THE HERALD
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
From the Office of KANE & Co.,
54 GERMAIN STREET,
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The large circulation of this Journal makes it a first-class medium for Advertising.

The Herald.

VOL. II. ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 6, 1878. NO. 16.

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

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.

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

Greenville Extra Lime,
MANUFACTURED BY
D. A. HOLLAND & CO.
ALL Orders left at JOHN O'BRIEN'S, (Tobacconist) Mill street, or at the Adelaide House, McCoskery's Road, Portland, will be promptly attended to.
jany12—1y

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

U. S. PIANO CO.
$290.
YOU ask WHY we can sell First-Class 7 1-3 Octave Rosewood Piano for $290. Our answer is, that it costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but sell DIRECT to Familiest Factory price, and warrant five years. We Send our Pianos everywhere for trial, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains the names of over 1500 Bankers, Merchants and Families that are using our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw his notice.
ADDRESS:
U. S. PIANO COMPANY,
810 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

M'DONALD & HATFIELD,
Custom Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE REMOVED
TO
MARSHALL'S INSURANCE BLOCK,
Cor. of Market Square and Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
GENT'S GARMENTS made to order at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

NEW GAS-FITTING
AND
PLUMBING ESTB LISHMENT,
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 work done by him. Orders respectfully solicited

Butter, Lard and Eggs.
Just received per I. C. Railway.
40 TUBS choice Dairy Butter; 400lbs. Pure Leaf Lard; 100 doz. Fresh Eggs. For sale low, wholesale and retail by
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
12 Charlotte street.

APPLES, RAISENS & CURRANTS.
200 BARRELS No. 1 choice Winter Apples, consisting in part of Bishop Pippin, Baldwin, Greening, Nonperiel, Ripson, Pippin Spetzenbergs, &c.: 100 boxes Layer Raisens, 25 do., best London Layers, for Table use, and 5 bbls. Currants. For sale
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
12 Charlotte street.

ALSO, a choice assortment of Family Groceries, Flour, Meal, Ship Stores, etc., for sale at Market rates and delivered free of extra charge in any part of the city or vicinity by
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
dec22 12 Charlotte street

CHEAP DRY GOODS! CHEAP DRY GOODS!

SECOND WEEK
OF THE
CLEARANCE SALE
—AT—
McCAFFERTY & DALY'S,
Corner of King and Germain Sts.

IN addition to the general reduction made on all our Stock, we will offer this week SPECIAL BARGAINS in Dress Goods, Canadian Tweeds, Linen Handerchiefs, Hamburg Edgings and Insertions.

20 pieces MATLASSE DRESS GOODS, all new shades, regular price 25cts., reduced price 17 cts.;
20 pieces DIAGONAL SERGE, all new shades. Regular price, 30cts., reduced to 20cts.;
20 pieces Chappat & Co.'s BLACK CASHMERES. Regular prices 70, 80, 90 cts., $1.00, $1.10, $1.20. Reduced to 60, 70, 80, 90 cts., $1.00, $1.10;
12 pieces NEW COLORS FRENCH MERINOS. Regular price $1.00 per yard. Reduced to 80cts.;
Black Coburgs, Black Alpaccas, Black Henriettas, Black Persian Cord, proportionately reduced;
21 pieces HEAVY ALL WOOL CANADIAN TWEEDS. Regular price 70cts.; reduced to 60cts.;
36 pieces Extra Heavy All-Wool CANADIAN TWEEDS. Regular price 85 cts., reduced to 75 cts.;
50 dozen LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, Ladies' and Gentlemen's, 15 per cent below regular prices;
200 pieces HAMBURG EDGINGS and INSERTIONS, 20 per cent. below regular prices.

M'CAFFERTY & DALY,
mar2 COR. KING AND GERMAIN STREET.

Dry Goods. Dry Goods.

CLEARANCE SALE!

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

M. WALSH, - - Portland Bridge.

In order to make room for Spring Importations I have
REDUCED
MY WHOLE STOCK,
which must be sold out previous to moving to my new premises, Market Square.

100 Pieces FANCY DRESS GOODS, from 8 to 30cts,	100 " CANADIAN TWEEDS, from 50 cts. to $1.00 for Men and Boys wear, —splendid value
50 " BLACK LUSTRES, 12½ to 30 cents.	20 " SATINETS, Extra Good Value.
100 " DRESS TWEEDS, 7 to 15 cents.	50 Pairs WHITE BLANKETS, $2.00 to $6.00.
50 " PRINTS. 8 to 12 cents.	30 Pieces FLANNEL SHIRTINGS, from 25 to 35 cts
150 " GREY COTTONS, 5 to 10 cents.	30 Dozen MEN'S UNDER CLOTHING, Shirts and Drawers, low 40 to 90 cents.
100 " WHITE " 7½ to 12 cents.	15 " WOOL SHIRTS $1.00 to $1.50.
20 " WHITE SHEETINGS, 25 to 40 cents.	12 " TWEED do. 50 to 75 cents.
20 " GREY " 20 to 25 cents	10 " WOOL SHAWS, from $1.00 to $6.00.
30 Dozen LINEN TOWELS.	20 " BERLIN SQUARES AND SCARFS.
20 Pieces TABLE LINENS, 30 cents upwards.	
50 " BRO. HOLLANDS, 12½ to 20 cents.	

A full Line in Gents' Furnishing Goods.

I would respectfully call special attention to the above, which will be found well worthy of inspection

MICHAEL WALSH,
mar2 PORTLAND BRIDGE.

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

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

HOLLANDS GENEVA
Just received:
50 GREEN Cases DeKuypers' GENEVA;
25 " " Key do.;
25 " " half-bottles do. 1 dozen each
5 " " pint-flasks do. 4 "
M. A. FINN,
nov17 Hazen Building.

J. J. MULLIN,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.,
and a large assortment of
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.
Portland Bridge, North Railway Track;

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
HAS A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL
At $2.50 per day.
Tremont House
NO LIQUORS SOLD. mar9 tf

WILLET & QUIGLEY,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,
Notaries Public, &c.,
55 KING STREET, (up stairs.)
JOHN WILLET. RICHD. F. QUIGLEY, (B. C. L.) (L L B.)
feb9 Commissioner, &c., for Massachusetts.

TO LEASE,
FOR 3 OR 5 YEARS.
ON Sydney street, opposite Queen Square, two Respectable Dwellings with Bath-rooms. Patent W. C., Gas, Register Grates and all the modern improvements. Possession 1st May next. These premises are suitable for respectable families. Enquire of William Burns, at the Board of Health office, or on the premises. feb9

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

THE BEST PLACE
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, Coarse and Calf Boots of our own make, hand made, which will be sold at very low prices.
dec22 H. BOWLES.

NOTICE.
WE have in Stock a splendid line of
COATINGS AND TWEEDS
for our Custom Department, and will make to order at our usual low prices at our Old Stand, Dock st.
MULLIN BROS.
We are selling our Ready-Made Clothing at Cost to make room for our Spring arrivals.
feb23 MULLIN BROS.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY.

One day as I entered, I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman the picture of gloom;
She glared at the mud on her doorstep ('twas raining,)
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom:

"Oh! life is a toil, and life is a trouble,
And beauty will fade and riches will flee;
And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet;
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it,
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

"In March it is mud; it's slush in December;
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust;
In fall the leaves litter; in muddy September,
The wall paper rots and the candlesticks rust.

"There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies;
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

"It's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven;
It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine;
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven;
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

"With grease and with grime, from corner to centre,
Forever at war and forever alert,
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter—
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"Last night in my dream I was stationed forever
On a dear little isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavour
To sweep off the waves e'er they swept over me.

"Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I behold it!
I yield: I am helpless my fate to avert!"
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,
Then laid down and died and was buried in dirt!

(Written for the HERALD.)

A RAMBLE AFTER THE FIRE.

BY NOW AND THEN.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," and was it any wonder that I gazed long and earnestly at that battered piece of iron, which certainly bore unmistakable evidence of having had a desperate struggle with the enemy. And I actually forced the unkind conclusion on myself, that I really resembled that article in question, at least in one particular; and I felt like going into the store and asking the proprietor to be kind enough to exhibit me as another *safe* from the St. John fire, (all rights reserved). I refrained, however, and I though it was perhaps *safer* to wander on, arriving in a short time in front of the Astor House, where we gaze for a while on the huge proportions of the Post Office, with its hundreds of letter carriers in their suits of grey, emerging from its spacious entrances, laden with white-winged messengers of love, sympathy and encouragement, that have been wafted to friends and relatives from every land on earth. A few blocks further down the street is Trinity Church. "Old Trinity," as it is familiarly and lovingly styled by the old residents—a beautiful and noble edifice, its tall and graceful spire raising its fair outlines hundreds of feet into the azure blue of the heavens above. The Church and Cemetery attached is surrounded by a neat iron railing, and within this sacred and consecrated ground, many illustrious dead are sleeping their last sleep, in the long and gloomy night of the cold and silent tomb. The church in question is situated in one of the busiest portions of New York, nearly opposite Wall street, where the devotees of Mammon "most do congregate," where fortunes are often made and lost in a single day in the busy whirl of speculations, where "Stocks" rise and fall at times with wonderful rapidity, and where the knowing ones watch with feverish anxiety every chance that would give them an additional advantage; every movement in the world of trade and financial ventures, and all this remember almost beneath the very shade of a temple dedicated to the service of the Almighty, with the cold and silent tombs of many distinguished individuals whose ashes are there reposing in peace, the granite shafts and marble slabs reared by kind and loving hands, and the flowers on their graves continually reminding those earnest and devout worshippers at the shrine of Mammon in eloquent though silent language where all will end for the anxious throng "the fat and greasy citizens" that sweep along towards the busy marts of trade and commerce that abound in that portion of the city. We have reached the extreme end of the street at last, wiping the perspiration from our brow, we seek the refreshing shade of a friendly elm in "Castle Garden," watching the boats and vessels of every mould either in motion or riding gently and securely at anchor on the calm, unrippled surface of the water. The cars and locomotives of the "Elevated Railway" thundering above our heads, but amid all this bustle and excitement the thought of what these grounds were and what they are at the present time, forces itself upon us, and our weak imagination cannot avoid conjuring up many probable scenes that have so often transpired in the days gone by on this little tract of ground, with its well swept walks, its carefully tended trees, and the green sward around; in a word everything in connection with it will certainly impress the visitor with the fact that a great deal of care and attention is devoted to it by those in power. For there it was that so many emigrants first set their wandering footsteps on the soil of the New World. They landed there in thousands, aye, tens of thousands, having been driven from their own homes across the sea, either by famine or oppression, breathing the pure air of freedom in a new and strange land, far away from the land of their birth, the home of their childhood; the ties of kindred and affection snapped asunder. Their only legacy perhaps being a father's blessing or a mothes's tears; their only capital a clear head and a good, stout arm, and with these alone we know how many of those adventurous strangers have by their patient perserving toil, their energy and industry, carved for themselves a fortune and a name in this vast and free America of ours. Retracing our steps up Broadway to the City Hall Park we proceed along. Park Row, or as it is sometimes called "Printing House Square," where the offices of the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Sun* and *World* are situated, four of the greatest newspapers of the continent, together with other sheets of lesser influence and calibre. An eager and excited throng is gathered around the "bulletin" boards, reading the latest intelligence from "Creedmoor," for the great "International Rifle Match" was then in progress at that famous shooting range on Long Island; the scene of so many friendly contests and where on this occasion the Americans were the victors, bearing off the prize, gaining the ascendancy over their English cousins by their steady unerring aim, and brilliant markmanship, New York, or the shooting portion of it at least, were apparently wild with excitement in which the horde of lively news boys seemed to share, for they were darting through the crowds of anxious and excited gazers, rapidly disposing of the "extras" that were constantly teeming from the press, containing the latest and most reliable intelligence from the scene of friendly strife at Creedmoor. Elbowing our way through the gaping and excited multitude, we soon found ourselves wending our way along Chatham street, the home of the Israelite, the thrifty Sons of Abraham, those keen-eyed, busy Shylocks, who are always open for trade. "My prophetic soul, my uncle." Pawnbroker's shops are to be met with at every slip, the irrepressible Three Gilt Balls flaming in the bright sun-light, a sign which serves for a beacon light to the child of misfortune who may happen to get stranded upon the shoals of impecuniosity, and if cruel fate has left him without the price of a "square meal," he may perhaps be the fortunate possessor of a watch and chain, a ring or some other article of value, that he can for the time being readily dispensed with, and from one of these friendly and accomodating Jews, who relieve and at the same time prey upon unfortunate humanity, he will receive a small amount on which he is compelled to begin the world anew. Being naturally of an anxious and enquiring mind, I wanted to know why it was or how it originated, that these institutions no matter where you may go "hang out" (to me at least) the same mysterious sign. A friend of mine who had "been through the mill," to whom I looked for information, and the solution of the problem answered me in the following strain: "My friend," said he, there is a meaning and a significance for everything, and after much earnest thought and serious reasoning on the matter, after many sleepless nights in trying to solve the mystery, I came to the conclusion that the true and correct meaning of that gilded trio of balls hanging between earth and heaven yonder, is simply this and nothing more, that anything you may happen to place in their hands, it is *two to one* if you willever get it out. I was satisfied with his answer, and am willing to abide by his decision until some other person of more experience can further enlighten me on the subject. From Chatham Square we emerge into the "Bowery," a broad, gay and lively thoroughfare, lined with stores of every description, together with its monster "beer gardens" and "Concert Saloons," wherein "dot leedle German band" is pouring forth the melodious strains of Strauss' beautiful airs; and where oceans of lager are consumed by the beer loving Dutchmen, aye, and by others too, who have never wandered by the "bright blue Danube," or who have never trod upon one inch of soil in Bismarck's great realm beyond the sea. Here is the "Old Bowery Theatre," where Forrest and Scott, and Hamblin, and Kirby, in their palmiest days, where compelled to die every night, they lived in the tragic roles that were the delight of the "gods" who were the patrons of the house in the "good old days of yore." The Hon. William F. Cody, familiarly known as "Buffalo Bill," his long hair sweeping profusely over his shoulders, his head covered with an enormous hat that is usually termed in Mexico a "Sombrero," is leaning carelessly against one of the pillars in the front of the house, a cluster of diamonds sparkling on his shirt front, a splendid specimen of physical manhood. He is delighting the habitues of this time honored establishment nightly, in one of his blood curdling border dramas, scalping *Native Indians* and indulging in other scenes of mimic strife upon the stage, in which he had so much real and actual experience in earlier life among the Savage Red Men, who were wont to roam with undisputed sway over the boundless prairies of the "Far West," a terror and scourge to the daring [illegible]

(To be continued.)

The Bollandists and Their Library.

In 1607 a Jesuit of Antwerp, Heribert Rosweyd, says the *Illustrated Catholic Almanac* for 1878, conceived the design of collecting and publishing lives of all the saints in the Roman calendar. The design being approved of by the ecclesiastical authorities, John Bolland (or Bollandus), a learned Jesuit, born in Limburg, or Brabant, in 1596, was selected to carry it out. The plan pursued was to take up the saints in the chronological order of the calendar, and the work was entitled *Acta Sanctorum*. The first two volumes, treating of the January saints, were published in 1643, and the February saints, in three volumes, in 1651. Bolland did not live to finish the March saints, dying September 12th, 1665. Other writers (designated as Bollandists) have been appointed from time to time to continue the work, there having been sixty-four volumes issued to the present time (the new edition is published by Victor Palme, of Paris; twelve hundred and fifty copies only of each volume being printed). The following account of a visit to the library of the Bollandists in Brussels will interest our readers:—

Early in the morning I walked into the College and asked to see a Bollandist. I had the satisfaction of conversing with one of the latest of the long line of literary men who have perpetuated for two centuries and a-half the name and the immense work of Bollandus, their founder. Pere Remi de Buck, with engaging politeness, permitted me to put a hundred questions to him, and replied to them with patience and ample knowledge. Finding Pere de Buck so accessible, I made bold to ask permission to walk through the library. We traversed one or two inner corridors, and, mounting a staircase, were at the door. The hall we entered estimated, at a rough guess, at about 50 or 60 feet long, 20 feet in width, and some 12 in height, is filled from top to bottom, all round, with printed lives of saints, in volumes of many various sizes, bindings, and languages. The vellum, or calf's skin, so familiar in foreign collections of books, decidedly predominated in the bindings. Here I was shown, among other possessions, the handsome quarto volume of Scotch saints, lives edited by the Bishop of Brechin. In the whole library there are very few books, indeed, that belonged to the establishment in its anti-Revolution days. The present collection is nearly altogether the work of the New Bollandists, as they are called, formed partly by purchase, and in no inconsiderable part also by gifts from authors and editors who incline to assist so distinguished an undertaking. The present collection can not amount to fewer then 20,000 volumes. As regards manuscripts, the early Bollandists were rich indeed. When their 'museum' was broken up in 1794, the peasants of Tongerloo concealed a number of those invaluable treasures. They were purchased many years afterwards by the Government of Holland, and the best of them are now preserved in the Royal Library at Brussels. These manuscripts are the materials out of which the lives of the saints occurring in the last two months of the year will one day be constructed. The amount of work the Bollandists have still before them may be estimated from this fact, that at the resumption of their work in 1838 they printed a catalogue of saints still outstanding, amounting in round numbers to upwards of 4,000. It may be doubted, even if the work now advances without interruption, whether the year A. D. 2000 will witness its completion. Indeed, it is difficult to see how it can ever be entirely finished. Every new century lays claims to new saints in the Latin Communion. The Bollandists must now, perhaps, be regarded as institution destined to be as permanent as the Latin Communion, itself. But I must describe the other portions of the library. A second hall, at right angles to the first, and of similar dimensions, is, in like manner, filled with printed volumes of ecclesiastical and civil history, local works illustrating diocesan, parochial, and monastic antiquities and topography. These are arranged according to their nations. Germany, Spain, and Italy have each a vast extent of wall-space. Great Britain makes no inconsiderable figure. Here I was shown the Rolls Series of State Papers, presented to the library by the British Government. A bust of the late Pere Matagne adorns this hall. A smaller wing of the building contains a collection of theological works of reference; and another chamber is lined with breviaries, missals, calendars, martyrologies, and liturgical works in many languages, several of them Oriental. It will be readily understood, from the character of the library, that the lives published here are something more than mere biographies of good men. They often involve discussion regarding points in history, in chronology, in local nomenclature, in genealogies, in the manners and customs of various periods and centuries. Hence the strong claims of the undertaking on general interest. The philosopher and the archaeologist alike have many subjects in common with it. Its collection are a teeming storehouse of facts for the historian. To the ordinary reader, devoid of a taste for Latin folios in double columns, they must be a sealed book, of course. But the enduring preseverance with which the promoters of the work have stuck to it, 'unhasting, unresting,' and as one fell at it, have filled his place with another competent hand, illustrates the power of systematic and orderly combination. Life is short, but art of this kind is long. It has been said that, if Bollandus could have foreseen the vastness of the field which his scheme was ultimately to occupy, he would have hesitated to commence it. That it is still in progress, maintaining its reputation, keeping up its traditions to the satisfaction of the *literati* of all countries and creeds, is a sufficient answer to such a remark."

A Visit to a Mine in Siberia.

The tender mercies of the Russians to their own countrymen are well displayed in "A Visit to a Mine in Siberia," by Prince Joseph Lubomirski. The barren ridge of a high mountain, with wide opening, from which fetid miasma exhale, and a damp and slimy pool surrounded by a gray frozen border. Close by was an outpost of Cossacks. A wretched hut formed their barracks, and on a little wooden platform, adorned with black and yellow stakes, were ranged their guns. I showed my order to visit the mine to the commander of the outpost, who, after selecting a guide for me, pointed to the entrance of the hole. I descended down a sort of dark and narrow passage, the ground was damp and slippery, and the sides were covered with some unknown moisture, a compound of mud and putrid water. The cold was penetrating; the obscurity, darker than night, hurt my eyes. I descended so rapidly that my guide had some difficulty in following me. A flickering light I perceived at the end of the passage guiding my steps. The ground became still more sticky and muddy. At length I reached the end of the passage. An iron gateway with rusty rails and enormous padlocks arrests my progress. The warden, on the appearence of my guide, opens this gate. The room into which I now enter is large but low. A brass lamp hangs from the ceiling and gives a flickering light. It is an abandoned quarry, which is temporarily used as a habitation for the "exiles." On the right and left are holes, as in the Catacombs, in which the "exiles" sleep. The ground and walls are formed of earth, and there are neither doors nor windows. In each alcove a heap of rotten straw forms the bed. There is no table or chair to be seen. In a corner is an image of the Blessed Virgin (!) After having traversed this room, this most doleful dormitory, and passed through a passage somewhat wider than the first, where a few lamps in niches give a glimmer of light, we reached an immense hall lit by large torches of pitch stuck in the walls. A few openings lead to no one knows where! A hole in the roof lets in a small streak of daylight, which, mingling with the smoky light of the torches, gives a murky light of an unearthly appearance. Water running everywhere, mud sticking to everything, and in the midst of this mass of humidity a black, grimy, hideous-looking people, with wan, sallow complexions, livid brows, sore eyes swollen and bloodshot, eyelashes darkened by sorrow and smoke, disordered hair on end, unkempt beards, chests bare and marked with black and blue stripes, the result of of frequent blows, idiotic stares, and gaping mouths perpetually contracted by painful convulsions. Here was an infernal concert of strokes from the hammer or the whip, screams, cries, yells, suppressed sobs. . . . The intense smoke of the place was stifling, and I was glad enough to get out and breathe the fresh air of Heaven. "What pleasure these poor wretches must feel when they get in the open air," I exclaimed to my guide. "They never have a chance," he replied. "What!" I exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that they never leave these infernal regions?" "Never; they work there every day all the year round, except on two days—Easter Sunday and the day of the Emperor's fête."

FASHION ITEMS.

Plaitings are still worn.

Button roses are the favorites this spring.

Loose dresses are still the style for children.

Ladies in light mourning wear white roses and violets.

Blouse-waists, with and without yokes, are very popular.

The "*bracelet gourmette*," or chain bracelet, is very pretty.

Tight-fitting sleeves are worn with the wide linen cuffs.

Boots are worn with the upper parts made to match the costume.

Satin will be much used for trimming spring and summer dresses.

Striped silk caps are worn for breakfast by fashionable ladies.

Numerous small flounces, known as "*frou-frou*," are coming into favor.

Turkish rugs made of rags are the latest rage in fancy-work, for ladies.

Brocaded black silk will be used in combination with plain black silk.

Ulsters of ladies' cloth and camel's-hair are the popular garments for traveling.

Three bands of velvet, of shades to match the dress, are worn across the head.

Large round beads, strunk on fine wire, are much used in trimming spring bonnets.

Adjustable trimming has been invented, so that one dress may have various aspects.

Basques that are half "*decollete*" can be worn high, by means of an "adjustable" *plastron*.

A pretty design in the filagree silver jewelry is a tiny opera fan for pin and earrings.

Very finely woven camel's-hair, nearly as light as grenadine, will be much worn this summer.

All Kinds of Job Printing executed at this Office.