

The True Witness

AND
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IRISH NEWS.

A home for wandering dogs is to be provided for out of the city rates in Dublin. The Oblate Fathers from Inchicore opened a mission on Sunday at St. John's Cathedral, Limerick.

The Lord Lieutenant, by an order published in *Dublin Gazette*, has revoked the license of the well-known Belfast solicitor, Mr. John Bea, to carry on his arms.

A preliminary meeting was held at the Gresham Hotel to consider a project for introducing into Ireland the American system of preparing condensed peat fuel.

Mr. Sullivan's Saturday Closing Bill proposes that in the five towns of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford all public houses shall close at 6 p. m. on Saturdays, and in all other towns at 8 p. m.

The Registrar-General still records Dublin as the most unhealthy city in the kingdom, the death-rate for the past week being returned as 43 per 1,000, exceedingly by 9 that of Manchester, which shows the highest mortality in Great Britain.

A Leeds correspondent writes on Tuesday night:—Father Kirby, O.M.I., of Inchicore, is conducting a very successful mission at Mount St. Mary's, Leeds. On Sunday evening, when the mission opened, the magnificent church of the Oblate Fathers, situated on Richmond Hill, Leeds, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The tenants on the estate of John Maguire, Esq., of Fintona, held their farms under a lease at almost nominal rents. The last life expired a few months ago, and arbitrators were appointed to fix the rents. The arbitration gave satisfaction to all concerned, but Mr. Maguire struck off from 10 to 15 per cent. of the rents settled by it.

At the meeting of the Limerick Rural Sanitary Board, the chairman gave a very distressing account of the misery prevailing in certain districts of the county. He said there were some 1,500 people living in the locality over which St. Luke Bog extended. The place was a sort of lagoon. At times the waters which flooded it became stagnant, and the most offensive odours prevailed; and owing to the distress which existed the people of the locality were dying by the dozen.

The Congregation of the Mission has sustained a severe loss in the Rev. James Dixon, who died at one o'clock on Monday morning, to the inexpressible grief of his attached community and a wide circle of friends. Father Dixon, brother of the late Primate, the saintly Dr. Dixon, was born in the year 1816, near Dungannon, in the historic county of Tyrone. On the death of the Rev. Michael Burke he was appointed Superior of the important missionary house of St. Peter, Philadelphia.

The Empress of Austria hunted with the Meath hounds recently. The meet took place at Mr. Thompson's of Holywood Park. The Duchess of Marlborough was present, and Earl Spencer took part in the hunt. On Saturday her majesty hunted with the Kildare hounds which met at Donadea Courthouse. With the Empress were Prince Liechtenstein, Lord Spencer, Captain Middleton, Major Kearney, &c., on Monday the Empress was out with the "Wards." She rode Mr. Morogh's famous mount, Ward Union, and was in front from find to finish.

By the death of the Rev. Father Pacificus, which occurred at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, the Church has lost one of her most zealous sons amongst the missionary priesthood. Rev. Father Farrell (in religion Father Pacificus, of the Congregation of the Cross and Passion) was born in Dublin about 1838. He was at first engaged in commercial pursuits, but showed his devotion to the Holy See by volunteering as a Papal Zouave and fighting at Castelfidardo. In 1867 he entered the Congregation of the Cross and Passion at their house in Worcester, and was ordained a priest in 1873. His life since then has been a record of missions and hard work.

Railways in the United Kingdom.

The British Board of Trade shows the total mileage of railways in the United Kingdom to be 17,077 miles, of which 12,098 miles are in England, 3,776 in Scotland and 2,203 in Ireland. There was an increase of 205 miles over 1876. The total amount of nominal capital was \$3,370,295,240.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND THROAT Disorders.

Use "Brown's Bronchial Troches," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years.

NEVER FAIL TO KEEP A BOX OF BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges in the house, and when Johnny or Mary drops a little, or picks his or her nose, or has a bad breath, give him or her one, and watch the result. If they have worms, out they will and must come; for the two don't keep company together.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS MAY BE CORRECTED

either in early or later stages, by the use of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA or Family Linctant. It is strange that people will postpone buying a medicine so necessary to health as the above until sickness attacks them. It should ever be in the house.

HEADACHES.

Spring and early summer are the seasons of the year at which most persons suffer from headaches, produced almost invariably by a sluggish and disorganized liver. Dr. Harvey's Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills have been compounded with especial reference to the correcting and toning up of that most wonderful organ—the liver.

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the only thing that mothers can rely upon for their children. It corrects acidity of the stomach, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. During the process of teething, its value is incalculable. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and allays all pain, thereby giving rest to the child, and comfort to mother.

A MAD SOLDIER IN A CHURCH.

Extraordinary Scene—Attacking the Altar with a Sword.
(Catholic Times March 7th.)

It is hardly possible to conceive the sensation excited in Warrington last Sunday when it became known that one of the sergeants of the Militia Staff, by name John Smith, had drawn his sword in St. Alban's Catholic Church, and attempted to destroy the altar. The unfortunate man attended the last Mass, which was celebrated by Father Cody, O.S.B. When Mass was over the priest retired to the vestry, and the congregation began to pour out of the church. At this moment Smith, who is a man of mature age, drew his sword, rushed up to the altar, and began to slash about with all the fury of a maniac. He attracted instant attention, of course; but the spectators were paralysed at the sight. They could not realize it immediately, and paused. The priest, brief as he was, facilitated Smith's object, for he cut as vigorously and as rapidly as he was able. Then there was a rush to arrest him. He turned around, swinging his sword, and the first that approached narrowly escaped a cut aimed directly at him. But Colour-Sergeant Burns, who was one of the foremost of those that ran to the rescue, seized him from behind and disarmed him. Father Cody was in the meantime receding from the vestry by the clamour, and he laboured to subdue the dangerous excitement of the people. Constable Brown, who had been at Mass, and witnessed the incident, took Smith in custody, and sent for more police. The prisoner was got safely into the vestry, where he was kept till the arrival of several constables, and then he was removed to the workhouse. It transpired subsequently that he was labouring under various delusions, one of which was that the Roman Church ought to be destroyed. For some time he had occupied himself with writing on political and other subjects, and inditing letters to leading men. But before last Sunday there was apparently nothing in his conduct so outrageous as to call for action on the part of his superiors. The feeling aroused through the town when the intelligence spread was very strong, especially amongst the Catholics, but the general consciousness that he was the victim of insanity softened irritation.

He was brought before the Magistrate on Monday following, and a constable testified that, were it not for the kindness of the priest, the congregation would have killed Smith.

Major Godfrey, who appeared in court to watch the case, said he was quite of Mr. Moore's opinion that the man was not responsible for his actions. But he wished to state that the man's condition was not the result of drunkenness. A more steady man could not be found. The letter which he would hand to the bench was written before he committed this act, and he believed there were other letters too which he had written of a similar kind, which would go to show the state of his mind. Major Godfrey then handed up to the bench a letter dated Warrington, March 1, and addressed to the colonel of the regiment. The following is an extract from the letter:—

"Now's the day and now's the hour
Here approach the Roman power,
See the front of battle lower—
Pupils chains and slavery."

Who so base as be a slave?
Who will fill the cavern's grave?
Let him turn and flee."

I have set myself the task of pulling down the Roman Church, and of crushing the Pope and all his satellites under foot, and mean to succeed. What Luther and his associates failed in I will accomplish."

Mr. Moore—He has written to Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, and done all kinds of things.

Father Cody—It is not our wish to punish this poor man. There is only this. We think, looking at the matter calmly, that he is certainly not a fit subject to be at large. I have read the letter which is before the bench, and on reading that I may say that I have never read a more incoherent document in my life. You will see he has made statements—ridiculous statements—there which no man in sound mind could possibly make. He is a man, I believe, in no way given to drink.

Major Godfrey—I cannot speak too highly of the man.

The Mayor—Have you nothing to say? Defendant—Yes, sir. I have a lot of papers here which are of the greatest importance to the world at large (addressing to a drawer which was in court, containing a number of foolscap sheets of paper, on which there seemed to be some writing). His sword was placed on the top of them. Defendant continuing: The papers I have here will lead up to it. The thing has been meditated for a long time. A life-sized thing was laid outside the chapel like a corpse, and—

The Mayor (interrupting him)—We cannot listen to this.

Defendant—And the figure of the dead Christ—(defendant was here prevented saying any more).

The Mayor—We remand you till Friday. He was then put down.

Shorthand Made Easy

A reporting machine at the Paris Exposition, known as "La machine Stenographique Michela," the latter being the name of its inventor, attracted much attention. The claims made respecting it are, that after a fortnight's practice, any person can take down in shorthand characters a speech however rapidly delivered. It is a small instrument, piano-like in form, with twenty-two keys, white and black, and the stenographic characters are small and impressed on slips of paper. Signor Michela claims to have classified all the sounds which the human organs are capable of producing, and to have so constructed his machine that it shall report with unerring fidelity whatever is said in German, French, Italian, Spanish and English. The machine is highly ingenious, and seems to have stood several practical tests satisfactorily.

Chinamen and Their Queues.

There is an ordinance in San Francisco that requires the Sheriff to cut off the queues of Chinamen who are sent to the county jail. One prisoner, who was thus treated, sued the Sheriff after regaining his liberty; he denied the constitutionality of the ordinance, and the question thus raised has been under consideration by a United States Judge for some time. Meanwhile, the sheriff continues to cut them off as fast as he gets jurisdiction over them, and the Chinamen are bringing so many suits against him for reparation, that the Board of Supervisors have found it necessary to provide extra counsel for his defence.

A Welcome for Grant.

A letter received at the headquarters of the Union Pacific Railroad details a plan for a grand excursion from Washington to San Francisco, about the 1st of August next, to receive and welcome ex-President Grant on his return from the Orient. The writer states he has spent some weeks at Washington, conversed with leading Senators and Representatives, and that many favor the project enthusiastically. Particulars of a trip through Indiana, correspondence with Kellogg and Pitkin in Louisiana, and other details are given which indicate that from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand persons would join in the excursion. Preparations for such an excursion would require much time, and the letter is written to secure reduced rates previous to any public announcement. It is stated that every State in the Union will be represented, and the excursion will require from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five trains of ten cars each.—*New York Herald.*

The Afghans.

(Z. B. Gustafson, in Harper's for March.)

The Afghans are tall, of large and well-knit frames, muscular and hardy. Their strong heavy features and dark skins give them a fierce expression of countenance; their black eyes—those lids tinged with white, and their hair, which is full of fire, so that their swiftness and flaming glance is very impressive. They wear their hair shaved from the forehead to the top of the head, the rest falling in black, thick masses to the shoulders. The dress of the people is of cotton, or of cloth called bark, made of camel's hair, and is worn in two long and very full robes, the material used by the wealthy classes being of silk or cambric; blue or white turbans and slippers complete the costume. The garments of the young chiefs are often quite gay with gold lace or gold thread embroidery. This ornamentation is done by the women in the harems, who are very skilful with the needle. Comte de Gobineau, in his "Lomances of the East," thus describes a young Afghan chief, whose name was Moshen, meaning beautiful: "His complexion was richly tawny, like the skin of fruit ripened by the sun. His black locks curled in a wealth of ringlets round the compact folds of his blue turban striped with red; a sweeping and rather long sliken moustache caressed the delicate outline of his upper lip, which was cleanly cut, mobile, proud, and breathing of life and passion. His eyes, tender and deep, flashed readily. He was tall, strong, slender, broad-shouldered and straight-backed. No one would ever dream of asking his race; it was evident that the pure Afghan blood flowed in his veins." The beauty of young Afghans is often spoken of by eastern writers, but it would seem from the very nature of things as though this glowing description must be overdrawn; just as the handsome, pensive young Uncas of our well-beloved West Indian romance, recognized in the modern Modoc. Still, abundant testimony claims a dark and hardy beauty for the Afghan in his prime.

Charles Reade's War Letter.

(London Telegraph.)

It is not necessary to be outwitted by the Zulus. People that go to war should immediately rub up their wits. If they have to encounter savages superior in numbers and knowledge of the ground, and armed no longer with stone arrows and bone spears, but guns and rifles, the very first question they should ask themselves is this: Does all our superior science furnish us with no engine of war to turn the scale? Now we do possess an engine of modern warfare that ought to have been in that unlucky camp, since no German nor French army would have invaded even a strange and wooded country without it. I mean a balloon *a la corde*. A very small one would have raised a man 1,000 feet and shown him in a moment the shallow secrets of Zulu strategy. Lateral ambuscades, though in jungle, are no ambuscades to a scout looking down vertically with a powerful binocular and sweeping thirty miles at a glance. The nation therefore will feel obliged to the War Office if it will send out not a great many more soldiers to be knocked on the head, but a few more soldiers, more ammunition, more balloons, more gasometers, more binoculars and more brains. Paris, for her amusement, raised twenty-five people in a balloon 2,400 feet several times every day. Cannot England raise one drummer boy or one gallant little officer—"Ingentes animos augusto peroto versans"—1,200 feet to protect her chivalry from silly slaughter? No doubt it is much harder to generate gas in a camp than in a city, but it has been done in camp, and therefore can be done again and ought to be done, though a jury of inventors should have to be convoked. When civilized nations meet in battle, glory may be gained though life is lost; but those who send our heroes to fight with savages should attack defensively, and cudgel their brains a bit, grudging so base an enemy the life of a single British soldier, and the tears of those who mourn him. I am, sir, your obedient servant,
CHARLES READE.
No 10 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge.

Albo-Carbon.

In the absence of the promised electric light of Edison, it seems that the albo-carbon light is destined to be that of the future. It derives its title from the use of small cylinders of almost pure white carbon in connection with the ordinary gas now in use. The apparatus, in the case of single lights, consists of a metallic chamber of spheroidal form, fixed at a small distance from the burner. In this the albo-carbon is placed, it becomes liquefied by the heat, and gives off an odorless vapour which mingles with the gas, and so enriches it as to produce a light of great power and brilliancy. Its use involves no changes in the ordinary system of gas supply, and the simple machinery required to adapt the albo-carbon to an ordinary gas burner can be adjusted by any one skilful enough to trim and fill an ordinary oil lamp. It was tried at the Royal Westminster Aquarium with results so very good that it has taken the place of the usual gas light in the building. At Dundee also the tests revealed its excellent qualities, and there is little doubt that it will be soon extensively used.

Escape of a Drunken Montreuil in New York.

A strange looking individual, badly afflicted with the walking mania, who gave his name as Rufus Sly, and who said he was from Montreal, was brought before Justice O'terbourg yesterday, in the Tombs Police Court, charged with disorderly conduct. The previous evening an officer saw Sly, wearing only his pantaloons and carrying his coat on his arm, walking down Broadway in hot haste, followed by a large and howling crowd. Sly being bare from the hips up, it was the general opinion he was a lunatic just escaped from Gilmore's Garden, and the officer, out of kind regard and for the gentleman's own protection, took him into custody, Justice O'terbourg asked Sly several questions, and from his answers, which showed him to be possessed of a very high opinion of himself as a pedestrian, the magistrate concluded that his mind was deranged, and committed him for examination by the prison physician. The latter made a diagnosis of Mr. Sly's case, and pronounced him not insane, but suffering from alcoholism. Sly, in speaking to a *Times* reporter, said his proper name was Purly, and that in Great Britain he was looked upon as a pedestrian of note. He claimed to have given exhibitions in Liverpool, Glasgow, London, and various other places. For the past three years he has been employed as a forist in Montreal. His desire to prove to the world his abilities as a pedestrian led him to come to New York to participate in the international walking match, but as he failed to find any backers, and as he was roughly handled by Captain Williams on Sunday night, when the outside crowd was going to tear down Gilmore's Garden, his brightest hopes were dispelled, and feeling sad over his disappointment and the "indignities" which he was subjected to, he drowned his sorrow in a prolonged spree, which culminated in his arrest as an alleged lunatic.—*New York Times, March 14th.*

Entertainment—St. Patrick's School, Alexander Street.

On Saturday, the 15th instant, we had the pleasure of being present at a literary and musical entertainment, given by the pupils of St. Patrick's School, Alexander street, as a tribute of affection to their esteemed and venerated pastor, the Rev. Father Dowd. On the platform we noticed the following gentlemen:—Rev. Father Dowd, patron of the school, in the chair; Rev. Fathers Hogan, St. Ann's; Lenoir, St. Patrick's; Rev. Dr. Arnold, Director St. Ann's School, and Prof. McKay. The programme, which was exceedingly select and admirably executed, consisted of music, songs and dialogues, at once evincing the high standard of education imparted in this institution.

The piece de resistance was a motrical cantata entitled, "Red Riding Hood," in which the Misses McShane performed their respective parts with an accomplishment and grace calculated to give this institution a name second to none under the charge of the Sisters of the Congregation. Miss McCaffrey, a blooming child of nine summers, as Red Riding Hood, showed signs of careful training and marked ability, but why particularize where all did well? An original song entitled the "School Girls' Chorus," written by one of our finest musical critics, deserves particular mention, not only for its intrinsic value of the words, but for its beautiful musical setting, and its charming rendition by the choir.

On concluding the programme, the Rev. Father Dowd addressed the pupils in language singularly beautiful and appropriate—language well calculated to fill their hearts with the love of virtue; to enrich their minds with the gifts of knowledge, and to enable their souls to perform their duties here, and to stand on high vantage ground when they leave this cradle of their being, for an eternal existence beyond the grave. The good Sisters of St. Patrick's School are to be congratulated on the success attending their efforts. They realize and act upon the fact that next to the blessing of redemption, and the graces consequent upon it, there is no gift bestowed by God equal in value to a good education; that whatever is great, or good, or glorious, in the works of men, is the fruit of educated minds; that religion, however, loses half her beauty and influence when not attended or assisted by education, and her power, splendor, and majesty are never so exalted as when cultivated genius and refined taste become her heralds or her handmaids.

The Little Paper.

Our little contemporary, the *Berlin Daily News*, complains because the Post called it a "little paper." Our contemporary appears to have misunderstood us. We referred to mind more than matter, to quality more than quantity.

Hard Times.

The hard times are telling even on the English landed gentry. The number of country seats now advertised to let is greater than has been the case for many years, and it is said that among those which are likely to receive a new tenant is Drayton Manor, the residence of Sir R. Peel.

George Augustus Sala.

Mr. G. A. Sala, writing in the *Illustrated London News* of the "higher education of women," holds that if clever girls were "taught to point on porcelain, to model in clay and wax, to turn, to carve, and especially to draw on wood, they would be a hundred times better employed and fifty times nearer the possibility of earning from three to ten pounds sterling a week than in 'spanking' the piano."

Tom Moore.

Lord O'Hagan has consented to deliver the oration on the hundredth anniversary of Thomas Moore's birth-day and D. Florence McCarthy has consented to write the ode. Says a patriotic Irishman:—"While a note of Ireland's unrivalled music lives, Moore's poetry will not cease to delight mankind. Ireland might well, indeed, be accounted dead to every sentiment of pride and patriotism if she did not make an effort worthily to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth in Anugier street of the author of the imperishable 'Melodies.'"

Storms.

Mr. Scott, of the Meteorological Office, lectured recently at the London Institution on "Storms." Our knowledge of the rate of the movement of storms was still but small. Some have been known to travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and this, too, was known—that the rate of movement had no necessary connection with violence. For example, the violent West India hurricanes move at from ten, fifteen or twenty miles an hour at the greatest. As regards the distance storms travelled, the longest recorded was in August, 1873; it was traced for nearly a fortnight.

Great Warriors.

(Pecora Journal.)

The greatest military geniuses of modern times have their headquarters in newspaper offices. Seated upon the editorial tripod they fight heavy campaigns and wage in gore—on paper. The moment a general in the field is unsuccessful, these home warriors simultaneously wave their glittering pens and shout for his recall. The English press are now howling themselves hoarse in urging the government to supersede Lord Chelmsford, commanding the troops in Zululand. How so many able and warlike chieftains became editors is a mystery, unless it be they early realized that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Beating the Lion in His Den.

An Englishman writes to the *London Standard* a wonderful letter upon the invasion of the British markets by American manufacturers. He found in his travels that American calicoes and cotton had superseded the same sorts of English goods on the Continent. Coming home he found his ironmonger selling American spades, saws, chisels, hammers and axes, and other dealers with stocks of American locks, bolts, stoves and lamps. American leather is sent to England to be made up into shoes. English carriages are built out of materials which have crossed the Atlantic. States are now quarried in the United States to roof English homes. "My procer, my buterman, and probably my butcher," says this writer, "deal largely in American goods of all kinds; even the cigarette which he smokes are made in Richmond, Va., and the pen with which he writes comes not from Birmingham, but from an American manufactory."

DEATH OF A JESUIT FATHER.

The Funeral Service—A Solemn and Impositing Ceremony.

On Saturday morning, the 22nd instant, in the Church of the Gesù, the last rites of the Catholic Church were performed over the remains of the late Father Hudon, Society of Jesus. The edifice was heavily draped in mourning, the catafalque being placed within the sanctuary rails.

A large congregation assembled to assist at the Mass for the dead, amongst whom was the father of the deceased. The ceremony commenced by a procession of acolytes and chorists, bearing lighted tapers preceding the coffin, which was borne by four senior members of the Order, the whole taking their places in the sanctuary, and presenting a grandly solemn spectacle. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass then proceeded, His Lordship Bishop Fabre officiating, assisted by four deacons, the Office of the Dead being chanted by the Rev. Father Lory. After the conclusion of the Mass, the remains were disrobed of their sacerdotal garments, and conveyed by the Order to the hearse for interment at the Noviciate, Sault au Recollet. The funeral was attended by all the college students, who seemed deeply affected by the loss of one who had, in life, always been a father and a favorite amongst them.

The Rev. Father Hudon was the eldest son of Mr. Victor Hudon, of this city, and was born on the 10th of March, 1838. He received his education at the Jesuit's College, and when only eighteen, by his superior intelligence and sincere piety, was admitted to the Order of Compagnie de Jesus. In life he possessed a vivacious and joyous temperament. His appearance being always hailed with pleasure by the students with whom he was a decided favorite. Possessing great musical abilities he established the College choir, which under his instruction greatly prospered. His memory will be ever green in the hearts of those who knew him.—*Requiescat in pace.*

More About the Passion Play in Quebec.

Thirty-three years ago a representation of the "Passion Play" was enacted at Quebec before an immense audience. It was looked upon by the entire community as sacrilegious and blasphemous; but, nevertheless, the theatre was crowded to repletion. In the crucifixion scene, wherein the Saviour was nailed to the cross, the stage appliances and curtains caught fire, and a general stampede occurred. Upward of fifty were burned or trampled to death. This, at the time, was looked upon as a special interposition of Divine Providence because of the profane character of the play, and, to this day, the singular conflagration is talked of with only shuddering thoughts. No "Passion Play" has been attempted in this country since that time.

The Deepest Mine in the World.

The deepest mine in the world now worked is said to be the Adhabet lead and silver mine in Austria, which is 3,280 feet deep. The next is the Viviers coal mine in Belgium, 2,837. It was sunk to the depth of 3,586 feet, but no coal having been found, the working is at the former level. The deepest coal mines in England are the Dunkirk colliery in Lancashire, 2,824 feet, and the Rosebridges in the same locality, 2,458. The deepest mine in the same locality is the Yellow Jacket of the Conestock Lode. It is now 2,500 feet below the surface of the mouth of the main shaft, and 2,203 feet below the Gould & Curry workings. The Savage stands second on the list, and the Imperial the third, both being nearly as deep as the Yellow Jacket.

The Alaska Dilemma.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—A gentleman, recently arrived from Sitka says the present threatened danger in Alaska is greatly exaggerated; that every person acquainted with the facts sees nothing but trouble arising from whiskey, and the mixing of white men with the savages, which will unfortunately be intensified by Indian remembrance of gross outrages endured at the hands of the military in the past. The first trouble there was the result of military murder, which the Government should now investigate, and, if possible, punish the perpetrators. General Davis might be induced to tell before a Court of Inquiry who gave the first whiskey to the Indian chief, and the trouble that followed by drunken officers in command neglecting to withdraw previous orders. On one occasion three Indians were shot and killed by a soldier on duty. From that evening, ten years ago, to the recent killing of Brown, the Indians have been wonderfully forbearing.

Russia's Two Plagues.

LONDON, March 4, 1879.—A strange charge is now made against the Russian Nihilists. The correspondent of the *London Daily News* says that the belief prevails in St. Petersburg that they are interested in spreading reports concerning the plague. It is said that two of Professor Botkin's assistants are leading Nihilists. The day before the bulletin was issued concerning the death of St. Petersburg, exultingly declaring that Professor Botkin had a case of the plague in his hospital. This story must be taken for what it is worth. At Kiel, the St. Petersburg *Official Messenger* says, the police have discovered a secret printing press. On entering the apartment the police and gendarmes were met by a storm of bullets. One officer of the gendarmes was wounded. Eleven men and five women were arrested. Four of the former were dangerously wounded. On the premises upon which the gendarmes made the descent were found and seized printing material, counterfeit seals of public departments, forged documents, revolutionary pamphlets and a number of revolvers and poniards. Inquiry into the affair is in progress.

Home Rule for Alsace.

BERLIN, March 22.—In the debate in the Reichstag, last night, on a motion for the establishment of an autonomous government for Alsace and Lorraine, representatives of those provinces desired an independent administration with a Governor to reside in Strasbourg, and a Landtag with the right of initiative and representation in the Bundesrath. Schneegans said that under the present system they did not feel themselves to be citizens of a well ordered State, but of an occupied country. Give them but independence and they would become, not a bone of contention but bonds of union between two civilized people, a bridge by which the benefits of both might be exchanged and a means of international reconciliation. Bismarck's speech was distinguished by its moderation and spirit of concession. He said the remarks Herr Schneegans made a favorable impression upon him, which would have been better had not his purport contained an appeal to Paris, which could find no echo in Berlin, and an appeal which pictured Alsace-Lorraine as neutral territory to which the claims of France would be as justifiable as those of Germany. Bismarck said in all that we conceded in the way of autonomy we must consider the safety of the empire not only in quiet times like the present, but also in the less peaceful. The question as to the separation of Alsace from Lorraine should remain open. Perhaps Alsace would be more rapidly and solidly organized if it did not remain homogeneous with Lorraine. Finally, the good sense of the population of Alsace would work against the Parisians, between whom and Frenchmen there is a wide distinction among those who remain in the province. If Germany was quiet and had patience, this German oak, formerly pulled down by the French and now propped up by the Germans, would regain its strength. Let us see that it does. The speech was loudly applauded throughout the house.