Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.
NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1879.

MY FRIEND IN ADVERSITY.

A DITTY OF A DEAD BEAT.

When on life's downward slope I stand,
And friendship scorns my empty hand,
And pleasures, like words writ on sand
Where tide waves break,
Are swept away, and but the line
Of life remains—the unpaid bills,
Its dreary emptiness—who fills
My purse? The savage dun who stills
The shout, my Cheek!

Thou art not soft, or fair to view,
Dingy and brassy is thy hue,
Save when thou'rt shaved, and very blue
O sturdy cheek
And yet thy callous hide and tough
For downy skin of simple stuff
I would not change, no siren rebuff
Harts thee, my Cheek!

Yet once even thou with shame couldst burn,
Reddest at mirth, but now we learn,
My Cheek and I, when struck, to turn
The hardier Cheek!

When on my lonely pallet laid,
Pick at dingy sheets, while fade
The grimy walls in darkening shade,
And no soft Cheek,
Tear-stained, is pressed to mine, then gray
And servant with creeping death, some ray
Of sunny light perchance will stray,
One pitying touch of heaven to lay
On my worn Cheek.

An English Maiden's Love.

The third Crusade had commenced. The cry, "God wills it," had gone forth from many a manly breast, and already Frederic of Germany, Henry II. of England, and Philip Augustus of France had received the cross from William, Archbishop of Tyre. But a more powerful monarch than Saladin, against whom their combined strength was to be directed, struck Frederic before he reached Palestine, and called Henry II., whom domestic difficulties had detained in England. Death gives not back that which he takes, and, for the want of a leader, the German army was broken up.

Richard, the brave Cœur de Lion, took his royal father's place, both on the throne and in the Crusade, and, with Philip of France, started on his glorious mission. Among those brave men who gathered around England's standard, joying to be led by so bold a king, who, with his lion's heart, dared every danger of sea, land, or fierce and cruel Moslem, was one of the oldest and proudest of Norman blood. His forefather, who had fought by the side of William the Conqueror, had distinguished himself by many a daring deed, and had won from his royal master, in recognition of his bravery, an earldip over a fair and smiling province of "merrie England;" then renouncing his Norman title in behalf of a younger son, and marrying his eldest to the daughter of a Saxon knight, he established his right to the soil of his adopted country.

Much of his fearless nature seemed to have come down with the blood of Robert de Bracy, who, at the ripe age of fifty-five, had found himself unable to resist his monarch's call, and to whom Cœur de Lion himself owed much of wise counsel. Robert de Bracy was a man of stern aspect, but withal so compassionate and forbearing, that he won the love of every one who came in contact with him. His bravery had already been proved when, as a young man, he fought beside Henry II. during the war against France; and, later, in that most dreadful invasion of Ireland—dreadful, because of the blow it gave to Irish independence, and for the gradual sinking of her people, from that time, from the eminence in erudition and lore for which they were renowned among the nations, and which, be it to their credit, said they are using every effort to regain. A man perfectly incapable of the least dishonorable action, he was revered as a knight "without stain or reproach."

A fervent Catholic his religion was his pride, and he was never ashamed of kneeling in church beside the poorest beggar, nor felt insulted because poverty's rags touched his velvet robes. But the good earl's heart received a terrible blow when he heard of the murder of Thomas a Becket. His faith in his king was shaken, and nothing but the stern duty of allegiance could have induced Robert de Bracy to remain in England. So when the Crusade was preached, he gladly seized the opportunity to show his love for the crucified King—for him whose throne was a cross, and whose crown was of thorns—and enrolled himself among the Crusaders.

He was joined by his only son and Sir John de Vere, who, like himself, was of Norman blood—a brave, honest man, of strict integrity, whose character will be better seen in the unfolding of the story. The earl was deeply attached to the young knight, and the highest proof he could give of his love was in his willing consent that, on their return from Palestine, Sir John should wed his daughter, Agnes de Bracy, whose heart was no less pure than her face was lovely. "An' we'll make an earl of thee, my lad!" cried the impetuous King Richard when the betrothal was announced to him.

The court of the earl's castle was crowded with armed retainers, knights, and esquires, who formed the retinue of De Bracy and De Vere. Even on and beyond the lowered drawbridge might be seen bands of neighing steeds, their impatience checked ever and anon by their riders, who awaited the earl to head and lead them to the rendezvous of the Crusaders. Court and castle alike resounded with the clank of steel and tread of armed men, while buxom waiting maids and merry lads hastened to and fro in the bustle attendant on such a departure. Here and there stood a page giving the finishing polish to his master's sword, and, again, others assisted in the girding on of the armor.

Every now and then might be heard the wailing of some fond wife or mother, contrasting somewhat strangely with the jests of those who had no tie to make the parting a sacrifice in the good cause. Apart from all this, in one of the inner rooms of the castle, were gathered the earl and his family. Lady de Bracy's loving eyes wandered sadly from her honored husband to the manly features of her son, kneeling by her side, and back again to the earl, who was soothing the grief of his youngest child, Mary, just old enough to know that her father was going over land and sea, and that she might never see him again. In the deep embrasure of one of the windows, partly concealed by heavy curtains, stood Sir John and his betrothed.

Agnes had been weeping, but being calmed by Sir John, whose grief partook more of the nature of joy than fear, since on his return he was to claim her as his bride, she rested her head quietly against his breast, both her hands clasped around his neck, while her uplifted eyes sought to read every expression of his noble face.

"Beloved," he said in a low tone, "it will not be long, please God, though I would that thou wert my wife e'en ere I go. And," he added, continuing his whispered tones, "I were no Christian knight to doubt thy faithfulness. I'll prove thee mine on our return from the holy wars."

Agnes looked steadily at the face so lovingly bent over her, and, unclasping her hands, she drew from her girdle a scarf, such as was worn in those days, and bound it on Sir John's sword belt. Then, returning her head to its resting place, and feeling his arm drawing her tightly to him, as though by the very motion to thank her, she said:

"An' there is thy love's guerdon; thou shalt wear it in battle, and, when thine eyes fall on it, remember that *one* is praying for thee in bonnie England."

Any further discourse was prevented by the earl, who cried:

"Sir John, we have no time to lose; the men are ready, the steeds drawn up, and our presence alone is needed for immediate departure. Come, Agnes, my daughter." And as he placed one arm around her, with the other he drew his wife gently to him. Raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed: "O God! protect these dear ones while I am fighting the good fight in thy name and for thee. And this child," he added, as, tenderly kissing his wife and Agnes, he loosened his hold and took Mary in his arms—"this child, Mother of God, belongs to thee; keep her pure, that thy name, borne by her, may be ever spotless!"

Then, calling the knights, he hastily quitted the apartment, not daring to look back. The son tore himself from his mother's farewell embrace, and quickly followed; but Sir John still lingered. At last, summoning his courage, he strained Agnes to his breast.

"Farewell, my beloved! God have thee, my own, in his keeping for so long as it seems best to him that we be parted."

As the drawbridge was raised behind the retreating soldiers, Agnes stood at the loophole of the main turret, where, with her mother, she watched till the men, horses, and banners disappeared, shut from sight by the declivity of a distant hill, when she sank on her knees, and prayed fervently for the loved ones who had started on their perilous journey.

We have said that Agnes de Bracy was lovely; that word can hardly convey the true nature of her charms. Personal beauty she had, and much: dark eyes, a clear complexion, a perfect mouth, disclosing perfect teeth, and breaking into a smile of winning beauty, together with a graceful form; a character of womanly sweetness, and great strength of will. But as Spenser hath it:

"Of the soule the bodie forme doth take:
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."

It was the soul in Agnes de Bracy, rich in God's sweet grace, which gave her that wonderful expression; the pure heart, "without guile," which caused her eyes to gleam with a look that made Sir John once exclaim, "Methinks, Agnes, thine eyes would soften the stony heart of the Mussulman himself, and e'en make a Christian of him."

Nor was Sir John deficient in those qualities which would be apt to win the admiration and love of such as she. Like the earl, he was a most devout Catholic. With a full, heart-felt appreciation of his holy faith, he could, not as many, alas! do—put it on and off with holiday attire, but every word and action proved how thoroughly it was a part of himself, and how, without it, in spite of great natural talents, he would be—nothing.

To follow the Crusaders on their journey, every step of which was fraught with danger; to watch the course of events as they shaped themselves during the march of the two armies, is not the province of this story. About three years later, the earl, with wounds scarcely healed and a heavy heart, stood before the drawbridge of his castle, which was being rapidly lowered at the unexpected blast of his bugle. The clanking of the heavy armor was a joyful, long-looked-for sound to the inmates of the castle, who had assembled in the court to welcome back the earl and his followers. Weary and dust-laden, they passed under the portal of the gateway, a sad remnant of their former numbers, greeting those who stood expectant with joy or fear.

Suddenly a loud wailing arose, as many a mother looked in vain for the well-remembered form of her brave lad, who died fighting the Saracen; and the sounds of glad rejoicing were hushed in the presence of the angel of sorrow. The earl and his son made their way rapidly to the same room that had witnessed their farewell, and there their loved ones awaited them. A thrill of terror passed through Agnes' frame as she missed the features of Sir John; and, seeing a strange look in her father's eyes, which were fixed so tenderly but sorrowfully on her father's eyes, which were fixed so tenderly but sorrowfully on her, she clasped her hands tightly, and cried out: "My God! my God! thy will, not mine, be done; but, oh! if he is dead!"

"Agnes, my child, my precious child!"—and Robert de Bracy drew his daughter to him—"God knows my heart is heavy enough with the story I have to tell thee, yet it is not what thou dost expect. Sir John is living, strong and well, but"—and his lips quivered with emotion—"but he is Saladin's prisoner; and I fear me greatly that neither gold nor silver will ransom him."

"Saladin's prisoner, my father? Saladin's prisoner? And will nothing ransom him?" And bowing her face in her hands, she wept bitterly.

But her violent grief was not of long duration; her nature was too thoroughly schooled. She checked its first outburst; and trusting to Him who had always given her help in her troubles, she breathed a short, fervent prayer. Then, raising her head, she turned to the earl, and in her sweetest voice:

"Forgive me, my father," she said, "for that I have not been thy daughter, and, in my selfish sorrow for what God has ordained, I have forgotten to bid thee welcome home."

"Agnes! Agnes!" And the old earl nearly broke down under the weight of his sorrow—sorrow all the keener for the suffering of his daughter. "Agnes, we will not give up all hope. I would have begged of Saladin on my knees for his ransom, but it could not have been; I was ordered away, and no respite granted."

"Give up all hope? No, indeed, my father. Far from me be such a thought! God will help us, and my beloved shall be ransomed if it is his will; for he gave him to me, and he can take him away."

* * * *

"Lo! Damascus is rising before us; not the Damascus of to-day, but the quaint, beautiful Oriental city of the XIIth century. The golden crescents of her doomed mosques flash in the light of the Eastern sun. Her thoroughfares are crowded with men in their Turkish garb, and women veiled after the manner of their nation. Her shops are resplendent with jewels, pearls, and jacinths; fragrant with the perfumes of musk, ambergris, and aloes-wood; glittering with rustling silks and heavy brocades, interwoven with gold, and scarlet, and silver. Houses, beautiful in their quaint architecture, meet the eye at every corner, together with palaces, the residences of emir and vizier. But with naught of these have we to do. Our story takes us into the heart of the city to the palace of Saladin, Sultan of the Turks. As we enter, we behold banners unfurled. Shields, helmets every species of armor decorate the main hall, along whose sides are ivory benches, were the eunuchs wait their master's orders. A great dome is overhead, and the sun, pouring down through its latticed windows, floods the hall with light, and causes the steel of the armor and the jewels of the hall to sparkle and flash with brilliancy. At the further end is a heavy curtain of brocade, richly wrought with various kinds of embroidery in white, red and gold. Two tall armed men guard the corners. We will imagine the curtain lifted for us, and enter. There sits Saladin on his throne. His followers are around him. Rich are the robes which fall from his shoulders, well befitting the Sultan of the East. If the hall was gorgeous in its beauty, the room of the throne is no less so. The hangings on the walls are figured with various wild beasts and birds, worked with silk and gold. The sandal-wood work gives out its own peculiar perfume. In fact, all betokens a royal presence. And of what sort is Saladin? Great talents in him combine for mastery; great activity and valor. The severity and rigor, so inflexible as to make the bravest heart quail with fear before him, was often replaced by such kindness, such generosity, that the poor, the widowed, and orphaned did not hesitate to appeal to his mercy. And as he sits before us, we must draw back and continue our story.

An eunuch has presented the bowl and vase, and, having performed the ablution, Saladin turned slowly round, gazing steadily at the stern faces before him. "By Allah!" he exclaimed, as his eyes rested on the one nearest him,—"by Allah! I trow, Moslem chiefs, you are brave, yea, very brave and very skilful. You have beaten back the Christians. You have proved yourselves true sons of Mahomet; but, for all that, I know a braver man than you. Eunuch! bid the Christian slave come forth." At his sultan's orders, the eunuch made a low bow; and retired behind one of the hangings. In a few moments he returned, followed by a guard of men, and Sir Joan de Vere in their centre. As they approached with him, Saladin waved them back, and bade the Christian only to remain before the throne. Then suddenly he made a sign—a sign dreaded alike by vizier and eunuch. It was obeyed, and a soldier, stepping forward, waved a sharp and gleaming scimitar over the head of the captive; but he did not flinch, nor move a muscle of his face, but continued gazing with stern, unshrinking eye straight forward. The sultan, as if satisfied with the courage the prisoner evinced, motioned the soldier back. Then he said:

"John de Vere, thy father's land, thine ancient home, thou shalt see no more; but I have great need of men like thee. I command thee, forsake thy Christian faith; and, if thou wilt adore Mahomet and God, there is no favor thou shalt ask, by my royal word, and shall not be granted thee. I will set thee above all men. I alone will be above thee. I will make thee my son. I will give thee palaces, gold, and precious gems; and from all the queenly maidens thou shalt choose one and wed her as thy bride. Thou canst not refuse that which my caliphs strive for years to obtain, and which to thee is given in one day. I bid thee reply."

As Saladin finished, he sank back on his throne, and a quiet smile played around his lips as he awaited his captive's answer. Sir John listened to him calmly and patiently. Then having bowed low, he raised his head erect, and made the Christian's mark—the sign of the cross—upon himself.

"Saladin," he said, "Sultan of the Mussulmans, since thou dost bid me reply, I will first return thanks for all the favors I have received at thy hands. From the first day of my captivity till now thou hast loaded me with kindnesses; for these I am grateful, though gratitude may not seem to be in the answer I make thee. Know, then, I, a Christian, cannot renounce my faith. I am a sworn soldier of my God—of him who died for me. Dost thou think that I, who bear the cross upon my shoulder, could on that cross bring scorn? Thou dost promise me a Moslem wife. In that far-off land—which God grant I may see before I die!—I have a love, whom as my very life I love. To her jewest heart I will not be false. Saladin, I cannot bear a Moslem name nor wed a Moslem maiden."

"Ah!" cried the sultan, "thou dost not know woman's heart. Perchance she whom thou loves so fondly is the bride of another; nor doubt me, that heart, fickle and false as any woman's, which swore such fealty to thee, belongs now perhaps to thy rival. Never yet was woman known to be constant. Ah! John de Vere, thou hadst better remain with me."

As he ceased, the curtain was raised, and two by two came those holy men vowed to ransom Christian captives from the hands of the Turks. They approached Saladin's throne, and, opening their bags, they poured out with lavish hand an untold treasure at his feet.

Then the chief monk said:

"The bride of Sir John de Vere, O Sultan! sends all she hath, gold and gems, and bids thee take them, but to restore to her her betrothed."

"The other captive knights may go with thee," replied the sultan; "but as for all these gems and gold, his lady-love would give them for a dress. Sir John de Vere may not go with thee. No wealth can ransom him, for I love him with a more than brother's love, and hope to win his in return. Why, I would give a hundred slaves, if he would renounce his Christian faith. So thus to thy lady this answer: for I will prove how Christian maiden's love. Tell her that, before I yield my thrall, she must cut off her own right arm and hand, and send it hither to ransom John de Vere!"

"Saladin," said the captive, "by permission for one word to say to these monks before they go. I bid you, brothers," he added, turning to them, "to speak of me as dead. For, O sweetheart! my betrothed bride, well do I know that not only arm and hand, but even life itself, thou wouldst willingly give for me; and I cannot prove thy death, that I may live. Do not tell her the sultan's cruel words. O brothers! I beg you do not!"

As soon as the holy friars found themselves in the beautiful city of Damascus. Eagerly they threaded their way through its broad but devious thoroughfares till they reached the palace of the sultan. Within, in the room of the throne, sat Saladin in royal state. By his side stood Sir John de Vere. He still retained the badge of slavery, for he was too true to give up his faith; but to Saladin's councils he was often summoned. When any measure to be taken against the Christians was the theme of debate, he remained respectfully but firmly silent. Against his brothers he could not in conscience speak; to do so for them he knew would prove more than useless. But yet many were the subjects on which his knowledge and fine sense of justice could be brought to bear; and Saladin was not the man to fail in taking advantage of his wise judgment.

Some such serious business had called around the sultan his advisers, and, as usual, Sir John stood foremost among them. They had all but finished the subject under consideration, when the folds of the curtain were lifted, and a herald entered the royal presence.

"Sultan, our lord," he said, "the monks appointed to ransom the Christians stand without. They crave an audience again."

"Let them enter," was the command given, and swiftly obeyed. Again the curtain was lifted upon the holy men, and again it fell, shutting them from the outer hall, as they stood in the presence of Saladin. The superior stepped forward:

"We thank thee, sultan, for the favor thou hast accorded us in this audience. But we bid thee learn, O monarch! a lesson we bring thee—a lesson of how great, in a nobler faith than thine, is love's purity and power." A dim foreboding seized Sir John at the monk's words, and his whole form shook with ill-suppressed emotion, as he listened to the conclusion:

"Monarch! what are women to thee? Slaves, toys of an idle hour, the playthings of passion. What women of thine would do for thee as Agnes de Bracy hath done for him who stands beside thee—him whom thou callest thy slave? Thy cruel words have been heeded. Lo! the answer." And he laid at Saladin's feet a casket, richly wrought in gold and silver. Sir John looked as one frenzied, then seizing the casket pressed it to his heart.

"Why did you tell her, O cruel monks? Did I not ask you to speak of me as dead? O fair arm! O dear, sweet hand! that thou shouldst cut it off, my beloved, and for my poor sake!"

Saladin stretched out his hand to take the casket; but Sir John only pressed it the tighter, and sobbed aloud. At this, the superior of the monks, coming forward, said something in a low voice which caused the young knight to lift up his face and look at the brother. Then, turning to the Sultan, he placed the casket reverently before him. Saladin took it and opened it; as he raised the lid, the perfume of aromatic spices escaped therefrom. Lifting the linen he looked steadily for a moment, then large tears were seen to escape from his eyes and roll down his cheeks. All the higher nature of the man seemed to be aroused. Calling his nobles around him, he held the casket silently for their inspection. Within it lay embalmed the lily-white right arm and hand of Agnes de Bracy. There was no mistaking the delicate form of the arm, the shape of the tapering fingers. Severed from the shoulder of that noble girl, they lay in all their beauty, a reproach to the cruelty of the Sultan. In that throne-room not one man but was moved to tears. Then Saladin closed the casket, but still keeping a firm hold on it he cried out:

"Mahomet and God, witness for me! with a deep brother's love I love John de Vere, and I thought I might retain him by me if I asked this ransom. But now I would give my kingdom to recall those words. Haste, John de Vere, haste to thy noble love. O fair arm! O fair hand! True, brave heart! Oh! that I could claim such love as thine! John de Vere, tell that noble woman that Saladin yields his selfish love. Take to her gold, gems; load the ship with all of wealth and beauty I have; but they would vainly prove Saladin's grief. She who has proved thee such a noble love will make thee a noble wife. John de Vere, But thou canst not take with thee this precious casket. Among my treasures I shall store it away. It will prove to future ages how Christian maidens keep their troth, and how pure is their love.

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More than this the legend tells me not. But it is said that in a church in England may still be seen a statue of the knight and his noble, one-armed lady.

THE FOUR PER CENT. UNITED STATES BONDS.

IS THEIR POPULARITY A GOOD THING FOR THE MANUFACTURING AND PRODUCING INTERESTS?

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Day after day the telegraph announces from Washington that millions of money are being invested in National four per cent bonds. Some days it is four millions, some five, some six, and so on up as high as fifteen millions, averaging fully five millions per day. Four per cent per annum is a very low rate of interest, and, even considering the fact that the bonds are not taxed, it is only equivalent the country over to 5 or 6 per cent. The investments are going on daily at the rate named, $5,000,000 or so, and should it continue at that rate for one hundred days from the beginning would absorb half the money of the country. The investment of half the country's money at so low a rate of interest is something remarkable for a country which has just passed through so great a financial struggle, and which has such great facilities for agriculture and manufacture and development of mineral and other resources. This fact being considered, the question naturally arises, Why is this? Why, with a great undeveloped West and South, with great undeveloped mineral resources, with the greatest opportunity for manufacturers, with every thing to favor investments in these lines, are the people of the country putting their money into these permanent securities which do not produce, but simply pay a low rate of interest, and what will be the result upon the manufacturing and producing interests of the country? To obtain an answer to this important question an *Enquirer* reporter was yesterday dispatched to Third street to obtain the views of some bankers and moneyed men of the city.

The first victim of the interview was President Fallis, of the Merchant's National Bank. Mr. Fallis is a close student of financial affairs, and a gentleman of long experience and a kindly, pleasant way of putting his ideas before you. He seated himself before a glowing Youghiogheny fire, and, looking into the grate as if for an answer, replied:

"I have thought of that myself. Yet the answer is simple. The money that is thus being invested is not being locked up; it is simply paid out for the six per cents. which are being called in and redeemed with it, and goes immediately into circulation again. Then, too, resumption was an inflation." It put into circulation $50,000,000 of silver daddies, the material for which was not money before, and $200,000,000 in gold which had not been in circulation, and so there is really more money in the country now than before. Then, too, whenever the manufacturing, or agricultural, or mining interests demand money to push them forward more rapidly than now, then the demand will be felt in financial circles. Should the rate of interest advance on account of this demand, or the opportunity develop for greater profit than 4 per cent. less taxation, by these means the result will be that the bonds will be thrown on to the market or put up as collateral and the money thus raised. Should such a thing occur, these bonds might sell readily at par for 4 per cent. is low interest when manufacturing interests demand money, but they will always bring money. The unsafe condition of the Savings Banks of the country in a great measure accounts for the readiness with which people invest in these low securities. They, they know, are safe, while they have reason to doubt whether the Savings Banks are so. The great secret of the whole matter, however, of the great amount of money in the country, of the readiness with which resumption was accomplished, and of the heavy investments in low securities, is the fact that a kind Providence has blessed us for several years with excellent crops, and the foreign demand has given us a good price for it, so that, instead of sending away $300,000,000 a year to pay interest and buy manufactured articles, the tide is the other way, and money is flowing into the country to pay for what we have produced."

Mr. M. M. White, President of the Fourth National Bank, was the next victim. He said: "No; there is not being any money locked up by the operation. The money paid in for the four per cents is paid out again for the called bonds, or the two are merely exchanged. Then, too, a considerable portion of the money paid for bonds is savings money. A large amount of that received by us is money that has not been in bank. We can tell by the appearance of money whether or not it has been in bank, the same as you can tell whether a newspaper has just come from the folding-machine or been read by somebody. It is savings that people have had laid away, and finding now that resumption has come and the world has not come to an end, or there is even no earthquake, they conclude they will invest it in something safe; and as we have no Savings Banks left, they conclude that Government securities are as good as any thing they can find. The bonds are, too, being bought by Societies that have funds on hand which they would rather put into something safe with low rate of interest, than simply to deposit it in the banks and get no interest. As to the needs of manufacture or production of any kind they will make themselves felt when they come along, and when there is a demand for money at more than the present rate the bonds will be put on the market. The explanation of the matter is, in brief, confidence is increasing and business brightening and as a result money is seeking investments. Some are putting it into bonds, some into real estate, some into manufacturing, but people don't hoard their money so closely for fear of some general smash. The result of this will be a demand for increased manufactures. The man who buys a lot will want brick and lumber and nails and glass and hinges and all that kind of things. The man who buys a farm will want plows and wagons, and so the tendency to invest will bring a tendency to manufacture rather than the reverse.

DEATH OF REV. JOSEPH M. FINNOTTI.

Rev. Joseph M. Finnotti, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Central City, Col., died at his residence, on Saturday morning, January 11th. Father Finnotti was an Italian by birth, and was at one time a member of the Society of Jesus. He was well known all over the country as a zealous Missionary. He was for a long time Pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Brookline, Mass., and while there devoted what time he could spare from his sacerdotal duties to literary pursuits, acting as Literary Editor of the Boston *Pilot*. In 1864 he translated the *Spirit of St. Francis of Sales*, by the Bishop of Belley, which was published by P. O'Shea. He was also engaged in the publication of a *Bibliographia Americana*, only a part of which has, as yet, appeared. A few years ago he left Brookline and went to Cincinnati, where he was engaged at the Theological Seminary of St. Mary of the West. Later he went to Omaha, and after spending some time with Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Conner, he went to the Vicariate of Colorado, where he was welcomed by Rt. Rev. Dr. Machebeuf, who appointed him to the pastoral charge of Central City and its dependent Missions. It was while laboring in this field that the disease from which he had been suffering for some time, terminated in his death.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

A man suffering from the gout was explaining to a friend that his doctor did not permit him to eat sweet potatoes, fruits, farinaceous vegetables, or drink ale or wine. "Well," exclaimed the friend, "why do you not get an other doctor?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

45 Years Before the Public.
THE GENUINE
DR. C. McLANE'S
CELEBRATED
LIVER PILLS,
FOR THE CURE OF
Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequaled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated.

Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING Bros. on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name *McLane*, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

no2 78 1y

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

V. BIRI,
Importer and Manufacturer of all kinds of
WILLOW WARE AND BASKETS,
120, 288 and 253 Chartres Streets,
NEW ORLEANS.
Country orders solicited. ja26 79 1y

THOS. McKENDRICK,
HOUSE, SHIP AND STEAMBOAT
Plumbing,
GAS AND STEAM FITTING,
625.....Magazine Street.....625
Near Jackson.
Importer and Dealer in
Plumbing and Gas-Fitting Materials,
Chandeliers, Brackets, Etc.
LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS, WASH BASINS
WATER CLOSETS, SHOWER BATHS,
AND BATH TUBS,
Brass and Plated Cocks of all kinds and sizes.
Agent for the Celebrated
New Beauty & Paragon Cooking Ranges,
JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
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FURNITURE.
JOHN BOIS,
152 and 154.....Camp Street.....152 and 154
Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he will sell FURNITURE of every description at very low prices.
Country orders solicited and promptly filled.
Please call and examine for yourselves before purchasing elsewhere.
no17 78 1y JOHN BOIS.

Bargains in Furniture
AT
NOVEL'S!
PARLOR, BEDROOM and DININGROOM SUITS, the Cheapest in Town.
We are offering VICTORIA BEDROOM SUITS, comprising 10 pieces, for $40;
PARLOR SUITS, as low as $60; the best suit in town for that money;
And a very large assortment of Furniture at very low rates.
Goods delivered free of charge.
FURNITURE TAKEN ON STORAGE AT VERY LOW RATES.
WM. F. NOVEL,
171 and 173.... Poydras Street ....171 and 173
oc27 78 1y Near Carondelet.

A. BROUSSEAU & SON,
17.....Chartres Street.....17
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Carpetings,
FLOOR OIL-CLOTHS,
CHINA AND COCOA MATTING,
TABLE AND PIANO COVERS,
WINDOW SHADES,
CRUMB CLOTHS, RUGS, MATS,
CARRIAGE, TABLE AND ENAMEL OIL-CLOTHS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
CURTAIN MATERIALS—Lace, Rope, Damasks, Cornices, Bands, Fins, Gimps, Loops and Tassels,
Hair Cloth, Plush, Bed Ticking and Springs,
BURLAPS, by the Bale and Piece.
Prices as low as those of any one else in the trade.
oc27 78 1y

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!
ELKIN & CO.
HAVE REMOVED THEIR
Carpet and Oil-Cloth Warehouse
TO
100.....Canal Street.....100
Between Camp and St. Charles streets.
A full line of CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, WINDOW SHADES, etc., at lowest prices.
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FURNITURE! FURNITURE!
AT
FLYNN'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
167 and 169 Poydras Street,
Between St. Charles and Carondelet streets.
A large stock of FINE FURNITURE, selected with great care from the leading manufactories North, East and West, consisting of—
VICTORIA BEDROOM SUITS, with Glass Door Wardrobes, French Dressers, Dressing Cases and Commodes.
PARLOR SUITS, covered in Silk, Coteline, Terry, Reps and Hair Cloth.
DINING ROOM SUITS of the latest styles and best patterns.
CHEAP FURNITURE for the country, in large variety and at the lowest prices.
Neat and Strong VICTORIA BEDROOM SUITS, at $40 00.
Moss, Hair and Spring MATTRESSES a specialty.
A large stock of LIVE GOOSE FEATHERS always on hand.
HUGH FLYNN,
167 and 169.....Poydras Street.....167 and 169
je16 1y

ESTABLISHED 1857.
G. PITARD,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
HARDWARE, GRATES,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH, WINDOW GLASS
WALL PAPER, ETC.,
221 and 223.....Canal Street.....221 and 223
Between Rampart and Basin streets
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The Cheapest House
IN THE CITY.
THE MOST STYLISH AND DURABLE
Furniture
OF ALL KINDS.
Parlor, Bedroom and Diningroom Sets at very low figures, and all warranted to be of the best material and workmanship.
Call and see. You will save money by doing so before buying.
Special attention paid to Country Customers.
W. B. RINGROSE,
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G. J. FRIEDRICHS,
DENTAL SURGEON,
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my26 78 1y Corner Girod.

W. B. LANCASTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
30.....Camp Street.....30
Between Gravier and Common