THE MOORE CENTENARY.

(Continued from our last.)

Moore, having left a deputy, with whom he entered into no strict legal terms, to discharge his official duties as Registrar in Burmuda, returned to England. In 1806 he published a volume of Epistles, Odes and Poems, including those relating to America, dedicated to the Earl of Moira, General in his Majesty's forces, and Master-General of Ordnance. Jeffrey, in the Edinburgh Review; severely criticized Moore's publications, and branded him with a deliberate attempt to corrupt public morals. Moore challenged him, when the ridiculous duel at Chalk Farm, intercepted by Row street police officers, came off—an incident satirized by Byron in 1809, in his " English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Moore challenged Byron for the satire, when a conflict was again averted, which happily ended by Moore, Byron, and Thomas Campbell meeting for the first time at dinner at the house of Samuel Rogers, when Byron and Moore became the fastest friends and continued so. The Earl of Moira, in 1806, appointed Moore's father to a respectable post in the civil pranch of the Ordnance-barrack-master-in Dublin, at £300 a year, which he held until his death. This appointment was a great relief to Moore, who for some time had been contributing to the extent of his means, towards the support of his struggling family—father, mother and two sisters—to whom he was devotedly attached. In 1808 he published, without his name, his satires, "Corruption" and "Intolerance," and in 1809 "The Sceptic," which were not, however, as successful as his other

Moore returned to Ireland, where in 1808-9, he joined the Private Theatrical Corps in the city of Kilkenny, and took part in varied plays, Miss Bessie Kyke, a gifted Irish actress, being of the ballet company. Her mother and sister lived with her in lodgings in Kilkenny, where Moore visited, which led to his marriage with Miss Dyke in London, March 25, 1811. She was a Protostant, proved a most devoted wife, bore Moore five children, three daughters and two sons, all of whom died before their parents. She died on September 4, 1865, having survived her husband thirteen years. Her remains were placed beside his in Bromham churchyard, near Sloperton Cottage, Wiltshire, where they had resided from 1817.

We now approach the projection of the publication of the greatest work of Moore's life, the Irish Melodies. If every other production of his genius were destroyed or forgotten, this alone would immortalize his memory and establish a claim to the enduring gratitude of his country. The Irish Melodies were published in ten numbers, about twelve lyrics or songs in each, and issued at irregular periods, from 1807 to 1834, an interval of twenty-seven years. Moore's early taste for music, elocution and the drama for music, has already been noticed. The publication of Bunting's Ancient Music of Ireland, a copy of which was placed in Moore's hands in 1797 by the accomplished and patriotic Edward Hudson, first made known to him, as he says, "the rich mine of our country's melo-dies." We shall leave Moore himself to open

the interesting story :-"There clapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work (Bunting's), and, though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the pianoforte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me when I was thus engaged. And I remember one day his starting up, as from a reveric, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called 'The Red Fox,' and ex-claiming, 'Oh! that I were at the head of would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feelings, for that another of those mournful strains; would long be associated in the hearts of his countrymen with the memory

of her who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer!"

The tragic events of 1799, the despotic proceedings of 1800, by which the legislative independence of Ireland was stamped out, and the sanguinary period of 1803 all contributed to develop and mature in Moore the desire to depict or crystalize the sorrows, the glories, and the hopes of his country in popular melodies associated with the exquisite ancient music of Ireland. The Powers, spirited musical publishers in London, invited Moore to lend his poetical genius to such a work, in which he would be seconded by the musical ability of Sir John Armstrong Stevenson, whose intimate connection with the Irish Melodies and singular history claim brief notice. Stevenson, born in Dublin in 1762, was son of a poor coachmaker, and was lett without father or mother when only nine years of age. A musical instrument maker named Gibson adopted him, and the lad displaying remarkable genius, he obtained a place in the choirs of St. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedral. The Dublin University conferred on him the degree of doctor of music in 1800, and in 1803 he was knighted. Sir John A. Stevenson lett a daughter, who married Mr. Dalton, a country gentleman of the county Meath, to whom he dedicated his Sacred Songs; and on being left a widow with some children, she married the Marquis of Headfort at whose seat, beside Kells, county Meath, Sir John A. Stevenson died. The present Marquis of Headfoot and his brothers and sisters are thus grandchildren of 'the poor coachmaker's orphan. Adelaide, one of Mrs. Dalton's children, married Mr., afterwards Sir John, Young, Bart., subsequently Lord Lisgar, Governor-General of Canada. Sir John A Stevenson's share in, and his execution of the arrangement of, the Melodies have frequently been adversely criticized. Yet never did two gifted men evince a kindlier or a more generous spirit of co-operation than Moore and Stevenson. It is commonly charged to Stevenson that he spoiled the original airs by his modern accompaniments-a

"Whatever changes of this kind may have been ventured upon (and they are few and slight), the responsibility for them rests solely with me, as, leaving the harmonist's department to my friend Stevenson, I reserved to myself the selection and arrangement of the

charge which Moore generously answers as

On the other hand, Stevenson had such an exalted idea of the poetry of the Melodies, and of the admirable selection of the airs by Moore himself, that he deemed his own symphonics and arrangements altogether inferior. To the late Dr. Petrie, one of the most gifted Irish musicians of modern times Stevenson said: "I would recommend any person who means to sing the Melodies to purchase a piano about the value of £5, for it will be, then likely that one may have a fair chance of hearing very little of the in-

"Let Erin remember the days of old." "Oh! breatho not his name; let it sleep in the shade."
"She (Sarsh Curran) is far from the lane where her young hero sleeps.

strument and something of the melody and poetry." Moore's touching monody on the death of Stevenson fitly closes the Melodies:

"Silent is in our festal halls—
"Sweet son of song thy course is o'er!
In vain on thee sad Erin calls:
Her minstrel's voice responds no more.

"But where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He who now waves this parting lay
His skilless voice with thine allied,
And sung those songs whose every tone,
when bard and minstrel long have past
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by Fame, undying last?"

The terms offered by Power for the Irish Melodies were \$2,500 a year, paid to Moore for seven years, or as long further as he chose. Their publication extended over twentyseven years, and included (last edition) one hundred and twenty-four songs in ten numbers; so that if that agreement was carried out, which there is no reason to doubt, Moore must have received \$67,500 for Irish Melodies. being at the rate of \$540 for each song and about \$25 a line-a sum without parallel in the history of literature. This, of course, is exclusive of the publisher's terms with Sir John Stevenson for the musical accompaniment and arrangement; while Maclise, R.A., the artist, (born in Cork, 1811, died in London, 1870,) who executed several of the historical frescoes, in the new Houses of Parliament—for one of which, "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo," he received \$17,400 — illustrated the Irish Melodies. This great national work may favorably compare with any kindred production ever issued from the press. Its subjects are Irish, the bard is Irish, the minstrel is Irish, the artistic illustrations are Irish, and the publisher is Irish; and while the Irish race exists the Melodies and their author will never die. Closely examined in comparison with the

national lyries of any other people or age, the Irish Melodies are entirely unique. Pagan. Jew or Christian, Oriental or European, Greek or Roman, ancient or modern, can produce no such collection. Not that ballads, songs lays, odes and historiettes in abundance may not be gathered in all lands and all tongues, and at all periods, differing in form and culture. But no attempt has ever been made before (or, if so, the tradition of it is lost,) to embody so many characteristics of a nation -its social life, scenery, manners and customs; legends, traditions, victories and defeats; its dark history and bright hopesin lyric form, wedded to music familiar by its antiquity and by its winning pathos to the whole peasantry; strains that stimulated their ancestors in battle ages before, that inspirited their dances and athletic games, and that proclaimed their triumphs and softened their defeats. When we unalyze the lyric poetry, the lays or the odes, of any country, ancient or modern, we find that they cover a com-paratively small portion only of the life and history of the people; whereas the subjects of the Irish Melodies range over nearly the entire scope of Irish life, past and present. We would here remind our readers that while the earliest numbers of the Melodies were issued in 1807, the struggle for Catholic Emancipation continued until carried in 1829; and from that date to the close of their publication in 1834, Population Education, Parliamentary Reform, the Tithe Question, and the Church Establishment were being agitated. The very first number of the Melodies produced a profound sensation. Its historic revivals, brought the Irish mind, through " The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," back for more than twelve centuries—a national dirge embodied in one of the most plaintive airs (Gramachree) of the country. The war song, "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave," reminded the masses that while Canute, the Dane, ruled the English, the Northmen were utterly defeated at Clontarf in 1014, more than fifty feated at Clontari in 1014, more than fifty years before William the Conqueror defeated Harold at Hastings. And following that twenty thousand men marching to that air. historic incident is the practical admonition How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words quisite air Eibhlin a Ruin, by w as seven centuries before, Irish Catholics could by union and bravery repeat the victory of Clontarf, as they did at the Clare election in 1828, by which Emancipation was won. In the same number the high social condition and chivalry of Ireland in the time of Brian Boroimhe is allegorically and effectively pictured in the beautiful melody, "Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore." The war of extirpation declared in the Statute of Kilkenny, 1367, by the Anglo-Norman settlers against the natives proscribing Irish minstelsy and music, and the wearing of the beard and the hair after the native fashion, is feelingly lamented to the touching appeal of an Irish maiden to her lover to fly from the Palesmen with her "Coulin," the moustache giving name to the charming air. Though the Last Glimpse of Erin with Sor-

> "And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
> And hang o'er thy soft harp as widely it breathes;
> Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear One chord from that harp or one lock from that

> But amongst the political lyrics that inspired the warmest popular approbation in the first number of the Melodies-an approbation that has increased over a period of seventy years-were the two relating to Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran. Emmet, a year older, had been Moore's fellow-student in College,—where they stood side by side in the Historical History in defence of Irish nationality and popular rights,-and his attached friend. Emmet's sad fate, in 1803, must have been a source of terrible affliction to Moore, notwithstanding the many friends who fell on the scaffold or were banished as exiles in that dark period. Moore, describing his recollection of Emmet's oratory in the Histo-

rical Society says :-"I have heard little since that appeared to me of a loftier, or, what is a far more rare quality in Irish eloquence, a pure character; and the effects it produced, as well from its own exciting power as from the susceptibility with which his audience caught up every allusion to passing events, was such as to attract at last the serious attention of the Fellows; and, by their desire, one of the scholars, a man of advanced standing and reputation for oratory, came to attend our debates, expressly for the purpose of answering Emmet of Summer, left Blooming Alone, Has Sorand endeavouring to neutralize the impressions of his fervid eloquence."

Catching the inspiration from the passage in Emmet's celebrated speech, "Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character," Moore burst forth, four years after Emmet's death, into the strain,-

"Oh! breathe not his name; let it sleep in the where, cold and unhonored, his relies are laid; Sad. silent, and dark be the tears that we shed As the night dew that fulls on the grass o'er his bead!"

While following this in the opening number of the Melodies, we find Emmet's address to Miss Curran, to the tune, "The Red Fox," he so loved to hear Moore play:-

This is an error of the learned writer in the This is an error of the learned writer in the Catholic World. The air of "When he who address Theo " is called, in Irish, "The Fox's Sleep," a totally different one from "The Red Fox," to which latter Moore arranged the Song "Let Erin Remember." Eds. I. A.

In the learned writer in the considered angerous; which is sail fun at a loss.

In the sail fun at a loss.

"When he who adores thee has left but the name Of his faults and his sorrows behind, bh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame

Of a life that for thee was resigned?"

Nor was this or any subsequent number of the Melodies confined to historical or political lyrics. The scenic beauties of the country, followed up in subsequent parts, are opened with the charming song, "There is not in this Wide World a Valley so sweet," describing the " Meeting of the Waters" and Vale of Avoca," below Rathdrum, county Wicklow; while social and domestic life is well represented in "Go where Glory waits " " Fly not Yet;" " Oh! Think not My Thee ;" Spirits are always as Light;" and "As a Beam O'er the Face of the Waters May Glow." There are thus strung together throughout the Melodies the most felicitous combination of elements, highly diverse in character, yet all truly national. No other country on earth can adduce such touching appeals to its native minstrely as we find in the Melodies: Dear Harp of My Country, in Darkness Found Thee," "Oh! Blame not the Bard;" "Tis Believed that this Harp" (inspired by a charcoal sketch which Moore saw in Edward Hudson's cell in Kilmainham jail);" "The Minstrel Boy to the War is Gone;" "When through Life Unblest We Rove;" "My Gentle Harp, Once More I Waken," and "Sing, Sing, Music Was Given." Legendary finds embodiment in the exquisite melody, "Silent, O Moyle be the Roar of Thy Waters," and "How Oft Has the Banshee Cried;" "By that Lake whoose Gloomy Shore;" " Oh! Haste and Leave this Sacred Isle;" "Oh! the Shamrock;" and "O'Donoghue's Mistress." The historical lyrics are, of course, the most exciting strains in the Melodies; "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," one of the most magnificent songs in existence; "Avenging and Bright Fall the Swift Sword of Erin;" "The Valley lay Smiling Before Me;" "Like the Bright Lamp that Shone in Kildare's Holy Fane;" "Sublime was the Warning that Liberty Spoke; "She is Far from the Land where Her Young Hero Sleeps;" "Though Dark are Our Sorrows;" "Forget not the Field where They perished;" "Where's the Slave so Lowly;" "Before the Battle;" "After the Battle; "Oh! the Sight Entrancing." "When first I Met thee," and "Yes, Sad One of Sion." Amongst the Melodies there is one of surpassing tenderness, in which the sufferings of the Irish Church, during the Penal Laws, is depicted under the allegory of "The Irish Peasant to His Mistress." It appeared in the third number of the Melodies, in 1810 :-

'Through grief and through danger they smile hath cheered my way,
Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that
round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure
love burned,
Till shame into glory, till fear into love, was

turned. Aye! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

"Thy rival was honored, while thou wert wronged and scorned;
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned;
She wooed me to temples, while thou layest hid

in caves; Her friends were all masters, white thine, alas! Yet, cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely who say thy vows are

We have thus entered into a critical and classified analysis of the Irish Melodes, Moore's greatest work, as the readiest and most complete refutation of one of the charges frequently brought against them-namely, that tional sentiment, the patriotism in them being only that vague and general devotion to liberty which would equally suit the songs of the Pole, the Hindoo, the Kashir, the Red Indian, or the Maori. If that appeal of the Irish peasant to his Church fail-which it cannot-to refute such an unfounded imputation, the following one to his country, a stanza from which graced many a speech and letter of O'Connell, would along suf

Remember thee? Yes, while there's life in this heart It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art-More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy Than the rest of the world in their sunniest

Wert thou all that I wish thee-great, glorious, and free, First flower of the earth and first gem of the I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow, But, oh! could I love thee more dearly than

No; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it

runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's
nest, Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy And so with the scenery and social life in

the Melodies-all are distinctively Irish. "Sweet Innisfallen," "Glendalough," and Killarney and Glengarine in "Twas One of those Dreams," and "Fairest, Put on awhile," are matchless gems of scenic faithfulness. If Moore pondered in his youth to voluptuousness by his translation of the Odes of Anacreon and his Juvenile (Little's) Poems, he atoned, to some extent, for the error by the elevated morality and the Irish purity which pervade all his songs of the affections, "Believe Me if all Those Endearing Young Charms;" "Come Rest in this Bosom;" "We may Roam through this World;" "Oh! the Days are Gone when Beauty Bright;" "Drink to Her Who Long;" "I'd Mourn the Hopes that Leave Me;" "I Saw Thy Form in Youthful Prime;" "The Young May Moon," and "Lesbia Hath a Beaming Eye;" while the sentimental melodies more or less kindred to these, are inimitable, as "Tis the Last Rose row Thy Young Days Shaded?" "I Saw from the Beach," and " As Slow Our Ship." The social lyrics are, like the historical, the legendary, and the scenic, entirely " racy of the some of them being among the finest efforts of Moore's genius, such as "And Doth not a Meeting like This Make Amends?" "One Bumper at Parting," "Farewell! but Whenever You Welcome the Hour," "They May Rail at this Life," "Quick, We Have but Second," "Fill the Bumper Fair," " Wreath the Bowl," "Drink of This Cup (potteen), 'tisn't less potent for being unlawful."

Moore avowed those patriotic and national objects when projecting the Irish Melodies, as a work which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever

Catholics in some of the darkest hours of their struggles. In the preface to the third num-ber of the Melodies, Moore, in 1810, writes to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal:-

"It has been often remarked, and still oftener felt, that in our music is found the truest of all comments on our history * * * The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times (1670-1738) in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit forever the land of their birth like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated. In many of these mournful songs we seem to hear the last farewell of the exile. mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home with sanguine hopes of the high honors that await him abroad-such honors as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valor of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day, and extorted from George II. that memorable exclamation-' Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects:"

The Melodies were gradually translated into almost every written language on earth, so that Moore's prophecy was amply

The stranger shall hear thy lamention his plains,
The sigh of the harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till the masters themselves, as they rivet thy

chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep."

Save the Psalms of David or some of the chants of the Church, no poetic or lyric composition has had such circulation as the Irish Melodies, promoted, no doubt, by the dispersion of the Irish race through the emigration that followed the famine. The whole world of letters rose in unanimous approbation of the Irish Melodics. Thierry, the historian, lauded them in France, and Washington Irving and Willis, in America. Byron, Scott Rogers, Campbell, Jeffrey, Macauley, Sydney Smith, Wilson, Curran, Sheridan, Grattan, Mackintosh, O'Connell, Shiel, bailed them with unbounded delight. Byron in his triangular " Gradus ad Parnassum," arranging, as early as 1813-when few of the Melodies were written-the order in sections, from vertax to base, of the hierarchy of poets, places Scott at the apex, Rogers next below, and Moore and Campbell in the next section; but he adds: "I have ranked the names upon my triagle more upon what I believe popular opinion than any decided opinion of my own. For, to me, some of Moore's last Erin sparks: As a Beam O'er the Face of the Waters,' When He who Adores Thee, 'Oh! Blame Not, and Oh! Breathe Not His Name, are worth all the epics that ever were composed." Beside the special translations into nearly all the languages of Kurope, Rev. Francis Mahony (born in Cork, 1805, died in Paris, 1866,) author of the Reliques of Father Prout, in a series of articles, " Moore's Plagiarisms," pretends to give the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian originals of some or the most popular | McGaw, of the Queen's Hotel; Peter D Conger of the Meladies-a charming Polyglot, singular in conception and unrivalled in execution; while another eminent Irishman, happily still living, the illustrious Dr. years of age-the oldest Bishop in Christen-Pentateuch of Moses.* When Moore was only ten years of age John MacHale was born in the village of Tubbernavine, i on the shores of Lough Conn, under the shadow of Nephin, the world being unconscious that the Mayo peasant's child would, for over half a century, be one of the most distinguished prelates of the Church, and Jack Moore the grocer's boy, of Aungier street the National bard ; that the mitre and the minstrel would be united in the translation of the Melodies into Irish; and that at the centenary of the noct's birth, celebrated in his native city, the venerated Archbishop of Tuam would be a member

of the Committee. . The writer of this article had the great pleaure of hearing the patriotic and gifted Arch-bishop, when his guest at St. Jarlath's, sing several of the Melodies in Irish, accompanying himself on the harp.
† Properly, "Tober-na-Feine,"-the Well of the Fenians."-Eds. I. A.

(To be Continued in our next.)

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT! Car of Credit Valley Directors Collided With - Death of Mr. Jas. Goderham -List of Casaulties.

Tosonto, May 11 .-- Last night the city was thrown into ferment by the announcement that a car full of directors of the the Credit Valley Railway had been run into by an engine at Carlton, where the track of the latter Company branches off from the Grand Trunk Railway track, and that several persons had been seriously if not fatally injured. An enquiry into the circumstances of case reveals the following facts:---

At 3 o'clock yesterday niternoon, a special train, conveying directors of the Credit Valley Railway and their friends, started from Union Station for a trip over that part of the route recently inspected by the Government inspector. As far as the Wilson House, two miles and a half out of town, the train was drawn by a Grand Trunk Railway engine, the Credit Valley Railway Company baving leased running powers over this portion of the Grand Trunk Railway track. On reaching this point, the Directors' car was switched on to the Credit Valley track, and the Grand Trunk Railway engine returned to the city, a Gredit Valley engine, conveying the excursionists to Streetsville, where lunch had been provided, and a good time generally was put in. The start for home was made between five and six, car being taken down to the junction by the Credit Valley engine, and left there, as before, at the switch. Many of the passengers had dismounted, and were walking up and down the track, but others remained in the car, beguiling the time until the arrival of the G. T. R. engine, by making speeches, &c. Soon the whistle of the approaching engine was heard, giving the signal for the switch. The switchman threw open the switch, and the engine which was backing at the rate of 18 miles an hour, rushed at full pelt, tender foremost, into the Director's car, striking it with tremendous force, breaking up the platform, and driving the end of the tender deep into the body of the coach. Amid shrieks of agony, the car dashed forward a couple of hundred feet to another switch, where the car left the rails, ran a short distance over the sleepers, and came to a stand-still. On examining the car and occupants, it was found that 11 were more or less seriously injured, besides others slightly cut.

CASUALTIES.

The following is a list of casualties :- Jas. Gooderham, both legs crushed; P D Conger, ribs broken and right side paralyzed; Samuel internally injured, not considered dangerous; which is still run at a loss. Of the Mr Darcy Boulton, injured in the body; Mr rest a considerable proportion may be

body; Mr Cooper, ankle sprained and face bruised; Ald Scarth, cut in the head and tace; Ald Blevins, right knee badly hurt; Mr J Suckling, bad wound in the head.

at the Union Station on arrival of the train the loss of blood that he expired at midnight. Mr. Conger is scarcely expected to live, as it lungs.

Several narrow escapes took place. When the engine was switched on to the Cedar Valley line, Col. Arthurs and several others who were standing on the platform, seeing the engine coming, jumped from the car for their and broken timbers. When warned of the impending collision, Alderman Scarth jumped Mr. Scarth: he was caught by the legs, and communities of the new world. could not move, the shattered timbers being pressed against him, breaking his ribs and otherwise injuring him. Mr. Pardoe, who was sitting next to Mr. Conger, jumped through the window, and escaped with a few scratches. Some say that Mr. Gooderham jumped from the platform, but Mr. Cooper thinks that he jumped through the window head foremost, alighted on his head, his legs falling under the wheels, which passed over him. Mr. Suckling was sitting at a window looking out, when he was struck on the head with a piece of timber bruising him badly. It is said that Mr. John McNabb was knocked down by the broken seats, and that the stove fell upon him, injuring him very seriously. The top of Mr. Shanly's hat was cut completely off by a heavy splinter, but he escaped with a few bruises. Mr. Cooper stood in the aisle, holding on to a seat: he was thrown half way across the car, the seats falling on him; he made his way to the platform and was about to throw himself off, when the car stopped; he is confined to his bed-chamber. Mr C J Campbell was struck in the back with a piece of timber, and it is believed that he has sustained injuries to the spine which may prove fatal. Prayers were said in Church to-day for his recovery It is stated that one gentleman who jumped from the car fell so close to the track that the flap of the frock coat he wore was cut off by the wheels of the engine, he himself escaping with injury from the fall.

NAMES OF THE EXCURSIONISTS.

The following gentlemen composed the party of excursionists :- Messrs. James Gooderham, Robert Elliott, of the firm of Elliott & Co; J D Irwin, of the American Express Company; John McNabb, of the late firm of Mc-Nabb & Marsh; William McMaster, Thomas coal dealer; G D'Arcy Boulton, C J Campbell, banker; J L Morrison, of the firm of Morrison & Taylor; W G Falconbridge, barrister; Samuel Bentty, agent of the Chicago & Northwestern MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, now ninety Railway: Frank Shanly, city engineer; H E Suckling, secretary-treasurer of the Credit in Irish, as also the Itial of Homer and the the Credit Valley Railway; Thomas H Cooper, assistant superintendent of the Grand Trunk Railway; Mr. Millard, John Leys, A B Lee, Col Arthurs, Ald. Scarth, Ald Blevins and Dr Wright.

The driver of the engine which caused the damage states that he meant his signal to open the switch to refer to the Grand Trunk not the Credit Valley switch. The inquest will be held at 10 a.m. to-morrow, on Mr. James Gooderham, at his residence.
Toronto, May 12.—The following is the

condition of the sufferers by the Carlton acci-

dent, up to midnight: Mr. Conger's condition is still doubtful;

the broken ribs are on the right side, and there is some emphysems. Re is suffering acutely from pain about the abdomen, as well as in the ribs. Mr. MacNabb is found to be suffering from many contusions, as well as those on his head. His condition is not can be said of his probabilities for an early day. His spine seems to be injured, but as yet his condition is not such as to cause alarm. Mr. Angus Morrison is suffering from oppression of the chest. His breathing all yesterday was difficult and painful. His right knee, above and below, is swollen and discolored. He received a blow on the head as the first intimation of the collision, and was partly stunned. When he recovered himself he was at the bottom of the heap of passengers, from whom he managed to extricate himself. His right arm is cut above the wrist somewhat severely. Sam Beaty's left leg is badly bruised and discolored, and he has a bruise on the side of the hip. His left hand and his back are also badly bruised. The severity of his injuries may be realized by his friends, when it was mentioned that even his indomitable courage is scarcely sufficient to keep up his spirits. The Suck lings, father and son, are progressing favorably, and their injuries have not developed any serious features. Mr. Cooper, of the G. T. R., has a severely sprained ankle and two black eyes. The inquest is appointed to be held at the house of Mr. Gooderman, corner of Carleton and Sherburne streets, this morning at 10 o'clock.

Goldwin Smith's Views.

The following letter from Goldwin Smith to Mr. Potter, M. P. for Rochdale, England, was read by the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie in the House of Commons last night :--

THE GRANGE, TORONTO, March 24, 1879.

My DEAR POTTER-This new Canadian tariff, which shocks you all so much, is the inevitable outcome of the political situation You must set it down to the account of the Empire which you have just been toasting at the Dufferin banquet. Canada is merely the border of the habitable and cultivable portion of this continent. She is not even an unbroken border, but broken by an uncultivable trace between this Province and Manitoba, and again between Manitoba and British Columbia by mountain ranges through which the projectors of the Pacific Railway have not yet found a practicable route, cut off this border by a Customs line from the rest of the continent, and you will have a commercial trophy and financial deficits. The true remedy is commercial union with the rest of the conti- | weight-for-age, owing to no one knowing anvnent, but this the Empire forbids, and so the Canadians, in a state of deep commercial depression, and on the high road to bankruptcy, are forced to try something else. Of the deficit, which compels the imposition of ried. Beatty, leg broken (same leg twice broken fresh taxes, more than half may be charged before during the last three years); Angus to the Intercolonial Railway, a politico-miliMorrison, right side injured; J'L Morrison,
injured in the back; John McNabb, wounded of the Empire, in which some
in the head and body; W G-Falconbridge, £6,000,000 have been sunk, and

We are now going to sink £20,000,000 in the Pacific Railway for the purpose of uniting British Columbia with its population of 10,000 whites to the Provinces on the Mr. Gooderman's legs were both amputated Atlantic coast, with which it has no natural connection whatever. This will probaload of wounded at 7 p.m., but such had been bly be the end, but, thanks to the assiduous cultivation by Lord Dufferin and Company of an Imperialist and anti-Repubis feared the broken ribs have perforated the lican feeling here, the end will probably not come without a convulsion, perhaps not without a bloody one. If Canada had been in the Union, she would have turned the scales so completely in favor of freedom against slavery that there would most likely have been no civil war. It she were lives. Mr. Beatty fell on a lot of ties, as did in the Union now, she would in the same way Mr. Morrison, ex-Mayor. Inside the car Mr. render hopeless the attempt of the South to render hopeless the attempt of the South to Elliott was making a speech. He had just regain its ascendency in conjunction with the spoken the word "safety," when the shock Democrats, which is apparently going to breed Democrats, which is apparently going to breed came, and he was shot in among the seats fresh troubles on this continent. Leave the new world to its own destinies, and you will have first its assured friendship, and then its from his seat, thinking that he would be safer | trade. You have sent us, and are daily sendin the aisle. The next instant the sent which | ing us, many good things of other kinds, but he had vacated was torn to splinters. Mr. Con- your political interference has been and is ger sat in the seat behind that occupied by mischievous alike to yourselves and to the enclose (Professor) Fanning on Court etiquette and one or two cuttings from the papers which will give you some idea of a Court in a colony. Prof. Fanning is a Toronto dancing-master, who went to England and interviewed the Lord Chamberlain in order to qualify himself for being the benu Nash of the Court at Ottawa. I suppose you begin to see now what a humbug Dufferin's

> Yours most truly, (Signed), GOLDWIN SMITH. Mr. Smith adds :-

(policy) was?

P.S .- You will observe that the tariff is not so protectionist in the proper sense of the term as intended to enforce reciprocity. Our duties are to be lowered again, if the Americans will lower theirs, but they will not lower their duties or do anything else to foster a political outpost of the British aristocracy and a possible source of future trouble to this Continent. The case of the Canadian manufacturers was really a very hard one. They were shut out from the markets of the Continent, and at the same time exposed to the influx of American goods whenever there was a glut in the States. If the quantity in the aggregate was not very large, the liability was enough to disturb their calculations.

A SLASHING LETTER.

Sir John A. Macdonald and the Separate Schools. We copy the following letter from the

Toronto Tribune. It is a keen and slashing denunciation of the "Premier humbugger of Canada," and it is evidently written by a man who knows Sir John well :-

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Sm,-I have an item of news for you. It will go as far as anything you ever heard in your life to show the power of humbug. This city has as intelligent a body of Roman Catholies as is to be found in Canada. Judge, then, dom, having received the mitre in 1825—has Valley Company; John Gardiner, I Suckling, of my surprise to hear one of the most intelligence and published most of the Melodics James Ross, mechanical superintendent of the most of the most published most of the Melodics. gent of its citizens coolly maintain that we owe our Separate Schools and the Separate School Act, of 1863, to Sir John and his party. At first I thought the gentleman was joking, but no, he was in full earnest, and not only that, but he actually assured me that such was the belief of nine out of ten of the Catholies of the city. I inquired of another Roman Catholic whom I chanced to meet a few moments ago, his reply was—"Sure does not every one know that Sir John was always the friend of Separate Schools and George Brown their enemy?"

Is not this evidence of the force and efficacy and power of humbug?

Sir John always promised to support Separate School laws and Separate School amendments. He was always the friend " in proalways the future friend. He would do something wonderful before each election. But never so much as once in his long career yet serious, but for a few days nothing thing more than abundance of assurances that: as Premier did he even attempt to give usany can be said of his probabilities for an early recovery. Mr. J. S. Morrison's condition has become somewhat more serious since Saturday. His spine seems to be injured, but as Bishop Farrell. He promised Bishop Pinsoneault. He promised Bishop Horan-that he would make the Separate School question a Ministerial question, and carry his measure with ease-that every member of his Cabinet was with him. And did he? No. He denied that he ever made such a promise; denied it publicly at his place on the floor of the House. All along Sir John was an enemy of Separate Schools. He used Dr. Ryerson to carry out his own ideas and wishes in the matter. He himself has admitted that, as a statesman, he is opposed to Separate Schools; that he wants all the children of this country to grow up together and become one homogeneous people. Let him be thus minded, if he will, as a statesman. Let him have the ambition to fuse all the people in this country into one solid mass; but, in the name of truth and decency, let him not be palmed off on the Catholics of Ontario as a friend of Separate Schools. I am not surprised at any amount of gullibility on the part of the mindless mass-the unthinking multiture-but it does wound me to see men of ability and clever-

uess humbugged after such a manner. The present Government (Mowat's) is after doing more for Catholics in the last season than was ever done for them before. They can now borrow money, get all the rates due to them, get their rates collected by the municipal collector, share in the rates collected from counties. They are represented on the Board of Examiners. All boons asked for by the Bruyeres, the Charbonnells, the Phelans. the Horans, but all sweetly denied by the Premier humbugger of Canada. And yet we are told-John A., sure he was always our friend. Yet, in promise.

Yours. An Ex-Kingstonian.

Mny 6, 1879.

"Parole."

The following letter has appeared in the Toronto Globe:

Sir.-In a late number you allude to " Parole," the American race horse, as being a phenomenon in England. Why, the horse is only running in handicap, not in weight-forage races. He was put on in the first instance at two stone less than his proper thing about him. He has won three handicaps, the last two with seven pounds extraup over his first weight, and still with far less for his age than many other horses car-

The test of the race horse is in weight-forage, not in handicaps.

Handicap and cup horses are altogether of different calibre. Wait till "Parole" wins about a phenomenon.
Yours, the Goodwin and Ascot Cup before you talk.

W. STREET.