

THE FAMINE IN TIRHOOT.

Writing from Tirhoot on the 25th ult., a correspondent of the London "Times" says:

Men, women, and children still swarm to the relief works. In the Mudhobance subdivisions at least 175,000 people are employed—a fourth of the population, that is to say—and there can hardly be less Dubunga way. People come sixteen and seventeen miles to work—sometimes too weak and exhausted to work, and are obliged for a day or two to eat the cooked rice, provided for all who are unfit for labour, but as soon as they get a little strength back they go on the roads. Habitual beggars accepted, none who by any possibility earn a few pence will accept cooked food. Even though they see a Brahmin or other good caste man cooking it, they cannot divest themselves of notion that the so feeding them covers some device for taking away their caste. There has been an immense amount of fires lately, and there have been high, dry, hot winds to help; but, looking at the very large portion of well-to-do men's houses which have suffered, it is impossible to avoid a conviction that many fires have been the work of incendiaries hoping to loot grain. The sufferers by fire will invariably tell you this is not so; but they say so because they hear police inquiry, which they think a worse evil than fire.

The sale of rice from Government stores is now pretty general, and is a great blessing to the people. Some of the bunnahse employed in the sale find it no easy business, however. I have not yet heard of any rents being remitted, but the ryots get, at any rate, temporary rest. The Indian papers seem steadily to ignore deaths from starvation.

That, notwithstanding, there have been many deaths from starvation, I am sure. Only three days ago I saw the corpse of a man—a skeleton rather—lying in the middle of a newly made road; and I managed to fish out the man's wife and children. If I had not I am sure they too would have been dead before another day had gone by; and from what they said, and much more from what I saw, I am—spite of the police report—as certain as anyone not a doubt can be that the man died of sheer starvation. There is a man dying within five minutes walk of me now—of diarrhoea it will be reported, probably; but since he lay for nearly three days and two cold nights under a tree without food, I should be inclined to say that starvation will be the real, if not the immediate cause of his dying. I give these two instances as of late occurrence, but I could give many more in which there is, likewise, all but positive—i. e., all but professional—proof, I cannot conceive how men with their eyes open can ignore such things. It was this optimistic school which, disbelieving the famine, so hindered and retarded preparations for relief that the food finds us now unprepared; and, really, it would seem as if the truth is to be blinked at, and be only half seen, for as long as possible lest the school be stupefied before all men.

AN UNORTHODOX IDEA OF HELL.

Thursday evening's paper contained a statement to the fact that Professor Swing, an American clergyman, had been found guilty of heresy. What the Professor's particular sin was we do not remember having seen; but in a recent sermon he is said to have delivered the following:

PROF. SWING'S IDEA OF HELL.—It is only human religion such as that of Buddha, or Thor, or Jupiter, that may fear the growth of intelligence, and that may fade as the light of reason dawns; but of a religion from God, given by inspiration, the first distinguishing principal must be that it will reveal its reasonableness as fast as man unfolds his own intelligence, and still become more glorious where there is most culture. The mediæval Christianity having been disfigured by ignorance and superstition, the subsequent growth of religion had to express itself in infidelity. When a Dane describes hell to mankind and his frightful pictures become the theology of the church, sweeping through Romanism over into Protestantism until Edward says God will dash the sinner down on hell's floor and stamp upon him then infidelity must follow, not simply to save a man from such horrors, but to rescue God's blessed name from such un-speakable infamy. In such a hell as Dante's, it is not man that is punished—it is God that is destroyed. From such ideas we must fly to a more reasonable religion, carrying the cross and our holy faith away from such a degradation. We must, indeed separate forever the righteous and the wicked; but as the drunkard is punished in this world; and as the murderer accepts of his arrest without blaming God, as the soul feels its own wickedness and does not reproach the Creator, so the last world is a place, not where God is seen as a cruel monster, but where the human free will stands forth in all its divine powers, and reveals a self-punishment over which we can almost imagine the

heavenly Father himself to shed tears. Such is the perdition of reason—a place not where the Saviour and God became an acquisition, but where the sinner's own will and own heart have woven themselves garments of perpetual sackcloth, and where the tears of sorrow fall not from a malicious decree of God, passed from eternity but fall out of the sinner's own wretched soul and mis-spent life. Thus over almost every idea of the Christian Religion, there is lying a drapery of reason fresh from the God of infinite wisdom, and beautiful to man, the image of the rational God.

A BRAVE MAN'S DEATH.

At nine o'clock on the evening of the 12th inst., a sailor named James Glynn, a native of Nova Scotia belonging to a English barque moored at the pier 13 East River, was sitting on the string piece of said pier, when he suddenly lurched over and fell into the river, being considerably under the influence of drink at the time. Glynn shouted lustily for help, and his cries attracted the attention of Mr. Peterson, aged twenty six, a native of England, and captain of a canal boat, who heard the cries for help, and not considering the darkness of the night or stopping on the pier long enough to divest himself of his clothing, sprang into the water and was drowned having it was supposed drifted under the pier.

Meanwhile Officers Quinn and McCoy, of the New street police station, and between them saved the drowning man, who was subsequently taken to the Park Hospital, by order of Sergeant Gastlin. The widow went the following day to William Peach, the grapple of the First ward, and engaged him to search for her husband's body. She watched the operation day by day. Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Peach found the courageous cavalier imbedded in the mud, precisely at the spot where he had jumped off to save Glynn. The widow had obtained a Coroner's certificate to remove the body, if found, to No 116 Hicks St, Brooklyn, where it was accordingly taken, after been put in a casket.—New York Herald 19th.

A TERRIBLE STORY.

A Correspondent, writing from Zan-zibar on March 28 to the "Pall Mall Gazette" says:—

The Daphne has just arrived from Madagascar, having had the good luck to capture the finest prize that has been made for several years. It appears that on March 13, while cruising in the vicinity of Cape St. Andrews, she sighted a dhow standing in for land, and after an exciting chase of more than three hours she succeeded in bringing her to, but until eight or ten shots had been fired, the last two of which struck the water within a few feet of her. She proved to be a large dhow of upwards of 200 tons, and at the time of capture had 230 slaves and 40 others, consisting of the guard, crew and slave owners on board. She had sailed from a town within twenty miles of Mozambique eight days previously, and having lost thirty slaves on the passage, she must have had no less than 300 souls on board at the time of her departure. It is easy to see that, though a large dhow, the crowding must have been terrible, and in consequence the sufferings of the wretched victims indescribable. It is said that papers found in the dhow clearly prove that the slaves were destined for Nos. Beh, where, under the designation of engages they would be employed by the French sugar planters on that almost the latest French annexation, and learn not only the meaning but the beauty of the legend. Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite.

All the first-class hotels in New York have been crowded for the last three weeks.

Six thousand tons of ice were shipped from Maine to Philadelphia last week for \$3 a ton.

The Princess Beatrice of England is to be married to Prince Ferdinand of Saxony next August.

Sir Bartle Erere has presented Mr. Thomas and Mr. Oswald Livingstone, the two sons of the late Dr. Livingstone to the Queen.

The Kentucky Giant is dead; he was seven feet high, two and a-half feet across the shoulders, and his feet measured fifteen inches.

Mr. Tennyson has written a tragedy with Mary Queen of Scots for its subject, and it is soon to be performed at Drury Lane in London.

The Toronto "Globe" thinks that as the millenium has not arrived, it would be just as well for Canada to build a few forts on her southern frontier.

Brigham Young has begun to be made a grandfather-in-law, and geometrical inadequate to estimate the infinite possibilities of the future.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

Villages in the Connecticut Valley Destroyed.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE LIVES LOST.

The towns destroyed by the great flood in Hampshire County, Mass., were situated on Mill River, which empties into the Connecticut, near Mount Tom, at Northampton. Williamsburg, the first town two miles below the reservoir, was about ten miles northwest of Northampton, on Mill River. The region is picturesque, and Mr. Beecher often alludes to it in his story of "Norwood." Williamsburg, the largest of the four places destroyed, had 3,000 inhabitants, and extensive manufactories of iron-castings, machinery, woolen-goods and Carriages. The New Haven and Northampton Railroad traverses the valley. Five miles below Williamsburg was Haydensville, famous for its gold-pen manufactories which employed hundreds of skilled workmen. Four miles further south was Leeds a village lying on low ground, not far from Northampton, but a bend in the river saved it from total destruction.

The reservoir which caused the calamity was built in the highlands, 200 feet above the valley. It covered a district about a mile square, and the water was from thirty to forty feet deep. Owing to an unusual fall of rain the water rose to the top of the walls and ran over the dam. The only outlet for it was an iron pipe three feet in diameter which opened and closed with a screw gate.

A little before 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, May 16th, William Cheney, the gate-keeper of this reservoir, saw the water bursting through an opening in the dam. He rushed out and opened the head-gate, then saddled a horse and sped down the valley to warn the villagers. Cheney reached Williamsburg in fifteen minutes. Collins Graves, a milkman, was one of the first to hear the news. He jumped into his wagon and started for the other towns, lashing his horse and shouting, "The water is coming—run for your lives!" Church-bells were rung and the factory hands warned. At Skinnerville the water was only five minutes behind him, and at Haydensville the people had scarcely a minute to escape. Other messengers took up the cry and dashed down to Leeds. The milkman was warning the factory operatives in Haydensville when he heard the roaring of the waters, and he had barely reached a bank by the roadside when the flood swept by. At first no water could be seen, but a pile of drift wood forty feet high came thundering down as if driven by a tornado. Factories, railway stations, banks, dwellings, hotels, bridges, immense structures of masonry, disappeared in a moment. In three minutes after Cheney gave the alarm at Williamsburg, fifty-three lives were lost. He the waters struck in their great fury, and rising to the roofs like a wall of surf, they covered the town and utterly destroyed it. The little village of Skinnerville, between this place and Haydensville, was swept out of existence like as though it were but a clump of toy houses.

At Haydensville preparations were made to hold services on the following day, in memory of Lieutenant Governor Hayden, who died in November, and a large quantity of flowers had been received from Boston with which to decorate the church. The minister was to refer to the town which was named after him as his most enduring monument. With scarcely a minute's warning the village was swept away. A chimney and a portion of a wall was all that remained of Hayden's large brass foundry. A pile of drift-wood 30 feet high struck it with terrible force, a large steam-boiler was carried half a mile and deposited in front of a house on elevated ground. The wooden buildings that did not go to pieces at once floated off like corks. More than forty bodies were recovered in this town. At Leeds only three houses were left on the east side of the river. Mrs. Quigley, her two daughters, and Miss Marble, a school-teacher, had just finished breakfast. Hearing the approaching flood, they ran to the top story of the wing adjoining the main house, which was almost immediately washed away, and only a thin partition separated them from the tide. While looking at the fearful torrent through their windows, a neighbor and his family came floating by on a roof, when the brave ladies reached out and pulled them in. The damage at this place is estimated at \$200,000. The silk mills, button factory, and many dwellings, were destroyed. The distance from the reservoir to Leeds is about eight miles. The water of the reservoir, a mile square and forty feet deep, was forced through a gorge nowhere wider than the reservoir for a distance of five miles in less than thirty minutes. The first fall from the reservoir to the valley was 200 feet. The rate of travel of the first wave was not less than twenty miles an hour. The result was the destruction of fifty dwelling houses, twenty factories and mills, and a hundred and fifty human corpses were buried under the debris. A thousand working people have been rendered either wholly destitute or have been deprived of all means of earning a livelihood.

One of the most painful statements as to the cause of the disaster is that the frosts had started the earth so that the water had found numerous little courses through it, which finally carried off the first mass of earth on Saturday morning, and at once precipitated the catastrophe.

The gate-keeper had at various times feared a break from the fact that a stream of water flowed constantly through the bottom of the gateway, while there were also a number of small streams, some of them quite minute, along the bottom on either side of the centre.

The damages at Florence and Northampton were slight, amounting to only a few thousand dollars.

A most wonderful rescue, and probably the only one of an adult person from the

flood itself, at Leeds, was that of Mrs. Mary C. Harding. She was at work on the second floor of the silk factory when the alarm was given, and hardly had she reached the ground when the shout was raised, "Run across the bridge." She started, leading the whole company, but soon the cries were, come back, and don't go over. It was too late for Mrs. Harding though. She was on the bridge, and going back was as dangerous as going forward. She ran and no sooner had she and perhaps half a dozen others reached the further shore, than the drift-wood struck the bridge which went down with a crash, carrying with it six or seven girls and women who were too late. The woman kept on running for Ross's store, while her companions, who had crossed the bridge, entered a boarding house. She passed a little gate near the bridge, and just got through the larger gate below the steps leading to the store when the water rushed up carried off the gate and threw her down near the lower stair. Fortunately, two men were on the bank, and she was drawn up just as the steps went off, and the three had to seek safety higher up the shore. She only, of the thirteen who started over the bridge was saved.

Nothing remains at the reservoir except the stonework running at right angles with the dam at the bottom which inclosed the gateway. In the very bed of the stream nothing is left, and where the water now flows harmlessly along the ancient channel not a stone remains from top to bottom. A small portion of the eastern part of the reservoir, and a large section of the western still remain, in all, perhaps a sixth of the original extent—broken and jagged on the edges. Above the eye sweeps over the bed of the reservoir, a track of one hundred and eleven acres, covering the "southeasterly corner of the town of Williamsburg, near the Conway lines. The land nestled among the hills is for the greater part to erably level, sloping of course, more or less on every side, and dotted over a large part of its surface with stumps of trees that former y occupied it.

Below the reservoir the spectacle is most impressive. The vast mass of water suddenly let loose and dashing down the narrow valley has wrought such devastation as one would not have believed possible without seeing it. The very bed of the stream has in places been cut many feet below its original course, and for a long distance the valley is dotted and sometimes crammed, with huge rocks torn from the wall of the reservoir, while the trees that in many places lined the banks have quite vanished, and those that marked the outer edge of the torrent are tattered and torn.

The feature that most impresses one about the ruins is the smallness of the stone wall when compared with the immense extent of water the reservoir held. The wall was understood to be eight feet thick at the base, on measuring a section of it however, as it stood intact some ten feet above the bed of the stream, it lacked about three inches of being six feet across. The upper third of the wall, as one looks across the chasm at what remains on the eastern side, cannot fail to strike the average observer, possessing only the information and judgement of common sense, as seriously lacking in thoroughness and stability.—Frank Leslie's.

The New York Herald of the 18th ult., contains full particulars of the recent disastrous flood in New Hampshire. We extract the following:

It was singular to see how buildings were absolutely pulverized in going down the stream. Large houses were reduced in a short time to debris, no two boards remaining together. The violence of the torrent was also shown by the fact that nearly every tree in the flood was stripped of its bark, while the remains of nearly all the victims were stripped of their clothing and horribly mangled. One headless trunk of a man was recovered, a fearful sight. One farmer found his horses alive in the stable after the flood, with only their heads sticking up out of the mud and water. Ryan Moran's tenement on Main Street in Leeds was one of the few that did not go off, but it was flooded to the second story. Six children were found huddled together behind a bed in the chamber, with the water up to their necks. They were all numb and half dead, but were all right after a good rubbing. One little boy came floating down the flood to Leeds, on a board, from somewhere above. Luckily he steered for a little knoll not yet covered, and throwing away his board he climbed to the highest point of the knoll. Still the water rose and only a spot as large as a table remained when the water reached its highest point and the plucky fellow was saved. Many people were just finishing their breakfast when the flood came, and many a table with the food still uneaten went down the thundering tide.

A French Canadian pointing to two little boys said 'I had eight children but only these are left.' He was afterwards made glad however by the news that a bright little son three years old was rescued while floating down the river on a mattress. A baby was seen sailing down the current in its cradle; but it was soon engulfed and never seen more. A boy six years old floated down from Leeds clinging to the roof of a house and was finally rescued. Of one large family at Leeds all were lost save the youngest child. The great loss of life at Leeds is due to the fact that most of the families were at breakfast and were swept away without a moment's warning.

One of the heroes of the occasion is Collins Graves a milkman, who was at the livery stable in Williamsburg where the gatekeeper Cheney was trying to get some one to spread the alarming news below.

"If the dam is breaking," said Graves after listening to Cheney's fragmentary

story, 'the folks must know it,' and lashing his fleet horse into a run, he dashed away toward Haydensville, shouting, 'The reservoir is right here! Run! it's all you can do.'

It was a quarter of eight o'clock and meanwhile Belcher and Cheney had rung the bell of the Congregational church to further warn the village folk. On went horse and driver spreading the alarm Graves shouting all the way. He made directly for the manufacturing establishments, for said he the people could hear it, but the roar of the factories would drown any warning for the operatives.

At Sumnerville the messenger was five minutes ahead of the coming torrent, but at Haydensville they had but two minutes in which to spread the alarm. There the famous ride, which will be sung in story and told to the credit of Collins Graves around the firesides of Williamsburg forever as the salvation of many hundred lives, ended at the hotel. Horse and rider were both exhausted and here another herald took up the tidings. Graves could hear the thunder of the coming flood but not fully appreciating its extent, he turned to go back to Williamsburg. At the Dugway the disaster which he had predicted burst upon his sight and he had just time to turn off into a band near Captain Kingsley's, when it crashed past him. Indeed he was but twenty seconds too soon, and as it was he had almost despaired of reaching a place of safety and had even thought of abandoning his tired steed to its fate.

Mr. Dunning of Leeds after floating a mile on a pile of debris gained a tree top and was saved as was also Thomas Kinnessy after being carried nearly two miles by the flood.

A young French child was found safe and asleep on a bed in a wrecked house in attempting to escape from which the remainder of the family perished.

The direct cause of the disaster, aside from the general weakness of the dam must remain a subject of speculation. The gatekeeper detected no sign of danger when he examined the situation at early dawn, and what the last straw was that broke the great back of the reservoir can never be definitely known. Perhaps as satisfactory a theory as any is the one advanced by a man familiar with the case that the first had started the earth so that the water had found numerous little courses through it, which finally carried off the first mass of earth Saturday morning, and at once precipitated the catastrophe. The gatekeeper as already said has at various times feared a break from the fact that a stream of water flowed constantly through the bottom of the gateway, while there were also a number of small streams, some of them quite minute along the bottom, on either side of the centre.

It is a curious fact by the way that while the gatekeeper has always felt most anxious of the spot where the break actually came the proprietors of the reservoir who had fears as to its safety felt afraid of the opposite side. As to these little streams of water, a gentleman familiar with the construction of reservoirs says that it is quite impossible to construct such a dam as that there should be absolutely no show of water on the lower side. This gentleman was fully conversant with the construction and character of the Williamsburg reservoir, and says that he never felt there was ground for alarm in such small streams as trickled through it. The soil, he says was full of springs, and from these springs he thinks came most of the little water flows.

DEATH OF THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS.

Mr. Edward M. Macdonald, Collector of Customs of Halifax died very suddenly yesterday under melancholy circumstances. Mr. Macdonald in company with Mr. Robert Seeton started about noon yesterday on a fishing excursion to Williamsburg's lake on the western side of the North West Arm. After enjoying themselves for the afternoon they left for home between seven and eight o'clock. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Macdonald told Mr. Seeton who was driving the horse that he felt unwell, and requested to be taken to Mr. Sutherland's house which was near. He was taken into the house and Mr. Seeton drove rapidly to town for a doctor. He found Dr. Venables at home, and hurried to Sutherland's with him but when they reached there, a 1 was over. Mr. Macdonald having died in about half an hour from the time he was first attacked.

The deceased had taken a prominent part in the politics of this country. He was Queen's Printer from 1860 to 1863, and again from 1867 to 1869. In 1867 he was elected to the Dominion Parliament for Lunenburg County and occupied that position till 1872, when he was appointed Collector of this port. He was a man of fine abilities, a first rate speaker and had he continued in public life would doubtless have taken a leading position. Those who were brought in contact with him at the Custom House, and had opportunities of seeing his labors, ever accorded him credit as being a most efficient officer. We deeply sympathize with his bereaved family.—Halifax Chronicle.

A party of 50 women crusaders were arrested at Pittsburg, Pa., recently while visiting liquor houses, and brought before Acting Mayor McMaisters, and charged with obstructing the sidewalks. They were dismissed with the admonition that repetition of the offense would be punished to the full extent of the law.

President Gonzales of San Domingo is about to issue a decree inviting to San Domingo all the inhabitants of Venezuela who have been banished from that by President Guzman Blanco, and offering to pay their passage.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communication to-day's issue in our "Observer" otherwise, publication.

THURSDAY

By advice 6th inst., we fishery there month. The from one half Bait-skiffs and and by latest Snow fell he just, continue and but that previous rain about twelve lain on the gr

ROBBERY.—committed on Pierce, Carl 9th inst. I effected an windows, an amount of \$ ever, that wacation. Wher

Procession crament Sunday of Corps

After the which His L Grace was a Veitch, the B the Very Res of ceremonies after having tion of the pr of the various ritual, was b der a canopy accompanied sacerdotal r train of young and girls w silk banners a they scattered ment. After solemnly thro enclosure in f fire congrega procession r where His B Benediction. found venera ed by the con this impressive and heard i chant extoned tionately rec children who but must hav ing strongly a If ever a my served a grate "ant celebration Eucharist." V if all human w human ingent talent employe elat to this g Were the whol devout and sp this feast, wo short of the ma loving conduct His earnest des to abide on ea Church, humb conceal all t body, and all t gence of His G mental veils?

A brief notice monies which ad of the Body of Catholic Coun restricted and p preavis may p faithful in this Church.

On the great f the Church dis Her faithful ch vent devotion to Churches, parish Kingdoms vie celebration of t peasants, civilia and the young, body of their c

This Feast be most delightful s spring is clothed flowers and folia rejoice at the hoous Body, wher at the awful mo The Churches at in the most magn thing most valu is displayed. Th the richest altar quiste music, a Nature and art of the grandeur of lights, evergreen military music, th charges of muske ing, sculpture, t positories and ch