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Weekly Herald.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 27.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Hon. Mr. Tilley addressed an enthusiastic meeting last night.

The cost of sending troops to Montreal on the 12th was $20,000, and the loss to business is estimated at half a million.

His Excellency Mongr Conroy was taksuddenly ill in Newfoundland, but the latest accounts say that he is improving. His complaint was inflammation of the lungs.

The property of all New York clergy, whether in active pastoral charge or not, is exempt from taxation to the amount of $1500, according to a recent opinion of Attorney General Schoonmaker.

The *World* hears that Princess Beatrice will be married to the new Duke of Cumberland, who will take his money from Bismarck and content himself with an English title and a Royal English bride.

A great tide of emigration has commenced in Egypt in favor of Cyprus, the latest acquired British possession. A direct line of steamers between the ports of Alexandria and Cyprus is already spoken of.

The Montreal *True Witness* writes in an unpleasant mood about the efforts made by the Hon. Mr. McKenzie to have the Orangemen "protected" despite the illegal and disloyal nature of the organization in Quebec.

L'Union des Cantons de L' Est of the 18th instant says:—The Orangemen of Sherbrooke burned Mayor Beaudry in effigy on Monday evening. They regret, no doubt, that they were not in a position to burn him in person.

Some one advertises for "a New Religion." Would it not be well to give the *old* one a fair trial? It has worked well for our race, and the world.—*Intelligencer.*

Yes, Mr. *Intelligencer*, you had better try the *old*.

John Gilmary Shea, the distinguished writer and lecturer, was among those prostrated by the great heat in St. Louis, whither he had gone to deliver an address commemorating Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi two hundred years ago. Mr. Shea's case did not fortunately prove fatal.

Mr. Doutre, the famous advocate in the Guibord case and the gentlemen of the Liberal Government delighted in honoring by an appointment on the Fishery Commission, is now the lawyer pitched upon by the Orangemen to look after their "rights" in the Quebec courts.

Dr. Conroy, the Delegate of the Holy See, who has been seriously ill at St. John's Newfoundland, suffering from pneumonia, is, we are glad to hear, much improved in health. All who know the immense services rendered the Church by the distinguished prelate, will be pleased to hear of the complete restoration of Dr. Conroy.

Intelligence from India shows that a remarkable increase in the number of converts. The Bishop of Madras reckons about 80,000 baptized natives in his diocese, though there were not 50-000 in 1862. In China some progress is made, but in Japan there are only eighty-eight native Christains. There is such a thing as making haste slowly.

The Roman Catholics have purchased 7,000 acres of land in Mecklenburgh County, Va., on which they propose to have an industrial farm for colonizing and educating the freedmen. They mean business in their deep laid schemes for converting the colored people of the South to Romanism.—*Intelligencer.*

They always do mean business; don't the Baptists?

The Hon. W. E. Gladstone delivered a speech on last Saturday, July 20, before the Southwark Liberal Association. He denounced the Berlin treaty, which he said England might repudiate without any breach of national faith. He declared that in the consummation of that treaty the English Government sold Bessarabia to Russia, Montenegro to Austria, the Greeks to Turkey, and Turkey to British interests. Mr. Gladstone repudiated any intention of resuming office.

As we anticipated last week no opposition has been offered to the return of Hon Messrs. Landry and Adams. The two gentlemen are now firmly seated in their different departments, and will, we feel convinced, soon prove themselves the right men in the right place. Hon. Mr. Landry has already given proof that he intends to fill the office in a manner calculated to confer the greatest benefit on the whole people of the province. It is well that no factious opposition was offered these two gentlemen.

The Corporation of the English town of Sunderland undertook to entertain Gen. Grant not long ago, and did entertain him right royally, as the bill for the banquet amounted to $2000. But the Corporation after helping to eat the dinner refused to pay such a large bill, and the case came before the Court of Queen's bench which sided with the town against the Corporation, and decided that the individual local rulers should pay the bill out of their own pockets. The citizens of Sunderland appear to have peculiar ideas with reference to the duties and privileges of aldermen.

The *Catholic Herald* says that the Liberal Catholics are cowards. They lack "the courage of the truth." When a man shrugs his shoulders at the mention of the Temporal Power, or Papal Infallibility, he is on the brink of heresy, and all true Catholics should pray for him and shun him. The cause of the Temporal Power appears to human eyes weak, but God will in His own good time, show its strength and justice. As Father Faber beautifully expresses it:

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Good Catholics neither doubt nor falter. They have full confidence in the promises of Christ; but the so-called Liberals are weak in faith and fear to proclaim the truth or boldly assert the rights of the Church.

There was an Orange procession on the Bowery New York, on the 12th of July, but it did not elicit public approval. The arbitrary police arrested all its members, and the Jesuit-ridden magistrate at the Essex Market Police Court sent them all to the Island. However, there were only two of them, a man and a woman. They appeared covered with yellow ribbons from top to toe, and they had not "marched" far ere a crowd was following them, "pelting them with dead cats, decayed cabbages, and rotten eggs." The man was sent to the Island for a month, and the woman for ten days. We shall be surprised if a collection be not taken up in the Presbyterian churches next Sunday for these martyrs of the Protestant faith, and if a banquet be not tendered them upon their release from the noisome cells of the Inquisition on Blackwell's Island, where they are now languishing.

Another Papal aggression must be recorded. The victim is—Russia. At least it is so reported. Russia, it is said, is about to adopt the Gregorian calendar. Hitherto, with the true spirit of private judgment, Russia has clung to the calendar of Cæsar, which by this time has left her twelve days behind the rest of the Christian world. She celebrates the Feast of the Nativity on the 6th of January, and no end of confusion results from her persistence in an error which yearly becomes more conspicuous. It is now 296 years since Pope Gregory set the world right by directing that the system of computation prescribed by him should be adopted; and it has required 296 years for Russia to acquire wisdom enough to obey the suggestion of the Pope. She now proposes to submit to this Papal degree, and to place herself—in this respect—in harmony with the rest of Christendom. We should rejoice if there was any reason to suppose that this very tardy recognition of the Papal authority were a prelude of a return of the Greek Church to her former allegiance to the See of Peter. But of this we at present see no evidence.

It is a matter of deep regret that political differences should have run so high in this place, and led to most decreditable and disgraceful results. It is not long since guns were discharged from a window in this town at the successful candidates in election, and the coachman of one of them was actually shot in the body, though not dangerously wounded. But one man was killed on the same occasion; and from the very same window whence he received his death, the very flag which shielded his murderer (not only in the commission of his crime, but from its consequences), was displayed again on the occasion of the public ceremony proposed by a Governor General, to which I have just averted. *Of all the colors in the window, there is but one which could be so employed: I need not say the flag was Orange.*"—(AMERICAN NOTES, chapter XV.)

Such was Dickens' opinion of Orangeism, thirty or more years ago. The scene of the above outrage was Kingston, Upper Canada. No man ever chose the right view of a subject more instinctively than Dickens. No man has ever spoken with greater scorn of bigotry and ignorance. Orangeism in Canada is today what it was thirty years ago, a warp of hatred on a woof of ignorance.—*Boston Pilot.*

Many thousand copies of the various numbers of *The Vatican Library* have already been sold; and from every quarter the publishers receive warm approval of the books, and expressions of the good which they accomplish. Meanwhile, however, the minds of thousands of our boys and girls are being poisoned by the perusal of the horrible trash which it is the mission of *The Vatican Library* to supersede. Here is the latest case, as told by the New York *Sun*:—

"Bowee Nife Dan" was the blood-freezing name under which young William McCabe started out on his career of crime. Bowee Nife Dan had not remained in school long enough to become proficient in spelling, but he could read dime novels, and from the repertoire of yellow-covered ten-cent volume he selected the name at which policemen were to shudder and rich bankers to turn pale. Bowee Nife Dan began operations yesterday in a building at Sixth avenue and Thirty-ninth street. He was armed with screw-driver, jummy and flask of powder. His labors were not attended with that caution which experienced burglars display when going through the odious preliminaries of their profession. An officer heard a noise in the invaded store, and captured Bowee Nife Dan. That interesting young person will probably soon exchange his gory assumed name for the number of a cell in State prison, and come forth some years hence an older if not a wiser man.

The Count DeMun, deputy and president of the institution of "Les Cercles Ouvriers," in a most eloquent speech recently exposed the whole system of the enemies of order and religion, and did justice to the eloquent and energetic protestation of the illustrious Bishop of Orleans. A few passages from his speech can not fail to be interesting to our readers: "One day when Orleans was besieged Jeanne d'Arc exhausted from the fatigue of the combat was taking a little rest, when a loud noise suddenly awoke her. It was at the gates of the city the enemy was doing most harm to the French. Suddenly she rose, and meeting her page,

'Ah,' said she 'You did not tell me that they were shedding the blood of France!' Exhausted, also, after long combats and untiring zeal in the service of France and of the Church, the glorious prelate whom God has placed in the city of Jeanne d'Arc to be the guardian of her memory was reposing himself in order to acquire strength for new efforts—for his ardor in the cause is inexhaustible. Suddenly an impious rumor reaches him. 'Ah! it is not the blood of France that is about being shed, it is her honor.' At once the venerable combatant returns to the conflict! His writings strike like arrows, and in the presence of the recently-meditated apotheosis of Voltaire the indignant soul of a bishop of France gives in the name of the insulted country and of the outraged God, the signal of a magnificent protestation. The echo of it still resounds. It created from one end of the country to the other a deep feeling of enthusiasm. Let us remain in our legal position, but let us continue incessantly our legitimate propaganda. Ireland on this point in its combat for faith and independence has given us admirable examples. O'Connell, intrenching himself behind legal order as behind a rampart, when he could not be attacked, called to his patriotic crusade a vast multitude which his powerful eloquence constantly renewed and increased. It was thus he accomplished his work, confident in his right, unshaken in his faith and in his enthusiasm, and raising up an entire people by repeating to them every day: 'Have patience, Ireland will be herself again.' We have not O'Connell, but we have right. Let us have faith and enthusiasm. Let us never doubt. France will become herself again!"

The August number of *Rose Belford's Canadian Monthly* and *National Review*, ably edited by Geo. Stewart, Jr., late of St. John, comes promptly to hand. The table of contents is varied and interesting. The illustrated article, "Edinburgh Jottings," is remarkably good. The illustrations, we are glad to notice, will compare very favorably with those of any contemporary magazine. "The Haunted Hotel," by Wilkie Collins, and the "Monks of Thelema" are continued. R. Marzin Seaton contributes a charming bit of verse, "Tell, Cloone, tell Me Why." Mr. J. Griffin has an article, "A Quarrel with the XIX Century," which will repay careful perusal. Mr. Griffin, although proud of the nineteenth century and the progress accomplished since it began, is not at all desirious of shutting his eyes to the glories of the olden times. We commend this clever, solid piece of writing to the attention of all. H. L. Spencer, Enylla, Allyne, and Mr. H. Nicholson have some good thoughts clothed in fair poetic diction in this number. Professor Lyall's criticism on Thomas Campbell is well done, as are also the articles by J. L. Stewart and Dr. Daniel Clarke, entitled respectfully, "Lever's Military Tales," and "The Scars of a Recent Conflict." "Round the Table," contains some good things in verse and prose. "Current Literature" is formed of reviews of some eight or ten recent Canadian and American publications. In "Current Events" we have a *resume* of the principal topics discussed in the press and elsewhere during the month. The writer of the article anent the Montreal Orange troubles seems to be deeply imbued with the false principles of the secret societies. It is, therefore, not surprising that those who opposed a disloyal organization are looked upon by him as "roughs," etc., and that Mayor Beaudry is called very black names. In another place the writer is unable to restrain his passion for calling names and insinuates that the Minister of Finance is a "political waif." The *Monthly* should be above calling names. With these exceptions the number is a good one.

ELECTED BY ACCLAMATION

Notwithstanding certain rumors and many boastful words written in the journals which appear to be controlled by a certain distinguished dignitary residing in this city, no opposition was offered to the return of Hon. Messrs. Adams and Landry. This, we think, taking all the circumstances into account, was the proper course to take. While it is quite true that there are reasons why these gentlemen should have been opposed after accepting office in a Government in which are found men with whom the new ministers were not in complete accord, there are others of a very grave nature, which in the eyes of reasonable men out-weight the former. We are glad to know that the explanations offered the electors on nomination day were of the frankest. In his speech at Dorchester on that occasion Hon. Mr. Landry met the objections of those who blamed him for what he had seen fit to do in joining a Government, which he thinks there are many reasons to look upon not as the King-Kelly administration or a continuation of it, but an entirely new organization with a larger and more liberal policy, and a greater desire to benefit the entire population of the province without distinction of class or race or denomination. Mr. Landry on the occasion referred to said that he well knew that theoretically and constitutionally the government of the day might be looked upon as the old regime or as a continuation of it; but practically it is not so, and he felt convinced that the future would justify what he said. The most important thing for the province, Mr. Landry claimed, was to have at the head of affairs an honest and capable government working for the true interests of the people. He cited several instances to prove that he could not be held responsible for the sins committed by the different administrations which governed the province for a number of years. He further remarked that certain departments of the party that held the reins of government until the end of the last session were badly managed, but none of the ministers with office condemned by his friends formed part of the present government, and he felt convinced that the new government would follow in all things a line of conduct which the people of the province would feel justified in sanctioning.

Hon. Mr. Adams, in Northumberland justified his position in much the same manner, and the fact that no one could be found to oppose him, after all the efforts made in that direction, goes to prove that the people are quite willing to forget what naturally appears to many of them like inconsistency and judge of the men forming the present administration by their future acts—a determination that has in it much common sense and a large share of the political sagacity so long used by certain parties for their benefit. We are well aware that Mr. Willis does not see eye to eye with those who have at length completely baffled him. He, perhaps, is disposed to look upon the acts of Messrs. Adams and Landry from that high and mighty moral eminence which he has erected for himself and from whose heights he judges the actions of lesser morals, but, of course, them gentlemen know exactly how to meet his aguments. Mr. Willis has we think, been on both sides before now and knows all the little state secrets of the last few years. In making their choice Messrs. Adams and Landry doubtless yielded to the principle guiding individuals and states in the choice between two evils. Between Mr. Willis and Mr. Frazer or Mr. Wedderburn as leader there was to a certain extent a choice of evils, and the new members of the Government have shown considerable ability in avoiding the greater of the two. In this they were wise and for this they no doubt acquired an amount of sympathy that forced those who would otherwise have opposed them to desist from their efforts in that way and allow the Hon Commissioner of Public Works and the Hon. Surveyor General to be returned unopposed.

PASTORAL VISIT.

His Lordship, Bishop Rogers of Chatham has been for the two or three weeks visiting that portion of his extensive diocese situate in Madawaska. As showing the progress we are continually making in our means of transit, it is astonishing to note that Bishop Rogers was, thanks to our admirable system of Railways, able to leave Newcastle on the night of July 9th and arrive at Grand Falls the next night. This simple fact shows the immense strides that have been made towards providing rapid means of communication between the most distant parts of the province. Our capitalists aided and encouraged by the Local Government have assuredly done the state good service in this matter of railroad construction. Dr. Rogers' time was very fully occupied during the whole period spent in Madawaska. On the 11th, we are informed His Lordship after celebrating mass in the new church at St. Leonard's now in course of construction, proceeded to St. Basil's, where he presided at an admirable entertainment given by the pupils of the convent situated at that place and directed by sisters from Montreal. The exercises were of the most interesting character, and His Lordship expressed himself much pleased with the success achieved. On the following Sunday, July 14th Confirmation was administered to 187 persons in the church of St. Basil. The next day, 135 were confirmed at Little Falls; the 16th 192 received the same sacrament at the church of St. James; 17th, 134 were confirmed at St. Francis; 16th, 113 at St. Hilaire; 20th, 170 at St. Anne's; 21st, 196 at Grand Falls; 22nd, 166 at St. Leonard's; and Tuesday the 23rd, 37 at Tobique, making in all 1213 persons confirmed during the stay of His Lordship in the different parishes united. The above figures, which may be relied on as most accurate, will serve to give our readers an idea of the importance of the Roman Catholic population of a section of the province with which our relations are not as extensive as with other districts and at the same time will tend to give the public some information with regard to the labors of a prelate who is most deservedly esteemed and highly respected by all with whom he comes in contact. The extent of Bishop Rogers' labors in other directions besides the one we more particularly refer to to-day are of a nature to cause those who are immediately subject to him to regard him with pride and fill others with admiration.

ROWDYISM.

The scenes witnessed this week at Riverside, on the cars, the boats, in the streets of this city and in fact everywhere the sporting element appeared were such that they must have a powerful effect in drawing all respectable men away from the sporting circles in which they are unfortunately for themselves and others completely at the mercy of sharpers, gamblers and drunkards. In another place in to-day's paper reference is made to some of the incidents occuring at the scene of the Ross-Hanlan race, on the beat at Indiantown and elsewhere to which we call the serious attention of our local rulers. Who is responsible for the blackguardism of the past few days? Primarily the roughs and sports who unfortunately are the sure attendants on boat racing, but besides these, those obliging gentlemen in public positions of trust and prominence are not altogether free from a certain amount of blame for mixing in any way with a set of men with whom in private life they would have nothing to do and whose presence in their household would cause them to look to their silver very carefully. Again those who undertook to carry large number of excursionists to the river should in some sort be held responsible for rowdyism of the past week. If the Government undertake to fill its cars with roughs and idle element it should see to it that there is sufficient protection for respectable people whose curiosity unfortunately leads them into places in which they should, if they were more thoughtful and careful, never on any pretence be found. If the police force can not be used outside of city or Town limits, although this fact is often lost sight of, we hold that that the provincial or Dominion authorities should see to it that the peace is preserved on such occasions as the one of which we write. On the trains at least the railway authorities should be liable for any loss or injury sustained by their negligence in supplying the ordinary means of protection. We hope our city will not for a long time be disgraced by such unseemly exhibitions as those witnessed this week, and that Mr. Ross and his backers will seek more legitimate means of making money.

GENERAL NEWS.

There were 44 deaths from sunstroke in Chicago last week.

The Queen has conferred the Order of the Garter on Lord Beaconfield.

Strikes have occurred in the silk and lace manufactories of France.

Farm hands are scarce in Ontario. Wages are from $2 to $2.50 per day.

A Fairbault, Minnesota, farmer shot and instantly killed two tramps who set fire to a harvesting machine in his wheat field. He gave himself up but was instantly released.

A duel was fought six miles from Columbia, S. C., on Wednesday, by E. L. Jennings and James Logan, of Atlanta. At the third shot both were dangerously wounded in the shoulder.

The *Times* publishes an official paragraph denying that Lord Dufferin has consented to prolong his term of office as Governor-General of Canada, and announcing that he leaves Canada in September.

A Pembroke paper is foolish enough to say:—"Mr. Mackenzie does not drink; on the other hand, his abstinence is often remarked by gentlemen belonging to both parties." The Premier's habits are not fit subject for newspaper controversy; but there is no use in lying about them.—*Mail.*

Miss Beckwith, who astonished London some little time since by swimming ten miles in the Thames before she was fifteen years of age, will shortly try to swim twice the distance. Should she succeed, she may try the passage from Dover to Calais.

From a communication recently received at the navy department at Washington, it appears that Mr. James Gordon Bennett contemplates a double expendition to the North Pole. Mr Bennett will expend not less than a hundred and twenty thousand dollars on the Jeannette expedition.

A horrible double tragedy has occurred near the village of Rockford, Ont. George Smith, a farmer, and James Smith, his eldest son, a young man about 21 years of age, had a dispute over some money, when the latter attempted to murder his two sisters and brother, desperately wounding the former. He then murdered his father outright, by smashing his head with a club.

A Round Rock, Tex., special says Sam Bass, a noted desperado and train robber, with two others, came into that town to perfect a plan for robbing a bank. Deputy Sheriff Grimes attempted to arrest them, and they shot him dead. Maurice Mane, Deputy Sheriff, killed one outlaw, and was wounded himself. Bass escaped. The State troops and citizens are closely pursuing them.

The cruelty of which a Wisconsin wife complains in her suit for divorce, is that her husband tied her securely and shaved her head. The defence is that she bleached her black hair to a lemon colour by the use of acids, and that he, deeming such a thing highly scandalous, took the only mean of undoing what she had done. He says that he bought a wig for her, imitating her natural hair, so that her bare head might be concealed while nature was remedying the disfiguration.

A newly-married Cincinnati couple were recently struck dumb in a strange fashion, the wife waking up speechless one Saturday morning, and the husband, Peter Lavelle, being similarly affected the following Monday afternoon. The man regained the use of his tongue, but his wife is quite feeble and can only swallow a little milk with difficulty. The doctors say the case is not an uncommon one, and is an affection of the brain which produces paralysis, involving the organs of speech, the husband being hysterically affected in sympathy with his wife for the time being.

In spite of all that is said and done against Mormonism, the thing still spreads and flourishes, and will, according to present probability, ere long, cover a vast region in the western part of this continent. Last week six hundred fresh recruits for the Mormon State—Norwegians, Swedes, Danes and Welsh—arrived at New York, under the leadership of Lorenzo D. Young, a son of the late "prophet." An American paper says: "We judge from repeated announcements of this kind that the Mormons were never so numerous, and perhaps prosperous, as they are to-day."

A good story is told of Mrs. Mackay, wife of the illustrious bonanza Californian. It is said that the lady applied to the Prefect of the Seine for permission to place electric light in front of her house in such a manner that they would illuminate the Arch of Triumph, so that her guests on a certain occasion might have a dazzling view of that architectural wonder, the Mackay mansion being near the arch. The Prefect found it impossible to grant the request; but the lady, like all ladies, insisted, and when a flat refusal was given she said, "Well, how much is your arch worth?" It is altogether likely that Johnny Mackay wanted to be an Arch Duke.

Things not so Generally Known as they ought to be.

That the evening song of the nightingale is nice, but that the morning lay of the barndoor fowl is nicer.

That the end of the longest wail is always blubber.

That ships are frequently put into stays, but they only wear barnacles when they go to sea.

That some lovers' quarrels begin, and that many end, with a smack.

That although one swallow may not make a summer, yet an inverted tin tack on a chair will make one spring.

That cold mutton makes a really most excellent dinner—when you can't get anything better.

That the real and only correct system of book-keeping is—not to lend them.

That it is very difficult to keep your own peace of mind if the wife of your bosom will insist on frequently giving you a piece of hers.

That although it is quite true "poets are born, not made," a goodish lot of other folk, not poets, have to undergo the same process at least once in their lives.

That the proper bird for your baby is a crow.

And that you and your wife are not *one* but *ten*, inasmuch as she is Number One, while you go for naught.

Why The Tide Comes In.

Why does the tide come in? To understand this we must know something about Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of what is called gravitation. It is a long word, but, as in many other instances, it is not difficult to understand. The meaning is that everything in the universe attracts, or pulls towards itself, everything else, and the nearer the sun, for example, is to the earth, the nearer the sun pulls the earth towards itself, and also the harder the earth pulls the sun in return. The same is true of the earth and moon, and of the sun, and moon, and the stars. The consequence is, the moon drags the sea towards itself more than it drags the solid earth, because the sea being on the outside of the earth is nearer to the moon. The consequence is that there is always high tide on the part of the sea which is nearest to the moon; and for a similar reason viz., because the solid earth being nearer is pulled by the moon with more force than the water on the side furthest from the moon—there is always high water in that part of the sea which is furthest from the moon. Consequently two high tides and two low tides pass over the sea in the time the earth takes to revolve—that is to say, every twenty-four hours. Now the sun acts in just the same way as the moon, and so when they pull together a very high tide, like those which now and again prove so disastrous to poor people living near the banks of the rivers, is the result, called a Spring Tide; whereas when the sun pulls one way and the moon the other a Neap Tide is the result, the difference between high and low water being very much less in this case. If you try and think over it you will also see why it is that the tide is nearly an hour later every day, remembering that the moon does not keep still, but goes round the earth in about twenty-eight days, so if the part of the earth called New York comes nearer to the moon at ten o'clock, then as the earth spins round, if the moon were fixed in one place New York would come nearest to it in twenty-four hours exactly: but the moon has moved on in that time, so New York has to catch it up, and consequently does not do so till twenty-four hours and fifty minutes (about) afterwards; in other words, the high tide at New York next day is at about ten minutes to eleven o'clock.

Modern Extravagance.

A WORD OF WARNING TO FASHIONABLE LADIES.

A London correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, gives a synopsis of a sermon recently delivered in London:

All homage be paid to the courage displayed by Monsignor Capel in daring to preach to the fashionable congregation of a fashionable church against the follies and frivolties which carried to excess, have grown into vice amongst the fashionable society of London. St. James' Church, Spanish-place, is perhaps the place most frequented by the high and titled class of Catholics. The sermon was in aid of the Associated Charities, and the dainty, sensitive ladies and highly refined gentlemen had gathered in great numbers, with the object of hearing Monsignor Capel praise the extent of their charity, and bless them for the contributions they bestow. But great was the shock to their sensitive feelings when, instead of the expected praise, Monsignor Capel dared to attack them—there, upon their own ground, as it were—and hold the mirror up to show the deformities of the nature which makes its home among t the higher classes of the society of the West End of London. The sermon has produced such a powerful effect that many of the congregation to whom it was addressed have preferred a request to have it printed. The bitter truths which it contains were entirely new to them. Monsignor Capel declared that marriages were becoming fewer and fewer, and the moral license pervading the upper ranks of society now surpassed anything known before. Men and women had become so luxurious that it was impossible to enter the marriage state unless the man was extremely rich, or the woman had what was necessary to satisfy what she was pleased to term the necessitics of life. The result was that a degree of wickedness was spreading which would one day bring a terrible and visible punishment upon society. And then was the awe-stricken congregation called upon to join in condemnation of the Press, which had of late instituted a law of morality of its own, by which the home was not held sacred, nor even the person. In society there were many people moving from drawing-room to drawing room merely to furnish the sources of gossip and uncharitable conversation through what it is the fashion to call the "society" journals. These were the people by whom the ruin and destruction of all society will most assuredly be brought about. I leave you to judge the effect of this plain speaking on the part of Monsignor Capel. It has been all the more impressive from the fact of Monsignor Capel being known to be in general more indulgent than severe towards the faults and foibles of humanity. He is not a recluse. He mixes with the world of which he speaks, and may be thoroughly believed upon his own testimony. "The garments of praise" with which some of the fashionable preachers of the Protestant church are apt to clothe their fair listeners, were exchanged in the case of the Catholic divine for the mourning robes of penitence, and the result is said to have been the complete acknowledgement of the justice of the reproof and the resolution of amendment—the most liberal contributions to the charity being the first step towards the mortification the gifted preacher so eloquently enjoined." This is a good hit at our fashionables.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., July

The wounds of the "Stalwarts" bleed afresh. The truce, or partial reconciliation which had been patched up between them and "the man in the White House" in the face of danger, has been ruthlessly thrown aside by his fraudulency, now that the storm of "revolution" has passed. When the fraud investigation began, and before the adoption of the title resolution, there was a panickly huddling together of discordant Radical factions. In the presence of an overwhelming fear of "bouncing," and the consequent transfer of patronage to the party that won it in the election of 1876, the Radicals agreed upon a truce between the Stalwarts, Liberals, and intermediate grades. The man in the White House, feeling that his sceptre was crumbling to dust, dismounted from his barbed steed, and instead of trying to fright the souls of implacable Radicals, was glad to have them gather around him and whisper in his ear their tremulous hope that the storm would pass without prostrating him. But the danger is removed—the sick man has recovered—and the sound of discord again breaks forth. The New York Custom House removals have stirred up the ire of Republicans all along the line, and even in the campaign headquarters here in Washington the favorite passtime is swearing at Hayes. Undoubtedly it is simply war upon Conkling that is meant, for no charges whatever are made against the official suspended. And in this course the administration gives another fatal stab to his own civil service reforms so loudly professed. Mr. Hayes did not dare to renew the fight upon the New York Senator while the Senate was in session; but with that obstacle removed, and the awful sense of fear taken away by the passage of the title resolution, he shows his hand, and in the language of the *Post*, "the mildest-mannered man that ever took a stolen office smiles and sings psalms while he discharges his heaviest rifled ordinance." It is all very funny for the Democrats.

The Democratic Campaign Committee is just getting ready for work—a little tardy as usual. Documents by the ton have been going into the mails from Republican headquarters for four weeks, and the latter committee has all its plans perfected. The close districts and the weak places where by the aid of the Nationals or other agencies, they hope to gain members of the next House, have all been selected and the work in them begun. But the committee is not without troubles. Funds are not so plenty as they have been sometimes. Clerks in the departments and government employees generally do not "come down" with that degree of cheerfulness and promptitude which has characterized their responses in times past. Having been forced to proclaim these contributions entirely voluntary, there is no way to compel payment, and a majority of the clerks feel that their time is short—that Republican rule ceases with the present administration, and they are not disposed to part with any of their gains to help a lost cause. It has been suggested that perhaps if Mr. Hayes should toss in his munificent contribution at this juncture it would cultivate things a little. But Secretary Gorham don't put much faith in Rutherford's disposition to toss.

It is still excessively hot here, and the Potter committee has adjourned to meet at Atlantic city, where the fresh sea breeze will counteract in some degree the stifling, effluvia of the revelations. There is a wild rumor flying around about Dr. Mary Walker. It is said one day last week she was in the committee room, and tried in vain to get the reckless press gang to put out their cigars, and her despair reached its height when Butler and Blackburn began to light theirs. The doctor rushed out, and went to the committee-room on naval affairs and told the clerk she wanted the room for a short time, as her unmentionables were out of order. He immediately left, and remained out, what he considered a reasonable length of time, and went back and discovered the doctor sewing a button. I interviewed the doctor, who says it "ain't so."

PHONO.

A Sad Case.

AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG GIRL DIES OF A BROKEN HEART.

One of our city physicians relates the particulars of a most affecting scene he was called upon to witness, Sunday morning. No names are given. A bright, young miss of sixteen, the only joy and hope of a loving father and mother, has for some time back been employed in a boarding-house. Here she made the acquaintance of a gay and festive young railroad man, who was in the habit of escorting her to places of amusement and frequent drives in a buggy. Her employers, who took great interest in the girl, frequently warned her not to accept of the young man's attentions; but she loved and trusted him, and even intimated the approach of a wedding in the near future. On Friday she was forced to go home, and on Saturday night, to the grief of the mother and anger of the father, it was found necessary to call in a physician. The mother, with true maternal feelings, was supposed to forgive the erring one; but the father raved and stormed. The daughter, in great pain, cried out to her father, "Forgive me, for God's sake, forgive me." "No," he sternly replied. "God may forgive you for your wickedness, but I never will." And thus the long, dreary hours of the night were passed; the poor girl keeping up her cries to her father for forgiveness, and he, stern and relentless as ever, replying that he never would. The weeping, sorrowing mother interceded for her daughter, but it was no use. The great wish of her heart was denied her, which but added to her other sorrows, and made life a burden. As daylight began to break the gloom of the night and the tinted rays of the sun peeped over the hill tops, a strange sound was heard, and the physician announced that all seemed well. The young mother, at this, stretched her arms again to her father, and with eyes streaming with tears, again besought and implored forgiveness. Her every thought, every hope and joy—yes, her very life—seemed to depend upon his answer. As the relentless "No" was uttered, she gave one long, wild look, turned over on her side and immediately expired without a struggle.

The physician gives it as his opinion that it is clear case of what is popularly known as a broken heart. The nervous system of the young woman was strung up to such a tension awaiting the reply of her father, that, when he for the last time returned his answer as before, congestion of the heart took place, causing instant death. The feelings of the doctor, accustomed to scenes of affliction and grief in many forms, were deeply moved as he gazed on the sad sight, the half-crazed mother, and now, alas! too late, repentant father, who would only too gladly forgive his daughter if words would call her back to life, the cries of the innocent cause of all, together with the still, cold form lying before them, all made one of the saddest scenes the mind can picture.

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