The Herald.

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THE HERALD
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
From the Office of KANE & Co.,
54 GERMAIN STREET,
AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, Post-paid, or delivered in any part of the City or Town of Portland.

☞ The large circulation of this Journal makes it a first-class medium for Advertising.

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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.
Boots and Shoes made to order in the latest style.
C. E. VAUGHAN.
P. S.—All goods purchased of me Repaired free of charge.

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Coaches furnished for Weddings, Funerals, &c., at the very shortest notice.
☞ All orders promptly attended to. mar24ly

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MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
The very best of Oysters always on hand
☞ SOUPS OF ALL KINDS served every day. ☜

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CUSTOM TAILORS,
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SAINT JOHN, N. B.
FIRST CLASS FIT
And workmanship guaranteed. A full stock of
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
☞ Ladies' Sacques A Specialty. ☜

DOMINION
Dining Rooms and Exchange,
OLD ST. JOHN HOTEL LOT,
CHARLOTTE STREET.
ARE NOW OPNE
Meals at all Hours. Dinner 35 cents, served from 12 to 2. Patronage solicited.
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.
C. COURTENEY,
augx7 Proprietor.

ANNUAL HOLIDAY SALE!
During the present month, and preparatory to Stock taking, the Goods in all departments will be sold at vastly Reduced Prices, in most cases less than the Wholesale quotations.
In a few days the range of prices in
BLACK SILKS, VELVETS,
DRESS GOODS, BLANKETS,
COUNTERPANES, COMFORTERS,
Etc., Etc., will be published.
Irrespective of Purchasing, an Inspection of the Stock is solicited.
MACKENZIE BROS.,
47 King street

LONDON-MADE TWEED OVERCOATS,
New and Fashionable,
In a splendid variety of mixtures; also REEFERS, will be cleared out at Cost, as they form no part of our regular line.
d8 22 MACKENZIE BROS.

CORNELIUS GALLAGHER,
Painter, Glazier and Paper HANGER,
IMITATOR OF
WOOD and MARBLE.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
99 St. Patrick Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
sep22

Greenville Extra Lime,
MANUFACTURED BY
D. A. HOLLAND & CO.
ALL Orders left at JOHN O'BRIEN'S, (Tailor's shop) Mill street, or at the Adelaide House, McCoskery's Road, Portland, will be promptly attended to.
jan19-1y

A QUANTITY OF
PAPER BAGS,
WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.
APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

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 this notice.
ADDRESS:
U. S. PIANO COMPANY,
810 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

CHEAP DRY GOODS! CHEAP DRY GOODS!
SECOND WEEK
OF THE
CLEARANCE SALE
—AT—
McCAFFERTY & DALY'S,
Corner of King and Germain Sts.
IN addition to the general reduction made on all our Stock, we will offer this week SPECIAL BARGAINS in Dress Goods, Canadian Tweeds, Linen Handerchiefs, Hamburg Edgings and Insertions.
20 pieces MATLASSE DRESS GOODS, all new shades, regular price 25cts., reduced price 17 cts.;
20 pieces DIAGONAL SERGE, all new shades. Regular price 30 cts., reduced to 20cts.
20 pieces Chappat & Co.'s BLACK CASHMERES. Regular price 70, 80, 90 cts., $1.00, $1.10, $1.20; Reduced to 60, 70, 80, 90 cts., $1.00, $1.10.
12 pieces NEW COLORS FRENCH MERINOS. Regular price $1.00 per yard. Reduced to 80 cts.;
Black Coburgs, Black Alpaccas, Black Henriettas, Black Persian Cords, proportionately reduced.
21 pieces HEAVY ALL WOOL CANADIAN TWEEDS. Regular price 40 cts.; reduced to 30 cts.;
36 pieces Extra Heavy All-Wool CANADIAN TWEEDS. Regular price 50 cts., reduced to 75 cts.;
50 dozen LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, Ladies' and Gentlemen's, larger sizes below regular prices.
200 pieces HAMBURG EDGINGS and INSERTINGS, 20 per cent. below regular prices.
M. CAFFERTY & DALY,
mar2 COR. KING AND GERMAIN STREET.

Dry Goods, Dry Goods.
CLEARANCE SALE!
BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
M. WALSH, - - Portland Bridge.
In order to make room for Spring Importations I have
REDUCED
MY WHOLE STOCK,
which must be sold out previous to moving to my new premises, Market Square.

100 Pieces	FANCY DRESS GOODS, from 8 to 8 cts.	100 "	CANADIAN TWEEDS, from 40 cts. to $1.05 for Men and Boys' wear, unprecedented value
50 "	BLACK LUSTRES, 12½ to 30 cents	20 "	SATINETS, Extra Good Value.
100 "	DRESS TWEEDS, 7 to 15 cents.	50 Pairs	WHITE BLANKETS, $2.00 to $6.00.
50 "	PRINTS, 8 to 12 cents.	30 Pieces	FLANNEL SHIRTINGS, from 20 to 35 cts
150 "	GREY COTTONS, 5 to 10 cents.	30 Dozen	MEN'S UNDER CLOTHING, Shirts and Drawers, 20 to 50 cents
100 "	WHITE " 7½ to 12 cents.	15 "	WOOL SHIRTS, $1.00 to $1.50.
20 "	WHITE SHEETINGS, 25 to 40 cents.	12 "	TWEED do. 50 to 75 cents.
20 "	GREY " 20 to 25 cents.	10 "	WOOL SHAWLS, from $2 to $5.00
30 Dozen	LINEN TOWELS.	30 "	BERLIN SQUARES AND SCARFS.
20 Pieces	TABLE LINENS, 20 cents upwards		
50 "	BRO HOLLANDS, 12½ to 20 cents.		

A full Line in Gents' Furnishing Goods.
☞ I would respectfully call special attention to the above, which will be found well worthy of inspection.
MICHAEL WALSH,
mar2 **PORTLAND BRIDGE.**

JEWELLERS' HALL,
No. 14 King Street,
PALACE BUILDING.
THIS new Store has opened with a full stock of
Fine Watches, Jewellery and FANCY ARTICLES.
Also, a great assortment of TOYS, expressly imported for the Christmas Trade. Owing to the lateness of their arrival, the FANCY GOODS and TOYS will be sold at cost so that none will remain over.
dec 22 T. L. COUGHLAN.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
APPLICATIONS will be made by the Municipal Council of the City and County of Saint John to the Legislature of this Province at the next sitting thereof, for the enactment of a Bill entitled, "An Act to authorize the Municipal Council of the City and County of Saint John to allow compensation and travelling expenses to the Council less representing the Parishes of Simonds, Saint Martins, Lancaster and Musquash."
The object of this Bill is set forth in the Title.
H. W. FIRTH,
feb2 County Secretary.

P. KEENAN,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
(Successor to the late J. Crean.)
has removed from Germain street, to the Shanty on the
SOUTH SIDE OF THE FOUNTAIN,
centre of King Square, where he will be found prepared to give the best satisfaction to all who favor him with their patronage. sept15

JOHN McGOURTY,
City Contractor,
COR. OF ELLIOT ROW & PITT ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A slate will be kept at J. C. Ferguson's, King Square, and orders left will be promptly attended to.

HOLLANDS GENEVA
Just received:
50 GREEN Cases DeKuyper's GENEVA;
25 " " Key do.;
25 " " half bottles do. 1 dozen each
5 " " pint flasks do. 1 "
J. A. FINN,
nov17 Hazen Building.

WILLET & QUIGLEY,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,
Notaries Public, &c.,
55 KING STREET, (up stairs.)
JOHN WILLET. RICHD. D. QUIGLEY.
(B. A., LL. B.)
feb9 Commissioners, &c., for Massachusetts.

TO LEASE,
FOR 3 OR 5 YEARS.
ON Sidney street, opposite Queen Square, two Respectable Dwellings with Extensions. Apply to Robert Wigmore, Esq., Receiver General's office, the premises, or to William Turner, at the Board of Health office, on the premises. feb9

GREAT BARGAINS
IN
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
I RESPECTFULLY wish to announce to my friends and the Public generally, that I have on hand a large and well assorted stock of MEN'S and BOYS', Congress, Calf and Kip Boots.
Men's and Boys' Shoes,
BALMORALS and CONGRESS BOOTS, Ladies', Misses and Children's.
BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS,
and Ladies' and Gentlemen's
Felt Overshoes and Rubbers,
PLAIN and FANCY.
The above goods will be sold at very low prices for CASH.
Custom work and repairing executed on the premises with despatch.
Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to me for the past, I would solicit a continuance of the same.
MRS. J. DONOVAN,
Main street, Portland,
feb23 McKeever's Building.

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

PIUS IX. AND THE PRISONER.

A HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

[Translated from the German.]

It is enough to follow the continual complottings and clandestine machinations by which secret conspiracies were contrived and follow them up with satanic persistancy at the commencement of the present century, to understand the terrible perturbations, the successive commotions, which we have brought about in Europe, and of which we are witness.

Among the most active agents of the social war were the Carbonari, the indefatigable promoters of revolts and sedition. Born in the shades of mystery, in the hearts of the most sacred haunts, concealing its pernicious designs under the guise of patriotism, the formidable association of the Carbonari rapidly increased, and soon embraced Italy in one vast network. Let us bear in mind that this sect was not altogether composed of obscure men, without name or fortune, but counted also as members men of intelligence, and men distinguished by their position and fortune. Some of these, filled with sullen melancholy at the sight of their country under a foreign power, longed for the day of emancipation; they did not shrink from any means to break the yoke which lay so heavily on their unwilling shoulders. Joined to political resentment was an unjust hatred of religion which they regarded as an accessory to their oppressors, and they sought to fell that majestic tree which had nourished with its fruits and sheltered under its hospitable shades a long life of generations. But those who are ingratefull always seek a means of disguising their ingratitude.

Thus we find these men, in the face of the most convincing evidences in favor of Christianity, and the immense services it has rendered the world, renouncing all recognition of the clergy, and pretending to be guided exclusively by the Gospel. What folly! what blindness! They pretend not to know that the gospel is a mine an abyss even unless verified by the works and spirit of the Church.

Among those who take an active part in the civil discord, there is not always a love of country at heart; they have the words "liberty and independence" in their mouth, but their hearts are devoured by ambition; they dream of ruling but to obtain power, and mingle among the useless at the enthusiasm which they have created.

And, while [illegible] the work of ruin, seconded by generous and honest hearts, who imagine they are advancing under the banner of a [illegible] seducing theories fascinate their minds, inside words resound in their ears, and they become the docile instruments of those dangerous men who coolly meditate the ruin of the whole social fabric. They struggle against difficulties, and often [illegible] as they are forced to commit in order to attain the end they seek. [illegible] see that they have been [illegible] and ambitious men, [illegible] to fatigue, and who [illegible] interestedness seek but [illegible]; then they wish to return, [illegible] the sun reappears, and the [illegible] fly back to sea.

Once begun, the revolution is on its rapid progress. Empires reel with a cream; those old edifices, which had stood the devastation of time, wanted but a violent wind to make them a heap of ruins.

The seeds of desolation [illegible] into the heart of the Italian peninsula by those rash innovators rapidly developed, and the cold machinations of the revolutionary volcano made the explosion appear imminent. An appearance of material order still reigned in the larger cities, but they could scarcely hide the sinister projects of Carbonarism brought out elsewhere into actions of insurrection by violent speeches, each day demanding in the awakening of the glorious days not to be trod under foot by tyrannic liberators.

Towards the year 1824 public anxiety took a more marked character, and a catastrophe was apprehended. These fears were soon justified. The hostile demonstrations and the disturbances produced at different points. The Roman States, lately so trampled under the paternal power of the Popes, felt the consequences of the turbulent agitations; but by their active vigilance the authorities baffled the efforts of the conspirators, and several conspirators were arrested. One of these, named Gaetano, a youth who had not attained his twenty-first year, was remarkable for the gentleness of his disposition as well as the brilliancy of his imagination. He saw Italy enslaved, he listened with enthusiasm to the discourses of his friends against the Pontifical royalty. He felt, as we were indeed, with this public zeal, hatred and those fierce aversions. [illegible] of the secret societies, he displayed great energy in endeavoring out the intrigues of the conspirators.

But his mysterious life was surrounded by snares and dangers. An impudent coup de main attempted by Gaetano brought about his ruin. In his dreams of liberty, were united, the unfortunate man awoke in a [illegible] the chains were heavy, the crime manifest, the sentence inevitable. [illegible] was a warning to the repeated attempts against the public security, the young Gaetano was condemned to capital punishment as the expiation of his crime.

The day of execution [illegible] arrived, the young man [illegible] execution with [illegible] in religion the [illegible] of his errors. At the moment [illegible] fatal cortège [illegible] of modest countenance and angelic figure, found himself mixed with the crowd. The minister of the God of mercy was moved to pity; he approached the poor unfortunate, who had but a few moments to live. [illegible] his youth, his tears, the expression [illegible] repentance, his resignation, [illegible] him, and he endeavored [illegible] the criminal, [illegible] guilty; but it is not death, [illegible] How can I appear before [illegible] having merited pardon?"

"I pray you," said the priest, turning to the executioner, "wait a few moments."

He ran immediately to the Vatican, threw himself at the feet of the Holy Father, and begged earnestly that the punishment might be changed to imprisonment for life.

Having obtained this clement order, he returned, and Gaetano, saved from death, was conducted to the prison of the Castle of St. Angelo.

The young ecclesiastic who became illustrious by this act of mercy, was the Count Mastai Ferretti, and whom, later, the Roman people would salute with the sweet title of father and benefactor; but to whom afterwards many of the people, misled by perfidious men, returned outrages and ingratitude for his tender charity.

Twenty-nine years after the scene we have recounted the Abbe Mastai became Pope under the title of Pius IX. Never was there [illegible] such unanimous popular sympathy and spontaneous outburst as has never produced—never were seen ovations more touching and sincere. Each day brought a new testimony of confidence and love. At the name of Pius IX. a ray of hope passed over the world; his great intellect and large heart were recognized as the guarantee of his glorious Pontificate. All Europe, disturbed and trembling, seemed to hope for better times.

The new Pope who mounted the chair was worthy of these hopes; he saw in his elevation to the dignity of the head of the Church an honorable servitude, which imposed upon him immense obligations and a means of bestowing great benefits. The poor, the afflicted, and the prisoners continued to occupy a large part of this life of charity and devotedness.

In his solitude he did not forget Gaetano. He always remembered this unhappy man, whose great desire of independence had drawn him into the brigand's haunts. "Do she still live?" queried the memorial Pius IX. "He is he still expiating his errors in the dark vaults of his prison; I wish to see him; I wish to know how these unfortunate captives are treated. He sought the mother of Gaetano, to tell her his intentions, and he went himself one night to the Castle of St. Angelo in the dress of a simple priest.

The prisoner was still alive; but an iron wall separated him from the living and tender object of his affections. Not one look of sympathy, not one word of love, was given to alleviate his misery. The jailer was a hard, brutal man, who added to his inexorable functions the fierceness of savage character. The sight of Pius IX., whom he took for a simple priest, increased his bad humor; and his answers to the pious visitor were rough, almost insolent. Happily, the disguised Pontiff brought an order from the authorities, which enjoined the keeper to leave him alone for an hour with Gaetano. The jailer was obliged to admit him, but it was with an impatient movement that he opened the door of the dungeon.

On seeing a stranger, the prisoner trembled, raised his eyes timidly, and appeared angry, imagining the jailer thought [illegible] Father who stood before him, [illegible] was the same Abbe Ferretti who saved his life.

"[illegible] do you want?" asked Gaetano, timidly.

"I bring you news of your mother."

"At this dear name the prisoner started violently. He exclaimed: "[illegible] Thank you, my God, I thank thee."

"Yes, [illegible] has sent me here to give you consolation and hopes for better days."

The prisoner threw himself at the feet of the priest and bathed them with his tears, but the latter, with ineffable sweetness, raised him and pressed him to his heart.

"My misfortunes are at an end," said the prisoner; "God has at last had pity on me! Am I all the angels are not in heaven, for I have found one on earth."

When these few moments of happiness had passed, Gaetano asked his benefactor the news of the world. Six years' imprisonment had not dimmed his ardent love of independence, and the thought of his poor mother, or the long martyrdom endured in his cruel prison.

During this sad recital the priest said several times: "You should have written to the Pope and implored his clemency. A political crime committed at seventeen was expiated by the sorrows of a long imprisonment.

"I wrote him several letters, in which I humbly confessed my faults; but they were never answered.

"Write to him again."

"My letters were detained; they were never given to our Holy Father, Gregory XVI.

"Gregory XVI.! [illegible] of this world! write to Pius IX.

"[illegible]

"Myself. Write to him [illegible] open and sincere."

The prisoner immediately drew up his petition. Escaped from all bitterness, this piece breathed the noble sentiments of repentance and confidence in the generous heart of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the representative of Him whom we call the Good Shepherd.

"Rest in peace," said the priest; "the Pope will have your petition before night. Adieu, my good friend: courage, and pray to God for Pius IX."

The jailer entered at this moment; and in a threatening tone, mingled with imprecations, he said: "Go to [illegible] you have abused the permission given you; you were to remain here but an hour, and you have remained several minutes more. Go, or I will put you out."

"Why do you get in a passion and curse so? It is very bad. If the Pope [illegible]

"[illegible] rough man shrugged his shoulders. "[illegible] what if he did know it—or matter to him the Pope cares no more for me than I do for him."

"You do not know him; otherwise you would know that he takes great interest in all his subjects. What is your name?"

"That is none of your business. Clear out."

The Pope represented himself to the Governor of the Castle. He was not in much better humor than the jailer.

"Another disagreeable business. Quick, sir, what do you want? I am very busy and have no time to lose."

"Well, I come to ask pardon for a poor creature named Gaetano."

"[illegible] is no one but the Pope can [illegible]."

"But it is in his name and by his order that I come to you."

"The proof."

"Here."

The priest took a pen, wrote a few lines, and handed it to the Governor. It was an order running in these words:

"I order the Governor of the Castle of Saint Angelo immediately to set free the prisoner, Gaetano, and dismiss his jailer. (Signed) PIUS IX, Pope."

The Governor, overwhelmed with confusion, threw himself at the feet of the Holy Pontiff and begged pardon for his disrespectful conduct.

Gaetano was liberated and went to embrace his mother. The poor woman wept for joy, thanked the Blessed Virgin and blessed a thousand times the name of Pius IX., who had restored her son to her.

And the jailer? He lost his situation, but at the end of a few months he obtained another, under the condition that he would no longer blaspheme. He remained faithful to his promise, became a fervent Christian, and most exact in the performance of his religious duties.

See him whom the irreligious press paint in the blackest colors! Strange perversity! His is a heart the most gentle, the most generous, the most clement, and yet his calumniators would pierce it with darts. But, patience! Virtue will eventually triumph and dissipate the darkness these liars would spread over us.

A MONUMENT TO PIUS IX.

The following document, addressed to the HERALD, from the headquarters of the "Societa della Gioventu Cattolica Italiana," at Bologna, will, we feel, assured, be read with much interest by our readers generally. The work preposed is one in which all who loved and revered the illustrious Pontiff during life will take a tender interest, now that he is gone to the reward of a long life, spent in battling for the right. Any donations sent to the HERALD office will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

The first communication is addressed to the Editor of this paper, asking his assistance in making public the circular letter of the Italian Catholic Youth's Society, and we most cheerfully comply with the request therein contained. The original is in Italian, and a faithful translation is here given our readers:

MR. EDITOR,—With a heart filled with grief on account of the unexpected death of the great Pontiff, Pius IX., in the name of our Assocation I ask your energetic co-operation for the following objects To the Great Pius IX., the marvellous Pontiff, our well-beloved father, we wish to offer a last testimony of the love, devotion and admiration, with which the Catholics of the world were animated towards him, for the instruction of future generations.

Catholic journalists, who have with so much wisdom and courage aided Pius IX, living, will not fail to unite in glorifying him by a last act of filial homage.

I ask you then, Mr. Editor, to publish the appeal of our association, which I transmit with this notice, and to open at the same time a subscription asking of the pius associations and of all Catholics of your country to co-operate in the work of erecting to the memory of the great and invincible Pontiff such a monument as it shall be deemed most suitable.

Your most devoted servant,
GIOVANNI ACQUADERNI.

The circular mentioned in the foregoing reads as follows:

Pius IX. is dead.

These words tell of the greatest misfortune that could have happened the Church and the world.

Around the noble and majestic figure of the Pontiff and further the enthusiastic love of his children, his great age, and his remarkably strong constitution had thrown, as it were, a kind of immortality. No one could have thought that for him the last hour could come when he would abandon us here below, in the midst of the tempests of life, to seek in heaven the lasting recompense of a life of great virtue.

The extraordinary merits of this great Pope, to whom the Church and history will assign the rank, which is undoubtedly his, demands from Catholics something more than filial sorrow. It is necessary that the present generation, after admiring the virtues of this truly providential man, and enjoying the fruit of his immense love for the Church and society, should prove to posterity in a durable and solemn manner the deep debt of gratitude owed him.

At different times the Italian Catholic Youth's Society has asked an offering for Pius IX., living; to-day, our eyes wet with tears and our hearts filled with much sorrow, we ask an offering for Pius IX. dead. Formerly this offering served to help the august poverty of the Pontiff and supply him with the means of accomplishing those prodigies of charity which astonished the whole world. To-day, it will be employed in erecting to him, in the manner judged most suitable, a monument, which will tell to those who come after us our lasting gratitude towards a Pontiff who suffered so much whilst defending the sacred rights of the Church, our conscience and our faith.

Whilst taking the initiative in the work, our association is persuaded that it interprets the wishes of the world, and we doubt not but that our appeal will meet with a generous response in the hearts of those whose boast it is to be called the children of Pius IX.

Bologna, February 8th, 1878.

GIOVANNI ACQUADERNI.
Presidente della societa della Gioventu Catholica Italiana.
UGO FLANDOLLI,
Segreturio Generalle.

TREATMENT FOR RINGWORMS. Ringworms may be cured by an application daily of vinegar, in which an old fashioned copper penny has lain a day or two.

COLOGNE WATER.—Oil of rosemary, one ounce; oil of lavender, one ounce; oil of bergamont, one ounce; oil of lemon one ounce; oil of rose, 16 drops; alcohol, one gallon.

TO CORN BEEF.—To 100 pounds of beef use 10 pounds of salt, 10 pounds of sugar, 4 ounces of saleratus and 2 ounces salpetre. Pack snug and cover with brine, if necessary.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
At Low Rates and with Despatch
AT THE
"HERALD"
Book, Card and Job Rooms,
54 GERMAIN STREET,

THE SHAMROCK.

Have you ever visited one of the ancient landmarks, one of the ancient towers, perhaps a temple of the barbarous ages, in the land of Erin, the beautiful Erin? If you have not, come with me. If we know not of their history, if we know not of their builders, one thing we do know, they exist, they are there—with the rich and luxurious ivy twining around them from base to top, the blackthorn and the myrtle, and the honeysuckle. See you the cot close by, the home of the old patriarch. Look at its dilapidated state, keeping company with its concert, the old round towers. Let us enter and see where love, peace and holy communion once dwelt, where the sire and his sons, the mother and her daughters once held their secret and holy conclave, noiselessly, yet faithfully chanting the music of their native lands. Speaking of the legends of ages gone by, here we find old masters all gone, gone forever—the hand of the destroyer has done his ungodly work. Bigotry has desolated that once happy home; the weeds hath run round and eaten up the beautiful green herb, the fields refused to yield their golden harvest, the inhabitants are no more; yet methinks I see in the wreck, in the tall and rank weeds, a little plant which has outlived the wreck of all, of storms, of tempests, of the vivid lightening, of wars, of famine, the fall of kingdoms, of empires—yea the old blackthorn hedge has been its protector, had made itself a home in its prickly brambles—protecting its tiny head from the devastating elements, from the ruthless hand of time. It has built itself a house under the protection of heaven, our country; it is the emblem of peace, of love, yea of holy love, emblamatical in its character of the great Creator; it is the talisman, the gift, the property of the son of Erin. In its history, in its production, it is associated with every holy and pure remembrance of the past ages, of love of the heart, of the soul; its sacredness is wrapped, yea turned round the hearts of the sons and daughters of the land in which it loveth to dwell. How many tales of love has it conveyed from heart to heart, from soul to soul, from nation to nation, from pole to pole. It has traversed the oceans of the world, it hath scattered its weeds throughout the universe, it culcating in the bosom of mankind the lessons of the sufferings, of the fortitude, of the patience of millions of humanity, who now sleep forever. In itself it is a small yet a mighty plant; it has a royal, a holy, a noble existence, it stands alone in botany,—in the beautiful,—it needeth not the hand or care of the botanist to cultivate or improve its species, or ever to propogate its kind; it needeth not the experience of the horticulturist to define its character, it is indeliably stamped upon the heart, upon the imagination of every human being who believes in its character. The land, its native land, is where you behold it in its true character, in its majesty, rising its tiny but royal head from amongst the green herbage, aspiring and competing for the supremacy of glory, of splendour, amongst its most sturdy, delicate and beautiful tinged fellows, yet it comes off conquerous, gains the victory. Tis simple, unpretending beautiful, nothing peculiar to recommend it to the notice of the *uninitiated*, yet within and without its history, surrounded as though it were by the Almighty care, there dwelleth more of reality than the feeble mind can compete with. Do you know its name, do you know its habits, do you know its intrinsic value, if not I will tell you what I know. It is nothing more or less than the *Shamrock*, it loves to dwell in solitude, in the richest and most fertile lands, and basks in the noon-day sun, outstriping as it were the sun, the moon, the stars, and let it be known that there is only one land, one portion of the hemisphere that is its home, that place is Old Ireland. As to its intrinsic value, tell me of that man who does not adore it, not for any beauty of its own, but from the knowledge of the fact it is the Shamrock, the beloved Shamrock of his native land. How carefully has it been culled from mother earth, carefully nursed and neatly sewn up in the silken way, and put next the heart of the noble sons and daughters who were doomed to leave home, friends and country, and sought an asylum in distant lands: yea, it is a keep sake of the lover, a pledge that he will one day return and claim his betrothed. The sailors who traverses the mighty deep, the soldiers on the battle field, tell them of the beautiful little plant, speak to him when the sound of battle rolls in his ears, when its war cry has gone forth, when murder and rapine, yea death itself stare him in the face, speak to him of his tiny plant and he will raise up his strong arm to heaven and slay, he looks on his talisman, see the fire of love sparkle in his bright eyes, you even hear him speak of it in the eloquence of his soul. In its history are associated the most touching scenes that have ever been enacted upon the stage of life, kingdoms, empires. Kings, queens and councils, who are long, long retired from the stage of existence have played their parts, have been associated with this singular plant. In the hands of the old and beloved patriarch, the holy one, it was the means of rescuing a nation from idolatry, from sin, from shame, and woe be to that usurper who dare try to denounce its superiority, or cast a disparragement upon its emblamatical character,—methinks that he would readily find its defenders in the man in the son of Erin. Keep it sacred, clasp it to thy bosom, kiss it for me.

W. B.

FASHION ITEMS.

White bonnets for blondes and red ones for brunettes are fashionable again, after being out of of favor for ten years.

Flowers are in sprays and small clusters; the long garlands have been used in such profusion that they are losing favor.

It is said that elderly ladies are going to wear evening robes of white silk and satin made up very plain, but profusely trimmed with lace.

The first court dress which the Princess Mercedes wore as Queen is white satin, with a ruby velvet train, six yards long, magnificently embroidered with gold.

The newest wedding dresses are made of corded pearl—white silk, trimmed with plaitings of English crape. Frequently sleeves of crape take the place of silk sleeves.

Ball-dress bodices are generally round on the shoulders, though the cut is by no means out of fashion; but it is not considered so becoming, and the sleeves are very small.

Low princesse bodices are but little trimmed; instead of a bertha, the neck is finished off with lace, and there are two boquets, one at the waist and the other at the left side of the neck.

BROS

Holiday Gifts.

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's

FURS!

We have just finished for Christmas trade a fine lot of S SEAL GOODS—Caps, with and without bands; Muffs, Boas, Gloves, Gauntlets, together with Ladies' and Children's Small Furs in every description. THORNE BROTHERS, Hat and Fur Store, King street.

Weekly Herald.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 16

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We see it stated that Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, predicts a snow-storm for Patrick's Day this year.

Our regular Ottawa correspondence will appear next week. We are unfortunately obliged to withold it at the last moment for want of space.

Mr. Costigan telegraphs from Ottawa to inform us that the dispatch sent to the press of the city from Ottawa, concerning O'Donoghue, and to which we referred last week, was "false and unfounded," and intimates that the report was circulated by the friends of the Government.

Should the McKenzie Government buy land said to be owned by an M. P. and mortgaged to a Minister of the Crown, there would likely be another infringment of the Independance of Parliament Act. Mr. McKenzie stated in the House that the Station at St. John was in a very unsatisfactory state, but the Government had not decided what land they would purchase. Better not buy any part of the Bridge at present.

In answer to Mr. Domville's question recently put in the House of Commons to the Government, Mr. Smith, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, replied that the Government were disposed to give the St. John Harbor Commission matter favorable consideration. Doubtless the whole subject will soon be satisfactorly settled. Mr. Domville deserves well of the city for the interest he has taken in putting the question properly before the Government, the House and country.

It is understood that R. F. Quigley, Esq., LL. B., C. L. B., of this city, will lecture in St. Malachi's Hall, to-morrow evening. Subject: "Pius IX. A Representative Man." To-morrow being St. Patrick's Day, and as all good Irishmen will desire to honor the day in some fitting manner, we would advise our readers to be present in large numbers at St. Malachi's, assuring them that a singularly rich treat is in store for them. Mr. Quigley will make his *debut* as a lecturer on this occasion, and prove his well-known ability, perseverance and learning. We feel justified in saying that his lecture will be well worthy of the occasion.

We have been informed that Mr. P. Nannary will deliver his highly entertaining lecture on Gerald Griffin before the members of the St. Joseph Societies and their friends in St. Malachi's Hall, on Tuesday, 19th inst., the feast of St. Joseph. As the different branches of St. Joseph's Society are doing much to foster a spirit of culture and improvement, we cordially recommend the lecture to the attention of our readers. Mr. Nannary has acquired quite a reputation as a graceful, thoughtful speaker with the audiences before whom he has already appeared. The Hall should be well filled on Tuesday night to hear an eloquent discourse on one of Ireland's really great men, Gerald Griffin.

The St. John *Daily Globe* appears to find a malicious source of pleasure in misrepresenting Mr. Domville, M.P., for King's Co. This week the *Globe* contained no less than two selections from unfriendly sources pretending to describe Mr. Domville's status at Ottawa. In one of these burlesque critiques the member for King's was represented as having been mistaken while speaking in the House for the "greatest fool among the French members," a high compliment, by the way, on the French side of the House. If the *Globe* has not the manliness to write what it thinks of Mr. Domville, it is hardly fair to give up its columns to abuse and ridicule of that gentleman copied from the Ministerial press of Canada and Nova Scotia. How would our contemporary like it if the leading papers in the Dominion copied those delectable tit-bits with reference to one of its proprietors which appear so often in one of our city papers.

The *St. Croix Courier* is very mild this week. It has not a word to say against the McKenzie government or the HERALD and even gives Mr. Gillmor credit for good intentions. We congratulate the *Courier* on its change of tone and sincerely hope that it will be lasting. Doubtless our esteemed contemporary has learned that loud and abusive language addressed to every man or journalist is not the very best kind of argument, but on the contrary is a sort of boomerang that recoils with effect. The *Courier* should, however, go even further in the direction indicated in the following, which is its whole reply to our article of last week. It should tell its readers that Mr. Gillmor not only *tries* but that he also *did* that which any reasonable man could expect of him in the matter of Hardwood Island Scandal:—

THE ST. JOHN HERALD mistakes our estimate of Mr. Gillmor as a representative in Parliament. We do not charge him with not *trying* to do his duty, but with not being able to accomplish what he tries. In reference to the Hardwood Island Scandal we have held the Government altogether responsible, but we have remarked at the same time, upon the strange fact that Mr. Gillmor, although a supporter of the Government almost to servility, cannot command influence enough to make it do its duty. No matter how good a man's intentions may be or what exertions he may put forth, if he has not the ability to accomplish what he undertakes what is the use of electing him to represent the interests of a people in Parliament?

The *Religious Intelligencer*, a paper which amuses us more than any of our exchanges, is, we are glad to observe, happy this week, very happy we may add, and the cause of this desirable state of mind is the astounding discovery it has made that "the sceptre has fallen from the hand of Popery. The world's redemption draweth nigh." We had an idea that the world's redemption was accomplished nearly two thousand years ago, when One who was Charity died on the Cross of Calvary, rose again from the dead and founded the Holy Roman Catholic Church against which He, Eternal truth, promised that the gates of Hell should not prevail, but then, of course, "Dr. Prime, of the N. York *Observer*, who is a very close observer of events," and consequently takes "a very hopeful view of Christian progress," knows a great deal better:—"Dr. Prime, of the N. Y. *Observer*, who is now abroad, and who is a close observer of events, takes a very hopeful view of Christian progress. He thinks the outlook is decidedly cheering. He says: The world is emancipated from the bondage in which the human conscience was held by the Church of Rome. Thought is free. Religion is free. The relation of man to his Maker is direct, immediate, and personal. Kings and princes have no priests to keep watch over their consciences. The march of mental liberty is onward, and the day is at hand when the principle will be universally acknowledged. The False Prophet is dying on the banks of the Euphrates. The sceptre has fallen from the hand of Popery. The world's redemption draweth nigh." Bosh, and you know it, Mr. Intelligencer.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

To-morrow, the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint, Irishmen throughout the whole world will pay fitting honor and due reverence to the memory of the great Saint and sublime teacher who first permanently and solidly established the Christian faith in the sacred Isle; to-morrow, wherever the children of St. Patrick may be—and where are they not?—they will assemble solemnly and religiously to do honor to him who brought honor, glory, imperishable fame to Mother Erin, in the far-off years, and, above and beyond all times, reverent thanks will be sincerely returned to Him whose servant Patrick was for the precious gift of faith.

The story of Patrick's life, his grand struggle in the cause of God, of religion and true liberty, will be reverently read upon in temples consecrated to the Most Almighty Being so lovingly and piously worshipped by the Apostle of the Irish race; his burning zeal, his some can-by his all but superhuman efforts in his great life-work, the immense and astonishing success, his stupendous labors in the conversion of the Irish people will form so many subjects for eloquent discourse and prayerful thankfulness. One of the most astonishing facts in the history of the world and of the Irish people, viewed from a purely human standpoint, is the admirable tendency with which, through persecution and want, and misery, and sore affliction, they have clung to the old faith, the grand traditions of a lordly race. And in the celebration of the annual anniversary of the Patron Saint of Ireland a public and appropriate proof of their unchangable devotion to God and country is yearly afforded the entire universe. It has been truly said that the Irish are a providential and marvellous race. And this is true. Owing to the course of events in the motherland, Irishmen are year after year forced to abandon the homes dear to them by many sacred memories and seek in new and more favored lands that liberty of thought and action denied them in the one spot on earth where they would desire to end their existence. But in this extraordinary exodus of the Irish race from the land blessed and practised by the labors of the great Saint whose memory will be honored to-morrow we behold the hand of Providence leading them to new and more glorious conquests than any they could dream of achieving in the old land. Seeking the distant shores laved by strange and far-extending waters, the exiles of Erin, like the chosen children of God in their wandering, carry with them and give expansion to that same faith delivered to their forefathers by the glorious St. Patrick.

And in all their wanderings, however distant may be the land which affords them hospitality, they do not forget the love they owe unto the fairest and most beauteous lands blessed by God and cursed by the short-sightedness and selfishness of man. Wherever Irishmen are scattered a generous love for the old land flourishes side by side with that they feel for the new. Some there are who would desire to see the Irish and other nationalities in this Canada of ours forget at once and forever the grand traditions of the lands that gave them birth, the beauty of the scenes in their life-history, the gallant deeds of generations of noble ancestors in the cause of truth, of justice, of honor, the proud lays of bard and poet, the glory of the ancient days and the glorious dead, long silent dead, but who raise up, not nor can never agree. While we sincerely believe that old-time prejudices, rash bigotry and quarrels, and grievances with which we in this land have little or nothing to do, should be left at home and never imported here, yet we most firmly as strongly hold that an ardent and enthusiastic love of the old land will not prevent but will immeasureably augment our devotion to this new country, where freedom and honor are sure to be the lot of all who are true to themselves, true to the land they look back to with admiration and undying love, true to the great truths of justice and charity so eloquently inculcated through a long and eventful life by St. Patrick. The national and religious anniversary of a people is a fitting time to recall the triumphs of the past, measure the living issues of the present and gather renewed strength and energy for the conflicts of the future. That the Irish as a people have very great reason for much thankfulness in this Canada of ours is fact so patent that proof would appear to be wholly uncalled for. In every position of trust, in every post of eminence, in the church, the state, at the bar, in the senate and legislative halls, in every place and condition of life we behold Irishmen proving themselves the equals and often the superiors of those of no matter what nationality. It is a fact worth recalling at this time that the foremost office of trust and responsibity in the gift of the Crown in this Dominion is held by an Irishman of splendid parts, great ability, sterling qualities of head and heart, and formed with eloquence and literary enthusiasm that mark him as a worthy descendant of the illustrious house of Sheridan. And at every succeeding degree in the social and political scale we behold Irishmen who are an honor to the land of their birth and a source of honest gratification to that of their adoption and future prospects, doing their share and often more than their share in the work of building up here in British America, a power that will be only second to that of which it will be the strong offspring and generous rival.

THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.

Making all due allowances for the difficulties the members of our Corporation frequently have to contend with, and the impossibility of giving general satisfaction where there are so many conflicting interests to reconcile, still we cannot help thinking that the majority of gentlemen who constitute our present corporation are utterly incapable of filling the positions they occupy. Our reasons for coming to this conclusion are numerous and varied, among them we may mention the prevailing tendency of the Board not only to create expensive and unnecessary offices but also to fill them with men who have no other qualification in the world and who would not be thought of in connection with them, but that they are members of the Board. Again the illegal means adopted by our City Fathers to assess money from our City revenue under the guise of paying contracts; the injustice of burdening the citizens with the cost of useless delegations from which they derive no benefit; the weakness displayed by these gentlemen in allowing a number of outsiders to step in and take control of the money sent to the sufferers by the late calamity and to use and distribute it as they thought fit, without consulting or even informing those who were, or ought to be, the representatives of the citizens. These, although they are only a few of the charges that might be preferred against the Council, are sufficient to prove the truth of our assertion. Perhaps our citizens have some reason for hoping for a change in the existence of this state of things.

Although contractual complaints are being made, even the homes, or members of the board impugned, their unsuccessful ticket and their inability now to be questioned, yet when the annual elections take place, how few capable men, or men in whom the people have confidence, are willing to become members of our Civic Government. We were in hopes that the unusual amount of blundering, incapacity and mismanagement which characterized the doings of the Council during the present year, would have the effect of arousing the citizens and cause them to take more interest in civic matters and to make such changes in, and additions to, the body corporate as would be likely to secure a better administration of the City Government. But, judging by the apathy that seems to prevail, notwithstanding the proximity of the civic elections, our anticipations are not likely to be realized. The only changes that are probable is the election of a new man from Prince Ward, one or two in Queens, possibly one or two in Dukes and perhaps a few on the Western side of the harbor. If these changes take place, the men who may be selected to fill the places of the present incumbents, together with Aldermen Domville and Councillor Rankine, will be comparatively new men, something in the shape of improvement may be accomplished but in order to make a thorough and lasting reformation, we believe a clean sweep of the old Board of Aldermen who has occupied a position as the Board for one year or longer should be unseated, and stay down and out.

The Boston *Herald* says "If the Halifax award had been in our favor, we should not have found any fault with M. Delfosse as the third arbitrator. Neither should we now.

A woman in London advertised her ability to make women beautiful, starts a scrofulous rash out on them and then blackmails them into paying immense sums to have it removed.

One hundred and fifty thousand cigars made in the United States, were shipped to England from New York last week. The shipments for the year are expected to reach 1,600,000.

Father Morris, of St. Bridget's church, San Francisco, proposes to organize a military company of 50 or 75 boys who shall be uniformed, and shall pledge themselves to neither smoke, chew, nor drink. The material for the uniform will probably be the same as that of the regular Catholic soldiery.

Serious disturbances occurred in Montreal the past week between Catholics and Protestants, and on the night of the 7th there Sunday evening, in which two men were slightly stabbed and others hurt. Three rioters were arrested. Several pistol shots were fired.

Investors and Patentees

[illegible]

(mar2—3m.)

"QUESTIONS AND OBJECTIONS."

We have received a copy of the Most Rev. Archbishop Lynch's little work, entitled "Questions and Objections concerning Catholic Doctrine and Practices," published by William Warwick, Toronto, and for sale by Edward Haney & Co., King street. Although only a small-sized pamphlet of some seventy or eighty pages, the work of His Grace is one that we feel assured will commend itself to the earnest seeker after truth as a plain, honest, practical exposition of what the belief of Roman Catholics really is, with regard to the doctrines and practices so very clearly, and, in so short a space, so exhaustively treated. The little book before us is one that we would like to see largely circulated amongst those, who from the effects of early prejudices, or unfamiliarity with the Catholic doctrines and practices, look upon them as superstitious, unscriptural or meaningless.

Dr. Lynch dedicates his "Questions and Objections" to his Protestant friends, and in his preface the Rt Rev. prelate says: "Many bear false witness, (we hope unwittingly), to the faith and practices of the Catholic Church. If we contribute a way of truth to minds anxious to acquire it, we shall have spent the few days of our convalescence well. Our Protestant friends, who know us, we think, can bear testimony of our kindly feelings towards persons of all denominations. We acknowledge that the precept of loving our neighbor as ourselves extends beyond our relations and church associates. Christ has made no distinction, neither should we. All mankind are our brethern. Trusting to a reciprocal feeling on the part of our Protestant friends, we dedicate to them this little work, as a testimony of our good-will and interest in them." The plan of the work may be gathered from the following words of his Grace: "We put the Questions and objections concerning the Catholic Church, as nearly as we could recollect, in the very words used by our Protestant interrogators. They meant no offense in those questions, and did not take it ill to be rightly informed, though the information might shock their old convictions. This is an age of immense religious activity. The free of faith is spreading and gaining ground in many places; it is also combatting, with increased success, the indifferentism and infidelity, which appear to gain the ascendency among a certain class of would-be philosophers. Christianity has been on trial since its founder was judged by the world and condemned; but Christianity—like its author—reigns from the cross. It conquers in great humiliations and public calamities." In this work Dr. Lynch takes up and answers one hundred questions and objections, in a clear and concise manner and in a style so simple, that all who read may easily understand. In showing the style and manner used throughout the whole work we quote as follows:—

Q.—Why do Catholics not make the Bible their rule of faith, as the Protestants do?

A.—1. Because the bible no where tells them to do so, and I ye. St Paul says "Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb. XI 6).

2.—Because such a rule would be impossible to the generality of Christians.

3.—Because it would be changeable according to the interpretation that each individual would choose to put upon the text, as his learning, ignorance, or previous training would induce him.

4.—Because until the Bible was written and perused by each individual who could read and rightly interpret it, there could be no rule of faith; and yet, before the New Testament was entirely written, sixty-three years after Christ, the true faith was spread throughout the entire world without this rule of faith; and again, the Scriptures were not selected from the Apocrypha and approved of by a Council in Rome till the year 494, under Pope Galatius, and consequently could not be the rule of faith. Moreover, until the invention of printing, in 1442, it would be impossible that the Bible could be in the hands, except of a few, and even at the present time, notwithstanding the spread of education, the illiterate, who form a great mass of the people, and the children, who cannot read so as to understand it fairly, would be without a rule of faith.

5.—Protestants themselves do not take the Bible alone as a Rule of Faith, as each denomination has its peculiar creed. The Presbyterians have their Confession of Faith, generally called the Westminster. The Church of England has its Thirty-nine Articles. The Baptists, Methodists and other denominations of Christians have each own peculiar tenets of belief. It any member of the various denominations should interpret the Bible in a different sense from that recognized by the whole body, he would be told to retire from the Church, by the words of Christ. "This is my body," be taken in their literal sense by a Protestant, he would be charged with Romanizing or believing Catholic doctrines. Those words of Christ have been interpreted in a hundred different ways by Protestant writers.

6.—The Bible, interpreted by individuals, has given rise to over five hundred sects and denominations, and new ones are forming every day, all disagreeing in their views and sends of various texts of Scripture, and yet making the Bible the corner stone of their religion, "and tossed about by every wind of doctrine." (Eph. IX. 14.)

7.—A Rule of Faith being so necessary ought to be easily understood, but St. Peter says, speaking of the Epistles of St. Paul, "That certain things are hard to be understood which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction." (2 Pet. III. 16)

Then does the learned Archbishop discourse on one and all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Of the many practices of the [illegible] and ritualist. We give the following as an example:

Q. Why do not Catholics eat meat on Fridays?

A. Christ predicted, when he would be taken away from his disciples they would fast. (Matt. IX. 15). "But the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then they shall fast."

So Friday being the day on which He died, it is meet that His followers should mortify themselves by abstaining from the most nutritious food.

Since He suffered death for our sins on a Friday, we should mortify the flesh for them also on that day. It is a custom dated back to the earliest days of the world, that on the anniversary of the father's death children fasted; nothing is more agreeable to affection and love of departed friends than such a remembrance.

Our other quotation where all is interesting and instructive and we close our hasty review of a little book destined, if circulated among all classes, as warranted to do a vast amount of good in the way of removing prejudices, imparting useful and valuable instruction and doing away with much of that bitterness and uncharitableness existing between persons of different denominations and to an extent that is truly incomprehensible in a Christian people recognizing the same Father in Heaven. The last question and answer we quote from the Archbishop's splendid work we give below:—

Q. Why does not the Catholic Church approve of marriages between Protestants and Catholics;

A. Because they introduce a subject of great discord between man and wife. Religion is a point upon which people feel very strongly. When the wife goes in one direction and the husband in another, they are generally divided. There is also a subject of constant dispute about the education of their children and as the Catholic Church aims at peace, it discourages those of different religious creeds to unite in matrimony. Daily experience proves the wisdom of the Catholic Church.

We must here close our quotations from a work which we have great pleasure in strongly recommending to our readers of all denominations, with the firm conviction that its success, if commensurate with its merits, must be immense.

ST. PATRICK IN A NEW ASPECT.

Our delectable contemporary, the *Religious Intelligencer*, written at Fredericton and published in St. John in the interests of the Baptist persuasion, devotes its leader this week to St. Patrick. The general tone of the article is not as bad as might have been expected, but some of the sapient statements wisely and religiously made are very startling, but, after all not so startling as those of a distinguished divine of this city who, we are informed, once proved to his own satisfaction, at least that St. Patrick was a Protestant. "March seventeenth is a great day amongst the Irish Roman Catholics." In this sentence the *Intelligencer* does better than in other parts of the paper, where it speaks of "Popery," papists, etc., terms which its editor must thoroughly understand are peculiarly offensive to Catholics. The reason our contemporary further informs us why March seventeenth is such a great day among Irish Roman Catholics, is because it is the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint. Will not the brethren be annoyed at seeing the editor giving without protest the prefix "Saint" to Patrick, who according to Baptist parlance should be dubbed Brother. The *Intelligencer* asks the questions who was he? what did he do? Answering the question who was he? the *Intelligencer* tells its readers that it is said that he was born in Scotland in the middle of the fifth century, and that he was greatly zealous and successful in his labors for the conversion of the Pagan Irish. The *Intelligencer* seems incredulous about the legends that cluster around the name of Patrick, particularly with regard to that one which represents the Saint as driving the snakes into the Atlantic Ocean. This is too much for the Rev. editor, for he immediately adds "that it is unfortunate for the truth of the legend that writers of the earlier history of the country mention the freedom of Hibernia from this class of animals." And in fact to the mind of the *Intelligencer* all the legends relating to St. Patrick are of the same class, none of them complimentary to the goodness of St. Patrick's heart, though indicating a spirit very much in unison with the papal hierarchy. Here the *Intelligencer* makes a skilful allusion, and leaves the readers of that very religious journal to imagine that the papal hierarchy is a body formed for the special purpose of inventing legends about snakes, toads, Druid priests, etc., which is certainly a pleasing delusion if nothing else.

Speaking of St. Patrick's preaching to the Irish people, the *Intelligencer* remarks that he did not at all events preach the errors of Rome. "*They say.* To quote the words of the *Intelligencer*, "he was never at Rome, nor ever held any communication with the Pope as priest or missionary." This our readers will observe is the key-stone to a monument the *Intelligencer* has erected to the memory of St. Patrick. Never had any communication with the Pope, therefore he was a Protestant.

But unfortunately for the *Intelligencer* there are still extant the canons of the first Irish synod, presided over by St Patrick himself, one of which reads as follows: "If a difficult cause arise which can not easily be decided by the Bishop of Armagh, it shall be sent to the *Apostolic See*, that is the chair of St. Peter, which hath the authority of the city of Rome."

The great hotel for women who live by labor which was begun by A. T. Stewart and has been completed by Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton, is almost ready for use now, and it is expected that it will be opened about the middle of next month. It is a whole city within four walls having more than 500 sleeping-rooms, making its own gas and having its own well. It is being fitted up with every known appliance of comfort, and is even furnished with a good sized library. It evidently will not be an institution for paupers, nor, on the other hand, a home for well-to-do women who would like the comfort and security of such a home, but it is to be as comfortable and apparently as luxurious as a first class hotel. The cost of accommodations, while beyond the means of very many of the poorer class of working women, will be easily within the reach of a large class who are much in need of such shelter.

The plaintiff and defendant in an English chancery suit, after being reduced to poverty by paying costs, committed suicide while the case was still on trial.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Own Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., March 11.

The past week has been an exceptionally dull one in Congress. It opened on field day. Monday, without a single motion to suspend the rules in the House, and without the introduction of a single spicy resolution, much to the disappointment of a large audience in the galleries. And now that "the spring time has come gentle Annie," and the birds are chirping in the trees:

Behold yon plumed biped fine,
To effect his captivation,
Deposit particles saline,
Upon his termination.

But this has nothing to do with Congress, except to remind us how Congressmen employ their time, and that the session which practically began in October, is getting old enough to produce something more than a silver bill. From the present state of public business it is evident that no adjournment can be reached before August. Of the thirteen general appropriation bills, but two have passed the House, and are now before the Senate, while the others are still in committee. These, with all the mass of other legislation, and the thousands of private bills which clog the calendar, render inevitable a long tedious pull through the hot weather, which the mild winter and early, open spring presages.

It appears that both houses propose to act favorably upon the bill appropriating $50,000 to enable Captain Howgate to demonstrate the North pole is just where everybody thinks it is. The tomfoolery of sending out Artic expeditions will probably never cease. Somebody is always being frozen to death up there, and somebody is sent out next year to look up his cadaver. The discovery of Polar seas can hardly be of service to commerce, since it requires months of toil, bushels of treasure, and scores of lives to reach the entrancing region. The sum of $500,000 is no much to a Government which is anticipating a big wheat next year, but if an appropriation of a like amount is to be made for every piece of tomfoolery that is proposed to Congress, it will be necessary to start the greenback presses and run them on full time. But it may be the purpose of Congressmen to have Captain Howgate bring back a cargo of ice for the Congressional lemonade bowl this summer, none having been frozen in this locality. And here comes James Gordon Bennett with a proposition to send a vessel on the same errand at his own expense, under government protection. Congress can find a precedent for granting this request in the first chapter of the Pickwick papers, where it is related that the "association had heard read, with feelings of unmingled satisfaction and unqualified approval, the paper communicated by Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G. C. M. P. C., entitled "Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, &c." After this the club proceeded to vote full permission to Mr. Pickwick to travel in the interest of science as far as he pleased, at his own cost, and to forward full reports of his observations by mail, he paying the postage. Mr. Bennett follows in the footsteps of an illustrious predecessors, and Congress need not hesitate to follow so brilliant an example.

Representative Schleicher thinks that employment will do more to relieve the people than the mere issue of silver or greenbacks. His resolution introduced in the House on Monday, looking to the immediate completion of the public buildings now in process of erection, and the building of as many more as it can be shown are necessary, is the most sensible proposition yet advanced to revive many of the industries of the country. Mr. Schleicher says the system of paying for the public buildings out of the annual revenues raised by taxation for the expenses of the Government is all wrong, as well as extravagant. He asserts, further, that the Government, in many cases, is paying larger sums for the rental of private buildings than the interest would be on the money necessary to erect buildings, and that it would therefore be economy for the Government to issue its bonds and erect these buildings at once. The great city of the country is for employment. This proposition seems to provide it without increasing the expenditures of the Government. There is something so practical in the suggestion that it will probably meet with favor.

With the advent of Lent, society, which has been usually gay for some weeks past, settles down to a dead calm. Some of the belles from other cities who have spent the season here are now taking their leave. Washington is really the place to see pretty and stylish ladies. A walk down Pennsylvania Avenue at four o'clock on a bright afternoon is enough to dazzle the eyes and turn the head of a susceptible unmarried man—and some of the married ones, too. The lovely creatures are all out then in gorgeous array. With the large number who live here and the numerous visitors during the season, we are blessed with more beauty to the square yard than any other city in the country. And with all the rest no other place can say such a population of thousand-hunters. Young women and widows from all over the country flock to Washington during the winter galeties, to make a catch, and many of them succeed, though the matter may not always be as brilliant as anticipated. The real husband-hunter opens her campaign from some obscure residence, generally a boarding house, and commences with the Capitol. You can pick her out in the thronged galleries, through her utter lack of interest in the proceedings, and her anxious method of regarding anything which may be considered eligible. In one month she is the best posted woman in Washington. She has a congressional and departmental directory, before when Ben. Perley's dies miserably, and which would be the eternal fortune of any newspaper reporter who could secure access to it. The ratings are: A 1, senator; A 2, member; B 1, foreign legation; B 2, clerks. A senator or member may be as poor as a candidate for postmaster, yet he is game. A member of a legation is not so high in the market, unless he has a title, while a clerk must read his title clear to at least $2,500 a year. After a husband-hunter gets to be pretty well known, she reduces her ambition materially, and is not above a $1,200 clerk; and as hope takes fainter and fainter colors, she looks favorably upon the man whose references are worth a month's board. The present season has not been as prolific of matches as some previous ones, but a few souls have been made happy. There are still some eligible matches left for ambitious maidens. Vice-President Wheeler is a widower, ex-Vice President Ferry is a bachelor, Senator Anthony is single, but he may once have been double, and there are others for whom matrimony appears to have no charms. There are always a lot of impecunious young army and navy officers looking after heiresses, so that the girls need not despair.

PHONO.

THE RELIEF ORGANIZATION.

To the Editor of the HERALD.

Sir,—I notice an advertisement in one of the papers, stating that the St. John Relief and Aid Society will apply for an Act of Incorporation at the present session of our Local Legislature, in order that they may invest some of the money sent here to aid the sufferers of the dreadful disaster which befel our city on the 20th of June last. What the necessity is for such a proceeding is something I can't understand, unless it is that the Managers of this Society fear the growing feeling in this community to insist upon a full statement of all the monies received and expended, and hope by the passage of this bill to choke off all enquiry. Neither can I understand why so many paid officials are kept about the Rink, who work but a few hours each day, receiving large salaries and thus squandering the money sent here for the relief of the sufferers. There are a number of people employed by the Society who were not burned out and who should have been dismissed long ago.

I think the funds the Society have on hand should be distributed in some fair manner by a committee of citizens, with His Worship the Mayor as Chairman, and that the Relief Society, instead of asking for an Act of Incorporation, should cease to exist at once.

Not one of the city papers—although they will tell you all about the Minister of Militia and the flag and equally absurd stories—have one word to say in behalf of the poor sufferers in their midst. The people of St. John are, without exception, the worst serfs in the world, or they would rise up in a body and insist upon their rights. Any of the men who lost their all in the fire have as good a right to walk into the Rink building and help themselves as any other party there has of giving to them, and have a better right of taking than the Relief Committee have of refusing aid to any of the sufferers.

As the HERALD has shown up a great many wrongs since it has been in existence, I hope it will lend its influence in this matter and trust it will not be without some beneficial results.

Yours, &c.,

St. John, March 13, 1878. M.

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.

All Kinds of Job Printing executed at this Office.

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

TO LET.

FROM the first of May next, a shop in the subscriber's building, Germain street, at present occupied by Jardine & Co.

feb23 C. McGOURTY.

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.

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 Britain street has a frontage of 30 feet on Carmarthen street, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rents $30 per annum.

No. 2—Lot on Carmarthen street adjoining Lot No. 1, 35 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rents $30 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 $30 per annum.

The above property has a frontage of 100 feet on Carmarthen street and 80 feet on Brittain street. Rent about $100 fee.

By order,

ROBERT MARSHALL,

feb23 Treasurer Protestant Orphans Asylum.

Portland Hat & Cap Store.

JOHN D. HARRIS,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF HATS AND CAPS

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE LONG WHARF,

MAIN STREET, PORTLAND, N. B.

N. B.—SILK, LOTH and MERINO HATS made to order at the shortest notice, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

REPAIRING carefully attended to. June2

NAVIGATION SCHOOL!

CAPT. R. CONNOLLY,

Room: 25 Magee's Block,

WATER STREET,

St. John, N. B.

MASTERS AND MATES

prepared for the Marine Board of Canada.

J. L. McCOSKERY,

(Late with H. Chubb & Co.,)

STATIONER, PRINTER

AND

BOOKBINDER,

STORE NORTH SIDE KING SQUARE,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

BARGAINS!

—)o(—

25 Pieces, all Wool Striped Flannels,

CHOICE NEW PATTERNS, AT 25c. PER YARD;

20 PIECES HEAVY GREY FLANNELS, AT 18c. PER YARD;

20 Pieces, Extra Heavy Grey Flannels 25c. per yard.

Scarlet, White & Fancy Flannels, at 25c. per yard.

30 Pieces Choice New Dress Goods at 12c. per yard

100 Pieces FANCY DRESS GOODS, at reduced prices;
GENTLEMEN'S CARDIGAN JACKETS, in great variety; from 90 cents up;
CANADIAN RIBBED SHIRTS and DRAWERS, at 40c.;
EXTRA HEAVY " " 50c.;
A CHOICE LOT of Canadian, all Wool, and Scotch Tweeds, at low prices;
HOSIERY and GLOVES at reduced prices.

—)o(—

COTTONS! COTTONS!

10 Bales American Grey and White Cottons.

3 Cases New Prints, Choice Patterns

All Goods marked Lowest Cash Prices. Inspection solicited.

JAMES M'CULLOUGH & CO.;

95 KING STREET,

2 Doors above Waverly House.

feb9

$16,000!

—o—

IRISH FRIENDLY SOCIETY!

—o—

The Society having lost by the late great fire in St. John,

Their Building, Library, and other Property,

and being without funds, and desirous of re-building and otherwise affording an opportunity of being in a position to hold their meetings and continue in the good work for which the Society is incorporated, by Act of General Assembly, having arranged with

MR. WM. NANNARY,

whose management of the Grand Gift Concerts in aid of the Academy of Music, a few years ago, was such signal success) for a season of two weeks of

GRAND ENGLISH OPERA.

—OR—

Operatic Concerts,

AND A

GRAND CASH DISTRIBUTION

—OF—

$16,000,

Commencing on April 22nd, 1878.

POSITIVELY NO FURTHER POSTPONEMENT!

—o—

8,000 Tickets only will be sold at $5.

Giving every Ticket holder Two Admissions and one Chance in less than 6¼ in the following list:—

1 GRAND CASH GIFT,				$5 000
1 "	"	"		1,000
1 "	"	"		500
10 "	$100	"		250
10 "	50	"		1,000
25 "	20	"		500
200 "	10	"		500
1050 "	5	"		2,000
1299 GIFTS, aggregating				$16,000

11 TICKETS for $50.

All tickets will be numbered and registered in the Manager's Books, and NO TICKET OFFERED FOR SALE. All receipts from the sale of tickets will be deposited forthwith in the Maritime Bank to the credit of a special fund, subject only to the joint cheque of the Executors, representing the Society and the public and the Business Manager.

Should the enterprise not succeed, the MANAGERS BIND THEMSELVES to return all money received for tickets to ticket holders.

The distribution of Cash Gifts will be strictly under the control of a Committee of the Society, led by the audience from among themselves, assisted by Irish Gentlemen, and to take place during the evening of the Concerts.

Each ticket sold will be good for two admissions to the

GRAND OPERATIC CONCERTS

HUGH McCAFFERTY, President, I. F. S.

JOHN L. FERGUSON, M. W. MAHER, F. McCAFFERTY, R. J. RITCHIE, John McGOVERN, Committee I.F.S.

COMMITTEE OF REFERENCES:

Simeon Jones, of S. Jones & Co., Bankers; S. Z. Earle, Esq., M. D.; James Domville, Esq., M. P.; A. Chipman Smith, Thomas Furlong, W. H. Thorne, Esqs., Merchants.

INSPECTORS

DUDNEE BREEZE and DANIEL PATTON, Esqs.

☞All Letters, Post Office Orders and Communications must be addressed to

WILLIAM NANNARY,
Business Manager,
P. O. Box 419, St. John, N. B.

☞Responsible and first-class Agents wanted. Inclose stamp for reply.

—o—

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The Irish Friendly Society having entrusted to me the management of the above scheme, I respectfully inform the public that the same care and watchfulness of their interests will be exercised as in the Academy of Music scheme, managed by myself and Mr. Olive a few years ago, and it will be my endeavour to attain the same results.

The Public's Obedient servant,
WILLIAM NANNARY.

☞Business Office in J. C. Ferguson's Store King Square.

NOW OPEN

—AT—

JEWELLER'S HALL,

14 King Street.

Gold & Silver Watches,

GOLD AND GOLD-PLATED

JEWELLERY,

Clocks & Fancy Goods.

T. L. COUGHLAN.

REMOVAL!

MULLIN BROTHERS,

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR OLD STAND,

PEOPLES' HOUSE,

Cor. Dock st & Market Square.

feb9 MULLIN BROS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL NEWS.

PERSONAL.—The Rev. Father Pannot of Chatham, is in this city this week.

THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY OF ST. JOSEPH, Portland, intend to give a musical and dramatic exhibition in St. Peter's Hall, Portland, shortly after Easter.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWENEY honoured the Father Mathew Association with his presence at their regular weekly meeting on Thursday evening last.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S SOCIETY, Portland, will celebrate their anniversary, Tuesday next, by a High Mass, which will be celebrated at 8 o'clock, a.m.

THE GRAND JURY now in session have found true bills against Wm. Vaughan, charged with murder; Geo. McCoy, indecent assault; and Wm. Thornton, larceny. Judge Wetmore will take up these cases on Tuesday next.

WE have received the first number of the *West Side Review*, a semi-monthly paper published in Carleton. It devotes considerable space to temperance matters and its appearance typographically and otherwise is creditable.

A LITTLE GIRL named Akerley living on Adelaide street, Portland, was seriously injured yesterday morning by being struck with a stone thrown by a lad named McCafferty, who had aimed the missile at another lad.

CARELESS BLASTING. Blasters are getting careless. Yesterday afternoon four large panes of glass in the window of Mr. Cruikshanks' building, Germain street, were broken by flying stones, some of which went into the house. Fortunately, no one inside were injured.

ASSAULT.—On Wednesday afternoon while John Weeks, contractor for laying floors in the Victoria School Building, Sydney Street, was engaged in that occupation, he was set upon by two men named Driscoll and Stapleton, and others whom he had ordered out of the building, and was severely beaten.

FATAL ACCIDENTS.—On Saturday last a brakeman named Dube employed on the I. C. R., was killed by striking against the Trois Pistoles Bridge while walking along the top of the cars. A young man named Augustine Thomas was killed in the woods on Saturday last near the Little Tracadie River, Gloucester, by a branch of a tree falling on him.

"EMERALD AND PEARLS," is the title of a piece of music received from the publisher, Mr. C. Flood, King street. It was composed by Mr. Dixon, Bandmaster of the City Cornet Band, and dedicated to Will E. Walsh, a popular member of the Band. On the front page is a very good likeness of Mr. Walsh.

THE YOUNG MAN Desmon who strayed from his home, Straight Shore, while under a temporary fit of insanity, returned a few days ago. A young man went in the house to see Desmon when the latter seized a razor and so threatened him that he was obliged to wrest the razor from his grasp. Desmon was sent to the Asylum yesterday afternoon.

THE remanded cases of Catherine Burt, (colored) charged with stealing clothes from Mrs. Green, Indiantown, and that of John Grady Jones and his wife Rebecca on a charge of breaking into the Messrs. Austin's store, at Indiantown, Feb. 19th, and stealing goods therefrom were before Justice Tapley, Portland, yesterday afternoon. The parties implicated in both cases were discharged, there being no evidence to convict.

TEMPERANCE.—At the regular Quarterly meeting of the St. Augustine, C. T. A. Society of Moncton, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing term:—

Rev. M. J. Foley, spiritual Director.
P. O. Gallagher, President.
R. A. Murdock, Vice-President.
D. E. Gallagher, Rec. Secretary.
J. Lafferty, Fin. Secretary.
E. Babin, Cor. Secretary.
Wm. McAlister, Treasurer.
Jas. McGuiggan, Marshall.
R. Flanagan, Messenger.
J. McManus, Local Deputy.

ST. JOSEPH'S JUNIOR SOCIETY at a meeting of the above Society, held in St. Joseph's Hall, on the 10th inst., the following officers were elected:

Thos. Connors, President.
P. Cosgrove, Vice do.
Jos. McCarthy, Recording Sec.
T. L. Foley, Financial do.
R. J. Bowes, Corresponding Sec.
O. Peterson, Treasurer.
A. Clinton, Librarian.
W. McLaughlan, } Assist. do.
Thos. O'Regan, }
P. McGuire, Sergeant-at-Arms.

We have received a copy of a new book entitled "WHO IS THE NEW POPE? AND WHAT IS HE LIKELY TO DO?" Just issued in New York and for sale by E. Haney & Co., of this city. A hurried glance through the pages of this little work convinces us that it is a most desirable and timely book. The reputation its author, Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, has attained by his life of Pope Pius IX and other work of a religious character is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. The book is sold for the very low price of twenty-five cents.

ST. PETER'S SEWING CIRCLE. At the regular annual meeting of the St. Peter's Sewing Circle, held on Sunday last, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President, Mrs. M. Coll.
1st Vice President, Mrs. John Cotter.
2nd Vice President, Mrs. M. Walsh.
Secretary, Miss E. Hurley.
Treasurer, Miss A. Delaney.
Visiting Committee, District No. 1, Misses A. McLauchlan and M. A. Morgan; No. 2, Misses Sarah Lynch and Katie Moriarity; No. 3, Misses Codyre and ——; No. 4, Misses Hurley and Seerey; No. 5, Misses M. Coll and E. A. Hayes.

We are much pleased to hear that the ladies of the St. Peter's Sewing Circle have been enabled to do much to relieve the wants of the poor of Portland. Their efforts are certainly deserving of all aid and encouragement and we hope their success may be greater in the future than in the past.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

Every week-day in Lent is a fast day of obligation, on one meal and a sustaining meal excused by hard labor, ill-health or some other legitimate reason.

The use of flesh meat is allowed, by custom, during Lent, without regard to days, on Sundays, and once each day on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, except Ember Saturday, and Holy week.

Lard and Flesh Meat at the same meal are omitted.

Some out of the difficulty for many to procure butter, the use of lard or dripping is permitted in cooking not only fish, but on all other days of fast and abstinence throughout the year.

In Atlanta, Ga., on Sunday, a cyclone swept through the city while the churches was filled with worshippers. With great presence of mind an Episcopal pastor advised his congregation to throw themselves under the seats of their pews. They did so when the whole building crumbled down burying the congregation under the ruins. The seats of the pews afforded protection to the great mass of the congregation, there being but 18 more or less seriously injured.

The oft-refuted falsehood that Pius IX. was once received into the Freemasons Society at Philadelphia, Pa., has once more been repeated by Emile de Girardin in *The France*. It is therefore necessary to repeat, says *The Universe*: 1. That Pius IX. never was in Philadelphia or in any other part of North America. 2. That Pius IX. himself publicly contradicted the statement in a Consistorial Allocution, and explained it as calumnious. 3. That it has been contradicted by the Grand Master of the Freemasons Lodge of Philadelphia.

THE CARDINAL'S MANIFESTO ON THE EDUCATION QUESTION. His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, together with Bishops Moran, Warren, McLeod, Welsh, and Lynch, as episcopal representatives of Ireland, issued a pastoral letter on Sunday evening to the clergy and people, the document being read on the following day in all the chapels throughout the country. The letter deals in a most comprehensive way with the whole question of education. The bishops announce that they believe the present to be the moment which seems more great than ever, her Majesty having within one week days introduced Parliament that the Ministry meant to introduce a Bill for Intermediate Education in Ireland. They regret that the Ministers have not undertaken to redress the grievance in primary, intermediate, and University education. They hope the Government will bring forward some substantial measure capable of restoring in no inconsiderable degree the rights they have been unjustly deprived of, giving Catholics equality in education and matters with their non-Catholic fellow subjects, hitherto systematically refused. The pastoral treats of the rights of educational religion, which, as they say, their fathers bequeathed, referring specially to the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell, and afterwards to the Penal Laws. Exceptional legislation has been made for the system of mixed education, condemned by the Holy See. In the fatal and immoral consequences of such a system the Catholics of Ireland have refused to accept for the last thirty years in the Queen's Colleges and in the schools, which remained loose and undecided, and which remained closed, and consequently, in other dioceses, they have given a signal proof of their loyalty and conscientiousness, in spite of the sacrifices, amounting to the sum of two hundred thousand pounds of land; Protestant Endowed Schools, £10,000 per annum; and the Queen's Colleges, £30,000 a year, while the higher education of Catholics receives nothing whatever from the State. The letter in conclusion asks for prayers to inspire those who sway the destinies of this great empire with the wisdom of justice, so that they may repair the past injuries inflicted upon Ireland. The pastoral argues that all the knowledge that the ablest professors can impart, that all the sciences that the most renowned Universities can communicate, that all the distinctions and honors that this world can give will be of no avail to them on the great accounting day if they have been laid to rest. The bishops further argue the duty of people to use their legal rights to the utmost, their power to compel, to obtain a full redress of their educational grievances, whether with a mixed system or otherwise, to be enabled to avail themselves of the education offered them, lest they seem to be indifferent about the education of their children, until they have proved to be moved. Let them also avail themselves of societies and associations which have the right and competence to declare and protect the rights of the Church and their religion. Such societies exist in the United States. The Irish Catholics have been a religious source of strife, of disunion, of treachery, of ruin, and of misery to individuals and their country.

Plasters and poultices are now made from the throat to the bottom of the skin are very much worn for covering tubes.

Bright brooks in red, as such as tulips, crown or collar and black grounds, or on dark grounds, and the effect is very pretty.

A very [illegible] is in the shape of [illegible] of gold. The [illegible] of pins, carrying a [illegible].

In Europe [illegible] are deep black, gradually changing to gray, violet, [illegible] is in this country, and is more subject than in other countries to [illegible] rule of fashion and good taste.

Crinolines with short skirts are gradually [illegible] favor. The comfort of [illegible] in relieving the hands [illegible] the demi-train that [illegible] for the street.

[illegible] advantage over the [illegible]

DIPTHERIA!

[illegible] S. JOHNSON, Bangor, Maine.

MARRIED

At the residence of the bride's mother, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. C. Henderson, Mr. James H. Nash, to Miss Lizzie Hopkins, both of Wakefield, Carleton.

At the residence of A. L. Boyer, Esq., Hartland, on the 12th inst., by Rev. Benjamin Jewett, Mr. Elijah [illegible] of Brighton, and Mrs. Lucinda E. Babbcock, of Hartland.

At Hillsboro, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Allan [illegible], Mr. William A. W[illegible]ardy, of Spry Harbor, [illegible] to Miss [illegible], both of Hillsboro.

At South Hampton, N. B., March 7th, by Rev. T. [illegible], Mr. J. Allen [illegible], of St. John, N. B., to Miss Hattie E. Morse, daughter of James Morse, Esq., of North Hampton.

On the 6th inst., at the residence of D. J. McLaughlin, Esq., by Rev. Hoyt, [illegible] Spring, Jeffries Hill, Esq., of St. John, N. B., to Miss Lizzie W., second daughter of Verney Harrison, Esq., of St. John, N. B.

[illegible] by the Rev. T. Todd, John [illegible] to Miss Jane Alexander.

At St. [illegible], on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Brooke, George [illegible] to Miss [illegible] Burton.

[illegible] by the Rev. Dr. Brooke, John [illegible] to Miss Elizabeth [illegible], both of St. Mary's.

DIED.

On Saturday, 9th inst., John Creighton, aged [illegible] years, a native of County Tyrone, Ireland.

At the Alms-House, on Tuesday, 5th inst., Margaret McKenzie, aged 90 years, a native of Gibraltar.

At Woodstock, 5th inst., of scarlet fever, Annie Maud, aged 1 year and 8 months, eldest child of John and Maggie Neal.

Grand Lake, N. B., Feb. 24th, Janet, only daughter of Mrs. W. Stewart, aged [illegible] months.

At Grafton, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Edwin, beloved son of [illegible], aged 23 years.

On the 8th inst., of diphtheria, Ethel Jane, aged 2 years, 2 months, and 2 days, daughter of Richard [illegible].

In the Town of Portland, on Friday evening, 8th inst., Charles Ernest Whitman, infant son of Ward and Julia C. G. Mole, aged 5 months.

In the Town of Portland, on Monday, the 11th inst., Jennie Parker, aged 4 years 1 month, and 10 days, daughter of John and Ivy W. Wilson.

At New Orleans, on the 2 direct., Isadora, beloved wife of A. B. Seelye, aged 30 years.

At Windsor, N. S., 20th inst., Joseph Smith, age 60 years, leaving a wife and seven children.

At Moncton, 11th in t., Ruth, wife of William Matthews.

At Chatham, 10th inst., Maggie Adelaide, daughter of Thos. H. and Grace Peniger, aged 6 years and 7 months.

At Halifax, 11th inst., after a lingering illness, Chas. Bowers, in the 20th year of his age.

On Thursday, the 14th inst., after a lingering illness Elizabeth, widow of the late James Green, aged 77 years.

LECTURE

—IN—

ST. MALACHI'S HALL

Under the Auspices of

St. Joseph Sr. Society.

A LECTURE will be delivered on TUESDAY EVENING, 19th inst., in St. Malachi's Hall, by Mr. P. NANNARY, on "Gerald Griffin."

By order of the President,

J. McMANUS,
Secretary.

Queen Hotel,

WATER STREET,

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

—o—

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on Reasonable Terms.

—o—

D. W. McCormick, Proprietor.

Notice of Removal.

THE OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL EXAMINERS in St. John's Building Union St., will be removed

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,
March 15th and 16th,

AND THE [illegible] OFFICE IN

Dr. King's Block, Germain St.,

While operative MONDAY, March 18th.

mar16 J. MARCH, Secretary.

BOOKS

That every Catholic should have:—

Life of PIUS IX.,

A Splendid Edition, by REV. B. O'REILLY
Price $3.00.

HISTORY OF THE VARIATIONS

OF THE

Protestant Churches,

By Bossuet, Price, 2 Vols., $3.00.

Milner's End of Controversy,
Price $3.00.

Cope and Maguire Discussion,
Price $1.25.

The Faith of our Fathers,
Price $1.30. Paper Cover 50 cts.

Questions and Objections to Catholic Doctrine and Practices answered by Archbishop Lynch.
Price 20 Cents.

Who is the New Pope and What is he Likely to Do?
Price 25 Cents.

and a Complete Library of Catholic Works.

E. W. TANEY & CO.,
KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

R. J. RITCHIE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

LAW OFFICE:

Opp. Court House, King Square.

mar9

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 and unequalled value.

MACKENZIE BROS.

INCOMPARABLE VALUE.—The balance of our large stock of Richly Embroidered Table Covers is being sold at a Veritable Sacrifice on the usual value of fifty per cent. Call and see them.

MACKENZIE BROS.

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

MACKENZIE BROS.

HEAD QUARTERS for Black Goods, in all the Mourning Textiles.

4 KING STREET.

THE GREAT GLOVE EMPORIUM.—One of the finest Choice Stock, which is specially selected for the Spring trade.

MACKENZIE BROS.

HOLD YOUR OWN!—LINENS and Bed and Table Linens a specialty at

MACKENZIE BROS.

To the Electors of Prince Ward.

GENTLEMEN,—On being informed by Mr. Martin of his intention of offering for the Aldermanship of the Ward I decided to offer myself in his stead for the Office of Councillor.

If you honor me with a majority of your votes on the first Tuesday of April next, I will serve the Ward and the city generally to the best of my ability.

Yours very Respectfully

mar9 3i P. GLEESON.

WHITE

FANCY STAYS

OPENING THIS DAY.

A NICE LOT OF

FASHIONABLE STAYS,

AT 80 cts. PER PAIR, WORTH $1.

ALSO A LOT OF

ELASTIC BELTS,

at prices far below the regular price.

W. G. LAWTON,

48 KING ST. & 64 GERMAIN ST.

NEW HATS.

SPRING STYLES FOR 1878.

HAVING received our new Spring style of

SILK HAT BLOCKS,

we are now prepared to finish the Broadway Style of Silk Hats, and orders for the same will be executed with despatch.

—ALSO—

Just received 4 cases of new and desirable Styles of American Soft and Stiff Fur and Felt Hats, in Black and Seal Brown Colors, fine and Medium qualities.

BARDSLEY BROS.,
22 Charlotte street,
mar2 and cor. Brussels and Richmond sts

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

HAS A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

At $2.50 per day.

Tremont House

No Liquors Sold. mar9—tf

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 their orders in their line.

LADIES' SACQUES a specialty.

mar9

B. COTTER,

WILL OPEN A

New Fruit & Grocery Store,

THIS DAY, SATURDAY,

IN FINN'S BUILDING,

3 DOORS NORTH

Rankine's Bakery,

MILL STREET.

CANDAGE BROS.,

Dealers in

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c.,

14 CANTERBURY ST.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

B. W. Candage. C. A. Candage.

feb23

COTTONS.
COTTONS.
COTTONS.

SPRING IMPORTATION.

The Largest Stock and Best Value ever offered for Sale in John.

Over 500 pieces of GREY COTTONS, from 5 cents a yard.
27, 32 and 36 inch wide WHITE COTTONS, from 6 cents a yard.
PILLOW COTTONS, from 12c. a yard.
3-4, 9-4 and 10-4 SHEETING COTTONS, White and Unbleached, Plain and Twilled, from 22 cents a yard.
Good FEATHER TICKINGS from 15c.
Good Heavy SWANSDOWNS from 10c.

PRINTED COTTONS.

270 pieces of Good Fast Color Prints, 6 1-2 cents a yard.
Hoyle's English CAMBRICS, 12c. a yard.

W. G. LAWTON,

48 King Street and 64 Germain Street.

feb16

"INSURANCE BLOCK."

GENERAL AGENCY

Fire and Marine Insurance

ROBERT MARSHALL,

General Agent.

NOTARY PUBLIC AND BROKER

OFFICES—Cor. Prince William Street and Market Square,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Capital over Twenty-five Million Dollars; and Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars deposited with the Government at Ottawa.

Imperial Fire Insurance Co.,
OF LONDON, Established 1803.

The Ætna Insurance Co.,
INCORPORATED 1819.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company,
ORGANIZED 1810.

MERCHANTS' MARINE ASSURANCE CO., OF CANADA.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament, Capital ONE MILLION

With power to increase to two Million Dollars.

THE BRITISH AMERICA INSURANCE COMPANY, Incorporated 1833.

Marine Insurance effected on Vessels, Cargoes and Freights to and from any part of the commercial world. Time and Voyage Policies issued at once, on terms and conditions as customary.

Fire Insurance effected on brick and Frame Dwellings, Stores, Warehouses, Merchandise, Steam Saw Mills, Ships on the stocks, and all descriptions of insurable property at lowest current rates. Application respectfully solicited.

Apply at INSURANCE BLOCK, St. John.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
feb9 General Agent, Notary Public and Broker

NEW

BOOT & SHOE FACTORY.

I RESPECTFULLY wish to announce to the public that I have started in business for myself to manufacture

FINE

Boots and Shoes,

of every description, in

McSweeny's Brick Building,

CORNER OF

UNION & SMYTH STS.

JAMES T. HURLEY.

feb9

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

DRY GOODS!

As we intend to open in our

New Building, Prince Wm. St.,

(OLD STAND)

with an entire New Stock, all our goods have been reduced to the very lowest prices. The following are special line, inspection of which is solicited:

SHEETINGS, Bleached and Unbleached;
WHITE COTTON SHIRTINGS;
FANCY COTTON SHIRTINGS;
FLANNELS, in White and Colored, plain & fancy;
TOWELS and TOWELLINGS;
TABLE LINENS and TABLE CLOTHS;
BROWN HOLLANDS; WINDOW HOLLANDS;
TICKINGS, OSNABURGS, DUCKS;
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS; TABLE OIL CLOTHS;
UNION CARPETINGS;
HEMP CARPETINGS, &c., &c.

H. & H. A. McCULLOUGH;
Cor. Park and Court House Avenues,
King Square and 50 Germain Street.

feb9

LONDON HOUSE,

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE,

UNION STREET.

RECEIVED THIS MONTH:

BLACK MANTLE PRESIDENTS;
BLACK MANTLE BEAVERS;
MATALASSE MANTLE CLOTHS;
BLUE & BROWN VICTORIAS;
LIGHT GREY WATERPROOF TWEEDS;
COLORED MELTONS; Worsted Coatings;
CANADIAN TWEEDS;
SCARLET FLANNELS;
WHITE and GREY FLANNELS;
FANCY FLANNELS;
WINCEYS, Assorted;
BLACK LUSTRES;
BLACK French Merinos;
Black Cashmere Wool Shawls;
Black Italians;
Beetled Silesias;
Printed Silesias;
PATENT CANVAS;
ROUGH Brown HOLLANDS; FRENCH Padding;
HORROCKSES LONG CLOTHS; DRESSED Hollands;
WHITE COTTONS; GREY COTTONS;
SHIRTS & DRAWERS; FLANNEL SHIRTS;
OXFORD and Harvard Shirts;
CLARK'S "Anchor" Reels;
"BARBOURS" Linen Reels;
Machine Silk; Mantle Buttons;
Bone, Flexible and Agate Buttons;
Carpet Binding, Pins, Hair Pins and Needles, Paper Collars and Cuffs.

feb9 DANIEL & BOYD.

BOOTS & SHOES AT COST,

Stevenson's,

19 Charlotte Street.

BOYS and Youths' Boots at COST;
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Waterproof (Seamless), at COST;
Ladies', Misses and Children's, Felt Boots and Slippers at COST;
Ladies' and Misses' Skating Boots, (Wool Lined,) at COST;
Ladies' Oil, Goat Buttoned Boots, (Wool Lined), at COST;
Men's, Boys' and Youths' (Moose) Moccasin's in Fancy and Plain, at COST;
A few pairs of Men's Hamburg Slippers, at COST.

Larrigan's & Shoe Pacs

No. 1, Larrigans at $2.00;
No. 2, " at 1.75;
No. 2, Shoe Pacs at 1.00.

Men's Overshoes, (Canadian) and American;
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Overshoes, (Canadian);
A few pairs Ladies' Gray Fur Trimmed Overshoes;
Men's Patent and Glazed Kid, in Congress, Buckle and Tie, (Suitable for evening wear.

Remember the Address:

STEVENSON'S,
NO. 19, CHARLOTTE STREET.

feb2

M. J. DRISCOLL.

Custom Tailor,

HAS REMOVED TO

GRACE'S NEW BLOCK,

DOCK STREET.

mar2

[Published by Request]

ORANGE AND GREEN.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease—
Erin thy langnid smile ne'er shall increase;
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite
And form in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

THOMAS MOORE.

The night was falling dreary,
In merry Bandon town,
When in his cottage weary,
An Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendor
Had set upon the vale,
And shouts of "No Surrender"
Arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters laving
The feet of aged trees,
The Orange banners waving,
Flew boldly in the breeze
In mighty chorus meeting,
A hundred voices join,
And fife and drum are beating
The Battle of the Boyne.

Ha! town his cottage hieing,
What form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying,
With blood upon his brow?
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger!
Though Green my color be,
And in the day of danger
May heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending,
Alone against that crew
My life and limbs defending,
An Orangeman I slew.
Hark! hear that fearful warning,
There's death in every tone—
Oh, save my life till morning,
And heaven prolong your own!"

The Orange heart was melted,
In pity to the Green;
He heard the tale and felt it,
His very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning,
Though death be in his tone;
I'll save your life till morning,
Or I will lose my own.

Now, round his lowly dwelling
The angry torrent pressed,
A hundred voices swelling,
The Orangeman addressed:
"Arise, arise and follow
The chase along the plain;
In yonder stony hollow
Your only son is slain!"

With rising shouts they gather
Upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father,
Aghast with sudden pain.
He seeks the rightful stranger,
In covert where he lay—
"Arise!" he said, "all danger
Is gone and passed away."

"I had a son—one only,
One loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely,
In that accursed strife.
I pledged my word to save thee,
Until the storm should cease,
I keep the pledge I gave thee—
Arise, and go in peace!"

The stranger soon departed
From that unhappy vale;
The father, broken hearted,
Lay brooding o'er that tale
Till twenty summers after,
To silver turned his beard,
And yet the sound of laughter
From him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary,
In merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin weary,
A peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing
Along the summer vale,
The Wexford town was ringing
With shouts of "Granna Uile.

Beside the waters laving
The feet of aged trees,
The green flag gently waving,
Was spread against the breeze
In mighty chorus meeting,
Loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum are beating,
"Down, Orangemen, lie down!"

Hark! what the stirring clangor
That woke the echoes there,
Amid voices high in anger
Rises on the evening air?
Like billows on the ocean,
He sees the clansmen rush,
And fan the wild commotion
An Orangeman is slain.

"Fair," he said, "is honor
And fair life to my hand,
And I could tell a story
Would shame your proud land
Will warm your soul and over
Its chained my heart and brow
And I am a grown lover
Of peace and Green to-day.

"It was not thus I greeted
Your brother of the Green,
When fainting and defeated,
I freely took him in
I pledged my word to save him,
From vengeance raging on
I kept the pledge I gave him,
Though he had killed my son.

That aged peasant heard him,
And knew him as he stood,
Remembrance kindly stirr'd him,
And tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure
He pierced the listening train,
"I'm here to pay the measure
Of kindness back again."

Upon his feeling bosom falling,
That old man's tears came down!
Deep memory recalling
"That son and faithfulown,
The hand that will offend thee,
My being first shall end,
I'm living to defend thee,
My savior and my friend!"

He said and spoke, turning
Addressed the wandering crowd,
With fervent spirit thrilling,
He told the tale aloud,
And pressed the warm beholders,
Other aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders
And chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger
From peril scowling dim,
So in his day of danger
Did Heaven remember him.
By joyous crowds attended,
The worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended,
Of Orange and of Green.

Our Village Post Office.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

The master of our village post office for many years past was an old man; but the real dispenser of its joys and sorrows was his son, a youth who performed its duties with intelligence, exactness and delicacy. Some persons may not be aware how much the last quality is called into requisition in a village postmaster. Having the universal country acquaintance with his neighbors' affairs, he holds the key of all their correspondence. He knows, long before the news transpires, when the minister receives a call, when the speculator's affairs are vibrating, he can estimate the conjugal devotion of the absent husband; but the most enviable is his knowledge of those delicate and uncertain affairs so provoking to village curiosity. Letters, directed in well-known characters and written with beating hearts within locked apartments, pass through his hands. The blushing youth steals in at twilight to receive from him his doom; and to him is first known the results of a village belle's foray through a neighboring district. Our young deputy-postmaster rarely betrayed his involuntary acquaintance with the nature of the missives he dispersed; but whenever sympathy was permitted, his bright smile and radiating or tearful eye would show how earnest a part he took in all his neighbors suffered or enjoyed. Never was there a kinder heart then Loyd Barnard's—never a truer mirror than his face.

His father, Colonel Jesse Barnard, belonged to that defunct body, the aristocracy of our country. He served in the revolutionary war, he did good service to the State in the subsequent Shay's rebellion, and though he afterwards inexplicably fell into the ranks of the popular or democratic party, he retained the manners and insignia of his caste—the prescribed courtesies of the old *regime* with the neatly tied queue, and the garment that has given place to the leveling pantaloon. He even perserved in the use of powder till it ceased to be an article of merchandise; and to the very last he maintained those strict observances of politeness, that are becoming among us, subjects of tradition and history. These, however, are merely accidents of education and usage. His moral constitution had nothing aristocratic or exclusive. On the contrary, his heart was animated with what we would fain believe to be the spirit of our democratic institutions, and universal good-will. The colonel was remarkably exempt (whether fortunately or unfortunately, each according to his taste must decide) from the virtue or mania of his age and country: and consequently, at three-score and ten, instead of being the proprietor of lands in the West, or ships on the seas, he possessed nothing but his small paternal estate in B——, a pretty, cottage-looking dwelling, with a garden and an acre of land. As far back as the administration of Jefferson, he had received the appointment of postmaster; and as the village grew with the prosperity of manufactures and agriculture, the income of the office had of late amounted to some five or six hundred dollars. This, with the additional pension as a revolutionary officer, made the colonel "passing rich;" for by all his sons and daughters were married and dispersed from Maine to Georgia, and his youngest only, our friend Loyd, remained at home. "Passing rich," we say, for, if it was the colonel. Those who are accustomed to see an income of a few hundred well administered in rural life, can form a conception of the comfort and even, nay, luxury, it will procure. He knew the place, the staples of life, space, pure sweet water, and a continual feast for the eye, are furnished in the country, in unmeasured quantity, by the bounty of Providence. Then with, as with the colonel, there are no vices to be paupered, no vanities to be cherished, no artificial distinctions to be sustained, no conventional wants to be supplied, the few hundred dollars do all for happiness that money can do. The king who has to ask his Commons for supplies, and the Croesuses of our land who still desire more than they have, might envy our contented colonel, or rather might have envied him, till, after a life of perfect exemption from worldly cares, he came for the first time, to feel a chill from the shadows of the coming day—a distrustful fear that the morrow might not take care of itself.

Among other luxuries of a like nature (the colonel was indicted to such indulgences), he had allowed himself to a lopt a little destitute orphan girl, Paulina Morton. She came to the old people after all their own girls were married and gone, and proved so dutiful and so helpful that she was scarcely less dear to them than their own flesh and blood. Paulina, or Lina—for by this endearing diminutive they familiarly called her—was a pretty, very pretty girl, in spite of red hair, which, since it has lost its favor, some beauty, divine or mortal, of classic days, won for it, is considered, if not a blemish, certainly not an attribute of beauty. Paulina's friends and lovers maintained that hers was getting darker every day, and that even were it fire-red, her soft, blue eyes, spirited, sweet mouth, coral lips, and exquisitely tinted skin, would redeem it. Indeed, good old Mrs. Barnard insisted it was only red in certain lights, and those certain Ithuriel lights Lord Barnard never saw it in; for he often expressed his surprise that any one could be so blind as to call it auburn red! In these days of reason's supremacy, we have found out there are no such "dainty spirits" as Ariel, Puck, and Oberon. Still the lover is not disenchanted.

"Lina, my child," said the old lady, one evening just at twilight, while the burning brands sent a ruddy glow over the ceiling, and were reflected by the testimonys of "neat-handed lass was arranging," "Lina, do you expect Mr Lovejoy this evening?" "No, ma'am." "To-morrow evening, then?" "No, ma'am. I never expect him again." "You astonish me, Lina. You don't mean you have given him his answer?" Lina smiled, and Mrs. Barnard, continued: "I fear you have not duly considered, Lina." "What is the use of considering, ma'am, when we know our feelings?" "We can't afford always my child, to consult feelings. Nobody can say a word against Mr. Lovejoy; he made the best of husbands to his first wife." "That was a very good reason, why she should love him, ma'am." Mrs Barbara proceeded without heeding the emphasis on she. "He has left three children, and two of them are out of the way." "A poor reason, as I have always thought, ma'am, to give either to father or children for taking the mother to them." "But there are few that are calculated for the place; you are cut out for a stepmother, Lina—just the right disposition for stepmother, or step-daughter."

Paulina's ideas were confused by the compliment, and she was on the point of asking whether step-daughter and daughter-in-law expressed the same relation, but some feeling checked her, and instead of asking she blushed deeply. The good old lady continued her soundings. "I did not, Lina, expect you to marry Mr. Lovejoy for love." "For what then, ma'am, should I marry him?" asked Lina, suspending her housewife labors, and standing before the fire while she tied and untied the string of her little black silk apron. "Girls often do marry, my child, to get a good home." "Marry to get a good home, Mrs. Barnard! I would wash, iron, sweep, scrub, beg, to get a home, sooner than marry to get one; and, besides, have I not the pleasantest home in the world: thanks to your bounty and the colonel's."

Mrs. Barnard sighed, took Lina's fair, chubby hand in her's, stroked and pressed it. At this moment, the colonel, who had, unperceived by either party, been taking his twilight nap on his close-curtained bed in the adjoining bedroom, rose, and drew up to the fire. He had overheard the conversation, and now, to poor Paulina's infinite embarrassment, joined in it. "I am disappointed, Lina," he said, "it is strange it is so difficult to suit you with a husband—you are easily suited with every thing else." "But I don't want a husband, sir." "There's no telling how soon you may, Lina: I feel myself to be failing daily; and when I am gone my child, it will be all poor Loyd can do to take care of his mother." "Can I not do to take care of his mother?" "Can I not be his?" "Am I not stronger than Loyd? Would it not be happiness enough to work for Loyd, and Loyd's mother?" thought Paulina; but she hemmed and coughed, and said nothing.

"It would be a comfort to me," continued the old man, "to see you settled in a home of your own before I die." He paused, but there was no reply. "I did not say a word when William Strong was after you—I did not like the stock; nor when the young lawyer sent his fine presents—As Loyd said, he had more gift than wit; nor when poor Charles Moody was, as it were, dying for you, for, though his prospects were fine in Ohio, I felt, and so did Miss Barnard, and so did Loyd, it would not have you go so far away from us: but now, my child, the case is different. Mr. Lovejoy has one of the best estates in the country, he is none of your flighty, here-to-day and gone-to-morrow folks, but a sober, old, reliable person, and I think, and Loyd—ahl—" Here the brands fell apart, and while Paulina was stooping to hear what Loyd said, the old colonel rose to adjust them. He had broken the thread, and did not take it up in the right place. "As I was saying, my child," he resumed, "my life is very uncertain, and I think, and Loyd thinks—"

What Loyd thought, Paulina did not learn, for at this moment the door opened, and Loyd entered.

Loyd Barnard was of a [illegible] order [illegible] spirits that give an air of [illegible] quietly and alone through life. A cast from a carriage in his infancy had, without producing any mutilation or visible injury, given a fatal shock to his constitution. He had no disease within the reach of art, but a delicacy, a fragility, that rendered him incapable of continuous exertion of application of any sort. A merciful Providence provides compensations, or, at least, alleviations, for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and Loyd Barnard, in abundant leisure for reading, which he passionately loved, in the tranquility of a perfectly resigned temper, and in a universal sympathy with all that feel, enjoy and suffer, had little reason to envy the active and prosperous, who are bustling and struggling through the chances and changes of this busy life. His wants were few, and easily supplied by the results of the desultory employments he found in the village, in the intervals of his attention to the post office. As much of what we call virtue is constitutional, so we suppose was Loyd's contentment; if it was not virtue, it was happiness; for, till of late, he had felt no more anxiety for the future than nature's commoners—the birds and flowers.

"Ah, my son," said the old gentleman, "you have come just in the right time—but where is Lina gone?" "She went out as I came in, sir, and I thought she looked as if she had been weeping." "Weeping!" echoed the old Colonel; and "Could we have hurt her feelings?" asked both in the same breath. "Why, what in the world have you been saying to her, mother?" "Nothing, Loyd—nothing—nothing—don't look so scared. We were only expostulating a little, as it were, and urging her to accept Mr. Lovejoy's offer." Loyd looked ten times paler than usual, and kept his eye rivited on his mother, till she added. "But some how it seems as if she could not any way feel to it."

"Thank God!" murmured Loyd, fetching a long breath. Both parents heard the unwonted exclamation, and for both it was a revelation. The colonel rose, walked to the window, and, though the blinds were closed, stood as if gazing out, and the old lady jerked her knitting-needle from the sheath, and rolled up the knitting-work, though she was not in the seam-needle.

It is difficult in any case for parents to realize how soon their children pass the bounds of childhood, and how soon, among other thoughts incident to maturity, love and marriage enter their heads. But there were good reasons why the colonel and his wife should have fancied the governing passions and objects of ordinary lives had never risen above their son's horizon. They considered him perfectly incompetent to provide for the wants of the most fragal family, and they had forgotten that love takes no counsel from prudence. It was too late now to remember it.

The colonel, after repeated clearings of his throat, taking off his spectacles, wiping and putting them on again, said,—

"Are you attached to Lina, my son?" (he used the words in its prescriptive rustic sense.) "Yes, sir." "Strange I never mistrusted it!—how long have you been so, Loyd?"

"Ever since I was old enough to understand my feelings; but I did not, till very lately, know that I could not bear the thoughts of her becoming attached to another." "Do you know what Lina's feelings are?" "No sir." "But surely you can guess, Loyd," interrupted his mother. "I can hope, mother—and I do." "The sooner, my son, you both get over it, the better, for there is no kind of a prospect for you."

"My child," said the good old man, gently laying his hand on the shoulder of his companion of fifty years, "trust in Providence—our basket and store have been always full, and why should not our children's be? Loyd now does the business of the post office; while I live they can share while we, and when I am gone, it may so be, that the heart of the ruler will be so overruled, that the office will be continued to Loyd." Loyd, either anticipating his mother's opposing arguments, or himself impelled irresistibly to the argument of love, disappeared, and the old lady, who, it must be confessed, lived less by faith than her gentle spouse, replied, "The office continued to Loyd! Who ever heard of old Jackson's heart being overruled to do what he had not a mind to?" "My dear child!" "Well, my dear, do you hear me out, don't the loaves and fishes all go to one side of the table?" "Why, we have had our plates filled a pretty while, my dear." "Well, my dear old Jackson could not take the bread and butter out of the mouth of a revolutionary officer." "I am sure he has proved that he would not." "No, my dear, could not. Why, even his own party—and we all know what his party are in old Massachusetts—" "About like the other party, my dear." "My dear! how can you say so! Why his own party are the most violent, given over, as it were, and low-lived people; yet they would be ashamed to see you turned out of office." "They would be sorry, I know; for we have many good friends and kind neighbors among them; there's Mr. Loomis, Harry Bishop, and Mr. Barton!"

"Mr Barton! Lyman Barton! My dear, every body knows, and every body says, Lyman Barton has been waiting this half dozen years to step into your shoes. The post office is just what he wants. To be sure he is a smart man and lives within his means; but then he has a large growing family, and they are obliged to be prudent, and there would be enough to say he ought to have the office. And, besides, is he not always working for the party? writing in the paper? and serving them every way? And who was ever a Jackson man, but for what he expected to get for it? No, no, my dear, mark my words: you won't be out of office long. Lyman Barton will be sending off a petition to Washington for the office, and signed by every Jackson man in town."

"I don't believe it, my dear: I don't feel as Lyman Barton would ask for the office." "Well, my dear, you'll see, after you are dead and gone, how it will be—you may laugh—I mean I shall see, if I am spared—you always have, colonel, just such a blind faith in everybody." "My faith is founded on reason and experience, my dear. Through life I have found friends kind to me beyond my deservings, and far beyond my expectations. I have got pretty near the other shore, and I can't remember that I ever had an enemy."

While this conversation was in progress, there was a tete-a-tete, on which we dare not intrude, in another apartment of the house. The slight veil that had covered the hearts of our true lovers dropped at the first touch, and both, finding a name of the only fickles their coveted, "dared be poor," in the world's poor sense. Secured by the good colonel's indulgence, for the present, they were too happy to look beyond the sunshine that played around them for any dark entanglements to which their path might conduct them. In any event they did not risk the miseries of dependence, nor the pains of starvation. Nature, in our land, spreads an abundant table and there is always a cover awaiting the frugal and industrious laborer. Loyd was no gleaner in her fruitful fields. Anything short of absolute want, perhaps even that, it seemed to our young friends happiness to encounter together.

Oh, ye perjured trafickers in marriage vows! ye buyers and sellers of hearts—hearts! they are not articles of commerce—buyers and sellers of the lovliest that mortal mould and mantle celestial spirits cast, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die! To-morrow you bound the temple of the affections, which, if all else of life has consecrated, shall be their tomb, within whose walls shall be endured the torpor of death with the acute consciousness of life!

Our simple friends whitled not of the miseries of married life. The [illegible] gave his hearty consent [illegible] for the asking, and his prudent helpmate was [illegible] as soon as they [illegible] the [illegible] less as dove, as will as lilies and violets look their heads, and wondered if the colonel had intended to live and be postmaster for ever! or if Loyd could be such a fool as to expect to succeed to the office, when every body knew it was just as good as promised to Mr Barton? Loyd Barnard, a steady consistent four own side is always consisting, except the tender mercies of the Jackson party! No; Loyd Barnard indulged no such extravagant expectation. He had stood by "old Massachusetts" through her obstinate or her consistent opposition to the general government, and he expected to reap the customary reward of such firmness or—prejudice. To confess the truth, he thought little about the future, and not at all of the Malthusian theories. His present happiness was enough, and it was brightened with the soft and equal light of the past. As to Paulina, it was her nature.

"Ne'er to forgether wi' sorrow and care,
But gie them a skelp as they're coming along."

The preliminaries being adjusted, it was agreed on all hands that the wedding should not be deferred. Quilts were quilted—turkeys pulled—and the wedding cake made. Never had the old house seemed brighter and brighter; his step was firmer, his person more erect than usual; and his face reflected the happiness of his children, as the leafless woods warm and kindle in a spring sunshine.

At this moment came one of those sudden changes that mock human calculations. An epidemic influenza, fatal to the feeble and the old, was passing over the whole country. Colonel Barnard was one of its first victims. He died after a week's illness; and, though he was some years beyond the authorized period of mortality, his death at this moment occasioned a general shock, as if he had been cut off in the prime of life. All—even his enemies, we should have said, but enemies he had none—spoke of the event in a subdued voice, and with the sincerest expressions of regret. The grief of his own little family we have not space to describe; or if we had, how could we describe the desolation of a home from which such a fountain of love and goodness was suddenly removed? Notwithstanding the day of the funeral was one of the coldest of a severe January, the mercury being some degrees below cipher, and the gusty, cutting wind driving the snow into billows, numbers collected from the adjoining towns to pay the last tribute of respect to the good colonel.

There is a reality in the honor that is rendered at a rustic funeral to a poor, good man, a touching sincerity in sympathy where every follower is a mourner. The colonel's humble home was filled to overflowing, so that there were numbers who were obliged to wait the moving of the procession in the intense cold on the outside of the house; and they did wait, patiently and reverently—no slight testimony of their respect.

The coffin was placed in the centre of the largest apartment in the country phrase, the "dwelling-room." Within the little bedroom sat the "mourners;" but a stranger, who should have seen the crowd as they pressed forward one after another, for a last look at their departed friend, might have believed they were all mourning a father. They were remembering a parent's offices. There was the widow, whom he had visited in her affliction—there the orphans, now grown to be thriving men and women, fathers and mothers, whom he succored, counselled and watched over; there were those whom he had visited in prison: there were sometime enemies converted to friends by his peace-making intervention; there was the young man reclaimed by his wise counsel and steady-friendship, for the good colonel had a "skeptic smile" for what others deemed hopeless depravity, and believed.

"Some pulse of good must
Within a human a ture."

And there were children with wet eyes, for the aged old man who had always a smile for their joys, and a tear for their troubles; and other, I remember, as her mother lifted her up for the last look, whispered. "Oh, he is too good a man to bury up in the ground!"

And there, in the midst of this sad company, and with a [illegible] quite as sad as his party, and with a [illegible] neighbors, stood Lyman Barton. [illegible] an Irish, a particular friend of the old colonel's and of mine too, who stood beside me, pulled my ear down to his lips, and turning his flashing eye upon Barton, whispered,

"Ought not he to be ashamed of himself?" "Why? why?" "He is made to believe he can cry, just like a crocodile!" Everybody says he has written to old Jackson already to be made postmaster. I wish he was in the Connaught [illegible] "You could not be in a better place, my dear." "Oh, I did not mean that!" "I did not mean that!" He would have proceeded; but I shook my head, and put an end to the explanation he was eager to make.

The funeral was over, the cold wind was howling without, the sich of the mourners alone was heard, where a few days before all had been cheerfulness and preparation for the happiest event of human life. Paulina had lighted a single lamp and placed it in the farther part of the room, for there seemed something obtrusive even in the cheerfulness of light. She was seated on a low chair beside the old lady. The passiveness of grief was peculiarly unsuited to her active and happy nature; and, as she sat as if she were paralyzed, not even heeding the colonel's favorite cat, who jumped into her lap, and purred and looked up for its accustomed caress, one could hardly believe she was the same girl who was for ever on the wing, laughing and singing from morning till night. Poor Loyd, too, who had so gently acquiesced in the evils of his lot, who had bent like the reed before the winds of adversity, suffered now as those only do who resist while they suffer. Perhaps it was not in human nature not to mingle the disappointment of the lover with the grief of the son, and, while he was weeping his loss, to wonder over some of his father's last words. "Of course, my children," he had said, "you will dismiss all thoughts of marriage—for the present, I mean. It will be all, I am afraid now, than you can do, Loyd, when the post office and the pension are gone, to get bread for your mother. If you marry, you can't tell how many claims there may be upon you. But don't be discouraged, my children; cast your care upon the Lord—something may turn up—waitblessed are they who wait in faith."

Both promised to wait, and both, as they new revolved their promise, religiously resolved to abide by it, cost what it might.

Their painful meditations were interrupted by a knock at the outer door, and Loyd admitted Major Perrit, one of his neighbors, and one of those everlasting meddlers in other affairs, who, if a certain proverb were literal, must have had as many fingers as Argus had eyes.

"I am sorry for your affliction, ma'am," said he, shaking Mrs Barnard's extended hand, while a sort of simpering smile played about his mouth in spite of the appropriate solemnity he had endeavored to assume; "don't go out. Miss Paulina—what I have to communicate is interesting to you as well as to the widow and son of the deceased."

"Another time, sir," interrupted Loyd, who could not conceal how much he was annoyed by the officiousness and leading manner of his visitor.

"Excuse me Loyd—I am older than you, and ought to be a little wiser—we must take time by the forelock; others are up and doing, why should we not be?"

Loyd now comprehended the major's business, and paled and somewhat shocked, he turned away; but remembering the intention was kind, though the mode was coarse, he smothered his disgust, and forced himself to say "We are obliged to you, Major Perrit, but I am not in a state of mind to attend to any business this evening."

"Oh, I know you have feelings, Loyd; but you must not be more nice than wise. They must not get the start of us. I always told my wife, [illegible] Loyd, in confidence, your honored father was not cold before Lyman Barton was handing round his petition for the office." It was not in human nature for the old lady to suppress a hem, at this exact fulfilment of her prediction to the poor colonel. "Barton's petition," continued Perrit, "will go on to Washington in the mail to-morrow, and ours must go with it—here it is." He took the paper from his pocket, and, opening it, showed a long list of names. "A heavy list," he added, "but every one of them whigs; we did not ask a Jackson man—there would have been no use, you know; Lyman Barton leads them all by the nose."

Here Perrit was interrupted by a knock at the entry door. A packet addressed to Loyd was handed to him. Perrit glanced at the superscription, and exclaimed, "This is too much! he has had the impudence to send you the petition."

"I could not have believed this of him," thought Loyd, as broke the seal; for he, like his father, reluctantly believed ill of any one. There were a few lines on the envelope; he read them to himself, and then, with that emotion which a good man feels at an unexpected good deed, he read them aloud:

"My dear friend Loyd—Excuse me for intruding on you, at this early moment, a business matter that ought not to be deferred. You will see by the inclosed that my friends and myself have done what we could to testify our respect for the memory of your excellent father, and our esteem for you. Wishing you the success you deserve, I remain very truly yours. Lyman Barton."

The enclosed paper was a petition, headed by Lyman Barton, and signed by almost every Jackson partisan in the town, that the office of postmaster might be given to Loyd Barnard. A short prefix to the petition expressed the signers' respect for their unqualified confidence in his son. Perrit ran his eye over the list and exclaiming, "This is the Lord's hand!" he seized his hat departed eager to have at least the consolation of first spreading the news through the city.

Few persons comprehend a degree of virtue beyond that of which they are themselves capable. It is, indeed in one sense," said Loyd, as the door closed after Perrit "the hand of the Lord; for He it is that makes his creatures capable of such disinterested goodness."

Those who heard the fervid language and tone in which Loyd expressed gratitude, when he, that night for the first time, took his father's place at the family altar, must have felt that this was one of the few cases where it was equally "blessed to give and to receive."

Loyd's appointment came by return of mail from Washington. In due time the wedding-cake was cut, and our village postmaster is as happy as love and fortune can make him.

It was a bright thought in a philanthropist of one of our cities to note down the actual good deeds that passed under his observation. We have imitated his example in recording an act of rare disinterestedness and generosity. It certainly merits a more enduring memorial; but it has its fitting reward in the respect it inspires, and in its blessed tendency to vanquish the prejudices and soften the asperities of political parties.

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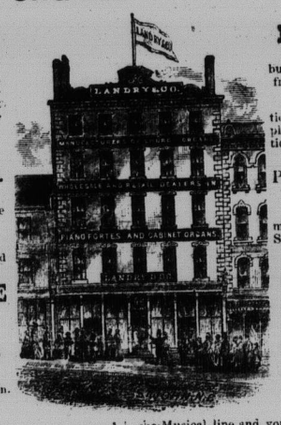

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