

THE MOORE CENTENARY.

(From the Catholic World.)

(Concluded from our last.)

While the publication of the *Irish Melodies* proceeded Moore brought out a number of other works of the most diverse character. His *National Airs*, in which the music of every country in Europe is laid under contribution, and his *Sacred Songs*, both arranged by Sir John Stevenson, include several fine lyrics. His greatest poem, *Lalla Rookh*, dedicated to Rogers, was completed in 1816, but not published till the following year. As far back as 1811 he had formed some such intention, but, after many attempts at its plot and the abandonment of various abortions, he found his inspiration in the history of Ireland, as the four Oriental poems, "The Veiled Prophet," "Paradise and the Peri," "The Fire-Worshippers," and "The Light of the Harem," are only lengthened melodies in which the political and religious struggles of his own country are dramatized in Asia. Messrs. Longman, the publishers, had agreed to give Moore \$15,000 for a poem the same length as Scott's "Rokeby," the same sum they had paid Byron for "Childe Harold," leaving Moore the choice of subject. In the *Ghebers*, or *Fire-Worshippers* of Persia, the best of the four poems, he saw the Catholics of Ireland, and in their ruthless Moslem tyrants their alien Protestant oppressors. Moore himself tells us in the preface to the sixth volume of his works: "From that moment a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme, and the spirit that had spoken in *The Memoirs of Ireland* soon found itself at home in the East," while Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, November, 1877, said of *Lalla Rookh*:

"There is a great deal of our present poetry derived from the East, but this is the finest Orientalism we have yet. The Land of the Sun has never shone out so brightly on the children of the North, nor her sweets of Asia been poured forth, nor her gorgeousness displayed so profusely to the delighted senses of Europe. The beautiful forms, the dazzling splendor, the breathing odors of the East seem at last to have found a kindred poet in the 'Green Isle of the West.'"

Seven editions of *Lalla Rookh* went off the first year; it was translated into most of the languages of Europe and some of those of the East, and even dramatized, while before Moore's death some thirty editions had been published. Oriental travellers of the highest reputation testified to the fidelity of the charming descriptions of Eastern scenery and local manners and customs in *Lalla Rookh*; so Mr. Luttrell wrote to Moore:

"I am told, dear Moore, your lays are sung (Can't be true, you lucky man?) By moonlight in the Persian tongue Along the streets of Isfahan."

The spirited publishers were amply rewarded for their enterprise, and Moore came to the front beside Byron and Scott, as one of the first poets of the day, Ireland and her history having inspired his muse.

While the conception of *Lalla Rookh* occupied Moore's brain for two or three winters (1813-16) at his secluded life in a lone cottage (Mayfield, near Ashbourne) in Derbyshire, where he wrote some of the best of his *Melodies* and of his other lyrics, and the greater part of that magnificent poem, he turned his versatile genius to the current events of political life—a field in which, next to the *Irish Melodies*, he rendered some of the most stirring services to his country. *The Two-Penny Post-Boy*, or *Intercepted Letters*, published in 1813, and his *Satirical and Humorous Poems*, of about the same time, led to much agitation in political circles. The work was rapturously welcomed, fifteen editions having gone off in one year. *The Morning Chronicle*, then the leading Liberal organ, was edited by Mr. Perry, an intimate friend of Moore's, the *Times*, the great Tory oracle, being edited by Barnes, also an attached personal friend of the Irish bard; so that Moore had the command of both journals, and through contributions to which of political squibs, satires, and letters, he derived an income of \$2,500. About the same period, also, he contributed, on the urgent invitation of Lord Jeffrey, to the *Edinburgh Review*, when the first intellects in the British Empire were on its staff—Brougham, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and others. One of his articles in the *Edinburgh* was "The Fathers," replete with patriotic erudition, theological research, and ecclesiastical history, upon the perusal of which Byron exclaimed with an oath, "Moore can do anything!" Another of his contributions was on "Private Theatricals," in which he gives a graphic account of those in Dublin in his boyhood, and in Kilkenny in his manhood. As early as 1813 Murray, the publisher, desired to start a review, and offered, through Lord Byron, the editorship to Moore. When Jeffrey's powers were falling Moore was tendered the editorship of the *Edinburgh* at a salary of \$4,000, with power to draw \$14,000 to pay contributors of his own selection; while, on the occasion of his friend Mr. Barnes' illness, Moore, an inflexible Liberal, was asked to edit the *Times* on very generous terms.

Moore visited Paris for the first time with Samuel Rogers in the Spring of 1818, and though their stay was brief, the publication of *The Fudge Family in Paris* convulsed society with its severe political banter, so that five editions were demanded in a fortnight, and on his return his publisher handed him \$1,750 as his share of the profits of something like a month's incidental squibs while on his visit. In June, 1818, Moore visited Dublin after his return from Paris. In 1815 he and his wife had gone there to see his father and mother and sisters. A public banquet was given him at Morrison's Hotel, at which two hundred and twenty of the leading Liberal noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland were present, the Earl of Charlemont, son of "The man who led the van of the Irish Volunteers" of 1792, being in the chair. Among the guests were Lord Cloncurry, Lord Allen, Sir Charles Molyneux, Sir Charles Morgan (husband of Lady Morgan, Miss Ovenson), O'Connell, Shiel, Peter Burrows, William Conyngham, afterwards Lord Plunket (lord high chancellor 1830-41), and W. H. Curran, son and biographer of his illustrious father, who died the year before, having got the fatal attack at Moore's table. After the usual toasts, and two speeches from Moore, he sang and played,—for the first time,—

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been 'wand'ring away,
To see this around me my youth's early friends
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though, haply, o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then?
Like Ajax in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again."

"What softest remembrance comes over the heart
In gazing on those we've been lost so long!
The sorrows, the joys of which, once they were part,
Still round them like visions of yesterday
Throb."

As letters some hand hath invisibly traced

When held to the flames will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling that long seemed effaced
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light."

This touching lyric, composed for the occasion, and rendered with all his charming effectiveness by Moore himself, after such an absence and so brilliant a success, produced intense gratification. It was followed by another, composed for the occasion and sung for the first time—"They may rail at this life," Sam Lover made his debut at this banquet and sang his first song in public. This was Ireland's public tribute to the genius and the personal character of Moore in the fortieth year of his age. The deepest political significance was justly attached to the banquet to Moore, struggling as the Catholics then were for emancipation, and ardent as were his writings in that dark hour in favor of his faith, his forefathers, and his country. Byron, writing from Ravenna to the elder Disraeli, author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, and father of the present prime minister of England, said, in reference to the banquet:—

"The times have preserved a respect for political consistency, and, even though changeable, honor the unchanged. Look at Moore; it will be long ere Southerly meets with such a triumph in London as Moore met with in Dublin, even if the government subscribe for it and set the money down to secret service. It was not less to the man than to the poet—to the tempted but unshaken patriot, to the not opulent but incorruptible fellow-citizen—that the warm-hearted Irish paid the proudest of tributes."

Moore having determined to visit Lord Byron, then residing in Venice, and Lord John Russell, which obliged him to proceed to Paris and Genoa, both went in the Autumn of 1819 to Italy. *Fables for the Holy Alliance* appeared, in the same sarcastic vein as *The Fudge Family*; while *Rhymes on the Road* embodied Moore's impressions of his tour in Italy. He visited Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma and Rome, and in Rome he met Canova, Turner, Chantrey, Lawrence, and Eastlake. When taking leave of Byron the latter handed Moore a white bag containing the manuscript of his life and adventures. On his return to Paris from Italy Moore was informed of the defection for \$30,000, to American merchants, of his deputy in Bermuda, and of legal execution having been obtained against him for the amount. This prevented his return to England, and, having refused numerous and generous offers of pecuniary help to meet the demand, he determined to settle with his family in Paris for a time, and by his own literary labors satisfy the claim. *The Loves of the Angels*, an allegory, was the outcome of this pressure, in the preparation of which he was assisted with books, drawings and information by the leading men in Paris—Humboldt, Denon, Fourier and others. The Bermuda claim having been compromised for \$5,200, instead of \$30,000, towards which the uncle of the defaulting deputy agreed to contribute \$1,500, Moore was enabled to return to London towards the end of October, 1822. *The Loves of the Angels* was published in December, and by June, 1823, Moore had to his credit for it \$5,000, and \$2,500 for the *Fables of the Holy Alliance*, so that he was enabled to meet his responsibilities connected with Bermuda.

In 1823 Moore visited Ireland with the Marquis of Lansdowne, and spent a month south, passing through Carlow, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Youghal, Cork and Killarney, returning to Dublin by Limerick, Maryborough and Naas. Everywhere he was waited on by the Liberal Protestant gentry and by all Catholics. In Killarney he was the guest of the Catholic Earl of Kenmare, where he enjoyed the magnificent scenery of the lakes and of Glengarriff, a visit to which inspired at least three of his most finished scenic sketches. O'Connell and his brother waited on him and dined with him at Lord Kenmare's, Moore's record of the political conversation after dinner with Judge Day being one of the best vindications ever published of the sincerity of O'Connell, twenty-four years before his death, regarding Emancipation, absenteeism, church disestablishment and repeal of the Union.

The *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, the celebrated Irish chieftain, with some account of his ancestors, was also published in 1824; and produced a marked sensation. It is an explanation of, and apology for, all the secret societies and the agrarian and other crimes arising out of oppression and unjust treatment, pointing out their causes and their remedies. Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*, writes thus of Moore's *Captain Rock*:

"He has here borrowed the name of a celebrated Irish leader to typify that spirit of violence and insurrection which is necessarily generated by systematic oppression and rudely avenges its crimes; and the picture he has drawn of its prevalence in that unhappy country, is at once piteous and frightful. Its effect in exciting our horror and indignation is, in the long run, increased, we think—though at first it may seem counteracted—by the tone of levity, and even jocularity, under which he has chosen to veil the deep sarcasm and substantial terrors of his story. We smile at first, and are amused, and wonder as we proceed that the humorous narrative should produce conviction and pity, shame, abhorrence, and despair."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born at 12 Dorset street, Dublin, September, 1751, and for some time under Samuel Whyte, Moore's schoolmaster, died in London, July 7, 1816. Solicited to write the biography of that wonderful child of genius, Moore could not refuse. Byron and Moore had contributed, at the time of his lamented death, to familiarize the world with his rare abilities and his vile treatment. Moore's *Biography of Sheridan*, published in 1825, is a further contribution to the national literature of Ireland. He ever supported the cause of Ireland and the Catholics. Fox said of his impeachment of Warren Hastings:—"All that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing and vanished like vapor before the sun." Burke said it was the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united of which there was any record or tradition." Pitt said it "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind." Byron said:—"Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been par excellence, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy (*School for Scandal*), the best drama (*The Duenna*), the best farce (*The Critic*), and, to crown all, the very best oration (the 'Begum speech') ever conceived or heard in this country," while his able biographer, friend and fellow-citizen, Moore, says:—

"Whose eloquence, bright'ning whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the true,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

Moore's visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1825, where he spent a pleasant time with Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, and the leading spirits in the north, elicited a further

burst of popularity towards the national bard of Ireland.

The Epicurean, commenced in Paris in 1820, was not published until 1827, and proved a great success, financially and literary.

We have said that when Moore visited Byron in Venice the latter gave him the manuscript of his journals and autobiography, with the conditions that, while it should not be published during his lifetime, Moore was at liberty to show the manuscript to any friend. Byron subsequently wrote to Moore, suggesting that he should raise funds from Murray on the credit of the publication, which Moore did to the extent of \$10,400. On the death of Lord Byron the publisher considered that the work should be issued. Moore felt, however, that it was due to Lady Byron and others to submit the work to them, when, objections having been taken to its publication, he cancelled the agreement with Murray and burned the manuscript. But, with the aid of letters and other available documents, Moore brought out in 1830, in three volumes, *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron*, with notes of his life, one of the most important of Moore's works. The whole proceeding regarding Moore's action in the matter has been the subject of bitter criticism, but sober opinion favors the course taken by Byron's biographer and friend.

The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald (two volumes) was published in 1831, one of the most popular of Moore's works. Within a few days a second edition of it was sold. The preface is bold and fearless, treating with contempt the imputations of seditious motives against such a publication. Reviewing it, the *Times* said:—"The love of justice, humanity and liberty breaks through every apostrophe of the author, however he may affect to veil his emotions under sarcasm, levity or scorn."

One of the most remarkable of all Moore's works is his *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, inscribed to the people of Ireland in defence of their national faith, by the editor of Captain Rock's *Memoirs*, which was published in 1833. Being intensely polemical and political, it underwent severe criticism in the press, and was the subject of numerous attacks. The illustrious Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the foremost prelate of his day in Ireland, said of it:—"If St. Augustine were more orthodox and Scratchinbach less plausible, it is a book of which any of us might be proud." At the time of its publication it was largely used as a popular manual of polemical controversy, and even in Catholic pulpits, some of the rancorous spirit remaining, and the Anti-Title agitation, which finally led to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Protestant Church.

Moore again visited Ireland, August, 1835, when the British Association held its first meeting in Dublin. He was well and warmly received everywhere. The Marquis of Normandy was lord-lieutenant, Lord Morpeth was chief secretary and Drummond undersecretary. He shared the vice-regal hospitality. The gentle and beloved Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Most Rev. Dr. Murray, met Moore at dinner at the parochial house attached to the pro-cathedral, Marlborough street. The protest and fellows of Trinity College, rebel though he was, welcomed their old alumnus and entertained him at dinner. But it was at the Theatre Royal he received his greatest popular ovation. Between two of the acts he was forced, in compliance with the unanimous demand of the audience, to rise and address the house in a speech of matchless felicity and spirit, acknowledging that he accepted from the people the proud title of the "national bard."

One of the first and most popular acts of the Liberal Ministry in 1835 was to confer a pension of \$1,500 on Moore, in consideration of the services rendered by him to literature—a favor which he could not accept from any government save one in conformity with the political principles of his life. This grant was increased to \$2,000 a few years before his death, in consideration of the delicacy of his health and the cessation of his literary labors.

Moore now entered on his last work, a *History of Ireland*, unsuited to his years, and which he was not qualified to write. In *Lantern's Cyclopaedia*, Scott had written a history of Scotland in two volumes, and Sir James Mackintosh a history of England in three volumes, and Moore was urged to write for the same work the history of Ireland, intended to be confined to a single volume. In pursuit of material for this work Moore paid his last visits to Dublin in 1838-39, the first volume of his (which was expanded to four volumes) having been published in 1835, and the fourth or last, not until 1846. He had issued the first volume before he came to Ireland to study the subject, so that, when too late, he frankly declared to Dr. Petre in the Royal Irish Academy, on learning from Eugene O'Curry the nature of the manuscript materials of Irish history then before him:—"Petrie, these high hopes could not have been written by tools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the history of Ireland." (O'Curry's *Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History*, pp. 153-4, 441.) The history, which is beautifully written as to style, closes with the Confederate war of 1641, and is wholly unreliable as to the ancient and earlier periods.

Towards his declining years, Moore, like most literary veterans, addressed himself to the revision of a complete addition of all his poetical works, which was brought out in ten volumes. From about the year 1847 he showed increasing signs of decay of mental power, and, as with Swift, Scott, Southey and O'Connell, softening of the brain steadily set in. In 1849 his intellect became quite clouded, and, though removed to Bath for a short time, no improvement took place, and he sank at Sloperton Cottage, Feb. 26, 1852, in his 72nd year. He was buried privately, only his physician and three or four other friends attending, in Bromham churchyard, within sight of his cottage, with his second daughter and his second son, while his devoted wife, Bessy, was laid with them September, 1855. She presented all Moore's books, his portrait, and his harp, to the Royal Academy, Dublin, to which a special room is devoted.

It is said that although he commenced life as a patriot, as is proved by his conduct in Trinity College and subsequently, he sank in after years into the condition of a mere Whig or Liberal, all sentiment of Irish nationality having died out of him. A ready answer is afforded to this charge by the proceedings at the time of the offer to him, in 1832, of the representation of the city of Limerick, with a small estate of some fifteen hundred dollars tendered therewith. Gerald Griffin and his brother Daniel were deputed by the citizens of Limerick to tender the terms just stated. Moore declined, entirely owing to prudence as regards his circumstances; but records that, were he to go into Parliament, he would accept the Repeal pledge, though he was confident it would lead to separation from England. O'Connell was bitterly disappointed at Moore's refusal to accept the representation of Limerick.

Moore is charged with being an absentee—living out of Ireland. Literature was his

profession, and he had no market for it in Dublin. The only offer he ever had of employment was an intimation from the Royal Dublin Society that if he applied for the office of librarian, at one thousand dollars a year, it was believed that his election could be secured.

It was said that not alone was he buried with Protestant service, but that he conformed to Protestantism before his death. His wife was a Protestant, and it is feared that Protestant service was read at his burial; but the Catholic journals, such as the *London Tablet*, of the time condemned the proceeding as an outrage to her Catholic husband, and an insult to Catholic Ireland. There were no Catholics and no Catholic church near Moore's residence in Wiltshire for fifty or sixty years, but he was a regular attendant at Mass in Warwick street Chapel, London, when there, as also his eldest son, although an extremely lax young man as regards morals. Lord John Russell, Moore's biographer, attests that he lived and died a Catholic. He enjoyed the confidence of Archbishop Murray, Archbishop MacHale, who still lives, Dr. Doyle, O'Connell, and all the leaders of Catholic opinion in Ireland. While in England he similarly enjoyed the confidence of Cardinal (then Dr.) Wiseman and Dr. Lingard, and was invited by the former to contribute articles on delicate ecclesiastical subjects to the *Dublin Review*. All friends of Ireland must pray and hope that the celebration of the centennial of Moore may be worthy of the Irish race, upon whose name and fame their poet has shed undying lustre. O'Connell and Moore were separated in life and in death by only a few years, battling for the same great cause, in which they mutually assisted each other. May the centennial of Moore be, according to his relative claims, as great a success as that of the Liberator!

TELEGRAMS.

Italy.

Rome, May 19.—The Chamber of Deputies passed the Bill making performance of civil marriage before religious ceremony obligatory.

Austria.

Pesth, May 19.—The river Theiss is inundated. Ninety square miles of grain fields near Beebe have been destroyed, besides two villages. The river Drove is overflowed and destroyed hundreds of houses.

Russia.

London, May 19.—A Berlin despatch says that the Czar has determined to shorten the period of military service in the line by three years, which will permit of an immense increase in the number of recruits.

The Afghanistan War.

London, May 20.—A correspondent from Simla says that among the principal points of the agreement with Yakoob Khan are the British command of the passes, with sufficient territory to constitute a scientific frontier, appointment of a British resident at Cabul, and control of the foreign relations of Afghanistan.

Ireland.

London, May 16.—The election for the Parliamentary representation of the county of Clare, Ireland, was warmly contested. There are 5,371 registered electors in the county, but O'Gorman Mahon, the successful candidate in the Nationalist interest, was returned by a narrow majority of only 130. He was opposed by Capt. Vandeleur and Mr. O'Brien, a well-known Catholic barrister, who occupies a high position on his circuit, and his family are intimately acquainted with the county. At the last general election county Clare returned Lord Francis Cunningham and Sir Bryan O'Loughlan, both Home Rulers.

Germany.

London, May 19.—A Berlin despatch says that Bismarck's parliamentary soiree on Saturday evening was less numerous attended than on previous occasions, the Free-Traders sending but thin contingent, and 20 deputies from Alsace-Lorraine. The Prince was most affable. The Chancellor held forth at length to the deputies on fiscal matters, dwelling upon the necessity for protecting the agriculturists, especially petty holders, against foreign competition. The wood tax was also sorely needed if arboriculture in Germany were not to be completely destroyed. The duty on beer, too, must be got through. Referring to the tariff debates, he observed if any one thought they would wear his patience out by prolonging the discussion, they were very much mistaken. He would remain in Berlin till September if necessary, but successfully finished the thing must be. The honorable members were clearly not acquainted with the tough and dogged perseverance of Prussian officials. Later on the Prince referred incidentally to the silver sales of the Prussian Bank which he would like to see stopped.

France.

Versailles, May 19.—In the Chamber of Deputies, Loebner, referring to the conduct of the Archbishop of Aix, demanded that the payment of salaries of the rebellious ecclesiastics be withheld, and advocated separation of Church and State. Lepere, Minister of the Interior, replied that the members were in complete accord on Ferry's Educational Bill. They were determined to oppose clerical encroachments. Should reports of the speeches of the Archbishop of Aix and his subsequent pastoral prove correct, the Archbishop will be prosecuted.

Paris, May 19.—Leroyer, Minister of Justice, to-day informed a deputation of Radical deputies that the Government had decided not to grant amnesty to members of the Commune; but simply to pardon them after the 6th of June. Rochefort, Vallès and Blanqui will be thus pardoned, but simple pardon does not include restoration to civil power.

La République Française pronounces the statement that Waddington and Lepere cannot remain in the same Cabinet as idle invention.

London, May 20.—It is understood that only 500 Communists will be excluded from amnesty.

The Military College.

We learn from a private source that the \$20,000 in the Supplementary Estimates for the Military College is to pay for work already done. We therefore take it for granted that owing to the condition of the Treasury, a legacy of nothing having been left by the late Government, the present administration does not see its way clear to go on with an additional wing for the present, and were misled in regard to the \$20,000 item, which is retrospective not prospective.—*Kingston News*.

The *Foreign Times* has the following:—"The duties on wheat, corn, &c., are such as to gladden the hearts of the Canadian farmers—so much so that we had two farmers from near Mount Elgin, Ontario, who unmistakably, by the baptismal register pronouncedly written on their tongues, must have drawn their first breath somewhere in Aberdeenshire, who both were in high glee as they expressed themselves what great advantages this new tariff would confer upon them, and upon the industrious classes generally in the land of their adoption."

DETAILS OF A DREADFUL MURDER AT MARKHAM.

Coolness or Insanity of the Murderer.

Toronto, May 18.—A farm labourer was arrested for murdering Mrs. Catherine Thompson, near Markham, on the 6th of April last. The man had been seen lurking about the neighborhood before the commission of the crime, and when the murder was committed he was suspected, but although three constables had been continually searching for him, it was not till yesterday that Constable Jones was going along Main street, of Sparta, three miles from Markham, and accidentally came across the man. The officer immediately made the arrest, Thickpenny offering no resistance, but on the contrary calmly holding up his hands to receive the durbies. In conversation with Jones, prisoner confessed to the crime, and said if he had known the officers were after him he would have given himself up. He had, when taken, a silver-mounted revolver, with four chambers loaded. In the course of an interview prisoner said he committed the crime for his poor victim's money, being half starved and nearly frozen. He had wandered about all winter, only having obtained work for a week or two, and one evening, when about famished, the thought came into his head that he would kill Mrs. Thompson and take the money which she was hoarding to give herself a decent burial. At first he firmly resisted the terrible thought, but it haunted him more and more, and would not leave him; finally he resolved to do the deed. He knew Mrs. Thompson's house well, and knew that she lived alone, she having taken compassion on him some time ago and knitted him a pair of socks and gave him food. Having provided himself with a good stout club, nearly three feet long, he proceeded to the house on Sunday evening, April 6th, firmly determined to beat out the poor woman's brains. After coolly looking up and down the road to make sure no body was coming, with the hellish determination fixed in his mind, he opened the door of the cottage and entered. Being asked if at the time no thought of the enormity of the crime he was to commit struck him? He answered no, I went into the house for the deliberate purpose of killing the woman and stealing her money, and did so. The last few words he pronounced with emphasis and as if intensely satisfied. He did not remember whether the woman spoke or not. He quietly pushed to the door and approached Mrs. Thompson, who was sitting by the stove with her back towards him. The noise of the door closing aroused her, and seeing who the intruder was, she got up and walked towards him without speaking; he took a few steps forward, and raising the club, struck her a horrible blow with all his might on the side of the head, felling her to the ground. She laid there not uttering a sound but quivering all over. To make sure he had done his fiendish work thoroughly, he hit her again with all his strength on the head as she lay bruised and bleeding on the floor, when blood spouted out in a stream. He was not sure whether he struck her a third time, as he was a little excited. He thought she died right off, as he did not see her move, her flesh only quivering. He then broke open a large wooden chest that stood in one corner, and found in it a purse containing \$7 in bills and 50 cents in silver, which he put in his pocket, throwing the purse away; that was all the money he said he could find. He then left, going to Markham, where he spent the night. He declared he did not try to hide at all. That the next morning he started to look for work, and he did not know that the murder had been discovered until a week afterwards, when talking one day to the man in the bush, he was told of the finding of the woman's body. He then started away, not particularly to elude the police. He came a short distance on the Grand Trunk, but he could not stop away, and returned to Markham Township. Passing through Sparta he was arrested, as described. At the terminating interview he said, "mind you I was laid frozen."

The victim of this most deliberate and foul murder was a poor woman, 50 years old, steady, industrious, and bearing an unblemished character. She lived alone on lot four, 7th concession, Markham, 17 miles from Toronto, the nearest neighbor being 300 yards away.

Robert McDowell, a baker, calling at her house, as usual, on Monday morning, discovered her lifeless body lying in a pool of blood; blood being spattered everywhere. On the left side of her head was a gaping wound three or four inches long. On the top of her head another horrible cut presented itself, either being sufficient to cause instant death. McDowell at once gave the alarm, and the whole district was running wild with excitement.

The prisoner, who was brought into Toronto to-day and lodged in the city jail, takes matters cool, and appears to have no concern either about his fiendish crime or his own fate. He converses freely and quietly, never hesitating to talk about murder. When the charge was read to him at the Police Court, he replied that he could not read, but he owned up to it. He was remanded for a week, when the regular examination will be made before the Police Magistrate.

In appearance the prisoner looks very little like a murderer. He bears traces of having lived a miserable life, but would not strike one as dangerous. He was forty years old on the 21st of April, and was born in Norfolk county, England, whence he came to Markham five years ago, where he has since worked as a farm laborer, indulging in intervals of loafing. He is unmarried, short and stout, fair hair and light blue eyes, with a rather simple expression of countenance. By many, in fact, he is thought to be light-headed. He used to drink considerably and go on a spree when he would be downright crazy.

Esther Cox.

AMHERST, N.S. May 19.—The Amherst Gazette publishes the following additional details of the Esther Cox mystery:—"To many strange things have been published in connection with the Amherst mystery, reports of occurrences still more striking, which we have collected during the past week, have yet to be added. The case has lately excited increased interest, still there are many residents of the town who totally disbelieve in there being any mystery. Until Tuesday, we could speak from personal knowledge only of the rappings. We tested the reality of the rappings by causing Esther to place herself upon a stool which would not admit of her feet touching the floor. Esther was standing washing dishes; she had not moved from the position, when we heard a crash, and, on going forward, found a glass tumbler, which had evidently contained a paper of pepper, had been broken in pieces by falling upon a large earthen bowl, which lay upon the table. Esther said the tumbler fell from off the cupboard, and the spot struck and position of the pieces was sufficient evidence that it had at least come from that direction. The distance was seven feet; a rim of the top of the tumbler was unbroken. Taking the same position we

saw a minute or two afterwards this rim flying over her head. It was shattered. She was still washing her dishes, and could not have thrown it herself, nor was any other person in the room. This is all we have seen. We have frequently heard of articles which she said struck her, and which were told by reliable persons had been hurled from certain points, six to fifteen feet distant. W. F. Cutten was standing at the lower side of the door and Esther on the upper side, when a pile of scale weights he had previously seen on the counter, 12 feet distant, fell near their feet. R. Hutchinson heard a hard substance strike the ceiling of the kitchen, and afterwards the wall of the saloon; picking it up he found it to be nearly a whole bath brick, which Mr. White and Esther said had come from a shelf. On Tuesday evening Esther, as she states, locked the shop to go to tea, and while crossing the street was startled by a tremendous noise in the building. She dared not return alone, and after meeting Mr. Hutchinson they entered and found, as they both informed us, the following articles had moved from various points to positions near the middle of the floor:—Three earthenware bowls, 16, 14 and 12 inches in diameter, which had been on the table were now top upwards. In one was a tea kettle from the top of the stove, which, with its contents would weigh twenty pounds. In another a coffee pot was found which had been on the shelf. The box was on its side; a basin, which had been on it, moved a considerable distance, still containing water; a pot had ranged itself near the kettle, so that one might not call the other names. But of all the attacks upon the poor girl the most serious was that which she affirms was made by the blade of an open jack-knife penetrating her clothing and cutting her back. Mrs. White examined her back, and states that the mysterious assassin drew blood. Esther states that this was the second attack by the knife, which she and Mr. White's son say was closed after its first flight, and must have opened of its own accord.

A Sorrowful Plight.

One fortnight ago five young men set out from Montreal, determined on making their fortunes in this "land of promise." They were all of the well-to-do class, including a cashier and bank clerk, each of whom brought considerable capital. On arriving here they met two friends from Kingston, and as it was the intention of all to forsake the dusk for the same locality; in order to be near each other. After deliberation it was decided to make the neighborhood of Rapid City their home, and the necessary land was obtained. The requisite outfits having been purchased, the party started out the day before last with joyous anticipation. When night came on they encountered by the trail, and secured their oxen, about ten in number, to their carts and waggon. The party entered with great zest into the novelty of the thing—so different from refined city life. The camp fire was kindled, and around it they spoke with hopefulness of the future; smoked their pipes, and talked of old times. When the time for retiring came, they made their beds in the carts, and, covering themselves with blankets, were soon asleep. The fatigue of the preparations of the previous few days had its effect, and the sleepers slept as soundly as did Saul in the cave of Engedi. When they awoke in the morning, our reader can judge of the surprise and dismay of the emigrants on finding that only two of the ten oxen were to be seen, the others having broken their fastenings and wandered off. Several of the party immediately started out in pursuit of the oxen, whilst two were left in charge of the vehicles, and one returned to the city to procure stronger fastenings for the remaining oxen. The success of the searchers is not yet known, but it is not expected that all the strayed animals will be recovered. Moral to emigrants—When on the prairies, secure your horses and oxen so strongly that they will be unable to escape.—*Winnipeg Times*, May 7.

Presentation to Father McKenna.

The following address was presented to Father McKenna by the contractors and workmen on the Lachine canal:

LACHINE, May 7th, 1879.

TO THE REV. FATHER MCKENNA, CURATE:
REVEREND SIR,—In view of your approaching departure from here, we, the officers and workmen of the Lachine canal, feel it our duty to express to your Reverence our deep sense of the great blessing which we have so lately enjoyed by the performance of a pious retreat in the holy week of Lent, when through the Sacrament of Penance we had the unspeakable happiness of approaching the most holy table of Our Lord, being prepared for and led thereto by your wise and wholesome instructions and most edifying discourses.

You, reverend sir, are aware of the unbounded respect and undying love of the Irish Catholic for the priests and bishops of his Church. You can, therefore, judge what must be our feelings towards that most highly gifted and well beloved prelate, the Right Rev. Bishop Fabre, of Montreal, who was so mindful of our spiritual welfare as to send a priest of our own nationality as an assistant to the amiable and zealous pastor of this parish, the Rev. Father Piche, whose kind and fatherly care we shared in an equal degree with the resident members of his flock.

May God in His infinite mercy grant us the grace to show, by our future good conduct, how much we have profited by their holy zeal in our regard. In conclusion Rev. sir, we pray Almighty God to grant you a long and happy life, and that He may endow you with abundant grace for the edification of those whom you will in the future have under your spiritual care. In taking our leave we beg acceptance of this gold watch and chain as a humble token of our love.

(Signed), Rodgers, Kelly and Farrell, Davis & Sons, John Morton, D. M. McGrath, John McLaughlin, John Conroy, Thomas Kelly, John Ryan, John Nagle, Arthur O'Neill, John Connelly, Wm. Newell, Patrick Mack, William Hart.

THE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT.

\$500 Received for the Fund.

The Executive Committee for the erection of a monument to the memory of the founder of Montreal, M. de Maisonneuve, has decided to publish lists of those who shall participate in this national enterprise. The first list is given below; others will follow in their turn:—Seminary of St. Sulpice, \$250; Mayor Rivard, \$100; Hon. L. B. Masson, \$40; Hon. F. G. Baby, \$25; Chas. Glackmeyer, Esq.,