The Herald.

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THE HERALD

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EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

From the Office of KANE & Co.,

54 GERMAIN STREET,

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At Low Rates and with Despatch

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"HERALD"

Book, Card and Job Rooms,

54 GERMAIN STREET,

NEW

Boot & Shoe Store,

NO. 212 UNION STREET,

Next door to A. Sinclair's)

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A FIRST-CLASS assortment of BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, RUBBERS, &c., which will be sold at

Lowest Prices for Cash.

nd Shoes made to order in the latest style.

C. E. VAUGHAN.

P. S.—All goods purchased of me Repaired free of charge.

J. S. STANTON,

Coach Proprietor,

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ST. JOHN N. B.

Coaches furnished for Weddings, Funerals, &c., at the very shortest notice.

☞ All orders promptly attended to. mar24ly

The Empire Dining Saloon,

GERMAIN ST., Opposite City Market

R J. PATTERSON, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

The very best of Oysters always on hand

☞ SOUPS OF ALL KINDS served every day. ☜

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IMITATOR OF

WOOD and MARBLE,

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

99 St. Patrick Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

sep22

Butter, Lard and Eggs.

Just received per I. C. Railway.

40 TUBS choice dairy Butter; 400lbs. Pure Leaf Lard; 100 doz. Fresh Eggs. For sale low, wholesale and retail by

M. & H. GALLAGHER,

12 Charlotte street.

APPLES, RAISENS & CURRANTS.

200 BARRELS No. 1 choice Winter Apples, consisting in part of Bishop Pippin, Baldwin, Greening, Nonpareil, Ripson, Fippin Spetzenbergs, &c.; 100 boxes Layer Raisens, 25 do., best London Layers, for Table use, and 5 bb's. Currants. For sale

M. & H. GALLAGHER,

12 Charlotte street.

ALSO, a choice assortment of Family Groceries, Flour, Meal, Ship Stores, etc., for sale at Market rates and delivered free of extra charge in any part of the city or vicinity by

M. & H. GALLAGHER,

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U. S. PIANO CO.

$290.

YOU ask WHY we can sell First-Class 7 1-3 Octave Rosewood Piano for $290. Our answer is, that it costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but sell DIRECT to Familiest Factory price, and warrant five years. We Send our Pianos everywhere for trial, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains the names of over 1500 Bankers, Merchants and Families that are using our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw his notice.

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NEW YORK.

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Boot & Shoe Store.

STEVENSON'S,

19 Charlotte Street.

Ladies' French, Kid Button Boots;
" " " Side Lace Boots;
" " " Balmorals and Congress Boots;
" American Kid, Button and Side Lace;
" Curacoa " " " "
" Oil Goat " " "
" Serge " "Side Lace and Congress;
Men's French, Calf, Balmoral and Congress;
" " " Patent Congress. Tie & Buckle
" Buckle Shoes of all Kinds;

Misses and Children's, Boots, Shoes and Slippers; Boys' and Youths' Boots and shoes of all kinds.

In fact every description of goods to be found in a first-class store.

Prices as low as any in the Trade.

ROBERT STEVENSON,

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S. LIPMAN & SON,

HAVE REMOVED TO

No. 31, King Square,

(NORTH SIDE.)

Where a complete Stock of

SMOKERS' REQUISITES

WILL BE FOUND,

Wholesale and Retail.

☞ A private Reading and Smoking Room adjoining the Store. june8

CHEAP DRY GOODS!

M'CAFFERTY & DALY,

CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS.

We have Reduced our Whole Stock to

LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.

SALE COMMENCES THIS DAY!

Corner of King and Germain Sts.

M'CAFFERTY & DALY.

june22

HOLLANDS GENEVA

Just received:

50 GREEN Cases DeKuypers' GENEVA;
25 " " Key do.;
25 " " half-bottles do. 1 dozen each
5 " " pint-flasks do. 1 "

M. A. FINN,

nov17 Hazen Building.

J. J. MULLIN,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.,

and a large assortment of

OVERALLS always on hand

Gents' Clothing made to order in the most Fashionable styles, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

A large stock of SEAMEN'S CLOTHING AND OUTFITS always on hand.

Intending purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere.

Portland Bridge, North Railway Track,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

HAS A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

At $2.50 per day.

Tremont House

No LIQUORS SOLD mar9

WILLET & QUIGLEY,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,

Notaries Public, &c.,

RITCHIE'S BUILDING, (2nd Flat.)

JOHN WILLET. RICHD. P. QUIGLEY, (B. C. L.) (L. L. B.)

feb9 Commissioner, &c., for Massachusetts.

No. 33

GRACE'S BLOCK,

DOCK STREET.

I RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the public to my Large and Varied Assortment of

WORSTED GOODS,

—IN—

Basket Cloths and Diagonals,

BROADCLOTHS in Blue and Black.
TWEEDS in English, Scotch and Canadian.
DOESKINS in Blue, Black and Fancy.

The above will be made up in the most Fashionable Style and at shortest notice on the most reasonable terms. Also, a nice selection of Gent's Furnishing Goods.

apr27 M. J. DRISCOLL.

NOTICE.

WE have in Stock a splendid line of

COATINGS AND TWEEDS

for our Custom Department, and will make to order at our usual low prices at our Old Stand, Dock st.

MULLIN BROS.

We are selling our Ready-Made Clothing at Cost to make room for our Spring arrivals.

feb23 MULLIN BROS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE

For the People to buy

STOVES,

RANGES

AND

TINWARE

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

IS AT

McDonnell & Mindon's,

3 doors above McElroy's,

Main Street, - - Portland.

P. S.—Wholesale Dealers please send for Price List. feb23

A QUANTITY OF

PAPER BAGS,

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.

APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

R. J. RITCHIE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

LAW OFFICE:

Ritchie's Building, Ground Floor

mar 9

BARDSLEY BROS.,

Are now showing the Newest and Leading Styles in English and American

Fur and Felt Hats,

Fo 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

BARDSLEY BROS.,

35 Commercial Block,

South Side King Street,

june15 St. John, N. B.

NEW

BOOT & SHOE FACTORY,

CORNER OF

Union & Smyth Sts.

MY Factory is now in first-rate running order, and I am now manufacturing

FINE

Boots and Shoes,

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.

apr29

To Inspect is to Purchase.

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.

MACKENZIE BROS.

NEW FRILLINGS.—All the New Styles for the present Spring.

MACKENZIE BROS.

NEW COTTON HOSIERY.—A splendid variety at unequalled values.

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.

MACKENZIE BROS.

SWEEPING REDUCTION in Tycoon Reps, the cheapest and most suitable article for Misses wear. Also Ladies' Morning Dresses.

MACKENZIE BROS.

THE HEAD QUARTERS for Black Goods, and all the Mourning Textiles.

KING STREET.

THE GREAT GLOVE EMPORIUM.—Only First Choice Stock, which is specially manufactured for

MACKENZIE BROS.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS and Bed and Table Napery a specialty at

MACKENZIE BROS.

JOHN McGOURTY,

City Contractor,

COR. OF ELLIOT ROW & PITT ST.,

ST. JOHN, N B.

FINANCIAL.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall st. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.

Address BAXTER & Co., Bankers, 17 Wall st N. Y. apr6 1y

Climo's ever-popular Photographs, at liberal prices, are made at 13 Charlotte street (Jack's building). His beautiful prize stereoscopic views (all saved) of New Brunswick scenery, and St. John before the fire, can also be had at above address and of dealers.

HIS FIRST LOVE.

I remember
Meeting you
In September,
Sixty-two.
We were eating,
Both of us;
And the meeting
Happened thus:
Accidental,
On the road,
(Sentimental
Episode.)
I was gushing,
You were shy;
You were blushing
So was I;
I was smitten,
So were you;
(All that's written
Here is true.)
Any money?
Not a bit.
Rather funny,
Wasn't it?
Vows we plighted—
Happy pair!
How delighted
People were!
But your father—
To be sure—
Thought it rather
Premature;
And your mother—
Strange to say—
Was another
In the way.
What a heaven
Vanished then—
(You were seven,
I was ten.)
That was many
Years ago—
Don't let any-
Body know.

[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 Villetard. 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.)

The best information within our reach leads us to believe that Socialism or Communism (they are one and the same), meaning thereby that doctrine which aims at a community of goods and the abolition of private property, is not represented by any general society or association, the members of which hold secret sessions and are bound by the solemnity of an oath. Neither is there anything wrong in mooting the question of socialism, apart from the manifest folly of attempting that which can never be carried out on a national scale while human nature remains what it is. Individual socialistic societies have, in various parts of the United States, attained a high degree of material success; witness, the Shakers of Lebanon, New York, and the Rappists, at Economy, Pennsylvania. No man will pretend to deny that many communities of the primitive Christian practically carried out the views of life, labor, and property which are now stigmatized as *socialistic.* The word has become, to a certain extent, discredited, if not stigmatized, owing to the wicked vagaries of many maintainers, and the absurdities of nearly all the followers of the doctrine. As Shakspeare remarks of another word, "it was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted." All men know that the members of the various orders of the Church either do, or ought to, possess their goods in common, and can own no private property. The Socialists openly advocated their principles in this country by public meetings, and by means of the press, publishing, within the United States alone, fourteen papers in German, six in English, one in French, and one in Swedish. Of their doctrines, Germans, strangely enough, is the stronghold, where Socialistic members sit in the Reichstag, and maintain, often with marked ability, the views of Saint Simon and Fourier. But it must be admitted that Christians, particularly Catholic Christians, instinctively steer clear of them. And here let us remark, incidently, as an item of information, that it is a mistake to suppose that the *Commune* which came to deserved grief at Paris, in 1871, had anything whatever to do with the doctrine of Socialism or Communism, a mistake which we correct, first, because it is so common, and second, because it is only just to give "even the devil his due." The misapprehension arises from the fact that the then combatants and murderers of the Archbishop and hostages, fought under the name of the *Commune, i. e.,* the corporate, municipal independence of the city. Of the seventy, then comprising the so-called government, but seven were communists in the sence of desiring either community of goods or abolition of private property. The Socialistic theory, while meeting more favor here then the Intartionale, is after all, largely confined to natives of the European continent now domiciled here, commanding little attention from the American and Saxon, and none at all from the Celtic element of our people.

Fain would we be able to say as much of Fenianism. Unfortunately, this is just the phase of folly and criminality combined which knaves have found successful in duping Irishmen and Irishwomen out of their hard-earned money; since, so far as can be made out, the Fenian leaders (Heaven save the mark!) never had any other aim than that of living lavishly and amassing money at the expense of their silly victims. Contemptible as is the "theme of petty roguery and vanity on the one side, and of silly enthusiasm on the other," perhaps it may be well to give a short sketch of this same Fenianism, as being in itself the best *reductio ad absurdum* of the modern, secret, oath-bound, political conspiracy. We call it conspiracy, but it was, in reality, a mere pretence at conspiracy; and the genuine article is respectable compared with "the absurd raids into Canada, the shillelah fights in the vicinity of Irish police stations, and the sporadic assassinations, which constitute the whole external history of Fenianism." Its inner history is simply that of the average life insurance company or savings bank. It was a ring, in which exceedingly cheap Tweeds stole the cash—an army in which every officer who was not a dupe deserved a much more uncomplimentary name, and where no officer rated lower than a colonel.

Now the heartless oppression and cruelties inflicted for centuries by the English government upon the Catholics of Ireland, have driven into the very marrow of the Catholic of that country an undying hatred of England and a readiness, at any time, to sacrifice life and property for the purpose of driving the English from their fair land. Well knowing the strength of this feeling, bold scoundrels as well as small knaves, mistaken friends of Ireland as well as secret enemies, have again and again taken advantage of it, the former two classes to gain for themselves power or money, while the ill-balanced or worse-advised friends have been easily seduced into insurrection, apparently assisted as they were by the secret enemies, who foresaw that the abortive rebellion would but have the effect of riveting more closely the Saxon chains on an already bleeding and prostrate country. In every case the Irish people have suffered bitterly for attempted and simulated insurrection. Thus, the Society of United Irishmen, composed of Catholics and men of all sects but the Anglican, though intended for good, was the cause of exceeding misery. At the time of the formation of that association, Irish Catholics were in a far better condition than they had been for many centuries. Scarcely was the society in existence, when the British government literally permeated it with spies and informers—a race of which Ireland has been unfortunatly far too prolific, for a reason very conclusively assigned by a writer in January number of this REVIEW over the signature M. F. S. Indeed, we have now indisputable proofs that many who held posts of honor and trust among the United Irishmen, were in the pay of the Castle at Dublin, and Daniel O'Connell has clearly shown that the then Secretary, Lord Castlereagh, clandestinely urged on the Organization to the outbreak of 1798, knowing full well that the best argument in favor of the nefarious Act of Union, then in contemplation, and effected in 1800, would be this revolutionary attempt conjoined with its forseen failure. The *emeute* of the noble, brave, but misguided, Emmet, in 1803, was only less diastrous because formed on a smaller scale.

That clear-sighted statesman, O'Connell, who seems to have been the first, as he certainly was the last man able to unite the Irish politically for their own good, was consistently, constantly, and utterly opposed to every secret scheme, plan, or society, for ameliorating the condition of the Catholic population. Yet we see how thoroughly he succeeded, by open agitation, in finally securing Catholic Emancipation, while he, himself, always stated that his greatest obstacles during the contest for that a noble end came from the incendiarisms, the robberies, and murders, perpetrated by the Ribbonmen and other secret organizations, crimes which served at least as a pretence to make the English feign a belief that the Catholics were unfit for emancipation.

Soon afterward, and while O'Connell was laboring to band together, in the face of day, Irishmen of all classes and creeds for the purpose of demanding a repeal of the fraudulent and meretricious "Union," there sprang up, of course, the invariable political curse of the Irishman, disunion in the camp. Up started suddenly a party known as "Young Irelanders," who openly opposed the Liberator, and demanded to be at once led to the fray, claiming to have hundreds of thousands enrolled under their secret by-words. They affirmed themselves affiliated with all the other underground societies of Ireland—asserted that when they gave the singnal all the others would rise like magic, muster, march, fight, and lead Ireland to victory and freedom. The leading Young Irelanders were buncombe speakers of the most pronounced type, and as sensational newspapers writers or romancers they could hardly be excelled this side of that pit where dwells the archprogenitor of mendacity. They filled the newspapers with praises of their own valor, military skill, and preparedness for the campaign. To such an extent had they occupied the press that when a canard reached New York about a victorious battle at Slievnaman (afterwards called Slievgammon), even staid clergymen in New York attended a public meeting promptly convened to raise funds, subscribed with the rest of the overheated patriots, and one of them offered five hundred dollars to buy shields for the warriors.

A Villain from Maine.

THE MURDERER OF FOUR PEOPLE SHOWING A CORONER'S JURY HOW HE DID IT.

Harley Brown of Maine was formerly employed by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road, but lost his place. He wished to be restored, but did not know any ordinary way in which he could accomplish this object. He thought if he could do the company a great service it would be all right. But, then, what service? If he could, for instance, save a train and the lives of the passengers from imminent destruction by the discovery of an obstruction on the rails, would not gratitude force them to do something for him? Yes; but then there was no obstruction on the rails. He could easily put one, however, and so he did. Then he stood by to signal the train and save everybody, and reap the reward of his devotion and success. But his plan was thrown altogether out of joint by the fact that, instead of the accommodation train he counted upon, an express came screaming along, did not heed his signal, dashed into the obstruction and killed four persons. And now Harley Brown is in a situation he did not count upon.

Monday afternoon he accompanied the Coroner's jury in a special train to the scene of the disaster and explained how he had placed the tie. On returning the train went down to New Castle, where the jury reassembled in the Court House and Brown made a full statement. He said that he at first placed the tie on the cattle-guard and then took it out again, intending to throw it off the track. When he heard the whistle of the approaching train he hurriedly threw the tie down and it landed across the rails. Not stopping, he ran towards the train and tried to signal it to stop. He said he had no intention of wrecking the train, but placed the tie there intending to warn the station agent at Claymont, thinking by so doing to get a position on the road. He thought he would be able to do this in time to stop the train. He said he had no enmity to any one on the train, and no wish to do any damage either to person or property. Brown was committed to jail to await the action of the coroner's jury. The confession created much excitement, and was kept as quiet as possible until Brown had been placed on the train. The offence is a capital one in Delaware, and Brown will probably be hanged.

M. McLEOD, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET, keeps a fine assortment of Tobacconist 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 Tobacco a specialty.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

Wanted, by a confectioner, a candid young woman.

Every man blames some one else for the blunders which he commits himself.

"To step aside is human"—especially when a runaway team is coming down the street.

Vienna has two hundred thousand Jews. The prettiest woman in that city are said to be Jewesses.

"There is a rattlesnake in the cellar," is the placard a Florida man has over his door. Burglars don't trouble him.

A friend of ours in Worcester County is sixty years old, and has just cut a new set of teeth. He is a comb-maker.—Lowell Courier.

The hardest thing for any man to do is to own that he has made a mistake in judgment. It is an impeachment of his weak side—his mind.

"May a doctor consult his wife?" inquires the Albany Times. He had better, we think, if he wants to avoid trouble in the family.—*Buffalo Express.*

"What is the use of that man painting his name twice on his sign?" said a gentleman to his friend, as he pointed to a sign, "J. E. Weller, Jeweller."

Young Lady on Horseback (doubtful about the road)—"Will there be a bridge by-and-by across a little brook?" Small Rustic—"Wall, I dunno' 'bout by-and-by, but there's one there now."

Tears are said by a sentimental poet to be the "juice of sadness." This is pretty good; but not quite so high proof as another poet's definition of whisky—"the weeping of the golden grain."

A small boy of a freckled species, in the parlor where a dry goods clerk is sparking the boy's big sister, will make the course of true love rougher than riding in a lumber wagon.—*Still-water Lumberman.*

Here is the worst pun we have seen in six months. In Alabama they chew the fat [illegible] as a substitute for tobacco, which reminds us of the old adage, "Be fat-chewers and you'll be happy.'

A wine merchant in Mayence, Germany, sent down into the cellar, knocked out the bungs of sixteen casks, cut his throat, and died in a deluge of wine, thus causing his unhappy partner double bereavement.

The sermon of the best preacher in the world will not make as much impression upon a congregation as the sudden pattering of rain on the window panes of a church containing 200 new Spring bonnets.

An agricultural paper says: "A piece of rag soaked in a solution of cayenne is a capital thing to put in mouse holes. They will not attempt to eat it." Hereaway, mouse holes never attempt to eat anything.

Of every thousand men, twenty die annually. The population of a city or country is renewed once in thirty years. The number of old men who die in cold weather is to those who die in warm weather as seven to four.

I wouldn't give ten cents a yard for all the pedigrees in this world; if a man has got a level head on his shoulders, and an honest harte in his body, he has got all the pedigree I am in search ov.
—*Josh Billings.*

This is from the Latin, and ought to be remembered:—"Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

A Boston woman dislocated her shoulder the other day while attempting to lift a pail of water to throw in her husband's face. When will women learn to call out the fire department when any thing of this kind is to be done?—*Danbury News.*

On a Dublin tombstone there is inscribed the following piece of mendacity:

"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found."

But who ever expected to find truth on a tombstone!

The most difficult people to get along with are those who are always perfectly sure that they are in the right and equally sure that you are in the wrong. Butler says:—

Nothing so perverse in nature
As the profound opinionator.

A hard-pushed country paper; in seeking to convince its patrons of their duty, says that doing business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl with green goggles on. That may be a habit out West, but in Brooklyn pretty girls don't wear green goggles.

An express train was recently stopped by a band of brigands near Barcelona, in Spain, and the passengers were stripped of all their valuables. They stopped the train by turning on the danger signal, and then went through it with revolvers in their hands and "cleaned out" the crowd.

Benjamin F. King, Jr., of New Bedford, recently coughed up a splinter of wood which had been in his body for twenty-nine years, being a part of a stick which had accidentally pierced his flesh and [illegible] often experienced sharp rheumatic pains in the vicinity of the wound, which have now entirely ceased.

London *Truth*:—"Beautiful women, as I observed last week, are too much inclined to touzle their hair. Indeed, they may be divided into touzlers and non-touzlers. Now, I prefer the latter, so I am thankful to any lady who to handsome features, bright, intelligent expression and quiet, neat dressing, adds an untouzled head of hair."

The difficulty with some public speakers is that they never know when they have said just enough. It requires more genius to stop than begin. Mrs. Dodge rhymes what we want to say:—

My moral, dear singers, lies plainly atop,
Be always obliging and willing to stop.
The same will apply, my dear children, to you,
Whenever you've any performing to do,
Your friends to divert (which is quite proper, too),
Do the best that you can—and stop when you're through.

[Written for the HERALD.]

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY J. C. G.

The Catholic press is indeed the champion of the Church, whose authority it acknowledges, and it has at all times and under all circumstances exposed and laid bare the lying accusations made against it by apostates and fanatical bigots, thereby removing impediments which otherwise might deter the liberal-minded man, in search of the true faith, from embracing Catholicity. And it is not only in defense of the Church that the Catholic press renders immense services, but also in disseminating good, sound, Catholic reading amongst the people, in opposition to the vile and obscure literature with which the market is flooded, and which very often finds its way into Catholic homes, corrupting the morals of the inmates and endangering the salvation of their souls. It is needless to enumerate the number of those who have gone down to an endless perdition through the influence of bad books which are so conspicuously advertised in non-Catholic journals; and are found in the possession of inmates of the public schools. Is it then strange that socialism, communism and infidelity should reign supreme, when such means as the publication of obscure and irreligious works are used to corrupt the morals and turn the steps of the rising generation away from the path of virtue. Sad, indeed, is the picture presented to view in every city and town of the inhabitable globe where such immoral works are found, and which both sexes take an innate delight in reading. Hence the Catholic press is justly deserving of a generous support for its increasing efforts to contract such evil influences. Therefore, Catholics the world over should see that the religious press of their native lands receive a warm support. What a glorious privilege has been accorded the press of this free America of ours compared with that of other lands; namely, freedom of expression? While the press is unmuzzled we need not fear the attacks of slanderers or the productions of intolerant bigots, for the Catholic press is always ready to refute such groundless imputations, and to cast the lie in the faces of those that dare proclaim such untruths. God grant that Catholic editors may always remain to wield the pen in defence of their faith and fatherland.

Where Dickens Fails.

While Dickens has added a flood of people to the population of the world, he has not added one to the lofty rank where dwell the best of humanity. He has give us the most amusing fools that this generation know, the most charmingly genial people in difficulties, the most intolerable and engaging of bores. But he has scarcely left us one character which is above ridicule, or of which we think with a smile and a tear mingled, as it is the highest boast of your true humorist to mingle smiles and tears. Not to a second to any Shakespearian heights, there is not even such a light as Uncle Toby shining out of his pages; there is nothing like Thomas Newcome. He tries hard, and strains, and makes many an effort to cover the deficiency; but what he produces is shame, not real—it is maudlin, not pathetic. His highest ideal has a quiver, as of semi-intoxication in its voice, its virtue is smug, self-conscious, surrounded by twittering choruses of praise. There is not even a woman among the many in his books that would bear putting up by the side of the women who are to live for ever; and how strangely wanting must be the man of genius who cannot frame one woman at least worth placing in the crowd where Una is! This is the strange drawback, the one huge deficiency, which must always limit the reputation of the much-worshipped novelist. Mrs. Gamp, no doubt, is great; but she will not serve our turn here. He has represented with the most graphic and vivid clearness almost every grade of the species Fool. He has painted ridiculous people, silly people, selfish people, people occupied with one idea, oddities, eccentrics, a thousand varieties—but among these he has never once stumbled upon all the simple, true, ideal woman, or any noble type of man.

Looking at Dickens's real power, his undeniable genius, the wonderful fertility of his imagination, the spectator asks with a certain surprise, how it is that he never fell upon one such accidentally, as we do in the world? The wonder seems how he could miss it. But miss it he did, with the curious pressistency of those fate-directed steps which are fain to enter any into every path but one. This is the first characteristic of Dickens's among his compeers in the world of literature. He has given us pictures as powerful, individualities as distinct as any have done. Perhaps he has added to our common talk a larger number of side reflections from the thoughts and experiences of fictitious persons, than most writers even of equal power. But he has not created one character so close to us, yet so much above us, that we can feel him a positive gain to humanity. Now, when we make this complaint and accusation against the novelist, we are by no means setting up the ideal above the real, or demanding of heaven and earth a succession of Grandisons. Far be the thought from our mind; for one hero there must always be, no doubt, a hundred varlets, with a variety and play of life amongst them such as many people can appreciate a great deal better than they could appreciate the bigger nature. Let us have the varlets by all means; but the writer who can set only varlets before us cannot be placed in the highest rank. It must be understood that the difference between the mind which makes "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor" the central light in the picture, and the mind which places Mrs. Gamp in that position, is not a difference of degree but one of kind. The latter may be amusing, versatile, brilliant, and full of genius, but it is clear that the best he can do for his race is a best which is infinitely beneath the other. He knows of no hidden excellence, of no new glory which he can bring out into the light of day; he finds no stars in half-discovered skies, nor even the violet hidden by the mossy stone. He can do a hundred other clever and wonderful things, but this he cannot do; he has a bandage upon his eyes, a feebleness in his hands. He can beautify and realize, and pour floods of laughing light upon all the lesser objects; but the central figure he cannot accomplish—it is beyond his power. And we cannot but think that Dickens himself must have been aware of his own limitation on this point. The struggle and strain of which we are always aware in the working out of his good characters, shows something of that suppressed irritation with which a workman struggles against his special imperfection.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*