How contagious is example! How valuable a little sterling encouragement! How effective a spice of stinging ridicule! Several s good men and true," acted on by the words, declared themselves ready to man the lifeboat; and pretty nearly the whole crowd trooped off in the wake of Wilfred Lester.

He was long of leg and fleet of foot, and was already busy with the boat when they gained him. A voice called out that if she must go out, Mr. Wilfred had best not be one to man her; he was no sailor. Wilfred Lester caught the words, and turned his handsome face toward the sound; very pale looked his features in the moonlight; pale but resolute. "Who said that?" he asked.

It was old Bill Gand. "You are not yourself, Bill Gand, to-night. Would I urge others on a danger that I

shrink from ?" "Venture in that there boat, Master Wilfred and you wunna reach the ship alive," cried Bill. "let alone come back. Nor the rest, nor the boat neither."

"It is possible; but I think we may hope for a better result. We are embarking in a good cause, and God is over us."

The last words told; for, of all men, a sailor has the most implicit trust in God's mercy-a simple, childlike, perfect trust, that many who call themselves more religious might envy. They were contending now who should man her, numbers being eager; and there appeared some chance of its rising

to a quarrel. "This is my expedition," said Wilfred Lester, "but for me you would not have attempted it; allow me the privilege, therefore. of choosing my men. Bill Gand, will you make one of us or not?"

"Yes," answered the old sailor, "if it's only to take care of you. My wife's in the churchyard, and my two boys are under the waters; I shall be less missed nor some."

The twelve were soon named, and they went into the boat. Wilfred was about to follow them, when some one glided up, and stood be-

"Will it prove availing if I ask you not to peril your life?"

The speaker was Mr. Lester. Wilfred hesitated a moment before he answered:

"I could not, for any consideration, abandon the expedition; nevertheless, I thank you. I thank you heartily, if you spoke out of in-terest for my welfare. Father, this may be our last meeting; shall we shake hands? If I do perish, regret me not; for I tell you, truly, life has lost its value for me.'

Mr. Lester grasped the offered hand in silence, a more bitter pang wringing his heart than many of the by-standers would have believed. Wilfred leaped into the boat; and it put off on its stormy vovage, the spectators tearing around again to the spot, whence they could see the sinking ship.

What a fine picture the scene would have made! could it have been represented both to the eye and the ear-not unlike those old Dutch paintings of the Flemish school. The doomed ship and her unhappy freight of human life, soon to be human life no longer; the life-boat, launched on her perilous venture, making some way in spite of the impending wind-now riding aloft, now engulfed under a huge wave, now battling with the furious sea for mastery; the anxious faces of the spectators, and their hushed, breathless interest, as they watched the progress of the boat, or the dim and dreadful spot farther on; with the bright moonlight, lighting up the whole, and the night sky, over which the clouds were racing; while, ever and anon, the mint tinkle of a hell might be heard from the ship, and the heavy bell at the castle still boomed out at intervals!

Would the boat reach the ship? Those in the boat as well as those on shore, were asking the question? Bill Gand, the oldest of them, declared he had never wrestled with a gale so terrific, with waves so furious. The mystery to him throughout all his after life-

could hold no more. Shouting out a cheering cry of hope to the wreck; they turned in

The going back was less labor, for they had the wind with them, but it was not less dangerous. Some of the men, powerful, hardy sailors that they were, felt their strength drooping; they did not think they could hold out to the shore. Wilfred encouraged them, as he had done in going, cheering on their spirits, almost renewing their physical strength. But for him, they would several times have given up the effort in despair, when they were first beating on for the

"Bear on with a will, my brave lads," he urged; "don't let the fatigue master you. I and Bill Gand are good for another turn yet but we'll leave you on shore to recruit force, and bring others in your stead. You shall join again the third time. Cheerily on with a will! I wonder how many times it will take, to save them all?"

One of the rescued spoke up to answer All could not speak, for some were lying, hurt or senseless, in the boat. He was an able-

bolied seaman. "It would take several times, master; but you'll never get the chance of going to her a third time, if you do a second. She was

parting amidships." "Parting amidships!" "I think so; and so did the captain. She

must have struck upon a rock, and was grinding and cracking swiftly." "Whence does she come!"

"From New York. A passenger-ship. A prosperous voyage we have had all along from starting, and this is the ending! A fine ship she was, spick and span-new, eleven hundred tons register, her name 'The Wind.' I didn't like her name, for my part, when I joined

" Many passengers?" "Forty or fifty; about half a dozen of them

first-class; the rest, second." "Did you jump overboard, hoping to swim for your lives?"

No, no; who could swim in such a sea as this? All you saw in the sea were washed off. Some had sunk when you got to us."

Of course the above conversation had only been carried on at intervals, as the struggling boat permitted, and now it ceased altogether, for every energy had to be devoted to the

boat, if they were to get her to the shore. A low, heartfelt murmur of applause greeted their ears as they reached it; it might have been louder, but for remembrance of what the brave adventurers had yet to do, and the little chance there was of its being donethe very small portion these few saved formed of those to be saved. As Wilfred Lester step- | chance to be heard.—Quebec Telegraph.

ped ashore, his face white with exertion, and the salt foam dripping off him, it is possible he looked for a father's hand and a father's voice to welcome him. If so, he was mistaken. Mr. Lester was still there, but did not advance. What he might have done alone, it is impossible to say, but his wife was now with him. Strange to relate, Lady Adelaide had ventured, in her curiosity, down to the beach, and stood, braving the wind, supported between her husband and Lord Dane. Perhaps Mr. Lester did not choose to notice Wilfred, in the presence of his wife, for he knew how much at variance they were; or perhaps he already repented of his late greeting. Wilfred saw her standing there, and turned again to the life-host.

"These poor creatures must be conveyed to warm beds, and warm fires," he exclaimed, looking at some of those he had helped to rescue, "or they may soon be no better off than they would have been if left in the water."

"I can receive two or three," exclaimed Richard Ravensbird, pressing forward. "I have not been able to do anything toward

saving, but I can toward sheltering.
Two vehicles were waiting, having come down to be in readiness, if wanted, and they were brought into requisition, one of them taking its way to the Sailor's Rest. It contained a man who was too exhausted to speak much, or to notice anything, and a young man who appeared to be in attendance upon him, probably a friend.

"That we owe our lives to you this night, under God, there is little doubt," the latter cried, grasping Wilfred Lester's hand. The time to thank you, I hope, will come." Wilfred began mustering his second crew.

Old Bill Gand insisted upon being one. "Not you, Dick," cried Wilfred to another; "I won't have you; you could not stand the

"I'm as strong as I was before my illness,

sir," pleaded Dick. "I will not admit you, I say. Stand back. We have no time to lose."

Scarcely had the words left Wilfred Lester's mouth, when a prolonged, dreadful shrick, only too palpable to the ear, arose from the wreck It was some minutes before those on shore could make out its cause. But, when they did, when they discovered what had happened-alas! alas! The rescued sailor's words had been too surely and swiftly verified. The vessel had parted amidships, and was setting down in the water.

"Oh, for the life-boat now! One more voyage, and it may yet save a few of those now launched into the water. Before it could take a third, the rest will have been launched into eternity.

And the life-boat hastened out amidst cheers to force its mad way, but it rescued none. The hungry waters had made too sure of their prey.

CHAPTER XIV.

Bur three passengers had been rescued. The two conveyed to the Sailor's Rest, who had been chief-cabin passengers, and a steerage passenger; the rest saved, were seamen; not one of the officers, all had gone with the ill-fated ship.

Messengers had been dispatched to Sophie, and when the fly got there, she had warm beds in readiness, and hot flannels, in case rubbing should be necessary. One man, it was he who had seemed so exhausted, had nothing on but his shirt and drawers. A large cloak had been thrown over him as they raised him out of the life-boat; and then he spoke a few words.

"My head. I am cold. Get a shawl for my head."

Shawls were not plentiful on the beach, for none had been brought down, but a large neck-handkerchief was found in somebody's pocket, and the man's head was enveloped in it. He feebly pulled it far over his face as if | Poitiers; but the hospitality and attention mystery to Bill then-and it would remain a to shield it from the cold. Little could be of the townspeople were admirable. It would seen of his features when he got to the Sailor's have been impossible to show more generos- brought to Table Bay by a prize crew belong-

self. He might come in in the morning; and nobody else was to disturb him till he had been in, unless he rung.

Sophie did not go to bed that night; she had said she would not, and was glad of the excuse of being busy. One of the rescued sailors had by some means got his head much cut; besides the two cabin passengers he was the only one taken to the Sailor's rest, the others had found refuge elsewhere, and Sophie busied herself in attending to him, and in drying the younger passenger's clothes -for he, when saved, had been completely dressed.

About eight in the morning, Sophie was in her parlor, when the passenger, mentioned, entered, attired in the said dry clothes. Sophie turned hastily, and thought, in that first moment, that she had never seen so prepossessing a man. He appeared about fourand-twenty, tall, and of lofty bearing, with clearly-cut features, dark hair, and a most attractive countenance.

"Are you a clever needle-woman?" asked he, with a very winning smile. Mrs. Ravensbird, won by the good looks, the courteous manner, and the pleasant voice, began protesting that she was famous, no body more clever than she. She had been out-door pupil in a convent in France, for seven years, and let the Sisters alone for making girls into expert needle-women. Did the gentleman want a button sewn

(To be continued.)

We understand that steps are being taken by Mr. Parnell and a number of gentlemen interested in the land question for the purpose of forming a committee to aid the new movement for the creation of a pearant proprietary. It is in contemplation shortly to issue an appeal, with the object of enlisting the sympathy and assistance of the Irish people in all parts of the world.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES .- On this subject a etter was addressed to the Morning Chronicle by Mr. James J. Gahan, in which the Irish people of this city were defended against the impertinent attack made on them by one Mr. Caouette of St. Rochs. Our contemporary saw fit to refuse publication to the utterances of an Irishman, whose party feelings do not blind him to the scurrilous utterances of jackanapes of any party who, in their blind hate, sling mud at their compeers. We have been informed by the writer that his letter was written with a view to rebuke those who profess Liberal principles, while acting in an illiberal manner, and, therefore, we regret the action of the Chronicle in denying him a

The Biveuac of the Dead. BY COLONEL O'HARA.

The muffied drum's sad roll has beat The soldier's last tattoo!

No more on lie's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal cam ing ground
Their silent ten's are spread.
Ard Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouse of the dead.

The rumor of the foe's advance Now swells upon the wind, Nor troubled thought at midnight haunts Of loved ones left behind. No vision of the morrow's strife The warrior's droam slarms, No braying horn, no screeming fife At dawn shall call to a ms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tear- have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle grasped,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighbing troop, the flashing blade, The bugle's stirring blast, The buggle's stirring blast,
The charge the dreadful cannonade,
The uln and shout are passed.
Nor War's wild notes, nor Gory's peal
Shall thrill with flerce de ight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flashed with the triumph yet to gain.
Came down the seried foc.
Who heard the thunder of he fray Break o'er the field beneath Knew well the watchward of the day Was "Victory or Death!"

Full many a mother's breath has swept O'er Angostira's plain,
And long the playing sky has wept
Above I s mouldering slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay
Alone no v wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dead fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground! Sons of the dark and bloody ground?
Y- must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless sir;
Your own proud and's heroic soil
Shal be you fitter grave;
Sheclaims from soil her richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave,

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,

Fra from the glory field,
Borneto a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
-mics saidly on them here,
And a indred eyes and hearts watch by The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear in the land you gave—
No impious f obsteps here shall tread
The herbage of vour grave
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her records keeps,
Or Honor points the hollowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Your marble minstrel's voiceful tone. Your marble minure's voicelul tone.
In deathless song shall tell.
When many a vanished'year hath flown,
The story how you fell;
Nor wreck, no change, nor Winter's blight,
Nor Time's remors, less doom
Can dim one ray of holy light
That glides your glorious tomb.

A Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

The standard correspondent telegraphs from Paris on Monday night:-

It is now time to return to the pilgrims whose departure from Paris I recorded last week, and give you some information as to their progress. On that occasion I left them at Poitiers. Their stay in that town was enlivened by the Rev. Father Bailly, who related to them the life of St. Martin. The departnee from that place occasioned some difficulty on account of the number of the sick, the lame, and the blind, who hope to be miraculously cured in the famous grotto. That is proved by the following telegram published

by the Monde :six hundred sick into the carriage again at

singing of hymns and inexpressible entrain. It was an admirable sight to look upon the seated, or supporting themselves on their friends, surrounded by robust pilgrims alter- instructed his mate to proceed nately singing hymns and reciti g the rosary. That was an unspeakable scene which dominates all the absurd arguments of free thought and rationalism. The real France is he e, and in the midst of the Alps, at the foot of the Pyrenees, we pray to God with all our might. That is our answer to the persecution that has begun. I leave you to mount guard at the Holy Grotto. The rain that has been falling all the morning leaves the pilgrims indifferent. They surround the sanctuary with the same zeal as if a glorious sun were shining. The programme is not very varied and yet it is always changing. We pray to God, and sing in honour of Mary. There are no variations on those two exercises, and jet we live on emotions; emotions at the Masses in the Grotto where Mary lavishes her favoursemotions at the sermons when the preachers have but to let their hearts speak-emotions at the procession which vesterday presented the most magnificent sight it is possible to imagine. I give M. Spuler a rendezvous for to-morrow, or after to-morrow at nine in the morning, at the Grotto of Lourdes, near those wretched beds on which men lie suffering, or at the entrance of the miraculous pool, from which he will be able to see those who were carried in on stretchers walk out on their feet. l invite him as well as M Ferry and M. Paul Bert to come here at seven in the evening, and shall ask those gentlemen to what cause they attribute this enthusiasm of twenty thousand or thirty thousand persons singing with faith for two hours the praise of Mary, and carrying wax candles. They may vainly give what scientific explanations they please, a single word answers them all-faith in God, who can do all things, and who always hears the prayers of these who invoke him. Everything lies in that. The whole of repentant and suppliant France is represented at Lourdes. That France tells its beads. I also recommend those who demand the heads of the religious to reflection the power of the resary recited at the Grotto of Lourdes. It is a dynamical question the Church has long since solved. Notre Dame de Lourdes

A gentleman near Danville, Va., bad on his plantation a pine tree, which made 14,050 heart shingles. It measured 3it and 4in. through the heart.

since Mary has crushed the serpent. The

cannot deny this Catholic assertion.

SCOTCH NEWS.

The distress which has so long prevailed in Glasgow led to a bread riot, or was made the excuse for one. Two shops were forcibly entered by a mob and bread and other articles carried off. A couple of bread carts were next attacked and their contents seized, one of the drivers being severely beaten because he

resisted. SHARK CAUGHT OFF ARRAN .- On Saturday morning Mr. Waltr Kerr, fisherman, while drawing his herring nets, which had been shot about the north point of Cumbrae, found he had got something more than usual, and atter immense labour the crew succeeded in getting on board what turned out to be a veritable blue shark. The animal has three rows of teeth, measures 81 feet from point of the nose to end of the tail, and weighs 3 cwt. It was exhibited during the day in the Drill Hall. Millport, where it was visited by a large number of persons. Mr. Kerr's nets, as may well be imagined, have sustained very considerable damage. This is the second shark that has been caught in this neighbourhood within ten days—a young one, 31 feet in length, baving, been caught in fishing nets on Thursday week.

DISTURBANCES AT CAMBUSLANG,-At Hamilton, on Tuesday, before Mr. Grant, honorary Sheriff-Substitute, W. Graham, coachman : G Dickson, T. Dickson, colliers; James Simmons, miner, Cambuslaug; and James Brown, labourer, Rosebank, Ruthergleu, were charged with assault and breach of the peace at Cambuslang on the night of the 23d ult. The evidence was that the prisoner George Dickson and another man were fighting in Cambuslang, about 11 o'c ock on the night libelled,

Board on, Tuesday, the request of the Rev. Mr. M'Ginness that a room should be granted in the poorhouse where worship could be suitably conducted by a Roman Catholic priest tor the Catholic inmates was considered. One party was in favour of the request being granted, but another party thought that the same room used for Protestant worship should also be granted to the Catholics, the services to be at different hours. Mr. Dailly said that, as a Catholic, he was enabled to say that the Catholics desired the men's day-room, which the Catholics were prepared to fit up at their own expense, and the altar and other things necessary for worship would be portable, so that the room could be devoted to its chief purpose after the service was over. The hall in which the Protestants met would not be accepted, because there were too many doors opening into it, at which servants and others could peep in, to the disturbance of the holy communion service, which Catholics regarded with the greatest solemnity. The Chairman said it was out of place for Mr. Dailly to speak as he had done. It was decided by 16 to 12 to grant the Catholics the use of the meeting hall .- Glasgow Herald.

RECOVERY OF A GREENOCK SHIP AND CARGO WORTH £25,000 .- By the arrival of the Cape mail at Madeira, a telegram has been received that the ship Charlotte Gladstone, of Green-"It was rather a painful business to get the ock, owned in that town, which was abandoned off the Cape of Good Hope, while on a voyage from Moulmein to Falmouth, with a cargo of teak, early in July, has been safely mystery to him throughout all his after lifewas that they did wrestle with them. Minute
bleva so, including Wilfred Lester. How
them in eternity; all who were with himself but
the chamber prepared, dired himself by the
nothing less than a miracle—an impossibility
effected; and they could not account for it,
nuless Wilfred Lester's words on shore could
not so it was a good cause, and God wasover
them.

But they did not reach the ship. No; too
many poor wretches were struggling with the
waves, nearer to them; and they picked up
what they could—picked up until the boat
waves, nearer to them; and they picked up
what they could—picked up until the boat
soll of length or the station of the struction of the waves, nearer to them; and they could—picked up until the boat
soll of length or the station of the stat stone, he resolved to endeavor to bring her into port, and having called for volunteers Grotto, surrounded by the sick lying down, or from among his own men, five consented to accompany him. Captain Augel then Cape Town with the Charlotte Gladstone's crew and await there a reasonable time his arrival with the abandoned ship. The Halton Castle reached Cape Town on 10th July, when the mate promptly reported the circumstances under which he had left his captain and five others of the crew. Messrs. Donald Currie's representatives on learning particulars at once despatched the firm's steamer Venice to render assistance, but after cruising for several days nothing could be heard of the ship, and fears began to be entertained that the gallant little band had perished. About three weeks passed away, and no tidings reaching Cape Town of the versel having been fallen in with, the mate of the Halton Castle resolved to proceed on the voyage to London, the crew of the ship having been made up new hands in place of those volunteers who had gone on board the Charlotte Gladstone. On 11th August, however, the ship and her gallant little band of navigators turned up in Table Bay, all well, exactly a month and a day after the Halton Castle reached Cape Town. No details have been received of the cause of detention, but when it is remembered that the original crew of the ship under the most favorable circumstances would be about 30 all told, it can easily be imagined what hardships the gallant handful of six, all told. must have experienced in navi ating a disabled ship to a port in the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope. On the day before the ship was brought to the anchorage another vessel spoke her, and requested to render assistance, but this was respectfully de-clined. The value of the ship and cargo is estimated at £35,000, which was covered by insurance. The salvors will probably be awarded a third of the value.

> practice of medicine at Zanesville, Ohio, and rivals in another respect, too, for both loved Sutor's wife. Stout won in the latter contest, and the woman deserted her husband to live with him. Sutor told his trouble to the editor will kill the revolution. It is done, in fact, of the Zanesville Times, and requested its publication; but the editor said he would not print it until something happened to make it bastard reptiles which now raise their heads properly a public subject. "Very well," Su or replied, "there comes my wife up the street, and probably-yes, there's Dr. Stout with her, and he ran out, knocked Stout down with his cane, and got a bullet in his hand. There was no longer a doubt as to the question of publishing the facts.

...Dr. Sutor and Dr. Stout were rivals in the

Deaths Among Descendants of Irish Exiles.

DEATH OF M. AMADEE GREHAN.—Francis Gehan or O'Grehan, a descendant of one of the soldiers of the Irish brigade died a few weeks ago in Paris, where he held the position of consul-general to the King of Siam. The following is olice of this remarkable man is summarized from the Finance Illustree, which remarks that he had three names "O'Grehan," as his patronymic; "Grehan," is naturalized French name, and "Phro-Siam-Huranuraks," his Asialic title! The family of M. Grehan came to France with James II. His father, O'Grehan, came out the first from the Polytechnic school, into which he entered when it was first formed by his father-in-law, O'Fitz, who in the time of the Revolution, became professor of mathematics to the Duke of riesus, and after to Louis Philippe. Amedee Grehan was born in Lorient, and was prevented from entering the mavy by the d ath of his father. At the age of seventeen he entered the Ministry of the Marine, and in a short time became thef de Burcau (head of a department. He soon after undertook a work that has obtal ed a great success, "La France Maritime." He published also "L'Almanach du Marin" (which has since appeared yearly), and quite recently he published a work that attracted great attention, it is ramed "Le Royaume de Siam"—"The Kingdom of slar."

At the exhibition of 1867 he represented the King of Siam, as Commissioner-feneral, and for his services was granted a commandership of the order of the Whit- Elephant Prevented by illness from fulliling actively the same functions at the late exhibition, his son, Captain Grehan, of the Republican Guards, took his place, and obtained the same reward. Medals of honour, diplomas, honorary awards, &c., were awarded to the King of Siam, who was himself the only exhibitor from that state. M. A. Grehan was a member of the celebrated "Societe du Caveau" that society of Illerary wits of Paris, for thirty years, and was the friend of Beranger. Au icr. Remusat, &c. He was, likewise, a member of several learned "societies" Knight of the Legion of Honour, DEATH OF M. AMADEE GREHAN.-Francis

DEATH OF M. DILLON, ARCHITECT.—Another worthy descendant of the Illustrious family of the Dillons ded a few days ago at Pierrelite. buslang, about 11 o'c ock on the night iibelled, when Wm. Gilmour and several other young men interfered. The other prisoners or several of them attacked the Gilmour party, Graham knocking Wm Gilmour to the ground with a skull-cracker. A lad named M-Garvey was also knocked down, two others were assaulted, and a crowd of about 100 persons collected. The Fiscal withdrew the charge against Simmons, and asked a conviction as libelled against Graham, and of breach of peace against the other three. The Sheriff sentenced Graham to be imprisoned for 30 days, and imposed on the others a fine of 15s, or imprisonment for ten days.

Roman Catholic Worship in Dundee Poor-house—At the Dundee Combination Parochial Board on, Tuesday, the request of the Rev.

Worlny descendant of the Interiods lately do a few da s ago at Pierredite, near Paris, where he went to recruit his health. M. Dillon was a distinguished architect and a fishing the charge of the buildings of the Curt of Cass alon, and would, if sparced, have been one of the leading men in his profession. His untimely death, at the ag of thirty-six, has caused great grief to his freends, and it has greatly felt. Of the Dillon, late cavalry officer. Captain Dillon, late cavalry officer. Captain Dillon, of the infantry, who was shot through the breast at Sofferino. He was made Knight of the Legion of Houour in the late war to dead of valour. It will be remembered that the great engineer Dillon built the bridge of Jena in 18-8, and that Gulzot's first. If work a Miss John of the cavalry of the remaining which they remembered that the great engineer Dillon built the bridge of Jena in 18-8, and that Gulzot's first. If work a Miss John of the cavalry of the remaining of the feath, and the ago of thirty-six, has caused great grief to his profession. His untimely death, at the ag of thirty-six, has caused great grief to his profession. His untimely death, at the ag of thirty-six, has caused great grief to his profession. His untimely death, at the ag of thirty-six, has caused grea

race from which they spring, and the land from which their ancestors came.—I. P. L.

DEATH OS MADEMOISELLE DE LA CROIN DE CASTRIES IN PARIS.—A near relative of the unchess of Magenta, a pions nun, of the congregation Notre Dame, died last week in Paris, at the age of thirty. The was the daughter of the Dowager Countess de Castries, the family de Castries was originally from Langue doe, and descend from Guidaume de la Croix, of the Court of Montpelier, who purchased the ancient barony of de Castries in 1495. The family was divided into five branches, one of which has come down to our time. At the time of the great Revolution It was represented by Charles Gabriel, Marquis de Castries, woo served his country for sixty years, and died in exile is 1801. His son, General de Castries, was made a Duke in 1784, and Peer of France in 1814. Louis XVI. I. made him Governor of the Castle of Mendon, and Charles X gave him the col ar of the King's Order. He d'ed in 1812, leaving two sons—Edmund, who died w thout issue, and Armand, Duke e Castries, who died in 1862, and who was the father of the present canke de Castries, and of Madame le varechal de MacMai o. The Duke vinnand married Miss Barrymore of the county of Waterford and his widow, ace d'Harcour, the present Dowager Countes de Castries, is also, on one side, of Irish origin. It is blood, therefore, prevails in the veins of the children or the Hustrions soldier who took Malakoff and won Magenta.—J. P. L.

DEATH OF COLONEL DON JOSEPH HENRY O'HAGAN,—We announce with regret the centh

won Magenta.—J. P. L. Don Joseph Henry O'Hagan.—We announce with regret the centry of this distinguished efficer, which has occurred at bis residence, Calle de la Fiorida. Madrid, the was a native of this city, and belonged to a respectable old Catholic family in the county Tyrone. At an early age he went to the college of Salemanaca with the thin rector, the late Very Rev. Dr. Garrian. After prosecuting his studies there he obtained a commission in the spenish army, in which he dettinguished himself, and arose rapidly to the rank of colonel. At the commencement of the late civil war he retired from active service.

The Eastern Nation.

In the drawings of profane story, two figures rise prominently out or the darkness which almost entirely obscures the founders—their early kingdoms by the Euphrates and the Nile. early kingdoms by the Euphrates and the Nile. By matchless wickedness the brave Semiramis became absolute mistress of the realm of Ninus. Her character can be better judged as sue is painted on Why of Melvill's novel than in any more serious work; but it is clear that to the moral deprayity of a Messalina of Catherine of Russia she added a brilliant capacity comparable to that of the according to the first of the angle of the highest which were then was un object of the highest which even then was an object of the highest

ambition.

And Sesostria whose date is also uncertain, is, not merely a name. He elevated the Egyptians into the dignity of conquerors, and under him and his successors they built for themselvesternal monuments and laid the foundations of that philosophy and such knowledge of the Creator as the Greeks in a more happy guiss circulated among the dwellers on the northern coasts of the Mediterranean. He sudd ed E hiopia, the greater part of Asia, end the Thracians in Turone; and returned to his native country after nine years absence, to employ his countess captives in numerous public works which, though in ruins perpatuate the name of Ramses-Ses stria to this day from the mouth of the Nile to the south of Nu is

An Actor's Premonition.

Gustavus V. Brooke, the day before he left London to embark in the ill-fated steamer upon which he was to have sailed to Australia, met his friend Greeves at a favorite resort in the Strand.

"So you are really off to-morrow, but not

for long, I imagine?" "Yes," said the tragedian, in an unusually grave tone; "yes, I'm afraid I may never re-

"Nonsense. What makes you have such a gloomy idea as that?"

"I'll tell you, Greeves. I had a strange

dream last night. It was this. I dreamed that some fellow-an author-came to me with the manuscript of a play, and wanted to sell it to me. I saw in great letters upon the cover of the first act the title. It was 'The Wreck.' I turned over a few pages and came to a sketch in ink of the closing tableau, intended to illustrate the way in which the stage should be set. Standing upon the deck of a sinking vessel was a man clinging to the rigging. The despairing face of the man was

s perfect reproduction of my own features

The sight of that agonized face, so perfect a

pleture of myself, frightened me out of my

sleep. Greeves, I tell you that my dream means something serious." "Pahaw!" said Greeves. "It means too late hours and too late dinners." Brooke went his way, and met the veri-

fication of the vision of his slumber.

The young lady who will shortly be the Queen of Spain has just commenced to study turned to the water, forced the reptile into the Spanish language. the Spanish language.

THE WARRING ELEMENTS. Terrific Hallstorm — Destruction and

Desolation-Farmers Impovertahed.

A lady correspondent in the Saguenay dis-

trict has forwarded the Quebec Chronicle the following interesting details of the damages aused by the late heavy storms in that section of the Province. She writes :- "The damages caused by the late hailstorm at Hebertville are more serious than was at first thought. Upon examination, the farmers have discovered to their intense chagrin that their crops have been entirely destroyed. The natural result of this disaster will be want and ruin for these poor settlers, if they receive no outside relief. At Divine Service on Sunday the 14th instant, following the storm, the Rev. Mr. Leclerc, cure of that place, made a touching address to his parishioners, recommending them to submit as bravely as possible to the trial imposed upon them by Providence. He enjoined upon them subsequently to make a conscientious valuation of he losses incurred by those of their number who had suffered from the scourge, reserving to himself the right of supervising their calculations; and the following was the course he adopted. He first of all enquired from each the amount he had sown, and then valued the yield at 10 per cent, rating the wheat at \$1, and the other cereals at 50 cents a bushel. Then he subtracted what each farmer thought he would be able to save from the wreck of his crop. But since then some of them have thrashed their grain and have found that they do not derive from it what they imagined. Now that the damages are known, the parish of Hebertville is discovered to have sugered a net loss off \$26,700. Some of the settlers, whose crops have been entirely destroyed, have respectively lost as much as \$800. These instances prove that valuation of the loss has not been exaggerat-In tine, the two-thirds of the farmers of the parish will not harvest a single bushel of grain. You can form an idea of the desolation of these poor people, who have been waiting upon their crops for over a month to procure bread for them, but are now unable to feed their families. At present, many families are starving. Of the total number injured by the storm, scarcely one-third can, while running into debt, purchase flour and seed grain until next fall. The others have no means of subsistence. To cap the climax of their misfortunes, all the windows expused to the storm were literally smashed to pieces. The church and sacristy had over 300 panes broken. To give you au idea of the violence of the hailstones, I may cite the following fact :- One hailstone of two and threequarters inches in diameter struck a pane in the sacristy, cutting through it like a diamond, without in any way smashing the rest of the glass. The piece forced out is perfectly round and fits beautifully into the pane. The damage done to window glass is estimated at \$1,200 in the parish. It must not be forgotten that Hebortville is still a new parish; its people have hardly yet got out of the state of hardship which always attends the early struggles of settlers in this country. A few years ago a destructive fire devastated that region; when they received beneficial relief from other parts of the Province. Let us trust, therefore, that the Canadian people will once more appeal to their sentiments of generosity to enable these poor people to continue the work they have so well commenced.'

THE HANLAN-COURTNEY RACE. Hanlan Resigns the "Sportsman's" Cup.

TORONTO, September 24 .- The Telegram says is settled that Hanlan will go to Chautauqua to-morrow morning. Our champion feels a little better, although he says he does not expect to be equal to what he has been; yet, if he starts, he will heat Courtney.

New York, September 24 .- It is very probable that Hanlan's request for the postponement of the race with Courtney will meet with a favorable response, and that the event will not come off until the 16th. William Blaike, referee, this afternoon forwarded Hanlan's despatch to Courtney, who is at Chautauqua Lake. He said to the agent of the National Associated Press to-day that he thought it would give much more general satisfaction if the request was granted. In point of fact, it would be no credit to either of the contestants to beat a sick man. He vigorously denounced the doubting spirit that perverted the words of the rowers, and he was glad to see that Courtney believed in Hanlan's honesty of purpose, as he had reason to know Hanlau did iu Courtney's. This race, said Mr. Blaike, Is to be rowed on its merits if I am to act as referee, and it will. Mr. Blaike is in receipt of numerous letters from all parts of the country, complimenting him on the conditions he has imposed to secure a perfectly fair race, and expressing in the most flattering terms appreciation of his services and confidence in his ability to insure fairness. Courtney has written, saying : "I consent fully and freely to the conlitions you impose." Mr. Ward, representing Hanlan, has also signified in unequivocal language their acceptance. Mr. Blake is. perhaps, the most vigorous opponent to betting on contests among athletes in this or any other country. In order to insure freeness from this taint, he prepared the following statement, which both men and Mr. Soule must sign. This was returned, signed by Courtney, to-day.

Mr. W. Blaike, 20 Broadway. My Dear Sir,-Neither I nor any one intersted in me, as my backer or otherwise, has furnished, or is to furnish, all or any part of the \$6,000 to be rowed for next month by Mr. Hanlan and myself at Chautauqua. The said race is to be for that purse only, and for

no stake or bet of any sort whatever. (Signed), Union Springs, N. Y. CHAS. E. COURTNEY.

The statement has not been returned from Hanlan or Mr. Soule, but there is no doubt that they will sign it. Mr. Blaike is confident that all concerned are anxious to make this a test of the rowing powers of the men only, and that under the conditions as accepted there can be no failure.

Hanlan has decided not to accept Elliot's challenge and in consequence will return the Sportsman's cup.

It is said that the Princess of Wales is growing lovelier every day of her life. She is described as being as radiant as the close of day, when the delicate pink of the sky incarnadines the the snowy chalice of the lily. and the pensive robin lets its song rip through the silentaisles of the woodland.

The foolbardy performance of Capt. James Swan, "the man crocodile," at the Theatre Comique in Providence B. I., came near resulting fatally the other evening. He was in a large plate-glass tank of water, with an alli-gator six feet long, and, after stirring up the reptile till it was furious, he fore open its laws and placed his head between them. Quick as a flash they closed and Swan's death seemed certain. With almost superhuman exertion, he freed himself, however, and himne out of the tank, his cheeks being deeply gashed by the alligator's teeth. In a moment he re-