice I know very well inquired if I was down stairs, and before Ann had time to reply I rushed down and met the visitor, Marmaduke Cammish, in the hall.

"How early you are!" I exclaimed. "You have come to bring me that new book, haven't you?"

"No," he answered somewhat gravely; "I was here last night and left it for you, for you had gone to bed—unwell, I think. Are you better now?"

"Yes, thank you. What are you come for then??

"I come to say good-by. The regiment sails for India on the day after to-morrow."

The color left my face, and I clutched at the balustrades to steady myself.

"Oh, you cannot mean it—you cannot mean it!" I wailed.

"Indeed I do," he answered firmly, but evidently touched by my distress. "Why, pussy, I did not think you would take it to heart like this!"

"What shall I do without you—what can I do?" and I laid my head on the balustrades and burst into tears.

We were an incongruous couple—he so tall and bright and good looking, and I a dejected, half-formed girl, not yet fifteen, dressed in a shabby black dress that was much too short for me, and, in fact, too a rait in every way.

"Come, come, pussy," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder, "I want to be cheered up, not cast down—so look up and give me a kiss and wish me *bon voyage*; there is no one else to wish it, and no one has given me a kiss since I was five years old."

I raised my face and met his dark eyes looking wistfully into mine, and in a passion of grief I flung my arms round his neck.

"I wish you everything that is good!" I cried. "And oh, I wish Adeline had married you—then you would never have gone to India. Why didn't Adeline marry you?"

"There was a very good reason," he answered quietly, "which I will tell you when I come back—I must go now."

"I know the reason. It is because you are not rich enough—and she is a selfish, wicked thing, and I hope she'll be punished."

"Good-by, Nellie!"

"Good-by; but, oh, when will you come back?"

"In seven or eight years perhaps, if the Sepoys do not kill me."

Seven or eight years! I thought he might just as well have said a hundred at once.

"So, once more, good-by, Nellie!"

"Good-by!" And I opened the hall-door for him and he was gone.

I watched him to the end of the street, and at the corner he turned and smiled and took off his hat to me, and then disappeared from my sight. How desolate and ill I felt, and how equally desolate was the outward appearance of things! Daylight had barely dawned, the rain descended steadily and unceasingly, and not a soul was in the wet and miry streets. I stood at the door for a minute or two, and then with a start I woke from my trance of woe and went in to resume my interrupted work.

About half-past nine or a quarter to ten my mother and my sister Adeline came down stairs, and we all had breakfast. We were not a happy family. Papa, a younger son of a good family, had died about five years before, leaving mamma so slenderly provided for that it was a continual struggle to make both ends meet, especially as mamma was determined to keep up the position in society which she had held in papa's lifetime, and secure Adeline a good settlement in life, which meant a wealthy marriage. All mamma's hopes were centred in Adeline. She was seven years older then I, and very beautiful, but selfish and scheming and cold-hearted, and there was little love lost between her and me. She had always looked on me as an interloper and possible rival, and through all my childhood I never remember a kindness from her, not even one kind word; and now that I was growing up, and might have been a companion for her, and with no promise of beauty to alarm her, she still treated me just the same, and ignored me with immovable coldness. And her influence with mamma was so great that mamma herself seemed jealous of me for Adeline's sake, and I had become a sort of a household drudge, helping one servant to do the work of three, and keeping myself in clothes by selling fancy work.

Adeline had numerous admirers; but only two seemed to have any decided object in view, and these were Lieut. Marmaduke Cammish, of the good old Yorkshire family, and who would succeed to the baronetcy on the decease of the present Baronet, his uncle, a bachelor of sixty, and John Stewart, a middle-aged London stockbroker of immense wealth but no pedigree. Of the two, Marmaduke Cammish was by far the better match from a wordly point of view, besides being young, merry and handsome, and he was favored accordingly, and his visits to our house were more frequent than these of John Stewart, who, nevertheless, came very often, and always received a welcome—for Adeline was too anxious to escape from home poverty to discard one suitor before the other had plainly declared himself. All these facts I gather from scraps of conversation between mamma and Adeline.

Marmaduke Cammish was my favorite, and I was very glad that he was the favorited one with Adeline, for he was kind and good to me whenever he came, and I looked forward to happier times when he should become my brother. He brought me books to read, and was always ready to explain what I could not understand. But for him, indeed, my education would have been little better than a heathen's. John Stewart, on the contrary, never took any notice of me whatever, he was so entirely devoted to Adeline; therefore it was no wonder that I liked Marmaduke best.

Adeline had known Marmaduke only about four months, however, when he told us the startling news, that his uncle had married a pretty but low-born girl.

"So how much chance have I of ever being Baronet now?" he asked merrily, little supposing, as I sadly thought, how much else he lost with his chance of the baronetcy and estates. "It is lucky I have a profession; and I must now win fame and wealth in that if possible."

I never seen Adeline in such a passion as she was on that night, after Marmaduke had gone.

"What a fool his uncle must be to marry at his time of life!" she cried vehemently. "I wish he had been poisoned before he had done it!"

In vain mamma endeavored to soothe her by reminding her that John Stewart still remained.

"John Stewart!" echoed Adeline scornfully. "What is he, compared to Marmaduke Cammish? If I ever could have loved any one, I could have loved Marmaduke—nay, I even think I do love him. John Stewart! Can he give me a title, I should like to know, or one of the oldest names in England?"

"Well, Adeline," I said, in the excitement of it, "if you love Marmaduke, you should marry him, whether he has the title or not."

"When you are asked to speak, it will be time enough to do so. Go to bed instantly!" exclaimed Adeline, turning fiercely upon me.

"Yes, Nellie," said mamma, "your sister has quite enough to bear without your little shafts of malice." So, taking up my book, I retired to bed.

In a month after this, Adeline and John Stewart were engaged to be married, and Marmaduke Cammish was going with his regiment to India, where the Sepoy mutiny was at its height. But I never realized that he was going until he came to bid me good-by as I have related, and to that day I must now return—not that I have much more to say about it, well as I remember it, for after breakfast I felt too sick and ill even to work, and after dinner I went to bed—to bed, but not to sleep. Throughout that gloomy day I lay in open-eyed dreariness, watching the rain while it was daylight, and listening to it during the dark evening, and far in to the lonely night.

The next few months were busy with preparatious for Adeline's marriage, and mamma made a great whole in her little capital in providing a suitable *trousseau* for the bride, trusting that Adeline would pay it back when she was Mrs. Stewart. This Adeline omitted to do, however, and after her marriage we were poorer than ever, and I still toiled on at my fancy-work, and even gave a few music-lessons, and thus eked out our scanty means.

And the years rolled on. Adeline had twice become a mother, but each time the child had died after a few weeks of miserable life. She was expecting another in a few months, and I was staying with her for a day or two, as she was rather poorly, and needed company. I was never invited their unless I was needed, nor unless she wished to display some new gem or dresser before my uncustomed eyes. Her husband was most indulgent to her, but their marriage was not a happy one, for Adeline's extravagance surpassed the bounds of even his patience, and her outbursts of temper were frequent and terrible. They had been married rather over six years now, and Adeline, in her fits of passion, often threatened a separation.

One day we were seated at luncheon, and Adeline asked her husband for money.

"How much do you want?" he asked, with such a careworn look that my heart bled for him.

"Fifty pounds."

"I have warned you again and again, Adeline," he began, slowly.

"You should have warned me before we were married," she interrupted, fiercely. "Had I known—"

Her husband placed a twenty-pound bank-note beside her plate, and rose from the table.

"Try to make that do," he said, and left the room.

Adeline went into one of her terrible fits of passion, during which I sat quite still, fearful, by the least movement, of turning her wrath against myself.

About an hour afterwards, when she had become calmer, a servant entered the room, saying that a person wished to see me. I wondered at this, but, glad of any excuse to escape from Adeline's presence, without a question I left the room. A man was waiting in the hall, and I recognized him at once as John Stewart's head clerk.

"Has anything happened?" I gasped, frightened at his pale, bewildered looks.

"Mr. Stewart has shot himself, Miss West. He is dead, and they are bringing him home. Will you break it gently to his wife?"

But there was no need of gentleness, for Adeline had followed me from the dining-room, and had heard it all. She clutched wildly at me and swooned away.

The confusion and horror of the next few days are beyond description; but everything was clear at last. Mr. Stewart had died insolvent. There was not sufficient for his creditors, much less a provision for Adeline, and she came home to live with us.

She resumed her old place in the house, and I mine, and about a month afterward her baby was born. She was very ill and helpless, and constantly complaining of the want of luxuries she had been accustomed to, while poor mamma impoverished herself still more to buy the things she absolutely needed. I was no longer the partly selfish girl I had been in former days, and I gave mamma almost every penny I earned. I was used to shabby clothes and scant food, and could bear the deprivation; but the thankless way in which my self-denial was received, and the continual complaints I heard, made me sad hearted and weary, and whatever I did for Adeline was done, I am afraid, very unwillingly. The baby was distinctly intrusted to my sole charge and management; and heaven forgive me, if sometimes my most predominant feeling toward it was hate! It was too weakly and too peevish for any pleasure or pride to be taken in it.

One morning, late in October, I arose earlier than usual, having been disturbed by the baby and the heavy rain. I was the first down stairs, and, opening the front door, I looked out. The streets were deserted and the rain was descending steadily. A sudden rush of memory came over me, and I could almost imagine that it was the day, now seven years gone by, when Marmaduke Cammish had bid me good-by. The old feeling of desolation came over me again—for was I not as desolate and hopeless now as I had been then? Ay, even more so. And Marmaduke Cammish, where was he? He had won glory in India, young though he was; and, his uncle having died childless, he was the baronet at last, and all the estates were his, but whether he was alive or dead, in India or in England, I did not know.

When Adeline came down stairs that morning, she was unusually fretful. Mamma was busy doing something to the dining-room carpet, and I had to attend to Adeline.

"I think it would not take you very long to make a new cushion for this sofa," she said, crossly, as she established herself upon it and I wheeled it to the fire.

"Make one yourself," I answered. "It is easy work and you have plenty of time."

The words were no sooner out of my mouth than I regretted them, for Adeline immediately uttered scream after scream until poor mamma came running in in alarm.

"What is the matter? My darling, what is it?" she cried, hastening to Adeline, while I took up the wailing baby and began to pace the room to quiet it.

Adeline ceased screaming.

"How long, I want to know, am I to be dictated to by Ellen?" she inquired, fiercely. "And how long am I to be taunted with my weakness and poverty?"

"Oh, Nellie," said mamma, reproachfully, "you might be more careful—you might indeed."

I made no reply. I quieted the baby, and choked back the bitter words and bitter tears, and continued my pacing to and fro.

At this moment the servant opened the door, saying—

"A gentleman has called, and he would come up—I couldn't hinder him," and a gentleman did enter the room, smiling at our embarrasment.

Older and sunburnt, and with even a scar across his face, it was Marmaduke Cammish nevertheless. And my first feeling was one of joy and thankfulness. Mamma and Adeline also recognized him at a glance, and mamma advanced to meet him with outstretched hands, while a keen, eager look came into Adeline's face, and she hastily smoothed her untidy hair.

"You know me then?" cried Marmaduke, smiling into mamma's face as he held her hands.

"Yes, indeed," answered mamma, and then Marmaduke approached Adeline. She put her hand into his with a plaintive little glance into his face.

"I know you too," she gently said, "but do you know me?"

"Yes, I do," he answered. "You are not greatly changed, except that you look very ill."

The tears rose thickly to her dark, blue eyes, and she looked down hastily as if to conceal them.

[To be continued.]

She has many faults, but we must pardon them, remembering her—." "Her what?" "I'm trying to think of what."—[Emile Augies's new Comedy.

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A Free Mason Dies in the Presence of an Investigating Committee—Strong Suspicions that He Was Poisoned.

The sudden death on Tuesday night of Mr. James H. Van Houten, at a meeting of an investigating committee of Pythagoras Lodge F. and A. M., in Richard J. Wardell's residence, at 212 Jefferson street, Newark, N. J., has caused much excitement in that city. Mr. Van Houten during the passed year has made oft-repeated assertions that a brother Mason had made several attempts to take his life, and the Grand Master of New Jersey being informed of those charges, they were discussed in the various lodges. According to the New York *Sun*, Houten first attracted notice early in April last, when he said that two men followed him from a meeting of Pythagoras Lodge, and that one of the men, after giving him a Masonic grip of distress,

STABBED HIM IN THE NECK.

The wound seemed slight, and he recovered slowly. The Masons scouted his story of the stabbing, and Mr. Wardell preferred charges against him in the lodge of conduct unbecoming a Mason. On Sunday evening, three weeks later, he was found in his garden, 254 Bank street, Newark, with a carpenter's scratch-awl, sticking in the back of his neck. He said that two men had attacked him, and that one of them was the same man who had stabbed him in the street. He asserted that his left side, arm and leg were paralyzed, and he kept his bed until ten days ago. Pythagoras Lodge appointed a committee to investigate the case, and three members were named to act as counsel for him. He was

SUMMONED BEFORE THE COMMITTEE,

but his physician, Dr. Brundage, gave a certificate that he was unable to leave his bed. The committee and a majority of the Masons believed that he was shamming and that he had stabbed himself. On Tuesday evening the committee met in Wardell's house to finish their business, having taken a mass of testimony in secret. At 9 o'clock Van Houten unexpectedly appeared. His left arm was in a sling. He said that he was improving in health. In a few minutes he asked for water. Mr. Wardell handed him a glassful, and he drank a little. Shortly before 10 o'clock he said he was ill, and he lay down on the sofa. Ten minutes later he was seized with a convulsion, and after writhing in pain for half an hour he died. Dr. D. W. Smith and the committeemen were the only persons present. When Mrs. Van Houten arrived she said, according to Wardell's story,

LOOKING AT HER DEAD HUSBAND,

"Oh, why did you come here? I told you not to. You had a horrible dream last night that a man was forcing a powder down your throat." She then asked if Van Houten had drank any water, and on being answered in the affirmative, she exclaimed: "There, there, there, I knew it." County Physician Hewlitt found two neatly folded papers, containing a white and a red powder, in Van Houten's pockets. There was another paper that had contained a powder resembling strychnine. These the County Physician reserved for chemical analysis, and then permitted the body to be removed to Van Houten's residence. At 11 o'clock, Wednesday, County Physician Hewlitt held a post-mortem examination. He was assisted by Dr. Cross, Baldwin, Brundage and D. A. Smith. An unusually careful and thorough examination was made, on account of the mystery that has surrounded the case since Van Houten was first stabbed in April. A quantity of blood was found pressing on the brain, and the condition of the spinal cord showed paralysis, proving that Van Houten had not been shamming in that respect. The wound in the neck was only half an inch in depth, and had no effect on the spinal cord. A portion of the stomach was taken away by the County Physican for analysis. He would not say whether or not he had

DISCOVERED THE PRESENCE OF POISON,

or whether the blood on Van Houton's brain might have produced a mild form of insanity. A number of Masons from Pythagoras Lodge were present. As Mr. Wardell entered the hall the three daughters of the dead man shook their fists at him as he turned his back, and their black eyes glowed with hatred. They refused to shake hands with him, and one of them told the reporter that he had persecuted their father. Mrs. Van Houten was hysterical. Dr. E. H. Covel, of 92 Bond street, said yesterday: "The way Pythagoras Lodge treated this man was damnable, it was not Masonic, it was not Christian. A dog would have been treated better. I am a Mason of thirty-four years' standing, and I denounce these men as persecutors. There are Masons here who will stand by the man's family. The lodge has misrepresented him, for I have investigated every charge and found them false." The Rev. Dr. J. E. Forrester, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist) and Grand Commander of the Knights Templars of New Jersey, said: "Van Houten was insane, no doubt of it. He told me a long story a year ago about a conspiracy among Masons to crush the churches. He said the ministers would be killed, and that I was one who was marked for death.

How a Woman Drives a Hen.

When a woman has a hen to drive into the coop, she takes hold of her hoops with both hands, shakes them quietly toward the delinquent, and says, "Shew, there!" The hen takes one look at the object to convince herself that it's a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop in perfect disgust at the sex. A man doesn't do it that way. He goes out doors and says: "It is singular nobody can drive a hen here but myself," and picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending biped, and observes: "Get in there, you thief." The hen immediately loses her reason, and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back again with her head down and her wings out, and followed by an assortment of storewood, fruit cans, and coal clinkers, with a much pulling and very angry man in the rear. Then she skims upon the stoop, and under the house, and back again to the coop, and all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for handling, and a man whose coat is on the saw-buck, and whose hat is on the ground, and whose prespiration and profanity appear to have no limit. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge the missiles, and then the man says every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down the street, and the woman dons her hoops, and has every one of those hens housed and counted in two minutes, and the only sound heard on the premises is the hammering by the oldest boy as he mends the broken pickets.

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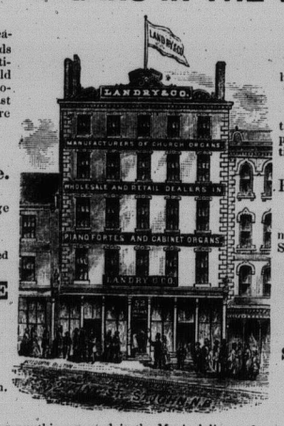

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They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz:—
Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache. Also, the Best WORM MEDICI E ever used.
They RESTORE NATURE, are pleasant to take, act promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough Digestion of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Physicians prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious and Secular Press praise them, and every man and woman who has ever tried them advise their friends to use nothing else. Price 30 and 60 cents per box, and sold by druggists, or will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.
may23 E. S. HARRISON & CO., Sackville, N. B

Three Building Lots to Lease
TO lease for 14 years, with usual conditions, except that spirituous liquors are not to be sold on the premises, the following desirable Building Lots, viz:—
No. 1, on the corner of Carmarthen and Brittain street, has a frontage of 30 feet on Carmarthen street, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental $80 per annum.
No. 2.—lot on Carmarthen street adjoining No. 1, 35 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental $70 per annum.
No. 3.—Lot on Carmarthen street adjoining Lot No. 2, 35 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in rear. Rental $70 per annum.
This whole property has a frontage of 100 feet on Carmarthen street and 89 feet on Brittain street. Total area 8,000 feet.
By order,
ROBERT MARSHALL
eb23 Treasurer Protestant Orphan Asylum.

CANDAGE BROS.,
Dealers in
Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c.,
14 CANTERBURY ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
B. W. Candage. C. A. Candage
feb23

HAWKES BROTHERS,
Dealers in
Ales, Wines and Liquors,
43 GERMAIN STREET,
AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
nov8

Wm. DOHERTY & CO.,
Custom Tailors,
Have removed to New Premises,
48 MARKET SQUARE,
WHERE they will, with a first-class assortment of Goods, be prepared to attend to those who may favor them with ans orders in their line.
LADIES' SACQUES a specialty.

HAVANA CIGARS.
Just received from New York:
THIRTY-FIVE M. Tallical, LaUnion, El Horcon and Moses CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de L Reinas, Princesas, Infantes and Londres.
Daily expected from New York:
45 M. Republica Espanolas and LaUnion CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYNITAS.
The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.
nov71 M A FINN. Hazen Building

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL
WINE STORE.
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
No. 8 Charlotte Street,
BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.
By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best
Wines, Brandies, &c.,
on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
une2 M & H. GALLAGHER 8 and 12 Charlotte street

STEAM BRICK & TILE WORKS,
Lingrange Yards, Little River.
LEE BROTHERS have constantly on hand large supply of
PATENT MACHINE BRICKS,
Common and Pressed
DRAINING TILES From 2 to 6 Inches in the Bore For land and other purposes.
Also, PAN TILES, for flooring purposes.
Orders filled by addressing L. B., P. O. Box 539 John, N. B.

SPRING, 1878.
NEW GOODS.
ex S.S. "Scandinavia" and Allen Line.
WE ask the attention of our Customers and Public to the large and varied assortment
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT,
FOR SALE LOW.
W. G. LAWTON
48 KING ST. & 64 GERMAIN ST.

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Plumber & Gas-Fitter,
has removed to his shop, Hunter's Building,
NO. 86 PRINCESS STREET,
where all orders entrusted to him will receive immediate attention. may18