The Herald.

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THE HERALD

Is Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

From the Office of Kane & Co.,

54 GERMAIN STREET,

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.

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NO 212. UNION STREET

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

Lowest Prices for Cash.

and Shoes made to order in the latest style.

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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

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The very best of Oysters always on hand

☞ SOUPS OF ALL KINDS served every day. ☜

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40 TUBS choice Dairy Butter; 400lbs. Pure Leaf Lard; 100 doz. Fresh Eggs. For sale low, Wholesale and retail by

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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.

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WHISKEY.

Just received ex "Hibernian," from Liverpool
8 QR-CASKS GLENLISSA WHISKEY;
75 cases Lorne Highland "
16 " Hazelburn " "
20 " " "pts "
29 " Old Irish "
For sale low, by
nv16 M. A FINN

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

OPENED THIS WEEK.

BLACK TRIMMING VELVET;
SEAL BROWN SILK;
STEEL SILK;
FAWN SILK;
BLACK CASHMERE DRESS SILK;
CHAPPETT & CO.'S BL'K. CASHMERE;
INDIGO BLUE BASKET COATINGS;
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4 CASES CANADIAN TWEEDS;
5 CASES SHIRTS & DRAWERS.

BLACK UNION BROAD;
WHITE FRENCH MERINO;
BLACK & WHITE BERLIN GLOVES
LINEN BLIND WEBB;
LINEN BLIND CORD;
WHITE DRESS SHIRTS;
COLORED REGATTA SHIRTS;
STRIPED COTTON HOSE;
LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS;
6 BALES AMERICAN COTTON

☞ Our Cheap Sale still continues and gives increased satisfaction. This lot of Goods has been marked proportionately low.

M'CAFFERTY & DALY

Corner of King and Germain Sts.

aug31

BARDSLEY BROS.,

Are now showing the Newest and Leading Styles in English and American

Fur and Felt Hats,

For Men, Youths' & Children.

STRAW HATS,

In great variety and quantity.

Silk and Cloth Caps

always on hand.

LATEST STYLE OF

SILK AND MERINO HATS,

made to order at short notice at

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38 Commercial Block,
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JAMES DOMVILLE & CO.

300 PCHNS. 46 HHDS. 35 BRLS. } New Crop Barbadoes Molasses,

30 Hhds. Scotch Sugar,

No. 1 and 2.

150 CHESTS AND HF-CHESTS ENGLISH TEA.

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Coldbrook Rolling Mills Co.

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CAPITAL, - - $300,000.

Cut Nails, Cut Spikes, Wrought Spikes and Nails, Sheet Iron, Bar Iron, Common and Extra Refined, Horse Shoe, Iron Patent Tapered Knee Iron Rolled to Lloyds' Specifications. Mire's Rails, &c.

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In Bond or Duty Free, at Alexandra Warehouses, North Wharf. *Money advanced on Goods Stored.*

James Domville Co.,
aug10 VICTORIA WHARF

TORRYBURN HOUSE.

Nearly opposite the Ferry Chatham.

John McGowan, - Proprietor.

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

Good Stabling on the Premises.

JOHN McGOURTY,

City Contractor,

COR. OF ELLIOT ROW & PITT ST.

ST JOHN, N. B.

RICHARD J. COUGHLAN,

Fine Wines, Liquors,

Cigars, Tobacco, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail.

WARD ST, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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.

MULLIN BROS.

A QUANTITY OF PAPER BAGS,

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.

APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

NEW HATS. FALL STYLES.

CHRISTY'S ENGLISH STIFF HATS.

WE have now opened a fresh Stock of the above Hats new styles and of various qualities.

ALSO,—English and American

Soft Fur and Felt Hats,

for Men's, Youths' and Children's wear.

SCOTCH ALMA CAPS and GLENGARIES in great variety.

All goods offered at our usual low prices.

☞ We are now manufacturing the Broadway Fall Style Silk Hat for 1878. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

BARDSLEY BROS.,
38 Commercial Block,
South Side King Street,
aug24 St. John, N. B.

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Inclosed find $1.00, my subscription for one year to the HERALD.

Name,

Post Office,

County,

Province,

T. B. HANNINGTON,

Direct Importer of

Genuine Havana Cigars

VIRGINIA TOBACCOS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

TOBACCOS, CIGARS, PIPES AND SMOKERS GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

The Stock is all of the best quality and prices low. Liberal discounts to wholesale buyers, jobbers and expressmen.

93 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
aug24 SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools,

St. Michael's Commercial College.

CHATHAM, N. B.,

WILL RE-OPEN in the new College Building, on MONDAY, September 16th.

TERMS OF BOARD.

Board for the Scholastic year (10 months) payable in advance, in two terms, $70. September 16th, $35; February 1st, $35.

EXTRA CHARGES.

Drawing	$ 5.00	Per Annum.
Navigation	5.00	" "
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Instrumental Music	20.00	" "
Half Board	20,00	" "
Physicians Fees and Medicines		

For further particulars send for Prospectus.

BRO. JOSEPH,
aug17 Director.

NEW

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

H. BOWLES,

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

Robinson's Brick Building,

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

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

which will be sold at lowest rate for cash.

YOUTH AND AGE.

When the bloom was on the peach,
And the light was in the sky,
And the lore the heart would teach
Fled the lip but lit the eye;
When the joy we dared not measure
Came as wanton as a bird's,
And the hand's first gentle pressure
Told a tale too deep for words!

Oh, how sweet it was to wander,
On those tender afternoons,
Where the sea-beach, with its thunder,
Cooled the air of sultry Junes;
Where the waves retreating, swelling,
Swept the sea-shells on the shore,
Beating music to the telling
Of those tender tales of yore!

And how sweeter still to linger
Ere the moon was in the sky,
While the west, with lifted finger,
Hushed the earth for day to die;
Oh, how sweet it was and sweeter,
Down the brook-side by the lane,
There with bated breath to greet her
With a rapture wrought to pain.

Or beside the old farm orchard,
Out beyond the meadow-lot,
She, enchanted, blossful, tortured,
Will she come or will she not?
Oh, those days, and oh, those meetings,
Half of pain and half of bliss!
Such soul-pleasures, such heart-beatings;
What has after-life like this?

One fond smile—to last forever!
So we deem it at the time:
Hands enclasped, that never shall sever;
Mark the faith of youth sublime!
Yet life's joys and bitterness,
Stamping in their grandal truth,
Prove that garnered age confesses
Treasures richer far than youth.

How I Recompensed Herbert.

BY LILLIE H.

It was in August, 18—, not so long ago but I can relate pretty clearly every incident of that eventful evening, even if it were not indelibly impressed upon my mind by subsequent events. Camp-meeting had been in progress for a week and was announced to close the next night, although they were often prolonged for some days after the time specified.

West Virginia, as every one knows, is composed of hills, and to reach the camp-ground from our town we had to travel nine miles of rough road. Here, running for a short distance smoothly along the river bank as it winds tortuously among the hills, hunting its way to its own rippling music, there up a steep declivity, its rough stone bed washed bare by the severe rainstorm, prevalent with us, never being able to see more than a few hundred yards ahead of us, but we could catch glimpses of it through the trees as it pursued its way over the distant hillsides.

A number of our young gentlemen friends had arranged a party to go down to the camp-meeting on this last evening in buggies and barouches. My escort was a rather slight, fat gentleman, named Herbert Britton, whom I had known from childhood. As playmates, people often noticed the striking contrast between us; he, with his fair hair and blue eyes, and I, a dark, curly headed gypsy, with black eyes that snapped when I was angry or excited. Burt, as we always callled him, was gentle, kind, and always willing to forgive an injury, while I, capricious and wayward, was inclined to be vindictive and carried resentment long in my bosom before I allowed it to yield to its earnest importunities. But in the memories of the past I am forgetting our trip.

We started a little after four o'clock, reaching the grounds in time to have a lunch, for which we had amply provided befor leaving home, and to rest before attending the evening service. The rude seats sufficient to accomodate several hundred persons, were grouped under what had been a dense grove of trees, but had been thinned out sufficiently to afford those in the rear a good view of the "mourners bench." The pulpit was simply a raised platform large enough to afford sitting room for a dozen ministers. All was surrounded, as by a wall, by the boarding tents or private rooms, rudely constructed of rough boards, some few whitewashed but most of them retaining the original color of the wood—some that had been standing several years were weather-beaten and brown, and served to make a contrast between the new and white-washed ones. In passing we could catch glimpses of the interior. The floor was generally covered with a few strips of rag-carpet, and old-fashioned high bedstead piled with feather beds and a trundle-bed underneath, all tending to make any rational esivlized being prefer a grassy bed with a stone for a pillow and the blue star-gemmed heavens for a covering—with a wash-stand and foot square looking-glass, and a few unpainted, split-bottommed chairs completed the furniture. Abundant light was furnished by numerous pine torches fastened to the trees, their flickering glare almost entirely obscuring the brilliant rays of the harvest moon that was making the outer world a fairy scene. The people assembled in answer to the twangling of a rusty bell, and in a few minutes all was quiet, and we took our places to witness the impassioned closing services.

By half-past nine o'clock, our thoughts turned homeward. Bert and I had only one horse, but he was quite wild, and with spirit enough to belong to an army general, so Bert concluded it would be safe to examine the harness before starting. He discovered some little defect that took fifteen or twenty minutes to remedy, and by the time we had started all the others of our party had distanced us a mile or more. We were the only ones who seemed to be leaving, so the roads were quite deserted. Most of Bert's attention was given to the horse, as the condition of the roads rendered driving rather difficult; and being left somewhat to my own amusement, I took the whip from the socket and was toying with it, when I let it slip and a slight but stinging touch fell on the horse's back. The road was rough just at this point, and I suppose the jolting caused the whip to slip from my fingers. The horse gave a mighty leap, and at that instant the wheel struck a large rock that was lying in the road, and the next I knew I was alone, griping tightly to the seat and the horse flying over the road like mad.

I was sufficiently acquainted with the country to know that a quarter of a mile further on was a short, steep hill leading abruptly to a rocky, little creek, and knew that certain destruction was before me could I not get the horse stopped. I am naturally brave, and accustomed to horses, so I was not as completely bereft of reason as one more timid would have been. One rein had fallen over the dash-board and its loose whipping continually frightened the animal, but the other was still in reach if I could only manage to get it. The desperateness of the situation urged me to an attempt and I succeded in getting it with one hand while I held on with the other Pulling with all my strength on the one rein I at first seemed to make no impression on the horse, but gradually his head turned one side and I ran him up in a corner of a fence that hedged the road, snorting and stamping, but in my power. It was short work to obtain the rein and turn the buggy around to go back and find out what had become of my friend. The horse still needed my utmost strength to hold him, but in a short time I reached the spot where the accident had happened.

Hitching the horse to a stout oak sapling at one side of the road, I looked for Bert and soon discovered him lying senseless on the rocks. His pale face upturned in the moonlight, and a ghastly look that filled me with fear.

"Oh God! can he be dead—and through my careless?" I cried, and instantly the piercing thought that I might be a murderer overwhelmed and stunned me. But something must be done, and immediately. Taking his wrist in my hand I felt for his pulse, but in my excitement could find none. Tearing open his coat, I discovered a faint flutter near his heart. What should I do? He might die while I travelled back to camp grounds for help. Plainly, I could not leave him. No water was near, but the dew was heavy. Running my hand through its cooling freshness, I passed it over his brow, calling all the while, "Bert! Bert! speak to me! Tell me I have not killed you! Open your eyes, Bert, dear, and let me see that you are alive!" and catching handfuls of the soft wet grass, I passed it over his face, pressed it to his temples, and attempted to cool his wrist, but at the slightest touch to his arm he moaned and groaned. At last he came to his senses.

"Nelly, I'm afraid I'm badly hurt. Let me try to get on the grass."

But at his first movement a terrible pain in his left arm caused him to moan aloud. Recovering sufficiently, he told me his arm was broken. I examined it as tenderly as I could, and found it fractured below the elbow. Having seen a broken arm of my brother's dressed, I had some idea of what ought to be done. I knew it would be extremely injudicious to drive the remaining five miles of our journey without stiffening the arm in splints of some kind. Thinking my hardest, and looking around, I at length, with the aid of Bert's knife, succeeded in detaching some thin pieces from the rails of the fence. I removed his coat as easily as I could, all the time causing excruciating torture, and then wetting my linen handkerchief as damp as possible in the dew I wrapped the arm, which, I could see by the moonlight, was becoming purple and swollen, then slitting two large silk handkerchiefs into strips I bound the splints as well as I could. It was, of course, a most bungling affair, and several times I feared he would faint under the rough operation.

Cheering him and trying to raise his spirits, while my own heart was faint as death, at the end of half an hour I had done all that was possible for me to do. No one had passed by, but the stirring meeting fully accounted for that.

Slowly and with difficulty I helped him into the carriage and commenced our tedious drive home. When we arrived at the little creek before mentioned, I took a cup from our lunch basket and gave him a drink which revived him considerably. He was too weak to talk or even listen to my self-reproaches, but they were none the less bitter because I could not utter them.

When I drove up to his brother's gate it took but a short time to arouse the house and despatch a servant for a physician, and loud were the praises my bravery and rude skill received, and at the time I was too weak to contradict them, now that my nerves had relaxed the terrible tension, but truly, I afterward tried my best to make them understand my deep remorse.

Bert was quite ill for some time, and during the long days of his convalescence, he was never satisfied unless I were with him. Day after day I spent in making the hours less tedious to him, and as I considered that I was entirely to blame for his sufferings, I willingly did all in my power to relieve him.

But of course you can guess the rest. During those days we had ample time to learn and rehearse the "old, old story," and Bert always declares they were the happiest of his life. It all culminated on a bright May morning the next spring, when we entered the church as two and left it as one.

Penalties.

The penalty of popularity is envy.
The penalty of thin shoes is a cold.
The penalty of tight boots is corns.
The penalty of a baby is sleepless nights.
The penalty of a public dinner is bad wine.
The penalty of marrying is a mother-in-law.
The penalty of a pretty cook is an empty larder.
The penalty of a godfather is a silver knife, fork and spoon.
The penalty of kissing a baby is half a dollar (one dollar if you are liberal) to the nurse.
The penalty of having a haunch of venison sent to you is inviting a dozen friends to come and eat it.
The penalty of interfering between man and wife is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows from both.
The penalty of remaining single is having no one who cares a button for you, as is abundently proved by the state of your shirts.
The penalty of buying cheap clothes is the same as that of going to law—the certainty of losing your suit and having to pay for it.
The penalty of a legacy, or a fortune, is the sudden discovery of a host of poor relations you never dreamt of, and of a number of debts you had quite forgotten.
The penalty of lending is—with a book or an umbrella, the certain loss of it; with your name to a bill, the sure payment of it; and with a horse, the lamest chance of ever seeing it back again sound.

Wreck of the British Ship "Cosmopolis."

The above vessel sailed on the 9th June from Rio Janerio bound to Callao in ballast and on the 4th day of July with the wind from the W. S. W. was reaching to the southward blowing a hard gale and thick snow, showers rendering it impossible to see far ahead. The vessel was kept away for safety until she was nearly heading off from the land, when breakers were seen, and almost immediately the vessel struck on a part of the mainland of Staten Island near Cape St. John, the east end. The boats were then attempted to be got out being 9 p. m. and a dark night but one of the crew happening to go forward saw the cliffs close to the bow and that they could easily get ashore. This they did and afterwards returned on board to procure food. At daylight on the 5th a boat was put ashore over the bows, and stores and provisions were continued to be got out but at noon the vessel slid off the rock, capsized, and immediately sank in deep water. One of the best boats with oars lashed in her, had by some means cleared the wreck and drifted alongside the cliff, on which the shipwrecked crew were. The master and six of the crew got into her and went in search of a refuge, found one, and returned on the following day when the remainder of the crew were, with all the stores conveyed to St. John. The master and a boats crew went off daily when the weather permitted, in search of passing vessels, and on the 26th July boarded the British barque "Ryevale" of Glasgow and put three of the crew: A. Beade, Peter Van Woolen, and J. G. Bounds on board, and returned for the rest of the crew. Another vessel being in sight the Barcalan of Bourdeaux, Captain St. Jean, they were taken on board of her and brought to Callao.

The whole of the crew of the wrecked vessel, and most particularly the Master, speak with the greatest gratitude of the generous and humane conduct shown them by the Captain and the crew of the French vessel which brought them to this port.

The names of the crew brought to Callao are:—T. H. Lyons, Master; R. Williamson Mate; Wm. Stoddart, Second Mate; Wm. Groves, sailmaker; D. Coombes, steward; Anthony White, cook; John Steer, A. B.; Stephen Bartlett, O.S.; Wm. Witts, A. B.; Charles Placide, do.; Wm. Broad do.; J. Petrorus, O. S.; Jes. Fielding, and Martin Buchanan. On the 2nd day of August they fell in with the "David Brown" of Searsport which received the following six of the crew who had also been taken on board the "Bacalan"—Wm. Murphy, A. B.; Michael Macintosh, A. B.; Robu. Cunninghan Carpenter; Robt. Fulton, A. B.; Geo. Bell, do. Wm. Fetter, do.;

The shipwrecked crew have been taken in charge by the Acting British Consul.

To the Editor of the South Pacific Times.

Dear Sir,

I would thank you to insert the following in your estimable paper as a testimony that I wish to make in reference to the treatment recieved from myself and late crew of the late ship Cosmopolis by Captain St. Jean of the French barque 'Bacalan' in which vessel we arrived here.

Capt. St. Jean treated us in such a kind manner that no words would be sufficient to explain. There was nothing left undone that could tend to our comfort from first to last by all hands on board and it is with great pleasure that I make the same known generally through your valuable organ.

And am dear Sir

Your obedient servant

T. H. LYONS,
Late Master the 'Cosmopolis.'

Callao, 28th August 1878.

Capt. Lyons is a native of this City—a son of Mrs. Lyons, Germain St.

Things Worth Knowing.

1. That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping in boiling watter about a minute.
2. That fish may as well be scaled if desired before packing down in salt, though in that case do not scald them.
3. Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.
4. That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.
5. That salt will cruddle new milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc, the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.
6. That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if left out of doors in the cool over night.
7. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.
8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from cloth; also from the hands.
9. That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid the whitening process.
10. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.
11. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.
12. That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions, and applied to beadsteads, is an unfailing bed-bug remedy, and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.
13. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water and render them as pliable as new.
14. That kerosene will make tea kettles as bright as new. Saturate a wollen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.
15. That cool rain water and soda will remove ma chine gresse from washable fabrics for reference.—*Q. X., in Alexandria Post.*

A Pacific Coast Pomeroy Boy.

A telegram from Victoria, British Columbia, to the San Francisco papers says that a terrible ten-year-old child was before the Police Magistrate in Victoria on the 8th instant. It was proved that he had been in the habit of cutting the feet off chickens and picking their eyes out with a pin; of cutting ducks feet off and making them walk on the bleeding stumps, of threatening to cut his sister's hands off, and standing over her with a knife and almost cutting her throat, of setting fire to houses, and, in short, always doing something outrageous and cruel. He was committed to jail, preparatory to [illegible] sent to the Lunatic Asylum.

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"HERALD"

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54 GERMAIN STREET.

Archbishop's Gibbons' Appeal.

The Most Rev. Dr. Gibbons, primate of the United States, has addressed the following letter to his priests:

BALTIMORE, Sept. 4, 1878.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR—You are painfully aware of the terrible scourge of yellow fever with which the people of three of our sister States in the South are now afflicted, and of the appalling scenes of terror, despair, desolation and death which are hourly witnessed in New Orleans, Memphis, Vicksburg and other places along the Mississippi. And the latest advices from the plague-stricken districts, far from affording any hope of an early cessation of the epidemic, report, on the contrary, a steady increase of fatal cases.

This fearful condition of things is aggravated by the rigorous blockade which is enforced against these cities, which places them in a state of isolation, which has paralyzed trade and commerce, has thrown out of employment hundreds who are not able to work, and has reduced them to a condition of forced idleness.

Poverty, therefore, with all its attendant privations, is to be added to the other evils from which so many in these ill-fated cities are now suffering.

While we contemplate at a distance the sad spectacle of so many faithful priests and devoted Sisters sad volunteer nurses dying like brave sentinels at their post, victims of heroic charity; while we behold so many hundreds of our fellow-beings, of every race and religion, swept away by the poisonous breath of pestilence, we should be deeply grateful to God that we are preserved from so dreadful a visitation, and that we are in the enjoyment of social and commercial relations with the outside world.

And we should give substantial expression of our gratitude to God, and of our sympathy for our suffering brethren, by hastening to relieve them in their sore distress.

I am sure, then, that I am not only giving expression to my own feelings, but also interpreting your wishes and the wishes of your congregation, when I request you, on reading this circular Sunday next, to announce that a collection will be taken up in all the churches of the diocese on Sunday, Sept. 15, in behalf of the yellow fever sufferers in Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee. You will please remit your collection as early as practicable to the Chancellor of the diocese, that it may be forwarded with the least possible delay to its destination.

† JAMES GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore,
By order of the Most Rev. Archbishop,
A. A. CURTIS, Secretary.

The Fever at Memphis.

A HOME PICTURE.

It is hard, as we write in this, dark, dismal night of death, not to realize the full meaning of that brief sentence. It is hard for any man of the few left in this city of sorrows not to take the sentence to himself with a painfully personal application as the sentence of death. Scarcely any are left but those who are crowding down personal care in the noble purpose of others' good. To them death, if it comes, will have the sweetening consolation that it is brought by as noble a service as the God of heaven, as the man on earth ever looked upon. To die for man is to imitate the grandest event in the history of our globe; it is to imitate the death of the Saviour of the world. The rain falls slowly, the storm of the afternoon, having sunk into a dismal, solemnly sad drizzle, as though the heavens themselves were touched to tears at the sight of so much of human misery. The rattle of an occasional vehicle along the silent street tells that the member of some benevolent society is hastening to minister to the sick or dying. That is all. Else is silence, deathly and awful, with naught but the rattle of the water from the roof into the tin gutter, and that has the ominous gurgle of a death rattle in the human throat.

Seventy dead, and at least one hundred and twenty-five new cases. God help us!

If Hope were not worn to a skeleton; if she had not taken herself to prayer, we might find a spark to kindle a weak glow of light in this impenetrable darkness, and expect that the heavy shower of to-day would wash from air, from gutter and from a bayou a part of the foul pestfential air which is breeding death.

The horrors of the hour cannot be told, even if the heart did not sicken at the task.

They are horrors such as make life almost a burden. Elsewhere it will be seen that a noble band of physicians have come to our aid. We need them all, and more, and when we think into what a tornado of death they throw their frail bodies, we cannot but be amazed that strangers should dare so much for strangers. Their reward is found in a higher sphere than that in which our full hearts beat in gratitude.

The Howards need men to supply the places of their sick. Their inability to visit all the stricken yesterday caused much distress, if not deaths. The ranks of the clergy, as brave a company of Christian soldiers as ever faced martyrdom without a fear, have been invaded.

MARTYRS OF CHARITY.—The despatches from the infected places down South have reported the deaths of thirteen priests, two brothers and seventeen sisters, and illness of the Right Rev. Bishop Elder, five other priests and six sisters. The names of the dead not mentioned last week in this paper, or those who have died since its issue, are the Rev. J. McManus of Vicksburg, Brother Amandus, O. S. F.; Mother Alphonsa of St. Agnes' Academy, Memphis; Sisters Josepha, Delona, Bernadina, Constance, Veronica, Catherine and Thiela, all of Memphis; Sisters Mary Bernadine Murray and Mary Regis Grant of Vicksburg, and Sister Isidore of New Orleans. The Church glories in their death. They are martyrs of charity who, like their Master, laid down their lives for men. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man may lay down his life for his friends." They have shown this love, and thereby once more have given testimony to the truth of that Church which alone produces such heroes. They have manifested that they are not hirelings, who flee at the first approach of danger, but that they are faithful servants of the Great Shepherd who died for His flock.—*Catholic Mirror.*

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