

JOAQUIN MILLER'S CHARCOAL SKETCHES OF CANADA.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Oh, they were worth being broiled on all the griddons of Paganodom to give name to such a noble river. The only stream on earth that approaches it in power, purity and majesty, if we except the Amazon, is the Oregon. As we came dashing down through the thousand leagues we saw a three-masted schooner lying with her bowsprit high and dry on the rocks. But the masts were almost hidden in the swift eddying waters. Here had been a wreck. Very deep, and very dangerous too, to unskilled boatmen, on these rapids of the upper St. Lawrence. The hurried boat seemed to point her long, black, dismantled mast like a warning finger to the many pleasure craft that dart about these islands or dot the tranquil little bays and inlets and rest in the shadows of the trees. Dr. Holland, the founder of the Century, was the pioneer in what is now a populous settlement. These islands have more than trebled in value since he built "Bonnie Castle," and hundreds of islands now hold pretty summer houses; and you hear the shouts of happy children and see many a handkerchief waving in the air as the steamer picks its swift way cautiously down the river. What a pity he could not have lived to see his happy following. But this is about the only portion of the St. Lawrence that has thus far received such serious consideration from the wealthy people of our side the line. In the contrast with the wild and savage life of this stream below Montreal, the level shore here about these islands. Either the grass bank is on easy and familiar terms with the stream. You can sit on the topmost bank under the trees and paddle your feet in the swift deep water at almost any place along the line; the cattle ruminating under the trees beside you; the haymakers whetting their scythes at your back, the busy teams coming and going with their great loads of produce and golden grain; and all on a level with the boats above the islands and the banks of the river that you can hardly tell which is land or water. Of course, as before blighted, once past Montreal and the face of things present a strange contrast.

The sensation of shooting the steepest of the rapids here is almost thrilling. Four strong armed Indians obliging to the wheel, their black eyes flashing with excitement, their long hair in the wind, the roar of the foaming waters, the creaking and the creaking of the ship, the swift and perilous passage, the rounding down in the deep eddying at the end, the long breath of satisfaction, the silence that is broken with shouts of delight, the congratulations of awe-stricken friends whose hands you held in awe and silence as you were dashed down the roaring cataract.

DOWN THE RIVER FROM QUEBEC.

We are accustomed to count this a very short stream; so it is comparatively. But I am here at Quebec still five hundred miles from the sea. And I sailed quite as far on this river as I could. The surveys of this river show six thousand miles of shore, so numerous are the bays and crooks and inlets of the St. Lawrence.

I had long heard, as many of you have no doubt, of a dark and mysterious river away to the north-west of Quebec, called by many the "River of Death." And I resolved to visit it since it is very easy of access, and the two hundred miles of travel one round of rest and pleasure on board of spacious steamers. I found on boarding ship at the bottom of the natural settlements of Quebec that about a hundred other persons had the same objective point in view; and that whatever might be the pleasure of the trip I could hardly hope to be a Columbus on this voyage of discovery. A dozen or so of us were Americans, mainly from the Eastern States, induced here by Mr. Howell's descriptions of the wild "St. Lawrence." As he names the dark and silent Saguenay in his brilliant "Chance Acquaintance." Here we met a dozen or so Englishmen from over the sea; some journalists from almost anywhere like myself; and then forty native English Canadians. We notice French Canadians travel but little, save in the way of making pilgrimages to the little shrines and churches that here and there bless the shore of this beloved river. I forgot to say also that we had the New Brunswick poet with us; a youth of great promise and honorable achievement.

Odd sight to see people come aboard at a pleasure trip, isn't it? Go early, get a front seat on the hurricane deck and see them climb the gang plank with their blankets. You will learn by the amount of human nature. There is the girl on the look-out for a bean! She bullies her mother, is miserable. Something has been left behind. With both arms flat, a fan on her side big enough to mount a windmill, a bag on her belt bulging with fragrant handkerchiefs, a poodle at the other end of a string and still the is unhappy! But she will get aboard, will blow a bit, cool down, and by the time we swing over into the middle of the mighty river she will be looking and behaving beautifully. Then in the back ground is the stout Englishman bullying the cabin man. He also has bundles and boxes and a string with a dog on the other end. And don't he roar and threaten, and puff and blow, and get red in the face! And he enjoys it too. Ten to one he will end by giving Oddie a shilling more than he asked in the first place. It is the fight that is in him; the bully of honest old John Bull. And here comes the shortest and the best humored little woman ever seen. She rolls out of the carriage, and rolls up the plank. She also has a dog; the shortest dog I ever saw. He is too short, in fact, to sit down. And, as if she wanted to make him still shorter she has his tail cut off. She could make one more improvement; cut off the other end. And here comes the self-made English gentleman. He also has a dog; two of them, not counting his valet. These dogs are chained together with a brass chain, they have brass collars; the valet's coat gleams with brass buttons; in fact, the whole show is brass and dog. The truth is, with all respect to a prevailing Canadian taste; I think there is altogether too much dog here. I don't like dogs; not dogs in arms, anyhow; nor dogs in dooms. In heathen mythology, the dog is set outside to watch, many-headed or otherwise. Even down to the gates of hell he keeps the doors without.

FOR THE SAGUENAY OR RIVER OF DEATH.

The Isle of Bacchus, once famous for its grapes and the traditional jollity of its early inhabitants, is now named Orleans, and its whole territory is one line of villages and happy peaceful homes. General Wroblewski, conqueror of Quebec, says the old chronicles, "pillaged" its fertile and famous shores from one end to the other. Fifty miles further on is Murray Bay, the Newport of Canada. A pretty place, peaceful, restful, the air full of ozone, and the name of Malaria unknown to the inhabitants. I find I can get a furnished cottage here, for one hundred dollars for the season, while it would cost me fully one thousand in Long Branch, New York; living proportionately; cats fifty-

cents and one dollar a day. The Society of good, moral and honest. And, as I think, cultivated, if not wealthy. The diversions are fishing, boating and hunting. The Americans are quietly getting a foothold, as well as some of the other similar, but less important points which we touch and pass before coming upon the site of

THE FIRST HOUSE EVER BUILT IN CANADA.

And here stands to-day the oldest place of worship in the two Americas. Here at the mouth of the river of death first landed the French, September, 1534; about fifty years only after Columbus discovered the New World! The river is wide like a sea, although we are four hundred miles from the open ocean. The scene is much like the Bay of Naples. The air is certainly vastly superior in purity and sweetness. The soil is tawny and dotted with plateaus of birch and pine and cedar, which seem to have fled up the rugged rocks that rise gradually and gracefully back from the water. Here these trees hover in the steepest and most inaccessible places as if to escape the axe. For ah, it is cold here for half the year or more and the "habitant" must have his roaring wood fire. Still how secure this spot is with its one humble little bit of a church set as a dot on the map to wait the first coming of the white man to all the mighty North. Trade and strife and progress and battle have gone by the other way. But the little wooden church with the weight of many centuries on its bowed shoulders stands there in the grass alone looking forever out on the great Bay, peace in its heart, promise of rest like to this on its holy altar. And how poor it is, and the people all along here, too, in this land of stone and snow. I wish some wealthy pilgrim would come this way and help to build its walls more secure. For although it is kept in repair and is always open to worshippers and the thousands of pilgrims who annually visit it, yet it is sadly in need of help, and just here a little money in this little bit of toiling church would go far.

A MOONLIGHT RIDE ON A BOTTOMLESS RIVER.

This river of death, or Saguenay, is bottomless. "You might, if possible, drain the St. Lawrence river dry," says Mr. LeMoine, the Canadian authority, and yet this dark still river would be able to float the Great Eastern and all Her Majesty's ships of the line. "A bottomless river," sounds strangely new, indeed were it not so, I should not trouble you or myself to mention it. But this river is thus far unmentioned. It is full of currents, swift, perilous in the extreme. As the vast red moon came shouldering up out of the St. Lawrence away above the period to a sea and stood there a glowing period to a great day, we drew back from Tadoussac, where the ancient church sits in the tawny sand and scattering grass, and rounding a granite head-land we slowly steamed up the silent river of death. It widened a little as we went forward, but even its mile of water looked narrow enough as we crept up between the great naked walls of slate and granite that shut out these dark waters from every living thing. On the right hand great, caked and monotonous capes of slate and toppling granite. On the left hand granite and slate and granite, and all silent, all new and nude, as if just fallen half finished from God's hand. One mile, two miles, twenty miles, and only the weary wall of granite and slate; only the great massive monotony of nude and uncompleted earth. Now the walls would seem to close in before us and bar all possible advance. Then as we rounded another weary and eternal cape of overhanging granite, in its few frightened and torn trees, the dark way would open before us. And then, twenty, thirty miles more of silence, gloom, river of death. No sound. No sign of life is here. Summer or winter, spring time or autumn, all seasons alike, no bird, no beast, not even the smallest insect save only a possible housefly that may harbor in the steamboat and so be brought with you, is ever seen here. This is literally the river of death. I know no spot like it on the face of this earth. Our deserts, with their owls, horn-toads, prairie dogs and rattlesnakes, are populous with life in comparison. And yet this awful absence of all kinds of life cannot be due to the waters. They are famous for fish of the best kind. The air is certainly delicious. But all this vast river's shore is as empty of life as when "darkness was upon the face of the deep."

AND NO MAN HAS SETTLED HERE.

For nearly one hundred miles not a sign of man is seen. You seem to be a sort of Columbus, as if no man had ever been here before you. At every turn of a great granite cape these lines rhymed incessantly in my ears: "We were the first that ever burst Upon that silent sea." An hour past midnight and we neared the central object of the journey Cape Trinity, a granite wall of about two thousand feet, which in places literally overhangs the ship. Our captain laid the vessel canted against the monolith, and for a moment rested there. We seemed so small. The great steamer was as a little toy, held out there in the hollow of God's hand. No sound anywhere. No sign of life, or light, save the moon that filled the caisson with her silver and lit the amber river of death with a tender and an alluring light. No lighthouse no light from the habitations of man far away on the mountains; only the stars that hung above us locked in the stony clime of these everlasting hills.

A RIDE WITH THE NEW BRUNSWICK POET.

About two in the morning, while the steamer kept on hunting her way up the river of death between the quiet and lonely granite capes the poet and myself retired for a little sleep. We had seen enough for a day, for a lifetime, indeed. But one thing yet remained. We must see the sun rise on this remarkable river. At four the steamer ground against the wharf, and soon the bellowing of cattle and the crowing and cackling of fowl, all of which were being barked with much noise to the vessel by the garrulous French Canadians, told us that in this part of the land silent death did not hold sway. This was the end of our journey. The vessel was to turn back here; and seeing we had but little time to stay I sprang out of my bed, and in a moment, in my rough western way, had my clothes on ready to climb the hill on the other end of the wharf and, looking back, confront the sun. But not so my companion. He had not yet even divested himself of his night gown. He had not yet even a stocking on his foot. A poet who is only twenty-four years of age and is conscious with the rest of the world that he is really a poet, is so careful of his toilet, and takes more time to tie an even a string than it does for me to pitchfork on to my back a whole suit. I was impatient of his delay, furious. I pulled his ulster, which he had been wearing the night previous, although past the middle of July, right on over his night gown, forced his feet into a pair of slippers, drove his tall beaver down over his head and so led forth down the greasy plank out on the wharf for the hill. Here turning about we saw the glorious sun burst suddenly and in full splendor over this amber river, which now in the

full light looked as tawny as the desert, it glared. But for all that the poet was not happy. He was holding the collar of his ulster lightly about his neck, with both hands, stooping down low so as to conceal his pink ankles, and wondering how in the world he could ever get back to the ship and safely in his stateroom without being seen.

Suddenly there were two short sharp whistles, and looking down we saw that the noisy crowd of French peasants had melted away from the wharf and the steamer was about to start. There was nothing to do but run for it. And run we did. But a man in slippers does not make a good record. As for myself the less said of my speed with one leg the better. But alas for all our running; the ship pushed off and was soon caught in the edging pools of the amber river. Two women grinding at a mill; one shall be taken and the other left." And that is about all that the poet said as we two stood there alone shivering on the wharf. We were both left. Twenty-five miles below, by a very tortuous course, the steamer on her down trip would pull up at Hal Hal Bay for an hour. By taking a ten mile cut over the mountains we could reach Hal Hal Bay. But whether before or after the steamer left remained to be seen. This course alone remained. For I submit that a poet as well as the son of a wealthy and aristocratic English rector ought not to be seen shivering too long on a river bank in such a plight. But soon sympathetic people gathered around. But the poet turned his back on all and stood gazing on the rising sun, while I bargained with a dashing driver to try and head off that steamer. We climbed into a calèche up the hill, and on we sped; a dozen dogs at our heels. The poet looked straight ahead and held on to his throat with both hands as we dashed through the town at full gallop, the dogs increasing in noise and numbers at every jump. Then the poet lost his hat. But no time now to stop for hats. Besides the dogs had it in ribbons no wonder those who were searching for him could gather no tidings. Their inquiries had all been presented along the southern side of the Gulf of Imild, while he and his party had worked round the head of the gulf and crossed over to the Black Sea shore. Never should he forget the fatigues of that journey. Fortunately they allowed him to lie down for a few hours at night, making up for him as comfortable a bed as they possibly could with leaves and ferns, the Captain covering him up with his own cloak. On the third day they reached a hill overlooking a small village called Nihori, always working through the brush, with scouts thrown out on all sides to give timely warning of the approach of any one. Here his troubles came to an end. A pleasant bivouac was arranged round a hollow tree, an old oak, the spacious interior of which made a famous resting place, and for the next eight days he did nothing but eat and sleep. He was kept well supplied with good food, fresh bread, with roast mutton, and pilaff, the provisions being brought every day from Nihori by one of the band, who paid for them out of the money courteously borrowed of Mr. Corpi by the Captain. They were not very communicative either as to their antecedents or their future movements, but he gathered sufficient from their conversation to know that they were all Greeks from Macedonia and the greater portion of them escaped convicts—old hands at the profession. The band was not a large one, as it is but newly formed—only eight men besides the Captain. They were all armed with Chassepot rifles and French cavalry revolvers.

A GENTLE BAND.

Captain Evangelino, the leader, was especially attentive. He regretted exceedingly the necessity he was under of compelling his captive to march so much on foot, but there could be no rest for any of them until they had reached a place from which it would be safe to communicate with his friends. No wonder those who were searching for him could gather no tidings. Their inquiries had all been presented along the southern side of the Gulf of Imild, while he and his party had worked round the head of the gulf and crossed over to the Black Sea shore. Never should he forget the fatigues of that journey. Fortunately they allowed him to lie down for a few hours at night, making up for him as comfortable a bed as they possibly could with leaves and ferns, the Captain covering him up with his own cloak. On the third day they reached a hill overlooking a small village called Nihori, always working through the brush, with scouts thrown out on all sides to give timely warning of the approach of any one. Here his troubles came to an end. A pleasant bivouac was arranged round a hollow tree, an old oak, the spacious interior of which made a famous resting place, and for the next eight days he did nothing but eat and sleep. He was kept well supplied with good food, fresh bread, with roast mutton, and pilaff, the provisions being brought every day from Nihori by one of the band, who paid for them out of the money courteously borrowed of Mr. Corpi by the Captain. They were not very communicative either as to their antecedents or their future movements, but he gathered sufficient from their conversation to know that they were all Greeks from Macedonia and the greater portion of them escaped convicts—old hands at the profession. The band was not a large one, as it is but newly formed—only eight men besides the Captain. They were all armed with Chassepot rifles and French cavalry revolvers.

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Quebec Aug. 2nd, 1883.

LETTER FROM MEMBER OF CONG BRESS

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Washington, D. C., Feb. 19th, 1882.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find one dollar, and will you send me some of N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsam Elixir, by express. I have a bad cold, as has almost everyone else here, but cannot find the Elixir, which I use frequently at home, and consider a most valuable medicine; in fact, the very best remedy for a cough that I ever used. W. W. GROUT, To HASSY, JOHNSON & LLOYD, Burlington, Vt. Downs' Elixir is sold by all Druggists throughout Canada. 25—41

BRET HARTE.

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN WRITER.

Bret Harte is a thoroughly American poet. He represents in a strong degree the impulsive, democratic and plain spoken element of the American people. That he is a man of brilliant wit, wide information and strong purposes is proven by the success he has achieved. He was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1838. He inherited from his parents English, German and Hebrew blood. In 1854 the family removed to California, and in the rude mining settlements, surrounded by characters, lawless, immoral and profligate, the young man received impressions which were stamped upon his memory so forcibly that, in after years, it became an easy task to reproduce them for the public with his pen. During the first three years in California, he passed through the varying hardships and frequent changes of occupation which seem to attend invariably the earlier steps of genius. For a time he was compositor in a printing office, then he mined for himself, with most indifferent results. The life of a school teacher, which followed gave a new incentive to the literary tastes which had been awakened in the printing office and a year's work as express messenger threw him into continual contact with the various characters and life studies which he has given to the world. In 1857, he returned to the compositor's case, in the office of the Golden Era of San Francisco, and it was here that a few Bohemian sketches, rapidly dashed off, for copy, attracted the attention of the editor, and he was assigned a place in the literary department. Much of the work which came from his hand at this time bears all the marks of keen wit and pungency of expression which characterize the articles and sketches which he has retained in the complete edition of his writings. In 1863, his first sketch appeared in the east, which was followed by frequent efforts, until in 1868, he became the editor of the Overland Monthly. In 1871, he came to Boston and was connected with the Atlantic Monthly. His "Heathen Chinee" did for him what "Thaetopsels" did for Bryant; threw him into the front rank of contributors for popular favor. "The Luck of Rosing Creek," "The Outcast of Poker Flat," "Miguel," etc., sketches of California life, which he published in the Overland Monthly, established a reputation for him which he has admirably sustained by the brilliancy of his wit, his undoubted ability and the versatility of his genius.

"Men must work and women weep, So runs the world away."

But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by Druggists.

THE MEN OF THE HILLS.

M. CORPI'S PLACANT SOJOURN AMONG GREEK BRIGANDS AND HIS RANSOM.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 19, 1883.—M. Corpi, whose capture by a band of brigands was announced a short time ago, has at length been released upon the payment of a ransom to the amount of \$1,100. He had left Constantinople on the first day of July to inspect a silk factory belonging to the family at a small village called Tepekton, near Caramoussal, on the Southern shore of the Gulf of Imild. There was a piece of land in the vicinity which he wanted to buy, and on the Thursday afternoon he went out with the "Tchorbeje" (headman) of the village to take a last look at the ground before closing the bargain. He never dreamt of the slightest danger, for the place was almost within a stone's throw of the village, and no one during his three days' residence at the factory had mentioned the existence of brigands. He went perfectly unarmed, secure, as he thought, in the company of the Tchorbejes. The inspection was over, and he was just lighting a cigarette preparatory to returning when he suddenly found himself surrounded by a lot of wild looking fellows armed to the teeth. He was not frightened in the least, for he knew what their game was, and felt sure that his ransom would be speedily arranged. Indeed, they were not bad fellows at all, these brigands, and he should always look back with pleasure to the few days he spent in their company.

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NEW CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

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CONFEDERATE REUNION.

McKinley, Tex., Aug. 8.—Fifty thousand people attended the Confederate reunion today. Gen. Cable, in his speech, declared that England and America can never have more than an unnatural friendship "while Americans and the purple-clad are linked by hooks of steel." He hoped to live long enough to lead ex-Confederates under the Stars and Stripes in a contest against England.

BURNED WITH A POKER.

TERRIBLE STORY OF CRUEL TREATMENT AS RELATED BY A SALEM GIRL.

SALEM, August 8.—Mrs. Lucy Fyer, a widow, who keeps a boarding house at No. 48 Charter street, has had in her employ a girl now 15 years of age, named Jennie Harding, whom she took from the Little Wanderers' Home about eight years ago. It is claimed by the child that she has been persistently abused at times ever since. Her story is as follows: On Sunday last she was ordered to bring down the lamps. She thought she had brought them all, but it was found that she had left some of them, and Mrs. Fyer asked her why she had not brought them all. She replied that she had, when Mrs. Fyer struck her in the face, and taking a red hot poker from the stove hit her with that, and then caught her by the hand and burned her arm in several places. One of the marks being five inches in length and half an inch wide. At one time she stripped her entirely naked and tied her hands behind her with a clothes line and her feet with a tag to a rocking chair, and kept her there all night. On Saturday last, after the burning, Jennie left the house and walked up the railroad track to the house of a lady, who brought her to the police station, where her story was told. She was kindly cared for. A warrant was issued for Mrs. Fyer's arrest, and she will be before the court to-morrow morning.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Imparts New Life and Vigor.

Dr. S. F. NEWCOMB, Greenfield, O., says:—"In the cases of several aged men, who complained of forgetfulness and disinclination to think, move or be spoken to, or harassed in any way, they told me it imparted new life and vigor."

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

BLOODY AFFRAY BETWEEN WHITE MEN AND INDIANS—MURDERS AND LYING.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 7.—The steamer "Eureka" arrived here Sunday morning from the North and brings news of a horrible tragedy at Dakan Mines, near Harrisburg, Alaska. Two whiskey sellers named Benne and Martin got drunk and unconsciously exchanged cables during the night. Benne broke into Martin's cabin, where Benne was sleeping, and stole a bottle of whiskey. As soon as the fact was discovered the whiskey men started after the Indians, and in a fight with them Benne was killed. The Indians in force then arrested three of the Indians, confining them in the grand house. During the temporary absence of the grand the Indians procured a pistol and shot him on his return; they then fled. The report of the pistol awoke Major Givins, formerly of the United States army, who rushed to the

REV. FATHER WALSH.

The ex-Treasurer of the American Land League—His Farewell Sermon to his Parishioners—His Efforts in behalf of Ireland will be the Brightest Jewel in that Diadem of Glory.

WATERBURY, Conn., Aug. 8.—Rev. Father Walsh, late Treasurer of the Land League in America, leaves Waterbury, Conn., for a parish in Rhode Island. The announcement was made at the last Mass on last Sunday, and was received by the large congregation with many evidences of regret. Father Walsh made the announcement himself, and said that the heavy responsibilities which were placed on him as pastor he found himself unable to bear, owing to his health, which he was certain could not bear such a heavy strain many years. So he asked the bishop to give him some other parish where the duties would not be so heavy and where he would have an opportunity of a much needed rest. He had asked the bishop to place him as near as he could to Providence, R. I., where he would be near his sister and mother, so that he could comfort the latter during her declining years. "The part I took in Irish affairs," he continued, "I do not regret. The history and tradition of Ireland must be false if I have erred in the part I have taken to benefit Ireland. I am certain that when I stand before the judgment seat of God to answer for the deeds of my life in this world that the efforts I made in behalf of Ireland will be the brightest jewel in that diadem of glory which I expect the Almighty will give me as a reward for my labors in this life." Father Walsh concluded by asking all present to remember him in their prayers, as they would be always in his. During the address several members of the congregation were forcibly affected. There never was a priest in Waterbury so beloved by the people as Father Walsh was. Rich and poor found a true and sincere friend in his noble and confiding nature, and the prayers and best wishes of his parishioners go with him to his new parish. All the Catholic societies throughout the city held special meetings on Sunday and Monday evening for the purpose of getting up a testimonial to present to Father Walsh as a mark of their appreciation of the services he has rendered to the Catholics of Waterbury during the years he has spent amongst them.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.

—Consume for the delicate. To those to whom the changeable temperature is a protracted period of trial should seek the earliest opportunity of removing all the obstacles to good health. This Ointment, perseveringly rubbed upon the skin, is the most reliable remedy for overcoming all diseases of the throat and chest. Croup, relaxed tonsils, sore throat, swollen glands, ordinary catarrh, and bronchitis, usually prevailing at this season, may be arrested as soon as discovered, and every symptom banished by Holloway's simple and effective treatment. This Ointment and Pills are highly commended for the facility with which they successfully contend with influenza; they allay in an incredibly short time the distressing fever and teething cough.

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Dr. S. F. NEWCOMB, Greenfield, O., says:—"In the cases of several aged men, who complained of forgetfulness and disinclination to think, move or be spoken to, or harassed in any way, they told me it imparted new life and vigor."

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

BLOODY AFFRAY BETWEEN WHITE MEN AND INDIANS—MURDERS AND LYING.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 7.—The steamer "Eureka" arrived here Sunday morning from the North and brings news of a horrible tragedy at Dakan Mines, near Harrisburg, Alaska. Two whiskey sellers named Benne and Martin got drunk and unconsciously exchanged cables during the night. Benne broke into Martin's cabin, where Benne was sleeping, and stole a bottle of whiskey. As soon as the fact was discovered the whiskey men started after the Indians, and in a fight with them Benne was killed. The Indians in force then arrested three of the Indians, confining them in the grand house. During the temporary absence of the grand the Indians procured a pistol and shot him on his return; they then fled. The report of the pistol awoke Major Givins, formerly of the United States army, who rushed to the

EGANVILLE NEWS.

"The Forty Hours' Devotion," or adoration of the Blessed Sacrament exhibited in the Roman Catholic Church here, which commenced on last Sunday and ended on Tuesday, the 7th Inst., the Rev. Messrs. Byrne, Marion and Shea officiating, has been well attended throughout, the parish church being densely crowded, and hundreds receiving the Sacrament, which speaks well for the devotional spirit manifested by the parishioners, and is also creditable to the pious zeal of the respected and indefatigable pastor, the Rev. M. Byrne, whose attention for long years to the spiritual wants of his parish is worthy of all praise. The evidence of his zeal in the cause of the Church is shown not only in the fine appearance of the parish church and grounds, and erection of a Convent—a large and handsome stone structure—but also at Douglas by the erection of a solid stone church and a fine dwelling house and grounds all the result of pious perseverance, which overcomes no ordinary obstacles, in a section of country comparatively young and rough, and the great majority of his parishioners being poor struggling settlers.

NEW MUSIC.

Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, send a roll containing seven good pieces of music, with the remark that they are "seven times as good" as one good piece of music, which is true enough. We have room only for a word of description; in addition to titles and prices. "Picnic Polka" (30 cts.) by La Hache must be good, as the picture title represents the picnic at that supreme moment when the ice-cream is being passed. "My Philopene" (Viellebechen mein), (40 cts.), by More, must be more than a common piece, or it wouldn't have a German name. "Bedoua Fantasia" (30 cts.), by Haezen, is a tasteful German piano piece. "Of Course" (35 cts.), Song by Koelck, is a musical description of a pretty lovers quarrel. "Song of the Helmet" (35 cts.), is from a French opera. "I love you best" (35 cts.), by Wellings, is a fine English ballad. "Gently lead us" (30 cts.), by Theophil, is a new song to the old words, "Gently, Lord."

POISONED AT A CHURCH FESTIVAL.

SIXTY-NINE PERSONS AFFECTED—ONE DEATH. COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 8.—A dispatch to the Daily Register from Camden, says: "At a festival given by the ladies of the Baptist church on Friday night, sixty-nine persons were seriously poisoned by eating ice-cream flavored with vanilla. During the night they were attacked with violent cramps and vomiting, followed by a high fever. Such a length of time had elapsed before medical aid was summoned that antidotes proved ineffective. The symptoms resembled those of arsenical poisoning. The eldest daughter of B. Silver died Sunday morning, and the lives of twelve other persons are in danger."

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CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Stings, Itch, Rheumatism, Gout, and ALL OTHER PAINFUL AFFECTIONS. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a Bottle. Directions on each bottle. THE CHARLES A. VOGLER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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All those who from indolence, excess of labor, or other causes, are weak, unwell, or ill, and unable to perform life's duties properly, can be cured and permanently cured, without stomach medicine. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. The Medical Faculty says: "The old plan of giving Nervous Bitters, Purgatives, and other medicines is wholly superseded by THIS MEDICINE." It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for all the ailments mentioned. Consultation free. HANSTON REEDS' CO., 70 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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