# St. John Chronicle.

## "COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE."

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### THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally neatly executed.

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☞ The *Chronicle* is filed, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244 Strand, London. Professor Holloway is duly empowered to receive all monies due our establishment in London, and whose receipts will be regarded by us as valid.



**Per Arthur White, from London.**

100 CHESTS Souchong TEA; 5 tons Brandram's No. 1 WHITE LEAD;
1 ton Brandram's Coloured PAINTS;
Casks Boiled and Raw OIL;
3 do. PUTTY; 1 cask STARCH;
4 cases INDIGO;
1 case Ladies' BOOTS;
1 do. STATIONERY.
For Sale at the lowest market rates.
June 12. L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.

JUST PUBLISHED—A new Editon of Lennie's English GRAMMAR, strongly bound in linen. Price 5s. 6d. per dozen.
June 5 B. O'BRIEN.

*Received per Steamer America, at the*
**N. American Clothing Store,**
Sears' Brick Building, King Street,
A SPLENDID assortment of Broad CLOTHS; Cassimeres; Doeskins; Tweeds; &c.; will be made up to order in the most Fashionable style, at the shortest notice.
May 9. R. HUNTER.

**GRANITE HALL,**
*6 DOCK STREET.*
SPRING and Summer OVER COATS, in Plain Sack, and Raglan Styles.
Good material Fashionable cut, and well made.
April 3, 1858. THOS. R. JONES.

NOTICE.—All persons having legal demands against the Estate of WILLIAM WHITE, Senr., late of Cambridge, (Queen's County,) deceased, are requested to hand in the same, duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted are requested to make immediate payment to
SAMUEL WHITE,
WM. WIGGINS, *Executors.*
Queen's County, May 1, 1858.

**Waverly House, No. 69, King street.**
RUBBERS AT REDUCED PRICES.
LADIES' 3s 6d. Gents' 3s. 6d. Leather Boots and Shoes of every description, together with English felt Cloth BOOTS at first Cost.
The public will please to understand that I will continue these low prices to the 1st of May, and also that I will use no deception of second price.
March 5. B. O'BRIEN.

***Earthenware, China & Glass.***
F. CLEMENTSON has received per "John Duncan" and "Boadicea":—A general assortment of the above Goods, which are offered at the lowest Market rates, Wholesale and Retail 92, DOCK STREET. October 30.

*JUST RECEIVED:*
200 QUINTALS large CODFISH; 400 Boxes Dipper Harbour Smoked HERRINGS, a good article.
JOHN MARVEN,
October 23. Ward-street.

**Furniture & Upholstery Ware Rooms.**
**No. 87, head of King Street.**
DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE; DINING Room Furniture; BED ROOM Furniture—of different designs, in Mahogany and Walnut.
—ALSO—
*HAIR MATTRESSES; MOSS MATTRESSES; GRASS MATTRESSES; STRAW MATTRESSES.*
—ALSO—
Cheap CHAIRS and BEDSTEADS, in great variety. For sale by the subscribers.
March 12. J. & G LAWRENCE.

**Reversible Caps.**
IN compliance with the wishes of a number of Customers, we are again manufacturing a quantity of PALA ALTO REVERSIBLE CAPS. This is a style which was in great demand in the United States at the time of the late Mexican War, and is a very convenient Cap for travellers. Call and see.
C. D. EVERETT & SON,
August 7. 15, King-street.

**HOLLANDS.**
LANDING ex "Ann Rankine" from London, —150 packages GENEVA, Anchor Brand, which will be sold at 4s. per gallon in Bond from Wharf. THOS. PARKS,
October 24. 25, Dock-street.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—The Subscriber having been lately appointed a Licensed AUCTIONEER for Queen's County trusts from the Public a Share of Business which shall receive his prompt attention, on most reasonable terms. ARCHIBALD McALLISTER.
Gagetown, August 22.

**SEE HERE.**
ON and after Wednesday the 8th instant, the Subscriber intends to run a DAILY COACH for the accommodation of the Public between the Nine Mile Station and Sussex Vale; leaving the Nine Mile station on the arrival of the two o'clock train, for Sussex Vale, *EVERY DAY*, arriving the same evening at Sussex, and leaving Sussex the following morning at 6 a. m., to meet the 2 p. m. train. A covered Coach, good Horses, and a careful driver always in attendance.
PETER B. LYON.
Hampton, sept 7.

**L. H. DEVEBER & SONS**
Have received by the "*Lampedo*," "*John Duncan*," "*Arthur White*," and "*Georgia*";
PART of their Fall Supply of British MERCHANDISE. ALSO—
104 Chests fine CONGO TEA;
5 Tons White LEAD;
6 Casks PAINT OIL;
3 Tons PUTTY.
☞ Remainder of the Stock daily expected by the M[illegible] October 2[illegible].

S. K. FOSTER'S,
**Fashionable SHOE STORES,**
*New Goods for Fall!*
JUST received per Ship *Boadicea*, a new and excellent variety of Ladies, Misses, and Children's Fall BOOTS and SHOES, of the very best English make.
Those Customers who desire a very Superior Article, and one suitable to the season, can now have their wishes gratified.
S. K. FOSTER.

**CHINA!**
Per *Middleton* and *Alamode*—
THE Subscriber has received by the above Ships, a choice selection of DINNER SETS, ETRUSCAN CHINA TEA SETS, VASES, Stone PITCHERS, and China Toilette SETS.
FRAS. CLEMENTSON.
St. John, June 30, 1857.

**Beans and Shad.**
40 BUSHELS N. S. White BEANS; 20 half-barrels good SHAD. For Sale
JOHN MARVIN.

HAY RAKES.—100 Dozen HAY RAKES of superior quality, for sale at 10s. and 12s 6d. per dozen.
August 7. THOMAS C. EVERITT.

**Rope, Sail Twine, &c.**
300 BOLTS Bleached Gourock CANVAS, assorted;
100 Bolts Extra all long Flax, ditto;
100 do. Gourock Boiled ditto;
75 Coils BOLT ROPE;
82 do POINT LINE;
1700 three-thread SAIL TWINE.
JOHN ROOP,
Wishart's Buildings, Johnston's Wharf.
July 10.

PER "JOHN DUNCAN."—6,000 FIRE BRICKS. For sale by
FRAS. CLEMENTSON,
Sept. 25. 29, Dock-street.

FAIRBANKS'
CELEBRATED
**SCALES,**
of every variety,
**34 Kilby Street, Boston.**
*GREENLEAF & BROWN, Agents.*
A full assortment of all kinds of weighing apparatus and store furniture for sale at low rates Railroad, Hay, and Coal Scales set in any part of the Provinces.
For Sale in St. John by WM. THOMSON.
Aug. 1, 1858. [1yr]

**Building Lots for Sale,**
*AT THE NINE MILES STATION*
THE subscriber has laid out a portion of his farm at the above place in eligible Building Lots, either for places of business or private residences. Early application will ensure a preference, as after a short period they will be offered at auction.
Sept 10 JOSHUA SCRIBNER

**GLASS—92, Dock Street.**
F. CLEMENTSON respectfully solicits the attention of purchasers to his Spring Stock of GLASS.
On the arrival of the *John Duncan*, the assortment of CUT GLASS will be completed, which will be superior in design to any previous importation. (July 10.) FRAS. CLEMENTSON.

FOR Sale at No. 168, Prince William Street,—BEST CUMBERLAND BUTTER.
August 7. WILLIAM PARKS.

FOR Sale at No. 168, Prince William Street,—200 CHEESE from Clarke's Dairy.
August 7. WILLIAM PARKS.

FOR Sale at No. 168, Prince William Street,—BEST ISLAY MALT.
WILLIAM PARKS.
St. John, August 7, 1857.

**No. Twelve.**
A CHOICE LOT OF
**FANCY COLORED BROADCLOTHS,**
SUITABLE for Gentlemen or Ladies' CLOAKING, RIDING HABITS, &c. &c.
—*IN SUPERFINE*—
ADELAIDE,
BOTTLE GREEN,
MOSS OLIVES,
MULBERRY,
BROWN,
BLACK,
SCARLET.
☞ The above GOODS have been received per last steamer "Niagara," and for sale from 15s. at No. 12., King street. 1m.

82, *King Street.*
**Saint John Hotel Building.**
RECEIVED in good order, by last trip of steamer Eastern City, from Boston, a supply of the following Goods;
GREEN APPLES, DRIED APPLES,
Oranges, Lemons, Sugar Cured HAMS,
ONIONS, CHEESE, and BUTTER.
Which will be sold by the Subscriber cheap for cash. ROBERT STEWART.
April 9, 1858.

**New Books.**
THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY, by Viscount deChateaubriand;
ST. JOHN'S MANUAL; a Guide to the Public Worship and Services of the Catholic Church;
A Vindication of Italy and the Papal States, from the Dublin Review;
John Mitchell's Great Lecture on Thomas Devin Reilly, delivered in the Tabernacle, N. York;
Hendrick Conscience's Tales, complete;
Nos. 1 to 4 of the Complete Works of Gerald Griffin—to be completed in 30 numbers;
Luck is Everything, by W. H. Maxwell;
Charles Lever's Works, 4 vols., octavo, cloth;
Love after Marriage by Caroline Lee Hentz
The Border Rover by Emerson Bennett;
The Rats of the Seine, by Paul Preston;
The Doomed Ship, by Harry Hazel;
Dow's Patent Sermons, new edition;
Reynolds' Complete Works;
Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries for May, 1s.;
Harper, Putnam, the Youths, Household Words New York National, Waverley, and Blackwood for May;
The Testimony of the Rocks, by Hugh Miller.
☞ Latest "New York Ledger," &c.
May 8. B. O'BRIEN.

4 CASKS Olive OIL, 300 gallons; 8 bbls. TALLOW, 2,000 lbs.;
LONDON OAKUM.—10 tons London Oakum, or sale low.
One Wood Stock ANCHOR.—For sale by
August 7. JOHN WALKER.

**Spring Style of Hat for 1858.**
THE subscriber is manufacturing HATS of the above style, at 27, North side King street.
April 5. A. HAGER


**Poetry.**

(Written for the Chronicle.)

### HOME.

An image bright grew in my heart,
I cherished it for years;
I sunned it with loves holiest smile,
And wattered it with tears,
If shade e'er rested o'er my soul,—
(What soul without its shade?)
If hope grew sick and pined away—
If severed ties, were laid
'Neath the green sod and silent stone,
And I were left all stunned and lone,
This image ('twas my childhood's home,)
No influence could fade.

In visions blest it came at night,
When sleep the senses chain;
And softly as the evening-dews
On blade and floweret rain,
The twilight's dreamy gaze would bring
The hearts first season, youth, the spring
Of life: once passed, O, "never more"
Its light can we regain.

Long years had passed—a waif I seemed
Tossed on times fickle strand,
The hope I 'd nursed was in my grasp,
I trod my native land.
'Twas mine no more,—my dream had flown,
My friends were changed,—myself unknown,
A stranger I, where once I roved—
With school-mates hand in hand.

Home, home!—thy sacred thrill is lost,—
Thy pulse can beat no more;
No power can bind thy parted links,
Thy long loved reign is o'er
Seeking in vain for some known spot
I felt thy fading spell,
And 'mid the busy tumult round
I heard the dying knell.
O, doubly weary, now I roam,
Since e'en in heart, I have no home:
Sweet vision of my life, I give
A tearless, sad farewell.

Oromocto, March 7th, 1859. ZILLA.

### THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere the toils of day thou dust prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care:
Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil or by sad cares oppressed;
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
And he will give thee rest:—
Thy voice shall reach him through the field of air,—
Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,—
Whilest eve's bright colors deck the skies;—
When with the loved at home, again thou'st met,
Then let thy prayer arise
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share;—
Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth—
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep stillness of the hour given birth
To pure bright dreams of Heaven.—
Kneel to God—ask strength life's ills to bear;—
Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?
In every hour while life is spread to thee—
In crowds of solitude—in joy or care—
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee—
At home—at morn and eve—with loved ones there,
Bend on the knee in prayer.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### MAURICE LEE.

A SKETCH.—BY IDA SPRUCE.

It was evening—holy, calm and beautiful. The moon hung like a silver cresent in the heavens, looking sweetly down upon the earth as though no sorrow or death, no griefs or trials had their dwelling thereon. Occasionally borne upon the evening breeze came the sound of human voices and the merry laughter of a boating party upon the river, who with song and mirth charmed away the lovely summer eve. The sounds were wafted up to an open window of an aristocratic looking mansion which, situated upon a gentle eminence overlooked the river and harbor, where was seated a gentleman; one lone watcher there that starry night. But the sounds of music and mirth jarred painfully upon his ear, for his spirit was not in unison with their glad, free intercourse.

He was noble looking and in the prime of life, yet deep traces of care were visible upon his lofty brow, and many a thread of silver had interwoven itself amid the luxuriant masses of dark hair with which the wind now idly sported.

The stranger leaned wearily upon his hand for a few moments, then starting suddenly from his position he drew forth a small golden locket, and opening it gazed long and earnestly upon the countenance of a beautiful girl there portrayed, while the fast falling tears coursed down his cheeks and fell upon it. Very youthful and lovely was the picture. It was indeed a dream for an artist's pencil, and Maurice Lee was an artist—one whom the world delighted to honor, whom America claimed proudly as her gifted son. But what mattered it to him in that hour the wealth and fame his noble gifts had won him? for his mind was busy with the memories of the past and of a fair form which he had often folded to his heart and whispered, "mine own beloved, mine." But alas! she who had been the star of his existence was quietly sleeping beneath the sods of the valley, and his dream of happiness was over.

Carrie Liston had been the beloved of his boyhood. In early years he had loved her for her free, artless manners and for the kindness with which she uniformly treated the poor orphan boy; and in all their little troubles at school he was always Carrie's champion and bold defender, for Maurice was a spirited boy; and the success which marked his after life might have been foretold then by the energy which displayed itself in his character. As years passed on their friendship grew into an affection for each other which amounted almost to idolatry, and Maurice looked forward to the time when he should call Carrie his bride as confidently as to any moment of his future existence. Well did he remember when and how they had parted; he a friendless youth going forth to meet the rude buffetings of the world; she the petted daughter of wealthy parents.

Mr. Liston had observed with a jealous eye the growing intimacy between Maurice and Carrie, and the young artist was cooly informed that his presence at his house was considered an intrusion, accompanied with the request that his visits would be discontinued.

It was at the house of a mutual friend, in the midst of a brilliant assembly, that they met for the last time. Slowly the hours wore on and Maurice found no moment to whisper a parting word to Carrie. At last they met in the dance.

"Dear Carrie," he whispered, "I go to-morrow; do not forget me. In other lands I will win fame and honors to place them at your feet, dearest. Good bye."

With a despairing sigh Carrie heard the last word; and as her hand unclasped from the fond pressure of his own she was whirled rapidly away in the dance. How mournfully the music sounded in her ears, and how anxiously her eye wandered through the rooms in search of Maurice, but he was not there. His only object in attending the party had been to bid a farewell to her, and this accomplished he had taken an early departure, for he had no heart to mingle that night in those gay festivities. Of one thing he was assured; he knew his love was fully returned and this was all he cared for or wished to know.

Maurice Lee left his native land with a heart filled with high hopes for the future and burning with a desire for fame. He sought a foreign city, thinking to perfect himself in art. In despair he gazed upon the works of great masters and compared them with his own pictures, but the contrast between them was such that beside them his own sketches appeared as mere daubs, and sadly he returned to his lodgings, feeling that he could never paint like those who had gone before him. He despaired of becoming a painter, and he saw nothing but misfortune on every hand.

A sudden thought struck him. There was to be an exhibition of paintings in a few months and a large premium was offered for the best art. He determined to paint the portrait of Carrie from the locket miniature and submit his work to the judges appointed. He began his task; one indeed over which he loved to linger. First the outlines of the face were drawn, then came the classic moulding of the features and the delicate coloring. But although the locket lay open before him, what need had he of that? He wore her image in his heart of hearts, and the remembrance of that loved one gave inspiration to his toil. Day and night he labored at his work. At last it was finished, and Maurice, as he swept the curtain aside again and again to gaze upon it, felt that *this* indeed was his masterpiece; he could no better; and if he failed *now* he wished to lie down and die in that far away land, bidding adieu forever to the hope of fame and wealth. The eventful day arrived, and with a heart agitated alternately by hope and fear he awaited the results. He was successful, and to him was awarded the golden prize. His name was enrolled in the annals of fame and the laurel wreath was placed by fair hands upon his brow; while everywhere it was spoken of him, the young American artist, "He is so young and yet so gifted."

Years passed on, but they only added fresh leaves to the wreath already won. Wealth and honor were heaped upon him, but they did not efface from his mind the bright vision of Carrie, which was ever present there. In foreign lands many a high-born, dark-eyed beauty smiled winningly upon him, but he remembered one with sweet blue eyes and golden hair, whose home was far beyond the seas, and away up among the granite hills of New Hampshire! She mingled in his every scene of joy or sadness, she inspired every hope and prompted every action, and he dreamed Oh how fondly, of the time when they would be united. But alas for the frality of human hopes!

Maurice Lee came once more to his native land—to his native village. Old friends thronged around him with words of friendly greeting and joyful welcome. He stood in the mansion which had once been Carrie's home, but she whose voice had made its sweetest music was gone forever! The silver moonbeams fell with a softened light upon her low grave, where a marble monument, bearing her name and the carved figure of an angel with unfurled wings, as if just ready to soar to heaven, and the words beneath, "Let me go, for the day breaketh," were all that remained to him of Carrie Liston! But he buried the bitter remembrance in his heart, and lived on, in the hope of a reunion in Heaven! It was a sweet satisfaction for him to learn, that until the very hour of her death Carrie had been true to him, and he felt no disposition to win the love of another, for his heart was still pledged to her. Many gazed admiringly upon his works and many spoke his praises, but few were they who knew of the bitter heart-struggle within, and the disappointment which had clouded his life, and the deep dark grave where lay buried his boyhoods hopes and dreams!

How many are there in this cold world, for whom the link of love has been irremediably broken, to be united only in that land where the secrets of all hearts are unveiled, but how few are those whose stainless faith has trod for years its dreary pilgrimage, growing stronger as it nears the end.

"Alas for us, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth."

### SERMONS.

When a man sets himself to prepare a sermon or to preach I beg him ever to remember that the measure of his being a good or a bad preacher must be his conveying distinct ideas to the understanding, and calling up religious feelings of the people (whatever class they are) to whom he is speaking. To preach Christ effectually to a village congregation—to see that the members of a village parish, men as well as women and children, receive that degree of kindly individual advice and guidance to which, from its manegable size, they are entitled—and to see that our village schools their peculiar difficulties, are the best possible of the kind—I think there is no man, however great his ability, who will not find this a task requiring much energy for its due fulfilment, and making large demands upon his time. And when we take into account the great temptations which beset him to indolence—to a prefunctory discharge of duties which at the first glance seem very easy—to a disconcerted mind, if he allows himself to dwell on the dangerous thought that he is thrown away in so narrow a sphere—I think we shall allow that the village pastor has much need to be on his guard, to brace himself by often looking very carefully at his responsibilities in a prayerful spirit, by that light which is reflected from the thought that the Lord loves all souls and has died for the very souls which one by one the narrow limits of his village ministrations have so brought within his influence; that the everlasting state of each of them does far more than in a wider sphere depend upon the zeal with which the pastor seeks them one by one And if these difficulties beset the pastor of a village parish they are certainly found even in a greater degree, in those city parishes amongst us, the population of which, it seems, has sunk below that of villages. * * * I have only time, on this matter, to give to all in passing this one piece of advice already given in speaking of a village—which I am sure the experience of those many reverend fathers around me in the ministry will approve and commend to their younger brethern—that whether we preach to rich or poor, men or women, learned or unlearned, men of fashion, lawyers, merchants, tradesmen, or day-laborers, the only measure of our preaching being good is, whether in all sincerity, while we do not neglect the understandings, we are reaching the hearts of those we speak to—telling them truths respecting Christ and their souls, which we have *mastered* in our own experience—speaking to them because we have something to say, and that in our Lords name, something which intimately concern their hopes in life and death, as we know that it concerns our own. After all human beings with all their diversities of rank, education, and character are more alike than we would suppose. They have all been much alike in infancy they will all be alike in the weakness of their decay. It is one of the most marvellous parts of the gospel of Jesus Christ that it suits the wants of all. If we are speaking to them sincerely what we ourselves know of the gospel's healing power we shall not speak in vain. And as to those others parts of our ministry which are the independent of our preaching—has not our Lord and Master given us in his Church, prayer and the sacraments and solemn psalms of praise, which have a heavenly and almost miraculous adeptation to the infinitely various wants of every diversity of our race!—*Bishop of London's Charge.*

### KIRWAN ON BEDINI.

The country will not soon forget the visit of the hegira, of this Italian priest. He just escaped from our shores with his life, which his own exiled countrymen would have gladly offered up a sacrifice to the names of Hugo Bassi, murdered by his order in Bologna; and it was supposed that when he found a hiding place for his shaven head and bloody hands, under the protection of the Holy Father, that we should hear no more of him. But he has recently been making a speech at the *Sapienza* in Rome; and his speech and the orator are duly lauded by the Papal press in New York Let us make a few jottings, 'as to this illustrious prelate' before we advert to the object of his visit to the United States.

The first notices of him with which we met are in Ewbank's Brazil, a book which gives us some wonderful glimpses of Popery in South America, and especially of the honesty and purity of the priests. He states that there was a Nuncio there who was too liberal for the Vatican, who denounced the superstitions of the people and the voices of the clergy, and that he was surperseded 'by a deep designing Jesuit.' That Jesuit was Bedini.

On his return from Brasil, it seems he was made the priestly governor of Bologna. He was there in authority during the movement of the Italians for liberty; and, his own countrymen being witness, he was guilty of the greatest excess. The death of Ugo Bassi, a priest, artist, and poet, by his order, was cruel to the last degree. It was more worthy of a Sepoy than a priest; of an enraged Indian than a tonsured Italian.

He was sent to this country as Monsieur Gaetano, Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes, Nuncio to Brazil, taking the United States in his way. It was stated, then, that high sounding names were merely to catch vulgar attention; that he came here as spy upon certain ecclesiastics, and to adjust questions that were causing trouble at head quarters; that he was Archbishop of a city which he probably, never saw; that he was Nuncio to a country to which he would never return; and that when he did the work of the master that sent him, he would return home. He did return home before his work was finished; and we know not that he has been to Brazil or the Arch-Episcopal city of Thebes since! He thinks much more of the Americans than of the Mamalukes!

He has been just making a speech in Rome on the subject of his visit to the United States! Why not make it before? Did it require the intervening years to recover from his fright, and to cool his wrath? The speech itself is on a par with his letter from London to his Grace of Baltimore, accompanying some pictures of 'the Winking Madonna of Rimini,' sent to aid in our conversion,—the most exquisite specimen of unadulterated balderash the age has produced.

This speech, delivered so many years after his return, makes no mention of his visit to Brazil, of his turning aside from that Mission. It was proof positive that all that was then said of his going to Brazil was false,—that he came here on a specific mission—that he sought to gain his object of his coming under false pretences. Putting together what is said of his origin, of his training, of his life in Brazil, of his acts in Bologna—of his visit here under high sounding names, and false pretences, we know not that there is an ecclesiastic living more worthy of universal execration. And it is of this Expelled from Brazil, of this Murderer of of Bologna of this Runway from the United States, of this Seller of holy fardles, in Rio, of the Exposter of pictures of the Winking Madonna of Rimini, to the bishop of Baltimore for the conversion of our unruly Protestants, that a New York Paper, thus speaks.

'The Catholics of America look with [illegible] affection to this illustrious Prelate, in whom they recognise their eloquent advocate at Rome, and their trusted friend. The Nuncio remains a Roman, but he rises superior to the prejudices and distinctions of nationality that ensnare feebler minds. He rises to the level of the Catholic Church—and from her watch towers he looks, afar at the wide fields of America now already bowing ripe for the evangelic reaper. His discourse of the Sapienza is a new testimony of an established affection, and an earnest of the new titles to our confidence and love for the first special and personal Embassador of the Father of the faithful to his spitritual children in America.'

Surely all this must be a joke! And for Americans to expect anything, steeped in superstition, blood, and falsehood, from such a man, is as vain as to believe that he is anything else but a miserable tool of the most intolerable despotism that God permits to curse the race. And in proof of this we need only adduce the case of the Jewish child, Mortara.

NAMES OF WOMEN AND THEIR MEANING.—Mary, the commonest of all female names, is also one of the sweetest given to women. It is not strange that it prevails so universally. It signifies exalted; Maria and Marie—the latter French, are only other forms of Mary, and, of course, have the same meaning. Martha, signifies bitterness; Anne, Anna, Hannah, and probably Nancy, are from the same source, and signifies kind or gracious. Ellen was originally Helen—Helena in latin, and Helend in French; according to some etymologists it has the meaning of alluring, but others define it as one who pities. Jane, now generally familiarised into Jenny, signifies like Anna, kind or gracious. For Sarah or Sally, there are two definitions—a princess and the morning star. Susan signifies a lily, and is a fitting name for a tall, slender flower girl, of delicate complexion and native grace. Rebecca plump. Lucy signifies light and was anciently given to girls born at day break. It may also be considered as meaning brightness of aspect, and applied accordingly. Bertha, bright, and Alberta, all bright. Louisa—in French Louise—is the feminine of Louis, and [illegible] pure as chaste, is one of the best of our female names. Sophia from the Greek, means wisdom. Caroline and Charlotte, queens. Emma, tender, affectionate, motherly; Margaret, a pearl or a daisy; Julia, soft haired; Juliet and Juliette are the same as Julia; Agnes means chaste; Amelia, Amelia, Amy or Amelia, beloved Clara, or bright; Eleanor, all fruitful; Grace, favor; Laura a laurel; Matilda, a noble and brave maid; Phebe, light of life.

TROUBLES.—Beecher says we should brave them as the New England schoolboy braves winter. The school is a mile away over the hill, yet he lingers not by the fire—but with his books slung over his shoulders and his cap tied closely under his chin he sets forth to face the storm. And when he reaches the topmost ridge where the powdered snow lies in drifts and the north wind comes keen and biting does he shrink and cower down beneath the fences, or run into the nearest house to warm himself. No, he buttons up his coat, and rejoices to defy the blast, and tosses the snow wreaths with his foot, and so, erect and fearless, with strong heat and ruddy cheek, he goes on to his place at school. Now when the fierce winds of adversity blow over you, and your life's summer lies buried beneath frost and snow, do not linger inactive, or sink cowardly down by the way, or turn aside from your course for momentary warmth and shelter, but with stout heart and firm step go forward in God's strength to vanquish trouble and to bid defiance to disaster. If there is ever a time to be ambitious, it is not when ambition is easy, but when it is hard. Fight in darkness; fight when you are down; die hard and you won't die at all. That gelatinous man whose bones are not even muscles, and whose muscles are pulp—that man is a coward.

A MAN FOR ANY PLACE.—A Western paper has an advertisment thus worded:—"Wants a situaton—a practical printer who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professionship in any of the academies. Has no objections to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry and many other sciences. Is particularly suited to a small evangelical church, or as a local preacher. He would have no objections to form a small but select class of interesting young ladies to instruct in the higher branches—To a dentist or chiropdist he would be invaluable as he can do almost anything. Would board with a family, if decidedly pious."

NEW PROCESS OF PULLING TEETH.—The editor of the *Baltimore Patriot* has recently been witnessing the trial of a new process of extracting teeth by which it was stated the operation would cause no pain. The trial was made at the College of Dental Surgery, at Baltimore, and the operators were Drs. Harris and Arthur. It is said to have been most satisfactory trial of the kind ever witnessed. A number of teeth were extracted and the patients declare they received no pain but experienced a numbing sensation about the tooth. This soothing is produced by passing a current of electricity through the tooth at the time of extracting.

A traveller, a resident of England, once, while exploring an African province, came across a greasy, flat-nosed, long-heeled negro, laying under a palm tree. A hut stood in the distance, and his accoutrements consisted of a breech cloth, a bow and poisoned arrows.

'Who are you?' said the traveller.

'I am de king of this province,' said the colored person, pointing to his hut and weapons; 'do they talk much about me in England?'

Tell me, thou mighty deep, with waves so blue and clear, is there a "good time coming," somewhere, where hoops will [illegible]? Some foreign, rock-bound shore, some island far away where there outrageous [illegible] shall all be stowed away? The mighty deep was [illegible] by a squall, and answered low and sadly, "[illegible] at all."

A gentleman, having a large [illegible] in his hand, was asked, "Pray sir, is that a horse-pistol?"

"No sir," he replied, "it's only a Colt's."