

founded by His Grace. The roof of the Home took fire; the chief was asked by some Catholics to have the hose turned on the roof, and he is said to have declined. One minute's play on the roof of the Home would have then extinguished the fire; but it was not until the fire had worked its way under the roof that the hose was turned on, and the Home was in the meantime damaged to the extent of some hundreds of dollars.

If this is not sufficient to justify an enquiry into the management of the Toronto Fire Brigade, it is not because sufficient evidence is wanting. The system that has made such a state of things possible, cannot be too severely censured; and a change is necessary, not only for the interests of the Catholics, but for the good name of the city.

LECTURE.

His Grace the Archbishop having been engaged the greater part of the day at the Central Prison where he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to thirty adults, the usual lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Berrigan on Sunday evening. The Rev. gentleman took for his subject "The Unity of the Church" which he handled in a very masterly style. These Lectures commenced by the Archbishop about the middle of October, himself occupying the pulpit every Sunday evening except the last, are highly appreciated by all classes. The spacious edifice was as well crowded the last night as on the first. His Grace's Lecture in aid of the St. Nicholas Boy's Home was very successful, realizing four hundred dollars.

LETTER FROM OTTAWA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, Dec. 24th, 1877.

Our citizens now are like all other people of this province becoming interested in the approaching municipal elections. In Ottawa civic affairs are creating an unusual degree of excitement as the general conviction is that the finances of the city are brought to a low ebb. The demand is now for a policy of retrenchment, and certainly under our present circumstances such a policy is sadly needed. A great cause of indignation is the very high salaries which are paid to the city officials, which are I believe proportionately much higher than those of other municipalities, and doubtless the effect will be that our public servants will have to suffer a reduction on their incomes, for each candidate will be required to give a pledge to that effect. There are other special matters such as a by-law called the Local Improvement By-Law—and each of which occupy very much the attention of the people of the metropolis.

THE MAYORALTY.

The only aspirant to the Mayoralty who has definitely announced himself so far, is Mr. C. W. Bangs. Among those who may be candidates are Alderman Birkett, and ex-Ald. McDougall. The latter is the gentleman of whom a correspondent wrote some time ago in the True Witness, to whom a Montreal "drummer" spoke in a most anti-papist style thinking that he was speaking to a Protestant and afterwards became dismayed in being told by Mr. McDougall (into whose good graces he wished to ingratiate himself) that he was a Catholic. Mr. McDougall is a highly respected merchant and would well adorn the Mayor's chair. In this connection I may remind your readers that the retiring Mayor is Mr. Waller, who is unable to become a candidate next year owing to his office as Registrar of the county.

ROBINSON AND DOUGHTY.

The Grand Marshal from Kingston, and the Grand Chaplain from Montreal, figured here a short while ago. The latter gave a "lecture"—so-called—and the "woeful" gentleman acted as bottle holder, i.e., chairman. One nice feature about the affair is that the press of the city gave it very scant notice. Another charming feature is the retort which Robinson has given for the left-handed compliment paid to him by his wife. As you will remember on his leaving Kingston to go to Montreal in July last, the parting wish was that he should "stick to his colours" even though he should die, which as I said in a former letter was really hard on Robinson, and certainly the words betokened a little want of wifely affection. Well the husband has had his revenge. Robinson has paid her back. In the opening remarks which he made as chairman he said that the day he was in Montreal was a prouder day than the one on which he was married.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Speaking recently of the benefit derived from reading pious works—works which teach a moral as well as adorn a tale, the Rev. Mr. Beecher said:—

In a recent sermon Henry Ward Beecher makes use of the following beautiful words: "Among the best treatises—the reading of which he would recommend—are some of those that have come down from saints to the Roman Catholic Church—books that may be read by Protestants without omission. There are things told about the Virgin Mary which it does not hurt me to read. I can worship her by just calling her my mother. They call her "mother," and I imagine that she represents my mother in heaven, watching me. I do not say my prayers to her, but I talk to her and she talks to me; for she represents a divine principle, and I take it as an adjunct or help by which I can put back into the sovereign or divine character those elements of motherless tenderness which theologians have squeezed out (?) . . . Aside from this, these Roman Catholic treatises are among the gems of religious readings."

The master mind of Henry Ward Beecher is subdued by the sweetness and grace of that pure Virgin whom he calls his "mother" and it is only by reason of wanting a true knowledge of our doctrine concerning our heavenly queen, which, however is not generally found in treatises of piety, that he indulges in certain strictures. We hope and pray that the Virgin Mother, by her sweet influence, may draw him to kneel at her feet in that Church which alone is and has been the champion of the "Mother of God."—Ez.

ELI PERKINS.

Eli Perkins has been travelling in Canada. While here he corresponded with the New York Sun. In a letter, dated from Quebec, we find the following dialogue:—

"Is there much unkind feeling between the Catholic and Protestant population in Canada?" This is a question that I have asked many times. The answer has always been substantially: "Yes, there is a bitter feeling. The English Protestant sections and the French Canadian sections are divided by a bitter feud which can never end till one eats the other up. War and riot can break out in Montreal at any moment. The west of Canada is Protestant, while the east is Catholic, and there is no unity between them, and never can be."

"Would you like to be annexed to the United States?" I asked a leading Canadian to-day. "Yes," he said, "I would. I am a Protestant, and once annexed to the United States we could keep the Catholics down."

For the same reason the Catholics are opposed to annexation. They naturally refer to stay under a Government where they are in the majority.

CATHOLICS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Manchester Mirror, a New Hampshire paper, is uneasy at the rapid growth of the Catholic element all over the Yankee States. It says:

"Our own observation teaches us that the land of the Puritans is passing into the hands of the Catholics by processes more rapid than it is pleasant to admit. A few years ago our foreign and Catholic population was confined mainly to our cities, and one might ride a week without finding a follower of the Pope owning a farm. Now any of us can point to school districts peopled almost entirely by them. In the country, as in the city, they are clannish, and when one buys and settles upon a farm others follow, and in a few years they possess the whole neighborhood, and thus one by one, the old homesteads, the nurseries of New-England ideas, and the cradles of New England sons, are slipping from the grasp of the Yankees. We have said this is not a pleasant fact to contemplate, for while the settlement upon our land of a Catholic family brings to us much needed bone and sinew, and often industry, frugality and perseverance, it is an almost unerring sign that the days of the Yankee community in that neighborhood are numbered. For some reason the Catholic and the New-England Protestant do not make pleasant neighbors. They do not fraternize, and from the start there is a marked line between them, and in the end one folds his tents and departs to seek more congenial neighbors. As we have seen, it is generally the Catholic who stays and the Protestant who goes. This natural antagonism is not so much the result of their religious beliefs as of their general characters and ways of living, which are vastly different."

FALK LAWS.

The defenders of the "Falk Laws" are having a hard time of it in the Prussian Parliament. On the one hand, the "Progressive Socialists" are attacking their policy as tyrannical, and on the other, the "orthodox" Protestants are remonstrating on the ground that what was meant to injure the Catholic religion threatens to utterly destroy "orthodox" or "Evangelical" Protestantism, and to strengthen the Rationalistic party, which has already become predominant in the Prussian Protestant "Church." Herr von Meyer, a member of the "Old Conservative" party, recently declared in the course of a debate that:—

"He and his political friends had quite enough of the Kulturkampf. The people," he said, "ardently desire peace, and very many persons interpret the Kulturkampf, exactly as the Centre party, as a campaign against the Catholic Church. It was a misfortune that this campaign was being carried on by means of a legislation which was open to the charge of being passionate, and passionate legislation is always a political fault. People therefore desire a revision of this legislation. Last year it was hoped that the speech of the Deputy Lasker, indicated that the turning point had been reached. Unfortunately this has not been the case. For my part, I believe that the measures against the Catholic clergy ought to have ceased when their connection with the state ceased. The State does not trouble itself about the spiritual proceedings of the Jewish clergy; it ought just as little to trouble itself now concerning the spiritual proceedings of the Catholic clergy. I can therefore only express the wish that legislation, which has been condemned as passionate by persons of so many different views, may be revised as speedily as possible."

THE GREAT IRISH LIBEL CASE.

There have been few cases that attracted more attention than the trial of Casey "the Galtee Boy," for libel. The following graphic account is from the pen of the Dublin correspondent of the N. Y. Times, although written in a strain which we cannot altogether commend, yet it contains some startling truths, and should be read by everyone who desires to know the condition to which the Irish tenantry are sometimes reduced by bad landlords:—

About 80 years ago the noble family of Kingston were possessed of a vast waste of mountain land in the south of Tipperary. The Earls of Kingston were famous in Ireland for their wealth, their extravagance, their beauty, and their generosity. They never pressed a poor man, never did an unkind act, and were foremost in the ranks of the high families who rolled through life and died in a green old age. It cannot be said that their vast estates were ill managed and their tenantry were thriftless. The famine of 1846 brought the Kingstons face to face with ruin. Their estates were brought to the hammer, their tenantry perished or fled, and only a happy memory of the careless past remained. The Tipperary estate was bought by a land company, which was started there with the express purpose of purchasing land as it fell into the market—purchasing it cheaply, nursing it a while, and selling it in a year or two at a handsome profit. The Mitchelstown estate of about 250,000 acres was bought at eight years' purchase. A Mr. Buckley, a Manchester millionaire, was Chairman of the Company, and Mr. Bridge was its agent. Mr. Buckley purchased the estate from the Company, and appointed Mr. Bridge his agent. This rather questionable arrangement need not be dwelt upon further than as suggesting that there was commercial or other affinity between the two men stronger than is common. Mr. Buckley paid \$500,000 for a portion of the estate chiefly composed of mountain land. He held a great portion of it in his own hands, and farmed it on his own account. The tenants remem-

bered the Kingston days when they paid low rents and were always in arrears; and generations of Paddies and Jemmies had been born and lived and died in huts and cabins "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." These families had, for the most part, created such soil as they cultivated. They were perched amid crags and boulders, 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. There were no roads, save those formed by the constant track of feet and the ruts of cart-wheels. The men and women and children rose with the sun, and putting baskets on their backs, trudged down to the fields far below, where the begged or bought or borrowed manure, and dragged it up to their eerie home. They burned out the heather, and dug out the stones, put on lime, and then pushed in the manure, until a soil of six inches was formed, and this, after years and years of struggle, of self-denial, of bad food, of rags of ignorance, of every form and phase of poverty. The Kingstons, in their savage grandeur, gave these mountain districts to these wretched people for nothing. Some of them paid a shilling an acre as a nominal rent, some of them paid \$5 a year, and many of them had lived on these crags for a generation and never paid anybody any large thing. Here and there a man with a family of boys had succeeded in becoming rich—that is to say, he had been able to keep a score of cows or goats, an ass or two, and a pig. Such a man would give his daughter a few pounds, perhaps, \$150 on her marriage day, and play Dives among his fellows. But the whole of them were represented by the typical tenant, who had a large, ignorant, helpless family, who had no money and no notion of getting it, who ate meal and potatoes all the year round, and drank the milk which did not go to make the few firkins of butter which were sold to the rich farmers in the valley, and took it to market and made a profit. If you can imagine a gathering of such persons, numbers of them ignorant of steam, ignorant of the post-office, blissfully ignorant of newspapers and politics, some of them not knowing more than a word or two of English, and all of them depending for news of the outer world on the gathering after mass on Sunday morning—if you can imagine this simplicity, this debasement and this poverty, you will have a fair notion of the colony over which Mr. Nathaniel Buckley came to rule in 1873.

Mr. Buckley brought to the management of his estate English ideas. He wanted a good percentage on his money. He appointed Mr. Patten Bridge his agent—a man who had "settled" various estates for timorous landlords. Mr. Bridge looked at the land, saw that it was "made" land, saw that it was being slowly but carefully developed in a rough and ignorant manner by a rough, wholly uneducated, and solitary people. He took up his residence at Galtee Castle and from it issued his mandates to the people. He communicated with a man named Walker, whom the tenants did not know, and directed him to "value" the land, holding by holding. When a landlord desires a valuation he usually permits the tenant to name a man who shall accompany his valuator, and a man is struck between the two estimators. Mr. Bridge did nothing of the kind. Mr. Walker "walked" the farms in summer, when they were at their best; he looked at the huts, he examined the cow-houses and its wealth, and putting aside altogether the fact that such soil as there was belonged of right to the creators of it, putting aside the season of the year, and the fact that in winter the whole face of the district was either buried in snow or gorged with torrents, he raised the rent from 25 to 500 per cent. He received as fee 2 1/2 per cent on the increase. Now, I am not going to set down the foolish doctrine that because these people had made the soil, they were to have it for ever for nothing; but I do say that the origin of it ought to be remembered in all rent-making, and due allowance made them. This Mr. Walker did not. He simply looked at the land, saw what it could produce, added the estimate to the existing rent, and proposed the total as the new rent. Mr. Buckley had purchased on a yearly rental of \$20,000. Mr. Walker raised this at once to \$25,000. Now, \$5,000 is little or nothing to a millionaire; a mere ten-bite, as Lord Beaconsfield is fond of saying. But to a congregation of half-fed, half-barbarous peasants, \$5,000 may constitute the difference between a tolerable indigence and starvation itself. It turned out this way in Mitchelstown. By the Land Act, a landlord must give a man a year's notice of an increase of rent. Mr. Bridge gave half a year's. His method of doing this was harsh in the last degree. He never walked the land to see whether his valuator had been just or unjust, careless or exact; whether his estimate was reasonable or founded on fallacy. He merely took it, issued a ukase ordering the tenants to "submit" to use his own word, within a certain four days, and telling them that silence would be construed into non-acceptance; a notice to quit would follow; then ejection by the sheriff, and then—chaos. Mr. Bridge was known as a man of singular determination of character. Although he had passed the meridian of life, he proved himself capable of great physical energy and great mental activity. He rode over the country, knowing that he was cursed as he passed along. His patience, which seemed inexhaustible, survived every development of unpopularity, and though he carried his life in his hand, he would not leave the district. He took his sister into Galtee Castle, and there he lived like the Man in the Iron Mask.

On a certain day in February, 1874, he served several hundred notices to quit, and the immediate result of this was that four hundred tenants came in and "submitted" to the new rent. It was proved on the trial that some of them submitted in the full knowledge and belief that they never could pay, but the instinctive resolve of an Irish tenant is to undertake anything so that he may not be "turned out." These Celts of Mitchelstown are the most notable specimens of the race which the island affords—inimic with misery, happy in their complainings, content with discontent, and perfectly hopeless as improving subjects. When the four hundred tenants came in Mr. Bridge became sanguine of his complete success, and he took instant measures to bring in the rest. Among the recalcitrants was a man named Ryan, who had married a woman having a holding rent at \$150 a year. The new rent was \$220. This man firmly resisted the agent in every way, and stirred up a furious revolt in the district. Bridge offered him \$500 to go away and give up his farm. Ryan replied that he would not give up his farm, that he would not sell it, that he would not pay the new rent, and that he would keep his farm. No argument can justify this position. If this sort of proceeding could be held blameless, Mr. Bridge could not be censured. There now arose a distinct issue between these two men, the English agent and the Irish kern. They fought, each after his fashion. Bridge took to process of law, and Ryan to process of blunderbuss. One evening Bridge saw Ryan and told him that the next day would bring a process for his rent, then due, and that he would put him out immediately. He returned to Galtee Castle, and while walking up the avenue with his sister he saw Ryan at the other side of the hedge. He cried out and said, "Ryan, I know you." Ryan replied by shooting him in the spine. He fired a second time, broke the branch of a tree, and ran off. From that hour to this no sign of Ryan has been discovered. The inference is that the people of the district favoured his design and favoured his escape. Mr. Bridge got well, and received \$1,000 from the local rates for the injury done him. He then claimed from the Government a personal guard of constabulary and an additional police force in the district. These prayers were granted, and the entire cost levied of the wretched people already burdened to despair. It was now a terrible struggle between this one man and the

whole body of the tenantry. He would not yield a inch. They would not accept his terms. He drove through them armed to the teeth, with policemen all round him with loaded muskets. Galtee Castle was fortified, iron shutters were put over the windows, every gate was blinded with sturdy defences. Still he sent out his notices to quit. Still he headed the sheriff's guard and tore down the huts of opposing tenantry, and threw the people on the highway. Still the most horrible language; and the knowledge that the assassin was abroad, that the man who had fired into him in open day was undiscovered, was constantly present to his mind. He abated his purpose, however, not one jot, and Mr. Buckley, his naster, encouraged him—from Manchester. Some of the rent was paid. The tenants saw that every man of them would be evicted; and thus it came to pass that some sold their clothes to make up the difference between the old rent and the new. Men and women who had had some decent food now began to live on Indian meal and Swedish turnips and potatoes; those who had paid \$5 a year and hungered, now paid \$7 50, and were at starvation point. The weary work was doubled, the land was more and more tended to get the increased yield; and there can be no doubt that their efforts, such as they were, found defeat in ignorance quite as much as in nature. The natives were neither useful to themselves nor to anybody else. They were aborigines, and as such were very much lower than the angels. However, the struggle went on between them and the agent, he evicting them by the score of sessions succeeded sessions, and they muzzling and threatening and vowing vengeance as they stolidly saluted him as master.

At last he had them all submission—all save 47. On the 30th of March, 1876, he had driven to Mitchelstown to receive the rents. He had enclosed himself in the office, his bailiff, his policeman, his serfs, all standing near. The street is filled with tenants and police, and the stranger would fancy that some big commotion stirred the community. Toward evening the work is done, and Mr. Bridge comes to the door, gets on a side-car with his bailiff, and two policemen sit on the other side. The driver, a man named Hyland, a man who had been "warned" not to drive him, takes his seat and off they go. In time they arrive at a very desolate part of the road and some tall thin bushes line the ditch at either side. Suddenly from both sides a volley of bullets assails the party. Hyland falls from his place a dead man. Bridge falls from the car laden with more than 30 shot. The policemen spring into the bushes, and one of them, bravely springing through, seizes a ruffian who holds in his hand a blunderbuss still smoking. He sees men scampering across the fields, but as his companion is wounded and cannot move, he is compelled to stick to his solitary prisoner and let the rest get off. His handkerchief this man—one Crowe—and returns to the car. The bailiff is not badly hurt; Mr. Bridge is bleeding and senseless; Hyland is dead, and his companion is wounded. He puts the living on the car, leaves Hyland's body on the road, and proceeds slowly to Galtee Castle. Once more the intrepid Bridge is on what appears to be his death-bed; but he bears a charmed life, and, after a long period of agonizing suspense—for undoubtedly the whole surrounding population was praying for his death—by good fortune, and forthwith resumes his proceedings against the 47. To use his own phrase, he was "determined to stand another shot" rather than be turned aside from his purpose. The opinion of the district and the horrible state of morality into which it had fallen may be gathered from the fact that the Coroner's jury which inquired into the cause of Hyland's death, found that he had been killed by a gun-shot wound, and refused point blank to find Crowe, who had been discovered with the smoking blunderbuss in his hand, guilty of wilful murder. Once more Mr. Bridge claimed damages for personal injury, and the Grand Jury gave him \$3,000, while they gave to Hyland's widow just half that sum—a gentleman's wound being twice as expensive as a carman's life. Crowe was tried for murder; Mr. Bridge came from his bed to identify him; and on the evidence of the policeman he was found guilty, sentenced to death, and hanged by the neck. So far nothing had been done which brought the facts to light for the general public. There was, of course, great commotion in the county, but there is always some commotion in Tipperary. Mr. Bridge was regarded with feelings of general hostility, but his indomitable courage won for him a wide, if a biggared, applause. The only facts known were that an agent had been twice fired at and only wounded, and that a poor man's life had been taken in mistake. But just at this juncture a letter going into all the facts of the quarrel and all the historical circumstances of the tenantry appeared in a Cork newspaper. This letter was signed John Sarsfield Casey. It was copied far and wide, and made the subject of universal comment. This was followed by two others in the Freeman's Journal, in Dublin. There were very strong passages in these letters, and Mr. Bridge read them as not only condoning the attempted assassinations, but as suggesting that the sooner he was got rid of the better for mankind in general. Thereupon he wrote to the two newspapers and demanded the manuscripts of the letters. The proprietors refused on a point of honour, but Casey admitted the publication. Mr. Bridge might then have proceeded for damages in the ordinary way, and laid his complaint at the civil side of the court. But he was not a man to save his wounds with a golden alibi. He preferred a criminal prosecution, and having obtained a conditional order, showed cause for making it absolute, and brought the matter to trial. Of course a verdict against Casey meant fine or imprisonment, or both, and a great moral triumph for Mr. Bridge. Casey's father is a small shopkeeper in Tipperary, and the family had no means of paying the costs involved in a defence. Mr. Buckley was a millionaire, and Mr. Bridge was his agent; and there were funds for twenty years' law, if he liked to have it. The Freeman then started with it called "a fair trial fund," and realized over \$9,000. The case lasted nine days. Mr. Butt was retained for the defence and, having very severely cross-examined Bridge, made a fine speech, in which he caught the sympathies of the jury for the oppressed tenant. Mr. Bridge gave his evidence with the utmost coolness, denied nothing, and justified everything on high commercial principles. The jury found that the letters did not bear the meaning attached to them by Mr. Bridge—namely, that shooting him was a justifiable act—but on the technical question whether they were libels or not, they disagreed. Lord Chief Justice May—a man of narrow and violent views—had told them that the letters were grossly, foully, and abominably libellous; but seven of the jurymen took a different view, and the other five would not be convinced. That story which I have endeavoured to relate has stirred the island from end to end. About a dozen of the tenants were put into the witness-box, and their aspect, their ignorance, and their sorrows touched the hearts of all who saw them. The policy of squeezing a wretched ten shillings a year out of a poor woman with ten children, a pig, a goat, and some poultry—all living and breathing in one hut, with pools of water upon the floor, huge holes in the roof, and filth everywhere—cost Mr. Bridge his case. I dare not weary you with the tales of misery sworn to by these hopeless wretches. I have signified the undisputed facts as they were given in evidence, and I leave you to draw your own moral from this strange picture of Ireland in the nineteenth century.

PERSONAL.

LAVAL—The Seminary is about to erect a monument to Bishop Laval in the University, Quebec. EGLESON—Mr. P. A. Egleson has fair prospects of being elected Mayor of Ottawa. RINE—Mr. Rine, the temperance lecturer has been invited to Scotland. DUBAMEL—In consequence of the recent death of his father, his Lordship Bishop Dubamel did not receive on New Year's Day. GAUY—Rev. S. Gauy, Superior of the Seminary of Rimouski, has been named a Vicar General of the diocese of Rimouski. SALVINI—Salvini, who is, according to some people, the greatest of modern actors, is a Catholic. So also is Adelaide Ristori, who excelled Rachel. THIBAUDEAU—It is said that the Hon. Mr. Thibaudeau will come out for Quebec County as the Liberal Candidate at the next Dominion Election. POPE—A Consistory was held at the Vatican recently, when two Cardinals and several Bishops were appointed. The Pope read a short allocution, referring to the bad state of his health. GAMBETTA—Leon Gambetta is about to visit Italy for the purpose of conferring with the new Ministry on the policy of Italy towards the Vatican and on the Eastern question. COYLE—In the hurry of our issue last week we neglected to notice the death of the much esteemed Father Coyle, which took place in Montreal on Dec. 14th. CUSTER—Mrs. Gen. Custer is living in New York on the small pension derived from her gallant husband's death and her wages as secretary of the Ladies' Art Association of New York. MANCHESTER—The London World says that the Duke of Manchester will succeed Earl Dufferin as Governor-General of Canada. His brother, Lord Robert Montague, is a Catholic. TRICKETT—Trickett, the Australian oarsman, and champion sculler of the world, accepted Courtney's challenge to row a single scull mile of three straight miles, in American water, for \$10,000. O'LEARY—Daniel O'Leary, the champion long distance pedestrian, is after winning another match in Tennessee. We still expect to be able to bring him to Montreal. MANNING—Cardinal Manning has been appointed by the Pope to negotiate for the removal of the difficulties in the way of the re-establishment of the Scottish Hierarchy. McDUGALL—Mr. Frank McDougall is a candidate for the Mayoralty for the city of Ottawa. He has been an Alderman for many years, and has been a consistent friend to Catholic interests. CONROY—The Apostolic Delegate received numerous visitors yesterday. Several Protestants called upon his Excellency. He was ordained Dec. 27th, 1857. MACCARTHY—Father McCarthy of Brockville, Ont., was on Christmas Day, presented with a purse of \$474.25 from his parishioners. This amount does not include the country part of his mission. CASEY—Casey, "The Galtee Boy," who did so much service in placing before the world the persecutions to which the Galtee tenantry were subjected, has been entertained at a banquet in Cork. Alderman Daly, J.P., was in the chair. NOLAN—A Brother of Captain Nolan, who was killed in the Balaklava charge, was recently sent from Liverpool to Dublin as a pauper. He had been an officer in the army, and was known in most of the capitals of Europe. CAZEAU—The Rev. Father Cazeau is the new director of the Jesuit's College, Montreal. He is one of the youngest, if not the youngest man who has ever held the position. He is only 34 years of age. THE WAR—The peace party is said to be gaining ground in Constantinople, and the Porte, it is said will apply for an armistice. Russian terms, it is asserted in a St. Petersburg despatch, will be easier than is generally anticipated. DUFFY—It is officially announced that Her Majesty has appointed Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Speaker of the Legislature of the Colony of Victoria, to be an ordinary member of the Second Class of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. OSMAN—From Hungary we learn that a golden crown of laurels, the gift of some Hungarians to Ghazi Osman Pasha, has been placed temporarily in the hands of the Sultan. While from Bucharest to hear that Osman is to be tried for the murder of Russian prisoners in Plevna. COURTNEY—Courtney has challenged any oarsman in the United States or Canada to row him for any amount, and for the championship of America, at a date previous to his match with Trickett in July next. It is said that Hanlan has accepted the challenge. JOYCE—Father Joyce, P.P., of Louisaugh, near Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland, has written a letter to the Freeman's Journal of Dublin in which he says that the potato crops in his part of the country has not been so bad since 1845 as it has been this year. He expects a famine in the west. BUTE—The Marquis of Bute recently presided over a great gathering of Highlanders in Greenock. Three thousand persons were present. He remarked on the great tenacity of Cymra, saying there were twenty-four newspapers in the Welsh language in Wales. He advised his hearers to cultivate their literature, to preserve their language. LECLAIR—The Catholic volunteers of the Prince of Wales Rifles presented Father Leclair with their annual pay. The money is to be given to the St. Patrick's Orphanage. This was a laudable act of co-religionists. In relation to the question of volunteer pay we may add that the members of St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company have given all their pay to buy clothes and instruments for the fire and drum band, as well as to clothe the thirteen extra men, that each company can have by finding the outfit. The company has already spent nearly \$300 in this way. BIG JOHN—"Big John Canadian" accompanied by an Indian from Caughnawaga, named John Stari and a French Canadian of St. Philomene, named C. H. D'Amour, shot the Lacine Rapids on New Year's Day in an open boat. The Gazette of this morning says that:—On landing, in response to the cheers, John addressed those present, saying:—"Big Indian yet alive. Indians in Caughnawaga said you 'never come back' but God like me yet, and saved me to come down with the white people." He said that his boat (which by the by is not more than about fifteen feet long) did not ship much water, that his heart beat like a leaf for a few seconds, but he mustered his courage and nerve in time to clear the big jump. It is said that this feat has been twice performed but never at this time of the year. Big John is the chief who accompanied the Montreal team of Lacrosse players to Europe. Big John was very cool, and showed our reporter his garb coated with ice from repeated duckings as the spray came over the gunwale of the boat. The oars were coated with ice and the water formed an ice crust on the sides and interior of the boat as well.