THE HERALD

Is Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

From the Office of Kane & Co.,

54 GERMAIN STREET,

AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, Post-paid, or delivered in any part of the City or Town of Portland.

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

The Herald.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

At Low Rates and with Despatch at the

"HERALD" Book, Card and Job Rooms,

54 GERMAIN STREET,

VOL. II. ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY 16, 1878. NO. 9.

NEW Boot & Shoe Store,

NO. 212 UNION STREET,

(Next door to A. Sinclair's)

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

Lowest Prices for Cash.

Boots and Shoes made to order in the latest style.

C. E. VAUGHAN.

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

J. S. STANTON,

Coach Proprietor,

98 St. Patrick Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

☞ All orders promptly attended to. mar24ly

The Empire Dining Saloon,

GERMAIN ST., Opposite City Market

R. J. PATTERSON, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

The very best of Oysters always on hand

☞ SOUPS OF ALL KINDS served every day. ☜

Wm. DOHERTY & Co.

CUSTOM TAILORS.

Corner of Main St., Portland, AND PARADISE ROW.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

FIRST CLASS FIT

And workmanship guaranteed. A full stock of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

☞ Ladies' Sacques A Specialty. ☜

DOMINION

Dining Rooms and Exchange,

OLD ST. JOHN HOTEL LOT,

CHARLOTTE STREET.

ARE NOW OPEN

Meals at all Hours. Dinner 35 cents, served from 12 to 2. Patronage solicited.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. COURTENAY,

aug25 Proprietor.

P. KEENAN,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

(Successor to the late J. Crear.)

has removed from Germain street, to the Shanty on the

SOUTH SIDE OF THE FOUNTAIN,

centre of King Square, where he will be found prepared to give the best satisfaction to all who favor him with their patronage. sept15

JOHN McGOURTY,

City Contractor,

COR. OF ELLIOT ROW & PITT ST.,

ST. JOHN, N B,

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

GREAT BARGAINS IN BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

I RESPECTFULLY wish to announce to my friends and the Public generally that I have on hand a large and well assorted stock of MEN'S and BOYS', Coarse, Calf and Kip Boots.

Men's and Boys' Shoes,

BALMORAL and CONGRESS BOOTS; Ladies, Misses and Children's

BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS,

and Ladies' and Gentlemen's

Felt Overshoes and Rubbers,

PLAIN and FANCY.

The above mentioned goods will be sold at very low prices for CASH.

Custom work and Repairing executed on the premises with despatch.

Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to my late husband while in business, I would solicit a continuance of the same.

MRS. J. DONOVAN,

Main street, Portland,

dec26 McKeever's Building.

ANNUAL HOLIDAY SALE!

During the present month, and preparatory to Stock taking, the Goods in all departments will be sold at vastly Reduced Prices, in most cases less than the Wholesale quotations.

In a few days the range of prices in

BLACK SILKS, VELVETS, DRESS GOODS, BLANKETS, COUNTERPANES, COMFORTERS,

Etc., Etc., will be published.

Irrespective of Purchasing, an Inspection of the Stock is solicited

MACKENZIE BROS.

47 King street.

LONDON-MADE TWEED OVERCOATS,

New and Fashionable.

In a splendid variety of mixtures; also, REEFERS, will be cleared out at Cost, as they form no part of our regular line.

dec22 MACKENZIE BROS.

BLANKETS! COMFORTABLES!

Clearing out at Reduced Prices.

We will sell the balance of our Stock of BLANKETS and COMFORTABLES at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES:

\$2.75 BLANKETS for \$2.00;	\$5.00 BLANKETS for \$4 25;
3.40 BLANKETS for 2.70;	6.00 BLANKETS for 5.00;
7.00 BLANKETS for 6.00;	8.50 BLANKETS for 7.20;
10.25 BLANKETS for 9.00;	12.00 BLANKETS for 10.40;

50 COMFORTABLES for \$1.50 each — regular price \$2.00;
60 " " 2.50 each — regular price 3.00.

McCAFFERTY & DALY,

Corner of King and Germain Sts.

SPRING GOODS!

Tweeds! Tweeds!

100 PIECES CANADIAN TWEEDS:
50 " ENGLISH "
50 " SCOTCH "

A FULL LINE IN WORSTED COATINGS.

150 PIECES GREY COTTONS;
100 " WHITE "
20 " " SHEETINGS;
20 " GREY "
10 " PILLOW COTTONS.

The above will be found good value and worthy of inspection.

MICHAEL WALSH,

feb9 PORTLAND BRIDGE.

25 KING SQUARE.

WOOL SQUARES, CLOUDS and BREAKFAST SHAWLS, in great variety, new fresh and beautiful, at lowest cash prices;

WOOL and PAISLEY SHAWLS very cheap at 25 King Square;

GREY and WHITE BLANKETS at bottom prices, at 25 King Square;

300 pieces DRESS WINCIES very cheap, at 25 King Square;

70 " DRESS MATERIALS, in all the leading shades, at 20 cents per yard, undoubtedly the best value ever shown in the city, at 25 King Square;

20 " BLACK CRAPE CLOTHS very much reduced, at 25 King Square;

300 " HEAVY WOOL TWEED for Youths', Boy's and Men's wear, at astonishingly low prices, at 25 King Square;

500 " PRINTED COTTONS and CAMBRICS clearing out at cost prices, at 25 King Square;

1000 " GREY and WHITE COTTONS commencing at 6 cents per yard, at 25 King Square;

The largest stock of CLOTHS in the city are selling off at less than Wholesale prices, at 25 King Square.

☞ Every purchaser should call and see our Stock before placing their orders elsewhere, as we sell genuine goods at lowest rates, at 25 King Square.

P. J. QUINN, 25 King Square.

BUY YOUR Christmas Groceries & Fruit,

AT

John Coholan's,

MAIN ST., PORTLAND,

2 DOORS ABOVE

KELLY & MURPHY'S Factory.

N. B.—A choice assortment of the above on hand at low prices for Cash. dec22

JEWELLERS' HALL,

No. 14 King Street,

PALACE BUILDING.

THIS new Store has opened with a full stock of

Fine Watches, Jewellery and FANCY ARTICLES.

Also, a good assortment of TOYS, expressly imported for the Christmas Trade. Owing to the lateness of their arrival, the FANCY GOODS and TOYS will be sold at cost so that none will remain over.

dec 22 T. L. COUGHLAN.

CORNELIUS GALLAGHER,

Painter, Glazier and Paper HANGER,

IMITATOR OF

WOOD and MARBLE.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

99 St. Patrick Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

sep22

Portland Hat & Cap Store,

JOHN D. HARRIS,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF HATS AND CAPS

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE LONG WHARF,

MAIN STREET, PORTLAND, N. B.

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

REPAIRING carefully attended to. june2

A QUANTITY OF PAPER BAGS, WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.

APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY, Established in 1837. Superior Bells of Copper and Tin, mounted with the best Rotary Hangings, for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, Court Houses, Fire Alarms, Tower Clocks, Chimes, etc. Fully Warranted. Illustrated Catalogue sent Free. VANDUZEN & TIFT, 102 and 104 East Second St., Cincinnati.

C. McGOURTY,

City Contractor,

No. 201 Waterloo Street.

Estimates furnished for Excavation of all kinds.

☞ A slate will be kept at E. HANEY & CO., Booksellers, No. 49 King street, and orders left there will be promptly attended to. jan6—ly

Greenville Extra Lime,

MANUFACTURED BY

D. A. HOLLAND & CO.

ALL Orders left at JOHN O'BRIEN'S, (Tobacconist) Mill street, or at the Adelaide House, McCoskery's Road, Portland, will be promptly attended to.

jan12—ly.

THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

[From "Recollections of the Last Four Popes and of Rome in their Times," by H. E. Cardinal Wiseman.]

The interval between the close of one pontificate and the commencement of another is a period of some excitement, and necessarily of much anxiety. I remember being at Paris when Louis XVIII. died, and Charles X. succeeded to him. Chateaubriand published a pamphlet with the title, "Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi." There is no interregnum in successive monarchy; and that title of a book consists of words uttered by some marshal or herald, at the close of the royal funeral, as he first point with his baton into the vault, and then raises it into the air.

But in elective monarchy, and in the only surviving in Europe, there is of course a space of provisional arrangements, foreseen and predisposed. Time is required for the electors to assemble, from distant provinces, or even foreign countries; and this is occupied in paying the last tribute of respect and affection to the departed Pontiff. His body is embalmed, clothed in the robes of his office, of the penitential color, and laid on a couch of state within one of the chapels in St. Peter's, so that the faithful may not only see it, but kiss its feet. This last act of reverence the writer well recollects performing to the mortal remains of the immortal Pius.

These preliminaries occupy three days, during which rises, as if by magic, or from the crypts below, an immense catafalque, a colossal architectural structure, which fills the nave of that basilica, illustrated by inscriptions, and adorned by statuary. Before this huge monument, for nine days, funeral rights are performed, closed by a funeral oration. The body of the last Pope has a uniform resting place in St. Peter's A plain sarcophagus, of marbled stucco, will be there seen, though hardly noticed, by the traveller, over a door beside the choir, on which is simply painted the title of the latest Pontiff. On the death of his successor it is broken down at the top, the coffin is removed to the under church, and that of the new claimant for repose is substituted for it. This change takes place late in the evening, and is considered private. I cannot recollect whether it was on this or on a subsequent occasion that I witnessed it, with my college companions.

In the afternoon of the last day of the novendiali, as they are called, the cardinals assemble in a church near the Quirinal palace, and walk thence in procession, accompanied by their conclavisti, a secretary, a chaplain, and a servant or two, to the great gate of that royal residence, in which one will remain as master and supreme lord. Of course the hill is crowded by persons, lining the avenue kept open for the procession. Cardinals never before seen by them, or not for many years, pass before them; eager eyes scan and measure them, and try to conjecture, from fancied omens in eye, or figure, or expression, who will be shortly the sovereign of their fair city; and, what is much more, the Head of the Catholic Church, from the rising to the setting sun. They all enter equal over the threshold of that gate; they share together the supreme rule, temporal and spiritual: there is still embosomed in them all, the voice yet silent, they will soon sound, from one tongue, over all the world, and the dormant germ of that authority which will soon again be concentrated in one man alone. To-day they are all equal; perhaps to-morrow one will sit enthroned, and all the rest will kiss his feet; one will be sovereign, the others his subjects: one the shepherd, and the others his flock.

* * * * * * *

The conclave, which formerly used to take place in the Vatican, was on this occasion, and has been on subsequent ones, held in the Quirinal palace. This noble building, known equally by the name of Monte Cavallo, consists of a large quadrangle, round which run the Papal apartments. From this, stretches out, the length of a whole street, an immense wing, divided in its two upper floors into a great number of small but complete suites of apartments, occupied permanently, or occasionally, by persons attached to the Court.

During conclave these are alloted, literally so, to the cardinals, each of whom lives apart, with his attendants. His food is brought daily from his own house, and is overhauled and delivered to him in the shape of "broken victuals," by the watchful guardians of the *turns* and lattices, through which alone any thing, even conversation, can penetrate into the seclusion of that sacred retreat. For a few hours, the first evening, the doors are left open, and the nobility, the diplomatic body, and in fact all presentable persons may roam from cell to cell, paying a brief compliment to its occupant, perhaps speaking the same good wishes to fifty, which they know can only be accomplished in one. After that all is closed; a wicket is left accessible for any cardinal to enter, who is not yet arrived; but every aperture is jealously guarded by faithful janitors, judges and prelates of various tribunals, who relieve one another. Every letter even is opened and read, that no communications may be held with the outer world. The very street on which the wing of the conclave looks is barricaded and guarded by a piquet at each end; and as, fortunately, opposite there are no private residences, and all the buildings have access from the back, no inconvenience is thereby created.

While conclave lasts, the administrative power rests in the hands of the Cardinal Chamberlain, who strikes his own coins during its continuance: and he is assisted by three cardinals, called the "Heads of Orders," because they represent the three orders in the sacred college of bishops, priests and deacons. The ambassadors of the great powers receive fresh credentials to the conclave, and proceed in state, to present them to this delegation, at the *grille*. An address, carefully prepared, is delivered by the envoy, and receives a well-pondered reply from the presiding cardinal.

In the mean time, within, and unseen from without, *fervet opus*. That human feelings, and even human passions, may find their way into the most guarded sanctuaries, we all know too well. But the history of conclaves is far from justifying the estimate made of them by many prejudiced writers. There will indeed be, at all times, diversities of opinion on matters of ecclesiastical and civil polity. As to both, this is sufficiently obvious. For, in the former, there will be some who conscientiously desire things to be ruled with a strong hand, and corrected by severe measures, while others will be in favor of a more gentle pressure, and a gradual reform. Some will be inclined to yield more to the demands of the temporal power, and so prevent violent collisions; others will think it safer to resist every smaller encroachment, that may lead to greater usurpations. It may even happen that a politico ecclesiastical cause of division exists. These may consider Austria as the truest friend of religion, and best defender of the Church; while those may look on France as most earnest and powerful, in attachment to the faith.

And it must, indeed, be farther observed that the election is of a prince as well as of a pontiff, and that serious diversities of opinions may be held, relative to the civil policy most conducive to the welfare of subjects, and the peace even of the world.

* * * * * * *

It is not to the purpose of this volume to describe the manner in which the business of the conclave is carried on. Suffice it to say, that twice a day, the cardinals meet in the chapel belonging to the palace, included in the enclosure, and there, on tickets so arranged that the voter's name cannot be seen, write the name of him for whom they give their suffrage. These papers are examined in their presence, and if the number of votes given to any one do not constitute the majority, they are burnt in such a manner that the smoke, issuing through a flue, is visible to the crowd usually assembled in the square outside. Some day, instead of this usual signal to disperse, the sound of pick and hammer is heard, a small opening is seen in the wall which had temporarily blocked up the great window over the palace gateway. At last the masons of the conclave have opened a rude door, through which steps out on the balcony the first Cardinal Deacon, and proclaims to the many, or to the few, who may happen to be waiting, that they again possess a sovereign and Pontiff. On the occasion of which we treat, the announcement ran as follows:—

"I give you tidings of great joy; we have as Pope the most eminent and reverend Lord, ——— Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church——— who has assumed the name of ———."

On arrival of the foreign Cardinals, the Sacred College will permanently constitute itself in congregation. The "Bull" left by Pius IX. authorizes Cardinals to deviate from established procedure, but not to prescribe any special new rule. The public were admitted to St. Peter's to review the remains of the Pope on Sunday morning. The crowd was tremendous. The body of the Pope, arrayed in Pontifical robes, lies on a crimson bed, at each corner of which stands a member of the guard with a drawn sword. The bed is surrounded by twelve large candleabras, as is so placed that the feet of the deceased are outside the altar rails, in order that the faithful may kiss them. His face is calm, and unchanged by death. The *Riforma* states that the conclave will last a long time. At one of the next congregations the Cardinals will consider the question of permitting absent Cardinals to telegraph their votes. The *Riforma* also states that Monsignor Lasagni, Acting Papal Secretary, of State, has sent a note to the Nuncios protesting against any power of exercising veto, and stating that perfect tranquility and independence are assured to the conclave in Rome. The Italian Government have ordered eight additional battalions to Rome.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

Lent will commence on March 6th, and end April 20th.

Somebody says it takes a pickpocket to disperse a crowd.

A clipped horse looks as cool this weather as a man would with a linen duster.

The drop curtain is so called because the gentlemen go out for a drop while it is down.

A handkerchief flirtation is a very simple thing—it only requires two fools and two handkerchiefs.

"A meal and a chromo for ten cents," is the inscription on a placard at one of the cheap eating houses.

A New York barber has a parrot which shouts "Next," and thus the thread of the barber's discourse is not interrupted.

"Twas ever thus; from childhood's hour
We've seen our fondest hopes decay
The fire went out, the batter's sour
We can't have buckwheat cakes to-day.

The Chicago Journal knows a thing or two. It says, "When a man imagines he is a prophet and a philosopher, he takes to long hair and a dirty overcoat."

After the declaration: "This is, perhaps, not the first mitten you have received, Mr. Brown?" "But perhaps the first you have ever given, Miss Smith."

"This is the maiden all forlorn, who often whished she had ne'er been born and turned up her nose in petulent scorn at the girl who last season's hat had worn.

Some of the farmers of Waldo County, Maine, are trying the experiment of feeding cows on corn meal alone, discarding hay altogether. It is called the Miller system.

A Montana justice of the peace doesn't charge any when he marries a couple. He says, "Arise! Grab hands! Hitched! Six Dollars!" And that is all there is to it.

When you meet a school girl with a faraway look in her eyes, and nervously moving lips, she is not thinking of her beau, but wrestling with a conundrum in mental arithmetic.

"I rode in the carriage with the widower," said the cook, on her return from the obsequies of a friend, and then added, "*He said the funeral would have been nothing without me.*"

A man lately entered a tavern in France, looking dreadfully wearied, and with a face as long as a crescent moon. He seated himself languidly at a table where a previous customer was taking his glass of absinthe. "Sir," said the latter, sympathetically, "you appear much fatigued." "Yes," replied the other, "head-work, sir, headwork." "Dramatic writer, possibly?" "No, sir, I am a hair-dresser, and to-day shaved twenty stubby beards, and cut hair off thirty heads."

Another temperance lecture! The denizens of a New York tenement house were disturbed by the crying of children in the apartments of Maurice Murphy. A police-officer was called in and burst open the door. The rooms were cheerless and dirty, and three children, one only eight months old, were crying bitterly from hunger and cold. In the adjoining room Murphy lay, in a drunken stupor, on his back, across the dead body of his wife, whose face was black and blue. The woman's death was caused by excessive drinking, and the husband was too drunk to realize the situation, while the poor children shivered in rags, half famished.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A BILLION.

Henry Bessemer in the London Times.

It would be curious to know how many of your readers have brought fully home to their inner consciousness the real significance of that little word "billion," which we have seen of late so glibly used in your columns. There are, indeed, few intellects that can fairly grasp it and digest it as a whole; and there are, doubtless, many thousands who cannot appreciate its true work, even when reduced to fragments for more easy assimilation. Its arithmetical symbol is simple and without much pretension; there are no large figures—just a modest 1 followed by a dozen ciphers, and that is all.

Let us briefly take a glance at it as a measure of time, distance and weight. As a measure of time, I would take one second as the unit, and carry myself in thought back through the lapse of ages back to the first day of the year 1 of our era, remembering that in all these years we have 365 days, and in every day just 86,400 seconds of time. Hence, in returning in thought back again to this year of grace, 1878, one might have supposed that a billion of seconds had long since elapsed; but this is not so. We have not even passed one-sixteenth of that number, in all these long eventful years, for it takes just 31,687 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes, and 5 seconds to constitute a billion of seconds of time.

It is no easy matter to bring under the cognizance of the human eye a billion of objects of any kind. Let us try in imagination to arrange this number for inspection, and for this purpose I would select a sovereign as a familiar object. Let us put one on the ground and pile upon it as many as will reach twenty feet high, showing only the thin edges of the coin. Imagine two such walls running parallel to each other and forming as it were a long street. We must then keep on extending these walls for miles—and still we shall be far short of the required number. And it is not until we have extended our imaginary street to a distance of 2,386½ miles that we shall have presented for inspection our one billion of coins.

Or in lieu of this arrangement we may place them flat upon the ground, forming one continuous line like a golden chain, with every link in close contact. But to do this we must pass over land and sea, mountain and valley, desert and plain, crossing the equator, and returning around the southern hemisphere through the trackless ocean, retrace our way again across the equator, then on and on, until we again arrive at our starting point; and when we have thus passed a golden chain around the huge bulk of the earth, we shall be but at the beginning of our task. We must drag this imaginary chain no less than 763 times around the globe. If we can further imagine all these rows of links laid closely side by side, and every one in contact with its neighbor, we shall have formed a golden band around the globe just 52 feet 6 inches wide; and this will represent our one billion of coins. Such a chain, if laid in a straight line, would reach a fraction over 18,328,445 miles, the weight of which, if estimated at one-quarter ounce each sovereign, would be 6,975,447 tons, and would require for their transport no less than 2,325 ships, each with a full cargo of 3,000 tons. Even then there would be a residue of 447 tons representing 64,081,920 sovereigns.

For a measure of height let us take a much smaller unit as our measuring rod. The thin sheets of paper on which these lines are printed, if laid out flat and firmly pressed together as in a well bound book, would represent a measure of about 1-333d of an inch in thickness. Let us see how high a dense pile formed by a billion of these thin paper leaves would reach. We must, in imagination, pile them vertically upward, by degrees reaching to the height of our tallest spires; and passing these, the pile must still grow higher, topping the Alps and the Andes and the highest peaks of the Himmalayas, and shooting up from thence through the fleecy clouds, pass beyond the confines of our attenuated atmosphere, and leap up into the blue ether with which the universe is filled, standing proudly up far beyond the reach of terrestial things; still pile on your thousands and millions of thin leaves, for we are only beginning to rear the mighty mass. Add millions on millions of sheets, and thousands of miles on these, and still the number will lack its due amount. Let us pause to look at the neat ploughed edges of the book before us. See how closely lie those thin flakes of paper, how many there are in the mere width of a span, and then turn in imagination upward to our mighty column of accumulated sheets. It now contains its appointed number, and our one billion sheets of the *Times* superimposed upon each other, and pressed into a compact mass, has reached an altitude of 47,348 miles."

ORANGEISM CONDEMNED.

Orangeism is a species of religious mania and intolerance that few reasonable people admire. A few years ago at Liverpool the "Rev. Hugh McNeile"—now Dean of Ripon—held up Orangeism as a "heaven-sent association against Popery." To-day Liverpool has a decidedly low estimate both of "Hugh McNeile" and Orangeism The *Argus*, the most respectable weekly journal in Liverpool, in its last issue says:

There are many strange things in the hotchpotch of party politics, but the strangest of them all is the lying impedence of this same Orange factions. Their Orange fathers (and some of themselves) conspired to prevent the accession of the present sovereign of these realms and to enthrone some enormity in the shape of an Orange Grand Master in her stead; they and their hateful and hating "brotherhood" have kept open every rankling sore of Irish discontent, and have cursed the name of all reformed religion by associating Protestantism with swords, malice, tyranny and all manner of riotous orgies; every-where (as in Liverpool) they bring "a piece of hell" into all meetings of the friends of liberty, and, led on by some grievous wolf wearing the garb of a minister of the Gospel of love, peace and forgiveness, they rob men of their rights, stir up hatred and strife and gag the mouths of all who would preach and exemplify a true Protestant Christianity. And then these Bashi-Bazonks foam forth their attachment to the throne that they undermined, the constitution that they trample on and the Bible whose teachings they utterly set at naught.

HOW TO DETECT MARRIED PEOPLE.

If you see a lady and gentleman disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.

If you see a silent pair in a car or stage lolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or,

If you see a lady whose beauty and accomplishments attract the attention of every gentleman in the room but one, you have no difficulty in determining the relationship to each other—the one is her husband.

If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying sharp things and toying with every pretty woman in the room, excepting one, to whom he appears particularly cold and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that one is nobody can be at a loss to discover.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation—they may be resorted to with confidence; they are upon unerring principles, and deduced from every-day experience.

GENERAL NEWS.

A grand dinner was given Hon. A. G. Jones, at Halifax on Saturday evening.

During a circus performance lately in Calais, France, a panic caused a stampede. Ten persons were killed.

A Pictou (N. S.) livery stable was destroyed by fire, on Sunday morning. Eleven horses perished.

It has been announced by telegram that over two thousand persons perished by the burning of an Asylum for men and women at Tien Tsin, China, a few days ago.

The roof of a large building known as the Furnace House of the New England Glass Manufactory, East Cambridge, Mass., fell in, Saturday afternoon with a terrific crash. The roof was of iron, 100 feet long by 90 wide, and cost \$18,000. The fall is attributed to the contraction of the metal by cold.

Near South Deerfield, Mass., a family, consisting of husband, wife and seven children are happy and in excellent health on an income of three dollars per week. They have had no need of medicine or physican for a year. The father and his eldest son chop six cord of wood a week, at fifty cents the cord, which yields a little less than five cents a day for the support of each person. Their food is corn meal made into johnny cake. Milk costs too much.

The conditions of the protocol between Russia and Turkey, recently signed, were as follows.

"First Erection of Bulgaria into a principality.

"Second A war indemnity, or territory in compensation.

"Third The independence of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro, with an increase of territory for each.

"Fourth Reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

"Fifth An ulterior understanding between the Sultan and the Czar regarding the Dardanelles.

"Sixth The evacuation of the Danubian fortresses and Erzeroum."

There was a large South American mail, and registered letters containing a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, on the "Metropolis," recently wrecked off the coast near Boston Lighthouse. It is asserted that the mail bags were cut open and rifled of their contents, and the letters strewed along the beach.

Mr. Onslow is to call the attention of the House of Commons to the large forces kept up by Indian princes. The British army in India consists of about 63,000 European and 125,000 Native troops. Against this the native princes can show an enrolled strength of some 315,000 men—5,252 guns, 9,390 trained gunners, 64,000 cavalry, and 241,000 infantry.

A large fire has occurred at Tullymore Castle, county Down, the seat of the Roden family. Lord Roden is now in Rome, and none of the family were at home. The fire was first discovered at half past six o'clock, and an alarm was at once given. The inhabitants flocked to the spot to render assistance. Notwithstanding that every effort was made to subdue the fire, one storey of the castle was destroyed.

On January 17th a new building in course of construction opposite Garrard's, in the Haymarket, London, fell to the ground, carrying with it the adjoining house, an oyster shop, belonging to Mr. Barnes, who is supposed to be in the ruins. A cab and several carriages waiting to take up from the theatres were damaged by the fall of the houses. There is at present no reason to believe that more than one life has been lost by the fall of the houses. Mr. Barnes, proprietor of the oyster shop, is missing. The other inmates are reported safe, but it is not known whether any person was passing along Panton street at the moment of the accident.