THE HERALD
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The Herald.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—*W. Murray.*

Hamilton, June 27th, 1878.

HER SUMMER ROSE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Can you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Just one more," pleaded somebody.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

A Wonderful Escape.

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

[*London Globe*, June 19.]

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

[From the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*.]

SECRET SOCIETIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

To be continued.

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

The Anglo-Turkish Alliance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Weekly Herald.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 20.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is rumored that the elections will not come on until October.

In the shooting for the Echo Challenge Shield at Wimbledon, Thursday, the Irish team won.

A humane gentleman named Brady is trying to raise funds in Dublin for the establishment of a home for destitute dogs.

Some of the papers blame Hon. Mr. McKenzie for parleying with representatives of the Orangemen recently.

It is said that Mr. Tilley will address a public meeting in the Mechanics' Institute, or some other suitable place, on Wednesday evening next.

The new Governor, Hon. Mr Chandler, will be sworn in next week. Mr. Chandler has attained a remarkably ripe old age, being, we hear, nearly eighty years of age. Patriarchs are still mighty in the land.

Henry J. Byron's comedy "Our Boys" has been so successful in London that he has received a royalty of $20,000 from the management of the theatre where it was played.

It is thought that there will be no opposition to the Hon. Messrs. Adams and Landry. Certain rumors with regard to the opposition to be offered Hon. Mr. Adams appear to be unfounded.

The Halifax *Journal of Agriculture* for July has reports from nearly all sections of Nova Scotia, from which it appears the crops this year will be more abundant than for many years past.

For the first time in the history of New Brunswick the French Acadian population is represented in the Government. Hon. Mr. Landry is without doubt one of the ablest and most promising men of the Acadian race to-day in this province. His ability has been fully recognized.

"O'Donovan Rossa," says the *North Western Chronicle*, "reached St. Paul on Tuesday evening of this week, and not being received with a brass band and other wind instruments, took high dudgeon and left immediately. Well, St. Paul can stand it, if Rossa can. The Fenian Propaganda dose not work well in Minnesota—which is to Minnesota's credit."

Belfast has once again been the scene of cowardly violence. The Catholic Total Abstinence Society proceeded on June 16th, to Darne, for a day's outing, and the police had to protect the procession on its way to the station. Some Orange roughs, threw stones, nevertheless, across the roofs of some houses, and a woman in the procession was struck on the head. On the return in the evening there was quite an army of the Orange element in waiting, and the attack began at once. Some shots were fired, and a man was arrested with a loaded revolver. It is clear now that the Orange party have finally made up their minds to two things—one to march when they please themselves, and the other is to prevent the Catholics from all public displays.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday week, the Irish Bishops met in annual meeting in the College of Maynooth, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin presiding. There were present the Primate, Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan; the Archbishop of Tuam, the Archbishop of Cashel, and the Bishops of Derry, Dromore, Kildare and Leighlin (coadjutor), Elphin, Galway, Down and Connor, Limerick, Kilmore, Meath, Clogher, Raphoe, Clonfert, Killala, Killaloe (coadjutor), Achonry, Ossory, Cloyne, Ferns, Ross, and Dr. M'Cabe, Bishop of Godara, assistant to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. Twenty-four of the twenty-eight sees were represented. The see of Ardfert and Aghadoe is vacant, Dr. M'Carthy not having yet been consecrated. The Bishops of Cork and of Waterford were absent; and the Bishop of Ardagh is in Canada, as Delegate Apostolic.

The Press of the three Kingdoms are in course of reviewing "The Centenary Record." We have seen reviews in the *Freeman, Irish Times, Saunders', News-Letter, Mail, Nation, Irishman, Cork Examiner, Derry Journal, Ulster Examiner, Sligo Champion,* London *Tablet,* London *Weekly Register,* Liverpool *Mercury* and other journals, all, without exception, testifying to the eminent ability of the great work. The archbishops and bishops of Ireland have interested themselves in the approval and circulation of the work, to which the leading ecclesiastics and laymen of the two kingdoms are subscribers, while one of Mr. Gladstone's most genial letters has been written to Professor Kavanagh, author of "The Centenary Record," in acknowledgment of a presentation copy of the work.

We find this paragraph in the New York *Sun*:

Some time ago a number of Roman Catholic citizens of Philadelphia decided to try a little experiment in colonization. A tract of good land was secured in Virginia, and an advance guard of colonists settled on it. At a recent meeting of the society a member fresh from the colony reported that the settlers were in good health and good spirits, pleased with their new home, and especially rejoicing over an immense crop of patatoes, and a neat little chapel just consecrated. The colony now numbers nearly 1,000 members, and most of 7,000 acres in the tract bought has been taken up.

We believe that all the efforts made for Catholic colonization in the West and South, within the last two or three years, have been quite successful. We hope to hear of many more of them.

The *Osservatore Romano* frequently exposes the wanton falsehoods of the Liberal press, which uses every means to mislead public opinions in matters relating to the Pope and to the Vatican. These journalists, as also the Italian Government, from which they draw their inspiration, believe that this system of lying will inure to their benefit. There is, therefore, little hope of the immediate triumph of truth, and we must look forward to God's good time and the reward which awaits us. Here is a specimen of their inveracities:

Leo XIII. has had a protracted fainting fit; his attendants are much alarmed, and conceal as far as possible their consternation.

Such old stereotyped paragraphs as the above they have used a hundred times against Pius IX., and the liberal world is so stupid as to accept it; and even many Catholics are found to give it credence. One of the prelates of the Vatican, speaking on the subject, said: "At the news of this fainting fit, invented by the *Bersagliere*, the members of the diplomatic corps hastily assembled, and on the following day we received from all points many anxious dispatches, to which it was necessary to reply."

General James A. Garfield, in an address to his constituents in Ohio, says that the future troubles of this country, will be largely due to the atheism of the people. Here are General Garfield's words:—

There has sprung up a notion that there is nothing divine in Governments; that they are the work of man, like this table or these chairs. Now, if that is true, man may knock the Government to pieces with the same immunity from responsibility with which he may knock to pieces those other works of his hand. The atheism of the times has worked its way until now it is trying to expel God from our Government. I do not propose to make a theological discourse, but I will say that the Almighty cannot thus be ignored. To illustrate: Man and woman are under no obligation to found a family; yet after they have founded it, although up to that time it has been voluntary on their part, it becomes a part of the divine plan, and the bonds cannot be broken with impunity, for a stroke at them is a blow at the Almighty. And it is the same with a Government. True, we have the right to determine the form, but after it is established it is divine, and the voice of the magistrate is, for all lawful purposes, the voice of God. The walls of the temple of Jerusalem were the work of human hands; the artisan pounded and hammered even on the most sacred parts of it, and they owed their forms to him; but when it was done the workman stood back, and the presence of God filled it. So, when our fathers set up this Government, it became their adopted child of God, and rebellion against it is not only treason against the country, but treason against God. But there is a struggle soon to come, against which must be brought to bear every element of patriotism and religion within our confines. A movement is going on to which we must not shut our eyes. It is the so-called war between capital and labor.

The following circular was read in the Catholic Churches in Montreal on Sunday. This document will bear favorable comparison with the utterances of the Rev. Mr. Doudiet and others:—

DEAR BRETHREN,—On Sunday last I asked you to offer fervent prayers to God for peace on the 12th. Our good God was pleased to hear our supplications, controlling the wildest excitement of feelings and the fiercest conflict of passions, he gave us a peace which could come from Him alone. To-day it is our happy duty to send up fervent acts of thanksgiving. We shall continue to pray earnestly that our Heavenly Father may confirm and make lasting amongst us so great and so unexpected a mercy.

The victory obtained was not obtained with blood, nor even saddened by any kind of violence. It is not your victory nor mine. It is not a victory of Catholics over Protestants, it is the victory of peace, the victory of the God of Charity over the demon of hatred and discord; the victory of our dear old city of Montreal over her worst enemies, whether they live here or elsewhere. This being the case, boasting or bravado would not be only unwise, it would be wicked; It would be taking to ourselves the praise of what God alone did; it would be, besides, a destroying of the holy word of God. In the fullness of our gratitude, let us, dearest Brethren, show ourselves true children of the God of charity and peace. Let the miserable past be forgotten, and carefully abstain from giving offence to any one. Rather receive than inflict an injury. Be peace makers for God's sake, for your own sake, and for the general welfare of our city. Let us hope that the sad and costly experience of the late events will have its effect on every citizen of Montreal. In a mixed community like ours, there can be no peace, unless the feelings and convictions of others are treated with tenderness and respect. This evident fact was disregarded. Let us hope that such a fatal mistake may never be committed again. I am sure, that in the future, as in the past, Catholics will not fail to gave the first example of this tenderness and respect for the convictions of their fellow-citizens. I thank you from my heart for your religious fidelity in following the advice I gave you, to abstain from drink on the 12th. You have now a rich reward in the respect of every good man, in the peace of your own conscience and in the blessing of God.

RECONSTRUCTED.

The vacant places in the Local Government have been filled up by the appointment of Hon. P. A. Landry, as Commissioner of the Board of Works and the Hon. Michael Adams as Surveyor General, and Hon. D. L. Hannington without office. Although the Hon. Mr. Stevenson has resigned his portfolio he still remains in the Government without office, an example of self-sacrifice that has rarely been equalled in this or any other country. Of all the members of the King-Kelly Government Hon. Mr. Stevenson appeared to be one of the most energetic and painstaking. His exertions in behalf of the Scotch emigrants are so fully known that it is only necessary to mention the fact to recall his devoted attention to those exiles from the land o' cakes. What could have induced his colleagues to make a Jonah of him above all the other members of the cabinet? Of the leading members of the King-Kelly Government only Hon. Messrs Fraser and Young now remain together with Mr. Stevenson. Many think that it would have been better in every way had Messrs Fraser, Young and Stevenson been obliged to walk the plank. Hon. Mr. Wedderburn was guilty of a grave mistake, they say, when he united his fortune with that of the remaining members of a defeated combination, and the same parties hold that Messrs. Adams and Landry have been rather hasty in taking the positions offered them. Had they remained firm it is contended that a new Government, free from all responsibility for the acts of the party that ruled for the last eight or ten years, would have been formed and they, if they were not called in to form the new administration, might at least have had their choice of offices. This may be true.

On the other hand it is contended that as Messrs. King and Kelly, who are looked upon by many as the real government of the past, have been obliged to retire from public life and their influence, which was all powerful, will not be felt in the new administration, a new era opens in the history of local political parties in the province. It is certainly true that the new government has given proof of a more liberal and enlightened course of action than any administration this province has ever yet possessed. While many will wish to hold the present cabinet responsible for the acts of the last eight years, it would, perhaps, be fairer to allow time for a development of policy and then judge whether the mal-administration of the past is to be continued, or a better and more enlightened course entered upon. With the Messrs. M. Adams, D. L. Hannington, P. A. Landry in the Government of the day we see no reason to expect anything but honor and honesty in the administration of public affairs for the next four years. One important fact should not be forgotten and that is the spirit of fairness manifested in the formation of the new cabinet by recognizing the claims of the French and Irish Catholics to representation.

THE OPPOSITION TICKET.

The Opposition to the McKenzie Government have at length fully organized and the three candidates in the city and city and county are now before the people. In the city Mr. Tilley, whose resignation has at length reached the proper officials at Ottawa, will, it is claimed by his friends prove a strong opponent to Mr. Beveridge, who is personally popular and has besides the influence of the party in power to aid him in keeping his seat. It is admitted on all hands that the contest in the city will be one of the most hotly contested that has ever been witnessed here, and the result, from an impartial standpoint, can not be very easily forecast. To whatever cause it may be attributed, the principles of the Reform party are not as well understood here as they should be. Although the party has been in power for some years the people of St. John have not yet been favored with the public enunciation of the principles, views and opinions of the Reformers by any of the leaders of the great party. Hon. Mr. McKenzie has not yet found an opportunity, after five years of office, to enlighten the citizens here. This, we hope, will be remedied at an early day. If party lines are to take the place of personal feelings the proper way to bring about such a consummation would appear to be by educating the masses as far as possible in the doctrines and aims of the Reformers and Conservatives alike. A lack of public political speaking has unfortunately been only too manifest in the city and county during the last five years. If Hon. Mr. McKenzie cannot himself lay before the electors here a clear and comprehensive view of the advantages of Reform doctrine over those of the Conservatives could not the Hon. Isaac Burpee, Minister of Customs, Mr. Deveber, M. P., or some other equally prominent local Reformer be induced to take the platform and tell us what Reform is and why they are Reformers and not Conservatives, or if they were at any period favorably impressed with Conservative principles, and how it was they came to change? It is to be feared that the neglect of the McKenzie party to reach the people by other means besides their freindly press, whose utterances are not always to be relied on as impartial, will have a bad effect on the elections here unless soon remedied. In Messrs. Palmer and King, together with Mr. Tilley, the Opposition have so far the best talent. These gentlemen are now actively at work and will do their utmost to defeat the present holders of seats in the constituency, who should not be content to let things drift if they wish to retain them.

TWELFTH OF JULY, 1878.

This day, so much dreaded by all lovers of peace and law and order, has passed off this year with less then the usual amount of lawlessless and riot. In the United Kingdom, the demonstrations that took place were of the most miserable character. The need of public by professing their attachment to the throne by gaudy processions and insulting words and tunes appears to have lost its hold on the average English, Irish and Scotch mind. Only one or two localities in the British Isles were disgraced by unseemly conflicts between citizens of this mighty empire. No lives were lost, and much less than the usual amount of bloodshed was the result of the day's proceedings. Strange as it may appear, the most serious encounter between the rival factions appears to have taken place in a Scotch town, where one would least expect such disorder on such an occasion. In the United States, "the truly loyal," whom it is asserted, are not and can not be from the nature of their secret oath-bound society, loyal to the United States Government, do not appear to have entered into the celebration of the "pious, glorious," etc., with the usual enthusiasm. This is to be expected. No true American citizen can at the same time be a good Orangeman. If there is one thing more insisted on than another in the Constitution of the American Union it is surely toleration. This being so, no Orangeman, whose aim must ever and always be, if he be faithful to his engagements, Protestant ascendency, can be a faithful defender of the laws and traditions of a free and tolerant Republic. The oath pledged to one authority must naturally clash with that given the other. Clear sighted Americans are not slow to see this. Hence the utter want of power and respectability among the Orange body in the United States. That we may not be thought guilty of a want of impartiality in writing of an organization that is considered by some as respectable and law-abiding, we quote the testimony of Mr. Elwood Harris, who writes over his own name to the Montreal *Post* with reference to the character of the Orangemen of his acquaintence in New York. Mr. Harris says: "Now, sir, I, who am a North of Ireland Protestant, need not have recourse to newspapers to find out what Orangeism is; and while I yield to no man in my unswerving allegiance to the Protestant religion I look upon that peculiar association called Orangeism as the greatest curse that can be introduced into a community. My Orange acquaintances are about the worst Protestants I know, they seldom go to church, and the only time they handle a bible is when they are sworn into a secret, an illegal and a disloyal society." This testimony as to the status of Orangeism in the United States can hardly be suspected of undue partiality as it comes from a gentleman who proclaims his "unswerving allegiance to the Protestant religion."

In Canada it is gratifying to note that the fell spirit of fanaticism, as shown by intolerant Orangeism, has given public proof of only insignificant proportions of its existence. In this province only a few paltry attempts at display were made, and the result has not been such as to augur well for the future of Orangeism here. At Musquash, Pisarinco, Golden Grove, St. Stephen and Dorchester, the only celebrations occurred, and these were not of an alarming character. Our local readers will very readily perceive the magnitude of the attempts at gorgeous display in such places as Pisarinco, Musquash and Golden Grove. As these localities are at best but sparsely populated, and as it is fair to suspect that not nearly the entire population turned out, it must be concluded that the demonstrations were not on a magnificent scale. The daily papers reported that special trains (!) took excursionists from St. John, Fredericton and Woodstock, to the most ambitious of the Orange displays, held at St. Stephen. The same reliable authority stated that the excursionists by the "special trains" numbered—forty! This would give an average of 13⅓ from each of the populous places named above. At Dorchester, it is said, that two or three hundred members of the Orange Association perambulated the streets of that town, and further, that Mr. Reynolds, of the *Borderer*, a paper that has recently attained a bad pre-eminence, appeared as one of the leaders; also, that Mr. Blakeslee, the defeated of St. John, was to the fore. Well, men of certain calibre must have triumphs of some kind, and these Orange triumphs are about the cheapest we know of. It is gratifying to record that nothing occurred to create ill-feeling, more than what the brethren of the yellow line themselves were guilty of. The twelfth in Montreal was looked forward to with much anxiety by all, but there no lives were lost, only two or three grievous encounters took place, and the firm action of Mayor Beaudry resulted in keeping the peace of the city. As far as the provinces of Quebec is concerned, the "rights" of the Orangemen have been pretty well settled. Some journals claim that no attempt can ever again be made in Montreal or, in fact, in the Province of Quebec, to insult the Irish Roman Catholic population. Should this prove true, one cause of weakness will be removed from our midst, and the people of the Dominion will be able to act in union for the future welfare of Canada.

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

GENERAL NEWS.

Halifax tobacco factory girls play baseball.

Yellow fever prevails at the Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, New York.

Earl Beaconsfold got a very flattering reception on his arrival in London, Tuesday.

An Englishman named Barvstable committed suicide at Ottawa on Tuesday by taking strychnine.

Sir Garnet Wolsley, with staff belonging to the Indian and British forces, and 7000 troops and 1000 camp followers, sailed from Malta on ten steamers and five sailing transports for Cyprus, Thursday.

A copying clerk in the Foreign office named Charles Marven charged with stealing a copy of the Salisbury Schouvaloff agreement and furnishing it to the London *Globe* has been up before a Bow street Magistrate and discharged for want of evidence to convict.

The re-appointment of Hon. Adams Archibald to the Lieut.-Governorship of Nova Scotia is confirmed. There is dissatisfaction in some quarters, as the appointment of Mr. Hill or Mr. Vail was urged by their respective friends, and confidently anticipated by them.

A case of considerable importance to tailors was recently tried in Toronto. A merchant tailor made a suit of clothes for a customer, which he said did not fit him. The customer returned the clothes and the tailor sued for the price of them. The Judge ordered the clothes to be tried on in Court and as they did not fit the plaintiff lost the case.

Rev. Mr. Grogan, of Cleveland, O., who addressed the London Orangemen on the 12th, is reported by the *Herald* to have said:—"In the United States the Orangemen have fought Popery, and, on one occasion kept the Catholics in large numbers at bay. The next Sabbath he was in the Catholic quarter and counted no less than forty funerals. What caused them he knew not. 'But you Orangemen should go and do likewise!' (Loud applause.)"

The Staford Beacon says:—"One of the beauties of protection' across the line is shown by a Boston paper, which, after quoting the price of wool in Ohio at 30 cts., Michigan at 25, and Indiana at 20 and 22 for unwashed, says:—'The sales for the week are unusually light for the season, and there is the greatest indifference on the part of manufacturers, as to purchasing. The number of mills that are shutting down, wholly or in part, is increasing every week, and there is consequently less demand for wool.

The intense heat of the past week still continues at St. Louis, in fact, it increases one or two degrees daily, and has become really frightful. The number of prostrations yesterday reached fully 150, between forty and fifty of which were fatal. An extra force had been provided at the city dispensary and was hard at work all day, and the skill and energy of all were taxed to the utmost. A large number of cases were those of persons overcome in their own homes or places of business, and include people of all classes of society, embracing men, women and children. There are no signs of the abatement of the heat and most serious apprehensions are felt by all classes of people for the result.

N. Y. Bulletin:—"In the midst of July, anything like activity in trade is not to be looked for in any quarter, but it is worthy of notice that the prevailing feeling at the various trade centres is one of confidence and hopeful anticipation as to the coming autumn. This is more especially apparent at the West and Southwest, where the abundant grain crops are the basis of calculations. At St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago and Cincinnati, jobbers in most of the leading branches say they are selling more than their July average of goods. Country collections are also satisfactory. In our own markets there was fair activity in some lines during the week—more especially those which are represented at the Produce Exchange. The movement in some descriptions of groceries is also satisfactory for the season, and the general tone of the market is steady."

A despatch from Fort Thompson, Dak., dated 11th, says Indian Commissioner Hoyt dropped on the Crow agency on that date, without notice. He obtained the books and papers of Indian Inspector Hammond, and discovered frauds and jobbery unheard of, even to the Indian agencies. Dr. Livingston is agent at Crow Creek, and he and Agent Craven, at Cheyenne, and Gregory, at Lower Brule, have been conspirators together. The robberies of Indians are traced back to 1870. They built an hotel at the Government's expense, and supplied it with beef, potatoes, milk, grain, and hay from the Government warehouse. Livingston was a partner with the Indian Trader Hudson, whom he supplied with Indian goods, which were sold to the Indians. He drew pay and rations for three hundred more Indians than were at his agency. Livingston owns a controlling interest in three silver mines in Neveda, about all the real property in Yankton, and has gratified his piety by presenting stained glass windows and marble fonts to churches. His agency, as well as the others, have been seized. The ring threaten Hammond's life for exposing them. Gen. Hammond has superceded the agents at Crow Creek Brule and Cheyenne by army officers.

The B's are all big men in Massachusetts. They have had Butler, Banks, Boutwell, Burlingame, Bullock, Bird, Bowles, and Beard.—*Hartford Times.* Then there are Brown Bread and Baked Beans.—*Danbury News.* And Blue-Blood, too.—*Worcester Gazette.*

The Story of the Great Temperance Reformer, Francis Murphy.

HE WAS TRIED FOR THE MURDER OF PATRICK MURRAY, OF THIS CITY.

FOUND GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER AND SENTENCED TO SIXTY DAYS IN JAIL.

A HISTORY OF SORROW AND REFORM.

The Troy *Times* says that some nine months ago Francis Murphy, the great temperance reformer, began his work in that city and pursued it for about five weeks with unexampled success. The story that Mr. Murphy had committed some dark crime in former years, in Portland, Me., was secretly whispered by persons who were either envious of his success, or by those who desired to see him fail in his work; and when he narrated the history of his life in the opening nights of his lectures, and referring to his imprisonment in Portland without detailing the circumstances of the misfortune that sent him to prison, we felt that possibly there was some shadow upon the past which Mr. Murphy might desire to conceal from the public. Then when he left Troy and engaged in his temperance labors at Washington, some hints were thrown out in the press respecting his past which seemed to justify the idea above expressed. We accordingly felt it to be our duty to say to Mr. Murphy that he owed to himself and his friends to publish the facts. They are as told by Mr. Murphy himself, and supplemented by abundant evidence, as follows:

THE STORY.

In the year 1869 I was proprietor of the Bradley Hotel, at Portland, Me. It was a respectable house, and enjoyed a good reputation and patronage. On the first of September of that year the St. John boat arrived at the wharf, and a large number of guests entered the hotel to partake of breakfast, and some registered, with the view of remaining in the city. After the guests had prepared themselves for breakfast, they were all shown to the dining-room with the exception of one man, who remained in the office, with head bowed and hands covering his face. I asked him whether he was going into breakfast. He lifted his head and said; "I have got no means of paying for it." I bade him go right in and get something to eat. I saw by his looks that he had been drinking, and stood in need of a substantial meal. There was a scar on his face, and he said to me: "I have been having a pretty hard time, and would like to have something to drink more than food." I took him into the bar and gave him some liquor, after which he went into the dining-room and partook of breakfast. Upon coming out he desired an interview with me, when he told me he was a tailor by trade, an utter stranger in the city, that he had no means, and asked me if I would trust him to a week's board provided he could get work. I said I would do that; and more than that, that I interested myself in his welfare, and went out and secured a situation for him. His name was entered upon the registry of the hotel—Patrick Murray, St. John, N. B. On the evening of the 4th of September he came in late to tea. The wife of Captain Hager of New York—who was superintending the excavations in the harbor—her sister and cousin, with two children, were seated at their private table. Murray began in a free way a conversation with Mrs. Hager, whereupon the waiter requested him to desist. He arose from the table in an angry mood and left the dining-room. Mrs. Hager paid no attention to the man, and upon concluding supper went to the sitting room and engaged in conversation with Mrs. Murphy, after which she started to her own apartments, and Murray assaulted her. I was summoned, and Murray decamped to quit my house, I tried to put him out, and after a struggle he fell to the foot of the staircase with a fractured skull. He died four days afterwards. I was arrested and

TRIED FOR THE MURDER OF THAT MAN.

The trial lasted eight days and occasioned great excitement. I had to meet the prejudice of the friends of the Maine liquor law from the fact that I kept a hotel at which liquor was sold, and I was bitterly denounced and charged with having given the man liquor. I never gave him but one glass of liquor in my life, and that was for medicine, and I had done all I could to assist him to a life of sobriety and usefulness. I can never tell how much I suffered for being tried for murder in the presence of my wife and family and friends. The verdict was manslaughter. The case was appealed, and I was admitted to bail in the sum of $10,000, General Shepley and A. A. Stout becoming my bondsmen. I returned home very much depressed to think I had been convicted of such a henious offence, when before God I knew I was entirely innocent. I then began to drink very hard. My wife was very much troubled, though patient and kind, and bore in his face the sufferings she endured at the terrible calamity that had come upon us and our children. For about one year I kept on drinking, and became exceedingly reckless. My friends had me locked up July 30, 1878, in the County Jail in Portland, after which my family removed from the hotel and were compelled to take up quarters in a little tenement house on what was known as the "back cove," and were in very destitute circumstances. I remained in jail three months. On the 15th of August, at a religious meeting held in the prison by Captain Cyrus Sturtevant, I made up my mind, God helping me, never to sell another drop or drink another glass of intoxicating liquor. Meantime the case had been appealed and the verdict sustained. I was arraigned and sentenced for a period of sixty days in the County Jail at Portland. On the expiration of my sentence I was invited to deliver an address in the City Hall on Gospel temperance, and from that time, April, 1871, I date my entrance into the work to which I have dedicated the remainder of my life.

It was a little hard on fire boy, for he meant well and had a sincere admiration for the girl. They were sitting at the tea table with a company of others and as he passed he murmured in an undertone, "Here it is sweet, just like yourself." The compliment was a little awkward, to be sure, but he meant it, and it seemed more than cruel when, a moment later, having occasion to pass him the butter, drawled, "Here it is, sott, just like yourself."

Inventors and Patentees

should send for instructions, terms, references, &c. to Edson Brothers, Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C., who furnish the same *without Charge.* Edson Brothers are a well known and successful firm of large experience, having been established 18 o.

The body of a man named Turner, Buried at South Etna, Me, about fifty years ago found to be petrified. The features are perfectly preserved.

A Dangerous Woman.

HOW MRS. LUCAS ATTACKED AN OLD MAN'S MODESTY AND PURSE IN A CINCINNATI HOTEL.

Mrs. Lucas of Cincinnati has a very effective way of raising the wind when she finds herself in impecunious circumstances. The other day she called upon W. B. Dennis, one of the venerable and solid men of Cincinnati, and said that she was the owner of some land, which she desired to exchange for gas stock. After some further conversation she stated that if he would call at her room in Reid's Hotel, No. 31, she would exhibit the deeds. On receiving an assent to this arrangement, she took her departure. A short time after he went to the hotel and was shown up-stairs to the room, which he entered, and had the door closed behied him and locked. Turning around, he noticed the woman was disrobed to an extent hardly becoming one possessed of any feelings of modesty. Almost doubting his senses he started for the door, found the key gone, and facing about he saw the female standing with a revolver in her hand. A demand from her that he disrobe and get into bed met with a refusal, instantly followed by a reconsideration and compliance when the weapon was cocked and placed at his head. She then gathered up his wearing apparel and cast it out the window into the alley beneath. Firm in the belief that she was insane, he asked what she meant, and was told that unless he made an immediate settlement with her she would call assistance and charge him with a serious offence. The terms, she said, were to be $1000. He agreed, and a servant answering the bell summons brought the clothes up to the room, and they were again donnad. With convenient pen and ink, a check, as follows, was made out:

"CINCINNATI, O., June 20, 1878.
"Fourth National Bank pay to bearer one thousand dollars. W. B. DENNIS.
$1000."

On attempting then to leave the premises he was again stopped and relieved of his gold watch and chain. Now he thought he could leave, but was mistaken. This time the seven-shooter was used as a successful argument in inducing him to sign an acknowledgment, reading as follows:

I have attempted to commit an assault on Mrs. Lucas. W. B. DENNIS.

After then taking his loose change, amounting to $1 25, she said she was going to the bank with him, where he would have to get the check cashed for her. On some pretext he induced her to go to his office and wait there until he went after the money. Later in the day the offender was brought before Colonel Zieglar and interrogated as to her actions. She is a brunette of medium stature, probably thirty years of age, with regular features, spoiled by uncertain mouth. Her black eyes, as she told her story, fairly snapped at times. The statement was very disconnected. She had evidently not prepared herself for cross-examination. She had known Mr. Dennis, she said, for a year, and had been given several presents of money, a thing that he could very well afford, being quite rich. His repeated offers of marriage were as regularly declined, and the affair culminated when he attempted to take advantage of her. The check, money, watch, chain and confession were given her by him voluntarily, as a compensation for the wrong he would have done. On a cross-examination her story was completely broken down.

It seems that this adventurous woman had registered at Reid's Hotel on May 30 as Mrs. S. E. Lucas, St. Louis, Mo., and stated that she was an actress, and was expecting an engagement. All suspicions were removed by the payment of three weeks' board in advance. Before this, however, she had given as reference a dress-maker in the same square as is the hotel, and a visit to the place indicated resulted in the information that, so far as the dressmaker knew, her customer was an actress, and had paid for her dresses immediately on ordering them. Her conduct in this establishment had always, so far as the clerk knew, until this day, been above reproach, showing the care with which she managed her operations. Some time ago, making the same representation at the Emery Hotel that she did at Reid's she was given a room, and after being in the house but a few hours attempted her peculiar tactics on a New York drummer, but failed, as he made an immediate report to the office, and she, in consequence, was turned out. The St. James was next in receipt of her patronage, where nothing out of the ordinary course of things appeared to have happened. And, last of all, Reid's where the grand denouement occurred. She first came prominently into public notice through having drawn a pistol on John Wilson, an Eastern man, in the Arcade. She now languishes in a Cincinnati jail.

MARRIED

In New York City, on Thursday 11th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Sinkelford, J. Thomas Plummer, to Rina M., daughter of Edward C. Broughton, Esq.

On the 13th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. Edwyn S. W. Pentweath, Rector of St. George's Church, Moncton, Mr. George R. Needham, of Fredericton, to Kate, third daughter of Richard Thomas, Esq., of St. John.

At the Cathedral, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Father Quelet, William T. Dunn, of P. E. Island, to Ellen Fitzgerald of Carmanville, N. S.

On the 17th inst., at St. John's Church, by the Rev. G. M. Armstrong, M. A., assisted by the Rev. James W. Millidge, Henry D. Likely, to Sarah Georgiana, eldest daughter of the late T. B. Wilson, Esq.

On the 18th inst., Mr. George Ramage to Miss Nellie A. Driscoll. No cards.

At Freshfield, on the 17th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Mr. Beaver, Mr. Thomas Knowles, of St. John, to, to Mary, daughter of John Eaglestone, Esq.

In this city, at the residence of the bride's mother on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Francis Partridge George H. Tedley to Charlotte A., daughter of the late Captain John Harvey.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Waters, Mr. Samuel H. Pulsifer, of St. John, to Miss Ella C. Miles, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Miles, of Portland.

At the Cathedral, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. A. Quelle, Mr. Francis Boyle, of Hampton, to Miss Jane C. McAnulty, of this city.

DIED

At the Alms House, on the 17th inst., Mrs. Margaret Kearns, aged 39 years, a native of St. John, N. B.

On the 18th inst., by drowning, Mr. Robert Graham, in the 17th year of his age.

In this city, on Tuesday, 16th inst., Captain Andrew Keahey, in the 62nd year of his age.

In this city, on Tuesday, 16th inst., in the 81st year of her age, Ellen, widow of the late Florence McCarthy.

On Tuesday, the 16th inst., after a very severe sickness, Mary, wife of Mr. B. Coyle, in the 40th year of her age, a native of Macroom, County Cork, Ireland, leaving a husband and seven children to mourn their loss.

On Tuesday, 16th inst., Margaret Louisa, daughter of the late Patrick and Margaret Gillespie, aged 21 years.

Sign of the Golden Boot.

J. C. CAVANAUGH,
Custom Boot & Shoe Maker,
MAIN STREET, PORTLAND.
THE latest styles made to order and a perfect fit guaranteed.
N. B.—Repairing manly executed. july 20 3m

P. DONOVAN,
CABINET MAKER,
UNDERTAKER, &C.,
CONNOR'S FACTORY, CITY ROAD,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
☞All Orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. july 20 3m

Black Dress Goods,

NEW AND FRESH

BLACK FRENCH MERINOS;

BLACK FRENCH CASHMERES;

BLACK FRENCH TERILS;

BLACK HENRIETTAS;

BLACK PARAMATTAS

BLACK BARATHEA;

BLACK PERSIAN and SEDAN CORDS;

BLACK SICILIAN and POPLIN CORDS;

DOUBLE FACE BLACK ALAPACCAS, from 20c. to 60c.

ALSO,

COURTLAND'S CELEBRATED WATERPROOF CRAPES

This is a choice stock of good from the best makers, all Patent Dye and finish.

MARKED LOWEST CASH PRICE.

JAMES M'CULLOUGH & CO.;

95 KING STREET,

2 Doors above Waverly House.

apr6

NEW STORE

COMMERCIAL BLOCK,

Foster's Building, - - - - King Street.

SECOND DOOR FROM GERMAIN,

THE Subscriber has opened at the above address with a complete assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS,

IN THE LEADING AND LATEST STYLES.

Boys', Youths', Misses', Ladies' and Gent's, Boots and Shoes of every description, of best makes, Canadian and American Manufacture. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the goods.

may 4 **THOS. LUCY.**

HUMAN HAIR STORE.

59 Germain Street, 1st door from King Street and NEXT TO CHALONER'S CORNER,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

CONROY & SON,

HAIR DRESSERS, Wig Makers, and Manufacturers of Ladies' and Gents' Head Dresses, Curls, Switches, Finger Puffs, Combings, &c., &c.

AND

Importers of Genuine British and Foreign Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, Hair Ornaments, Hair Pins, Crimpy do., Curling Irons, Razors and Razor Strops, and all other articles connected with the trade. june29

OLINTO FUZARI & CO.,

Manufacturers of

CORNICES,

LADIES AND GENT'S HAT BLOCKS,

Centre Pieces, Ornaments

—AND—

ORNAMENTAL PLASTERERS,

BELLONY'S BUILDING,

FOOT OF MAIN STREET,

Portland, N. B.

Centre Pieces fastened to Ceilings in a neat and workmanlike manner.

We sell our goods cheaper than any other house in the city.

All orders will be promptly attended to. june29

HAVANA CIGARS.

Just received from New York:

LIBERTY PYE M. Lafitea, LaUnion, El Horeen and Moles CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de Lionas, Princessas, Infantas and Londres.

Daily expected from New York:

25 M. Republica Espanolas and LaUnion CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYNITAS.

The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.

M. A. FINN,

nov71 22 and Building

NOW OPEN

AT

JEWELLER'S HALL,

14 King Street.

Gold & Silver Watches,

GOLD AND GOLD-PLATED

JEWELLERY,

Clocks & Fancy Goods.

T. L. COUGHLAN

HAWKES BROTHERS,

Dealers in

Ales, Wines and Liquors,

48 GERMAIN STREET,

AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

nov3

HOWE'S

FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

NEW MARKET BUILDING,

Germain Street,

ENTRANCE.—SOUTH MARKET STREET

(Lately occupied by A. B. Sheraton, Esq.)

Cheap Household Furniture.

BEDROOM SUITS,

OFFICE FURNITURE,

COMMON FURNITURE

Spring Beds & Matresses,

AND A FINE LOT OF

KITCHEN FURNITURE.

J. & J. D. HOWE.

apr27

Wm. Martin & Son,

Cutom Tailors and Clothiers,

Have just received a large stock of

CLOTHS & TWEEDS,

Of the Newest Patterns.

Which will be made to order in the LATEST STYLES and at Reasonable Prices.

Gent's Furnishing Goods in great variety always on hand.

13 DOCK STREET

june15

New Bowling Alleys!

THE Subscriber will open his

New Bowling Alleys,

about the 24th May, in his New Building, Sydney street, adjoining St. Malachi's Hall.

may11 C. COURTENAY.

M. McDONOUGH,

Merchant Tailor,

No. 2, North Market Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL NEWS

ST. STEPHEN is to have a new volunteer rifle company.

ECLIPSE.—On Monday, 29th inst. there will be a total eclipse of the sun.

A Lepreaux school teacher named Henifer, was recently fined for cruelly beating a pupil.

PRINCE WARD.—A double crossing is very much needed from the corner of Union and Carmarthen streets to Brussels street.

ESCAPED.—A lad named Thompson escaped from the Penitentiary Monday, and has not since been captured.

THERE will be a meeting of the Teachers Institute in the Normal School Building, Fredericton, on the 13th, 14th and 15th of August.

PAY UP.—There is a large number of subscribers who have not paid their subscriptions for the HERALD. We hope they will do so at once.

BADLY BEATEN.—A stone cutter named Hughes, was severely pummelled by a disorderly crowd on Charlotte street, Saturday night.

ENTERTAINMENT.—A local Troupe—Home Circle Minstrels, gave a very enjoyable entertainment in the City Hall, Carleton, Monday night.

FIRES.—On Tuesday night, a house a short distance from St. Andrews, owned by Dr. Tupper, and occupied by a Mr. Guptill, was destroyed.

A PRIZE FIGHT.—On Saturday last a prize fight on Navy Island, between Sinclair the oarsman, and a Carletonian, resulted in a victory for the former.

THE new paper, *Woodstock Press*, was received last week. It is well got up and promises to be a lively country newspaper. Fletcher Bros. are the proprietors.

BURNED TO DEATH.—A little child named Michaud, belonging to Grand Falls, was recently burned to death by its clothes catching fire from some burning matches.

THE Indian, Bernard, who committed the outrage at Hillsboro a short time since, and who for a long time dodged the officers of the law, was arrested at DeBert, Thursday.

DEAD INFANT.—The dead body of an infant enclosed in a box, was found in front of Mr. Roberts' store, Winter street, Portland, by officer McDonald, Wednesday morning.

THE Westmoreland Circuit Court opened at Dorchester, Tuesday. A true bill was found against the Osbornes for the murder of Timothy McCarthy. They were placed on trial, Thursday.

CHEESE THIEVES.—Alex. Gillespie and John McKenna stole a pound of cheese from B. McCrossin's store, Sydney street, on Thursday, and poked fun at the proprietor. They were placed under arrest and were subsequently discharged.

THE PHONOGRAPH, or talking machine, is still on exhibition in the Y. M. Christian Association building, Charlotte street. It is said to be a wonderful invention by those who have heard it.

DROWNED.—By the upsetting of a sail boat in Courtenay Bay, Monday, a man named Graham was drowned. His companions were much exhausted when rescued Graham's body was found same evening when the tide went out.

MR. J. C. CAVANAUGH, Custom Boot and Shoe maker, opened a new place of business a short time since on Main street, Portland. He manufactures goods of the best quality and guarantees a perfect fit in every case. Mr. Cavanaugh ought to be well patronized. See his advt.

PARDONED.—Haddock, convicted of uttering a forged draft on the Bank of B. N. America of this city, and sentenced to 21 years imprisonment in the P. P., has been set free. Since been sentenced he has spent most of the time in the Hospital in consequence of a sore leg which is said to be incurable.

THE DUFFERIN LIVERY STABLES.—If any of our friends are in want of a nice turn out for an afternoon or evening, Mr. Ryan, proprietor of the above named stables, can accommodate them with as good a one as can be had in the city, and at a reasonable price. See advertisement.

NUISANCE.—Underneath an old dilapidated building a short distance east of St. Luke's Church, Portland, is a slimy, stagnant pool the odor from which especially during hot days is particularly offensive. Unless this nuisance is covered up or some means taken to abate it by the Portland authorities, the public health will be endangered. Let it be attended to at once.

AMUSEMENT.—On Monday evening Viola Clifton's Lady Minstrels and Louise Montague's Burlesque Opera Troupe from the Howard Athænæum, Boston, under the management of Mr. John E. Healey, will commence a season at Dockrill's Opera House. Mr. Healey has taken much pains in his selection of artists to provide the citizens with a series of first class entertainments.

MR. R. MCCOLLIGAN, Fort Howe, will shortly start a new paint shop on Portland Bridge. Mr. McColligan has recently superintended the frescoing, painting, gilding, etc, of Mr. P. McGoldrick's residence, Fort Howe. This work is pronounced very fine and it is doubtful if the interior of any building in the city or suburbs is finished in such an artistic manner. It is, we believe, Mr. McColligan's intention to go more largely into the business and as he has already shown considerable energy, it will not be a matter of wonder if he proves himself a success in his line of business.

PICNICS.—The Catholics of Black Brook, Miramichi, held a very successful Pic-nic, Tuesday, on the grounds adjacent to the new chapel.

REV. Father Chapman, Johnville, intends to have a pic-nic, the proceeds to be devoted to building the new church at that place. The church is now framed and partly boarded in. The pic-nic will take place about August 13th and Father Chapman will be gratified we hope to see large numbers from St. John, Fredericton, Woodstock, and other places attend it.

Victoria Section, Sons of Temperance, holds a pic-nic at Clifton July 31st.

The Pic-nic of the Catholic Congregation of Carleton will be held on McCarthy's grounds, Bay Shore, Aug. 20th.

H. H. BOWIE the contractor who administrated a severe beating to Constable Hancock on Jeffery's hill a week or two ago and afterwards made his escape to the country whither he was pursued but eluded his would-be captors, has, at latest accounts, turned up at Bangor, Me.

M. P. DONOVAN has secured a work-shop in Connors' Factory, City Road, where he will be prepared to attend to all orders with which he may be favored in the Cabinet Making and Undertaking line. We recommend our readers to extend a share of their patronage to Mr. Donovan who is an excellent workman and who will undoubtedly give satisfaction to those who require his services.

CONCERT.—A large audience was present in St. Malachi's Hall, Tuesday evening, at the concert given by the Children of Mary of St. Vincent Convent. It was very successful, financially and otherwise. The piano playing of the Misses. A. Coholan, Bowes, Ritchie and Donohue, was much admired. The duetts between Miss Alice and Nellie Coholan were very well rendered, Miss Nellie showed to considerable advantage later by singing "Starlight Nell." The recitations of Miss McElhinney and Miss Gallagher, were well delivered. The solos of Miss Sullivan and Miss Green, and the appearance with Miss Coholan in trio were well received by the audience. Of course the greatest attraction of the evening was the singing of Miss Mary Coholan, who sung in her usual excellent style. In nearly every case the performer had to respond to encores. A drama entitled "Josephine," was well played by the following young ladies,—Miss Julia Lawlor, Miss Maggie Cody, Miss Katie Corkery, Miss Mary Everett, Miss Mary Maher and Miss Clara Sullivan.

ROWS.—On Thursday afternoon an intoxicated man in Anderson's bar room, King Square, was set on by a sober man and badly beaten. Shortly afterward Anderson thinking that the man hadn't got enough beating, entered the lists and commenced to pummel the poor unfortunate. A crowd collected, a policeman arrived and the beaten man with blood freely flowing, was marched off to the station. Later in the evening another row occurred on Brussels street between two young men. During the melee a young man named Reed received a severe blow in the face. At the close of the proceedings two of the rioters, Geo. Stack and Frank Sullivan were arrested.

TEMPERANCE.—The Holy Trinity T. A. Society, Bathurst, has elected the following officers for the ensuing six months:—

Rev. Father Varrily, Spiritual director;
Francis J. McManus, President;
Lamain R. Doucett, 1st Vice-President;
James J. L. Melanson, 2nd do.;
Francis Meahan, Rec. Sec.;
James J. Melanson, jr., Fin. Sec.;
Peter P. Hachey, Assistant do.;
Samuel J. Melanson, Treasurer;
Henry A. Doucet, Librarian;
Hugh Meahan, Assistant do.;
Henry Burk, Conductor;

DIRECTORS.—Patrick Flannery, Romain Melanson, Alex. M. Doucett, William J. Melanson, William Creamer, and Xavier D. Doucett.

ACCIDENTS.—A daughter of Rev. Mr. Hogg, Moncton, broke one of its arms by falling off a chair, Monday. A ten year old daughter of Geo. Kilnap, was run over by a carriage, Tuesday afternoon, and severely hurt. A locomotive wheel fell on Mr. Wm. Willis' foot in the I. C. R. shop, Moncton, Tuesday, badly crushing it. A son of Mr. Michael Moran, Fredericton, was fooling with a loaded revolver, Tuesday, when it went off badly injuring his hand. Wednesday afternoon, George Phinney, belonging to Bangor, Me., while turning a team at the corner of King and Germain streets, fell under the wheels and had his right thigh broken. Conveyed to the Hospital.

A CHURCH ROBBER.—During the past year the St. Dunstan's Cathedral has been entered many times and candlesticks, lamps, cloths and various articles taken therefrom. The surroundings of the Cathedral were watched, but no trace of the thief could be found. Yesterday evening two young ladies entered the Cathedral about dusk and found a suspicious looking individual in the sanctuary rolling up one of the white altar cloths. They quickly informed the sexton of the matter. He went immediately into the church and found a man named Francis McAdam in the sacristy. On the entrance of the sexton McAdam asked for Father Bodreault. The sexton told him the reverend gentleman was in the Palace, and he left the sacristy to go thither. A gentleman named Timothy Buckley, who accompanied the sexton to the Church, suspecting something, followed McAdam to the door. As he passed out a white cloth was seen to slip from under his coat. Seeing this Mr. Buckley immediately detained him in the porch and held him until the arrival of the police. He was tried before the Quiscomary Magistrates this forenoon and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor. McAdam had a very bad character and is a man over whom the police always require to keep a strict watch. —*Charlottetown Ex.*

AQUATIC.—Danl. Logan of the Straight Shore, and Ed. Smith of Grand Bay, are to row over four a mile course, at the latter place, Monday July 29th.

On Thursday next between the hours of 3 and 6 P. M., if every thing goes right, the question, which is the better oarsman, Ross or Hanlan, will be decided. Very little if any betting has yet been done but the next two or three days will no doubt witness a change in this respect. Already there are odds of 3 to 1 on Hanlan, and the Ross men are still holding back for greater. While pulling over the course on Saturday, Hanlan broke his boat. A like accident occurred on Sunday. A new boat in which the coming race will be pulled, has been sent down from Toronto. The reports that he is dissatisfied with the course, is not in good rowing trim, will never row a race on the Kennebecasis after this race, and all that sort of thing, will, if started for the purpose of making people bet their money, not have the effect intended, but we hope a contrary one. Ross' friends are prepared to hear of their man giving a good account of himself even if he does not win. Part of the week the Kennebecasis course has been so rough that the oarsmen were prevented from taking their usual daily "spins." Both men so far, are in excellent health and spirits and a grand sculling match is expected to take place. Steamers will leave Indiantown for the scene crowded with people and thousands will go out by train.

SHE KNEW HER BUSINESS.—When Collins went home to dinner Monday he found the house tenantless, the cook stove cold, and there was a lonesome look around that part of the Monday washing still left in the tubs in the summer kitchen. Hurrying through to the back yard, he saw his wife braced against the fence, holding to the end of a broken close-line to keep the newly washed garments from the ground.

"You've got here a tlast have you?" exclaimed the wife, as she caugh at sight of him.

"Yes, I'm here—what's the matter?" he repeated.

"Here I've been holding this broken line for over an hour—over a full hour, sir!" she snapped. "I was determained to die right here before I'd let these clothes down!"

"But why didn't you call some one?" innocently inquired. "There is that new family next door—the woman would have come over in one minute."

"Woman next door, you big idiot you! Hasn't she been peeking and peeking around for two weeks for to see my wash, and d'ye think I'd give her a chance to come over here and see for herself whether the sleeves of my night-gown were pieced down with unbleached cotton! You dont know anything, sir, and you make tracks for a piece of rope, sir!"

"Well, I swan!" growled Collins, as he "tracked."

When an editor carefully contemplates his subscription book and views the vast number of delinquent sub scribers enrolled thereon, he buries his face in his hands, heaves a sigh that sounds like the soughing of the wind among the pine trees on the mountain side, and wishes he were in heaven and had the money for his clothes.

Dockrill's New Opera House,

UNION STREET.

JOHN E. HALEY, LESSEE.

COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 22ND.

First Appearance in St. John of the World Famed and Justly celebrated VIOLA CLIETON'S

LADY MINSTRELS,

—AND—

LOUISE MONTAGUE'S

BURLESQE OPERA TROUPE!

From the Howard Athenæum Boston. Each and every Artist Selected with care. The most varied Entertainment ever witnessed, the Management having secured the Principal Attractions of the Late MADAME RENTZ FEMALE MINSTRELS, in conjunction with the above Mammoth TROUPE. It must be acknowledged the Company *par excellence*.

Reserved seats can be Secured at the usual place on and after Monday, July 22nd.

Admission 50 cents. Back seats 25.

MATINEE SATURDAY.

july20

DUFFERIN STABLES

South Side King Square,

St. John, N. B.

JOHN RYAN, - - PROPRIETOR.

THE Proprietor of the DUFFERIN STABLES begs to return thanks to the citizens of St. John and vicinity for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him while at his old stand, Sydney street, and in soliciting a continuance of the same at his new Stables, promises that he will constantly keep on hand for Hire

HORSES & CARRIAGES

of the very best description.

SUPERIOR COACHES

IN ATTENDANCE AT ALL HOURS,

HORSES BOARDED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

july20

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE of NEW BRUNSWICK will be held in the Assembly Hall of the Provincial Normal School, Fredericton, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, the 13th, 14th and 15th of August next, beginning at 2.30 o'clock p.m., on Tuesday. School Officers not been Teachers, and Teachers being members of a Teachers' Institute, organized under Reg. 23, of the Board of Education, are eligible for membership in the Educational Institute.

THEODORE H. RAND,
Chief Superintendent.

Arrangements have been made by the Executive Committee of the Educational Institute for Papers and Discussions at the annual meeting on the following subjects:—A Course of Instruction for Schools; How to Study English Literature; Importance of Cultivating a taste for Healthful Reading; The Place of Written Examinations in Common School Work; The Conduct of Miscellaneous Schools; Forms of Energy, with experimental and stereoptic illustrations; The Study of History in Schools.

Opportunity will be afforded for observation of class work in the Normal School; and a Committee of the Institute will be prepared to answer practical questions submitted by members during the sittings. The Legislative Library and the University will be opened on Wednesday p. m; for the inspection of the Institute when facilities will be furnished for conservation by Telephone.

John Richards, Esq., Railway Ticket Agent, Fredericton, has undertaken to provide, at the close of the Institute, free return tickets by railway and steamers to all members who shall return by the route they come.

HERBERT O. CHILDS, Secretary

Fredericton, July 17th, 1878.

july20 3i

JOB LOTS.

JOB LOTS

Reduced to Half-Price.

No. 1.—A Lot of BLACK LACE SHAWLS, Slightly Damaged. At Half-Price.

No. 2.—A Lot of BLACK SHETLAND SHAWLS. At Half-Price.

No. 3.—A Lot of COLORED SILKS and SATINS, Slightly Damaged, At Half-Price.

No. 4.—A Lot of 27 and 33 inch wide BLACK VELVETS, Slightly Creased. At Half-Price.

No. 5.—A Lot of BLACK CRAPES, Slightly Damaged. At Half-Price.

No. 6.—A Lot of French Frilled and Paisley Long SHAWLS. At Half-Price.

No. 7.—A Lot of Light ENGLISH TWEEDS. At Half-Price.

W. G. LAWTON,

King and Germain St.

july11

THE HELEN CORSET is one of the most comfortable Corsets in use, and is highly recommended by leading Physicians in Great Britain and the United States. PRICE $1.10.

For sale by

W. G. LAWTON,
48 King street,
june22 & 64 Germain st.

TORRYBURN HOUSE.

Nearly opposite the Ferry Chatham.

John McGowan, - Proprietor.

THE above Hotel, having been fitted up and furnished in first class style, is now open for the accomodation of Permanent and Transient Guests.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

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Apply at INSURANCE BLOCK, St. John.

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$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Wines, Liquos, Cigars, &c.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of

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of the very best quality, which he will sell Wholesale and retail at reasonable prices

STEPHEN POWER,
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BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Fine Wines, Liquors,

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U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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H. & H. A. McCULLOUGH'S,

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Under the superintendence of MISS ROSS, who understands the business thoroughly.

Orders for MILLINERY and FAMILY MOURNING, will receive prompt attention.

CHARGES MODERATE. june8

The Commercial Hotel

Opposite the Depot,

BREEN'S BRICK BLOCK,

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.,

GEO. W. FOSTER, Proprietor.

THE HOUSE is New and Commodious, and every attention will be given to the comfort of its guests.

TERMS REASONABLE.

Fine sample rooms on the premises and Eagan & McGarrity's large and spacious Livery and Boarding Stables, are also conducted in connection with the Hotel.

Baggage taken to and from the Depot free of charge. mar23

WHISKEY.

Just received ex "Hibernian," from Liverpoo

8 QR CASKS GLENLISSA WHISKEY;
25 cases Lorne Highland "
16 " Hazelburn " "
20 " " " pts "
29 " Old Irish "

For sale low, by

nov16 M. A FINN.

NEW

Boot & Shoe Store,

Main Street, Portland.

THE subscriber respectfully returns thanks to his many kind friends and the general public who have favored him with their patronage during the past forty years, and wishes to announce that he has opened

A NEW RETAIL

Boot & Shoe Store,

where will be found a large and extensive assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

In all the Latest Styles,

which will be sold at prices that defy competition. Give me a call and be convinced.

HUGH PHILLIPS.

N. B.—Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to as usual.

NEW

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

H. BOWLES,

will on this day, Saturday, 11 inst., open in

Robinson's, Brick Building,

opposite Mullin Brothers', Dock street, with a large and complete assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

which will be sold at lowest rates for cash.

may11

Back to the Old Stand.

BARDSLEY BROS.,

HAVE removed to their New Store,

38, COMMERCIAL BLOCK,

South Side King Street,

where they have opened with a splendid assortment of

Hats, Caps and Straw Goods,

of the newest English and American styles, all of which we offer at our usual low prices.

BARDSLEY BROS.,
38 Commercial Block,
South Side King Street,
may4 St. John, N. B.

LONDON HOUSE!

WHOLESALE.

APRIL 23, 1878.

OUR SPRING STOCK

—IN—

Immense Variety

—IS—

NOW OPEN,

AND IN

EVERY DEPARTMENT

we are prepared to fill the Orders of our friends, personally or by letter, in our

NEW WAREHOUSES,

on the old spot, now re-built with every convenience for our

General Wholesale Business.

Entrance to Brick Block, 3 Market Square. Stone Warehouse, Chipman's Hill, Next to Bank of British North America.

apr27 DANIEL & BOYD.

Spring Goods.

I HAVE ON HAND:

200 PAIRS MEN'S FINE CONGRESS BOOTS, hand sewed and pegged.
150 pairs Gent's Hand Sewed and Pegged Shoes;
150 " in Alexis, French Tie and Oxford do.;
150 " Gaiters, hand sewed and pegged;
100 " Balmorals, " "
300 " Men's Working Brogans at $1.00 per pair;
300 " Youths and Boys Brogans at 80 cts. per pair

Also a large assortment of Ladies', Misses and Children's Walking Shoes, in French Tie and Button.

The latest style of Ladies' Box-toed Button Boots, French Kid and Glove Calf, all of which are manufactured on the premises, and will be sold low for Cash.

MRS. JEREMIAH DONOVAN,

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Portland Bridge, Portland, N. B

mar23

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine

AGENTS WANTED.

WE have just received a splendid Engraving of Pope Leo XIII. Size, 24x30 inches. It is a fine work of art, and is the best thing in the field for agents, as it will sell to the best families. For terms, etc., address,

W. E. ERSKINE,
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REMOVAL.

Messrs. W. B. Della Torre,

HAVE REMOVED TO

Foster's Corner,

GERMAIN STREET.

NOW OPEN;

A Full line of Fancy Notions,

JEWELRY, TOYS, ETC., ETC.

apr27—41

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TWO WORLDS.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

[illegible]'s world is bathed in beauty,
God's world is steeped in light;
It is the self-same glory
That makes the day so bright,
Which thrills the earth with music,
Or hangs the stars in night.

Hid in the earth's mines of silver,
Floating on clouds above,—
Ringing in Autumn's tempest,
Murmured by every dove,—
One thought fills God's creation,
His own great name of Love!

In God's world Strength is lovely,
And so is Beauty strong,
And Light,—God's glorious shadow—
To both great gifts belong;
And they all melt into sweetness,
And fill the earth with Song.

Above God's world bends Heaven,
With day's kiss pure and bright,
Or folds her still more fondly
In the tender shade of night;
And [illegible] casts back Heaven's sweetness,
In fragrant love and light.

God's world has one great echo;
Whether calm blue mists are curled,
Or lingering dew-drops quiver,
Or red storms are unfurled;
The same deep love is throbbing
Through the great heart of God's world.

Man's world is black and blighted,
Steeped through with self and sin;
And should his feeble purpose
Some feeble good begin,
The work is marred and tainted
By Leprosy within.

Man's world is bleak and bitter;
Wherever he has trod,
He spoils the tender beauty
That blossoms on the sod,
And blasts the loving Heaven
Of the great, good world of God.

There Strength on coward weakness
In cruel might will roll;
Beauty and Joy are cankered
That eat away the soul;
And Love—O God, avenge it—
The plague spot of the whole.

Man's world is Pain and Terror;
He found it pure and fair,
And wove in nets of sorrow
The golden summer air.
Black, hideous, cold and dreary,
Man's curse, not God's is there.

And yet God's world is speaking;
Man will not hear it call;
But listens where the echoes
Of his own discords fall,
Then clamors back to Heaven
That God has done it all.

O God, man's heart is darkened,
He will not understand!
Show him Thy cloud and fire;
And, with Thine own right hand,
Then lead him through his desert,
Back to Thy Holy Land!

My Narrow Escape;

A THRILLING SKETCH.

I never told any body how very, very near I was to death that night, just a year ago: but as I can now look and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I think I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping with all my heart that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name in Frederick Putman. I am, and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and bookkeeper of the large lumbering establishment, of Williams, Winston & Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something better turns up. Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of which there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessels.

This is by far the largest share of what the mill cuts, although the amount of our sales direct from the mill, to supply the country to the west of us, is quite large.

Well, one cold December evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the creaking snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though some one in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small travelling-bag in one hand, and a shawl thrown over one arm.

I was alone, Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half hour before, locking the safe in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him as usual.

"Good-evening, sir," said the man, bustling up to the stove and kicking the damper open with his right foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?" I answered that he had. "When?" I was afraid of it." He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought. "I shall not have time to go up," he said. "The train is due in fifteen minutes."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a despatch that calls me home."

"What name, sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best Western customers. I say had been, for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considered behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write him "and punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast pocket of my overcoat.

"You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt."

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I have never blamed anybody since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked eyeing me sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour before: "Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents."

"Humph! less than I supposed. Write out a receipt for that amount."

He left the stove and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

"It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a large, black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of bank notes, he told me to run them over. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just ten one hundred dollar bills.

The balance was in fives tens and twenties, and it took more time to count them; but at last we got it out so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle for the station. Anderson sprang for his travelling-bag, and, giving me a hasty hand-shake, was off on the run.

I closed the door and counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it and slipped it into my overcoat pocket.

I did not feel quite as easy to have so much money about me, but as Winston's house was at least a half a mile distant, I concluded to keep it until morning, when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to put out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which on picking up I saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about, only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning. Then, too, I was in somewhat of a hurry that night, for I may as well state here that my appointment was with a young lady who I hoped would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding-house, ate my supper, and then went over to Mr. Warner's, wearing the overcoat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and, leaving my coat and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor. I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be interesting, so I will pass it, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me until I arose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the entry for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire, but she came back with only my hat.

"Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out so such a night as this without an overcoat!"

"No coat!" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of a way, for the thought of the money, which flashed upon me so suddenly, had almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone. Then I was unnerved, [illegible] at the stair-rail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred, are you sick? Let me call mother and the doctor. You are as white as a sheet."

"Oh, no, Carrie," I entreated. "There I am better now."

And I was better. I was strong all at once, desperately strong. And what brought about this change? That simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid; and was not my unaided word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneaking thief has dodged in and stolen my coat? Well, let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll have a better one."

"But there was nothing in the pockets?" asked Carrie.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought that Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves, and some other trifling notions."

"I am glad it is no worse, Fred. Now if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home."

Thus equipped, I left her. You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you had met a legion of ghosts last night," said Winston. "What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered, with a sickly smile.

"And you'll have another if you're not careful. You had better keep quiet today. By the way, did you write to Anderson?"

I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair. I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him to-morrow or next day."

Immediately after he added:

"Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher. You're sick, man! Come, jump into my cutter, and I'll take you home."

I was glad of the chance to get away, and reaching my room, I locked myself in.

Winston sent a doctor round, but I refused to see him. Then Winston came himself, but I would not open the door. Then my landlady came, then some of my fellow-boarders; but I turned them all away.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed, and the night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved upon self-destruction.

I commenced my preparations with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my poor mother, and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I enclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson. All this accomplished, I went to my secretary and took out the weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all sufficient.

Having examined the cartridges to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire to gather courage. It may be interesting to know that no courage came to me, for the desperation—the growing fear of life—I can in no wise call by that name. It was simply cowardice. Yet, whatever you may term it, it was all-sufficient for the time. It nerved my arm, and, lifting the revolver, I placed its cold, death-dealing muzzle against my forehead. In another second I should have been lifeless; but just as my finger began to press the trigger there came a tap on my door. It startled me, and hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not me, Fred?"

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her beloved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the telltale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are real sick," exclaimed Carrie, the moment the light fell upon my face. "Why did you not send for me? Aren't you better?"

"Worse," I answered, huskily; but Carrie!—good heavens!"

As I uttered this exclamation, I started back and then forward, and then—I scarcely know what, for hanging across Carrie's arm was my overcoat.

Recovering from my astonishment, I snatched it from her and thrust my hand into the pocket. I drew out eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents.

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me, and the appearance of my apartment after it was over, I am led to believe that were it possible to concentrate the above mentioned species of demons into one, their capering and dancing would appear tame in comparison with mine that night.

But I cooled down after a while, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair or washstand which I had selected as partners in my crazy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable; I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's. [illegible] mistaken my coat for his father. He [illegible] never dreamt in [illegible] down, and worn it down to [illegible] in ing that a small fortune was lying [illegible] the pocket.

Well, I didn't have the brain fever over the affair, but I was next door to it. I made a clean breast of the whole thing, excepting my attempt, or rather my resolve, at self-destruction. No one ever guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the first time.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, and went right up with my duties a wiser and better man, I hope; and to-morrow, God willing, I shall lead Carrie to the altar.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., July 17.

Nobody but Beecher can do justice to the present spell of weather hereabouts. When Henry Ward entered Plymouth pulpit that sultry Sabbath morning with the remarks that it was "damned hot," he probably hit the nail square on the [illegible] doubtless, his congregation head, [illegible] But it is appreciated the sentiment [illegible] hotter than that, on an average here now. However, as Beecher and Bob Ingersoll have abolished that "warm climate," created for the punishment of the ungodly, there are no opportunities for comparison. And now as we poor miserable denizens of the handsomest city in America go lolling about over red-hot concrete pavements, sighing for a lodge in some vast wilderness, "with an iceberg or two at control," we turn an envious eye upon the northern Esquimaux, who sits all day upon the solidified snow-banks eating frozen cod-liver oil. Heigho! the comforts of this world are very unequally distributed. How odd it seems very day or two to read a press despatch from some neighboring "springs" telling the world that it is so cool here. Indeed if it keeps on this way somebody will freeze to death before fall. But I suspect these reports are merely free advertising dodges. Every place were a little water comes out of the ground has dug a spring, built a big boarding house, and dignified it with the name of "Summer resort." These are all well enough, and nice quiet places for families to spend the warm season, but when they come to send telegraphic reports of the number of blankets they have to sleep under every night, it begins to appear just a little gauzy. I noticed one of these reports the other day from a resort which I personally known to be about as hot as any place in creation, except St. Louis, and his Satanic Majesty's winter residence.

If the Congressional campaign waxes as hot as the weather, there will be a lively time of it before the returns are all in. From the stir about committee headquarters here it looks as though some talk work was to be done. The control of the next Congress is an important matter, and both parties will make a hard struggle for it. All blusters aside, the advantage is decidedly with the Democrats, and from a careful survey of the field, I do not see how they can lose the House, while the Senate is already theirs after March 4th next by from 10 to 15 majority. A candid estimate of the probabilities by States recently made by the *Post*, gives the House a Democratic majority of not less than 30 or 35, and the New York *Sun* figures about the same way, both estimates agreeing that the chances are in favor of a larger majority. In spite of all bluster, the Presidential fraud investigation has greatly demoralized the Republicans, and given the Democrats a fresh advantage. True the state of things that has been proven was generally known or believed to exist by a vast majority of the American people, long ago, but when it comes to be confessed in detail by the rascally tools who performed the dirty work, it clinches matters and places honest people on their metal. The common verdict is that these rascals, bad as they appear from their own showing, are not to be compared with the grander scoundrels who hired and backed them up. The great outcry on unreliability made against these witnesses fails of its purpose, because people known that they were regarded "reliable" and good enough when they were wanted to make false returns and aid in accomplishing felonious results. They would have ever been brave patriots, it seems, if they hadn't told on John Sherman and his pals. The innate sense of justice in the honest American people will raise up and crush out the perpetrators and the beneficiaries of that great fraud. And whatever else the investigation may have done or failed to do, there is one result so patent and pronounced as to be quite beyond the domain of doubt. It has sunk the decayed remains of Hayes' humbug civil service reform beneath such a mountain of contempt that resurrection is impossible.

The committee has not done much for some days passed, having taken a 4th of July recess, but they are now at it again. Kellogg, who has been whining around all winter cursing Hayes and promising to tell some truth about the Louisiana election, was sent for at the White House just before he went on the stand, and appears to have made his peace with his fraudulency. His tone is entirely changed. What the consideration was cannot be stated yet. Zach Chandler has been here recently consulting with the Republican Campaign Committee, and among the features of the canvass agreed upon was the plan of making a hard fight in the States where United States Senators are to be chosen by the legislatures elected this fall. Every conceivable effort will be made to save Conkling and Howe, and to get Chandler elected in place of Christiancy. Also to secure a Republican successor to Oglesby, of Illinois, and Barnum, of Connecticut. This not with a view of holding the Senate next term, but to keep the Democratic majority down, and with the hope of regaining the lost ground two or three years hence.

PHONO.

A Military Picture.

THE MILITARY REVIEW OF FRENCH TROOPS IN PARIS.

[Edward King.]

The review was of course very brilliant, [illegible] and fully 400,000 people went to see it. After weeks of rain a flood of brilliant sunshine overspread Longchamps and the [illegible] hills on the outskirts of the Bois green [illegible] and the Marshal de Boulogne yesterday, [illegible] was enabled to look over his men very much at his ease. The artillery appeared to particular advantage. It seems that the French are determined to make a special arm of this, feeling, as they doubtless do, that the Prussians owed a great deal of their success in the last memorable campaign to the skill of their artilleymen. For those who had never seen a grand review in Europe, and especially in Paris, with its pomp and circumstances of richly caparisoned calvary, of fantastically uniformed corps of infantry with its inspiring music and its swarms of brilliant officers, the spectacle must have been imposing in the extreme. The troops represented were in number about 35,000 men, taken principally from the military schools of Saint Cyr, from the Republican Guard, from the sapeurs-pompiers, the chasseurs, the gendarmerie, the Sixth, Seventh, Eight and Ninth [illegible] Infantry, the Third and Nineteenth Brigades of [illegible] and fifty-five squadrons of cavalry. The latter look very finely, but I doubt if they would be of as much service in an important war for saving the country as would the artillery. Marshall McMahon's escort attracted much attention yesterday; it was composed of twelve Spahis, or Arab cavaliers, brought from Algeria to do duty in the Colonial exhibition in the Trocadero Gardens, but utilized on this occasion for a guard of honor. The Marshall has spent a good part of his life in Algeria, and has much respect and affection for the natives of that fair province. These Spahis in their red and white burnouses, and with their carbines on their thighs, made a picturesque spot in what was already a most striking mass of color. Behind the Marshall came a brilliant cortege of foreign officers, English, Germans, Austrians, all the nations that be, and a vast number of French generals. The Prince of Denmark, Queen Isabella, the King of Portugal and others, whose arrival had been announced, were not present. In the tribunes devoted to the illustrious were the Shah of Persia, who was dressed with exceeding simplicity, the Duchess of Magenta, the father of the present King of Spain, Princess Hohenlohe, wife of the German Ambassador, President Grevy, Countess Wimpffen, Madame Waddington, Marshall Canrobert, General Vinoy, Admiral Pothuan and a large number of ministers and important local officials. Then Siamese Ambassadors, in Oriental robes of exceeding beauty, were much observed. After the Marshall and his brilliant suite had galloped along the lines the march past began and reminded me much of a day in 1867, when Bismarck and King William of Prussia, sat on their horses beside Emperor Napoleon, intently watching the movements of those troops which he and his creatures cared for so ill. Since that day what deep atonement France has made for her negligence, for her almost criminal submission to the will of the hybrid despot who held his threatening hand over her so long! What anguish! What tears! What repentance through [illegible] the land! And above all, what sincere desire for a lasting peace for all European countries.

A PRINTER'S DREAM.—A printer sat in his office chair, his boots were patched, and his coat threadbare, and his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept: And sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had died, and that not even a cowbell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cowhide sole. As he wandered about among the shades, that smoke and scorch in the lower Hades, he slowly observed an iron door that creaking swung on hinges, a jar but the entrance was closed with a red hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out, and watching for travellers thereabout, and to us to the passing printer spoke:—"Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear, this is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums; for though his life they may escape they will find when they're dead it is too late; I will show you the place where I melt them thin with red hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; the red-hot grindstone to grind down his nose, and red-hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like fire I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire: and then, dear sir, you should see them, squirm, while I roll them over and cook to a curn."

With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke but still at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin and never pay the printer.

Something About yourself.

Supposing your age to be fifteen years, or thereabouts, you can be figured up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds; your heart is nearly five inches in length, and three inches in diameter: it beats seventy times per minute, 4200 times per hour 100,800 times per day, and 36,792,000 times per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cell of your lungs, supposing them to spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brains is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves number 10,000,000 or more. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1700 square inches and you are subject to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little draining tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of your body of 201,166 feet or a tile-ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

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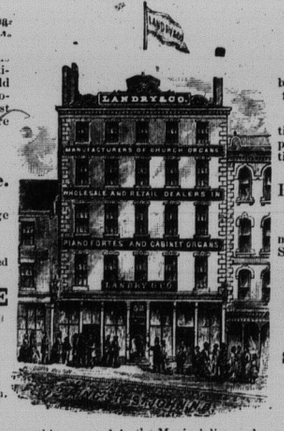

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