

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 2.

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"CLERICAL."

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ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

January, 1880.
Sunday, 1—Of the Holy Innocents.
Monday, 2—Vigil of the Epiphany. *Semi-Die.*
Tuesday, 3—Feast of the Epiphany. *Dep.*
Wednesday, 4—Of the Circumcision.
Thursday, 5—Of the "Three Kings."
Friday, 6—Of the "Three Kings."
Saturday, 7—Of the "Three Kings."

The Old Year and the New.

REV. A. J. RYAN.

How swift they go,
Life's many years,
With their winds of woe,
And their storms of tears,
And their darkest nights, whose shadowy
slopes
Are lit with the flashes of starry hopes,
And their sunny days, in whose calm
heavens loom
The clouds of the tempest, the shadows of
gloom.

And, ah! we pray,
With a grief so deep,
That the years may cease,
When their graves are near.
The brows of To-morrow be radiant and
bright
With love and with beauty, with life and
with light.
The dead hearts of Yesterday, cold on the
bed,
To the hearts that survive them are evermore
dear.

For the heart so true
To the Old Year cleaves,
The hand of the New
Flowers garlands weaves.
But the flowers of the Future, tho' fragrant
and fair,
With the East's withered leaflets may never
compare,
For dear is each dead leaf, and dearer each
thorn.
In the wreaths which the brows of our past
years have worn.

Yet, bright New Year,
Over all the earth,
They will hail thy birth;
They will trust thy side, and they will love thy
power.
For the New has charms which the Old has
not,
And the stranger's face makes the friend's
forgot.

CHATHAM.

THE CONCERT IN AID OF THE PASTORAL RESIDENCE FUND.

The grand vocal and instrumental concert at the Music Hall on Monday evening last, in aid of the R. C. Pastoral Residence Fund, was alike worthy of the object that brought the audience together, and of the participants in the lengthy and varied programme. The Music Hall has seldom been graced with a larger and more appreciative assemblage, and we remember no occasion when such unflinching and demonstrative interest has been evinced in similar circumstances throughout the whole evening. This may be accounted for by reason of the fact that the names of the ladies and gentlemen participating were nearly all new to Chatham music circles, but to us the chief reason lay in the excellent and increasing excellence of the rendition of the various numbers, from first to last. The choruses were admirably sung by Miss Adele Bour, Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Kuhn, Mr. St. James and the Messrs. Shulte of Detroit, and as we shall have occasion to mention these singers individually while alluding to the various solos, &c., contributed by them, we shall only say that while we were charmed with the opening selection, "O Praise Thee, Mighty God," we were sorry to part with the beautiful harmonies of Pissutti's "Good Night, Beloved," the last piece on the programme. Numbers two on part I, "Sweet the Angels," and four in part II, "No Tongue can Tell," were given by Mrs. Miner, (Miss Josephine Christie) and to our mind were very sweetly sung, yet a little more expression and vigor would have claimed for her undoubted talent a more general recognition from the audience.

Miss Bour and Mrs. Kuhn in their various selections won their way completely to the hearts of the hearers, and it is doubtful who can lay claim to the larger number of favours. "Arditi Walz" gave full opportunity to the former to display the qualities of her light, flexible and well cultivated soprano voice, while "O Thou that teldest good tidings to Zion," from the grand old oratorio of the Messiah, brought the generous contralto of the latter lady into prominence, and established her claim to rank as one of the most pleasing singers in time in "Madam, both excellences culminated in the duet from "Semiramide," and a repetition was warmly called for and graciously responded to. Mr. St. James handles his voice well, and uses a pretty tenor to good advantage. The audience probably missed a treat in not hearing Mr. A. Ens, "with the voice of an angel," as Father William, in apologizing for that gentleman's absence, took occasion to remark, but they were fairly compensated with the bass solo, "Now Heaven in fullest Glory Shone," from the Creation, rendered by Mr. P. Schulte. This gentleman lacks in solo the force and nerve he shows in chorus, and we mistake not has a depth and power yet unknown to himself.

The palm among the gentlemen must be awarded to Dr. Sippi, of London. His rendition of Moore's melody, "Meeting of the Waters," must have touched every nerve of every Irishman present, for it awakened our own sleeping memories and touched chords of feeling long since supposed to have passed from us for ever. In response to an enthusiastic encore he gave "Dearest Little Heart," a sweet ballad that carried the audience by storm. Another selection sung near the close of the evening gave him a deservedly prominent place in the minds and memories of his auditors.

We cannot close without alluding to the highly creditable numbers both vocal and instrumental presented by pupils of the Ursuline academy of this town. Miss Ruoff sang a sweet little German song, "Derr Froscher und sein Kind," and sang it again at the demand of her hearers. Miss Hennessy gave "Happy Dreams" (Abt) very artistically, and the Messrs. Young and Davies played a selection from "Martha" very creditably. And let us not forget to mention the quartette "Beauty's Vow," on two pianos, by the Messrs. Sullivan, Swarthout and Quin, which was repeated by Professor Freitag, organist of the R. C. Cathedral and Director of the Detroit Musical Society, presided at the piano, and we do the professor no discredit when we say that a better accompanist never sat at a piano in our hearing.

Undoubtedly in size of audience, length and excellence of programme and general satisfaction, this concert is unsurpassed in our annals, and no little credit is reflected on Mr. Marquette and his assistants as the committee, for their praiseworthy and successful effort. The net amount realized must be something handsome.—*Planet.*

BISHOP DUBAMEL.

GRAND CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF HIS FEAST.

The Convent of the Congregation Notre Dame, in Ottawa, has long enjoyed the reputation, not only of being a first-class educational institution, but also of being amongst the first in presenting to its patrons these *recherches* entertainments which form such an attraction to all such institutions. Under the able guidance of Rev. Mother St. Gabriel, who has given her life to the cause of Catholic education, this establishment has in the past few years forged far ahead of its competitors for public patronage. Her Excellency the Princess Louise has often manifested the greatest interest in its workings, visiting the classes on usual working days, at times when the pupils had not the slightest idea of her coming. In this manner Her Excellency has contrived to watch the success of the classes by giving to pupils and teachers that incentive to work which is instilled into all they do by her gracious patronage.

On Monday, the 22nd ult., the feast of St. Thomas and the patronal festival of His Lordship Bishop Duhamel, a grand complimentary entertainment was tendered the good Bishop by the pupils of the convent. It could not but be a source of consolation to this good prelate, who is beloved by his people, to see the large number of distinguished visitors who met him at the convent on the evening of the 22nd. Amongst others Lady Macdonald and Sir Leonard Tilley, who expressed themselves delighted with the entire performance. To many not acquainted with the inmates are foolishly supposed that the inmates are obliged to lead a monotonous existence, but such is not the case, as is evident from the following varied and interesting programme presented by the young ladies, and which, both in its selection and in its prosecution, reflected the greatest credit on the ladies who undertook it:

1. Grand duo, six pianos: Misses O'Connor and Marcoux, Misses Caldwell and Brophy, Misses St. Denis and Himeworth, Misses Lambert and Richard, Misses J. Ridout and Costigan, Misses L. Ridout and M. Brannan.
2. The little girls' anniversary welcome to His Lordship Right Rev. Joseph Thomas Duhamel, Bishop of Ottawa.
3. Cavatine de Meyerbeer, Piano, Harp and Organ, Misses O'Connor, Marcoux, St. Denis.
4. Melodrame, L'Heureux Souvenir; Mme. de Felberg, Mlle. Catiellier; Wilhelmine, Mlle. Tarcoux; Marguerite, Mlle. Brophy; L'Institutrice, Mlle. I. Cote;

L'Orphelee, Mlle. St. Denis; Servante, Mlle. M. Pelissier. Chœur des jeunes filles.

5. Fantasia brillante, Czerny, four pianos and harp—Misses Miall and Caldwell, Marcoux and J. Ridout, St. Denis and L. Ridout, M. Brannan and I. Cote; E. Lambert and Richard.
6. Operetta, The Rose of Savoy (Bordese)—Prima Donna, Miss Caldwell; Flower Girl, Miss A. Brannan; Signora Theresa, Miss Marcoux; Faustina, Miss L. Walsh.
7. Le Reveil des Roses (Schubert), six pianos—Misses M. O'Connor and E. Ridout, Misses Marcoux and Ridout, Misses St. Denis and Colman, Misses Caldwell and Lambert, Misses Catiellier and Dowling, and Misses Powell and Hyatt.
8. Recitation, Christmas Greetings, a melody, M. J. Griffin, E. q., Miss Bourinet.
9. Presentation of a bouquet to His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa, Miss May Griffin.
10. Scots Wha Hae, two pianos and harp.
11. Hommage a La Trandeur, Les Loinhaits des Saisons, Mlle. Christian, St. Denis, Colman, Bauset.

In reference to the address of welcome, which was read by Miss Higgins, His Lordship made an appropriate reply, in which he took occasion to thank all those who had contributed to the entertainment, and encouraged the pupils to renewed efforts in the prosecution of their studies. Gratitude to those distinguished friends of education who had honored them with their presence and approval should, His Lordship said, prompt them to make themselves even more worthy of it, and concluded by wishing them a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." The II. of the institution was elaborately ornamented and suitable mottoes appeared around the walls. In fact, in everything, the entertainment was all that could be desired and the visitors departed for their homes bearing with them the most kindly recollections of the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

BRANIFORD LETTER.

A WEEK'S MISSION—CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION—SCHOOL TRUSTEES—AND A FEW PERSONAL AND GENERAL ITEMS.

A FRUITFUL MISSION.

Commencing with the feast of the Immaculate Conception and up to the following Sunday night, the Rev. Father Pius, of the Carmelite Order, preached a mission in our church, the results of which were plainly visible. At half-past five each morning Mass was celebrated, at which quite large numbers attended; again at 8 o'clock another; and Benediction every evening. The preacher delivered sermons at each service, and took for his subject the ten commandments, the precepts of the Church, the seven deadly sins, and in fact the whole Christian Doctrine, and closed his work on Sunday night by preaching from the text "Only he who perseveres to the end will be saved," and administering the Papal Benediction. Upwards of five hundred received Holy Communion during the week, and on the closing Sunday.

Was celebrated this year becomingly. The midnight Mass was attended by citizens of every denomination, and the church was completely packed. The choir sang their very best, and received great aid from the orchestra. Rev. Father Bardon preached a deeply impressive sermon from the Gospel of the Mass, which few have heard him equal. The various incidents connected with Christ's birth were pointed out as having a meaning. The Saviour, he said, had embraced poverty, humility and suffering as being decidedly opposed to the natural vice of the world, for all sin can be traced to either love of honor, love of riches, or love of the sensual pleasures of the world. Four Masses followed each other, commencing at 6.30 in the morning. High Mass was celebrated at 10.30, and Vespers at seven in the evening.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

There is likely to be a contest for members of the Separate School Board in every ward but the North this year. In that ward Rev. Father Bardon is the retiring member and will not likely be opposed. In the Brant, Mr. Wm. Ryan, the retiring member, will have to contest the ward with Mr. Mitchell Quinn; Mr. Mallory will find a stubborn opponent in Mr. Wm. Fleming in the King's; Mr. W. D. Cautillon intends running in the Queen's against Mr. Wm. Harrington, whose term expires; and in the east ward the contest will be between Mr. Thomas Morrow, the old member, and Mr. John Ryan. I will give you the result later.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

There are but three Catholics out as candidates for seats at the City Council for 1880. Mr. Dennis Hawkins is out in the north ward, and Messrs. John Whalen and Thomas Morrow in the east.

Rev. Father Brennan established a musical society here nearly twelve months ago, among the young folks, which has been very successful. In addition to the choir, which takes charge of the music in church, an orchestra has been formed, and both are doing good work. The music furnished by them for Christmas was of the highest class, and finely executed.

Mr. James Simon recently built a large skating rink for a company here, which is said to be one of the finest in the Dominion. On its completion the directors presented him with a testimonial expressive of their thanks for the prompt

and satisfactory manner in which the contract was carried out and commending him to others who had like contracts to let.

The agitation for collections towards the relief of the Irish sufferers has not reached Bradford yet.

Branch No. 5 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, located here, is prospering.

IRELAND AND HER CAUSE.

LECTURE BY FATHER CROMIN, EDITOR "BUFFALO CATHOLIC UNION."

A very large audience assembled in St. Stephen's Hall, last evening, to hear Father Cronin's lecture on "Ireland and Her Cause." It was indeed a brilliant success in every respect and had not an evening grow so stormy there would not have been standing room left to the late comers.

The reverend speaker began by geographically describing Ireland and generalizing upon its resources and the character of its people. He referred to its early civilization and scholastic prominence, when it smiled a garden of Christendom amid the wild waste of Gothic and other barbarian conquests in Europe; and rehearsed the history of Erin from the expulsion of the Dane, down through the Norman, Elizabethan, Cromwellian and Wilhelmite invasions. In each of these, the speaker said, it seemed as if poor Ireland were dead and buried beyond resurrection; but she rose a charmed life and always rose from the dust bristling with plumes for her rights. What he termed the dear night of the penal eighteenth century was next described, when the speaker showed the injustice and heartlessness of the laws of that age, and of the descendants of the authors of those laws. Those descendants had taunted the Irish with ignorance and degradation.

"Well may the Irish of those times be ignorant," the speaker exclaimed, "submit any people to such laws for centuries and tell me how refined will they remain?" Frightened, indeed, into partial concessions, the tyrant enemy sometimes was, notably by the Volunteers of 1792, about the time of the little American trouble; also at a later date when, under Polk's presidency, and the premiership of Peck, an international war was threatened about Oregon. But for the rest her role was to "divide and conquer" and destroy! Graphic pictures of the famine years were drawn, during which it was shown that whilst Ireland was raising and exporting to England food more than enough for double her own population, whole armies of corpses were flung into coffinless graves, while another million fled across the Atlantic. The speaker brought down the house when he referred to the reward of £1000 given to Cromwell as the original carpet bagger.

The days when Ireland had a Parliament of her own—when her long faded glories again revived—were next mentioned, and the bribery by which the Union was brought about. Lord Macaulay was quoted as likening it to the Union between Poland and Russia. The gratitude of Irishmen to America for the aid sent them in the distress of their poor country was warmly set forth, and the vote of thanks of the celebrated John Mitchell, which the speaker eloquently read, and which, he said, epitomized Ireland's wrongs was next given. We herewith reproduce it:

THANKS.

I have to move, sir, another vote of thanks for alms. We have thanked the kind citizens of that friendly country beyond the Atlantic; we have now to thank, heartily and unfeignedly to thank, those benevolent individuals who have sent us relief from the hostile country of Great Britain. There is many a generous heart and many an open hand in England; and if you look into the lists of contributors to our relief funds you will find many of our brethren, both from individuals and from congregations of every sect in England, which may put to shame the exertions of Irishmen themselves. There are amongst these, you may be sure, innumerable kind-hearted people, charitable women, and hard-working tradesmen, who have contributed according to their means, and without a thought of self-interest, to feed the hungry and relieve the dying. Shall these people not be thanked? Shall we not discriminate between the rulers who have conspired to keep from us the use of our own resources, and those good people who have ministered to us out of their pockets? In an assembly of Irishmen such questions need not be asked. Cordially, heartily, and unreservedly, I thank them. Now, sir, I wish you could stop here—I wish your thanks could be disembarrassed of all ungracious restrictions, as in the case of America; but here is a very obvious distinction to be taken; and it is necessary there should be no mistake. Americans give us the produce of their own industry and energy. We have no claim upon them; America never wronged us, never robbed us; no American ever sought, save by fair competition, to ruin our trade that his might flourish; America has not the spending of our rents and revenues; Americans do not thrive by virtue of our beggary, and live by our death; Americans do not impose upon us laws that breed famine and pestilence, nor locate swarms of officials that exasperate famine and pestilence. In your thanks to the Americans let your whole hearts go with them. Let your acknowledgments be as ample and unconditional as their generosity. [Hear, and loud cheers.] They have laid us under an obligation; and if Heaven be good to us it shall be discharged. [Loud cheers.] But Englishmen, sir, can well afford to give Ireland

alms out of the spoils of Ireland. They are rich, and may well be generous, because we have been such fools as to let them have our bread to eat and our money to spend for generations; because we have consented to use everything they can make, and to make little or nothing for ourselves; because we have sacrificed our tradesmen's wages, and our English commerce, let me call it; beggars must keep a civil tongue in their heads. Let me not be told that it is ungracious upon such an occasion to speak of the wrongs that England has done us. Sir, it is just upon such an occasion that it is needed most. Irishmen have been taught to look so long to England as the ruler and disposer of all things Irish, that we absolutely cannot know our own country, our benefactors, our plunder when the plunderers send a small pittance of it back to us in the form of alms. And let us be just; if we, in the depth of our distress, in the warmth of our gratitude, are almost forced to forget out of what funds these English alms are drawn, can we wonder if Englishmen forget it too, or even if they forget their benefactors? Simple, exemplary country clergymen, benevolent women, ever prompt to do good; honest, industrious, tradesmen, who have learned their own handicraft, and little else—can we believe that these people so much as know how their government cared for them in times long past, at our expense; how provision was made to bring them over the rental of Ireland, to pay through the channels of English trade, enriching everybody as it passed, how Irish manufacturers were broken down by systematic laws, in order that Englishmen might weave our wool into cloth, might clothe us from head to foot, yea, the very buttons, in fabrics of their making, and keep us raising food wherewith to support them? Do you imagine our kind benefactors know, or thought of all this? No; let it not be supposed that I meant to derogate from their merits, or to limit our thanks, when I tell them that, whether they know it or not, they are living upon Irish plunder; that, although the loss of one crop be a visitation from heaven, Irish famine is a visitation from England; that the reason why we want relief, and they can give it, is just that our substance has been carried away, and that they have it. For every well-paid tradesman of Birmingham and Leeds there is a broken down tradesman pining in the garrets of Dublin, or begging his bread in the streets of Cork. The well-fed laborer who sits down to his dinner in England never thinks that he is devouring the families in Ireland. Ay, the very charitable societies, munificent or fanatical, who hasten to send their mites to Ireland, little dream as she draws her quarter's dividend that she is drawing the marrow from the bones of starving wretches in Kerry or Donegal. Hereafter if Englishmen desire to benefit Ireland let them know that the greatest charity they can give us is to make their government take its hands out of our pockets—its harpy claws off our tables. Let them compel it to draw off its commissioners and its tens of thousands of gentlemanly officials who swarm over the land and eat up every green thing. Finally, let them make it restore that protecting legislature out of which it foully and fraudulently swindled us for their advantage. Let them do that, and we shall not need their alms for the future. But, my friends, you cannot expect that Englishmen will do all that for us. We must ourselves rescue our industry and redeem our lives from foreign oppression; we must banish the officials; we must repeal the Union. We must repay their charity by raising ourselves above their charity; by refusing them our food, and our food, and refusing them our food, and refusing them our custom; repay their charity by burning everything that comes from England, except coal; repay their charity by enabling ourselves to give them charity when they come to need it. [Loud cheers.]

THE FARNELL MOVEMENT.

The most interesting portion of the lecture, however, was when the Farnell movement was described. There were 600,000 cottage tenants in Ireland, and if there were any justice on earth, it should not be in the power of the landlord—mostly living riotously in London or Paris—or his brutal agent to turn those poor people, who cultivated the soil, adrift upon the world at the merest whim or caprice. It was not the intention to deprive those landlords of their property without compensation; but the government should see to it that something of an equitable adjustment was arrived at.

The speaker said that seventeen landlords are owners of 1,400,000 acres, which, partitioned off in the manner above set forth, would support 250,000 families. Again, 4,000,000 acres are held by 107 persons, and this land would maintain 800,000 families. Another fact, nearly one-third of the entire surface of the country is held by 202 individuals. These statistics, claimed the speaker, reveal one chronic source of Irish discontent; and when it is further considered that these vast estates were originally plundered from the rightful owners and bequeathed in tide-locked and stained with the tears of the exiled and red with the blood of the slaughtered, we need not be surprised if to-day there are many good, law-abiding men who believe that a touch of Christian Communism in Ireland would not be so terrible a crime. It is surely hard to reconcile the present land allotment in Ireland with the all that the beneficent Father of heaven intended this earth and the fulness thereof for man's use and benefit; and it seems far from heaven's decree that the storied hills and rich laughing valleys of that island should be grasped by the foreign-residing few—largely alien in

sympathy and national affection—while the many can scarce possess an acre, and are doomed to semi-starvation amid the fat fields once owned by their fathers.

In concluding, a hopeful picture was eloquently drawn of Ireland's future, for, as nations had no other world for rewards or punishments, they must get them here. Father Cronin bespoke glad welcome for Parnell and his cause, and took occasion to state that the proceeds of the lecture should be devoted to the Irish sufferers. The orator was especially eloquent, and elicited the warmest applause. We have only assumed to outline an exceedingly interesting address.—*Courier, Dec. 24th.*

CANADIAN NEWS.

The Dominion Parliament has been called together for the despatch of business on the 12th of February.

At Ganouaque, on Sunday, after his return from church, Mr. Samuel Green found Sarah, his daughter, drowned in a cistern from which she had been drawing water.

Three Rivers, Que., December 26.—Mr. A. M. Black, teller of the Quebec Bank in this city, shot himself about 7 o'clock this evening. It appears that while at tea he received a notice from the manager of the Bank, the contents of which seemed to have greatly excited him. After reading the note he exclaimed: "I won't let this thing trouble me any longer," and immediately pulling a revolver from his pocket, shot himself in the head. He is dangerously wounded and is not expected to recover. The widest rumors are afloat as to the cause of the rash act, and in the absence of reliable information fuller particulars cannot be given to-night.

An assault, which is likely to prove fatal, occurred near Durham, Ont., on the 12th. The victim's name is supposed to be Wilson, and the perpetrator of the assault is Wm. Dawley, a laborer on the G. B. & W. R. R. Yesterday, being a holiday, the men were off work, and a number of them were assembled at Kinney's Hotel, in Arroyo, where, among other parties alluded to, Dawley induced Wilson to leave the hotel with him. Wilson was under the influence of liquor at the time, but Dawley was perfectly sober. When about half a mile from the hotel, Dawley suddenly attacked Wilson, threw him down, kicked and hammered him terribly, and fled, leaving his victim for dead. Wilson was picked up and brought to the hotel in an insensible condition. His head and face presents a horrible appearance. One eye is completely destroyed, his jaw is broken, and it is feared there are also internal injuries. A warrant is out for the arrest of Dawley, but he has so far eluded pursuit.

Prospect House, Niagara Falls, Ont., December 24.—The Erie railway train arriving at Niagara Falls this morning brought a respectable looking man, about 60 years of age, with long grey hair, dressed in dark clothes, overcoat, soft hat, wollen scarf and low shoes. He wandered about town all the morning, and about noon called to the post office, got paper and envelopes from the assistant and wrote a letter, registering it to Kennedyville, Chateaugay county, giving his name as D. A. Sikes, as the sender. He then proceeded to the new Suspension Bridge, and inquired the rates for crossing. Being informed that twenty-five cents was the rate, he asked if that amount would allow him to return. He talked rationally, paid for and took the ticket, and went on the bridge. He proceeded till he got near the centre of the bridge, when he stopped, looked around as if surveying the distance from shore to shore. He then deliberately climbed up on the railing, held on to one of the suspender guys, took a look into the abyss below and threw up his hands and made his fearful leap. His body striking the river sunk, rose to the surface almost instantly, and face upwards floated lifeless down the river, the current being very swift. Before boats could be manned the body had floated into the rapids below the old Suspension Bridge and was lost.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN SCOTLAND.

London, Dec 28.—A portion of the bridge across the Frith, at Tay, was blown down while the train from Edinburgh to Dundee was crossing last night. The gale was so strong that a steamboat was unable to reach the scene of the disaster, but several mail bags have been washed ashore, four miles from the bridge. There is no doubt but that the train is in the water. The passengers, who are certainly all drowned, are estimated at 150 to 200.

LATER.

The gale having moderated somewhat, the Provost of Dundee and a number of leading citizens started in a steamer to the scene, but have not yet returned. The excitement at Tay Bridge Station is appalling. Many thousands of people have congregated awaiting definite intelligence.

London, Dec 28.—The missing Dundee train was seen crossing the bridge, then suddenly a flash of fire became visible. The railway officials, in spite of the gale, walked along the bridge from Dundee until they found there was a large gap caused by the falling of two or three of the largest spans.

London, Dec 29.—Railway authorities now estimate the total lives lost at seventy-five. A telegram from Dundee states that only fifty-six passengers' tickets were taken at the last stopping place, but these do not account for the number of young children requiring no tickets, nor for a number of passengers brought up by ferry, whose tickets were not taken up. However, if this statement is correct, it is evident the loss of life had been greatly over estimated.