The Herald.

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THE HERALD
Is Published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
From the Office of Kane & Co.,
54 GERMAIN STREET,
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Custom Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE REMOVED
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AND
PLUMBING ESTABLISHMENT,
JAS CAMPBELL,
for the past 15 years in the employ of Mr. Thomas Campbell, wishes to inform the public that he has commenced business on his own account, in his Shanty,
South Side King Square,
Opposite the Fountain, and, being determined to use none but the best material, is prepared to guarantee all work done by him. Orders respectfully solicited.

Butter, Lard and Eggs.
Just received per I. C. Railway,
40 T[illegible]
[illegible]
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
[illegible]

APPLES, RAISINS & CURRANTS.
200 B[illegible]
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M. & H. GALLAGHER,
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POPE LEO XIII.
AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE
T[illegible]
[illegible]
apr13 [illegible] St. John, N. B.

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NETS FOR HORT BLINDS,
LACE LAMBREQUINS.

We are now Showing our SPRING IMPORTATIONS of the above Goods.

200 PAIRS NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, ranging in price from $1.00 to $8.00 per pair.
600 PIECES CURTAIN NETS, from 6 to 60 cents per yard.
40 PIECES NET, FOR SHORT BLINDS, from 5 to 11 cents per yard.
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No. 5 MARKET SQUARE,
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WITH A FULL ASSORTMENT
—OF—
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

JOHN McGOURTY,
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A slate will be kept at J. C. Ferguson's, King Square, and orders left will be promptly attended to.

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Just received:
50 GREEN Cases de Kuyper's GENEVA;
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OVERALLS always on hand
Gents' Clothing made to order in the most Fashionable styles, and a perfect fit guaranteed.
A large stock of SEAMEN'S CLOTHING AND OUTFITS always on hand.
Intending purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere.
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HAS A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL
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Tremont House
No Liquors Sold mar9—

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WE have in Stock a splendid line of
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MULLIN BROS.
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MULLIN BROS.

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BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,
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JOHN WILLET. RICH'D F. QUIGLEY,
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FOR 3 OR 5 YEARS.
O[illegible]
[illegible] William Burns, at the Board of Health office on the premises.

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TO BUY YOUR
Boots and Shoes
IS AT THE
Portland Boot & Shoe Store,
where you can get anything in the shoe line as cheap as any house in the Trade. I have on hand a large stock of Men's Kip, Cowhide and Calf Boots of our own make, hand made, which will be sold at very low [illegible]
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Queen Hotel,
WATER STREET,
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For Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on Reasonable Terms.
Livery and Boarding Stables in connection with the House.
D. W. McCormick, Proprietor.

WHISKEY.
8 QUARTER CASKS [illegible]
[illegible]
For sale low, by
M. A. FINN

TWO CITIES.

Side by side rose the two great cities,
 Afar ofe the traveler's sight;
One, black with the dust of labor,
 One, solemnly still and white.
Apart, and yet together,
 They are reached in a dying breath,
But a river flows between them,
 And the river's name is—death.

Apart, and yet together,
 Together and yet apart,
As the child may die at midnight
 On the mother's living heart.
So jose came the two great cities,
 With only the river between;
And the grass in the one is trampled,
 But the grass in the other is green.

The hills with uncovered foreheads,
 Like the disciples meet,
While ever the flowing water
 Is washing their hallowed feet.
And out on the glassy ocean,
 The sails in the golden gloom
Seem to me but moving shadows
 Of the white enmarbled tomb.

Anon, from the hut and the palace,
 Anon, from early till late,
They come, rich and poor together,
 Asking alms at thy beautiful gate.
And never had life a guerdon
 So welcome to all to give,
In the land where the living are dying,
 As the land where the dead may live.

O silent city of the refuge
 On the way to the city o'erhead!
The gleam of thy marble milestones
 Tells the distance we're from the dead.
Full of feet, but a city untrodden,
 Full of heads, but a city unbuilt,
Full of strangers who know not even
 That their life cup has there spilt.

They know not the tomb from the palace,
 They dream not they ever have died;
God be thanked, they never will know it
 Till they live on the other side!
From the doors that death shut coldly
 On the face of their last lone woe;
They came to thy glades for shelter
 Who had nowhere else to go.

—[Rev. S. Miller Hagerman.

MGR. CAPEL.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH OF A FAMOUS ENGLISH PRIEST—HIS WORKSHOP AT CEDAR VILLA.

When newspaper people intrude on the privacy of the life of public men there is less to be said in criticism of the intrusion when their published notes are in as fair taste as those of the following sketch, extracted from a non-Catholic paper of London.

The white house standing in Wright's-lane, almost shoulder to shoulder with the hideous red-brick Hospital for Boys, has undergone a change of late years both as to its title and tenant. It was called 'The Cedars,' what time those trees were represented in the plural number; but now that only one magnificent tree remains, the accurate ecclesiastic who dwells there prefers to call his home "Cedar Villa." The previous tenant was not troubled by scruples of this, or, indeed of any other kind, when fun and frolic were to be promoted. Before his guests arrived, he would take a piece of soap and mark his largest mirror with a compound fracture, and on entering his dining room would profess unbounded indignation at the carelessness of his servants. It was at the Cedars that was arranged the elaborate series of anti-Davenport Brothers' experiments, which enabled the creator of Lord Dundreary to utterly demolish those dreariest of dull deceivers. But Mr. Sothern and his practical jokes have long since vanished from Wright's lane; his billiard-room has been converted into a richly decorated chapel; the place where his cue-stool is ingeniously packed with gorgeous vestments; the odor of his huge cigars has been exchanged for that of benzoin, frankincense, and myrrh; and that most popular of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, the Right Reverend Monsignor Capel, D. D., reigns in his stead.

AN ADVOCATE OF INTELLIGENT CHARITY.

In the cosy room with the bay-window looking, not towards Wright's lane, but on the solitary cedar standing in a rolling sea of verdant lawn, sits a cleanly-shaven gentleman, endowed with good looks and an unmistakable air of distinction. The thick gray hair very gray for a man of forty-three is thrown well back from a well-shaped forehead. Beneath a bushy or rather bristly pair of eye-brows gleam a pair of noticeable gray eyes; from a well-cut mouth proceeds a voice naturally rich and powerful and trained to express the delicate shades of thought or emotion. A priest's cassock, relieved by purple edging and buttons and a broad purple sash the insignia of the prelature covers a strongly knit frame, slightly given to burliness. On the table lie books of a purely secular sort—the last new novel, the last book of travel, illustrated story-books, and the "Autobiography of John Stuart Mill." On the walls are a few pictures of a devotional character and an admirable portrait of the late Pope, in whose favor the master of Cedar Villa stood high, both as preacher and theologian. Monsignor Capel is very much in earnest at this moment, for he is explaining to a little knot of friends, of whom nearly half, by the way, are Protestant, his hopes and plans for the Ladies Home in Kensington-square. As one listens to him, the conviction grows that he is a man who chooses to express himself rather accurately than showily, altogether the flash of the gray eye reveals the fire of eloquence that lurks behind it. In admirably modulated tones he explains his views concerning that which he designates "intelligent charity." By no means disposed to close the open hand which showers a promiscuous dole to the poor and wretched, he holds that his work is [illegible] different from this [illegible] that his task is [illegible] that those needing help really [illegible] in such a [illegible] as to be of permanent [illegible] to them; that it is of no use for him to help them on to the first step of the ladder without taking some care that they do not slip off again into the Slough of Despond. More than this: his comprehensive scheme of charity embraces more than the absolutely wretched—the poor who have sunk so low that it is ungrateful work to try to fish them out of the depths and bring them to the surface. He expresses a strong opinion that all gifts should not be flung to the lowest, but that "intelligent charity" should look sometimes to those who, without being filthy and starving, yet lead hard lives in the endeavor to do their duty and live cleanly. He has faith in the doctrine of helping those who attempt at least to help themselves. [illegible], according to his creed, should not be reserved entirely for the hapless and vicious waif, its drunken father and drunken mother. Something should be done for poor but decent people, who send their children to the Board Schools, but they have a hard and bitter time to make both ends meet. Hence the establishment in Kensington-square, at once a temporary home for indigent ladies, a school of dressmaking, and a training-kitchen for servants. The indigent lady is most difficult to help. She is often not sufficiently well educated to be, in these days of high pressure, worth her board, lodging, and clothing in any scholastic employment. She is hardly fit for a housekeeper, and it exercises all the ingenuity of committee to place her in permanent shelter. Poor girls of less ambitious pretensions are taught to make dresses, but some qualifications are demanded from them. Before admission they must fulfil the requirements of the School Board, and must also be proficient in plain sewing. Then they are handed over to the care of two dressmakers imported from Paris—Monsignor Capel holding that, whether the matter in hand be dogma or dressmaking, the best staff procurable is a *sine qua non* of success.

A PRACTICAL TEACHER.

Yet charity is not the special mission of the eloquent preacher who attracts Protestant listeners to the pro-cathedral. "Teaching is my particular pleasure. I have long been engaged in the work of education, and have a passion for it," he says. He holds that charitable work is good as a relaxation, that it is good also as a preventive against intellectual pride and hardness of heart. He thinks it well to spend two or three hours every Friday, and seven or eight on Saturday, in the confessional, and to listen every day to applicants for help, on the ground that "it is well that our hearts and minds should be brought into contact with misery and poverty." Nothing brings a brighter light into his eyes than a hint that, after all, his reputation with the outer world is that of a fashionable priest who has made some notable conversions. "I hate a priest," he rejoins, "who is only a fashionable man. My life is spent in hard work. For a year and four months I have only dined out, except at public demonstrations, nine times. I cannot afford the time or the wear and tear of sitting up late; but I know that I have the reputation of doing so." In general society, Mgr. Capel, with equal tact and taste, while always recollecting that he is a minister of religion, never obtrudes his priestly functions. Such conversions as that of the Marquis of Bute and the Duchess of Norfolk naturally made a great noise in the world, and induced many Protestants to think that Mgr. Capel received a species of capitation tax from the Pope, as one of his friends puts it, "as Caspar does from Zamiel." Nothing can be more erroneous. The adhesion of wealthy nobles is, of course, prized by the Roman Church; the priest who converts them is valued as a successful soldier of St. Peter; he does his duty, and that is all.

With appetite whetted for teaching by his early experience at St. Mary's College, Hammersmith, Monsignor Capel has thrown himself zealously into the work of founding the Catholic Public School for boys and for girls at Kensington, and the Catholic College. In this, as in other departments of his work, he has spared no pains to secure a strong working staff. Having been born in the Roman Church he is less fettered in the choice of professors than a convert from the English Church would necessarily be. A born Catholic is not called upon to make that profession of uncompromising zeal which is, or is thought by himself to be, incumbent upon the new brother. The man who has been successively private chamberlain and domestic prelate to Pio Nono is above suspicion, and uses the confidence reposed in him largely and liberally. The teachers in the boys' school are drawn with sole reference to efficiency from Oxford and Cambridge, from Roman Catholic colleges, from German universities, and the University of Paris. At the Catholic University College are found, side by side with such names as Mivart and Braff and F. A. Paley, those of Magnus, who is a Jew, and Oldfield, who is a Protestant. In the club or recreation rooms at the University the same liberal spirit prevails. All the chief daily, and most of the weekly, newspapers lie on the table in the reading-room, as well as those magazines which represent the most advanced stages of inquiry. The library of the college is very large and admirably selected, and the scientific schools are as well appointed as the library; even a botanic garden has not been forgotten. The physiological department is, as might be expected, beautifully arranged, and for all purposes of teaching is complete, including even the strange leaf insects which lend so much strength to the hypotheses of Darwin and Wallace. It is almost needless to say that both college and school have been arranged with the idea of making Kensington a spot towards which Roman Catholic families of narrow means should gravitate for the education of their children.

THE LIBRARY.

Much of the hard work thrown upon Mgr. Capel's shoulders by these institutions is got through in his working library, arranged, like every room at Cedar Villa, to let in abundance of light and air, two absolute requirements of its master. His writing-desk is thoroughly characteristic of the man, the keynote of whose mind is organization. The doors of the desk flung back, are pidgeon-holed, ticketed with exact nicety, and stuffed with innumerable papers. Not, however, for the sifting of these has been accumulated the valuable theological library which loads the shelves occupying three sides of the room. A glance at these precious volumes explains why secular works fill the drawing-room. The working library might aptly be called a theological armory, where arms for attack or defence may be sought and found at the shortest notice. Side by side repose the weapons shaped and fashioned by the great masters of dogma, St. Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, and Lugo, from whose vast store the modern polemic selects the lance or shield best suited to his strength. On the farther side are the useful *Questions Historiques* and the complete literature of English Ritualism, from the first *Tract of the Times* to the present day. "The wily ecclesiastic, who looks over into the Ritualistic orchard, and when he sees the fruit nearly ripe, shakes the tree," is especially proud of his profound knowledge of every shade of Puseyism, makes it his business and delight to watch every new development of Ritualism, and enjoys his reputation of wiliness very heartily. In his bedroom he has another library devoted entirely to the English classics, handsomely bound. Opposite his bed are two rude pictures painted at Bethlehem, one of the Virgin and Child, and the other of the Saviour at the first consecration.

UNWRITTEN BUT NOT UNDIGESTED SERMONS.

It can easily be imagined that a preacher and lecturer with an arsenal of theology at his back leaves little or nothing to memory or to chance. Yet in his sermons he prefers to trust for the clothing, the mere words and illustrations, to the inspiration of the moment. The skeleton of thought is prepared and fitted together with wondrous precision, and then the argument is carefully written out. To the remark that it would be as well to write the sermon completely out at once, the eloquent preacher and precise teacher, who never passes a day without devoting at least one hour to the study of dogmatic theology, will reply that a written sermon becomes a species of essay, and that a good essay may be a very poor sermon. Besides, the essay is all before the reader, while the sermon must be recollected and the argument grasped as it is developed. This operation is not very simple to persons with minds too sluggish to trip lightly from syllogism to illustration and back again. Hence it is sometimes necessary in a sermon, if not to repeat, yet to restate, to resume the argument, to drive it home, and clinch it with a fresh illustration if the first have missed fire. It is an important part of the preacher's duty to look sharply to this, to watch the faces of his congregation to see whether they are dazed or convinced, on a level with the argument, or hopelessly floundered in the rear. Should the latter be the case, it his duty to enliven with illustration, to enforce with motion; in short, to employ that ornamental rhetoric which, so long as he can do without it, his good taste leads him to avoid. Precision is of the essence of preaching as of all other teaching, and the lucid arrangement of argument without rhetorical padding, the object to be aimed at.

BEPPO AND BISMARCK.

Mgr. Capel is proud of the skill by which Mr. Sothern's sometime billard-room has been metamorphosed into a chapel. His own taste inclines to the Gothic; but as the shape of the apartment would nowise accommodate itself to the exigencies of that style, he was fain to put up with the Italian. With a keen love of art, he has decorated the chapel with many choice works; the crucifix is a masterpiece; the figures on the altar are by Rossi; the dark face looking down upon it is a portrait of St Francis of Assisi by Francia, next to which hangs a lovely Assumption of the Virgin, by Domenichino. After early mass the celebrant betakes himself to the lecture-room, and then becomes the victim of public cares until the hour of luncheon. From this, the important meal of the day, two household pets are never absent—a beautiful mocking-bird and a great collie dog, grown somewhat obese by over-petting, and wearing a collar marked with his name, "Beppo, Friend and Protector," and the address of his master. Beppo is a learned as well as an amiable animal. He will turn his nose up to the most tempting of biscuits if he is told that it comes from Prince Bismarck; he will swallow a crust if told that it comes from the Pope. He is the delight of the pleasant Sunday afternoon gatherings at Cedar Villa, and moves among the assembled celebrities with wondrous majesty, especially after his master has retired for an hour's rest and silence before again appearing in the pulpit.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Wash the glasses of pictures with a damp newspaper dipped in whiting; then rub with a dry paper.

Scald your bedsteads in the hottest soapsuds you can apply. If there are traces of bugs apply kerosene with a small paint brush. It is a sure cure.

The best paste is made out of rye flour, with two ounces of glue dissolved in each quart of past; half an ounce of powdered borax will make the paste.

Ink stains on wood can be removed by a solution of oxalic acid. Cover the spots with bits of acid, turn on a spoonful of water and place a heated flat iron over it; when the hissing ceases the ink will have disappeared.

Kerosene and powdered lime whiting, or wood ashes, will scour tin with the least labour. Kerosene and whiting will also cleanse silver ware, door knobs, hinges, &c., wet the flannel slightly in oil, dip in the whiting and rub hard. Wash off with a chamois skin or newspaper.

Lace curtains should never be ironed. Wash and starch them, using in the rinsing water a tablespoonful of powdered borax. This makes them very stiff. When wet, spread on a sheet, either on the floor or bed, and pin down every two or three inches. Let them dry for two or three days and they will look very nice.

People now generally understand how dangerous it is to paper a wall over old paper and paste. Many deaths have arisen from this cause; the air of many sleeping rooms has been thus poisoned. In some old houses three or four layers of paper have been found upon the walls of the rooms, and their inmates have died, and no doctor could tell whence came the disease.

In whitewashing a pound of glue dissolved in hot water and diluted with four gallons of cold water, to which is added six pounds of whiting, will be found to answer a better purpose than common lime. Woodwork can be washed with this glue size, and one coat of paint on it would last for years.

A little chrome yellow will give a light lemon-coloured tint to the wash.

Fly paper should be kept about as soon as the flies appear. Some housekeepers complain that it does no good. This is because they do not commence early enough. Put it in the window as soon as the first fly appears, and keeping it there, renewing it once a fortnight, until the last one is gone, and you will then learn its use. It is the best remedy that can be applied.

In papering walls be sure to remove all the old paper and paste and scrape them perfectly smooth. Dampen the old paper with cloths wet in saleratus water and it will come off easily; fill up the cracks with plaster of Paris, and if they are any traces of bugs wash the wall all over with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water; this will purify the air and destroy all mould and vermin.

TO WASH FLANNELS.

A lady writes as follows to an exchange:—"Dissolve a large tablespoonful of borax in a pint of boiling water. Mix one-quarter of it in the water in which the wool is to washed. Put in one piece of goods at a time, using soap if needed, and if necessary add more of the borax water. Wash well and rinse in cold water, or in water only slightly warmed. Shake well and hang where the goods will dry quickly. For twenty six years I have used for washing my white flannels water about as hot as would be used for cotton clothing. My flannels are beautifully soft as well as white. I never have any shrink.

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AND
ORNAMENTAL PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
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LADY CAKE.

Beat ten ounce of sugar with six ounces of butter, add one and a half gills of milk, mix six ounces of maizena with eight ounces of flour and three teaspoonfals of baking powder; pass it twice through a sieve to mix it well, and add to it the sugar, &c; flavor with two tablespoonfuls of rose water and four teaspoonfuls of almond extract. Last of all add the beaten whites of seven eggs. Pour it into a square tin two inches deep, and bake it in a moderate oven. Make an icing by beating one heaping teacupful of pulverized sugar with the unbeaten white of one egg and two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. When thoroughly mixed (it will take about five minutes) spread it smoothly over the cake as soon as it is baked. It is a very pretty cake, and may, if preferred, be baked in a loaf.

Father Newman.

AN INTERCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS WITH HIS OLD COLLEGE.—Father John H. Newman was recently made an honorary fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. He acknowledges the compliment by dedicating his new and revised edition of his "Essay on Development of Christian Doctrine" to the fellows and President, Dr. Wayte, in the following graceful letter:

MY DEAR PRESIDENT:—Not from any special interest which I anticipate you will take in this volume, or any sympathy you will feel in its argument, or intrinsic fitness of any kind in my associating you and your followers with it,—

But, because I have nothing besides it to offer you, in token of my sense of the gracious compliments which you and they have paid me in making me once more a member of a college dear to me from undergraduate memories;—

Also, because of the happy coincidence, that whereas its first publication was contemporaneous with my leaving Oxford, its second becomes, by virtue of your act, contemporaneous with a recovery of my position there;

Therefore it is that, without your leave or your responsibilitiy, I take the bold step of placing your name in the first pages of what, at my age, I must consider the last print or reprint on which I shall ever be engaged.

I am, my dear President,
Most sincerely yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

He Fooled Away His Time.

"A little more fish, if you please," said a red-whiskered patent-medicine man to the waiter, and then, turning to an old farmer he said:

"It's a mighty prime article o' diet, an' they know how to cook it here to suit my taste better than they do anywhere else in town."

Then he drummed on the table with the handle of his knife, picked his teeth with the fork, waiting impatiently for the waiter to return.

"I see you seem to kind o' like it," said the honest old farmer, shovelling his mouth full of mashed potatoes, and washed them down with the contents of his saucer.

"Yes, I'm very fond o' fish; 'specially fried," continued the patent-medicine man, with a nervous eye on the kitchen door as he bolted half a biscuit. "Did you ever know," he resumed, "that fish was good for the brain?"

"Lor', no!" replied the countrymen. "You don't tell me! How'd you find it out?"

"I've known it for a long while. I read it in an almanac."

"Did you, though? Well, now, tell me, have you ever tried it?" asked the farmer, sending down an enormous chunk of roast beef to see if the potatoes were comfortable.

"Did I ever try it! Great Cæsar, man, why, I should say I had. Do you know, sir, I've had fish-bones around my plate at least two meals out of three for the last five years?" he replied, as he seized with avidity the heaping plate just returned.

The old farmer laid down his knife and fork at once and stopped his jaws. Then he leisurely pulled from his coat-tail pocket, a German-silver spectacle case, which he opened and took out a pair of iron-bowed glasses, reached around and pulled a red silk handkerchief out of his hat under the chair, deliberately wiped the spectacles, placed them on his nose, and then proceeded to eye that medicine man closely and attentively for about two minutes, when he removed the glasses, returned them to their case, and asked with much interest—

"Did you say you have been eatin' fish pretty considerable for five years?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' did I understand you to say you b'lieved it was good for brains!"

"That's exactly what I think."

"Well—what makes you think so?" asked the farmer, shovelling in more potatoes and squash, thrown on the belt and setting the mill to grind again.

The confident fish consumer gave him such an injured look as one man seldom bestows on another, dropped his knife and fork as though they were red-hot, and bolted from the room.

The farmer watched him disappear, and then turning to a driver he said—

"That feller might keep on eatin' fish till the bones came through his skin as thick as his beard, an' have all his chawin' for nothin'. I never waste manure on a yellow clay side that won't raise blue beans."—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

Recently at Glasgow, a man named Simon Fraser, while in a state of somnambulism, killed his infant son, aged 18 months. The family went to bed about 11 o'clock the previous evening. Soon after 1 o'clock Fraser got up in bed under impression that there was a wild beast moving about, and seizing his child under the impression that it was the animal, dashed it against the wall with such force that it died shortly afterwards. Fraser is a somnambulist, and on a previous occasion, while asleep, had assaulted his wife. He has been taken into custody.

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.