The Herald.

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THE HERALD

Is Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

From the Office of Kane & Co.,

54 GERMAIN STREET,

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

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

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. mar1ly

The Empire Dining Saloon,

GERMAIN ST., Opposite City Market

R. J. PATTERSON, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

The very best of Oysters always on hand

☞ SOUPS OF ALL KINDS served every day ☜

Wm. DOHERTY & Co.

CUSTOM TAILORS,

Corner of Main St., Portland,

AND PARADISE ROW.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

FIRST CLASS FIT

And workmanship guaranteed. A full stock of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

☞ Ladies' Sacques A Specialty ☜

DOMINION

Dining Rooms and Exchange

OLD ST. JOHN HOTEL LOT,

CHARLOTTE STREET.

ARE NOW OPNE

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

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. COURTENAY,

aug2 Proprietor.

ANNUAL HOLIDAY SALE!

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

In a few days the range of prices in BLACK SILKS, VELVETS, DRESS GOODS, BLANKETS, COUNTERPANES, COMFORTERS, Etc., Etc., will be published.

Irrespective of Purchasing, an Inspection of the Stock is solicited.

MACKENZIE BROS.,

47 King street.

LONDON-MADE TWEED OVERCOATS,

New and Fashionable.

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

dec22 MACKENZIE BROS.

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.

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 Handkerchiefs, 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, [illegible]cts., 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;
2[?] pieces HEAVY ALL WOOL CANADIAN TWEEDS. Regular price 70cts., reduced to 60cts.;
16 pieces Extra Heavy All Wool CANADIAN TWEEDS. Regular price 85cts., reduced to 75 cts.;
5[?] dozen LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, ladies and gentlemen's, 1[?] per cent below regular prices;
200 pieces HAMBURG EDGINGS and INSERTIONS, 20 per cent. below regular prices.

McCAFFERTY & 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.	35 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.	1[?] " TWEED do. [illegible]
20 " GREY " 20 to 25 cents.	10 " WOOL SHAWLS, from $1.00 to $3.00.
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.**

JEWELLERS' HALL,

No. 14 King Street,

PALACE BUILDING.

THIS new Store has opened with a full stock of

Fine Watches, Jewellery and FANCY ARTICLES.

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

dec 22 T. L. COUGHLAN.

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

P. KEENAN,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

(Successor to the late J. Crear.)

has removed from Germain street, to the Shanty on the

SOUTH SIDE OF THE FOUNTAIN,

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

sept15

JOHN McGOURTY,

City Contractor,

COR. OF ELLIOT ROW & PITT ST.,

ST. JOHN, N B.

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

HOLLANDS GENEVA

Just received:

50 GREEN Cases DeKuypers' GENEVA;
25 " " Key do.;
25 " " half-bottles do. 1 dozen each
5 " " pint-flasks do. 1 "

M. A. FINN,

nov17 Hazen Building.

WILLET & QUIGLEY,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,

Notaries Public, &c.,

55 KING STREET, (up stairs.)

JOHN WILLET. RICH'D F. QUIGLEY, (B. C. L.) (LL. 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 Bates, at the Board of Health office or on the premises.

feb9

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

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

Men's and Boys' Shoes,

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

BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS,

and Ladies' and Gentlemen's

Felt Overshoes and Rubbers,

PLAIN and FANCY.

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

Custom work and Repairing executed on the premises with despatch.

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

MRS. J. DONOVAN,

Main street, Portland,

dec26 McKeever's Building.

STEAM BRICK & TILE WORKS,

Legrange Yards, Little River.

LEE BROTHERS have constantly on hand a large Supply of

PATENT MACHINE BRICKS,

Common and Pressed

DRAINING TILES From 2 to 6 Inches in the Bore, For and and other purposes.

Also, PAN TILES, for flooring purposes.

☞ Orders filled by addressing L. B., P. O. Box 539 St. John N. B.

[By Request]

ANNABEL LEE.

I.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

II.

I was a child, and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

III.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

IV.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

V.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

VI.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

* Viz., the angels,—a graceful fancy. Ed.

[Written for the HERALD.]

A RAMBLE AFTER THE FIRE.

BY NOW AND THEN.

It is not my intention to write anything in connection with the great fire that desolated our fair city on the memorable 20th of June. The story has been already told by other and more abler pens than mine, and indeed, if one line had never been written on that heart-rending and appalling calamity, those who had the misfortune of passing through the fearful scenes of that terrible day, when the fire fiend swept down upon us with such relentless fury, spreading death and destruction in its track, and who were compelled to look on, awed and terror stricken—powerless to resist the fearful onslaught wafted by the devastating element—have perhaps suffered enough, in the loss of many time honored [illegible] and many treasured memories, quite enough to impress upon their memories a scene that never will be forgotten, remembered in the 'Look and volume of their brain, unmixed with baser matter.' I happened to be one of those fortunate individuals who had nothing much to lose and I succeeded in saving everything, "My honor and my sword" included, and I flattered myself that I was fortunate in running the gauntlet with so much. After the fire, however, I began to realize one unpleasant fact. I found "Othello's occupation was gone," ruthlessly torn from the high position I fancied I was occupying, and reluctantly compelled to wander like many others among the ruins. Seated one day like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, I came to the conclusion that my presence in the burned city was no longer necessary. I had no claims to settle with any of the Insurance offices, nor was I at all familiar with the manufacture of brick, and as my ambition ran in a very different direction from carrying the hod, I came to the conclusion at once that there was a world elsewhere. On the evening of the 26th of June, myself and trunks were on the night train bound to Halifax. The train was crowded with "fair women and brave men," the majority of them former residents of poor unfortunate St. John, who were compelled to seek homes for themselves and families at the quiet little towns along the line of railway. Moncton was reached a little after midnight, and it appeared to me to be as dark as ever. But it is not always dark in Moncton. The inhabitants are bright and intelligent, besides the moon is seen sometimes there, and I presume the average resident is made happier when she puts in an appearance. We reached Halifax (or as near as we could get to it) after a weary ride of 12 hours. The railway station, as many of my readers are probably aware, being at least two miles from the business portion of the town. No doubt the hackmen find this state of things beneficial to their interests, but the man who travels would perhaps prefer to be in hailing distance of a hotel when he arrives in a town, rather than to be compelled to take a long ride in a queer hack. Hotels [illegible] cheap in Halifax [illegible] when you take into consideration the distance you have to go before you reach the [illegible] on Hollis street. So here we are in Halifax once again. Noble, generous Halifax, with her magnificent harbour, her citadel hill, public gardens, military bands, [illegible] soldiery, the blue jackets of the navy, her aristocratic dames and [illegible] the evening we visited the Academy of Music and saw Louise Pomeroy play Rosalind in Shakspeare's [illegible] comedy "As you like it," supported by Mr. McNamary's magnificent company. The theatre is certainly one of great beauty, being built at a cost of eighty thousand dollars, and is one of the many fine public buildings that the citizens of our sister city may feel justly proud. The theatre was not crowded on the night in question, although the [illegible] of the evening had passed through the St. John fire and was extensively advertised on that account. After a pleasant sojourn of several weeks in Halifax, I found my restless disposition and the nature of my pursuits seeking fresh fields and pastures new; and on a very warm day in August, I found myself threading the familiar and historic streets of Boston. As the City of New York was my objective point, I tarried only for a few short hours at the "Hub." Having arrived at 2 p.m., on the afternoon of August 21st, I was off on the train at [illegible] for Fall River. It was the evening [illegible] Express, and we sped along at lightning speed through the quiet, little New England villages that lie along the route between Boston and the busy manufacturing town of Fall River, arriving safely at the latter place about 7.30 p. m. There we were speedily transferred to the elegant and famous steamer "Bristol" that was in waiting for us. This magnificent floating palace was crowded with passengers, and we were soon out upon the calm and placid waters of Long Island Sound; the band of the steamer discoursing excellent music as we moved quietly along. The hundreds of fair women and brave men are floating around the saloon, or seated upon the yielding and luxurious lounges that are scattered profusely around, listening to the strains of melody that issue from instruments of the well-trained musicians who compose this *marine band*. The brilliantly lighted chandeliers (lighted with gas), casting their brilliant gleams upon the faces of all alike, whether it is saint or sinner, the man of business, or he who is only bent on pleasure. It was a little world in itself. There were men, women and children of every age and condition in life, some with beaming, happy faces, without any care or thought for the morrow; others again looking careworn, sad and thoughtful, with with some secret sorrow perhaps pressing at their heart, as they moved listlessly and silently around, their feet pressing the soft and yielding Brussels carpet that covered the spacious and elegant saloon. They were, perhaps, far away from home and friends; the happy, smiling face of some loved one was before them in imagination. The childish glee and merry sport of some happy family group in some distant land, and the treasured memories of old and happy associations was in their thoughts, and were in their opinion infinitely superior to all the glare and glitter and the elegant surroundings of a scene like this. Newport was reached about 10 p. m. Newport, as you are probably aware, is one of the great and fashionable watering places of the continent, where the sons and daughters, wives and mothers of the fashionable portion of New York find it incumbent upon them, if they aspire to be anything above the "common herd," to quit the elegant homes of wealth and luxury on Fifth and Madison avenues, Murray Hill, and other aristocratic portions of the great city, as well as other cities, and make annual excursions, and linger in Newport by the sea, during the summer solstice, [illegible] perusing the latest novels, enjoying themselves in little innocent flirtations, threading the mazy labyrinths of the giddy dance, wandering along the sea beat shore, sleeping late in the mornings, or taking a plunge in the surf in a vain endeavour to crush and stifle the fearful headaches brought upon themselves by an over indulgence in the [illegible] pleasures that they enjoy at such a place, dissipating a huge supply of "dear papa's" currency, who is very reluctantly compelled to remain in the crowded city, battling with the heated atmosphere and the numerous business troubles that surround him, and at times weigh so heavily upon him, but all that must be patiently borne in order that his darling daughters and fashionable and devoted wife may enjoy themselves to their heart's content among the favored children of fortune, who annually betake themselves to one of those fashionable sea-side resorts. Newport had not gone to bed when we arrived, at least the fashionable portion of it, for out upon the calm, blue waters with the silvery moon throwing its brilliant gleams of light over its smooth surface, numerous boats were peacefully gliding, filled with fashionable humanity, pouring forth rich strains of melody that broke the silence and mingled with the clear night air. The little crafts laden with so much fashion, beauty, wealth and intelligence, were darting hither and thither, (propelled by some good stout arm), lighted with Chinese lanterns, rockets and Roman candles of various hues, being occasionally shot off from fair, white hands, piercing the clear, blue sky, and almost rivalling the stars in brilliancy. The reflection beaming upon the fair outlines of those apparently happy faces, made the scene, in my opinion, a near approach to what we have sometimes read of in far off Venice, where the dark skinned beauties of sunny Italy with their Venetian Cavaliers, tune their harps and warble forth their beautiful Italian airs as they silently glide in their gondolas over the surface of the waters beneath their own bright and balmy Italian skies in that quaint, historic and grand old "City of the Sea."

(To be continued.)

LOUIS VEUILLOT ON THE DEATH OF PIUS IX.

God's will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven! The Church widowed, the people are orphans, the Pope is dead. He was the only man left upon this earth which is given up to its own darkness—a darkness that threatens to be one of the densest that has been known for a long period. We may say now that there are no more stars to be extinguished, there is nothing else to die. With Pius IX., a grand epoch of men terminates. In surveying the condition of the world, how great will be the profoundity of the night which has already commenced, and which is advancing with giant strides! The human race, in awful suspense, raises its eyes to the sky in which this sun has just disappeared in a cloud, which appears likely to descend in a shower of fire and blood. "Men of Galilee, why do you stop and look at the heaven?" But God be praised! from that heaven in which has disappeared him who was the joy, the strength, and the hope of the world, Faith brings to us the answer which earth could no longer obtain. The epoch of Pius IX. is finished, that of Jesus Christ is ever renewed. The man of Jesus, who in separating from you has risen to Heaven, will come in the same manner in which you have seen him ascend. He will not leave you orphans.

Nevertheless, the trouble and grief are great. In vain the inevitable end approached. It seemed as if the moment had already passed. The Pope was as strong, he lived so much by the indomitable energy of his soul, that we had accustomed ourselves to think that he would not die. How could we fear that he should go! The Holy Church had so much use of him! He was so good, so wise, he had done such great things! His reason alone, unaided by human force, held in restraint so many powerful adversaries! How could we think that God would consent to the departure of the only man that was left to the world!

Vain reasoning, vain hopes! Almighty God has His eternal designs which He may suspend, but which nothing can arrest. He has not accorded all miracles, and the one which we desired is not to be. He will do others and greater ones that we do not ask, but of which we have need. The world will submit to them before recognising them without even suspecting their existence, and already the miracle is accomplished. There is a man upon the earth, unknown to all and to himself, and who does not yet know the name by which he will be revered and obeyed by all. We shall know him to-morrow, and not only men of good-will, but many, also, among the rebels will know it, and circumstances themselves will give way before him; and this man a prisoner perhaps, a fugitive without a shelter, or a martyr, will be the Pope of Rome, the successor of Pius IX. and of S. Peter. There is the new miracle prepared throughout all times, and which will be revealed now to console the orphan people, and the Pope will find holy and fitting words with which to address the human race, so as to bring them back into the right way, and to maintain his chief in the ranks of the combat, to sustain the eternal war of the world, and of God against the world and the false gods. And that war will be sustained to-day and to-morrow, as it always has been, and it will endure until the day of triumph arrives which will do assuredly.

This is the miracle which we are going to witness to-morrow, already commenced to-day, the miracle which gave us Pius IX., after Gregory XVI., and which has, ever since S. Peter, continued to give us always a new Pope for every Pope deceased. It will re-commence immediately having never ceased for a single day since it was inaugurated by the Passion of Christ. It is continued from Cross to Cross, and from Calvary to Calvary. Innumerable executioners, and one single victim, but immortal. This combat Pius IX. sustained for a longer period than any one else before him, as a true general of His army. He sustained it in an hour of trial; he received the fortune which had, apparently, abated; he gloriously prepared the way for its continuance until the day of eternity. Happy those who have been called by Divine Providence to live under His Pontificate! No pope before him ever encountered so many kinds of heresy, of fraud, of brutal forces and of hypocrisy; so many kinds of falsehood, of deceit, of insult, of sickness, and of death; and perhaps no one ever before more conspicuously exhibited to the faithful the clear, open face, irradiated with that truth by which the shadows of evil will be vanquished and dispersed.

How a Woman Buys Meat.

There is so much of "human natur" in the following, that we doubt not many of our fair readers will gently smile, if not "laugh right out," as they read it:

When a women enters a butcher-shop to select a piece of meat for dinner, she has her mind made up to take mutton roast. Therefore, when the butcher rubs his hands, and asks what she will have, she promptly replies:

"I'll take some of that mut—"

She stops there. Her eyes has caught sight of ham, and she suddenly decides to take ham.

"Best ham I ever saw, madam; how much?"

"Well, you may give me three p— Well, I don't know either. My husband was saying he'd like some sausages."

"Plenty, madam. Now, then, how much will you have?

"It's pork sausages is it?

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I suppose a pound would be enough for our small family; but—but—"

"Shall I weigh a pound, madam?"

"I was wondering if a veal pot-pie wouldn't suit him better," she answered.

"You have veal, I suppose?

"O, yes, madam; here's a splendid bit of veal, as good a piece as I ever saw."

"Yes, that does look like veal," she says, lifting it up.

"And you'll take it?"

"Let's see," she muses. "Y—no, I guess not. I'd better take pork chops."

"Nice chops—how much?" he asks.

"One of those slices will weigh a pound, I suppose?"

"About a pound, madam."

"And it was a young hog?"

"Quite youngish, madam."

"And you cut the rind off?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well," she says, heaving a deep sigh, "I guess you may give me some beefsteak—some that's nice, and be sure and cut all the bone out!"

And she's only been half an hour coming to the point.

Liquid Vacuum.

When Thomas drove up to a house on Elizabeth street yesterday to deliver the usual quarts of mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly enquired:

"Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?

"Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?"

"Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early spring, close of the Eastern war and the state of the roads and then asked:

"Say, Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts sir."

"Ah—um," said the gentleman as he moved off. Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon cover.

"Nine cows is nine, and I set seven quarts down under the cows and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers, by leaving a durned big cavity in these figgers to be filled with water!"

PLAIN

AND

ORNAMENTAL PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

At Low Rates and with Despatch

AT THE

"HERALD"

Book, Card and Job Rooms,

54 GERMAIN STREET,

A STRANGE HISTORY.

A woman with a strange history died at Blackwell's Island Almshouse this week. Catherine Hayes was her name and she was 104 years old. She was a member of the household of the Marquis of Beresford, in Ireland, and though living under the roof of the leading Orange family of Ireland at that dark and troubled period, she nevertheless wedded an outlaw with a price upon his head. He was taken prisoner at the memorable battle of Oulert Hill and sentenced to be hanged. His young wife heard of his capture and sentence and invoked the all-powerful Marquis of Beresford to interpose his clemency in saving the life of her patriotic husband. The Marquis, for once in his life, was inclined to be merciful to "rebels" and gave a reluctant promise that he would interest himself in saving from the gallows the hero of Oulert Hill. And so, the story goes, that as Myles Ryan was about being led from his dungeon to the scaffold a free pardon was granted him, without his knowledge of the influence that saved his life. The pardon was read in the presence of the yeomanry, who were so enraged at the escape of one of their victims, and he, too, the most dangerous and conspicious of the batch of doomed men, that as the happy couple were walking arm in arm, offering fervent prayers to Heaven for the miraculous escape of Myles from the gallows, they were overtaken by a troop of yeomen, who fell upon Myles and sabered him to death. The devoted Catherine, in striving to shield him from the merciless blows of his assassins, received a sabre cut on the head which laid her prostrate by the side of her husband.

PERPETUAL MOTION ACCOMPLISHED.—A magnetic clock, invented by Daniel Drawbough, Milltown, Cumberland County, Pensylvania, is sufficiently remarkable to be worth description. The magnetism of the earth, an inexhaustible source of power, is made to oscillate the pendulum; and the simplicity of all the works gives an assurance of the least possible friction. At a certain point the movements of the pendulum itself shuts off magnetic connection with the earth, and at another point restores the connection, thus securing the conditions necessary to produce its oscillations. The works are so ingenious and simple that it is no wild assertion to make that, were it not for the unavoidable wearing out caused by even the smallest amount of friction, the clock would run as long as the solid earth endures. This clock is hung against a board partition, with all the works exposed, subject to the jarrings of machinery and obstructions from dust settling upon it, yet since March 1st, 1877, it has been running continuously and uniformly, with only slight variations, as tested by transit observations at noon.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

A good story is told of a Bostonian's first appearance in polite society in Arkansas, which might be applicable to this city:

The company were engaged in dancing, but the loveliest female in the room occupied a chair near the window, without a partner. Stepping up to the lady with a palpitating heart, his mind greatly agitated for fear of a refusal, he exclaimed:

"Will you do me the honor to grace me with your company for the next set?"

Her lusterous eyes shone with unwonted brilliancy, while her pearly teeth glistened in the flickering candle light, her full snowy bosom rose and fell with joyous rapture as she replied:

"Yes-sir-ree! for I've sot, and sot, till I've 'bout tuk root!"

A couple of idle fellows strolled into a colored church at Hartford, a few evenings since to enjoy the fun; but when the colored minister rose up to preach, before announcing his text, he leaned forward on the pulpit, and looked slowly around on his congregation.

"Breddren," says he, at length, "may de Lor' hab mercy on all de scoffers."

A long pause.

"May de Lor' hab mercy on all de laffers."

Solemn pause.

"May de Lor' hab mercy on de two peanut-eaters down by de door."

The young men did not wait to hear the benediction.

The Catholics of New York have fifty churches, the monetary value of which is *two and a half million pounds sterling*. Most of this money has been subscribed within a quarter of a century, and the greater part has been subscribed by the poor, hard working class. Besides, there is a list of converts, colleges, schools asylums, and hospitals, not including in the returns, but representing, at the lowest circulation, another million. Can men wonder, with such facts before their eyes, that the Church is the most vital power of our time? If the Irish emigrants are not the best customers of the savings banks, they at all events appropriate a reasonable proportion of their earnings to their religion and the loved ones at home.